

Інформація

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One Piece: Я владею громом и молнией

Аниме и комиксы

155 глав

1,3 млн просмотров

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(18 оценок)

Краткое содержание

Юноша с Земли случайно оказался в королевстве пиратов, где он участвовал в битвах и рисковал среди бурных морей.

В этом мире не существовало ни легендарной системы, ни несравненной магии — только громовой плод, дарованная ему сила.

В ту эпоху Четыре Императора все еще плавали на одном корабле, а неуловимому One Piece еще предстояло утвердить свое господство над морями.

Морским пехотинцем командовали два чрезвычайно могущественных адмирала.

Теперь я, Альберт Николас, клянусь вписать свое имя в анналы истории, распространив его повсюду по бескрайним просторам этого мира!

Примечание автора [Дайте мне свои камни силы, и я дам вам главы.

Кстати, я оставлю этот LN бесплатным, так что не беспокойтесь]

Я перевожу этот замечательный LN.

Оригинальное название этой серии:

□□□□□□,

пожалуйста, поддержите оригинального автора

Общая аудитория

Waldo vs Garp!

Amidst the chaos and swirling dust, the scene unfolding before those who knew Garp was difficult to accept. The clash between top powerhouses of the sea wasn't resolved in mere moments. Despite Waldo appearing to bear the brunt of Garp's assault, glimpses of opportunity lingered in the air.

For the pirates who recently joined due to Waldo's notorious reputation, the unfolding spectacle rendered them speechless. Witnessing Waldo, the audacious pirate who openly defied the World Government and thrived in the treacherous New World, being overwhelmed by this unassuming Navy officer was simply unfathomable.

Could the strength among the top-tier sea powerhouses be so disparate?

"You really... have angered me!" Amidst the billowing dust, a voice saturated with rage reverberated. Betrayal followed by a brutal thrashing from Garp, witnessed by a multitude, had robbed Waldo of his usual composure.

"Momo-Momo: Hundredfold Speed!"

Waldo's already blinding speed, invisible to the naked eye, intensified a hundredfold, rendering him nearly imperceptible without the aid of Observation Haki.

"So swift! Each time the captain unleashes it, it sets my blood alight," remarked Fishman Sebastian, his admiration tinged with a hint of envy. For a fishman like him, burdened by past injustices, an obsession with power fueled his loyalty to Waldo.

Meanwhile, Byojack, perched on Sebastian's broad shoulder, observed with keen interest. Even as Waldo surged at unimaginable speed, Garp, in stark contrast, remained remarkably composed, a hint of amusement glimmering in his eyes.

The distant sound of gunfire heightened Byojack's unease.

"Gairam, wield your power to reshape the terrain beneath us with utmost vigor."

"Excellent speed!" Facing Waldo's onslaught, Garp enveloped his entire form in Armament Haki, channeling power into his right fist.

Boom!

Like ancient behemoths in a primal clash, Waldo's body registered agony despite the protective layers of Armament Haki and the Moa moa Fruit's augmentation. Blood surged in his throat.

"A formidable strike, capable of matching Zeff's prowess," chuckled Garp. While Waldo's might ranked among the New World's elite, for Garp, it fell short. He trained relentlessly with the sea's apex forces, to the point where even Zeff and Zephyr declined further sparring sessions.

As Waldo's assault waned, Garp prepared to retaliate.

Boom!

The earth quivered as dust scattered.

Waldo hurtled into the forest, a sight that filled Byojack and his compatriots with profound despair.

"Even bolstered by the Moa moa Fruit, Waldo endures such punishment. Is that Navy officer truly mortal?" Nightin's disbelief echoed through the turmoil.

"Nothing is insurmountable. Though a vice admiral, his might rivals that of an admiral. Sebastian, Nightin, Gairam, devise a means of escape with the captain!"

"Escape? It appears improbable."

As they deliberated, an array of figures clad in black attire and somber hats materialized. With ruthless efficiency, they dispatched the ailing pirates.

Spying the encroaching figures, Byojack muttered, "You must be CP operatives under the World Government. Only they would resort to such treachery."

"Ha! Treachery? So long as the ends justify the means, the method is inconsequential. Your World Pirates have wrought enough havoc in the New World. Any means employed against vermin like you is just."

With steely resolve, the CP agents closed in on Byojack and his allies.

Fear gripped Waldo's crew, their ranks decimated by the Navy and CP agents. What was once a formidable force of over ten thousand now dwindled to a mere few hundred warriors.

The Navy's assault aimed to obliterate them utterly, bolstered by officers swathed in black attire and hats, indicating their elevated ranks. Nearly hundreds of them littered the battlefield, tipping the scales definitively.

"Vice Admiral Leon, per the operation protocol, Devil Fruit users mustn't be killed. Capture them all and transport them to Impel Down's depths."

As Vice Admiral Leon readied to dispatch a pirate reliant on his Devil Fruit ability, a hushed CP agent interceded.

"And if I opt for execution?"

Confronted by the corpses of fallen Marines and the incapacitated pirates, Vice Admiral Leon's voice lowered.

"Should you persist, I'll intervene. Remember, Impel Down awaits these Devil Fruit users, a fate far worse than death."

With a terse nod, Vice Admiral Leon redirected his focus to the unfolding battles.

For the World Government and Navy, Impel Down served as the ideal destination for seafaring pirates bearing Devil Fruit powers. Even there, their lives would be prolonged, ensuring their suffering lingered beyond mere mortality.

On the far side of Garp and Waldo's tumultuous duel, their clash morphed into a display of sheer martial prowess and Armament Haki. Each blow struck the flesh directly, transcending the toxic haze enveloping Waldo's form. Despite his affliction, it became evident that Waldo's assaults lagged, hinting at inevitable defeat. Yet, amid the carnage, their skirmish reshaped the landscape over vast stretches. Thirty minutes elapsed before the turmoil abated at the island's heart. Marines and CP agents bound the unconscious Waldo with Sea-Prism Stone restraints.

"Vice Admiral Garp's might is truly formidable," a CP leader commended with a respectful nod. Despite their allegiance to the World Government, deference to Navy officers of Garp's caliber remained mandatory.

"It's adequate. Had he not been poisoned, subduing him would have proved more taxing. Once matters conclude, I'll return to the vessel."

With that declaration, Garp veered toward his awaiting warship, harbouring no fondness for the CP agents at all.

Stussy's Special Drink!

On Nicholas's pirate ship, as they parted ways with Roger and his crew, they set sail for their next destination.

While Nicholas and Vista were sparring, Stussy emerged from the laboratory with a tray filled with bottles and jars, carrying them onto the deck and setting them on the table before reclining comfortably on a chair.

For Nicholas and his crew, although this pirate ship wasn't as fully

equipped as the Thousand Sunny, it was still far superior to makeshift ships, providing a comfortable environment, especially for the officers. Ordinary pirates, however, didn't enjoy such privileges, and for them, Nicholas's leniency in the division of plundered goods was already a significant favor.

In Nicholas's surprised gaze, Stussy's hand suddenly produced a wine glass, which was quickly filled with vibrant fruit juice. The appearance of this glass seemed like a work of art, sparkling in the sunlight.

"What's that delicious smell?" Simon, having completed his ten thousand shots from the deck, descended somewhat unsteadily. For Simon, firing ten thousand shots wasn't just a mental and spiritual challenge but also a tremendous physical one. It wasn't merely random shooting; Nicholas demanded that he use Observation Haki to focus his mind on targeting specific areas.

Even shooting at the sea spray demanded continuous concentration, as he had to capture the randomly generated sprays from the sea hundreds of meters away and hit them the moment they formed.

It was a kind of hellish training, but Simon never gave up. He knew that strength was crucial at sea, and firing ten thousand shots represented a significant expense; he couldn't afford it alone, especially not ten thousand shots every day.

Most importantly, he enjoyed the atmosphere with Nicholas and his love for shooting.

"This is a drink I specially prepared. It contains Dragonweed, Hundred-leaves, Roche fruit pulp, and Hishi flower honey... It strengthens the body, restores spirits, and enhances alertness. In short, it's good stuff,"

Stussy said while browsing through some books exchanged from Roger's ship. For crews like Roger's, in their long adventures, they collected many

valuable books, representing intangible wealth.

"Simon, the drink Stussy concocted is quite precious. But since you're a newcomer, the opportunity is yours," Vista said with a hearty smile.

Hearing Vista's words, Nicholas glanced at the big guy beside him, his expression filled with surprise. "Vista's right."

"Can I taste it, Stussy?" Katie, wearing a chef's uniform and hat, holding a cake she had just made, asked.

"Katie, this is a drink Stussy prepared for Simon and the others. But if you want to taste it, Stussy will make another one for you later," Nicholas said, smiling at Katie.

...

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Simon decided to give the drink a try. He lifted the crystal glass like a piece of art and drank it in one gulp.

Soon, Simon felt the effects. A warm flow surged through his body, from the soles of his feet to his brain. His body filled with strength, and his depleted spirits quickly recovered. His entire being felt better than ever before.

"Wow, what is this? It's amazing! I feel so energized now," Simon exclaimed in surprise. With access to this drink in large quantities, he believed his strength would grow rapidly.

Seeing Simon's reaction and his improved state, Nicholas and Vista exchanged a glance, their eyes showing some confusion. This wasn't what they expected.

Just as Simon was feeling a surge of energy and planning to shoot a few thousand more shots, his expression suddenly changed. He assumed an awkward stance, and his legs turned inward as he began taking rapid, small steps toward the interior of the ship, disappearing quickly.

Nicholas watched Simon disappear into the cabin, realizing that the next

fortunate (unfortunate) one was probably him.

"Well, it looks like there's still room for improvement. But the enhancement effects are evident. As for the adverse reactions, could they be due to inadequate physical conditioning?" Stussy asked, taking notes and looking towards Nicholas and Vista.

Vista, smiling innocently, suddenly noticed that Nicholas had disappeared. He wore a smile more miserable than tears.

As night fell, a banquet was underway on the deck. It wasn't that the crew didn't want to stay in the cabin, but since afternoon, an unknown foul odor had pervaded the air. Even entering the ship made people feel nauseous.

So, Nicholas ordered all the windows inside the cabin to be opened and sealed off the passage to the deck.

Despite this, the entire pirate ship emitted a yellowish, foul-smelling gas from the windows on both sides. Even where the ship passed, the sea was dotted with dead fish with their bellies turned white, and the seabirds that accidentally ingested these fish floated on the surface, their eyes lifeless.

"Captain, let me out!" accompanied by desperate cries and banging on the door, there were intermittent sounds of popping and bursting from behind the door.

The pirates looked at the door leading to the cabin, hearing ghostly sounds from behind it, feeling chills running down their spines.

Many even discreetly moved away from Stussy as if it could give them a sense of security, although Stussy, Nicholas, and the others didn't even approach them.

"Little Katie, didn't you say you wanted to drink earlier? Here, this is specially prepared for you by Sister Stussy," Stussy said, looking at Katie

with a glass of murky green liquid in hand.

"Thank you, Sister Stussy," Katie said, taking the glass and drinking from it.

After drinking, Katie quickly fell asleep, a smile appearing on her face, as if she had dreamt of something wonderful.

But Inside her body, profound changes were taking place.

Domain of Gods

"Miss Stussy, when do you think you'll be able to develop the Human Potential Activation Beverage 2.0?" Vista looked at Katie, who was dozing off on the deck, with a broad grin, his tone filled with flattery.

Although Stussy's latest concoction had effects that bordered on terrifying, the finished product was undoubtedly worth its weight in gold.

"Do you think it's something that can be whipped up so easily? Unlocking the human potential is a daunting task, and my achievement isn't merely about triggering your potential outright, but rather acting as a catalyst to awaken your latent abilities. I suspect the potential you tapped into last time hasn't fully translated into tangible strength yet, am I right?"

Stussy responded, turning her head to give Vista a knowing look, prompting him to scratch his head sheepishly.

"I've hit some roadblocks in my recent research. I doubt I'll be able to develop it in the near future. But if Vista is willing to assist with the research, who knows, we might just come up with a new product sooner than expected?"

Stussy said with a smile, though in Vista's eyes, she seemed like a devil tempting him into temptation, yet her offers remained tantalizingly tempting.

"Alright, Stussy, enough teasing Vista. Sorting out the issue of test subjects won't be too difficult. We can just pick some clueless pirates

when the time comes."

Nicholas intervened. If Stussy could control her ability entirely, he wouldn't have intervened, but Stussy's ability, after extensive development, was beyond her complete control. Any mistake could lead to dire consequences, even for someone like Vista, with his robust life force from his giant lineage.

"Speaking of which, Stussy, how's the research on that book coming along?" Nicholas inquired with curiosity.

"That book isn't as complicated as it seems. Despite missing some sections, it's evidently an ancient artifact. Roger's crew has gathered many valuable books during their extensive adventures. These are intangible treasures for pirate crews like Roger's."

Stussy explained, retrieving a hard-bound book from behind her.

Nicholas accepted the book and began studying it. This book, acquired through an exchange with Roger's crew, was undoubtedly the most valuable item aboard the ship. Upon holding the book, Nicholas sensed that it wasn't crafted from paper but rather resembled tanned animal hide, enduring the test of time.

As he turned the pages, Nicholas was mildly astounded by the contents, for it was incredibly intriguing.

Yes, it was a compendium of Devil Fruits, rarer than the fruits themselves. While Devil Fruits were rare, at least some people had laid eyes on them. However, a Devil Fruit compendium, much like the one Vista had heard about through his father's connections, was something ordinary crew members aboard a ship like theirs wouldn't have had access to.

The first page of the book outlined Animal Types, as they were relatively common and their abilities were easier to analyze.

Subsequent pages listed various Animal Types, including some Ancient Zoans, though Mythical Zoans were notably absent. The book also contained entries for several Natural and Superhuman types of Devil Fruits.

However, the true value of the compendium lay in its descriptions of Devil Fruit research, not just the fruits themselves.

As he reached the final pages, Nicholas realized why Stussy had been cryptic. The pages contained information about a peculiar experiment involving Devil Fruits.

The experiment involved extracting demons from Devil Fruits, a revelation that sent shivers down Nicholas's spine. He closed the book, lost in contemplation.

Sabaody Archipelago

Ten days had passed,

Nicholas and his companions finally reached the Sabaody Archipelago.

The ship they sailed on casually docked at Yarukiman Mangrove, designated as Island No. 16.

"You know, no matter how many times I see it, the Yarukiman Mangrove is simply incredible," remarked Stussy, her gaze fixed on the vast expanse of red trees.

The world's largest mangrove, the Yarukiman Mangrove, shaped the Sabaody Archipelago, protruding from the water's surface. Its roots delved deep into the seabed.

Besides its sheer size, the most notable feature of the Sabaody Archipelago was the resin secreted by the Yarukiman Mangrove's roots.

Due to its respiratory function, the resin expanded into bubbles upon exposure to air before soaring into the sky. However, once these bubbles ventured beyond the archipelago's climate range, the resin's potency

waned, causing them to burst.

There were two ways to reach the New World. One involved seeking permission from the World Government to traverse Mariejois atop the Red Line—a route mostly reserved for the Marines and the World Government. The other option utilized the resin secreted by the Yarukiman Mangrove, enveloping the ship, diving ten thousand meters underwater, traversing a giant hole beneath the Red Line, and venturing into the New World through the "undersea route" to Fish-Man Island. Therefore, the resin's unique properties made it the sole passage for pirates to access the New World.

"Yeah, it's really hard to imagine how such a creation came to be," Nicholas added, marveling at the wonders of the pirate world. To him, the world of pirates was filled with fascinating things, whether it was the Yarukiman Mangrove connecting the sea bottom and the surface or the giant elephants roaming the sea with furry tribes on their backs.

While the massive size of the trees made sense, their ability to live for so long was beyond comprehension. After all, the larger the size, the more energy needed to sustain it. The Yarukiman Mangrove could rely on photosynthesis for energy, and even the Sea Kings in the ocean depths could prey on smaller Sea Kings for survival. But why that darned elephant could live for thousands of years and grow so large was something he couldn't fathom.

As Nicholas pondered the inexplicable nature of the elephant, a group of armed men approached.

Judging by their attire and weapons, they appeared to be a slave-catching team targeting pirate captains in the Sabaody Archipelago.

In the slave markets of the Sabaody Archipelago, pirate captains were always in high demand.

After all, those who could become captains stood out among the sea of pirates in terms of strength and charisma.

This was particularly appealing to the upper-class aristocrats who were fond of indulging in their perverse desires. In social gatherings, they would often flaunt the pirate captains they had purchased.

For the Celestial Dragons, the fact that their so-called elite were trampled upon or treated like dogs only served to emphasize the distinction between them and the rest. This provided a psychological boost for those who claimed to be descendants of gods, akin to a drug-induced high.

Such was their demand, and where there is demand, there is trade.

Moreover, catching civilians from countries might pose some difficulties since the joining countries of the World Government still had some power. To protect their underlings, the World Government would even issue warnings.

However, pirates didn't have such concerns.

The slave-catchers surrounded the pier aggressively, brandishing various weapons. A few ships also approached from behind Nicholas and his crew, effectively surrounding them. Their attention then turned to the flag flying from the pirate ship moored at the shore.

Since slave-catchers tended to look down on pirates, capturing them was a straightforward process: arrest, sale, done.

However, if they stirred trouble with some unapproachable pirate crew, the trouble would be immense, as even minor mistakes could cost them their lives.

"Never seen that pirate crew's flag before."

"Hey, as long as the captain of this pirate crew has a bounty, we can fetch a good price."

"Alright, boys, let's... huh?"

Suddenly, the leader of the slave-catchers spotted Nicholas and his group standing at the ship's rail.

"That is...?"

In an instant, the swaggering leader's expression turned from arrogance to shock.

"The infamous Albert Nicholas with a bounty of 700 million... Why... why is he here???"

Nicholas also noticed the commotion and turned to look. The sight of their feared expressions made the leader collapse to the ground, trembling uncontrollably.

As for the rest of the slave-catchers, they were paralyzed with fear.

How could such an unfortunate incident, possibly a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, happen to them?

At this moment, due to someone's nervousness, a gun went off accidentally, aimed directly at Nicholas.

Bang!

In the captain's horrified gaze, the bullet pierced through Nicholas's body, hitting a crew member standing on the other side.

Through the blue electric glow lingering around Nicholas, even the shooter could see the incredible look in his comrade's eyes.

Nicholas, staring at the shooter, raised his finger, and a bolt of lightning pierced through the pirate's body, leaving him petrified.

Witnessing this scene, the captain of the slave-catchers prostrated himself, and the rest of the members followed suit, throwing down their weapons.

"Sorry!!!"

"Sorry!!!"

"Sorry!!!"

Seeing the leader apologize, the other members of the slave-catcher group immediately followed suit. Petty people had their own ways of survival.

Nicholas looked at the trembling slave-catchers lying on the ground and felt speechless.

These people indeed knew how to handle situations. He couldn't help but think that with their actions, his initial intention to waste hundreds of lightning bolts faded. After all, using lightning to kill maggots felt a bit revolting.

As for the potential harm that letting these slave-catchers go might cause, what did it have to do with him?

This world was cruel. Just like the Celestial Dragons and those nobles had formed an established system, even if Nicholas were to wipe out all the slave-catcher groups in the Sabaody Archipelago, new ones would emerge soon.

Even the Fish-Man Island, with the protection of Whitebeard, Big Mom, and the Warlords of the Sea, was still a hunting ground for slave-catchers.

Celestial dragons? They will be slaughtered

Under the trembling fear of the slave-catching team's captain and its members, Nicholas and his group casually departed from among them, leaving them all with lowered heads, afraid to make any move. Only after the figures of Nicholas and his crew vanished did the captain of the slave-catching team collapse to the ground, unable to hold back any longer.

After a moment, the captain, now recovered, began to curse vehemently at the individual responsible for providing them with misinformation, swearing to make them pay for their errors!

As for giving up the slave-catching business, how could that be possible?

Aside from the immense profits it brought, if anyone dared to quit, the mastermind behind the scenes wouldn't hesitate to turn them into sellable slave commodities.

It can be said that after countless years of development, the Sabaody Archipelago had formed an entire industry chain, connecting various dark forces from all corners of the world, including the World Government, the Celestial Dragons, and even some countries.

It can be said that every pirate crew heading to the New World, regardless of whether they could proceed to Fish-Man Island ten thousand meters under the sea, once on the Sabaody Archipelago, they would face potential threats from slave-catching teams and bounty hunters.

It is precisely because of the activities of these slave-catching teams and bounty hunters that many pirate crews who have barely made it to the Sabaody Archipelago end up regretting it.

For them, wanted pirates were not people; they were walking Berries.

And for the World Government and the Marines, this was also considered a benefit; pirates who could be turned into slaves wouldn't last long.

After all, the perversions of those nobles and upper-class individuals exceeded their imagination.

Even many Marines in the Sabaody Archipelago had turned their duty into a form of slacking off, simply maintaining public order every day, while also going to bars with their friends from the slave-catching teams, watching performances by the prostitutes on Hapie Street, and taking care of themselves.

This was the situation in the Sabaody Archipelago, a paradise for some and hell for others.

Nicholas's main purpose in coming here this time was to liquidate the gold and silver jewels he had looted from Tajji Island, and then find some time to visit the auction market to see if there were any good items.

Exchanging money for interesting things was just routine for Nicholas; after all, if money was gone, he could always steal, but good items might be lost forever if missed.

While the slave-catching team was cursing the intelligence team, a voice sounded in the captain's ear: "May I ask what you're cursing about?"

The captain of the slave-catching team was taken aback.

Then he saw Nicholas's figure appearing beside him.

Seeing Nicholas, the captain of the slave-catching team felt a sourness in his heart, feeling completely helpless.

Mom, you don't have to cook for me tonight.

"No, no... we're not cursing about anything, it's just that my hereditary disease is acting up."

The captain of the slave-catching team forced a smile uglier than crying as he looked at Nicholas, his lips trembling uncontrollably. To him, even being killed by such a notorious figure on the high seas wouldn't be unexpected.

After casting a glance at the captain's explosive hairstyle and punk attire, Nicholas smiled and said, "If you're sick, you should seek treatment early, or it will be troublesome later on."

"Yes, thank you for your concern, sir."

Bedeck felt that today was the unluckiest day of his life, but unfortunately, he couldn't have an outburst. He could only force himself to smile as fiercely as possible.

"It's really nothing major; I just feel like I haven't been here in a long time and wanted to find someone familiar with the place to show us around. Is

that alright?"

"No problem, of course."

Bedeck nodded repeatedly.

"Alright, let's go then. Also, if you're walking with me, you don't need to bring weapons, and although Sea Stone weapons do indeed restrain Devil Fruit users, it still depends on the user's strength."

With that, Nicholas glanced at Bedeck.

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Bedeck suddenly felt like he had fallen into an ice cave. Then, mechanically, he took out the flintlock pistol hidden in his hair and reached under his body to pull out a dagger obviously embedded in a sheath, then tossed it aside.

Seeing this scene, even Nicholas couldn't help but twitch his mouth. This guy was not afraid of accidentally shooting himself with those weapons lying around.

"Keep my stuff safe, wait for me..."

The thought that whether he could come back in the end was another matter made Bedeck feel somewhat desperate.

"Don't be so nervous, come along. We just need a little help from you, you wouldn't refuse, would you?"

"No, absolutely not!"

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Bedeck immediately raised his head proudly, gazing at Nicholas with determination, while pounding his chest and loudly promising, "Don't just ask for a little help; as long as you give the word, even if it's to storm Marine Headquarters, it's not a problem! Please, sir, give me a chance to serve you faithfully."

"Very good, answer me one question first."

"Please, ask!"

"On this island, which is the most unscrupulous intermediary?"

"Um..."

Bedeck was taken aback; this was somewhat unexpected. So he cautiously asked, "Are you implying?"

"I mean the one who just slaughtered a king and got a batch of treasures to sell."

Upon hearing this, Bedeck was somewhat stunned. Was the situation really this wild? In Nicholas's mouth, killing a king seemed no different from killing a chicken; was this the power of the bigwigs of the high seas?

So, after hesitating for a moment, Bedeck said, "Indeed, there is such an intermediary, backed by the Rayman family. These guys often sell various items from their clients and then have their people ambush them afterward. Their reputation in the circle couldn't be worse, although the outside world isn't very clear about these things. Are you...?"

"Alright, that's it, just take us there."

Nicholas interrupted Bedeck's words directly.

"Alright!"

Bedeck nodded vigorously, apparently also someone who had suffered losses from the Rayman family. However, Nicholas didn't mind Bedeck's cautious thoughts.

Soon, Bedeck joined Nicholas and Stussy.

After the meeting, Bedeck's gaze immediately noticed Vista, which was somewhat of an occupational hazard; individuals with giant bloodlines fetched quite a high price in the slave market.

"Um, sir, please forgive me for being straightforward, but your companion is quite conspicuous, and if you encounter the Celestial Dragons, it could be trouble."

Vista was visibly taken aback, then somewhat incredulously pointed at

himself, "Are you saying I offended those guys? But I don't remember doing that?"

"No, that's clearly not what I mean."

Bedeck hastily waved his hand.

Nicholas said lightly, "It doesn't matter; if the Celestial Dragons are blind, they'll just be killed."

Nicholas's words made Bedeck's breath catch. This guy was too fierce; the world nobles said kill, and kill they did. Just as he was preparing to explain the consequences of offending the world nobles to Nicholas, he suddenly realized that this crewmate of his didn't seem to care much about the Celestial Dragons; after all, their captain had even killed an Admiral.

Daily Life Of Celestial Dragons

Marie Geoise, a palace nestled exclusively within the residential precincts of the Celestial Dragons, welcomed an unusual sight as a "human" carriage arrived, drawing the attention of the awaiting crowd near the gates.

Termed a "human" carriage, this mode of transport was a peculiar creation, entirely modified by a giant. With his legs amputated just below the knees for better crawling, and his back adorned with various rivets and splendid ribbons affixed to an extravagant seat bedecked with gemstones, the spectacle was both grotesque and opulent.

"Respected Saint Onassis, your arrival graces this abode, bringing brilliance and even purifying our souls," expressed a servant clad in a sleek black suit, his face adorned with a flattering smile.

Sporting an oxygen headgear and dressed in Celestial Dragon regalia, Saint Onassis, with his portly figure and prominent ears, nodded in a somewhat reserved manner, assisted by a beautiful attendant.

"Spandace, are you implying I'm tardy?" inquired Saint Onassis as his hefty frame descended from the carriage onto a platform constructed of beautiful slave girls.

"My lord, Master specifically instructed me that the most distinguished guests are always the last to arrive, and those esteemed few await your presence within," replied Spandace, his tone low, "However, my lord, Saint Serina seems to be in a foul mood today, so she may direct her ire toward you later."

Saint Onassis's steps halted abruptly upon hearing this, causing the female slaves beneath him to suffer, their gender and status rendering them powerless.

The platform could bear the weight as long as Saint Onassis remained supported, but any misstep would spell disaster for the slaves beneath him.

The commotion beneath their feet did not escape the notice of the individual standing atop them.

"Scoundrel! It is your honor as a lowly commoner to be trampled beneath my feet!"

With a frustrated grunt, Saint Onassis angrily stomped his foot onto the cushion below, exerting tremendous pressure on the weak slave's back.

"Ahh!"

A scream erupted as the human platform swayed precariously, and Saint Onassis teetered on the brink of falling. His eyes filled with confusion as he struggled to comprehend the inexplicable sensation of falling.

In that critical moment, Spandace swiftly appeared by his side, respectfully kneeling to support him.

Having served these aristocrats for generations, Spandace was well-versed in the whims of the Celestial Dragons, having been schooled in

various survival tactics since childhood.

"Well done, Spandace. I am inclined to take you from the Joniaz family and appoint you as my chief steward," Saint Onassis commended Spandace, gesturing to the guards.

A contingent of guards promptly escorted away all the female slaves who had been used as human footrests, an occurrence that barely caused a ripple in the minds of the other slaves, so accustomed were they to such treatment.

As they entered the palace, surrounded by guards and hidden forces lurking in the shadows, the opulent banquet hall already hosted five individuals dressed akin to Saint Onassis, three men and two women, all donning bubble headgear.

"My dear Onassis, you have graced us with your presence at last!" exclaimed the evening's host, Saint Joniaz, holding a cane and offering a warm smile.

"You're late; you may need to accept punishment, my dear," quipped a hefty figure, relishing the service of a young boy with a lascivious grin. At the sight of her, even Saint Onassis felt a pang of unease and hurriedly interjected, "Serena, I am not late. I simply took the liberty of preparing a gift for everyone, which caused a slight delay."

"It appears fortune favors us," remarked Joniaz Saint with a generous smile, "We all know, Onassis, that you are the most skilled among us Celestial Dragons when it comes to blending drinks! What delightful surprises have you brought us this time?"

"Hehe! I merely enjoy concocting unique blends to evoke novel sensations," chuckled Onassis, his chubby cheeks creasing with mirth. With a wave of his hand, a bottle of red wine, as resplendent as a ruby, was presented, prompting Joniaz to inquire, "My dear friend, won't you

introduce us to your masterpiece?"

"Does its taste surpass that of Bincks? I've grown weary of Bincks; the fabled fine wines of the sea are merely passable," remarked a slightly inebriated Celestial Dragon, taking a sip of his wine.

"You shall not be disappointed, Crest Saint. I dedicated a year of painstaking effort to this creation!" declared Onassis, cradling the bottle as if it were a rare treasure.

"To craft this wine, I meticulously selected slaves with natural fragrances from an island in the South Sea. I then subjected this exquisite maiden to low-temperature aging within a refrigerator. Various pure medicines were administered to sustain her life, while the essence of rare foods was infused into her body through extraction fluids. After expelling all impurities, the remaining liquid was used for brewing. Various rare wines were carefully injected into her body at intervals, and after a year, the wine was ready.

Now, it is time to savor it. An IV tube was used to pierce her heart and connect it. By obtaining the most exquisite blood in this manner, the most top-notch wine was produced after complex processing!"

As Onassis expounded on his disturbing and bizarre methods, the other Celestial Dragons not only remained unruffled but also expressed keen interest in his creation.

Thus, they all partook of the fine wine.

"Mmm! It is so smooth; the taste is exquisite," exclaimed Crest Saint, his eyes lighting up upon tasting the wine.

"It is divine! I must procure some for myself when I return!"

"The flavor is akin to the skin of a mermaid, smooth and radiant, with light bursting upon the tongue! My friend, your pursuit of art truly inspires admiration!"

"Let us revel in today's festivities to the fullest!"

Auction

Before long, under Bedeck's guidance, Nicholas exchanged his treasures for Berry. Then, the group swaggered into a bar filled with pirates. Upon entering, Nicholas noticed that most of the pirates didn't react much to his presence, and some even seemed eager. As the saying goes, before drinking, I am of this world; after drinking, the world is mine. Most of these pirates seemed to be newcomers, wild ones at that, without any preparation to venture into the New World.

"Give us each a glass of your bar's specialty drink, and another glass of milk," Nicholas ordered. He didn't have high expectations for the other drinks in the bar. Whenever he visited a bar, it was mostly for the specialty, just in case he struck gold. As expected, the bartender soon served several glasses of purple-red liquid, which Nicholas could tell was very strong just by smelling it. "The drinks are on the house, courtesy of our boss," the bartender said. Nicholas turned to see a burly man raising his glass towards him in a friendly gesture. Acknowledging the gesture, Nicholas raised his glass in return, realizing that the owner must have recognized him. He hoped this would deter anyone from causing trouble outside the bar.

However, the boss wouldn't treat ordinary patrons this way; after all, anyone bold enough to run a bar in such a place must have some backing. Nicholas took a sip and found the drink strong but satisfactory. Then, he began to enjoy the bar's signature drink, while the chatter of the pirates filled the background. "I heard the Lehman brothers' auction got a lot of good weapons this time, including two excellent swords, which are quite rare to come by." "Really? They must be worth a lot of money." "Ha ha ha, worth a lot indeed, depending on who bids. If it's the swordsmen,

the prices will definitely exceed expectations because a good sword is equivalent to life for a swordsman. Moreover, I heard there's a Devil Fruit and a 500-year-old wine salvaged from a shipwreck." The pirates around murmured in surprise.

"Don't joke, who would spend so much money on wine?" "Yeah, even if it's a 500-year-old wine, it shouldn't be worth that much." The pirate who shared the news smirked at their reactions. "Hmph, you poor guys wouldn't understand the nobles. What's a fortune for us is pocket change for them. I've heard that some Celestial Dragons even wash their feet with pear wine just because of its fragrance. The auction starts in the afternoon, but we don't stand a chance to attend; just the entry fee is one hundred million Berry." He sighed with regret, realizing the entry fee could fetch him a hefty bounty from the Marines.

Suddenly, he felt someone tap his shoulder from behind. He was about to snap but recognized Vista's figure and his axe and shield, so he kept quiet. "What do you want, sir?" he asked. Nicholas, recognizing the pirate's earlier words about the auction, approached him for information. He was particularly interested in the Devil Fruit and wanted to explore it further, as he had recently acquired a Devil Fruit encyclopedia. After getting the details, Nicholas thanked him and proceeded to leave, with Stussy and the others following. Nicholas directed Vista, Stussy, and the others back to the ship and went to the predetermined location alone. He intended to check out the auction.

At the entrance of the Lehman Brothers' auction, Nicholas kicked the door guard away. The guard had told him that entry required a fee of one hundred million Berry, and since the auction was about to start, he couldn't enter. Ignoring the guard's warning, Nicholas kicked him away and entered the auction hall boldly. Upon seeing him, the staff of the

Lehman Brothers' auction noticed him and sent a beautiful hostess to guide Nicholas to the VIP seats. Surprisingly, Nicholas found an old man from the Celestial Dragon trio sitting in the VIP area. Later, the auction began with dazzling lights, lively music, and female dancers. The charismatic host, Gig, introduced himself and announced the start of the auction. The first item up for auction was a set of shells from the Sky Island, causing a stir among the audience.

As Nicholas watched the auction unfold, he couldn't help but wonder about the climax and finale items, especially after seeing the Sky Island shells.

Auction II

I have to say, the Sabaody Archipelago, as a convergence point between the New World and the first half of the Grand Line in the world of pirates, is incredibly bustling. Here, treasures from the Grand Line and all the seas gather, and the wealthy are in abundance.

In no time, several precious items were auctioned off, although the prices weren't too high. For Nicolas, however, the prices for these items could buy hundreds of slaves if converted, even at low quality. This illustrates how powerful the auction houses in Sabaody are.

"Now, let's move on to the climax of our auction. The next item is the most frequently appearing merchandise in our auction - humans and other humanoid races. Everyone should be clear that although these are relatively common commodities, every slave sold at our auction is top-quality, and they have excellent reputations among many clients."

Then, a somewhat plump host signaled to the backstage. Soon, several armored guards escorted a row of chained slaves onto the stage. These slaves were all male, with slave collars around their necks, being dragged onto the stage like dogs.

From Nicolas's perspective in the audience, he could see that these slaves had excellent physical qualities. However, they had no light in their eyes. Even during their procession to the stage, they trembled instinctively when pulled and approached by the guards. Nicolas understood that this was a conditioned reflex from enduring abuse and beatings.

As for why Nicolas understood this so well, it was because he had contacts with many underworld giants privately. He had also killed some nobles and slave owners during his time at sea. However, he quickly realized that it was almost futile.

After all, the prolonged inhuman treatment had caused enormous changes in these people's minds and bodies. Some would even confront Nicolas or choose to commit suicide rather than flee after he killed their masters.

Therefore, Nicolas couldn't sympathize with these people.

"Now, let me introduce you to this batch of goods. This batch of goods comes from a pirate crew in the North Sea. Look at their tall stature and strong muscles; they are brave and wild. They have been tested by the cold climate of the North Sea. Buying them back, they can serve as bodyguards, and if you are dissatisfied, they are excellent objects for release. As long as the injuries are not fatal, any harm can be easily treated with insignificant healing costs and time. They can be said to be quite durable. Even after our long-term training and psychological suggestion, they are absolutely comparable to the most loyal hunting dogs.

So, ladies and gentlemen, what are you waiting for? This batch of wild slaves from the North Sea starts at only ten million Berries, a bargain price!"

The audience below began to bid fervently when they saw these muscular

slaves with various colorful paints on their faces and dressed in fur.

"\$11,000,000! These slaves are mine!"

"My shop is lacking a special attraction. \$12,000,000, and they will bring me profits with their skills."

"These warriors should die in battle. \$15,000,000! We are the Blood and Sand Arena; we must win!"

In the midst of the intense competition, a voice of impatience came from beside Nicolas.

"One hundred million Berries."

As this bid rang out, the entire venue fell silent.

One, because the price was directly. Two, because the bidder was a Celestial Dragon. They could offer prices far beyond the expected value of the item, but they could also make you lose a lot.

When the Celestial Dragon's bid was made, everyone else refrained from bidding. Clearly, these slaves were not worth one hundred million Berries. One must remember that this price could easily buy a Devil Fruit, even the cheapest Zoan type, which would grant tremendous power.

No one dared to offend a Celestial Dragon, but Nicolas had fewer concerns. Since he had chosen to sail the seas, the moment he was caught by slave catchers or bounty hunters marked his failure.

This was a harsh reality. Like the people imprisoned in Impel down, except for those miraculously released by Monkey D. Luffy, the number of deaths inside was countless.

In the end, these slaves were bought by the Celestial Dragon for one hundred million Berries. Almost immediately after the transaction was completed, one could feel that all of these slaves had lost all hope.

Among slaves, it was well known that once they fell into the hands of Celestial Dragons, there was no chance left.

"This way, including the slaves from before, the next round of the slaughter games should have enough participants."

The Celestial Dragon muttered to himself.

Soon, several batches of slaves were brought up. These slaves were mostly handsome men and beautiful women, with excellent appearances and impressive physical strength. However, here, they were only commodities and would be mere playthings to please their masters in the future.

With the auction of the last pair of sisters, the music on stage resounded once again, and this time, the host, named Gic, even performed a ridiculous dance routine.

"I know you all can't wait any longer. Let's move on to today's main event. You should have already heard that we obtained a batch of five-hundred-year-old wine from the East Blue recently. I won't go into details, but I'll tell you that after the Wine Connoisseur Association's appraisal, all of these wines have reached A+ quality!

Following this, several beautiful women crouched, carrying trays with various bottles of wine. Meanwhile, a servant from the Celestial Dragon's side also brought up a bottle. After all, for the auction house, Celestial Dragons were the biggest spenders.

"So, let the bidding begin, starting at one hundred million Berries."

"Excellent wine, one hundred million Berries."

As soon as the host finished speaking, Nicholas calmly made a bid.

The entire venue, preparing to compete in fervent bidding, fell silent at once.

Even Gic was somewhat speechless. According to their expectations, the price of this batch of wine would not be less than two hundred and fifty million Berries. Yet now, they had only reached the starting price; it

seemed like a huge loss.

Moreover, the main purpose of this last item was for the Celestial Dragons. But now, it seemed that it might not go as planned.

"Congratulations, Mr. Nicholas, for winning this batch of wine."

Although his heart was bleeding, what could he do? He could only smile and continue the auction.

Did I say I was going to pay?

As the Celestial Dragons left, Nicholas also noticed that the pace of the auction quickened, indicating that the quarterly auction at the auction house was somewhat of a failure.

"Now, it's time for one of the highlights of today."

After saying this, Gic waved his hand towards the backstage, and soon, a nine-foot tall beauty came out, holding a long rectangular box in her hands.

This should be one of the highlights of today's auction.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the item we are about to auction next last appeared in the auction house of Sabaody Archipelago thirty years ago."

After speaking, the host excitedly opened the long rectangular box, revealing two swords, one a chillingly beautiful katana and the other a dagger.

"This is the Wind-Flower, Snow-Moon from the 50 Skillful Grade blades."

The host then took out the Wind-Flower, Snow-Moon from the box and unsheathed it, displaying its blade and the chaotic cherry blossom pattern on its spine, giving the feeling of standing under a cherry blossom tree showering blood-red petals.

"The Wind-Flower, Snow-Moon is rare, especially this sister sword version. The value of this sword is well-known to all, and according to the sword registry, its price is marked at over 150 million to 200 million

berries. However, the true value of a named sword cannot be solely determined by the registry. For a swordsman with exceptional skill, acquiring a named sword can amplify their strength as much as a regular Devil Fruit can enhance its user's abilities. After all, a sword is a swordsman's second life!

Therefore, out of respect for swordsmen, we have decided to set the auction price for this sword at 20 million berries!"

Swordsman: I'm so damn excited!

After the host finished speaking, bidding voices began to ring out in the audience.

"20.1 million berries."

"20.2 million berries."

...

"20.5 million berries."

Although bidding voices continued to be heard in the audience, the price increase was not substantial.

After all, most of the bidders were poor swordsmen, while others were considering buying it for collection purposes.

"500 million berries"

After Nicholas bid 500 million berries higher, the enthusiasm of several poor swordsmen in the audience seemed to be doused with cold water, or rather, they felt like they were being cuckolded right in front of their faces.

The swordsmen wore looks of discontent, but there was nothing they could do; they simply didn't have the money, and they knew they couldn't defeat him even if they tried.

Other bidders, considering the 500 million price tag, also gave up. After all, it exceeded their bottom line.

At this moment, the host on stage also appeared bewildered. Normally, such a high price and no one continuing to bid should make him happy; after all, to set a starting price of 20 million and reach 500 million was already quite successful.

However, upon hearing Nicholas's bid, Gic felt that something was amiss. Seeing Gic hesitating to declare the sale, Nicholas began to lose patience, and his aura gradually emanated.

Feeling the substantial killing intent, Gic subconsciously shivered and hurriedly announced:

"500 million berries, sold! Congratulations, Mr. Nicholas, on acquiring the Wind-Flower, Snow-Moon!"

Next came the second-to-last auction item, a Devil Fruit, which was introduced as the Zoan-type Devil Fruit - Insect-Insect Fruit: Maggot Form.

Upon hearing the introduction of the fruit, Nicholas immediately lost interest. Though this Devil Fruit would evolve into a fly form if consumed, he simply couldn't accept something so distasteful.

However, what surprised Nicholas was the last auction item. He expected it to be something extraordinary, considering it was placed after the Wind-Flower, Snow-Moon and the Devil Fruit.

But as he laid eyes on the giant aquarium rising in the center of the auction house, housing two beautiful mermaids, he realized that for certain individuals, the value of mermaids far surpassed that of the previous items, especially as it was a mother and daughter pair. The mere thought was exhilarating.

However, it was evident that this was specifically prepared for the Celestial Dragons; other individuals would find it challenging to qualify for the bid, resulting in the item ultimately going unsold.

As the last item was left unsold, the auction came to an end, and the buyers of the auctioned goods were guided by the backstage staff to complete the transactions at the auction venue's rear.

Arriving at the backstage of the auction venue, Nicholas found himself being led into a VIP room, where the chubby host Gic awaited him with a smile. Behind him were the wine and the two swords he had won.

"Mr. Nicholas, hello, I'm Gic. Please come over here to confirm your winnings. If everything is alright, we'll sell you these two items at 80% of the final selling price."

Gic said in a somewhat pleasing tone.

Nicholas was puzzled. 80%? This seemed different from what Bedeck had described about the Lehmann brothers. After all, when he exchanged jewels for berries, he had been ripped off quite a bit. So what was the meaning of this?

"Oh? 80%? Why is that?"

Gic's face immediately lit up with a smile, and he kindly explained to Nicholas.

"Respected Mr. Nicholas, your notorious reputation on the high seas precedes you. Surely, you are aware that both our auction house and the industries of the underworld's kingpins afford certain privileges to the powerful. Therefore, for someone like you, we naturally offer a discount." Nicholas listened and couldn't help but feel speechless. So having a bad reputation could actually be considered a hidden benefit?

"Mr. Nicholas, take a look. The two swords and the wine total 601 million berries. We'll round down to 600 million berries, and at 80% off, that's 480 million berries. Mr. Nicholas, how would you like to pay?"

With a forced smile, Gic explained.

For the world of pirates, payment methods varied. The most common was

cash payment, but for larger transactions, cash became troublesome. In such cases, one could choose to pay in gold, use the World Government's affiliated banks, or use the banks set up by underground powers.

Obviously, Nicholas had no intention of using any of these payment methods.

With that, in Gic's stiff smile, Nicholas and all his purchases disappeared from the room, leaving only one sentence behind:

"Did I say I was going to pay?"

law-abiding citizen

Nicholas, who ran away with zero berry purchases, did not rush to leave the Sabaody Archipelago. Instead, he obtained a straw hat and cloak from a 'kind-hearted' person and packed his loot into a large backpack, casually wandering around the Sabaody Archipelago.

After strolling through the shopping street, Nicholas's backpack was filled with more loot. Of course, all these items were purchased with berries, as he was a law-abiding citizen.□□

He then arrived at a small ramen shop on the food street. Although small, the shop emitted tantalizing aromas that tempted Nicholas's senses, making his stomach growl.

Therefore, with his loot in tow, Nicholas entered the shop without hesitation. Inside, he found that the shop only served one type of food: ramen. Despite the limited menu, there were many varieties of ramen to choose from.

Nicholas ordered a bowl of miso pork ramen without hesitation. Soon, the piping hot bowl was placed in front of him, filled with red chili oil, fresh garlic shoots, springy noodles, and tantalizing slices of pork and narutomaki on top. Nicholas couldn't help but drool as he dug in eagerly. After devouring twelve bowls of different flavored ramen, Nicholas let

out a satisfied sigh and patted his stomach. It was truly delightful.

At that moment, the ramen shop owner, with a smile and a chef's hat on his head, approached Nicholas and offered him a bowl of soup.

"You have quite the appetite, sir. Seeing you eat reminds me of that little rascal from the village. I wonder how he's doing now," the shop owner said, feeling nostalgic.

"Sorry, I'm getting old and talkative," he added, realizing his words might have been too much.

"No problem, sir. If you don't mind, may I sit here a while longer?"

Nicholas asked.

"Of course, no problem, sir," the ramen shop owner replied.

After paying the bill, Nicholas picked up his backpack, took out the Wind-Flower, Snow-Moon from it, and started examining it carefully.

These were weapons meant for his crew, so they needed careful consideration.

The two swords, Wind-Flower, Snow-Moon, felt completely different from his sword. The aura of the swords was on a different level. If his sword was fire, then these two swords were like water.

However, Nicholas could clearly feel that these weapons brought a more subdued sense of sharpness compared to his sword. Nevertheless, that didn't mean these swords were any less valuable.

Having finished his meal, Nicholas paid the bill, thanked the owner, and headed towards the exit of the shop.

"Welcome back anytime, sir!" the shop owner said with a smile.

As Nicholas left the ramen shop, he headed straight for the chaotic territory of the Sabaody Archipelago. After all, now that he had the sword, he wanted to try out the feeling of cutting someone.

However, he couldn't bring himself to randomly attack the weak or

innocent. Instead, he set his sights on the lawless region where those who wandered there were no angels.

Upon reaching the entrance to the lawless area, Nicholas noticed a marine's remains nailed to a plank. It seemed that the lawless individuals of the Sabaody Archipelago were particularly audacious, especially considering that the Marine Headquarters, Marineford, was nearby.

Nicholas parked his bubble car and confidently walked into the lawless area. As he entered, he could feel the greedy eyes lurking in the shadows and buildings around him.

After a while, Nicholas noticed that the lawless individuals weren't making any moves, which puzzled him.

However at this moment...

"The swords around his waist are the Wind-Flower, Snow-Moon swords from the auction house under the Lehmann Brothers. They're treasures worth 500 million berries!"

Someone exclaimed loudly.

Upon hearing this, the eyes of the lawless individuals turned red, and their breathing became erratic.

500 million berries could buy a lot of things.

Before long, a group of ragged pirates, wielding worn-out swords and makeshift weapons, emerged. It was evident that these people were the bottom of the barrel, unable even to afford basic necessities.

Massacre

Bang!

Nicholas instantly drew his sword from its sheath, slicing a bullet in half as it flew towards him from his side.

It can be said that these lawless people in the Lawless Zone have no concept of honor or rules. Their survival rule is simple: whoever lives is

the winner, no matter what dirty or deceitful methods they use, as long as they can kill their enemies.

So, dealing with firearms is just the most common method for them.

For the Marines, to some extent, these lawless criminals pose a higher danger than pirates. After all, you can learn the patterns of pirates in battle, but with these guys, you can never predict their intentions.

It's even possible that you might encounter an explosive trap while using the restroom in the Lawless Zone.

When the covert pirate shouted out the value of the items on Nicholas's body, the scene here was destined to be a battleground today.

Although these pirates have been blinded by greed, and they know deep down that even if they manage to kill Nicholas, the other pirates won't agree to share the loot with them.

But once they get their hands on it, there's always a chance, right?

When the first lawless pirate charged towards Nicholas, wielding a battered sailor's blade and aiming fiercely at Nicholas's neck, the situation seemed dire. The blade whistled through the air, and the pirate's face twisted with excitement as if he could already see Nicholas's head rolling. He had put all his strength into the strike, gambling that this blow would kill Nicholas.

For these lawless individuals, only the end result matters. They're willing to risk their lives if it means killing their opponent.

Unfortunately, in the face of absolute strength, this aggressive approach seemed more like a gift.

Even though Nicholas hadn't used his Devil Fruit ability, his body, constantly modified by lightning, and years of training, made him formidable even without it.

So, the pirate charging at Nicholas wouldn't be able to reach him with his

current speed.

Nicholas didn't even need to rely on Observation Haki to predict the pirate's move. With his own eyes, he could clearly see the blade aimed at him.

The sword seemed like an old relic, with dried red bloodstains on the blade, numerous nicks, and even a crack extending from the tip, indicating the dire straits of its owner. It seemed that his master's life was indeed in a sorry state, and he couldn't even afford to maintain his weapon, let alone feed himself.

As the thoughts raced through Nicholas's mind, he gracefully sidestepped the slashing blade, then swiftly countered with a strike of his own. With a flash of his sword, Nicholas didn't bother paying any more attention to the pirate.

After all, when dealing with these small fry, they're as good as dead once Nicholas strikes.

With a single step, Nicholas moved away from the fallen pirate, leaving him to collapse on the ground, bleeding out.

However, his fall didn't have much impact on the battlefield. For these lawless criminals, the fallen pirate was just unlucky. To them, their own lives are not necessarily guaranteed either.

It's those who survive in the end who will be the victors, and they'll take everything for themselves once Nicholas is dead.

A large group of lawless thugs began to surround Nicholas from all sides. Some attacked with blades, some thrust with spears from sneaky angles, and others even scattered handfuls of iron nails at Nicholas's feet, hoping to immobilize him.

"Raging Wind, Death's Edge Slash!"

As Nicholas spoke, his sword, Wind-Flowers, Snow-Moon, released a faint

blue lightning glow.

In an instant, a radius of about three meters around Nicholas became a killing zone centered on him.

All the lawless thugs within this area wore expressions of horror.

Ultimately, as Nicholas's sword dance came to an end, severed limbs and body parts littered the ground, and the air was filled with the scent of blood.

Looking like a demon amidst the carnage, Nicholas grinned as he observed the scene. The lawless individuals around him, their minds consumed by greed, hesitated, caught between advancing and retreating. Nicholas, however, paid them no mind. Instead, he picked up his two weapons and inspected them.

As the slaughter continued, his sword, Wind-Flowers, Snow-Moon, began to emanate a crimson aura, reminiscent of cherry blossoms in full bloom. With each strike, the blade became more alive, as if drinking in the blood of its enemies.

Witnessing this intriguing sight, Nicholas became even more interested.

But for the lawless thugs, caught in a nightmare, every flash of Nicholas's blade spelled doom. In moments, bodies fell to pieces as Nicholas's sword danced through the chaos.

In no time, the battleground had truly become a hellish scene.

Surrounded

As the saying goes, people die for wealth, and birds die for food.

Although Nicholas is brutal, for those lawless people, they are unwilling to miss this opportunity to almost become rich overnight.

So even though the initial group of lawless people around Nicholas has completed their mission of testing the sword, even more lawless people have gathered around Nicholas.

Even some lawless individuals with decent strength began to appear, just like clearing a dungeon. If the initial lawless people were cannon fodder, then these lawless individuals with decent strength mixed in among them were clearly elite mobs.

But even if they were elite mobs, they were just adding a bit of fun for Nicholas.

Before long, the ground under Nicholas's feet was soaked with blood, and even the bottom of the large backpack placed beside him was soaked with blood.

An area of about a hundred meters in radius had turned blood red, and there were severed limbs and body parts everywhere, with no wounded, only the dead.

Feeling the viscous blood under his feet, Nicholas frowned and then directly activated his Devil Fruit ability. A large amount of electricity vaporized all the blood within a three-meter radius, turning the flesh and blood into charcoal.

For a moment, within three meters around Nicholas and from three to fifty meters away, and even beyond fifty meters, it seemed like three different worlds.

"Brothers, let's put in more effort. After such a long time, he's obviously on the brink of collapse. We still have so many people, we can definitely overwhelm him."

"That's right, victory is within reach now. As long as we kill him, we'll split the loot! And Brother Kallet has spoken. As long as we can get those two swords, he's willing to let the person who offers the sword open another casino in the lawless zone!"

Shouts came from a person hidden in a dark room. Although he shouted the loudest, he never exposed himself. His eyes didn't show greed; he just

looked at the bodies strewn all over with a shiver.

Although he didn't know why Nicholas appeared here, he vaguely felt that the reason they placed those precious items in the lawless district was purely bait for this demon. They were like a pack of bloodhounds drawn by the scent of blood, while Nicholas was a hunter with a taste for blood, constantly slaughtering these bloodhounds.

As the fierce battle continued, a large number of shattered corpses appeared around Nicholas. When these people were piled up to a certain number, the lawless individuals who intended to get rich seemed to realize that it was somewhat impossible to snatch things from Nicholas with their numerical advantage alone.

Realizing that the situation was not right, the lawless individuals who retreated began to back off, and when they started retreating, Nicholas did not stop them.

Before long, there wasn't a living person left around Nicholas.

At this moment, however, Nicholas felt that something was wrong. It was too quiet around him, as if a fierce beast was lurking around.

Almost as soon as he sensed it, he released his Observation Haki, which could cover the entire Sabaody Archipelago. When he looked towards a three-story building, the strong man who had appeared in the room before leaped down from the window.

With his appearance, there were footsteps all around, and soon a group of lawless individuals, completely different from the ragtag group before, began to appear from all directions.

Facing the sudden situation, Nicholas calmly walked towards the strong man who was approaching him.

As Nicholas advanced, the organized lawless individuals did not rush forward but tightened their grip on their weapons and began to retreat.

Although they were retreating, they seemed to be surrounding Nicholas, apparently waiting for their boss's command to attack.

Seeing this situation, Nicholas stopped and looked at the strong man who was now less than twenty meters away.

"Are you here to rob me?"

"Haha, Mr. Nicholas, let's not joke around. We don't want to confront a monster like you."

The strong man laughed and said, for him, if the other party was not a Logia type and also a top-tier powerhouse, he might want to try to keep the other party, even if it meant paying a heavy price.

After all, in the sea where the strong were respected, only the life of a strong person could make the reputation of the lawless district resound even louder.

But Nicholas and his tricky ability made the strong man have no such thoughts. After all, for Logia types, the most feared situation was group battles, especially when he was alone and had no companions. At such times, Logia type abilities were the most terrifying, as they could unleash catastrophic disasters.

"I just want to make friends with strong individuals like Mr. Nicholas.

After all, the situation in the sea is becoming more unstable. It's better to have more powerful friends than terrifying enemies."

Cooperation

After hearing the other party's words, Nicholas just smiled.

On the high seas, there might be allies, but most of them are not very reliable, after all, betrayal is common among pirates.

"What can I get?" Nicholas asked succinctly, as there was no reason to refuse such a windfall.

"The friendship of the lawless zone and an invitation to the Wine Hero

Conference held on Barks Island next month. After all, as long as the two of us join forces, we can definitely get a piece of the pie," Kallet said.

Hearing Kallet's words, Nicholas fell into thought.

The so-called Wine Hero Conference, in the world of pirates, many places celebrate certain big festivals with drinking contests, comparing who can drink the most.

After all, in the pirate world, alcohol is like hard currency. For pirates drifting on the high seas, alcohol is undoubtedly a remedy for loneliness.

Thus, the World Wine Hero Association was formed by all the wineries worldwide, and events like these drinking contests are often very popular. Participants come from all walks of life, including commoners, nobles, marines, and pirates.

Even during the Wine Hero Conference, many opposing factions temporarily set aside their grudges. If anyone were to act rashly, they would not only face their opponents but also pressure from the Wine Hero Conference.

However, the Wine Hero Conference Kallet mentioned was completely different from these conferences.

Because Barks Island also has another name, the Island of the Wine God.

"Are you saying that the wine spring is about to spout fifty-year-old vintage?" Nicholas asked, but he shook his head right after, "Impossible, the legendary wine spring spouted fifty-year-old vintage just twenty years ago. According to the timing, it will take another thirty years for it to reappear."

Nicholas had also obtained information about Barks Island from Shakky.

After all, this magical sea is full of various unknowns, some things have not been discovered yet, and some things have already been utilized by people.

Just like the magical shells in the Sky Islands, which have various incredible effects despite being similar to ordinary shells in the Blue Sea. And the wine spring on Barks Island is one of the many things discovered and utilized by people.

Barks Island grows various fruit trees, and even many trees that originally grew in extreme conditions of severe cold or extreme heat can be found on Barks Island. It's not an exaggeration to say that the climate on Barks Island is a miniaturized version of the Unhappy Island climate. When the fruits on the island mature, they fall directly to the ground and, due to unique reasons, these fruits do not rot but enter a unique fermentation state.

Then, the juice flows into the deepest part of the island through the soil, where it undergoes decades of fermentation to produce divine wine.

"Of course, it's not fifty years this time," Kallet said with a smile.

"Because this time, what will appear from it is the Wine God that appears only once every hundred years. The reliability of this news is extremely high. After all, I paid a huge price to get this information from within the Wine Hero Association.

Normally, I wouldn't be interested in things I can't get my hands on.

Whether it's the World Government or those huge forces, they all aim to obtain things that can help people improve their strength without side effects, as they are the most sought-after commodities in this sea.

This time, according to the information, it seems that your captain intends to start a war big enough to change the world. And this war will undoubtedly attract the attention of all parties, so this is our chance."

Hearing Kallet's words, Nicholas admitted that he was tempted.

After all, these things don't have much effect on those who are already at their peak. Although drinking it can improve one's physique to a certain

extent, whether it's fifty years or a hundred years, a person can only drink it once in their lifetime.

Apart from the first time, subsequent drinks are just about enjoying top-quality wine.

For Nicholas, this was indeed a rare opportunity. While Stussy had developed a drink that could unlock potential and enhance strength, there were more opportunities to become stronger. Who would want to miss out?

Moreover, the enhancement of strength would give him more confidence in the upcoming major war and survival after the war.

"Well then, happy cooperation!"

"Happy cooperation."

After agreeing on the time, Nicholas left the lawless zone with his backpack.

Watching Nicholas leave, the person next to Kallet asked, "Boss, is this guy reliable?"

"Whether he's reliable or not doesn't matter. What's most important is that this guy's strength is strong enough. With him, I'm completely confident that we can get a bigger share," Kallet said indifferently. For him, the trip to Barks Island was a very important plan. After all, major forces need a solid foundation to support them, and as for those pirates on the sea, they're just that.

Although they seem glorious and can dominate the sea for decades, when they get older, their body functions decline, and their strength declines.

How many of them can end well?

Since the establishment of the World Government to the present, there have been top-tier powerhouses in the sea, but now the World Government is still the World Government, and the Celestial Dragons are

still the world nobles. But those guys?

"Alright, go prepare. Also, let the funeral home come and deal with these guys' bodies, and see if the intact parts of these guys' bodies can fetch a good price."

After saying that, Kallet walked towards the deepest part of the lawless zone.

It can be said that the businesses of the bosses in the underground world are quite extensive.

Slaves, weapons, brothels, smuggling, these are relatively normal industries, and various things that can easily stir up ordinary people's nerves can be easily found in the underground world.

And the funeral home Kallet mentioned is one of the forces in the underground world.

Their main job is to collect corpses, and depending on the situation, they occasionally work as doctors to collect organs from corpses for recycling.

It can be said that collecting corpses for others is just a sideline, their main business is organ trafficking.

And Nicholas found a hotel to stay temporarily. After informing Stussy and the others with a transponder snail, Nicholas called the waiter downstairs and ordered a meal for thirty people. After eating hastily, he lay down to rest.

After all, today was quite satisfying, and he had received a batch of wine and two good Swords, so it was time to reward himself.

Most importantly, he was not far from Mary Geoise, so he needed to rest and keep himself in peak condition at all times.

The next morning, Nicholas woke up early.

After waking up, Nicholas felt very relaxed all over his body, and his mind was extremely clear. He felt full of vitality, as if his body was filled

with energy, so maintaining good sleep was also very beneficial to the body.

Out of habit, he deployed his Observation Haki and found that there were no enemies within a two-kilometer radius, which made Nicholas wonder.

Could it be that the Lehman Brothers just gave up like that? After all, he had just given them a zero-dollar deal.

But even if the Lehman Brothers didn't come, it wouldn't matter.

After eating a breakfast for ten people, Nicholas picked up his backpack and headed towards the 13th Port District.

Surging undercurrents

"This is yours, Katie."

After reconciling with Stussy and the others, Nicholas handed over the Wind-Flower, Snow-Moon to Katie directly.

Looking at the weapon, which was almost the same height as herself, Katie felt a bit bewildered.

Then Nicholas also handed out the other gifts respectively to Simon, Vista, and Stussy.

After briefly explaining the situation with Kallet to them, everyone agreed that Nicholas going alone was indeed the best choice. After all, in melee combat, Nicholas alone could exert double the combat power.

"Alright, then you guys just support me when the time comes. Next stop, heading to the City of Water seven!"

With Nicholas's words, Stussy and Vista also felt a surge of excitement. Nicholas heading to the City of Water seven at this time meant that they could start building their own ship.

Three days later, Nicholas and his crew finally arrived at the City of Water seven. He hadn't rushed the journey; if they had traveled at full

speed, they could have reached the city in just two days.

As soon as they caught sight of the City of Water seven, Katie, surprised, leaned over the ship's railing with her mouth wide open. Although they had seen many things they had never seen before on the way, seeing the City of Water seven for the first time still felt unbelievable.

"Hey, Captain, is this really the City of Water seven? Such magnificent architecture," Katie exclaimed, looking at Nicholas with an impressed expression.

"Yes, indeed it is. We are going there to visit a master shipbuilder. Of course, if you find it boring, you can let Sister Stussy take you around the City of Water seven," Nicholas replied.

Excited at the prospect of being able to explore freely, Katie looked eagerly at Stussy. For her, everything new was fascinating. However, she also felt a bit afraid of the unknown and leaving Nicholas. But as long as Stussy and the others were with her, she felt reassured.

Stussy gently touched Katie's hair with her hand, then looked at Nicholas with a hint of concern in her eyes.

Knowing Stussy's concern, Nicholas assured her, "Don't worry. Even if the situation gets dire, your presence there would only mean the enemy gets a little extra bounty. Besides, if things go south, I can always run."

Nicholas chuckled.

Stussy nodded, always unconditionally trusting Nicholas.

"Captain, I think I'll stay on the ship and keep watch," Vista spoke up. He preferred staying on the ship rather than going shopping with Stussy.

"Vista, there's no need to watch the ship. Even if something happens to it, it's okay. After all, ships are the least lacking thing here in the City of Water seven. Besides, you can accompany Katie and the others to explore the island. The seafood in the City of Water seven is quite famous. Don't

you want to try it?" Nicholas persuaded.

After hearing Nicholas's words, Vista struggled internally for a moment but ultimately stood up, indicating his intention to accompany Stussy and the others to the island.

"Captain, should I go with you?" Simon, playing with a short gun, asked suddenly. The gun was something Nicholas had obtained from Whitebeard before, modified by an unknown genius gunsmith to make it comparable to a cannonball in its attack.

"Never mind, you better stay with Vista and the others," Nicholas said, watching Stussy, Katie, and Vista disappear into the distance.

After they left, Nicholas turned and walked in another direction.

His purpose this time was to find Tom, the Fish-Man, to help him build his own ship.

Although his current ship's performance was excellent, it was obtained from someone else, and while it was top-notch for the first half of the Grand Line, it fell short in the unpredictable waters of the New World. Having a great ship in the New World was like having reliable insurance. So Nicholas decided to enlist the help of Tom, the shipwright who had built the Oro Jackson, the former Pirate King's flagship, and many other famous ships.

As Nicholas contemplated finding Tom to build his ship, on Whitebeard's Moby Dick at this time...

"Gurulululu, Garp, this Garp guy is really arrogant. I can't wait to see what sparks fly when we clash!" Whitebeard said, putting down the intelligence and raising a jug to drink.

"Hehe, Newgate, is this Garp guy really as strong as you say? I'm curious," asked June, dressed in leopard-print stockings and fur, looking at Whitebeard.

"Of course, that guy is a real monster. Even Roger couldn't get the upper hand against Garp, and I suspect his martial arts and Armament Haki have reached a freakish level. He might even pose a threat to Rox," replied Whitebeard. He acknowledged Garp's strength, but who was stronger between them remained to be seen on the battlefield.

"And Newgate, aren't you afraid of calling the captain by his name directly? But don't worry, I won't tell him, after all, you're the man I've set my sights on. So, would you like to consider planting your seed in the fertile ground where I nurture life? I believe that once we come together, coupled with my ability, we can definitely give birth to powerful children!" June suddenly said.

" Gurulululu, June. You underestimate Rox's tolerance. Although we're gathered under him to a large extent because he suppresses us with his strength, our willingness to go on a rampage with him is also because of his tolerance. Even if you tell him what I said, he'll just laugh it off. And Rox sending you is just to assist me, it doesn't mean I won't dare to kill you!" After saying this, Whitebeard placed the jug on the table and glanced at June.

"Don't... don't joke like that, Newgate. We're comrades, after all," June hastily said.

"Comrades? I'm sorry, but I think you might have misunderstood something. Although nominally we're all members of Rox's pirate crew, you are not a comrade in my book," Whitebeard said as he stood up, looking at the distant Marine battleship.

"Men! Prepare for battle!" With Whitebeard's command, the pirates on the ship quickly prepared for combat.

After the Marines sent Garp to make a big move in the New World, Rox's response had arrived.

[Please read the author's not below for some clarifications]

Notes

Guys, for those who will get confused with June and Stussy... Spoiler below. Basically June is the real Stussy. And the stussy in Nicholas's crew is a clone of the original Stussy, Think it as a butterfly effect caused by Nicholas's transmigration. You might think, then why are people not curious or suspicious seeing 2 stussys in Rox pirates? Its pretty simple, Nicholas's Stussy wears a Plague doctor outfit 24/7 so she dosent show her any body part for others to identify. She also dosent dine with others so that they don't find out. Maybe the original stussy might know something by hearing her name. And for the other stussy showed in anime, think her as stussy no.3 in this LN. I will clarify that in future chapters.

Galley-La?

And at this moment, Nicholas finally stood in front of the Galley-La Company.

As a company that controls over seventy percent of the shipbuilding industry in the pirate world, the Galley-La Company undoubtedly belongs to the category of top-tier conglomerates.

"Um... years later, Iceberg should have founded the Galley-La firm. Why is a Galley-La firm operating at this time? So is the butterfly effect to blame for this as well?

As he pondered, he did not know that something is set in stone and an iceberg after Tom's death will take over the Galley-La company in the future due to co-incidents.

After Nicholas stated his purpose, he was quickly escorted to the VIP room by the Galley-La Company as their most esteemed guest.

Meanwhile, in the president's office of the Galley-La Company, many

people had gathered.

These individuals were the true behind-the-scenes controllers of the City of Water Seven. They represented the seven largest shipyards in the City of Water, which were also the seven directors of the Galley-La Company. At this moment, the president of Galley-La, Levanoth, was furrowing his brows. He was unsure how to face Nicholas. After all, when such a prominent figure from the New World came to the City of Water Seven, his visit to the Galley-La Company was likely for shipbuilding, but Levanoth couldn't imagine any other reason.

However, if it were just ordinary ships, Levanoth wouldn't be so troubled. Shipbuilding was their specialty in the City of Water Seven, gathering the world's most outstanding shipwrights. But the issue was that individuals like these from the New World had very high demands for their ships. At the very least, the keel of the ship had to be made of the legendary Adam Wood, and other parts had to be made of top-tier materials. The construction of other facilities would also be extremely difficult, requiring a large number of top-notch shipwrights to build them. This would inevitably have an impact on other businesses in the City of Water Seven.

While Levanoth and his company had encountered such situations before, such as building ships for the World Nobles, the problem was that during the construction process for the World Nobles, they could even enlist assistance from the World Government. But what help could Nicholas offer?

"Let's discuss our opinions. How should we deal with this guest from the New World?" Levanoth asked the others sitting on the sofa.

"My opinion is to treat him as a normal guest. After all, our shipbuilding business is global, and if a guest comes to commission us, we should

proceed," one person suggested.

"But is the guest a normal one? What if he refuses to pay the fee later?"

Another person voiced concern.

"I'm more worried about what would happen if we refused his demands.

What if he causes trouble in the City of Water Seven? That guy is a natural elemental user, and he possesses the powerful Goro Goro no Mi. Once he starts wreaking havoc, it could cause significant damage to the City of Water Seven," another person added.

Although the City of Water Seven had a certain level of military power, it was not inferior to some major pirate crews. However, in the world of pirates, strength ruled supreme. When individual strength reached a certain level, the number of people didn't matter much. Just like when Conqueror's Haki was unleashed, all the small fry would be wiped out in an instant.

"Alright, I'll go see what the guest's intentions are. If a heavyweight figure doesn't make an appearance, I'm worried he might think we're underestimating him, and things could go terribly wrong," Levanoth said, getting up and heading towards the president's office.

"Also," Levanoth stopped before leaving the room, facing the others, "keep your subordinates restrained, and don't try to resolve the situation with outside help. The reason the City of Water Seven has been able to exist until today is because we've never taken sides."

After saying this, he walked out of the president's office and closed the door.

Inside the president's office, the others fell into silence after Levanoth's words.

Eventually, someone broke the silence.

"Let's do as Levanoth said."

...

"Mr. Nicholas, I apologize for keeping you waiting."

As soon as they entered the VIP room, Levanoth greeted Nicholas warmly. Although the young man in front of him was old enough to be his grandson, Nicholas's strength was enough to warrant Levanoth's attention and warmth.

"I understand. After all, a dangerous criminal like me suddenly appeared in the City of Water seven warrants discussing countermeasures," Nicholas replied, causing Levanoth to feel a bit awkward. However, years of experience as a businessman allowed him to adjust his emotions quickly.

Before Levanoth could say anything, Nicholas continued, "I'm actually not here with ill intentions. My main purpose is to ask you to help me build a ship that's exclusively mine. And of course, the shipbuilder must be Tom."

"This..." Nicholas's words left Levanoth looking conflicted.

Seeing Levanoth's dilemma, Nicholas felt his good mood sour.

"Are you facing difficulties?" Nicholas asked.

Levanoth didn't speak, thinking that shipbuilding wouldn't be a problem, but the issue was that Tom, the shipwright, was currently handling an order for the World Nobles.

"Indeed, there are some difficulties. Currently, Master Tom is in charge of building a ship for the World Nobles, so he may not have enough energy to take on the construction of another top-tier ship," Levanoth hesitated to say.

"Hehehe, you seem to have misunderstood something. Do you think you can't afford to offend the world's nobles but can afford to offend me?"

Three days. I'll give you three days to come up with a ship design that satisfies me. Otherwise, the people of the City of Water Seven may not

see the next Aqua Laguna. Of course, you can convey my message, word for word, to the Marines and the World Government. Let's see if they'll send top-tier forces here to fight me over a ship," Nicholas said, causing Levanoth to be stunned. The term "city destruction" was something he hadn't expected at all, considering the terrifying implications behind it. Next, Levanoth's first thought was disbelief. He couldn't believe that the person in front of him had the courage to threaten city destruction. After all, once city destruction occurred, even in a city like the City of Water Seven, the World Government would do everything in its power to kill him to establish its authority.

Of course, besides disbelief, Levanoth also had some cards up his sleeve.

"Do you think I'm incapable? Or do you think you can deal with me?"

Don't worry; I might not even need to take action."

Hearing Nicholas's words, Levanoth thought that Nicholas was somewhat wary, but what he said next made Levanoth break out in a cold sweat.

"For example, in a few days, the City of Water Seven could erupt in an extinction-level epidemic."

Feeling that Nicholas's words weren't a mere threat but a genuine possibility of him causing an epidemic in the City of Water Seven, Levanoth felt his body stiffen. Although the medical ceiling in the world of One Piece was high, it didn't mean that all medical practices were equally advanced. Just like in certain primitive areas where healing methods were akin to witchcraft.

Levanoth could already foresee that if Nicholas did indeed trigger an extinction-level epidemic, the next Aqua Laguna might not just take away some buildings in the City of Water Seven but also a large number of corpses.

"Fine, I agree, but to build the ship's keel with Adam Wood, you'll have to

provide it. Although we can provide many materials, Adam Wood is not among them. You should know that this kind of shipbuilding treasure is rarely circulated on the high seas, and we may not be able to obtain it," Levanoth quickly added, seeing Nicholas's furrowed brow.

Tom

"Very reasonable request."

Nicholas nodded and then took out a card and threw it directly to Levanoth.

Looking at the card in his hand, Levanoth looked at Nicholas somewhat puzzled.

"This is a deposit. I will choose to pay the balance when the ship is completed. I will have Master Tom summoned later, and I will tell him my requirements for the ship."

Levanoth accepted the card and nodded in agreement with Nicholas.

He also had some insights into this order.

Nicholas looked at Levanoth, who had already yielded, and realized that the other party was not without merit. Being able to be the public authority of the City of Seven Waters was quite capable.

Soon, Levanoth took out a Den Den Mushi and made a call. Moments later, Tom, the pride of the City of Seven Waters, the first shipbuilder, and the creator of the ship Oro Jackson, the shipwright Tom, arrived at the VIP room.

As soon as Tom entered, he glanced at Levanoth, then turned his gaze to Nicholas.

"Kid, you want me to be in charge of building your ship?"

Tom said in a relaxed manner, causing Levanoth's eyebrows to twitch, afraid that the man in front of him would turn his cherished shipwright into a grilled fish with electricity.

"Yes"

Nicholas replied honestly.

"Hahaha, kid, you've got taste!"

At this point, Tom hadn't matured like he did later. Hearing Nicholas's words, a smile appeared on his face, and then he turned to Levanoth and said, "Since you've agreed to let me handle this gentleman's ship, let the craftsmen from the other shipyards handle the ships for those 'World Nobles'."

"No problem, Master Tom."

Levanoth had great respect for Tom. It could be said that because of Tom's existence, the shipbuilding technology in the City of Seven Waters had always been far ahead of the world. Even if it wasn't Tom leading them in person, the position of Tom in the City of Seven Waters was still high.

The reason was that he had helped many great pirates build their rides to sail the seas. While many pirates saw it as just a transaction, some became friends with Tom because of it.

"Kid, let's hear your requirements for the ship."

Tom sat his massive frame on the sofa, making the two-seater sofa suddenly seem like a child's sofa.

"Since my ship is in your hands, I hope the bottom of the ship will be wrapped in Sea Stone. As for the keel and main structure, use Adam Wood. Regarding Adam Wood, you can find a way to procure it. Besides, I will also take care of it.

I also want the ship to be powered by lightning and preferably capable of flight. Additionally, there should be room for improvement in the ship's weapons and other areas...

As for the compensation, I owe you a favor."

Nicholas said to Tom, mentioning only the shipbuilding order fee for Levanoth, while the fee for a master shipwright like Tom would be separate.

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, both Levanoth and Tom were surprised. After all, the promise of a weakling wasn't worth much, but the promise of a strong one couldn't be measured in money.

"However, if I find your ship unsatisfactory, or if a defect on the ship puts me at a hundred percent risk of death at sea, you better pray. Otherwise, I will turn the entire City of Seven Waters and Fish-Man Island into hell, a real hell."

After saying this, Nicholas didn't bother to pay attention to Levanoth and Tom's grim faces.

"Kid, you're challenging the bottom line of a shipwright! We will pour all our efforts into our works, and it's absolutely impossible for us to harm others with our creations!"

Tom said firmly.

Seeing Tom's resolute gaze, Nicholas smiled and then sincerely said,

"Forgive me, I was despicable. Then, I'll leave my ship to Master Tom."

"Kid, I will come up with a design that meets your requirements in three days. By then, I'll show you what a true shipwright is!"

After speaking, Tom left first. It seemed like he intended to make Nicholas feel ashamed with his own creation.

Nicholas also refused Levanoth's invitation to stay, and he left the Galley-La Company directly, planning to find Stussy and the others on the island.

Walking through the streets of the City of Seven Waters, Nicholas noticed that many of the buildings were temporary constructions, meant to last only a year before being rebuilt after the Aqua laguna. However, many

tall buildings had withstood the test of countless Aqua Laguna. He wondered what methods the builders had used to withstand even the Aqua Laguna' level of tsunami, as these buildings remained intact. Not far into his stroll, Nicholas caught a whiff of a peculiar fragrance and couldn't help but follow his nose to its source.

Upon entering, he found a small barbecue stall emitting the enticing aroma. An elderly couple was busy at work: the woman focused on grilling meat while the man controlled the fire, occasionally shouting orders.

Despite the lack of need for orders, the area was crowded with people holding Beli, eagerly watching the woman grill the meat.

Nicholas took out some bills, intending to buy some meat. However, the stall was small, and the lady could only grill a limited number of skewers each time. Those who arrived first didn't even get enough, let alone Nicholas, who arrived late.

Nicholas didn't feel disgruntled about being late; he understood the principles of first come, first served.

Finally, among the second batch of grilled meat, Nicholas successfully purchased five skewers.

Taking a bite, he noticed that the meat's texture was different from ordinary meat; it was more tender and juicy, with a rich flavor. It was simply delicious.

"Old man, is this water meat? Ordinary grilled meat shouldn't be this juicy."

Nicholas asked the old man who was busy controlling the fire.

"Haha, young man, you're right. This is our City of Seven Waters' specialty, water meat. It's made possible by our abundant water vapor. Even if other places have the recipe, they can't replicate the taste and

texture of water meat without our rich water vapor.

So, enjoy it. It's a delicacy that can only be found in the City of Seven Waters."

The old man explained, showing that this specialty was quite popular.

"Old man, you mean even if others know the method, they can't replicate it?"

"Of course, making water meat isn't complicated. It's just mixing minced pork, fish, beef, and other meats, marinating them, and stuffing them into chicken legs before sealing them and grilling them on a rack. The real complexity lies in the rich water vapor of the City of Seven Waters, which allows the meat to have its tender texture during marination and grilling."

"I see. Thanks for explaining. Goodbye."

With that, Nicholas finished his water meat and left, heading to find Stussy and the others.

Siege preparation

After wandering around the City of Seven Waters for a while, Nicholas realized that it was very inconvenient without Yagara Bulls as a means of transportation. It was true that the City of Seven Waters lived up to its name as a water city, where waterways were the main thoroughfares and the streets were secondary. If one didn't use the waterways, they often ended up on dead ends.

Yagara Bulls, serving as a shared bike-like service, were easily found in the city. So Nicholas quickly found a shop renting Yagara bulls.

However, after Nicholas negotiated the price with the shop owner and paid promptly, a new problem arose: these Yagara bulls seemed to be afraid of him. Their fear was palpable; upon Nicholas's approach, they trembled and sank into the water, making it impossible for Nicholas to

even ride them.

The shop owner was puzzled by this situation, as it was the first time in many years of operating the shop that he had seen Yagara Bulls react this way.

Nicholas, realizing what was happening from the fearful looks of the Yagara Bulls, understood that animals had a sharper sense of danger than humans. Just as even the fiercest dog would cower before a butcher, so too did these Yagara Bulls exhibit fear in his presence, despite his intentions.

After the shop owner attempted to communicate with the Yagara Bulls for a while and was about to refund Nicholas and ask him to leave, Nicholas suddenly approached the Yagara Bulls.

"You don't need to be afraid. If anyone is willing to carry me, I will pay extra to treat them to water meat."

Hearing Nicholas's words, the Yagara Bulls, who were originally submerged in the water, looked at him with confusion. They couldn't understand why this person could speak their language, as even the shop owner could only understand their intentions, not their language.

"There is no need to be confused. I just used a little trick."

As the Yagara Bulls remained puzzled, Nicholas's voice echoed in their minds once again.

While the other Yagara bulls were still perplexed, a sly-looking Yagara bull slowly emerged from the water and looked at Nicholas.

"Human, are you telling the truth?"

"Of course."

"Then come up; I'll carry you."

After hearing this little guy's words, Nicholas jumped onto the seat behind it.

Then, the Yagara Bulls, with red and green stripes on their bodies, swam forward. They entered a rapid waterway through a canal and headed towards the location Nicholas had indicated. After passing under a bridge, the Yagara Bulls finally stopped, indicating they had arrived.

"This is the agreed-upon reward." Nicholas took out a stack of Berry notes and placed them in the Yagara Bulls's harness. He patted the Yagara Bull's head, indicating it could leave.

The Yagara bulls affectionately nuzzled Nicholas's palm. After all, the Berry Nicholas provided was enough for it to feast on water meat and even bring some back for its family.

"Human, farewell! You're welcome to visit my home if you have the chance."

With that, the Yagara Bulls turned and left, returning to the shop to continue serving customers.

As for the Yagara Bulls's invitation, Nicholas just smiled. After all, he had no interest in visiting the underground cities where the Yagara Bulls lived.

After disembarking, Nicholas followed the direction indicated by Stussy's Vivre Card.

Upon meeting with Stussy, Nicholas unexpectedly received news.

"Rocks wants to talk to me?"

In response to Nicholas's inquiry, Stussy nodded and handed the Den Den Mushi to Nicholas.

Nicholas dialed Den Den Mushi's number dedicated to contacting Rocks.

"Bulu Bulu~ Bulu Bulu~"

After a few rings, the Den Den Mushi's appearance changed suddenly; it grew hair, and its expression became that of Rocks.

Once the Den Den Mushi was connected, Rocks immediately spoke,

"Nicholas, are you currently in the first half of the Grand Line?"

"Yes, what's up, Captain?"

"It's nothing major. It's just that the Navy and the World Government's actions in the New World have made me uncomfortable. So, I want you to attack the Enies lobby. If you succeed, I'll give you the Devil Fruit you want."

Nicholas narrowed his eyes upon hearing Rock's words. He wondered what major event the World Government and the Navy had stirred up in the New World to make Rocks so eager for retaliation.

"No problem, but how far do you want me to go with attacking Enies lobby?"

Rocks fell silent for a moment upon hearing Nicholas's question.

"As far as you like."

"Hehehe, interesting. Alright, I promise. Prepare the reward, Captain."

After the conversation ended, the two hung up the Den Den Mushi.

"So, Captain, our next stop is Enies lobby?"

Simon asked curiously.

"Yes, our goal is to attack Enies lobby. After all, I've been eyeing that Devil Fruit for a long time."

Nicholas said it with a smile. Stussy and the others knew that the Devil Fruit was prepared for Vista.

After the call with Rocks, the group found a restaurant and sat down.

Nicholas began to ponder.

He had always been curious about one thing: whether Monkey D. Luffy, the protagonist of this world, would die. After all, in his previous life, One Piece was just an anime, and as the protagonist, Luffy would never die.

But now, in this real world, he wondered if Luffy could continue to

overcome any challenge or escape from any situation, just like in the anime. This was why Nicholas only considered the anime as a reference; after all, the anime could have many unrealistic elements, while reality did not. In this world, people had their own thoughts and personalities, and Nicholas even doubted if Luffy could die in any way imaginable.

"Hehehe, Enies lobby, the place where the World Government judges criminals. But in this world, the strong are respected, criminals, hahaha."

Seeing Nicholas's demeanor, Katie felt worried. Nicholas's maniacal laughter made her uncomfortable, but Stussy remained calm, eating her steak. She had seen Nicholas's weirder side, and this behavior didn't faze her. As for the people around the restaurant, although they initially wanted to intervene and stop Nicholas's unreasonable behavior, when they saw Vista and his giant axe and shield, they wisely chose to smile instead.

After finishing their meal, the group boarded the ship again and set sail towards Enies lobby.

Slaughter

After sailing for several hours, Nicholas and his crew finally arrived at the Enies lobby based on the coordinates.

However, the scene before Nicholas left him speechless. The Enies lobby was surrounded by a circle of iron fences.

It looked particularly interesting, especially since Nicholas saw no practical purpose for these iron fences.

After the ship docked, Nicholas slowly approached the Enies lobby. Soon, Nicholas and his companions reached the front island.

The front island primarily served as the first main gate, heavily guarded by many soldiers.

Through the main gate, there was a narrow passage leading directly to

the second main gate, suspended above the waterfall. Passing through the second main gate (the island's main gate) would lead to the main island, with a narrow passage and the main island fully suspended over the abyss of a huge waterfall.

Just as Nicholas was about to reach the main gate, a group of people suddenly appeared in front of him. These people were muscular, armed with iron chains, had the word "guilty" carved on their left arms, and many of them were riding giant police dogs.

The guards of Enies Lobby discovered unfamiliar people landing on the island without receiving any prior notification of a ship's arrival, so they immediately rushed to semi-surround Nicholas and his crew.

"Who are you people, and why are you here in the Enies lobby at this time?"

Before Nicholas could speak, someone cleverly recognized Nicholas's identity.

"Albert Nicholas, Captain of the Seventh Division of the Rocks Pirates! What is this guy doing in the Enies lobby?"

As more people recognized Nicholas, panic spread rapidly among all the guards.

Even though they lived comfortably in the Enies lobby, they understood that someone like Nicholas from the New World wouldn't be here just to tour and eat.

"What else can I do? This is the captain's mission."

Nicholas replied casually. The Rocks Pirates were brought together by Rocks's strengths and interests. If Rocks hadn't offered something that interested Nicholas, he could have refused to attack the Enies lobby.

"This is the Enies lobby, close to both the World Government and the Marine Headquarters. Nicholas, I advise you to leave now, or else we

won't be polite."

The leader of the guards trembled in his legs as he spoke loudly.

Nicholas was surprised by their bravery. Enies Lobby was one of the three major institutions under the World Government, but anyone who understood the nature of Enies Lobby knew it was just a facade.

Inside the Enies lobby, there was a famous but meaningless court established by the World Government. Anyone brought to the Enies lobby was already deemed guilty.

Those prisoners would only be escorted through those empty courts and eventually reach a cold, giant steel gate, known as the Gate of Justice.

The prisoners who passed through this gate generally never returned, symbolizing the absolute justice of the World Government.

Prisoners sent to the Enies lobby had never returned alive because, after passing through the Gate of Justice, they could only reach two places: the Marine Headquarters, the main combat force of the World Government, or Impel Down, the deep-sea prison that imprisoned the world's most heinous criminals.

The Enies lobby was more of a formality; it wouldn't show any mercy to prisoners. It would only send them to Impel Down to suffer or execute them directly, and then throw them under the great waterfall.

The combatants in this institution could go for more than a decade without encountering a fight, so their combat power and will were quite weak. Otherwise, how could an institution like Enies Lobby, guarding the hub of the Gate of Justice with over ten thousand combatants, be easily breached by pirates like Luffy and his crew?

If ten thousand soldiers from the Marine Headquarters were there, Luffy and his crew would probably all be kneeling.

"You have one minute. Disappear from my sight immediately, or we will

start the attack officially after one minute."

Nicholas took out his pocket watch and silently counted down, while Vista took out his giant axe and shield from his back. Simon began to check his firearms, and Katie pulled out her short sword.

For Nicholas, attacking the Enies lobby was just a task from Rocks; it didn't mean he had to slaughter everyone on the island.

Moreover, the display of combat power from the guards of the Enies lobby didn't spark much fighting spirit in Nicholas.

Of course, he had given them a chance, and if these guys didn't know how to cherish it, he wouldn't mind using a few more AOE skills in the fight.

The guards of the Enies lobby seemed to be intimidated by Nicholas's aura. Despite living in the calm of the Enies lobby, they understood that pirates from the New World like Nicholas were beyond their league.

Some of them even started whispering.

"Hey, should we run? How could we possibly be a match for such a guy?"

"Yeah, he could take our lives with a single blow."

"I haven't finished paying my mortgage; my wife just had triplets; I still have parents to support; I don't want to die."

...

As these guards whispered, it was evident that they were starting to have second thoughts. The reason they hadn't escaped yet was because there were superiors and staunch supporters of the World Government among them. These superiors and some brainwashed guards were absolutely loyal to the World Government.

And those guards who were trying to retreat quietly couldn't escape.

After all, the position of the World Government in their hearts had always been unshakable. They knew that if they were caught deserting,

not only they would be in trouble, but their families would be in trouble as well.

So these people were in a dilemma for a while.

But Nicholas didn't care about them. He had given them a chance, and whether they could seize it was up to them. He looked up at the sky over the Enies lobby.

The Enies lobby was called the Island that Never Sleeps, and it was always daytime there. So Nicholas was quite curious about how they managed to maintain perpetual daylight. If Newton were in this world, he'd probably be at a loss.

Nicholas's eyes, however, were still within human limits, and after looking for a while, besides being irritated by the sunlight, he found no other gain.

Rubbing his eyes, he glanced at his pocket watch and found that a minute had passed, but the people opposite him were still standing there.

Nicholas put away his pocket watch and raised his right hand towards the guards in front of the gate.

"It's a pity. Time's up, so is this your choice?"

As Nicholas's words fell, a giant bird made of thunder appeared, flapping its wings and stirring up a gust of wind with immense energy contained within, causing thunder to roar and plasma to surge.

Due to the tremendous power of Nicholas's blow, almost all the guards of the front island fell, and even those close to the impact suffered severe injuries, some of them even charred due to the excessive damage.

The shockwave of the attack even opened the front gate of the island.

Through the gap, the judicial tower behind it could already be seen.

These people were shocked by the terrifying scene. In front of such a powerful opponent as Nicholas, they were completely powerless to resist.

This was also because Nicholas wasn't really serious. If Nicholas got serious, no one present would survive.

"Demon, you're a demon! The guilty shall be judged!"

As Nicholas walked towards the gate of the island, he suddenly heard a curse, apparently from a fanatic supporter of the World Government.

As Nicholas turned his head, the World Government's fanatic supporter cursed even more vigorously, as if he could demonstrate his loyalty to the World Government this way.

And when the surviving soldiers around him saw Nicholas's face darken, they looked at each other and reached a consensus. Then, they drew their weapons and killed the fanatic who continued to shout.

Seeing this scene, Nicholas just smiled and continued walking towards the interior of the Enies lobby.

The soldiers, holding blood-stained knives, quickly rushed to their other colleagues loyal to the World Government.

If they wanted to survive, someone had to die!

Oimo and Kasshi

As Nicholas and his group crossed the first gate, traversed the aerial corridor, and approached the gate of the main island area, two massive figures leaped out from behind the gate. They swung their giant weapons directly at Nicholas.

The force behind the attack created a piercing sound as it tore through the air. Faced with such a powerful blow, Nicholas raised his right hand, and a loud thud echoed from where he stood.

The force of the attack created a gust of wind, enveloping Nicholas and his companions in a cloud of smoke.

"Oi, Oimo, you're quite ruthless, aren't you? That guy should be nothing but a pile of flesh by now."

"Kashii, blame yourself for being too slow to act. Ever since we learned that Brogy and Dorry, the two leaders, were imprisoned by the World Government, my anger has had no outlet."

Oimo, the giant wielding the hammer, attempted to retrieve his weapon but found it immovable.

As the smoke cleared, the two giant guards were astonished to find Nicholas and his group unscathed, and their attack was effortlessly blocked.

"Not surprising; they are giants after all. Their innate physique and strength are formidable."

Nicholas looked up at the two giants with admiration.

In the world of pirates, giants were akin to war machines. While they might appear insignificant against true powerhouses, they pose a significant threat to ordinary people.

"You! How did you block our attack?"

Seeing their attack thwarted, Oimo and Kashii grew nervous. They understood that anyone capable of blocking their assault with one hand must be terrifying.

"Don't worry, I mean no harm. I just want to have a chat with you."

Nicholas addressed them calmly. He had no intention of antagonizing the giants, even if they had left Elbaf, their homeland.

To Nicholas, the lifespan of a giant—eight hundred years—was but a blink of an eye. The fact that they had survived for so long without being eradicated by the World Government suggested they held formidable power.

"What do you want to talk to us about?"

Though not the sharpest, the giants knew that, in the presence of a stronger individual, they had little leverage.

"Let's talk about the Giant King of Elbaf, the Gods of Elbaf, and the history of Elbaf."

Nicholas spoke calmly. As a history enthusiast, he had delved into various subjects and found intriguing connections. Notably, giants rarely ventured beyond Elbaf, except for rare instances like the Giant Warrior Pirates or Sanjuan wolf of the Bottomless Pit in Impel Down.

"Why should we share Elbaf's secrets with you? You have no right to know."

Kashii refused outright. They had been warned not to disclose Elbaf's secrets to outsiders when they decided to accompany the four captains on their voyage.

Seeing their reaction, Nicholas felt more certain about his speculations.

"Here's the deal. You two are planning to return to Elbaf. It won't be long before I visit Elbaf as well."

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Oimo and Kashii widened their eyes in astonishment. Was this man a social butterfly?

"We won't return to Elbaf until we rescue Dorry and Brogy, the two captains. If you're waiting for us, it might take another seventy or eighty years. But I doubt you humans have such long lifespans."

Kashii said to Nicholas.

"Your captains haven't been captured; they're engaged in a ridiculous duel at Little Garden. They've been at it for nearly a century. It seems giants have simple minds."

Thinking about how the captains of the Giant Warrior Pirates had been dueling for nearly a century over a trivial matter, Nicholas gained insight into the giants' mentality—simple-minded.

"What? Are you trying to deceive us? Our captains were captured by the World Government to ensure our release."

Oimo's excitement surged. They had agreed to stand guard for a hundred years to secure their captains' freedom. If what Nicholas said was true, their years of dedication would be a mockery.

"Wait, Oimo, calm down!"

Kashii held back the agitated Oimo. Once he had calmed down a bit, he asked, "What evidence do you have?"

"Why would I need evidence? You claim your captains were captured by the World Government. Have you seen it with your own eyes? Little Garden is not far from the Enies lobby on the first half of the Grand Line. Go see for yourselves."

Nicholas replied. He had no reason to deceive them, especially given his strength.

After hearing Nicholas's words, Oimo and Kashii exchanged glances.

Then, they pounded their chests with their right fists and solemnly said to Nicholas, "We will go to Little Garden to see. If what you say is true, you will be our best friend, Nicholas."

It was a kind of commitment among giants.

Afterward, the two giants prepared to leave in search of their captain.

"You two, don't rush off."

Nicholas called out to them as they were about to leave.

Then, amidst their puzzled looks, he continued, "If you leave like this, the World Government will come after you. How about this? Vista, you stay with them and have some fun. When we retreat, take them with you."

After Nicholas finished speaking, Vista began to engage in combat, ready to show his skills. After all, facing giants, straightforward physical confrontations were inevitable.

The two giants had no intention of attacking. To them, Nicholas had shared vital information, making him their benefactor. Attacking the

companions of a benefactor would go against their principles as giants.

"Rest assured, that guy is no weakling. It's possible that even both of you in a purely physical match might not be a match for Vista."

"Come at me; it's my first time brawling with giants."

Vista said, revealing his combat enthusiasm.

"Very well."

The two giants conceded.

And so, the battle began. Vista displayed an unnatural level of agility, almost "blinking" to Kashii's side. Despite the vast difference in size, Vista's explosive power was on par with, if not surpassing, the giants'.

A single punch sent Kashii tumbling to the ground, leaving Oimo and Kashii momentarily stunned.

However, as giants, they never feared battle, especially one that involved pure physical strength.

And so, the two giants, along with a smaller one, engaged in a fierce brawl in front of the main gate of the island.

Destruction of Enies lobby

As Vista fought against the two giants, Nicholas and his group made their way onto the main island.

"What is that!?"

Simon, looking at the towering structure of the Gate of justice, bearing the emblem of the World Government, was left speechless.

Previously, due to mist and clouds, they hadn't seen the Gate of justice clearly. But now, standing close to the massive structure, the sense of awe was overwhelming.

"This way, let's attend to our business first," Nicholas said, proceeding towards the location of the Judicial Tower.

Along the way, they passed through residential areas of the main island,

which surprised them. The houses seemed abandoned for many years, emanating a scent of decay.

As Nicholas and his group approached the Judicial Tower, lightning began to strike the previously serene island.

The footsteps were light but conspicuous in the dead silence of the atmosphere.

"Who's there?"

The captain of the G-5 Marines, trembling, asked with a quivering voice, seated atop a dog.

Not that he didn't want to run, but his legs had gone weak; he couldn't even move the sitting dog.

"Oh, you guys have courage, huh? Not even choosing to run in such a situation. Admirable, as the watchdogs of the Judicial Island" Nicholas's indifferent voice came from around the corner.

He was aware of the presence of a team here, but everyone else seemed to be running away from the island due to the lightning strikes.

"Are you trying to capture us?"

"Ahem, misunderstanding, misunderstanding. We're just passing through!

We'll leave immediately!" The G-5 captain stammered, realizing the danger.

BOOM!

As he spoke, a lightning bolt struck just three centimeters in front of him.

The captain screamed and jumped off the dog, scampering away with his team, carrying their trembling dogs.

Nicholas paid little attention to those who fled, continuing towards the Judicial Tower.

Standing atop the tower, Nicholas looked at the massive Gate of justice and smiled. It seemed that the once formidable Judicial Island was now

just a facade.

...

Leaving the main island, Nicholas bid farewell to the two giant guards, arranging to visit Elbaf in the future. They returned to the Water Capital shortly after.

Leaving the main island behind, they resumed work on the ship's design. Under Tom's diligent work, the basic structure of the ship was already outlined. Next came the fine-tuning and optimization of the ship's design. Nicholas expressed his satisfaction with the design, while Levanoth was left astonished. He knew the value of sea-prism stone, a strategic material of the World Government.

Nicholas promised to resolve the issue of acquiring Sea-Prism Stone himself.

Once the design was finalized, they proceeded with construction plans. The ship would consist of three and a half levels: the bottom for power, storage, and the aquarium; the second for female quarters; the kitchen; the library;...

"Hey, you guys aren't done yet? It's time for dinner," a tall, green-haired woman reminded them, tapping on the door.

"Coco, don't rush; I'm about to finish this design," Tom said, absorbed in his work.

"Don't eat the cold food later. Be careful not to get sick and die," she said, turning away.

Levanoth excused himself, taking Nicholas to dinner.

Along the way, Nicholas couldn't help but ask, "President Levanoth, your Galley-La is truly powerful. Not only do you have Tom, the master shipwright of Fish-Man Island, but also a mermaid."

Levanoth's expression turned somewhat awkward. He clarified that Coco

was Tom's secretary, not an employee of Galley-La, and elaborated on the complex relationship between Tom and Coco.

Nicholas, puzzled, remarked on Coco's beauty, to which Levanoth explained the societal complexities and prejudices surrounding relationships between merfolk and fishmen, which had caused Tom's hesitation in accepting Coco.

Nicholas found himself perplexed by the situation.

Clues on All Blue

"So, is this a form of discrimination?" Nicholas asked Levanoth after a brief moment of contemplation.

"Discrimination? You could say that. After all, long ago, fishmen were slaves to the merfolk. Although relations between the two races have eased, intermarriage is still not allowed. If a mermaid and a fishman were to marry, their offspring would almost always be fishmen. To ensure the survival of their race and prevent bloodline contamination, the merfolk royal family established laws prohibiting mermaids from mating with fishmen. Of course, not many people know about these things," Levanoth replied with a smile, acknowledging a passing acquaintance before turning back to Nicholas.

"Is this because of the absence of All Blue? After all, if merfolk corresponds to white, fishmen to black, and the offspring can only be fishmen, it matches. The separation of four seas energy causes this disbalance" Nicholas pondered, trying to understand the complexities.

"We've arrived, Nicholas. BanBan, our guests are here; hurry up and prepare the food," Levanoth called out loudly by the calm waterside.

"What's the rush? You come here every time to eat for free and yet act so righteous. I just can't understand how a big shot like you, President of Galley-La, can eat for free," a middle-aged man holding a bottle of

alcohol grumbled, standing up unsteadily from the boat.

"Hey, is this drunken guy really a cook?" Nicholas asked, puzzled by the scene.

"Calm down, Nicholas; please rest assured, BanBan is one of the best chefs in the Water Capital," Levanoth reassured quickly.

"Of course, it's a given. You don't need to tell me. Let me see what ingredients we have today," BanBan said, beginning to cook in the kitchen of the small boat.

Nicholas and Levanoth waited on deck for the meal to be prepared. Soon, the dishes were ready, starting with seafood fried rice.

Nicholas scooped up a spoonful and tasted it, appreciating the delicious flavor. He quickly finished the dish, impressed.

"This is delicious. I didn't expect it," Nicholas complimented the middle-aged man with a mouthful.

As they ate, Nicholas noticed a large ocean picture hanging in the cabin.

"Is that the All Blue you chefs dream of?" he asked, intrigued.

The middle-aged man chuckled. "That's just a regular picture. There's no such thing as the All Blue. Finding that legendary area would require immense strength. That's why many powerful pirate crews can recruit famous chefs. But in recent years, fewer chefs want to go to sea. After all, All Blue has never been seen. Perhaps it's just a myth."

Nicholas listened with interest, absorbing the man's words.

Before leaving, Nicholas remarked, "Actually, I have a guess about your chefs' sacred All Blue."

The man, somewhat sobered by Nicholas's words, and even Levanoth, looked at Nicholas in disbelief. After all, Nicholas's words were shocking.

All Blue was a sought-after destination for countless chefs on the sea.

"Where is it!?" the man asked eagerly.

"It's on the Red line. After all, according to your chefs' legend, the All Blue is the convergence of the four seas. It's said to have all the fish, animals, and vegetables from the four seas and is considered the ultimate destination for chefs. But for the World Nobles enjoying all the world's resources, gathering ingredients from the Four Seas and even the Grand Line is easy. Why can't All Blue be a certain inland sea on the Red line?" Nicholas explained confidently.

The man and Levanoth were stunned. Nicholas's idea was too far-fetched, but if true, it would turn the chefs' world upside down.

"It's impossible. Ali couldn't have died at sea for such a ridiculous thing," the man muttered, shaken.

As Nicholas left, Levanoth comforted his friend. The impact of Nicholas's words was profound.

...

Although the Water Capital was beautiful, Nicholas had spent enough time accompanying Stussy here. Besides, even Nicholas found it exhausting to accompany a girl shopping, so he began to collect interesting items under the pretext of inspection.

One afternoon, Levanoth sent someone to inform Nicholas that the ship's design was complete.

Nicholas rushed to Tom's workshop. Upon arrival, he was immediately drawn to a ship design hanging on the wall.

The ship was not much different from their previous sketches, with minor adjustments to the cabin layout. The bottom deck remained the same, with the addition of a cold storage room and wine cellar in the storage area. The second floor design remained unchanged, but space for weapons was added to the bow and deck.

The hull was entirely encased in Sea-Prism Stone, and there was even a

cell for Devil Fruit users under the ship. According to Tom's data, once built, the ship would have triple the endurance and speed of a regular vessel.

Tom, the pride of the Water Capital and the builder of Oro Jackson, truly was terrifying.

Pet birdie

Back at the luxurious residence provided by Galley-La, it was already past eleven o'clock.

Under the cover of night, Nicholas entered his room and heard the presence of another person on his bed. The person seemed to be sound asleep, completely unaware of Nicholas's presence. Nicholas helped tuck in the sheets and then climbed into bed himself, curling up next to the other person and falling into a deep slumber.

When he woke up again, it was already noon the next day.

Outside the window, rain drizzled down, accompanied by the sea breeze weaving through the city. The windchimes hung by the window rang gently, adding a unique flavor to the atmosphere.

Groaning as he got up from the floor, Nicholas sat for a while, his mind still fuzzy. Then, as if remembering something, he abruptly stood up, rummaging through a pile of clothes on the bed.

Soon, a small bottle of green-purple liquid appeared in Nicholas's hand. He skillfully removed the bottle cap with his fingers and drank all the green-purple liquid inside.

Looking into the mirror, Nicholas noticed that the colorful marks on his face had faded, and even the two vibrant mushrooms growing from his nostrils had been plucked off.

"Ah, Captain? How come you're up so early?" Stussy's voice came from behind, still sounding half-asleep, her face hidden behind the mask of the

Crow Doctor.

Nicholas glanced at Stussy's alluring figure and decided to overlook her, kicking him out of bed while she slept.

"Cough, it's nothing; you go back to sleep," Nicholas said, dismissing the incident.

Afterwards, Nicholas phased into his elemental state, and with a crackling sound, colorful smoke emerged from his body. Once all the colorful hues disappeared from his face, Nicholas reverted to his elemental state.

Seeing Stussy sleeping again, Nicholas couldn't help but sigh. If they were to be open and honest with each other, they might end up trying something quite risky. As for elementalization, maybe not.

After dressing up, Nicholas left the room and headed outside. Today, he planned to visit the black market in Seven Water City to see if there were any interesting finds.

"Ah, every time I visit the black market, it feels like my worldview is about to be shattered." Nicholas sighed as he observed the various items on display. As someone who had experienced the radiance of Earth, he found it difficult to adapt to certain aspects of the pirate world.

Soon, Nicholas found himself standing in front of a shop with a sign bearing an image of a web entwined with chains—a symbol known to belong to slave traders and pet traders.

Entering the shop, Nicholas was greeted by a receptionist, who immediately recognized him as an important customer. After all, many of the goods plundered by pirates ended up being sold through the black market.

"Mr. Nicholas, if you're not sure what you'd like to purchase, we may not have as many varieties of slaves as in the New World or bustling islands,

but we have many exotic pets," the slave trader warmly recommended.

Nicholas declined the offer for slaves and expressed his interest in purchasing a pet instead. He followed the slave trader into the shop and through a corridor until they reached a series of doors marked with different symbols—some depicting the faces of men and women, others of tigers, fish, and bird eggs.

"Mr. Nicholas, if you're looking to purchase a pet, we offer three categories: sea, land, and air. Which one are you interested in?" The slave trader asked with a smile.

"Air," Nicholas replied.

"Then, Mr. Nicholas, please follow me."

With that, Nicholas entered the door marked with a bird egg symbol.

Inside, it seemed as though he had entered a bird exhibition. Birds of all kinds, from small ones like canaries and hummingbirds to large ones resembling fighter jets, were everywhere.

Upon Nicholas's request, the slave trader brought forth an egg—a massive one the size of a basin, weighing at least fifty pounds.

"Mr. Nicholas, this is the egg of the Gale Falcon. When fully grown, it's known for its massive size and formidable attack power, possessing strength far beyond that of ordinary hunting falcons. Even its speed, when fully grown, can tear through gales," the trader explained.

Taking the massive egg in his hands, Nicholas was startled when cracks suddenly appeared on its surface. With a cracking sound, the eggshell was pushed open, revealing a bald-headed creature inside.

With its pinkish skin, featherless wings, and intelligent eyes, the creature looked almost like a chicken without feathers.

"La la la!" The creature chirped loudly, seemingly expressing its joy.

Fluttering its wings, it perched on Nicholas's arm and affectionately

nuzzled his palm.

Nicholas, taken aback by the unexpected turn of events, turned to the slave trader with a bemused expression. However, before the trader could explain, the creature began to protest loudly.

"Mr. Nicholas, we really didn't know. How about we offer you a 60% discount?" The slave trader pleaded, realizing the situation had turned awkward.

Deciding to take the creature, Nicholas held it in his arms. Despite the unconventional circumstances, he found the pet intriguing, and after all, a pet's ability to entertain was the most important factor.

"Fine, I'll take it," Nicholas said, sealing the deal amidst the trader's relieved smile.

Birdie likes giving presents

After Nicolas finished paying directly, he hugged the bald falcon with a wristband and walked towards the market outside.

At this time, it was relatively quiet for black market transactions, as it was broad daylight. Even though black market business was common in the pirate world, many respectable people preferred not to reveal their true identities during the day.

Nightfall was when a city showed its darkest side.

Upon returning to his residence, Nicolas first went to the kitchen, grabbed some cooked food from the refrigerator, and then went to the living room through the corridor. He gnawed on a falcon leg while casually tossing the gnawed bones to the bald falcon trailing behind him.

However, the little guy only stuck out its head, opened its mouth to swallow, and almost choked on the bones.

After spitting out the bones and giving them a sniff, it turned its head away and pushed the bones aside with its wings, clearly traumatized.

"What's wrong, so picky with your mouth? You even dislike bones?"

Seeing the bald falcon's reaction behind him, Nicolas was stunned for a moment, then stared at it in astonishment. "It can't be; with such a big size at birth, do you not eat bones? Do birds drink milk?"

Forget it; let's try again.

Turning back to the kitchen, Nicolas had the chef fetch a bottle of milk and head outside. However, the bald falcon behind him kept staring at the kitchen counter, continuously flapping its featherless wings and hopping around with its legs, apparently trying to leap onto the kitchen counter.

"Mr. Nicolas, it seems like your pet wants to eat raw meat," the head chef cautiously reminded. Before coming here, Levanoth had specifically offered him a fivefold increase in salary, with the only requirement being to prioritize the guests' requests and never to anger them.

The chef, having dealt with upper-class individuals, naturally understood Levanoth's intentions. Coupled with the terrifying appetites displayed by these guests, the head chef was particularly respectful.

"Alright, bring it over."

Nicolas decided after a moment, and under the chef's preparation, three pounds of beef strips, three pounds of pork strips, and three pounds of lamb strips were directly cut and placed on a large plate. The waiter carried it over to Nicolas and took it to the estate's open space.

After the waiter placed the plate on the table, the bald falcon seemed unusually excited, continuously flapping its featherless wings around the table.

Occasionally, it nudged Nicolas's legs with its head and looked up at him.

Seeing this, Nicolas grabbed a piece of beef and threw it towards the bald falcon. However, before Nicolas could react, the falcon pecked at it,

missed, and the meat splattered onto its intelligent eyes.

After shaking the meat off onto the ground, it eagerly buried its head and started pecking.

As for the bottle of fresh milk, it naturally ended up in Nicolas's mouth.

"It's indeed a bird of prey, only eating raw meat. But what's with that intelligent gaze?"

Watching the falcon miss again, Nicolas felt a pang of regret.

But pets, as long as they're interesting.

Nicolas consoled himself, somewhat helplessly shaking his head, then grabbed another raw meat strip and tossed it at the bald falcon's face.

The little guy took twenty minutes to finish its first meal of life.

Looking at the bald falcon sitting on the ground, resembling more of a fat falcon, Nicolas wondered if it would overeat and kill itself.

However, seeing that it seemed fine, Nicolas stretched lazily and began exercising on the estate, more like practicing moves. His opponents were simulated enemies created by his lightning powers.

The fastest way to become stronger at sea was through real combat, where one's talents and ability to survive were truly tested.

Of course, regular training was also necessary. Only through constant accumulation could one make rapid progress in real combat and translate it into strength.

In the afternoon, with a gust of wind, Nicolas kicked the thunder shadows in front of him.

"Clap clap clap clap~"

Applause sounded, and Levanoth's voice came over.

"Well done, Mr. Nicolas."

Nicolas didn't say much, but sat on the nearby stool, took the towel handed to him by Stussy, and wiped the sweat off his face.

After all, his body hadn't fully developed yet. These years were the best time to explore his potential and increase his strength. Once this period of rapid progress was missed, how could he confront those unruly fellows on the sea in the future?

"Mr. Levanoth, what brings you here?" After returning the towel to Stussy, Nicolas turned to Levanoth.

"Mr. Nicolas, according to our intelligence, it seems that the World Government has begun to take action against you. So, I wanted to ask, When do you plan to leave?"

Seeing Nicolas's understanding, Levanoth quickly explained, "Mr. Nicolas, I don't mean to rush you, but our relationship with the World Government in Seven Waters is delicate. If they come, I'm afraid it might affect your shipbuilding plans."

Nicolas understood that he couldn't afford to offend the World Government. While Seven Waters might not face significant trouble if they did, it would be different for those like Levanoth. They had to be cautious.

"I see. I'll leave as soon as possible. Of course, I hope that when we meet again, my ship will be ready."

Nicolas said, understanding the world government's nature. Once they discovered his cooperation with Seven Waters, while they couldn't directly deal with him, they could target people like Levanoth, their key allies.

"Thank you for your understanding, Mr. Nicolas. We'll do our best to ensure your ship is ready. Please rest assured."

As Levanoth solemnly promised, the clever falcon bounced around, pecking around Levanoth's feet, annoying him, but knowing it was Nicolas's pet made Levanoth somewhat headachey.

As Levanoth was about to leave after bidding farewell, the falcon secretly approached his feet and left a pile of bird droppings on his custom-made, handcrafted leather shoes.

Not satisfied, it eyed the other shoe and left another pile of droppings.

After leaving Nicolas's residence and looking at the two "artworks" on his luxurious custom-made leather shoes, Levanoth's facial muscles couldn't help but twitch involuntarily.

Headlines

After Levanoth left, Nicholas immediately summoned Stussy and the others, instructing them to prepare for departure. Simon and Katie were tasked with resupplying, while Vista led his subordinates to replenish ammunition and essential supplies. As for Stussy, she naturally accompanied Nicholas.

Soon, in the dead of night a day later, a large ship sailed out of Seven Water City, heading towards the vast sea. Once the ship entered a relatively stable sailing environment and had been cruising for a few hours, Nicholas ordered the ship to anchor and the crew members to take shifts resting.

Nicholas convened the ship's officers in the captain's cabin, much to the curiosity of the other pirates onboard. Although they were unaware of the discussions held within the cabin, they noticed intense conflicts erupting inside, with both Stussy, who typically kept herself tightly wrapped, and Vista, who was more responsible than the captain, showing signs of agitation.

Even Katie, usually the captain's favorite, left the cabin in tears.

However, these matters were of no concern to the ordinary crew members, who understood that in Nicholas's eyes, true comrades were only the officers called into the captain's cabin, while they were

expendable replacements at any moment.

Nonetheless, they had no objections, for compared to other pirate captains, Nicholas had been doing quite well. Their survival chances were relatively high in battle due to the captain's formidable strength, and they were able to retain a large portion of the loot from raids.

Observing the empty captain's cabin, Nicholas sat in his chair and couldn't help but smile bitterly. He knew his decisions were not well-received by others, but what else could he do?

The world ahead would be chaotic, and he couldn't even guarantee his own survival, let alone Stussy and the others.

Standing up, Nicholas intended to change into clean clothes and get a good night's sleep. However, he found his room's door tightly locked.

Knocking on the door, it opened just enough for Nicholas to be pushed out along with a bald falcon, some clothes, and a blanket.

Carrying the bald falcon and the belongings, Nicholas made his way to the crow's nest on the deck to spend the night with Simon. Despite saying he was there to help Simon keep watch, Nicholas fell into a deep sleep and was unresponsive when Simon tried to wake him for his shift.

The next morning, Nicholas woke up to Simon's excited shouts about a significant event happening. Confused, Nicholas went to the deck, where Simon handed him a newspaper.

Glancing at the headline, Nicholas's eyes narrowed. The front page boldly declared, "Enies Lobby Breached! Giant Warrior Pirates Return!"

Underneath the headline, there was a large image showing the devastation of Enies Lobby, with three massive figures wielding giant weapons and two giants, Oimo and Kashi, standing tall in the background. It was clear that the three giants were Oars Jr., and the image of Dorry, and Brogy.

"First you, Captain, and now the missing captain of the Giant Warrior Pirates. After two consecutive attacks, the entire Enies Lobby is in ruins. Once the news spreads, it will shock the world. After all, this is a direct blow to the World Government!" exclaimed Simon.

Nicholas, however, seemed unfazed. "It's just Enies Lobby. Its symbolic significance outweighs its practical importance. Although it operates parallel to the Marine Headquarters, it's far weaker, as you witnessed that day. With the delicate relationship between Elbaf and the World Government, this incident will likely be downplayed."

As Nicholas pondered, he couldn't help but marvel at the military power of the world's strongest nations. Just two captains wreaked such havoc, imagine a group of giants wielding colossal weapons forming a line and executing Elbaf's Judgement, the sheer terror of it was unimaginable.

Wine god is about to appear

"Chuju Island is located on the Grand Line, not belonging to any of the Seven Routes but situated in an area between the fourth and fifth routes. Its size is only one-sixth of Basque Island's, but due to its proximity to Basque Island, it has become a temporary foothold for all factions intending to seize the position of the Wine God.

"So, to come to this island, one must rely on these creatures called Wine Bugs for guidance?" On the deck of an armed pirate ship, as the island's contours began to emerge, Nicholas casually asked his companion, Kallet. Kallet nodded as he observed the emerging island and explained, "Due to the magnetic field, ordinary people can't find this place without the guidance of Wine Bugs. Even if they stumble upon it by chance, without sufficient strength, they'll only end up wasting their lives."

As they approached the island, a survivor desperately swam towards their ship, having witnessed a nearby sinking vessel surrounded by floating

bodies. Kallet paid no attention to them, focusing instead on his subordinate, who promptly joined him at the ship's rail.

"Chuju Island is generally accepted as a peaceful zone by major factions. Our next few days will be our final preparation time before the eruption of the Wine God on Basque Island, en route to Basque Island."

Looking at the sinking ship, Kallet smiled reminiscently, recalling past experiences. "I remember when I first came here with Wu Fang, we brought two thousand people. But when we left, only two hundred survived. I was among those two hundred. It was through that journey that I earned my ticket to Chuju Island."

"Do you have any news from the intel I asked you to gather?" Nicholas inquired, indifferent to Kallet's past. The information network of underground forces often exceeded that of the Navy's, delving into secrets even the Marines were unaware of, provided the price was right.

"Not yet. The latest information about Adam Wood was from last month. We're still trying to gather more," Kallet responded.

Nicholas contemplated, considering the combat techniques he observed from Kallet's battle. "Your fighting style earlier seemed to bear resemblance to the Six Styles of the Navy, particularly the Moon Step and Shave."

Kallet acknowledged, "The aerial movement indeed incorporates elements of the Six Styles, focusing on high-speed movement within a specific space through intense bursts of energy. However, Kill Fist prioritizes attack and destructive power."

Nicholas mused on the adaptability of combat techniques in the world of pirates, contemplating the possibility of integrating elements from various sources to create a unique fighting style.

As his thoughts flowed, Nicholas envisioned potential techniques,

focusing on enhancing his combat prowess to match formidable adversaries like Garp and Roger.

However, he acknowledged the need for refinement and experimentation, understanding that his current techniques might not suffice against such opponents.

Once successful, he envisioned himself as the master of shadow in the world of pirates.

Real man!

Off the coast of a beach on Chuju Island, with waves crashing against the shore, a massive ship docked on the coast.

As the gangplank descended, Kallet, Nicholas, and others stepped down from the deck and onto the island.

"So, this is Chuju Island," Nicholas remarked, gazing at the distant jungle.

"Yes, Mr. Nicholas, the only creatures on this island are beetles. Different types of beetles form the unique ecosystem of this island," explained Kallet's lieutenant by his side.

"Quite an interesting island."

"That's right. Mr. Nicholas, this island serves as the only habitat for beetles. The different species of beetles here create a unique ecological chain."

Kallet's lieutenant elaborated.

"All right, let's go rest and make preparations," Kallet said, heading towards the headquarters of the Syndicate in this makeshift town.

Chuju Island, serving as a supply island, had formed a simple settlement.

Due to various factions, the buildings in the headquarters varied; some were grand, like luxurious palaces, while others bore the distinct style of their affiliations. Kallet's headquarters looked like a run-down western tavern from the outside.

After arranging accommodations, Nicholas wandered through the temporary town.

Encountering Nicholas, regardless of the faction, everyone avoided him silently. Even representatives from the World Nobles, the Marines, and other powerful kingdoms chose to momentarily set aside conflicts with Nicholas, primarily due to their uncertainty.

Nicholas had grown accustomed to it; strength was everything on the high seas.

Just like the Holy Land of Mary Geoise, aside from the World Nobles, the existence of everyone else served only to serve the World Nobles.

Faced with someone as dangerous as him, even the World Nobles sometimes chose to retreat.

"You're Nicholas, right?" A rugged voice sounded behind Nicholas.

A massive shadow loomed over Nicholas.

"Huh? Who are you?" Nicholas looked at the burly, bald man behind him, trying to recall.

The burly man didn't answer; instead, he clenched his fist loudly, grinning menacingly. "Six months ago, you raided a fleet from the Kingdom of Flowers, didn't you?"

Hearing this, Nicholas seemed to remember something; indeed, he had raided a fleet.

"It seems like there was such an incident." Nicholas said.

"You scoundrel! How could you treat those you killed like that!?" The burly man roared angrily, raising his fist covered in armor haki towards Nicholas's head.

Boom!

With a loud noise, the place where Nicholas had stood was suddenly enveloped in a cloud of dust.

Not far away, on a rooftop, flashes of lightning appeared. Nicholas's figure reappeared, almost pristine, even with his clothes untouched.

"You brute! Do you only know how to run away?"

A voice of disdain escaped Nicholas as he stood on the rooftop.

The disdain and disregard completely enraged the burly man, and he grabbed a nearby carriage, hurling it towards Nicholas.

Bent knees, a lowered head, and a powerful push from his feet—the carriage flew over Nicholas's head, crashing into a nearby building.

Then the burly man swiftly appeared in front of Nicholas. His arms, from fists to elbows, were covered in a shiny black color, the manifestation of Armament Haki. Although not completely covering his shoulders, his mastery of Armament Haki was already impressive.

"Kuma Drop!"

With a loud roar, the burly man leaped into the air, his hands clasped together, forming a hammer-like shape aimed at Nicholas.

Nicholas swiftly sidestepped the hammer's strike, avoiding it entirely.

Then, with a single kick, covered in Armament Haki, he struck the burly man's waist.

Bang!

Just as the burly man had stood up moments ago, he was sent crashing down to the ground again, but this time, he didn't rise immediately.

"No, impossible! Why do your attacks have such incredible piercing power?" The burly man muttered, blood trickling from his lips, his body swaying, barely conscious.

"I remember now," Nicholas said, looking at the burly man. "There were two guys who looked a lot like you back then. Are you related?"

At Nicholas's words, the burly man seemed even more infuriated.

Soon, he charged towards Nicholas again, but this time, Nicholas was

faster. Almost as the burly man leaped, Nicholas appeared by his side, delivering a punch covered in armor Haki directly to his waist.

Boom!

Just as the burly man had stood up moments ago, he was sent crashing down to the ground again, but this time, he didn't rise immediately.

"Go practice some more; I acknowledge you as a real man!" Nicholas said this with disdain and turned to walk towards the syndicate's headquarters.

He felt that his martial arts mastery could be further perfected after the recent encounter.

Plop! Plop! Plop! Plop...

The man standing there suddenly burst into dozens of blood holes, yet he still remained standing.

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

Его статус: идёт перевод

<http://tl.rulate.ru/book/100904/3716981>