

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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4.49

(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

Infants

Somewhere in the new world ...

In the Darset family's mansion, originally intended for assisting noble lords in building palaces, after helping a noble lord complete the construction of a palace, Darset's parents disappeared and never appeared again. Sensing that something was amiss, Darset fled almost overnight and eventually became a pirate after drifting on the open sea for a while. Since his parents had groomed him as their successor in construction, Darset had high expectations in architectural matters. This knowledge of hidden layouts inside buildings made him gather a group of pirates around him and become a small leader.

In contrast, the other members around Darset joined the pirates either because they had accidentally killed someone while resisting oppressive local nobles and had nowhere else to go or because they harbored dreams of getting rich at sea.

Darset only briefly observed the main hall and then led his pirates to a luxurious room.

As they made their way, they found several corpses scattered around the mansion, including pirates, marines, and even CP members disguised as slaves.

It seemed that multiple factions had clashed here.

"Hmm, Darset, it seems like we're not the only ones eyeing this place, huh?" remarked one pirate, poking at the corpses on the floor with his cutlass, expressing some regret.

However, Darset didn't respond. Instead, he observed the layout of the room for a moment before clapping his hands and announcing, "Found it."

"A hidden chamber?" The others perked up, hoping it might be a treasure vault.

"Yeah," Darset nodded, then approached a luxurious bed in the room. He moved a body lying on the bed aside and, with a few twists at the headboard, revealed a passage behind a vanity table.

As the vanity table moved, revealing a narrow passage shrouded in darkness, Darset stood still, squinting into the darkness of the corridor.

While the other pirates grew impatient, Darset waited, knowing that such narrow passages didn't allow for much maneuvering. If someone was hiding inside, a single gunshot could keep them at bay. He waited for the hidden person's nerves to be on edge and for the right moment to strike.

Finally, when a chair thrown into the dark corridor was met with a gunshot, Darset saw the figures inside, illuminated briefly by the flash of gunpowder.

Without hesitation, the pirates rushed in after the first unlucky one was downed by two shots.

Once Darset entered, he discovered a room at the end of the corridor containing various treasures, including ornate weapons adorned with precious gems.

Seeing three flintlock pistols lying on the ground, Darset realized they had been used for the gunfire earlier.

Now, a bound figure lay on the floor, and Darset approached cautiously.

"Want to have some fun with her, Darset? She's got the skin and the scent of a noblewoman," one pirate joked, adjusting his belt.

Sighing inwardly, Darset raised his blade to fend off the advancing pirate.

"Perhaps someone important's offspring is hidden with such care. Maybe we can use them to bargain our way out later," Darset thought to himself before his thoughts were interrupted by a sudden explosion.

In the chaos that ensued, Darset and his crew faced unexpected opposition, but as seasoned pirates, they acted swiftly, aiming to eliminate any threats that stood in their way.

In the end, Darset found himself facing two infants, unexpectedly hidden in the secret chamber. This unexpected discovery left Darset momentarily stunned, but amidst the ongoing battle outside, he knew he had to act quickly to ensure the safety of the children.

As the skirmish ended, Darset realized he couldn't leave the infants to perish in the mansion, nor could he risk handing them over to the marines, knowing the consequences they might face.

Shaken faith

"So, Garp, did you willingly let Roger go?" asked Sengoku loudly, watching Garp sit on a rock, receiving medical treatment for his wounds.

"Ah, come on, I'm injured right now, Sengoku; keep it down," Garp replied nonchalantly, picking his nose with his right pinky finger as he got bandaged up.

Sengoku seemed helpless with Garp's typical behavior and continued, "Do you realize what a rare opportunity this was? The potential displayed by Roger's pirate crew is terrifying. If we let them continue roaming the seas, they might become the next rock! Do you understand?"

"Roger isn't that kind of person," Garp replied earnestly after flicking the booger aside.

Just as Sengoku was about to say more, Tsuru interjected, "Alright, Sengoku, you know Garp's personality after all these years. His decisions

are not easily swayed. By the way, have the casualty reports come out?"

Upon hearing Tsuru mention the casualty reports, Sengoku felt a headache coming on. The navy had suffered significant losses in this battle, not only among the lower ranks but even some mid-level commanders.

"Our elite forces in the East Blue were decimated, and while the losses in the North, South, and West Seas weren't as extreme, we'll still need a massive recruitment drive after this. As for the New World branch, G1's losses are manageable, but G5's main force is virtually wiped out.

Rebuilding them won't be easy. I plan to discuss with Fleet Admiral Kong whether we should recruit anew for G5, considering its tarnished reputation. Additionally, the other branches have also suffered significant reductions and will require reinforcements from headquarters. So, for the time being, I'm assigning Garp and Zephyr to hold the fort in the New World. While the Rocks situation seems resolved, the remnants under Gold Lion Shiki, Edward Newgate, Charlotte Linlin, Kaido, Nicholas, Captain John, the Black Brothers, and other smaller pirate crews formerly under the Rocks will surely stir up trouble in the New World. As for the Four Blues, I and Tsuru will handle that."

Sengoku looked at Garp as he delivered his instructions.

"Hey, Sengoku, are you trying to separate me and Zephyr to make a move on Tsuru? Don't think I don't see through your intentions." Garp remarked disdainfully, giving the impression that he had everything figured out.

"What are you talking about!?" Sengoku retorted, visibly irritated, before landing a punch on Garp's head.

Meanwhile, Tsuru, without many words, simply placed her hand on Garp's shoulder and activated her Devil Fruit ability. Suddenly, Garp's

entire body transformed as if washed clean, resembling freshly dried laundry.

"Ah, I really want some senbei," Garp remarked, seemingly unfazed by the transformation.

Observing his father's absurd behavior, Dragon shook his head, feeling embarrassed.

"By the way, how should we handle rocks?" Tsuru inquired, ignoring Garp's remark.

In the navy's high command, Sengoku was straightforward, Kong was impulsive, the other two retiring admirals were reckless, and Zephyr was a cultured brute. In the end, only Tsuru and Sengoku had real brains.

"CP has secretly transported rocks to Mary Geoise. Since it's an order from the Five Elders, we can't interfere. It's for the best anyway; I'm relieved we don't have to deal with it," Sengoku reported.

As Sengoku briefed them, the Den Den Mushi on his person suddenly rang, morphing into a bald figure upon answering.

"Sengoku, how's the situation there?" Den Den Mushi inquired, adopting a condescending tone.

"Currently, we're cleaning up the battlefield. Rocks have been transported to Mary Geoise by CP0. The Silver Axe and Wang Zhi of Rocks were killed in action; Captain John escaped with his remaining crew; Whitebeard, Nicholas, and Roger fled."

"That's enough. Organize all the navy forces to withdraw. You won't be responsible for that area anymore."

As Den Den Mushi abruptly ended the call, Sengoku looked at Tsuru and then ordered the messenger, "Command all navy personnel to prepare for evacuation!"

"Vice Admiral Sengoku, if we withdraw..." Dragon began but was

interrupted by Tsuru.

"Dragon, this is an order," Tsuru emphasized.

With the navy ships retreating, Dragon watched the distant island erupt in explosions and thick smoke, his expression grave. It was evident that the World Government ordered the navy's withdrawal to avoid exposing certain things and to facilitate the island's cleansing. Undoubtedly, aside from the World Government's cleanup teams and the Celestial Dragons, the slaves and pirates remaining on that island would be slaughtered.

"Is this justice? No, this isn't the justice I want," Dragon muttered, questioning the true nature of the navy's justice for the first time.

Meanwhile, in the Pangaea Castle in Mary Geoise, a group of five figures sat discussing recent events.

"The navy handled this well," one remarked.

"Let's have Kong come over; it's time to consider new admirals. The strength of those two admirals is starting to decline," another suggested.

"This time, let's offer three logia-type devil fruits to the navy. The seas will be turbulent for a while, and the navy needs reinforcement," another proposed.

"How's the investigation into the Sea King and Pluton going?" one inquired.

"We haven't heard from the Sea King side yet, but there's some progress with Pluton. The Nefertari family that left with Pluton is a royal descendant, so we can't force them. However, the capital of Pluton, the Seven Water Capital, has been repeatedly purged, and hardly anyone knows about Pluton's whereabouts now. However, the missing blueprints are still unaccounted for; I suspect they're still within the Seven Water Capital. The CP department is currently investigating," one reported.

"And what about Karakuri? It seems a scientific genius has emerged

there; we need to keep an eye on that," another added.

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[Author's note - sorry i didn't make the destruction of god valley grandiose enough, need to start Dragon's arc somehow]

Farewell!

"Breaking News! Breaking News!"

"The Sea Sovereign, Rocks D. Xebec, has been defeated by the Marines in the New World. Members of the former Rocks Pirates, Silver Axe and Wang Zhi, have fallen in battle, marking the disintegration of the notorious Rocks Pirates!"

"Extraordinary News! The Golden Lion Shiki announces the recruitment of new members for the Flying Pirates, offering strong candidates the opportunity to become captains of their own crews under the Flying Pirates' banner! Joining the crew provides protection and support from the Flying Pirates!"

"Breaking News! Former Rocks Pirates member Charlotte Linlin declares control over the Totto Land territory, intending to establish a vast empire."

"Latest Update! The Marines have initiated a new round of global recruitment. Anyone interested in joining the Marines can apply at the nearest Marine branch. Generous benefits and rewards await the first applicants!"

...

With each news bulletin released, the world trembles with anticipation. Countless news birds fly in all directions, disseminating the earth-shattering announcements. Whether it's the Marines, the Pirates, or other kingdoms, even commoners purchase newspapers to read the headlines that could shake the world.

In the New World, in the Sovelin Sea, two pirate ships are docked side by side.

On the vast deck of the ships, numerous pirates gather, visibly divided into two groups, with an underlying tension between them.

In the center of the crowd, three figures sit cross-legged on the deck, surrounded by bottles of fine wine.

"Glug-glug-glug~ Ah, this is delightful!" Roger wipes his mouth and plants his bottle firmly on the deck.

"Glug-lala-lala-lala! Roger, it's unbelievable that you would choose to ally with the Marines." Whitebeard chuckles heartily before fixing Roger with a serious gaze.

"I believe the Marines offered Captain Roger terms he couldn't refuse, isn't that right?" Nicholas looks towards Roger, curious about the conditions that prompted Roger to join the war effort.

"Huh? Are you two trying to get me to spill the beans? There weren't any specific terms, just a promise. But I can't tell you what the promise entails; it's part of the agreement I made with them," Roger replies nonchalantly, leaving Whitebeard and Nicholas without further inquiries. After all, as prominent figures on the seas, they understand discretion.

"What are your plans next, Nicholas?" Whitebeard's question draws the attention of Roger and the crew.

"What else can I do? Lay low for a while; strengthen my power. After all, you monsters have reached your peak, but I haven't reached mine yet. The seas are a place where strength matters most. Without power, you might end up getting eaten by fishes one day. I still have many things I want to accomplish, and an early demise isn't one of them. Besides, I've been feeling signs of breakthrough lately. I need to consolidate my foundation," Nicholas says. His rapid growth trajectory places him

squarely in the upper echelon of the New World's first tier. In a few years, he may possess top-tier combat prowess in the vast sea.

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Roger and Whitebeard are speechless.

Does this lad have no plateau in his growth trajectory?

How many prodigies set sail each year, only to reach their zenith by the age of twenty? Yet, some of them remain stagnant for the rest of their lives.

In contrast, Nicholas's growth seems unstoppable. He's destined for the upper echelons of the sea's power structure in the near future.

"Does he have the potential to grow into the 'Strongest in the World'?"

Rayleigh mutters to himself.

"Alright, let's take a picture with the future strongest person in the world," Nicholas proposes with a smirk, and the crew gathers for a precious photo. In the background, the vast sea stretches endlessly, framing Roger's crew members, with Nicholas, Whitebeard, and Roger in prominent positions. In Nicholas's arms, two infants cry, adding a touch of warmth and humor to the scene.

[Author's note- guess who they might be? ☐☐]

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"That's it for the farewell. Thanks, Whitebeard, and I wish you the best in finding your family members," Roger bids farewell as he watches the Moby Dick sail away.

"Glug-lala-lala-lala! Farewell, Thunder Boy! May you have an exciting adventure ahead," Whitebeard shouts back, and the massive ship gradually disappears into the distance.

Once the Moby Dick departs, Nicholas turns and walks toward a nearby city on the island.

"Grilled meat, grilled meat, piping hot grilled meat!"

"Mystical Cactus Juice Grand Sale! Select cacti grown in the Alabasta Desert for over twenty years, extract their essence, and drink to rejuvenate and invigorate, suitable for all ages! Only 999 berries per cup! You heard it right! Not 99,999 berries, not 9,999 berries, only 999 berries! Drink and feel the difference!"

"Originating from the ancestral recipe of the Celestial Dragons..."

"Hey, mister, wanna play...?"

Amidst the bustling streets, with vendors peddling their wares and locals engaging in lively chatter, Nicholas feels the familiar pulse of life.

"Boss, I'll have some grilled meat, extra spicy," Nicholas orders at a stall, watching as the succulent meat sizzles over the flames, making his mouth water.

"No problem, just a moment," the vendor replies as he sprinkles secret spices over the meat, and Nicholas eagerly awaits his savory treat.

Unbeknownst to the vendors and passersby, Nicholas's true identity remains hidden. To them, he's just another face in the crowd, another resident of this small island where many have never ventured beyond the shores.

Little do they know that the fearsome pirate described by the World Government as a ruthless killer is now standing before them, waiting for his grilled meat at a street stall.

With his grilled meat in hand and a coconut in the other, Nicholas strolls down a nearby alley, passing by a group of tough-looking individuals leaning against the walls, toying with knives or smoking cigarettes.

If an ordinary person were to witness this scene, they'd hurry past, avoiding eye contact with the shady characters.

But Nicholas is no ordinary person, and he's here to find someone.

As Nicholas approaches, the group of tough-looking individuals pays him

no mind, engrossed in their own activities.

Soon, Nicholas reaches a wall and clears his throat before speaking,

"Makabaka."

As he utters the word, the wall in front of him opens, revealing a passageway.

Without hesitation, Nicholas steps inside.

Inside, he encounters individuals dressed similarly to the Black flag merchants, but the one in front of him wears a golden mask and a blue cloak.

"Welcome, guest. Welcome, Nicholas," the figure greets him respectfully.

Rocks's treasure

The merchant saw the confusion in Nicholas's eyes, he smiled and explained, "Mr. Nicholas, Macabaka has important matters to attend to and has entrusted me to receive guests before leaving. He has also informed me of the details of our cooperation, so you don't need to worry."

With that, he began to search inside his blue cloak.

"Ah, here it is."

Then, the Black Flag merchant pulled out a ledger from the cloak.

As he flipped through the ledger, the merchant read aloud, "Mr. Nicholas, according to our records, the total assets obtained from your cooperation with Macabaka amount to approximately 30 billion berries. According to our previous agreement of a 70-30 split, we are entitled to 9 billion berries. Including the handling fees for liquidating those assets, it amounts to 10 billion berries. This means we owe Nicholas a total of 20 billion berries."

Nicholas immediately spoke up: "You Black Flag folks should have storage services, right? I'll have my assets temporarily held by you. Is that

alright?"

"Mr. Nicholas, of course, no problem," the Black Flag merchant replied promptly.

After some arrangements, Nicholas received a card made of gold and gemstones.

"Mr. Nicholas, as long as you hold this card, you can withdraw funds at any of our Black Flag bases. However, for exceptionally large amounts, the base may not have the capacity to pay immediately, and you may need to wait for a while. Also, here are the locations of our bases worldwide. I hope you remember them," said the merchant in the blue cloak with a smile.

"Sure thing," Nicholas replied as he accepted the card. "By the way, do you happen to know much about the Celestial Dragons?"

"Huh, those guys have only been on top for a short time. Except for some old folks and a few promising ones, the Celestial Dragons in Mariejois are pretty much kept like pigs in a pen," replied the merchant, showing disdain for the Celestial Dragons.

"Mr. Nicholas, based on your good cooperation with us, I can offer you a piece of advice. History often repeats itself, and even if it briefly takes another path, it will eventually return to its original course," said the merchant cryptically.

Exiting the hidden location of the Black Flag merchants, Nicholas pondered the merchant's words. Finally, he could only curse in his mind,

"Damn it."

Meanwhile, on an unnamed island in the New World, a beautiful woman and a man in his fifties looked bewilderedly at the seemingly ransacked island.

"Sis, do you think someone got here before us?" the strangely aged man

asked the woman.

The woman, puzzled by the question, replied, "How would I know?"

Thinking about their late arrival, the woman couldn't help but recall the numerous figures who might have preceded them.

"But how can we achieve our family's revenge without this fortune?" The visibly aged man sank to the ground, almost on the verge of tears.

"Quiet! Stop bothering me with your thoughts!" The woman snapped at the man sitting on the ground, lost in thought.

Suddenly, from afar, a dragon's roar echoed, and simultaneously, a colossal figure soared rapidly towards them from the sky.

The newcomer was Kaido, who, after much toil, had learned the location of the Rox Pirates' treasure. Hindered briefly by some foolish pirate crews on his way, he hastened here, only to encounter two familiar faces.

"You two got here so early? Where's the treasure? Hand it over," Kaido demanded, his dragon-like gaze fixed on the pair.

Back in the New World, a massive fleet sailed across the ocean.

Witnessing this sight, smaller vessels fled in haste, even if they were pirate ships.

Everyone in the New World knew this fleet and its admiral, Captain John. They raided merchant ships, towns, and even dared to attack some small kingdoms. Most of the captains in this fleet were of mediocre strength, yet collectively, they posed a significant threat. This group, led by Captain John, was known as a formidable plundering force.

"Captain John, our losses this time are quite severe. Many of my crew members perished," one pirate captain solemnly reported.

"My ships were sunk twice, and I lost hundreds of men," another lamented.

"To stop the Marines, I even tied bombs to my favorite wife and tossed

her onto their ship," confessed a distraught pirate.

"What's the meaning of this? Hiccup~" John, inebriated, looked at his crew members with bewilderment.

"I mean, we need more money," said one of the pirate captains, dead serious.

"Exactly, more money. We were supposed to get rich, but ended up getting beaten up by the Marines," another chimed in.

"We need more money for new ships and supplies," yet another added.

"Quiet down! Once we get our hands on the treasure left by Rocks, we'll have ships, weapons, women, and crews." With John's words, the ship erupted into celebration as the crew imagined the prosperous life awaiting them after obtaining the treasure.

Dragon's devil fruit

Inside the Marine Headquarters near Sabaody Archipelago.

"Bulu Bulu! Bulu Bulu!"

The Den Den Mushi on the desk suddenly rang, and Kong leaned over, furrowing his brow, and picked up the Den Den Mushi.

"This is Kong."

"I am the head of the World Government's Material Management Department. Three Devil Fruits allocated by the World Government have been transported to the Marine Headquarters by CP0. We hope you are prepared to receive them."

A solemn voice came from the other end, causing Kong to become serious as well.

Apparently, the issue of Devil Fruits had also been discussed with the Five Elders.

Kong nodded. "Understood. The Marines will be ready to receive them."

After hanging up the Den Den Mushi, Kong pondered for a moment

before picking up another Den Den Mushi to make a call.

"It's me, Kong. Notify Sengoku, Zephyr, Garp, and Tsuru to come to my office together."

"Understood."

As the Den Den Mushi was hung up, the office fell back into silence, and Kong looked out over the Marine harbor through the window, frowning his brow as he considered some issues before a smile slowly spread across his face.

Soon, Sengoku, Garp, Zephyr, and Tsuru appeared in Kong's office together.

Looking at the disciples standing before him, Kong felt a sense of satisfaction in his heart.

"I've called you here today because I want to hear your advice on a couple of matters," Kong said, addressing them directly.

"Elder, what's the matter? Why all the secrecy?" Garp asked nonchalantly, not knowing why he was summoned. Normally, they would simply follow the action plans laid out by Kong.

Ignoring Garp's remark, Kong continued, while Sengoku, Zephyr, and Tsuru looked on curiously, wanting to know what Kong had to say.

"There are two matters at hand. The first is regarding the next Marine Admiral. The World Government has already provided information. My position as Fleet Admiral will soon be formalized, and the other two admirals will step down due to age. I've put forward Zephyr, Garp, and Sengoku for consideration."

After speaking, Kong's gaze swept over Zephyr, Garp, and Sengoku's faces. Zephyr heard the news with calmness, seemingly unaffected by such announcements. Sengoku was surprised but then showed excitement. The position of admiral was of significant importance to him.

As for Garp, seeing him standing there, asleep and snoring, Kong felt his blood pressure rise instantly.

Bang!

With a punch, Garp was knocked to the ground.

"You! Can't you pay attention when I'm talking?!" Kong exclaimed, then, after a moment, he calmed down and continued, "Apart from the Admiral appointment, the World Government will be sending three Devil Fruits, and one will go to Dragon."

Upon hearing Dragon's name, Sengoku, Zephyr, and Tsuru all looked at Garp. As Kong spoke, Garp became serious as well.

"Old man, you really are..." Garp couldn't help but smile wryly.

After all, Dragon was his son, and because of his mother, Garp always felt indebted to Dragon. Now that Kong had spoken, it was clear that he needed to contribute more to the sea.

"This time, Garp, you'll be in charge of coordinating with the World Government. Although it's not far from Mariejois to Marineford, it's a significant matter. Pay attention, Garp."

Back in his office, after contemplating for a while, Garp eventually dialed Den Den Mushi.

"Dragon, it's Garp."

"Old man, what's up?"

Wearing his Marine uniform and Justice cloak, Dragon stood on the deck, watching the distant fleeing pirate ships while holding the Den Den Mushi, asking as he saw Garp's Den Den Mushi.

Since joining the Marines, he has seen the good and the dark sides of the Marines and the world. Especially with his increasing strength and rising position, he realized that the relationship between the Marines and the World Government was not as simple as a superior-subordinate

relationship. Even the Marines, and even himself, had to compromise at times.

"Nothing major, just letting you know that after you finish your current task, come to headquarters."

Garp understood Dragon's current situation in the chaotic New World, pursuing pirates, but he knew Dragon's strength wasn't yet on par with those monsters. Still, compared to ordinary pirates, Dragon was in a different league.

"Understood, I'll be busy for now."

After hanging up the Den Den Mushi, Dragon turned back to his duties.

"Captain, we've located the target and can fire at any time. However, there are a large number of women aboard the pirate ship who were plundered from the town they raided."

After Dragon hung up Den Den Mushi, his subordinate approached.

"Speed up and get closer!"

"Yes, sir!"

...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Hearing the distant blasts, a figure suddenly appeared on the deck of a cargo ship.

Watching the Marine warship follow closely behind the pirate ship, along with the explosions and flames erupting from the pirate ship, Nicholas became interested.

"Are these the elites from Marine Headquarters? I wonder who it is. Well, I'll go take a look. Maybe I can hitch a ride to the Sabaody Archipelago."

With that, he put on a mask that only revealed one eye, paired with a cloak, adding to the mystery.

"Has the situation been assessed?"

Standing amidst a sea of pirate corpses, Dragon asked his subordinate.

"We have 73 pirate corpses, 120 prisoners, and 34 women who were captured from nearby islands by these pirates. Additionally, there are 20 slaves on board, and as for confiscated supplies..."

Listening to the report, Dragon nodded.

"I understand. Take the pirates to the brig under the ship and guard them carefully. Return the women to their homes, provide money for the slaves, and issue them Marine certificates. Send them to the nearest islands. Also, see if we can get a good price for the pirate ship in the vicinity."

As Dragon walked towards his ship, he instructed his subordinate, realizing that selling the pirate ship would be additional income for the Marines.

"Captain..."

Upon hearing Dragon's words, his subordinate hesitated.

"What's the matter? Any problem?"

"Everything else is manageable, but the slaves already bear slave marks. According to the World Government's regulations, anyone encountering such individuals can capture them and exchange them with corresponding merchants for rewards."

Dragon's subordinate explained.

"In that case, ask them if they'd be willing to join the Marines."

"Captain, that may not be possible."

Hearing this, Dragon halted his steps.

"According to Marine regulations, these slaves cannot join the Marines."

"Alright, I understand. Keep them on the ship for now. I'll make arrangements later."

With that, Dragon returned to his ship.

Dragon's resolve

In the dim and silent cabin, only a gas lamp emitted a faint glow, and there was no sound. The oppressive atmosphere could make anyone who entered here feel tense.

However, at this moment, Dragon was quietly sitting on a chair, not even releasing his Haki perception, lowering his vigilance to the lowest point. Looking at the white cloak hanging on the wall behind it with the word "justice" printed on it, Dragon's heart was in turmoil.

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the room became chaotic!

The hairs on Dragon's body even trembled slightly, a reflexive response to encountering a threat.

Dragon suddenly moved his body, and even in the small room, he was more agile than a spirit monkey, as if the cramped space couldn't hinder him but instead became his arena.

However, what surprised Dragon was that his right hand, covered with armament Haki in the form of dragon claws, was firmly grasped by another hand.

"Indeed, you are Garp's son. Your armament haki and observation haki are remarkable. You almost predicted my prediction, but unfortunately, in the end, I still predicted your prediction of my prediction."

[Authors note - Yep, this is indeed a jojo reference]

As the words fell, Nicholas, wearing a mask, appeared in front of Dragon.

Facing the sudden appearance of the man in front of him, speaking words Dragon couldn't understand, Dragon, after pulling away, still heightened his vigilance. After all, the fact that the other party could silently reach here already indicated that he was not a simple character.

Seeing Dragon's reaction and the gaze flashing outside the room, Nicholas smiled and then spread his hands, saying, "Don't worry about your

subordinates. I haven't done anything to them; just let them sleep, but to be honest, your subordinates have really low vigilance."

"You don't need to worry about that. Who are you, and what is your purpose?"

After confirming that his subordinates outside were fine, Dragon visibly relaxed a lot. Although his subordinates' strength was not great, after spending a long time with them, he had developed some affection for them.

Nicholas did not answer Dragon's question but instead pulled over a chair from the side and sat down, then gestured towards another chair on the side, indicating Dragon to sit down and chat.

Although Dragon wasn't sure of the other party's intentions, he wasn't willing to follow the other party's lead. Therefore, he just stood there, looking at Nicholas sitting on the chair.

"Is Mr. Dragon going to be an Admiral in the Headquarters?" Nicholas asked, looking at Dragon standing there with a somewhat trance-like feeling. "It seems that every era has a group of people with great ideals."

"Yes," Dragon replied succinctly.

Nicholas suddenly realized. No wonder Garp later wanted to train Ace, Luffy, and Sabo to become Marines. Dragon, becoming a vice-Admiral at such a young age, showed unlimited potential.

Dragon could see that he was not a good speaker, so the room fell silent for a long time.

It wasn't until the gas lamp on the table flickered that Nicholas looked at Dragon seriously and asked, "I heard what happened on that pirate ship before and what Mr. Dragon said. I want to ask, What is justice in your heart?"

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Dragon was stunned for a moment, then

looked at the strange masked man and calmly said, "I don't know."

After all, before knowing the other party's identity, only a fool would reveal his thoughts.

"You are quite alert. Don't worry, I'm not one of those rats and hounds under the World Government."

Indeed, as the later number one dangerous person designated by the World Government, Dragon's vigilance at this moment was simply impeccable. But it was also understandable. If his vigilance wasn't high, he would have been taken down by the World Government long ago, and he wouldn't be able to stir up trouble everywhere.

Nicholas continued to speak to himself.

"What is justice? Is the Navy considered just? In the eyes of most people, the Navy should be considered justice. After all, although there are some pests within the Navy, compared to pirates, the Navy is already quite good. At least it protects ordinary people."

"But this is just relative. The Navy is good, but what about the World Government and the Celestial Dragons, who are above the Navy? I believe you know better than me."

"For the allied countries, they need to collect a large amount of tribute every year. As for non-allied countries, they may even secretly incite riots within these countries and even support surrounding countries in attacking them. Wasn't there a shadow of the World Government behind the wars between the North Sea kingdoms and Germa 66 in recent years?"

"So, what are you trying to say?"

Dragon frowned and asked when he heard Nicholas's words.

"In my opinion, many things in this world can be solved with fists, but when it comes to revolution, having strength alone is not enough."

Therefore, to change the world, you not only need strength but also more like-minded partners and support from countless ordinary people!"

"So what do you mean!?"

"I don't mean anything. I just want to give you some advice. After all, your ideas are very dangerous to the world government. I don't want someone who could cause trouble for the World Government to die early. As for my purpose, it's simple. I want to give the World Government some trouble and make sure they don't have enough energy to bother me. Also, the Celestial Dragons and the World Government make me uncomfortable, but I don't want to confront them personally. So, I need someone or something big enough to shake the rule of the World Government to stand in front."

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Dragon's vigilance actually decreased. Many times, if someone promises all good things or various benefits, then you have to be careful; eighty percent of the time, they want to deceive you.

"So revolutionary, Dragon!"

Nicholas suddenly said:

"Do you know what consequences your words will have once they are known to the World Government?"

Dragon looked at Nicholas seriously.

"You won't say it, will you? Besides, the World Government?"

With that, Nicholas took off the mask on his face.

...

"Just disembark at the Sabaody Archipelago. Our next destination is Marineford."

After that, Dragon turned and left.

"Dragon... Revolutionary Army..." Watching the warship gradually move

away, Nicholas couldn't help but sigh.

Unlike the Revolutionaries, who are just ordinary mortals, carrying one head with two shoulders, the world of One Piece is a world where strength belongs to oneself. If you want to launch a revolution in this world, you need not only enough strength but also enough forces. Many people support it!

After all, even when Luffy was on Fishman Island, he knocked down fifty thousand people with just one Haki. Not to mention those who can rival a country by themselves.

"But the spark has been ignited. The future is truly something to look forward to."

After saying this, Nicholas's figure also disappeared from the pier, and he was going to meet an acquaintance next.

New bounty

Nicholas quickly arrived at the towering Yarukiman vine tree marked as 13. Upon entering the 13th area, he soon found the location of the bar he was looking for. The bar was built on the exposed roots of the Yarukiman vine tree.

The name of the bar was rather peculiar: "Shakky's Shakedown Bar," seeming to warn incoming patrons to be prepared to be shaken down. However, considering the surrounding forces in the area, naming it "Shakedown Bar" didn't seem so odd, as it was relatively benign compared to the lawless zones, populated by merchants, black market traders, smugglers, auctioneers, etc.

Although the name was strange, the bar was the only solitary building within the entire area of tree roots. Nearby, around other roots, were clustered several houses, indicating the unique status of the bar in this area and the capabilities of its owner.

On the wooden staircase leading to the bar, two seemingly ordinary individuals sat on either side. One wore glasses and had several grim scars on his head, holding a bottle of strong liquor, while the other sat cross-legged with closed eyes, a sword lying across his lap, seemingly meditating.

Seeing Nicholas approaching the bar, the two glanced at him briefly before returning to their activities. Since Nicholas did not emanate hostility, they did not interfere as per their agreement with the bar owner.

Passing between the two individuals, Nicholas ascended the wooden stairs and entered the bar without hesitation.

Inside the bar, a simple and unassuming bar counter stood directly ahead, devoid of trendy decorations, resembling the typical bars found on small islands.

Behind the counter stood a tall and attractive woman—the owner of the Shakedown Bar, Shakky. She leaned on the counter with her left elbow, holding a cigarette in her right hand.

Upon seeing Nicholas enter, a smile spread across her face.

"Nicholas, are you role-playing with this attire?" she teased.

"Haha, you caught me, Shakky. It's been a while," Nicholas replied, removing his mask.

Shakky flicked the ash off her cigarette, remarking, "That's not something the shy little boy from before would say. Seems like even little boys grow up, huh?"

"Haha!" Nicholas laughed, brushing off Shakky's banter, knowing he could never outwit her verbally.

Taking a seat at one of the chairs by the counter, Nicholas glanced at the assortment of fine wines on the shelf behind Shakky and joked, "Shakky,

aren't you going to offer me a drink or two?"

"My stuff here is quite expensive. Are you sure?" Shakky teased back.

"What, not even a single drink?" Nicholas feigned disappointment.

"Just kidding," Shakky chuckled.

She then turned around, fetching a bottle of fine wine from the West Blue and two glasses, pouring a drink for Nicholas and herself.

"I won't hold back then," Nicholas said, raising his glass after taking a sip.

"Oh, by the way, those two outside are...?" Nicholas inquired, referring to the two individuals guarding the entrance.

"Two friends. It's necessary to demonstrate some strength when running a business in this area. But what about you? How did you end up mingling with Garp's son?" Shakky asked, showing her understanding of Nicholas's connections and power dynamics.

Nicholas nodded, acknowledging Shakky's insight into the strength of the guards outside, who were likely on the level of Vice Admirals, sufficient for this location.

Shakky curiously observed Nicholas, waiting for his response.

"I see something in Dragon, and besides, Shakky, don't you find this sea a bit boring?" Nicholas replied, meeting Shakky's gaze.

"Boring?" Shakky looked puzzled.

"Yeah, boring. The Navy, the pirates, the World Government, the Celestial Dragons, the nobles of various kingdoms... Despite the ongoing conflicts between pirates, the Navy, and various kingdoms, it's all just minor skirmishes. So, I want to liven things up a bit and also divert some attention away from me."

For Nicholas, whether it was the Yonko in the future, the powerful Marines led by the three Admirals, or even Doflamingo's thoughts of reform, his greatest enemies would always be the World Government and

the Celestial Dragons. The fundamental conflict of interests between the two sides would not tolerate each other's existence.

"Just hearing you talk like this, are you planning something big?" Shakky inquired, seemingly intrigued by Nicholas's cryptic statements.

Nicholas nodded, affirming Shakky's assumption.

The conversation between them fell silent for a long time. Eventually, Nicholas couldn't help but ask, "Shakky, aren't you curious about the big thing I'm talking about?"

"Not really. As a retired person, I'm not interested in your big plans,"

Shakky replied with a smile, offering Nicholas a cigarette.

Then, shaking her head, she chuckled, "I almost forgot, Nicholas, you don't like smoking."

Sighing out a puff of smoke, Shakky continued, "Look at these wanted posters"

Looking at the table Nicholas picked up wanted posters, featuring Roger's picture prominently. Below were the bounties, with Roger at 2 billion Berry. Following closely were Whitebeard at 1.9 billion Berry, then Kaido at 1.85 billion Berry, Golden Lion Shiki at 1.85 billion and even Charlotte Linlin with her 1.85 billion bounty, and finally Albert Nicholas at 1.7 billion Berry

"It looks like the World Government is really investing heavily!" Nicholas exclaimed, astonished at the substantial increase in bounties for most pirates in the new round of wanted posters. His bounty had skyrocketed, indicating the government's determination to capture him.

"Nicholas, now you're a walking treasure trove. I wonder how many people want your head for the bounty," Shakky remarked.

"Wait, why is it my head and not Roger's or Whitebeard's? Their heads should be worth more, right?" Nicholas questioned.

"Among them, you look the youngest and most vulnerable, don't you?"

Shakky replied matter-of-factly.

Before Nicholas could retort, Shakky exhaled another puff of smoke, earnestly advising, "Nicholas, although I don't know what you're up to, remember one thing: don't underestimate the Celestial Dragons. The names of the Twenty Kings once made the whole world kneel."

Return to Sabaody

"Sister Shakky, do you also know something?"

Nicholas looked at Shakky and asked. As an active information dealer on the high seas, it was apparent that Shakky knew something significant, enough to retire at a young age in Sabaody.

"I don't know much about the Celestial Dragons' affairs. After all, the blank hundred years in history have erased many things. But in some ancient ruins and among some long-standing races' records, I found something. There are indeed celestial dragons who have achieved immortality."

It seemed like Shakky remembered something, but she didn't continue. Instead, she fell silent, as immortality was something only gods could touch. And those who could touch the realm of gods were beyond her imagination. Sometimes, knowing too much makes one feel powerless.

"The Old Monster, huh?"

Nicholas muttered to himself. In fact, he could guess who Shakky was referring to. It was Imu, the true ruler of the world, the one before whom even the Five Elders bowed.

"That's indeed an apt description," Shakky said, with a self-deprecating tone in her voice.

"Now, looking back, I was so naive. The power struggles among these strong figures on the high seas might seem like children's play to others,

just some spice to pass the time on boring days."

Shakky extinguished her cigarette in the ashtray.

"Is it really that interesting? If we liken the world to a game, shouldn't the final boss be formidable enough?"

Seemingly infected by Nicholas' spirit, Shakky laughed heartily, raised her glass towards Nicholas, and drank it all in one go.

"Nicholas, you're still the same as when we first met, aren't you? But I'm curious: Why does someone with your determination lack the ambition of a king?"

"Huh?"

Nicholas scratched his head at Shakky's words and casually replied,

"Maybe because I don't have the desire to dominate."

"Then, to what extent does your ambition reach now?"

"My conqueror Haki is neither exceptional nor mediocre, but decent enough. As for Observation and adamant Haki, it's in the top three."

"Impressive."

Shakky looked at the young man beside her with a hint of admiration. To have such power at his age, he already held a handful of cards.

Nicholas modestly smiled.

Then the two of them talked about recent events on the high seas.

When Nicholas heard about Captain John's demise due to his deception of his subordinates, he almost fell off his chair from laughter.

Talking about Captain John's strength, he wasn't bad at all. But due to having several subordinates with strength comparable to his, he stumbled carelessly.

"That guy used to boast about how many subordinates he had and how impressive they were. Sometimes he even mocked me for having too few subordinates and lacking prestige. But unexpectedly, as soon as his crew

disbanded, he was killed by his own subordinates. Haha..."

Nicholas was clearly in a good mood.

Shakky glanced at Nicholas, who was laughing so heartily that he almost seemed carefree, and then she lit another cigarette.

Nicholas was a bit stunned. This kind of smoker was really not afraid of getting lung cancer. The smoker dared to smoke like that because he had a Devil Fruit ability to fall back on, but Big Sister, you smoking like this is a bit arrogant.

"After Captain John's death, news of a treasure map related to him also circulated. Many pirates are now eyeing that treasure map, which is said to be the wealth looted by Captain John throughout his life. Whoever finds it would become unbelievably wealthy."

"Shakky Sister, are you kidding me? Although treasure and such sound very piratey, you and I both know that Captain John's treasure was almost entirely used to sustain his huge pirate fleet's expenses. If there isn't enough benefit, why would those guys listen to Captain John? Did they do it because of Captain John's Thicc Ass?"

Nicholas said, getting a bit vulgar.

Shakky didn't mind; she just suddenly said, "Nicholas, when you go back to the first half of the Grand Line, are you preparing to conquer the New World?"

"Not really."

Nicholas shook his head.

"I do intend to take my crew into the New World, but not to conquer. It's to stir up trouble. After all, the New World is now in chaos due to the dissolution of the Rocks Pirates. With Whitebeard, Shiki, Roger, Charlotte Linlin, and the recently rising Redfield causing havoc, the seas have been turned upside down. Apart from these monsters, former followers of

Linlin like Kaido are also mingling with the Big Brothers, and there are many young talents appearing in the Four Seas."

After hearing this, Shakky looked at Nicholas and smiled, saying, "Of course, there's also our little Nicholas about to enter the New World."

"Nicholas, when you head to the New World, you may need to deal with some small troubles on the island first."

"Such as?"

Nicholas looked at Shakky curiously.

Shakky took a puff of smoke and said with a smile, "Such as this year's five Supernovas with bounties over a billion. They've been here for a while, but after coating their ships, instead of immediately heading to Fish-Man Island, they chose to stay on the island. Do you know why?"

Nicholas shook his head in response.

Shakky's smile widened, and she said seriously, "Because they're specifically waiting for you. They know you're going to take your crew back into the New World, so they plan to use your head as a gift to enter the New World."

"Waiting for me, just to take me down? Where do they get the confidence?"

Nicholas was quite surprised. He hadn't paid attention to the so-called supernovas each year. He thought his opponents would be at least at the level of Kaido.

So he never expected the Supernovas to target him.

Shakky nodded and explained, "To become a Supernova each year, you must be quite exceptional. But compared to others, you're younger, and your reputation is huge. Naturally, you would attract their attention."

"What kind of reason is that? Isn't Roger's and Whitebeard's reputation even bigger?"

Nicholas said it without hesitation.

"It's simple. They know that Whitebeard, Shiki, and Roger are not easy targets. But you seem younger and probably weaker than the others.

They think that way, and it's not surprising. They probably see you as a stepping stone; after all, the quickest way to fame is to defeat a strong opponent and step on their reputation to the top."

Nicholas suddenly felt a bit hurt. Was being young his fault?

At the same time, in the Sabaody Archipelago, at the One-Day Girlfriend Shop on Tree Island 72.

A handsome man was flirting with dozens of women beside him.

At this moment, a man walked in.

"Captain, vice Admiral Dragon's warship has appeared in the Sabaody Archipelago!"

"Huh?"

The man's expression changed slightly, and his eyes suddenly became sharp.

Meanwhile, the Supernovas in the Sabaody Archipelago all learned about Dragon's appearance.

But none of them chose to leave. Instead, they became low-key and continued patiently waiting for their prey.

"Why hasn't that guy come yet?"

They were getting impatient.

Supernovas

This group of Supernovas currently staying in the Sabaody Archipelago indeed regard Nicholas as a stepping stone that can allow them to enter the New World with a powerful posture.

For this reason, they are even willing to take risks and stay in the Sabaody Archipelago, waiting for Nicholas to arrive.

Of course, these supernovas may also be here because they have not entered the New World yet and do not understand how dangerous the figures who can make a name for themselves in that perilous sea area are.

Or perhaps it's because Nicholas' age makes them overlook the fact that this young man, who looks much younger than them and hasn't even fully matured, can have equal dialogue with the top figures on the sea.

"Ah, it's troublesome. Sister Shakky, can you tell me where those guys are?"

Nicholas heard Shakky's words and said them somewhat helplessly. After all, others had set their sights on his head, so he couldn't just chat calmly with them about life, could he?

"Of course."

Shakky was a top-notch information dealer on the high seas. Although she had decided to retire in Sabaody, she had always closely followed the situation on the high seas. After all, even though she said she had retired, some people might not think so.

As the most potential Supernova among pirates each year, Shakky paid considerable attention to their intelligence because most of these guys would stay in the Sabaody Archipelago for a while before entering the New World.

Nicholas smiled even more happily when he heard Shakky's words.

"..."

Shakky looked at Nicholas in surprise, suddenly feeling some sympathy for the Supernovas, who had not yet entered the New World.

"Do you want money for this?"

Upon hearing Nicholas' teasing words, Shakky shook her head with a smile. "Don't talk nonsense. I won't take money from my dear brother,

and besides, this intelligence is not confidential."

"Then I won't be polite."

Nicholas smiled warmly.

For him, he didn't want to face a bunch of troublemakers with his crew, eating hot pot and singing songs, preparing to enter the New World, only to suddenly encounter a bunch of bandits. So it's better to clear away these troubles ahead of time.

...

Tree Island No. 13.

In a room with tightly closed doors and windows, it had now become hell, with blood bubbling on the wooden floor through the cracks and more than a dozen people lying on the ground, their bodies covered in blood and their lives uncertain.

"Gaga, gaga, gaga...!"

In the pile of people, a thin man whose head was wrapped in a burlap sack, revealing only a pair of bloodshot eyes, was laughing wildly with a sickle in his hand.

The laughter sounded piercing, like owls gathering in a cemetery at night.

In front of the man, there was a man kneeling on the ground, his hands tied behind his back, his face full of fear.

At this point, he had lost many parts of his body, such as his hollow left eye with wriggling pink muscles and nerves, his right ear missing a piece still bleeding profusely, the chest with a piece of skin cut off, and the iron thorns piercing through his body.

"You are... Mar, the fear spreader, with a bounty of one billion and ten million berries. We have no grievances against you. Why attack us?" The man, who had been tortured, looked up in horror at Mar, who was

laughing weirdly.

"Why do you ask me why? Of course, it's to spread the glory of fear all over the world, gaga, gaga."

"What kind of reason is that!? You lunatic!"

Hearing Mar's words, the man stared wide-eyed, unable to understand Mar's meaning.

Seeing the man's angry appearance, Mar suddenly waved his arm, and a sharp light flashed through the air, slashing across the man's forehead.

Then, another arm reached out, grabbing the skin on the man's forehead that had been cut open, and then violently pulled it down, causing the man's entire facial skin to be pulled off, hanging low on his chin.

The sudden pain made the man scream in agony, and his body even began to convulse.

Watching the man's tortured voice and painful appearance, Mar suddenly raised his arms, as if a devout believer, opening his arms to the sky, as if offering the suffering man some existence.

After a moment, the man's movements gradually diminished, and he finally lay still on the ground without any movement.

"It's a pity. It seems you can't become a member of our fear cult."

Watching the man lose his breath, Mar lowered his arms and turned to leave.

After Mar left, several people dressed similarly to Mar came out of the nearby room, looking at the two additional men with newly wrapped burlap bags over their heads, supported by other believers. Mar immediately went up to greet them.

"Welcome to join the Fear Cult."

After saying that, Mar placed his hand on the foreheads of the two men.

...

Tree Island No. 21.

In a back alley, a figure was squatting on the ground, hands constantly searching, seemingly looking for something.

"It's interesting. I didn't expect Jack the Ripper to still have the mood for hunting at this time."

A man wearing a black fur coat stood at the entrance of the alley, looking at Jack the Ripper, who was squatting not far away, constantly searching in the abdomen of a female corpse.

"Shwishh", accompanied by the sound of scissors, it seems that Jack has found what he wanted. Jack stood up, like a wolf, unmoving, and turned his head to reveal a creepy smile at the man in the fur coat.

With a swish, a burst of air sounded, and Jack the Ripper suddenly appeared in front of the man in the fur coat, putting the man's head into the blade of the scissors, but no matter how hard he tried, the scissors he held in his hands could not close.

The man in the fur coat, with a calm face, crossed his hands in front of him, covered by the black haki, and firmly grasped the blade of the scissors held by Jack, then suddenly crossed his hands up and down.

The movement was so great that Jack's body was also swaying in the air, and then he flew out.

"Not bad; it's armament, Haki, right?"

After being thrown out and landing, Jack looked at Ralph, standing there like a giant bear, and said calmly.

"Speak, what do you want from me?"

For Jack, he had also heard of Armament Haki; although it was rare in the first half of the Grand Line, it was almost a standard for strong people in the New World, and he was confident that he could quickly master this power after entering the New World.

"Cooperation."

Ralph said it concisely.

"Cooperation?"

Jack, with a somewhat gloomy expression, asked in a sinister tone.

"Yes, cooperation in hunting. Otherwise, we have no chance against Nicholas."

With the mention of Nicholas' name, the atmosphere between Ralph and Jack quieted down.

It's unknown who spread the news that they must take Nicholas' head.

They did entertain the idea initially, but with Nicholas' new bounty, their intentions faded somewhat. After all, someone with that kind of bounty, despite looking incredibly young, is definitely not an easy opponent.

Their mindset shifted from killing Nicholas to facing him in battle and then retreating unscathed.

However, with the news that Supernovas are aiming to kill Nicholas, it's like a slap in the face. There's almost no turning back between the two.

If they choose to avoid the fight and enter the New World, they'll undoubtedly become famous.

However, most of the fame would be negative, like being called cowards, which is not what they expected.

"Just the two of us?"

"And there's also the guy known as the God of Spears and the so-called Seven Seas Gambling King. As for Mar, that lunatic, I'd rather not have more interaction with him, and I believe you feel the same way."

"That's true. Mar is indeed crazy, and his abilities are quite tricky."

That's it?

On Island 13 of the Sabaody archipelago, on the flat ground, not far from Shakky's shakedown Bar.

Nicholas smiled as he looked at the nervous Bedeck before him and said lightly, "Don't be so nervous. I have good news for you this time."

Upon hearing Nicholas' words, along with his smiling face, Bedeck couldn't help but feel a sense of despair. How could there possibly be good news when such a big shot came looking for him? He regretted giving his contact information to Nicholas in the first place.

Or perhaps he should have returned to his hometown after that incident and used the accumulation of these years to buy a mansion, marry a beautiful woman, and hire some servants to live a luxurious life.

"Oh, Lord Nicholas, you're joking. It's my honor to serve you."

Bedeck forced a smile that looked even worse than crying as he spoke to Nicholas.

"This time, it's really good news. Trust me."

"Uh-huh, I believe you."

Bedeck nodded quickly, silently cursing in his mind, 'Did you think I didn't see your clenched fist behind your back? Do you really think I dare not believe?'

"That's good, then."

Nicholas loosened his fist and reached out to pat Bedeck's shoulder, indicating that the young man had a bright future ahead of him.

After giving Bedeck some instructions, Nicholas' figure disappeared instantly, leaving Bedeck alone in the wind.

"You're the one that Little Nicholas is interested in?"

Just as Bedeck was still digesting Nicholas' words, a voice suddenly sounded.

Bedeck followed the sound and saw a tall woman leaning against the tree roots of the Yarukiman vine tree in front of Shakky's bar, smoking a cigarette slowly and assessing him.

At the same time, the two people sitting at the entrance of the bar also cast dangerous glances at Bedeck, as if they would kill him on the spot if he made a wrong move!

"Yes, yes, that's right."

Bedeck tried to make his smile look harmless as he decided never to come to the 13th district again.

"Oh, follow Little Nicholas well. There's a bright future ahead."

After saying that, Shaky didn't even look at Bedeck; she just glanced in the direction Nicholas had left and then turned back into the bar.

Now she was just an ordinary bar owner in a regular bar.

Soon, in a place like a slaughterhouse, Nicholas stood on the roof, looking down at a group of people with burlap sacks below, and said lightly, "Mar, the Fear Spreader, with a bounty of 110 million, once led his men to cruelly massacre a town of thousands in the South Sea."

Inside.

Upon hearing Nicholas' words, Mar, who was helping a pirate convert to his cause, stood up from the ground, while the pirate, pierced by his thorns, fell to the ground, powerless and moaning.

Mar calmly looked at Nicholas on the roof.

As for the followers behind Mar, they looked at Nicholas with crazy eyes.

"Albert Nicholas, finally, I meet you. Hahaha~"

Mar let out a neurotic laugh.

"And then?"

Nicholas squatted on the roof, looking down at the frantic Mar with a playful expression.

"Feel it, fear!"

Mar had just opened his mouth when the aura of fear around him permeated like substance.

Just as Mar was about to jump on Nicholas and envelop him in his domain of fear, Nicholas suddenly disappeared into thin air.

In the next moment, Nicholas appeared behind Mar, pressing his hand on the back of Mar's head with one hand.

"Let me feel fear? Are you even worthy? Do you think you're Rocks? Even Rocks can't make me feel fear"

Nicholas said it disdainfully.

At that moment, Mar's face changed dramatically, and he felt a chill at the back of his head.

"Can't move?! My ability doesn't work on him!!!"

In the grip of terror, Mar felt paralyzed.

In that moment, he deeply realized the terrifying power of the New World pirates.

Since setting sail, no one has ever been unaffected within ten meters of him.

It was the first time, and perhaps the last time.

But... why didn't his ability work?!

"Bishop!"

At that moment, Mar's followers also reacted.

They all looked at Nicholas, who appeared behind their bishop, with horror and confusion.

Why wasn't he affected by their bishop's ability?

As the owner of the Paramecia-type fear fruit ability, Mar could gather the fear of others, creating an area filled with fear. Anyone entering this area would be entangled in infinite fear, and their abilities would be weakened.

But now, the guy who appeared behind Mar and pressed his hand on the back of Mar's head seemed unaffected, which was incomprehensible!

Nicholas's hand, pressing on Mar's head, was subtly enveloped in armament haki.

Then, a cold killing intent flashed.

In Mar's heart, a long-lost emotion surged up, and the feeling of sheer terror spread throughout his limbs.

The aura of death, like a cold stream, washed over Mar's nerves.

"Wait... wait!!!"

Facing the close-range aura of death, Mar shouted frantically.

It could be said that since obtaining the fruit, he has only brought fear to others, never experiencing fear himself.

But now he had become a lamb to be slaughtered in someone else's hands.

Even his proudest ability was useless against the opponent before him.

Nicholas looked expressionlessly at the roaring Mar, his hand showing no sign of hesitation, and coldly said, "Is that all you've got? Do you even dare to have ideas about my head?"

With a bang!

As Nicholas's words fell, his hand, enveloped in Armament Haki, smashed Mar's head to the ground, leaving only Mar's twitching feet to prove that he hadn't died completely.

He, who attempted to take Nicholas's head to gain fame, could never have imagined that he would be killed instead.

One supernova down.

"Bishop!!!"

The crew members who followed Mar, unable to stop Nicholas from taking action, were furious.

Nicholas didn't look at Mar's head lying on the ground but turned around slowly, coldly looking at the remaining people.

"Revenge for the bishop!"

Among the crowd, one of the most fanatical followers raised his sickle and shouted wildly, rushing towards Nicholas first.

However, as he rushed out, the others decisively turned and fled in all directions.

The first unlucky guy to rush out realized after a few steps that there was no one behind him, thinking at first that his companions were slow.

But the next moment, he heard a sound and looked back in confusion.

"???"

In his sight, there were only the fleeing backs of his companions;

apparently, the fear of death made them surpass the fear of Mar.

Moreover, how could they be opponents of the one who could deal with Mar? Although they were crazy, they weren't stupid.

"You *****"

Before a coded call could be fully uttered, the unfortunate guy who rushed out first was directly pierced through the head by the lightning shot from Nicholas's finger gun.

The others, seeing this scene, ran away without looking back.

Nicholas calmly watched the fleeing Mar pirate crew members.

Then, with his right hand making a gun gesture,

"Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop!"

"Thump, thump..."

In less than three seconds, there were more than a dozen bodies on the ground.

Nicholas glanced at the bodies on the ground, then looked at the unfortunate guy, who had been physically converted by Mar, lying on the ground.

Bedeck watching this was shocked, He knew Nicholas was strong, but the

other party was one of this year's Supernovas, representing one of this year's most promising pirates. It seemed he was directly killed by Nicholas.

"What are you looking at? Take that guy and bring him back. We'll split the bounty we'll get from the Navy in half, as agreed."

"Oh, okay."

Bedeck nodded in response and then went over to pull the infamous Fear Spreader out of the ground and throw him onto the bubble car he brought.

Watching Nicholas disappear again, as well as the bodies on the ground and the burlap-wrapped heads that were now stained with blood and slightly collapsed on the bubble car, Bedeck couldn't help but shiver.

Then he quickly pulled the bubble car away from there.

Sniper!

In the distance.

After Nicholas and Bedeck left.

A group of people came quietly, skillfully searching the bodies first, taking everything valuable, and then gathering together to whisper.

"Is it over?"

"It seems so. I didn't expect the Fear Spreader Mar to die like this. I really had high hopes for him to make a name for himself in the New World."

"Was that guy Bedeck just now?"

"Yes, it was Bedeck. I've dealt with him a few times."

"What's going on? Are the Mar Pirates so pathetic? And is this Bedeck's doing?"

"Idiot, can't you use your brain? Although we don't know who did it, do you not know Bedeck's strength? If he could take down Mar, would Bedeck still be just the squad leader of a slave-catching team?"

Watching the bodies of Mar's crew members, the followers known as 'Scavengers' were in an uproar.

They had come to scavenge, thinking it was just some vendetta, but they didn't expect Mar, one of this year's Supernovas, to be the one taken out.

"Hehe, instead of worrying about those issues, why don't we discuss the distribution of these bodies? They're still warm, and if we sell them to organ traders, we can get a good price."

With one person's remark, the others quickly began to discuss the allocation of bodies, even starting to argue and even draw their blades.

...

While the scavengers of Pirate World were cleaning up the remnants, Nicholas also encountered two other supernovas.

It was Jack the Ripper, and the Explosive Bear, Ralph, who had decided to team up for the hunt.

When they saw Nicholas suddenly appear not far from them, both of their faces turned sour. After all, the fact that the other could silently appear in front of them could only mean one thing: the opponent's strength was far superior to theirs.

"Nicholas."

Jack the Ripper said it with a gloomy face.

Instead of answering, Nicholas took out the wanted poster he had obtained from Shakky and carefully examined it before putting it away, somewhat uncertainly asking, "Jack the Ripper? Explosive Bear Ralph?"

It wasn't that he was face-blind, but the Peeping King, also known as the Photography King or the Flame Photography Hero, seemed not to have started working for the World Government yet, which meant that the updating speed of the Marine bounties was a bit pathetic. The photos of these supernovas' bounties were still from several months ago.

"Hey, you big idiot over there! I'm talking to you!"

Suddenly, a shout came from behind Nicholas, immediately drawing his attention.

As Nicholas instinctively turned to look at the source of the sound,

A bullet suddenly flew from a distance, aimed directly at Nicholas's head.

It can be said that the attacker chose to launch the attack at the moment when Nicholas's attention was drawn away, which was the least vigilant moment.

The timing and angle were impeccable.

It could be seen how experienced the shooter was in shooting.

Unfortunately, the person he was facing was Nicholas.

As the bullet was about to penetrate Nicholas's skull, he flashed a toothy grin in the direction from which the bullet came.

Swish—

Then the bullet passed straight through the middle of Nicholas's head, hitting the ground and leaving only a smoking bullet hole.

At the same time, Nicholas saw the guy who had cursed at him just now—a golden macaw flying away in the distance. Apparently, the parrot was a partner with the sniper eight hundred meters away.

The parrot attracted the target's attention, and at the moment when the target relaxed, the sniper launched the fatal shot.

And on the trunk of the Yarukiman vine tree, eight hundred meters away, a man with a single eyeglass over his right eye and slightly dark circles around his eyes was kneeling with one knee. In front of him was a single-shot flintlock rifle with obvious modification marks.

One shot missed, and the man's face changed.

If the man had played FPS games, he would have cursed at this moment:

"Damn, hacks!"

Just now, during the sniper attack, he believed that the timing of the shot was perfect, not to mention the accuracy; even if it was shooting a fly, he was confident. So he was particularly confident in this shot.

He had personally modified the flintlock rifle, equipped with a custom-made scope that had been painstakingly polished by craftsmen, coupled with his eagle-eyed vision.

With such eyes, he could see the antennae of ants moving in the distance and even catch the trajectory of bullets with the naked eye.

Such talent made him unquestionably a skilled sniper.

Although his bounty was not the highest among this year's batch of Supernovas, he was crowned in the name of God.

The nickname Gun God was the most appropriate evaluation of his strength among his peers on the sea.

Before pulling the trigger, he even saw the scene of Nicholas's head bursting in his mind.

However, reality gave him a harsh slap.

At the same time, he suddenly recalled the man who had been locked in his sight just now, smiling at the moment he squeezed the trigger.

Perhaps it was even before he pulled the trigger?

But, how was that possible? How could anyone predict that someone would snipe him before he even pulled the trigger?

No matter how he tried to convince himself, the image of Nicholas smiling with his big teeth remained in his mind.

"Captain Woodrow, it was a beautiful shot!"

Beside him, the man's companions looked excitedly at him. In their eyes, once the captain chose to shoot, it meant there was a 100 percent chance of hitting the target. This was accumulated from the countless bullets that had pierced through enemy vitals since Woodrow set sail.

Woodrow shook his head and began to reload the ammunition, his hands continuously moving, but his gaze remained focused on the situation in the distance.

"Dammit" he grunted

His companions, upon hearing this, were all (ಠ_ಠ)...

"Hehe, let's enter the hunting moment."

Woodrow finished reloading and raised his gun again, aiming at Nicholas's vitals.

After missing the first shot, Woodrow understood that the opponent was not a simple character. To kill him, he had to wait for an opportunity when the opponent exposed a vulnerability.

Therefore, Woodrow did not hastily fire the second shot but focused his attention, waiting for Nicholas and his companions to engage in combat. As long as Nicholas engaged in battle with them, Woodrow would be able to find an opportunity to kill him with one shot!

After all, no one could maintain enough vigilance to withstand attacks from hundreds of meters away during combat.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Woodrow's eyes narrowed, and his brow furrowed.

He saw Nicholas raise his right hand holding a modified pistol toward him,

On Nicholas's side.

Seeing Nicholas still standing there posing, Explosive Bear Ralph and Jack the Ripper were also standing still without any movement.

It's not that they didn't want to move, but they didn't dare to. One was a true lunatic, and the other was a pseudo-beast. Every time they wanted to make a move, their brains would sound crazy alarms. The feeling was that if they didn't move, it would be fine, but if they did ...

Supernova trio vs Nicholas

Nicholas raised his right hand holding a modified pistol, his gaze fixed on the location where Woodrow was.

With the intelligence obtained from Shakky, Nicholas had a rough idea of the identity of the shooter when the shot came just now.

Fed Woodrow, one of the five supernovas, was famous for his superb sniper skills.

[Author's Note- Is he related to Van Augur?]

"So, it's the sniper from Gate A."

Nicholas scoffed and turned his back on the two nearby individuals who were afraid to move. He locked his sights on Woodrow, who was eight hundred meters away, and aimed his gun before firing.

"swish" accompanied by two synthetic noises that resemble laser beams.

Immediately in front of Woodrow, two lightning shots emerged from his pistol—which his lightning had turned into a railgun.

"Hmm?"

Woodrow was suddenly startled, instinctively performing a perfect tactical roll, avoiding one of Nicholas's lightning bullets.

Before he could raise his gun to counterattack, the other lightning bullet directly hit his left arm, piercing it instantly and leaving a clean uniform hole.

The intense pain in his arm made Woodrow couldn't help but sweat profusely. But compared to the physical pain, the mental blow was even greater.

After all, his vision could clearly see the trajectory of bullets, but with those two lightning bullets just now, even if he tried his best to see, he only caught a trace, and the speed was something he couldn't react to. In other words, Woodrow's eyes told his brain, "I see it," but his brain

could only respond, "I know, notify the body soon," yet before his body could move, it was hit.

Covering the wound on his arm with his hand, Woodrow had an incredible thought in his mind: the opponent could have easily killed him with those attacks just now, but he chose not to. Was it toying with its prey?

After applying medicinal powder and injecting a painkiller into his arm, he wrapped it with a bandage.

"You guys, leave immediately. This hunt is not something you can participate in."

Woodrow looked at the crew members beside him and said so solemnly.

"Understood."

"Take care, boss!"

Based on the situation just now, if their boss couldn't snipe the opponent, then they wouldn't stand a chance. If they exposed themselves, they might be targeted directly by the opponent.

After bidding farewell to Woodrow, these people began to withdraw.

After all, as snipers, they were experienced in handling such sudden situations and judging the battlefield.

"Woodrow, stay sharp, stay sharp, and run, run."

The parrot that had been responsible for attracting attention also flapped its wings and landed on Woodrow's shoulder, repeating its words incessantly.

"The situation isn't that bad yet, especially with three against one; we have a significant advantage."

After putting a peanut from his pocket into the parrot's mouth, Woodrow looked at the three people confronting him in the distance with confidence.

On the battlefield.

Nicholas observed Woodrow's instructions for his comrades to leave, but he didn't care. After all, what did it matter if a few insects ran away?

Almost in the blink of an eye, Jack the Ripper and Ralph the explosive Bear moved simultaneously.

As this year's highly anticipated supernovas, they couldn't allow themselves to lack the courage to even engage the enemy in front of them.

The actions of Jack the Ripper and Ralph the explosive Bear were also observed by Nicholas.

"Heh."

Nicholas sneered at their actions, finding Jack and Ralph's moves somewhat disdainful.

Ralph charged forward to draw fire, while Jack waited for an opportunity to strike with his scissors, making Woodrow, the sniper god, provide fire support from a distance.

It was not a traditional tank-heal-DPS system, but in the pirate world, having few healers was like having few exotic animals. The Tank and DPS together had reached their maximum output.

These guys are a bit interesting.

Nicholas stood still, calmly watching Ralph charging towards him and Jack with scissors in hand, advancing like a circus performer, constantly changing positions.

To Nicholas, these guys, who hadn't even entered the New World yet, seemed a bit naive.

"Go die, you bastard!"

Confident in his control over Haki, Ralph, who arrived at Nicholas's location first, slammed his fist, covered in armament Haki, towards

Nicholas's skull. He was sure he could win, even against a logia user.

"Bang!"

Nicholas didn't bother with words. He simply raised his hand and caught Ralph's fist, then kicked him, sending him flying faster than Ralph's own charge speed.

Upon landing, Ralph's body even rolled and tumbled on the ground, plowing a deep furrow tens of meters long on the ground and crashing into a root of the Yarkiman Tree before coming to a halt.

In the blink of an eye, Jack, who had charged to Nicholas's side, had no time to dodge and could only awkwardly shove his scissors into Nicholas's neck.

"Swish!"

The next moment, Jack's face changed abruptly. Hastily retracting his scissors, he protected his chest with them and took Nicholas's fist, wrapped in Armament Haki.

Boom!

The moment the fist touched the scissors, an unexpectedly heavy force was transmitted to Jack's arm through the scissors.

"Hmm?"

Feeling the force on his arm, Jack's pupils contracted sharply. At this moment, he understood why Ralph had flown so fast and far just now.

Was this kind of force something a human could achieve?

Suddenly, with doubts flooding his mind, Jack also flew backward, even emitting the sound of air being torn.

Seeing the fighters and assassins almost instantly dealt with, leaving only the shooter Woodrow and his pet parrot facing each other, the atmosphere suddenly quieted down.

With three against one, the advantage didn't seem that significant

anymore.

Watching Ralph and Jack, two supernovas, be kicked and punched away by Nicholas almost instantly, Woodrow was now somewhat uneasy. His wariness toward Nicholas deepened.

As the saying goes, ranged fighters are fragile. Once hit by Nicholas's close-range attacks with such force, his own body might as well be half out of commission.

This guy... can he still be considered human? Or is he a monster?

Definitely a monster, right?

"Ralph, are you okay?"

Using the scissors to support himself, Jack climbed up from the ground, turned his head, and looked at Ralph, who was embedded in a tree root nearby.

If Ralph, the tank, fell, leaving only him and Woodrow, one ranged and one assassin, facing Nicholas, they really had no chance at all.

"Cough. I'm not dead yet, but is that guy really human?"

Embedded in the tree root, Ralph reached out, grabbed the root, and pulled himself out, looking at Nicholas in the distance, wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth with trembling hands.

The blow he had just suffered was a big loss. If he hadn't mastered Armament Haki in time to defend, and if his physical strength hadn't been strong enough, the blow just now would have been enough to render him unable to fight.

"Do you think we are seen as humans in the eyes of ordinary people?"

That guy, in our eyes, is just like how we appear to ordinary people.

Don't hold back; show all your strength, or else we might really be done for."

Crumbling belief

"Hmph, got your mentality blown? Jack the Ripper?"

Ralph stretched his muscles and casually tore off the tattered fur coat he was wearing.

He sneered at Jack, who stood nearby with a gloomy expression.

Jack didn't even bother to look back at Ralph; his eyes were fixed on

Nicholas, who was slowly approaching them. He grunted in response, clearly not interested in engaging in banter with Ralph at the moment.

Nicholas wasn't like the ordinary, run-of-the-mill folks from the first half of the Grand Line. Compared to the extremely tough opponents he had faced before, this guy was like a piece of steel.

In this situation, having an extra-competent ally would be advantageous and harmless.

As for Ralph's mockery, Jack knew it could wait until they settled scores later. After all, this collaborative hunt was initiated by him.

Jack consciously slowed his pace, intending to let Ralph bear the brunt of Nicholas's frontal assault.

For Jack, Ralph, with his robust physique and ability to take hits, was the perfect distraction for Nicholas.

With that thought in mind, Jack's steps became slower, allowing Ralph to take the lead in facing Nicholas's impending attack.

Tack, tack —

As Nicholas approached, Ralph picked up his pace, accelerating towards Nicholas!

Roar!

As he ran, Ralph's muscles underwent a tremendous transformation. Blue and white fur began to sprout from beneath his skin, enlarging his already bear-like frame. His face protruded, his teeth sharpened, and his limbs sprouted claws like razor blades. By now, Ralph had transformed

into a true giant bear.

Even strands of lightning streaked across his blue and white fur.

This was why Ralph dared to hunt Nicholas. As a Zoan-type Devil Fruit user with the Ancient Zoan Lightning Bear Form ability, he had a high resistance to lightning, allowing him to even infuse his attacks with a hint of lightning due to his fur's unique properties.

Meanwhile, from a distance, Woodrow once again squeezed the trigger on his gun.

For him, Nicholas, with his back turned, was the prime sniper target.

He would make this guy understand never to expose his back to an outstanding sniper!

Woodrow fired several shots in succession.

The accuracy was impeccable, but despite several shots, there was no success. Bullets either fell a tad short or a tad late, always missing by a hair's breadth.

"It's useless. In the 'time-frame' I see, no matter how accurate your marksmanship is, you cannot hit me," Nicholas muttered to himself. He then turned sideways, using his index and middle fingers, covered in haki, to clamp down on the lead bullets shot from behind.

The bullets, clamped between his fingers, even turned slightly red from the friction.

"No matter what FPS game or reality, snipers are really annoying, aren't they?" Nicholas smiled faintly. He then aimed the lead bullet clamped between his fingers at Woodrow in the distance. In a flash of lightning, the bullet shot out like a meteor.

Swish —

The lead bullet, flying at such speed that it was almost invisible to the naked eye, seemed to have something different about it. Its speed caused

it to show signs of melting.

Carrying high temperatures, the lead bullet reached Woodrow's forehead in an instant.

"So fast!" echoed in Woodrow's mind. In his line of sight, he didn't see the bullet but instead saw a scorching line. He even saw a trace of flames due to the bullet's speed, still lingering between Nicholas's fingers.

Thud!

Woodrow's head turned to blood mist, not even a single piece of bone was left from the shoulder above.

"Woodrow!!!"

Jack, who had been keeping an eye on the battlefield, watched in horror as Woodrow fell to the ground, hundreds of meters away.

Although he wasn't a gun enthusiast, Jack understood Woodrow's marksmanship and reputation. Woodrow wasn't self-proclaimed "Gun God"; it was a title earned through countless battles since he set sail. Especially his eagle-like sharp eyes, which not only enhanced his accuracy but even allowed him to see bullets flying at high speeds and evade them effortlessly.

Yet, here he was, effortlessly taken down by a bullet Nicholas shot with his own hands—a bullet whose trajectory he couldn't even see clearly.

How could such a thing be possible?

Jack found it difficult to believe, but soon a wave of fear surged within him. If Nicholas could easily deal with Woodrow, didn't it mean he could also easily deal with Jack, another Supernova like Woodrow?

After all, the difference in strength between Jack and Woodrow wasn't significant. If Jack kept his distance, he was doomed. But if he got close, Woodrow would be doomed!

Yet, in front of Nicholas, it seemed that distance didn't matter. They were

both doomed, no matter what. It was terrifying.

As Jack grappled with his fears, Ralph, now fully transformed into a beast, had only one thought in his mind: to crush the little bug before him.

Underneath the tree roots, not far away, Bedeck watched the towering branches with a hint of helplessness. But out of fear of Nicholas, he spat on his hand.

After rubbing his palms together, he began to climb the tree. After all, Woodrow's body was still up there, waiting to be retrieved for the bounty.

When he climbed up, he saw Woodrow's lifeless body.

In the final moments of his consciousness, Woodrow was filled with puzzlement at Nicholas's attack, which he couldn't even track.

Until the end, he couldn't understand. Could a human really produce such an attack?

"Ah, why did you have to provoke him?" Bedeck shook his head, then hoisted Woodrow's body off the tree and prepared to descend.

The diamond parrot landed on Bedeck's head, flapping its wings. In its head, Woodrow was the caretaker, and now that the caretaker was gone, it had to find a new path for itself. And the guy in front of it seemed like a good choice.

Seeing the diamond parrot above his head and then glancing at Woodrow's corpse on his shoulder, Bedeck reached into Woodrow's pocket and rummaged around.

He pulled out a peanut, shoved it into the parrot's mouth, and the parrot's mood immediately improved.

Meanwhile, the crew members of Woodrow's pirate crew, who had retreated to a distance, watched in disbelief as Bedeck retrieved their

captain's body from the tree and placed it next to Marley's corpse.

For them, Woodrow was their belief—the one who had made a name for gunners on the high seas. Woodrow's prowess with a gun was unparalleled in the sea, earning him the title of Gun God.

Yet, the top-level fighters on the sea were either Devil Fruit ability users, experts in martial arts, physically powerful, proficient in Haki, or adept in swordsmanship. But there wasn't a top-level gunner!

And now, the sniper prodigy they revered has fallen in the Sabaody Archipelago.

At this moment, their belief crumbled.

Omae wa mo shindeiru

After shooting out that lead bullet, Nicholas withdrew his "sight" from Woodrow, as he had already seen the image of Woodrow being headshot.

With his observation, Haki developed to its utmost, and Nicholas could briefly glimpse into the future. In other words, when he's overpowering his opponents, Nicholas could just like some big shot, strike once, and then leave without looking back, leaving behind a sentence like "□□□□□□□□□□!(You are already dead!)" and the fallen body of his enemy.

Seeing Ralph transform into a giant bear charging at him at lightning speed, Nicholas casually surged with electric energy, summoning a long sword made of lightning into his hand.

Seeing Nicholas choose to confront him head-on, both Ralph's and Jack's eyes lit up with excitement.

Ralph was pleased because the opponent chose the most irrational tactic, confronting him head-on despite his transformation.

Jack was pleased because if Nicholas confronted Ralph head-on, Jack's chances of survival would increase even more. Perhaps he dared

entertain the thought that he might even injure Nicholas and then retreat unscathed.

However, the thought of killing Nicholas was no longer in Jack's mind; he might be a psycho, but he wasn't stupid enough to ignore the vast difference in their strengths.

Seeing Ralph charging towards him, Nicholas's eyes suddenly gleamed with red light. He first glanced to his left, quickly glimpsing Jack attacking from the left, then returned his gaze to Ralph charging from the front.

In a split second, Nicholas made a choice, leaving behind a slowly dissipating afterimage in his original position, his figure disappearing from the sight of both Ralph and Jack. For a Devil Fruit user with the Goro Goro no Mi, his speed was almost comparable to that of the Pika Pika no Mi, allowing him to move faster than even the keenest eye could follow, thanks to his mastery of Observation Haki.

This is why Nicholas considered the pre-New World Supernovas still immature; although they had potential, they had not yet fully matured.

As Nicholas vanished, Jack and Ralph's gazes frantically searched the surroundings for Nicholas's presence. Jack, being an expert in assassination, knew very well what it meant to lose sight of the enemy in his line of sight.

When Nicholas reappeared, he was already in front of Ralph, wielding his lightning sword and slashing towards Ralph.

Seeing the sword coming at him, Ralph could even feel a slight tingling sensation on his skin—the instinct of a living being guiding him.

"Planning to take me out first? Very well, let's see how strong the infamous pirate of the New World truly is."

Ralph's combat instincts quickly kicked in; with his claws covered in

Armament Haki, he swiped at the lightning sword that Nicholas swung at him.

In that moment of clash, Nicholas's attack also arrived, with the trajectory of his lightning sword intersecting with Ralph's claw.

"Oh? Is this the beastly intuition brought by your transformation?"

Seemingly lengthy, but actually just a moment, Ralph's instantaneous response surprised Nicholas.

Although the transformation granted Devil Fruit users some emotional influence, it also amplified various attributes and granted them beast-like combat instincts.

However...

When the difference in strength between the two parties is too great, all seemingly spectacular maneuvers appear pale.

In the instant of intersection between Nicholas's lightning sword and Ralph's armor Haki-clad claw, the lightning-infused sword easily cleaved through Ralph's claws, which were also infused with Haki.

Simultaneously, Nicholas's lightning sword, imbued with the sharpness of lightning, slashed diagonally across Ralph's chest, causing a massive wound.

As Nicholas landed behind Ralph, Ralph, with his chest slashed and blood gushing out like a fountain, looked at the wound with an incredulous gleam in his eyes.

"It seems your body is quite resilient. I thought the earlier strike would completely cut you in two."

At this moment, Nicholas's voice came from behind Ralph, sounding like praise but carrying a mocking tone to Ralph's ears.

For Ralph, his powerful physique was his pride, and hearing Nicholas' words made him realize how insignificant it was in the eyes of his

opponent.

Enveloped in rage, Ralph turned around and swung his arms with all his might, intending to land a blow the size of a cast-iron pot on Nicholas's face!

"It seems like you still haven't recognized the absolute gap in strength between us."

In an instant, a thousand hits!

Nicholas's figure, standing in place, suddenly disappeared into thin air, replaced by a black shadow swiftly moving around Ralph's body.

And when Nicholas's figure appeared again in his original position, Ralph remained in the punching stance.

"What's this move called?"

Ralph looked at Nicholas and asked calmly.

"The holy fist of the north star! It delivers a thousand blows in an instant, overwhelming the opponent like a storm of attacks. Of course, I added a little something to it, infusing the lightning's power into the opponent's body during the attack. When the attack ends, the lightning infused into the opponent's body erupts, causing secondary damage"

"Quite an apt name," Ralph said, before his massive body collapsed backward, raising a cloud of dust.

Thanks to his robust physique and the enhancement of his body's qualities by the Devil Fruit ability, this strike didn't immediately kill Ralph. However, it could only be considered as barely clinging to life. Severe internal injuries had left Ralph completely unable to move, and his life was ebbing away, with death being inevitable sooner or later.

"I never imagined... you... could be... so strong. Truly... unwilling to accept..." Ralph's eyes, lying on the ground, turned towards Nicholas, and he uttered with great difficulty, staring at him with a gaze filled with

resentment and unwillingness.

For Ralph, he initially thought the Sabaody Archipelago would be his new beginning, but it turned out to be his end. Only after facing Nicholas head-on could he truly understand where the gap lay. Moreover, he realized how ludicrous their previous idea of hunting Nicholas to gain fame was.

Nicholas looked down at the barely conscious Ralph and said calmly, "Actually, your potential is quite impressive. With a few years of honing in the New World, you might pose some threat to me if you joined forces. But for now... heh... even without mastering Haki, who gave you the courage to dare to hunt me down?"

With that, Nicholas paid no further attention to Ralph, who was nearing death, and turned his gaze to Jack, who stood there in a daze.

At this moment, even Jack the Ripper, who could make women afraid to step out after sunset in many places thanks to his reputation, had his eyes wide open in disbelief.

In his view, Ralph charged forward, then Nicholas's figure disappeared, and when Nicholas reappeared, Ralph's chest had been slashed, blood still spurting out.

Then Ralph punched at Nicholas, Nicholas disappeared again, and Ralph ended up kneeling.

Obviously, Ralph used his own life to realize the gap between him and Nicholas, while Jack the Ripper realized the gap between them through the selfless dedication of his two good friends, Woodlaw and Ralph.

Thus, out of the five supernovas originally intending to make a name for themselves in the New World through Nicholas, three had already fallen into Nicholas's hands in the Sabaody Archipelago.

As for Bedeck, who was responsible for collecting the bodies, he had

become numb to it.

At the same time, deep down, he also made a silent resolution. Once this incident was over, he would return to his hometown. The Grand Line was just too dangerous.

Schizophrenia?

[Authors note- Thanks for the support guys, we have already surpassed one million views. Please continue to help me so that I can keep giving you fresh chapters. ps- one power stone wouldn't hurt ☺☺]

After dealing with Ralph, Nicholas approached the only remaining person among the three, Jack the Ripper.

Meanwhile, in a bar on the Sabaody Archipelago, a group of people was discussing the supernovas' plan to hunt down Nicholas, the notorious pirate, this year.

"The quality of this year's supernovas seems stronger than last year's."

"Yeah, last year's batch of supernovas was wiped out within six months of entering the New World, which is really absurd."

"But why do this year's supernovas suddenly want to pick a fight with Nicholas?"

"They obviously want to use Nicholas to make a name for themselves.

Compared to the likes of Whitebeard, Roger, Charlotte Linlin, and Kaido in the New World, Nicholas seems easier to deal with. As remnants of the Rocks, just killing him could quickly establish their reputation in the New World, allowing them to rapidly expand their influence and compete for the title of Emperor of the Sea against the likes of Whitebeard."

"Although the risk is high, the rewards are equally great. And those supernovas are basically lawless."

"But do you think Nicholas's strength will wipe out this year's supernovas on the Sabaody Archipelago? After all, even with their crew, the bounties

of these supernovas combined are not even half of Nicholas's bounty."

"..."

With this statement, the room fell silent for a moment, and the atmosphere became awkward.

People suddenly realized that although the supernovas represent the most outstanding pirates of the year, they might not be able to match Nicholas, who is apparently more formidable. After all, bounty amounts also reflect strength evaluations.

"That's unlikely, isn't it?"

"Even if those guys can't beat him, they can escape... maybe?"

Those who spoke seemed to lack confidence.

Meanwhile, as Nicholas approached, the notorious Jack the Ripper suddenly knelt down, repeatedly begging for mercy while trembling in fear.

"I'm sorry, I was wrong."

"Please spare me; I won't dare again."

"Don't hit me."

"I won't dare again."

"Sob, sob..."

Even crying like a child out of fear, Jack's demeanor changed dramatically.

Nicholas was somewhat taken aback by the stark contrast.

However, regardless of what happened, Nicholas decided to take this man's life.

With a sword charged with murderous intent, Nicholas swung it toward the kneeling Jack the Ripper.

Just as he was about to strike, the head fell.

While Bedeck, who was tasked with collecting the bodies, glanced at the

beheaded Jack, he withdrew his gaze and continued his work.

Unexpectedly, as Nicholas's sword struck, the kneeling Jack, who seemed to have given up struggling, vanished into thin air.

Nicholas paused, not entirely surprised by the turn of events. He looked toward a spot not far away, where a mysterious figure appeared out of nowhere.

Jack the Ripper held scissors in his hand, his hair disheveled, revealing beast-like eyes through the strands, and a particularly eerie smile on his face.

"Hehe, hehe, hehe..."

"Is this... schizophrenia?" Nicholas speculated, observing Jack's starkly different behavior. After all, in many movies and series, most psychopaths encountered unfortunate events in childhood, leading to mental issues and the emergence of multiple personalities.

Jack's successive displays seemed to fit this pattern.

Moreover, the personality that appeared now neither exhibited the previous cowardice nor the initial gloominess but exuded madness and a desire for bloodshed.

The distance between Nicholas and Jack was not great.

Swish!

Jack's figure suddenly disappeared from where he stood, and a swift figure dashed toward Nicholas.

Facing Jack's charge, Nicholas casually raised his arm and swung his lightning-infused sword.

Clang! Clang!

As the lightning sword swung, hundreds of clashes resounded in the air.

In less than half a minute, the lightning sword clashed with Jack's scissors hundreds of times.

"Does the mad personality control the body purely on instinct?" Nicholas pondered aloud while observing Jack, who was repeatedly repelled but relentlessly continued to attack.

However, after numerous failed attempts and relying solely on brute force, Jack's body began to show signs of strain. Nicholas could clearly feel that Jack's strength and speed were diminishing.

"Is this his limit?" Nicholas wondered aloud

"KNEEL" Nicholas delivered commands with a contemptuous glance while utilizing his conqueror's haki and a tinge of the "voice of all things."

Jack was forced to kneel on one knee.

Bang!

Even the ground beneath Jack's knee cracked like a spider's web under the impact.

"You're sick, and you need treatment."

With these words, Nicholas placed his hand on Jack's head and unleashed a powerful electric shock, causing Jack's body to convulse uncontrollably.

As Jack's body trembled from the electric shock, Nicholas couldn't help but furrow his brows.

"Hmm, didn't work? Unscientific."

Beside Nicholas, Bedeck couldn't help but comment on the situation.

Why play cards without a
weapon?

"This is what a pathetic murderer like you, who kills innocent people for fun, deserves."

Nicholas retracted his hand, allowing Jack's smoking body to collapse on the ground.

Taking care of the four supernovas, the entire process from start to finish barely even counts as warming up for Nicholas.

If it weren't for the sake of entertaining himself with them, those guys could have been finished the moment they met him.

After all, the first half of the Grand Line is called Paradise for a reason.

These supernovas are the most dazzling among the countless pirates who set sail this year.

But if these people were to enter the New World, they wouldn't stand a chance against the monsters there, let alone the veteran pirate crews that have been thriving in the New World for years.

After all, in the New World, where Haki prevails, these rookies from Paradise are nothing.

"Oh, there's one more."

Nicholas casually pulled out a few wanted posters and quickly found one with a different style from the others.

"Gambler Tony, bounty 65 million berries."

Nicholas raised an eyebrow as he glanced at the wanted poster. He wrinkled his brow; this guy was so handsome, he could have been a male model.

But since these supernovas lingered in the Sabaody Archipelago waiting for him, he had to meet them and bring the sincerest regards from the veterans of the sea.

Nicholas then headed towards the Sabaody Archipelago.

But before he went, he took some time to disguise himself.

Walking through the bustling shopping area of the Sabaody Archipelago, Nicholas couldn't help but feel a sense of *déjà vu*. After all, this place was just like the Big Apple City in the future United States—a paradise for some and a hell for others.

"Hmm?"

As he passed by a person dressed in a black robe, Nicholas felt a slight

sense of strangeness and paused.

"A woman... seems familiar."

Nicholas raised an eyebrow slightly, unable to see much of the person's face due to the robe, except for her hair, skin color, nose, and mouth visible beneath the hood.

Although obscured, Nicholas felt that the woman looked somewhat familiar with just a glance.

Seemingly aware of Nicholas's gaze, the woman lowered her head and promptly disappeared into the crowd.

Nicholas calmly watched the woman leave, trying to recall the familiar feeling.

Soon, a vision of a mature woman with silver hair flashed through his mind.

Nico Robin?

Impossible.

At this time, she would barely even be an embryo.

Huh?

Nicholas suddenly thought of someone who resembled Nico Robin: Olvia, renowned archaeologist from Ohara, the archaeology sacred land in the West Blue, and also Nico Robin's biological mother.

So, was Olvia already out exploring and searching for clues to the true history?

"Could it be Olvia?"

Nicholas watched the direction in which the woman in the black robe had disappeared, lost in thought.

However, he soon continued on his way to his destination. After all, Olvia didn't hold much value for him except for being Robin's mother, and the rest of it didn't matter much to Nicholas.

In a world where strength reigns supreme, people without power who try to uncover the hidden truths of history and challenge the World Government's rule are simply courting death.

And those scholars from Ohara, despite knowing that the World Government expressly forbade the study of true history, persisted in their research. They not only brought destruction upon themselves but also upon their entire island, with only an eight-year-old Robin surviving. It was one thing to pursue the truth, but it was foolish to endanger themselves and their entire community by conducting their research openly.

Putting these thoughts aside, Nicholas arrived at a shop called "One-Day Girlfriend" and walked in.

As soon as he entered the shop, two young women in maid costumes bowed gracefully and greeted him, "Welcome home, Master."

Ignoring them, Nicholas went straight to the second floor and kicked open the door of one of the rooms.

A handsome guy who was flirting with a dozen girls in various outfits froze as Nicholas entered.

Hearing the commotion, several other rooms in the corridor immediately filled with hurried footsteps, and dozens of people crowded the hallway.

"Hey, what are you doing, you guy?"

"Damn it, do you know who our boss is?"

Taking a few steps forward, Nicholas suddenly stopped and turned to look at the guy who had just spoken, then lifted his finger and sent a bolt of lightning directly at him, killing him on the spot.

"Don't!..."

Seeing Nicholas's actions, the handsome guy, realizing Nicholas's identity, was about to speak up to stop him but was a moment too late.

"Are you Tony the Gambler? What did you just say?"

Nicholas looked at Tony, who was sitting among a group of panicked girls, and asked calmly.

Tony's expression tightened.

Unlike those other guys with him, Tony knew Nicholas was a pirate, and not just any pirate, but one who stood at the top of the sea. While it was common for pirates to gain fame by taking down their peers, it depended on who the opponent was.

So when Ralph invited him, although Tony had agreed verbally, he had no intention of actually going.

In his view, if he didn't go, Ralph wouldn't be able to do anything to him.

Both of them were supernovas this year, although there might be a slight difference in strength. But to say who was afraid of whom, that was nonexistent.

However, Tony had never expected Nicholas to come looking for him.

Did his appearance here mean that Ralph and the others were done for?

And was Nicholas here to kill him?

Thinking of this possibility, Tony felt a surge of panic.

"You all go back. This has nothing to do with you."

Knowing that his crew staying here would serve no purpose, Tony ordered them to return to their respective rooms.

Once the crew had left, Tony warmly welcomed Nicholas into the room and personally poured him a drink.

"I wonder what business Nicholas-sama has with me."

After pouring the drink, Tony smiled and asked. If certain wealthy women saw him like this, they would go crazy.

"Do you think I'm joking?"

Seeing Nicholas's expression, Tony reluctantly took out a deck of cards

and asked some of the girls to join them.

"345678910JQKA."

"Uh..."

Looking at the royal flush on the table and Tony's empty hands, Nicholas fell silent.

"Cough, Nicholas-sama, can I..."

"Another round, or gamble with your life."

Seeing Nicholas's expression, Tony picked up the cards again and shuffled them, then dealt them out.

"345678910JQKA."

"..."

Looking down at the cards on the table and then at Tony's hands, Nicholas silently placed his cards directly on the table.

Seeing Nicholas's silent response, Tony felt a surge of relief.

"Change of game; let's play 'In-between'."

Nicholas said it seriously.

Soon, seeing three aces in his hand, Nicholas revealed his cards and quietly drew out his knife.

Just like fishing with a helmet, eating with the back against the wall, and climbing mountains—why play cards without a weapon?

Devil fruit selection

"Bro, 235."

Seeing Nicholas reveal three Aces, Tony put down his mixed 235 on the table, almost on the verge of tears.

"It's okay; let's try again."

Seeing the cards on the table, Nicholas smiled generously and said,

But his grip on the knife tightened.

...

"Bro, flush QKA. Can you give me a break? It's too scary."

Looking at the flush JQK on the table and Nicholas's grim expression, Tony even added a hint of crying in his voice.

He had forgotten how many times this had happened; Nicholas had him beat every single time.

Even if his heart were big enough, it couldn't handle much more. Strictly speaking, he had already won back at least fifty lives from Nicholas, but what if this old man decided he needed fifty-one?

Power always resided with the strong; they made the rules, and those without strength could only follow them.

...

Nicholas's appearance in the Sabaody Archipelago was quickly noticed by some, aside from Shakky, as it was evident that the sudden disappearance of four out of the five supernovas, combined with previous rumors, pointed to who was behind it.

Some people, aside from gloating, are also worried about the trouble Nicholas's sudden appearance might bring to the Sabaody Archipelago. In the New World, where chaos reigned, most pirates were driven by madness, expanding their territories and constantly fighting each other. Among them, the remnants of the Rocks Pirates were the most noteworthy.

Since the death of Rocks, no one in the New World has been able to suppress these unleashed beasts.

In the Sabaody Archipelago, one person paid particular attention to Nicholas's movements.

His name was Byrnni Byjack, a former officer of the World Pirates and the elder brother of Byrnni Waldo.

He was in the Sabaody Archipelago to search for an opportunity to rescue

Waldo and to hide his own tracks.

As the saying goes, the most dangerous place is also the safest. Positioned at a crucial point, the Sabaody Archipelago served as a gateway to the New World, with Fish-Man Island lying ten thousand meters below, providing access to both the New World and the Grand Line, making it an advantageous location.

Moreover, the surveillance by the Marines was not too stringent here.

The Marines once considered turning the Sabaody Archipelago into a fortress to cut off pirates coming from the Grand Line through Fish-Man Island from entering the New World.

However, this plan was soon met with resistance from the pirates and was eventually abandoned, turning the Sabaody Archipelago into a gathering place for various factions.

"Albert Nicholas..."

Byrnni Byojack looked at Nicholas's wanted poster, contemplating whether to make contact with him.

"Forget it; I won't make contact."

Byojack shook his head in the end. Even if Nicholas was willing to help them, rescuing Waldo would likely lead to conflict due to their personalities.

...

Marine Headquarters, Fleet Admiral's Office.

"Admiral, Dragon has returned to Marine Headquarters."

A Marine with sunglasses stood straight in front of the desk, reporting to Kong.

"Oh? He's back?"

Kong raised his head slightly, somewhat surprised.

"Yes."

The Marine with sunglasses nodded solemnly and continued his report:

"Additionally, according to the reports from our Marine branch in the Sabaody Archipelago, a person named Bedeck brought the bodies of the supernovas Fearmonger Mar, Gunslinger Woodrow, Jack the Ripper, and Blast Bear Ralph to exchange for bounties."

"..."

Upon hearing this, Kong raised an eyebrow.

It wasn't unusual for supernovas to meet their end in the Sabaody Archipelago, given its chaotic nature. However, to have four out of the five supernovas die all at once was indeed surprising.

Such a situation was unprecedented.

"Knock knock."

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in..."

Before Kong could finish, the office door was pushed open from the outside.

Kong's forehead bulged as he looked at the intruder.

It was none other than Garp, wearing a Marine coat and carrying a bag of dango, swaggering into the room.

Behind him followed the somewhat helpless Sengoku and the smiling Tsuru.

Lastly, there was today's protagonist, Dragon.

"Garp, if you dare to barge in here without knocking next time, I'll smash your head in."

After his subordinate, the Marine with sunglasses, left the room, Kong clenched his fist, gritting his teeth.

"Old man, at your age, you still talk like that. Be careful not to break your bones. Come on, Dragon, take a seat; make yourself at home."

Garp gestured for Dragon to sit down, patting the seat next to him.

However, Dragon seemed to ignore Garp's words and remained standing there.

After all, in the presence of Fleet Admiral Kong, Vice Admiral Sengoku, and Chief of Staff Tsuru, as well as his own rank, Dragon couldn't sit on equal terms with these seniors.

Moreover, given Dragon's position, he still needed to show respect to his superiors.

Because not every vice admiral was as special as Garp.

"Dragon, I called you to Headquarters this time because the World Government has allocated three logia Devil Fruits to the Marines."

As Kong spoke, he took out a delicately crafted box from the drawer under the desk. Opening it, three devil fruits lay quietly inside.

"Choose one."

Kong looked at Dragon and said,.

And Sengoku and Tsuru smiled at Dragon from the side.

It could be said that Dragon was like their own son, although most importantly, Dragon's upbringing, training, and education were overseen by Sengoku and Tsuru.

Dragon's gaze was drawn to the three Devil Fruits.

"These three Devil Fruits, according to the Devil Fruit Encyclopedia, are the Magma Fruit, the Sparkle Fruit, and the climate Fruit. Each of them is quite powerful, so, Dragon, what's your choice?"

Kong explained from the side.

"I'll take this one."

Dragon picked up a devil fruit from the box. Its skin was a pale blue color, surrounded by leaves with wind patterns, resembling a hurricane swirling around the fruit.

"The climate Fruit, huh? Not a bad choice."

Seeing Dragon's selection, Kong nodded.

However, nobody was aware of how special this fruit was or would become at the time.

Then he put away the remaining two Devil Fruits, waiting for another potential rising star in the Marines.

Pseudo Fruit Power

Dragon, not one for drama, bit into the Devil Fruit and immediately contorted his face in disgust, clearly unable to escape the fate of eating something worse than crap, regardless of which type of Devil Fruit it was.

Watching Dragon's expression, the elders around him didn't show an ounce of sympathy; instead, they burst into laughter. It was evident that seeing the usually serious young man reveal such an expression was quite a rare sight.

"Now, besides this matter, there's another issue to discuss, and that's about the current chaos in the New World and how the Marines should respond," Kong said, looking at the group after the laughter died down.

"Dragon, why don't you share your thoughts?" Tsuru said, looking at Dragon, who was still recovering.

Upon hearing Tsuru's words, Dragon quickly adjusted his mood and tried to forget the taste of the Devil Fruit as much as possible.

"For us Marines, the current situation in the New World is clearly unfavorable. After the dissolution of the Rocks Pirates, figures like Whitebeard, Shiki, Charlotte Linlin, Nicholas, and even the rising star, Kaido, are not easy to deal with.

Apart from them, there are also pirate crews similar to the Roger Pirates, which have been roaming the New World for a long time.

These crews are now fighting fiercely for territory. Additionally, our

Marine presence in the New World is too weak.

Even though the World Government has many affiliated countries there, they can only provide logistical support, which doesn't significantly enhance our naval power in the New World.

As the major pirate crews in the New World expand their influence, many affiliated and non-affiliated countries to some extent submit to these major pirates.

So, my suggestion is for the Marines to stabilize the Four Blues and the first half of the Grand Line while keeping a close watch on the New World.

The ambitious figures on the sea won't stop their conquests, and given the current strength displayed by all parties, this battle will last for at least several years, if not decades.

During this process, we just need to watch the pirates exhaust themselves," Dragon said.

Upon hearing Dragon's words, both Tsuru and Kong nodded.

"Right, your proposal is quite similar to what those annoying fellows suggested," Kong said with a smile.

Hearing this, Dragon's eyes flashed; he knew whom Kong referred to as those annoying fellows.

...

In the New World, aboard the Moby Dick.

"Dad, we've found out that it was members of the Big Mom Pirates who attacked."

[Authors note- Whitebeard is about 30- 40 years old at this time period so a teenager of age 16-20 calling him dad is not strange at all]

The crew member reporting the incident also expressed a hint of anger.

As an old crew member of the Whitebeard Pirates, he knew that

Whitebeard had some acquaintance with Charlotte Linlin. But when did that woman start daring to challenge Whitebeard's authority?

"Oh, it's that crazy woman, Linlin's people?" Whitebeard asked in a low voice.

"Yes, but the response we received from Streusen is that the Big Mom Pirates did not specifically target our territory. It was the action of their subordinates acting on their own initiative, not at the behest of Big Mom."

"Gurarararara! That's strange. Don't they know that's my territory? The flag planted on that island bears the name Whitebeard," Whitebeard said with laughter, but the crew could sense his anger.

To become a force in the New World, one couldn't afford to be soft-hearted. Since those guys chose to submit to the Whitebeard Pirates and the Whitebeard Pirates chose to accept them, any pirate daring to attack a flag bearing the Whitebeard Pirates' symbol was declaring war on the entire Whitebeard Pirates.

"It's probably a test from Charlotte Linlin, that crazy woman. After all, to create her so-called utopia, that woman has been raiding everywhere. I heard that not long ago, she personally led the destruction of a pirate crew under the Golden Lion's flag just to get her hands on a particular fruit they were transporting."

"Gurararara! That crazy woman really did it beautifully!" Whitebeard laughed loudly, obviously finding joy in the misfortune of Shiki.

"Dad! Let's go give the Big Mom Pirates a lesson so they know that in the New World, the authority of the Whitebeard Pirates is not to be trifled with!" a pirate couldn't help but speak up.

For them, the authority of the Whitebeard Pirates couldn't be challenged. After all, the entire Whitebeard Pirates' strength relied solely on

Whitebeard.

Once the Whitebeard Pirates' flag became useless, their situation would be very dangerous.

"Yeah! Dad!"

Another pirate spoke up, "If we don't retaliate, others will think we're afraid of Big Mom!"

"Of course, pirates don't forget revenge!" Whitebeard waved his hand vigorously. "Men! Target: Big Mom Pirates! Let those bastards know who really rules the New World!"

Sabaody Archipelago

One day Girlfriend, on Island 72.

Tony, known as the gambling god, was no longer the lively figure he used to be at the gambling table. He looked particularly haggard, while Nicholas wore a skeptical expression.

Since they started gambling, Tony had never won once; no matter the game, Tony lost.

"So, are you a Devil Fruit user?" Nicholas asked seriously, looking at the three and four cards on the table.

Nicholas couldn't think of anything else so outrageous, and it seemed that the lucky fruit ability of Baccarat, who worked for Tesoro, was as outrageous as this kid in front of him.

"Bro, I'm not a fruit user. This is just a natural talent. I've been lucky with gambling since I was a kid, but it's only limited to gambling. My luck isn't good in other things," Tony explained, adding silently in his heart,

"Otherwise, how could I meet you?"

"Ah, okay. Give me your gun."

Nicholas nodded and then said to Tony.

"Cough, can I ask why you need the gun?" Tony asked cautiously, holding

the gun in his hand.

"Don't ask so many questions."

Nicholas took the gun from Tony's hand and carefully checked it to make sure there were no problems. Then he raised the gun and pointed it at

Tony. "Since your luck is so good, let's bet on whether you'll get shot."

Seeing the gun pointed at him and Nicholas's serious expression, Tony's mentality collapsed.

"I will!"

Tony replied affirmatively. In his opinion, if he bet that he would get shot, Nicholas would have no reason to fire.

Bang!

Just as Tony praised himself for his cleverness, the gun went off. Tony looked incredulously at his left arm.

"Damn, it went off accidentally."

Seeing Tony with a bullet wound in his left arm and the smoking barrel, Nicholas also felt speechless. This was really too outrageous.

Song in the fog

Tony looked at the gun in Nicholas's hand, while Nicholas looked at the bleeding wound on Tony's arm. Both of them fell into silence.

"Let's just leave it at that," Nicholas said, looking at the exquisitely crafted gun in his hand. It was clear that he had checked the gun for any issues before firing it, and with his skill, he couldn't possibly mishandle the gun. The only explanation was that the guy called Tony indeed had some outrageous luck.

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Tony closed his eyes in agony. The inevitable had happened, and he hadn't even made it to the New World yet; there were so many islands there he hadn't visited. The minks, longarms, longlegs, merfolk, fishmen, and the beautiful ladies of the

Giant Tribe—he hadn't experienced any of them. He had heard rumors about the different anatomies of fishmen and mermaid women, and there were even the furry girls of the Mink Tribe.

His title as the gambling god hadn't resounded in this world yet, and he couldn't accept it.

After waiting for half a day, the anticipated pain never came.

"Have I died already? Unbeknownst to me, was I killed by Nicholas's terrifying power?" Tony wondered.

Suddenly, he felt someone's hand touching him, and something soft kept rubbing against his arm. He also heard anxious voices nearby.

"Tony, are you okay? That guy earlier was so scary."

"Oh my, didn't you see that Tony got hurt?"

"Quick, get some disinfectant and bandages, and find a doctor."

"Why don't you go find one?"

"I want to stay with Tony."

When Tony opened his eyes, Nicholas's figure had already disappeared, leaving only the group of beautiful women in the room.

Phew~ Tony, grateful to have escaped, couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief as he leaned back on the sofa. At the same time, he decided at that moment to forget about going to the New World; he would just stay in the Sabaody Archipelago. He could always pay a hefty sum to intermediaries to arrange encounters with the exotic women exclusive to the New World.

One day later,.

A warship arrived at the port of the Sabaody Archipelago.

As soon as the warship docked, a strong wind swept across the port, and then a figure appeared at the forefront of the port in front of the warship. The figure was Vice Admiral Dragon.

"Dragon, Vice Admiral."

"Have you confirmed the identities of those few individuals?"

Dragon first scanned the area, observing some unsavory characters lurking around the port. He even saw some ships loaded with slaves not far away, and a group of slaves chained by iron chains were being sent to different places on carts.

Dragon frowned slightly, evidently dissatisfied with the complex situation in the Sabaody Archipelago.

"Yes, we have confirmed. They are indeed four of this year's Supernovas, and the bounties on these four individuals have been revoked."

The naval officer replied. Dragon didn't care much about his previous dissatisfaction with the Sabaody Archipelago. When the naval officer first arrived at the Sabaody Archipelago, he was even more passionate than Dragon, but as time passed, he realized his powerlessness.

All he could do was ensure the safety of ordinary people in the bustling areas of the Sabaody Archipelago.

"In that case, you are responsible for the supplies, and we will set sail half a day later."

After saying this, Dragon's figure disappeared.

Watching Dragon disappear, the naval officer couldn't help scratching his head. Then he called out to the surrounding sailors to start resupplying the warship.

...

"Sir, ahead is the Devil's Triangle, and we can't go any further."

On a ship, the captain looked at Nicholas standing on the deck and spoke up.

The Devil's Triangle was a sea area within the Grand Line surrounded by thick fog throughout the year.

Here, over a hundred ships disappear every year.

It can be said that without a log pole, no one would willingly approach the Devil's Triangle.

Even if they had one, no one would want to enter because sailing in the foggy area of the Devil's Triangle would magnify any small threat infinitely.

Most of the ships that disappeared in the Devil's Triangle accidentally entered or were suddenly caught in the expanding fog while sailing nearby, losing their direction and getting trapped in the Devil's Triangle. For ships engulfed by the fog of the Devil's Triangle, the best course of action was to drop anchor and wait. If lucky, they could leave when the fog dissipated.

If unlucky, the fog might not dissipate for a month or two, and they would eventually exhaust all their supplies and be swallowed by the Devil's Triangle.

At this time, the danger of the Devil's Triangle only lay in the thick fog and the complicated sea conditions. In several decades, however, an even more dangerous ship would appear in this extremely perilous area—a ship known as the Thriller Bark, the largest ship in the world.

Moreover, with the presence of Gecko Moria, the danger of the Devil's Triangle soared. Previously, ships could still leave the area, but after Moria established his base here, any ship entering this area would be captured by the Thriller Bark, and the crew would be turned into zombies by Moria after their shadows were taken.

Nicholas stood on the deck, gazing forward.

His gaze seemed to pierce through the eerie mist, seeing the countless wrecked ships that had drifted in the Devil's Triangle for who knew how many years.

"Let's go in."

Nicholas said it calmly.

"What?"

The captain was dumbfounded, seeming unable to believe Nicholas's words.

"This, sir, although you've hired us at a high price, ahead is the Devil's Triangle! Going in means certain death, and there's even the terrifying Ghost Ship in there!" The captain resisted, as Nicholas had hired them only to sail to the East Blue, not to enter the Devil's Triangle.

For the crew, entering the dangerous area of the Devil's Triangle was a death sentence, and they would rather take their chances with pirates.

"Double the commission."

Hearing Nicholas's words, the captain's face began to change, and his attitude started to waver.

"Triple the commission."

"Alright! All hands, hoist the sails, and set course for the Devil's Triangle ahead!"

With the captain's words, the ship began to sail toward the fog-shrouded Devil's Triangle.

No one aboard voiced any objections. After all, the captain's fundamental requirement on the ship was to have sole authority!

...

"Yo ho ho..."

"Yo ho ho..."

"What's that sound?"

"Could it be ghosts?"

As the ship sailed into the Devil's Triangle, not long after, music could be heard emanating from the mist. Suddenly, many people on board began

to panic, as this eerie place and the legendary Ghost Ship came to mind, easily sparking their imaginations.

[Author's note- I wonder who might that be ☐☐☐]

Brook?

"Yo ho ho...?"

As the mysterious music drew closer, the people on the ship grew increasingly tense. After all, in a place like the Devil's Triangle, shrouded in legends and ominous fog, the atmosphere was palpable.

"Is it here?"

A hint of red flashed in Nicholas's eyes as he saw the silhouette of a large ship breaking through the thick mist and drifting toward them.

Soon, the outline of a dilapidated giant sailboat emerged from the fog in front of everyone.

"Yo ho ho...?"

"Yo ho ho...?"

Accompanying the appearance of the ship was the eerie music, clearly emanating from the dilapidated vessel.

What was eerie about this suddenly appearing ship was that its sails were tattered, its masts were filled with signs of decay, and it seemed on the verge of collapse, as if they might snap at any moment.

There were huge gaps on both sides, allowing a glimpse of the interior of the ship through the massive openings.

Even more eerie was the absence of any signs of life on the ship, yet there was inexplicably music drifting from it.

"It's here!"

"The legendary Ghost Ship of the high seas!"

"May Nika protect us!"

"Mom, I don't want to die!"

"We're done for, we're going to be taken by the Ghost Ship!"

"Don't listen, cover your ears quickly. It's the cursed ship song of the spirits!"

"Even if you see ghosts, or even if they say something, don't uncover your ears, or you'll be taken to the depths of the sea!"

"These spirits loathe the breath of the living; they'll find a way to drag anyone they see into the water!"

"Change course, what are you waiting for!"

Although the captain shouted hoarsely to change direction, none of the crew responded. Their hands were all over their ears, blocking out the eerie ship song, and it was too late to change course at such a distance. They were about to encounter the legendary Ghost Ship that roamed the Devil's Triangle!

Soon, the massive Ghost Ship brushed past their ship, and even the people on board could clearly see the layout of the Ghost Ship, filled with various signs of damage from cuts, burns, and many worn-out swords embedded in the decrepit deck.

Through the large holes in the hull, one could even see the broken spiderwebs in many rooms, as if spiders themselves, due to the absence of living creatures, were nonexistent.

Suddenly, trembling words rang out: "T-There...there are people on board!"

The captain, who hadn't covered his ears, naturally heard these words. When he followed the gaze of his companion, his pupils dilated instantly, and cold sweat dripped down his forehead.

Because through the mist, one could see the silhouette of a figure standing on the deck of the Ghost Ship facing them.

It looked like a demon from hell, seeking prey to drag into the depths.

"H-ho...ho ho...there are really people up there!!!"

The captain was so nervous that he could barely speak clearly.

"...Binks' Sake...?"

"...Sea wind blows...to where who knows..."

Just then, the singing on the ship became clearer.

And then Nicholas also saw a skeleton wearing a suit and hat with an explosive head standing on the deck, holding a cup still steaming with heat and looking down at them from a high vantage point.

"Yo ho ho ho~ Would you like a cup of hot tea, everyone?"

It seemed the skeleton on top also noticed that the people on the ship had spotted him, and he took off his hat with his hand, asking the people on board.

"?"

The people were slightly surprised, mechanically turning their necks to look at the laughing skeleton.

After a moment,

"A ghost!!!"

"A moving skeleton!"

"Truly a demon of the sea, may Nikka banish evil spirits!"

"Mom, save me!"

Many were startled, and even two with smaller courage rolled their eyes and fainted.

Seeing the reactions of the people below, the skeleton seemed unfazed.

"Yo ho ho ho~ I'm not a ghost, but a talking skeleton."

The skeleton defended himself with a laugh, then added somewhat belatedly, "Although a talking skeleton seems to be a kind of ghost. Of course, compared to ghosts, I prefer if you call me Brook. Yo ho ho ho~"

"Alright."

At this point, Nicholas, who had not spoken, suddenly spoke up.

"Eh!!!"

The people on the ship were surprised to see Nicholas approaching. They all made astonished sounds.

"Yo ho ho ho~ Truly a distinguished guest."

Seeing Nicholas accept his invitation, Brook also seemed quite surprised. After all, he had become like this after eating the Devil Fruit, but others wouldn't see it that way. In their eyes, he was just a talking skeleton, a ghost.

Especially in the Devil's Triangle, the perpetually dissipating eerie fog, and the long-standing legends only cemented his identity as a ghost.

So when some ships lost in the Devil's Triangle encountered him, even if he wanted to point out the way for them, he wouldn't have the chance.

Their first reaction upon seeing him was to flee at full speed.

As time went on, Brook didn't bother to care anymore.

"Stay here and don't move. I'll be right back."

After telling the captain of the ship below, Nicholas flashed and appeared on the Ghost Ship.

First, Nicholas took a look at the ship that had drifted for many years.

Although the ship was somewhat dilapidated, one could still see many repair marks on it.

One could even see a tea table beside Brook, with several well-preserved but slightly yellowed books on it.

"Yo ho ho~ Would the guest like some tea?"

Brook looked at Nicholas and asked warmly.

"I dare not drink your tea brewed with seawater."

Nicholas waved his hand and refused directly. Jokes aside, who knew how long those tea leaves had been there, or if there were even any tea

leaves. And after drifting on the sea for so long, where would Brook get fresh water? Most likely, he boiled seawater casually.

"Yo ho ho..."

Brook didn't say anything about Nicholas's words, laughing for a while before pouring the hot tea, which was still emitting steam, into his mouth. Soon, the hot tea spilled out along his somewhat hollow jawbone. This scene left Nicholas somewhat speechless.

"Yo ho ho ho~ I forgot I don't have a mouth."

After putting down the cup, Brook said with a smile.

"To maintain the nature of being human, right? The Rumber Pirates, Humming Brook."

Nicholas didn't mock Brook's antics but spoke up.

After all, years, decades, even dozens of years of drifting alone in the sea, the feeling of loneliness was easy to drive one insane.

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Brook fell silent for a moment before seemingly reminiscing and said, "It's been a while since someone remembered the Rumber Pirates."

A Man's Promise

"So, it's been such a long time, hasn't it?"

After hearing Nicholas's words, Brook couldn't help but speak up.

Clearly, over the past dozen years or so, the sea had undergone tremendous changes.

"I didn't expect those little guys like Whitebeard, Shiki, and Roger, who were just starting out back then, to become great pirates ruling the seas."

Originally, Nicholas wanted to console Brook a bit, but upon hearing this profound statement, his comforting words got stuck in his throat.

Indeed, in terms of experience at sea, this guy should be the most experienced.

"Why did you set sail back then?"

Sitting on a stool, flipping through a book about the scenery and customs of the West Sea, Nicholas asked.

"Hehehe, becoming a brave man of the sea, that's the dream of countless people. And there were so many people setting sail back then, after all, the stories of adventurers like Noland were widely circulated on the high seas."

"The great swindler Noland?"

Hearing Brook mention this name, Nicholas was somewhat surprised.

Noland was an adventurer from over 400 years ago, the admiral of the exploration team of the North Sea Lvneel Kingdom and a botanist, known for having a large chestnut on his head.

During the third Great Voyage, Noland and his crew arrived at Jaya Island to escape a storm, where they saved the Shandia tribe from "tree fever" and killed the 'god' worshipped by the Shandia tribe, ending their tradition of sacrificing humans. He also became good friends with the "great warrior" Kalgara.

Although Noland saved the Shandia, he became infected with the tree fever in order to prevent it from recurring and secretly cut down the already infected trees without informing the Shandia tribe. In the Shandia tradition, the souls of their ancestors would return with the sound of the bell in Sandora, attached to these trees.

However, Noland cut down all of Shandia's "sacred trees," which the Shandia misinterpreted as the actions of a criminal who violated their traditions and beliefs.

Kalgara issued an order of banishment to drive them away after learning from his daughter Mousse why they cut down the trees.

Unable to bid farewell to Noland, it became something he deeply

regretted.

Kalgara also promised to sound the golden bell every day to guide Noland back.

After returning to his country, Noland told the king about his experiences, and later the king, accompanied by a large number of soldiers, returned to Jaya Island to search for gold. At this time, Jaya Island had already been washed away to the White-White Sea.

Because they couldn't find the gold they had hoped for, they committed the crime of deceiving the king, and Noland was executed and given the title of "King of Liars."

Afterward, Noland the Great Swindler became a character in the well-known fairy tales of the North Sea, and the protagonist Noland was a fool and liar who often lied.

"That's just a fairy tale passed down in the North Sea, but anyone who has read Noland's navigation diary knows what a respected navigator he was."

This time, Brook didn't add his usual laughter but spoke quite seriously. Subsequently, the two of them chatted for a long time, but it was quite evident that most of the information Brook had to offer wasn't particularly secretive. After all, Brook wasn't a famous pirate back then, otherwise the entire Rumbar Pirate Group wouldn't have been wiped out in the Devil's Triangle region.

Even Brook hadn't completed the first half of the Grand Line journey.

"Ah, Fishman Island? An island located ten thousand meters below the sea? Are there really beautiful mermaids and ugly fishmen there?"

Brook seemed particularly interested when Nicholas mentioned Fishman Island.

"If you have the chance to see it for yourself, you'll know. By the way,

have you lost some bones, and how do you speak without vocal cords?"

Nicholas observed Brook, who appeared to be a skeleton, but upon closer inspection, it was evident that some of Brook's smaller bones were missing.

Snap.

Brook cracked his joints with his hand, then said, "Hehehe, I haven't lost any bones, all 206 of my bones are in their proper places."

Two seconds later, after resetting his bones, Brook looked at Nicholas.

"As for speaking, it's no problem even without vocal cords, hehehe!"

Upon hearing the sound and seeing Brook's closed mouth, Nicholas began to ponder silently, thinking to himself, "Yomi Yomi no Mi, huh..."

It seemed that only a power affecting the soul could achieve this, which meant that the words Brook spoke were not produced by vibrating vocal cords but acted directly on the soul.

In other words, if Brook didn't want you to hear what he was saying, he could just block you out, just like talking to everyone else.

"Brook, would you like to come aboard my ship and continue the unfinished journey?"

"Uh?"

Upon hearing Nicholas's sudden invitation, Brook was slightly taken aback and asked, "What did you just say?"

Nicholas smiled and repeated, "Come aboard my ship and help them complete the journey of all the Rumbar Pirate Group members who have passed away. How about it?"

"Ah?"

Brook was surprised to hear Nicholas's invitation, and hesitated, "But, as you can see, I'm like this..."

"I don't mind such trivial matters. There are many incredible things in the

sea, like giants, long-arms, fishermen, demons, three-eyed tribes, furry tribes, and a talking skeleton is nothing compared to them. So, what do you say?"

Nicholas interrupted Brook again and extended the invitation once more. Such a sudden invitation left Brook somewhat flustered, and the uncompleted dreams of his companions were indeed a very tempting reason.

However, he also thought of the agreement between the Rumber Pirate Group and Laboon. The initial waves of his heart gradually calmed down. "Thank you very much for your invitation, but I'm sorry, I have a commitment that I must fulfill. When the commitment is fulfilled, if you still want to invite me to join, then I will definitely be willing."

"Commitment? Do you mind telling me about it? Perhaps I can help you fulfill it."

Nicholas was well aware of what Brook's so-called commitment was, but he couldn't show it, as only the Rumber Pirate Group and the one at Reverse Mountain, Crocus, knew about it.

Brook fell silent for a moment.

Faced with Nicholas's willingness to take him back to fulfill the agreement with Laboon, Brook didn't hesitate for too long before revealing the commitment between him and Laboon.

Listening to Brook's account, Nicholas remained calm.

After Brook finished recounting, Nicholas went on to describe Laboon's current situation.

When Brook heard about Laboon constantly colliding with the Red Line trying to enter the Grand Line in search of them, leaving himself battered and bruised, tears welled up in his empty eye sockets.

"Hehehe..."

He couldn't suppress his emotions, unsure whether it was happiness or heartache, laughing and crying at the same time.

After all, they had made a pact with Laboon that they would definitely return to Twin Capes to take it on a journey together three years later, but they broke that promise, and it had been over a decade.

"Hehehe... So, Laboon has been waiting for us to come back all this time!"

Nicholas silently watched Brook venting his emotions.

Once Brook's emotions had somewhat settled, Nicholas looked at him seriously and said, "Brook, if you want to go back to Twin Capes, I can help you right now."

"..."

Upon hearing Nicholas's words, Brook slowly closed his mouth, his empty, dark eye sockets staring seriously at Nicholas, then shook his head and said seriously,

"A true man never looks back, and besides, I must... honor the promise I made with Laboon, we'll meet again... 'face to face'!"

Brook's Request

"Then come aboard my ship; I can confidently say that I am the most likely person to help you fulfill this promise," Nicholas said with a smile.

"Hehehe, then allow me to introduce myself again," Brook said after laughing, indicating his acceptance of Nicholas's invitation.

After all, he knew that, even with his Yomi Yomi no Mi powers, completing this journey alone would be nearly impossible. Sailing is not a solitary endeavor; it requires a strong team.

Perhaps he could slowly sail the seas with his long life granted by the Yomi Yomi no Mi, but Laboon couldn't wait indefinitely. While a whale's lifespan is long, it's not infinite. Waiting decades or even a hundred years was feasible, but waiting for centuries or millennia was impossible.

After saying this, Brook knelt down and took out a tattered bounty poster from his pocket, then slapped it on the ground.

The portrait on the poster bore some resemblance to him, mainly in the gentlemanly attire and the iconic afro.

Nicholas was somewhat puzzled by Brook's sudden action.

"I, Brook, the Gentleman Skeleton, formerly the captain of a guard unit of a certain country, later joined the Rumbar Pirates as the acting captain, part-time musician, and swordsman." Brook solemnly began his introduction, intending to follow the formalities of his era's pirate customs. However, he suddenly faltered at the most serious part.

"Ah."

Brook looked up at Nicholas, scratching his skull in embarrassment. "Um, I don't even know your name or the name of your pirate crew."

"Haha."

Nicholas couldn't help but laugh at Brook's antics, which broke the solemn atmosphere.

Meanwhile, the crew, who had been discreetly observing the situation on the ghost ship, also widened their eyes in surprise.

What was going on? How could he accept the invitation without even knowing the other person's name? Was this how things were done among pirates nowadays?

"I'm Albert Nicholas, and our pirate crew is named Freedom!" Nicholas declared.

On the vast sea, countless people set sail for their dreams, and the number of pirates surged.

Many were not pirates in pursuit of dreams but rather adventurers, while others were outright criminals, plundering for wealth to live lavish lives.

The Rumbar Pirates were quite different from the typical pirates of this

era. They failed in battles against other pirate crews because their enemies poisoned all their weapons, resulting in the demise of the entire crew, including Brook.

Brook's formal and solemn demeanor was rare in the chaotic times they lived in. Most pirate crews would accept anyone with strength or a penchant for evil.

"Welcome aboard," Nicholas said, helping Brook up from his kneeling position.

With that, Nicholas's pirate crew welcomed a new member and a musician aboard their ship.

...

"Hehehe, although my bounty is only three million berries now, I won't drag you down!" Brook said it to Nicholas seriously.

Before Nicholas invited him, Brook didn't know Nicholas's name or his bounty. Now, he knew that his captain had a bounty of 1.7 billion berries.

Back when Brook was alive, the combined bounty of the entire Rumbar Pirates was less than one-third of Nicholas's bounty. Compared to that, Brook's \$33 million bounty seemed insignificant.

Nicholas smiled at Brook's words, not paying much attention to the bounty.

For him, what mattered was Brook's character and his Yomi Yomi no Mi powers, which allowed him to return from death or keep his soul from dispersing.

After settling Brook's entry into the crew, Nicholas mentioned that they needed to pick someone up in the East Blue and asked if Brook would join him.

"While I'd love to see Laboon, I can't face him until we fulfill our promise.

Though I've become a skeleton without a face," Brook joked.

"Nicholas remained silent, understanding Brook's sentiment.

"However, could you help me with something, Captain?" Brook asked with a hint of anxiety, feeling somewhat inadequate as a new crew member asking for assistance.

"We're companions now; there's no need to be so polite. Just tell me what you need, and I'll help if I can," Nicholas assured him.

Brook's eyes reflected gratitude upon hearing Nicholas's words.

"Then please wait a moment, Captain."

Brook quickly disappeared into the cabin and returned carrying a large box.

"Captain, when you pass by Twin Capes, could you please bury all the members of the Rumbar Pirates under the lighthouse? Also..." Brook hesitated, then opened his skull in front of Nicholas, carefully retrieving a tone dial from inside.

It seemed as if he was holding the world's most precious treasure.

"Also, if possible, please deliver this tone dial containing the last ensemble of the Rumbar Pirates to Laboon. Tell him that Brook will carry the dreams of all the Rumbar Pirates and fulfill our promise with him from the 'front side'!"

"I'll make sure to do that," Nicholas said solemnly, carefully taking the tone dial that held the final performance of the Rumbar Pirates. Seeing this, Brook visibly relaxed.

"Is there anything else you'd like to discuss?" Nicholas asked as Brook hesitated to speak.

"I must admit there is one more thing. Captain Yoriki, who contracted the disease, chose to leave the new ship to his uninfected crewmates while he took the infected ones through the Calm Belt to return to the West Blue.

Although I know the hope is slim, I ask that when you pass by Twin Capes, please pay attention to any news about them."

Brook knew the chances of Yorki and the others being alive were slim. After all, if they were alive, they would have gone to Twin Capes to see Laboon.

"No problem," Nicholas assured him, tearing a corner from a piece of paper on his person and handing it to Brook. It was a vivre card. "When I find my crewmates, I'll come to get you."

"I'll be waiting for your return, Captain. I look forward to meeting the other crewmates. Hehehe," Brook said, placing the Life Paper solemnly inside his skull.

the Sea Monarchy!

"Tom's Shipbuilding Company has now moved to Shipwreck Island at the end of East Street in the port area. We need to land here and then cross the entire port area to get there," said a young boy as he led Nicholas to the port area.

The boy had volunteered himself as a guide to Nicholas as soon as he got off the ship. It was evident to Nicholas that the boy perceived him as a generous person, given the large, old box he carried.

Throughout the journey, the boy fulfilled his duties as a guide admirably, explaining in detail the layout and situation within the Water 7 Capital. According to him, due to the recent sinking risks around the Water 7, many shipyards had relocated to the main island, causing land prices to rise. Consequently, many factories moved to remote areas, with Shipwreck Island being the most prominent.

Being the most advanced shipbuilding region globally, a plethora of ships was born here every day. However, an equal number of ships were scrapped, leading to the accumulation of abandoned vessels on

Shipwreck Island.

Nicholas initially couldn't comprehend why shipyards would choose such a location.

But upon arriving at Shipwreck Island and observing its terrain, Nicholas understood why Tom made that decision.

Shipwreck Island was virtually surrounded by the sea, offering Tom, a fish-man, and Kokoro, a mermaid, the ability to escape into the ocean at the first sign of trouble.

With the ocean favoring fish-men, even a Vice Admiral from Marine Headquarters might struggle to capture Tom. If Tom was determined to flee, deploying fleets would be futile.

Indeed, the ocean served as a fish-man's domain, providing significant advantages to their race.

Guided by the boy, Nicholas traversed much of Shipwreck Island, finally arriving at Tom's shipbuilding studio.

No sooner had they arrived than the door of Tom's shipyard opened, and Kokoro came forward to greet them.

Kokoro greeted them with a teasing smile. "What a rare guest! I never expected the notorious pirate Nicholas to be so young..."

It seemed as if Kokoro was seeing Nicholas for the first time.

Listening to Kokoro's sarcastic words, Nicholas was at a loss, wondering how he had offended this mermaid.

"Kokoro, if you have something to say, spit it out. And how did you know I arrived in Water 7?" Nicholas interrupted Kokoro's pointless banter unceremoniously.

Nicholas was mentally prepared for his whereabouts to be exposed, but not this soon, not immediately after he got off the ship, with Kokoro receiving the news so quickly.

Kokoro didn't seem particularly intimidated by Nicholas's words.

She calmly replied, "The news of your arrival was seen by many little guys, and they told me about it. Also, do you know, that idiot Tom hasn't had a good night's sleep for how long, all because of your ship?"

Ever since a mysterious merchant delivered top-grade Adam wood and sporadically provided large quantities of Sea Stone and various rare shipbuilding materials, Tom had almost gone mad.

In Tom's eyes, the ship he was crafting for Nicholas would be the pinnacle of his shipbuilding career, surpassing the Oro Jackson he built years ago.

"Kokoro, is Nicholas here? Bring him in," Tom's booming voice suddenly echoed from inside the shipbuilding studio, indicating that Tom also knew Nicholas had arrived.

With Tom's words ringing out, Kokoro led Nicholas into the working area of Tom's shipbuilding studio.

It was Nicholas's first time in such a place. The design drawings were mostly completed in Tom's studio last time, so this was his first time seeing the working area.

Here, he saw a huge ship lying quietly in the dock. Around the working area were scattered tools and materials, with a roaring furnace not far away. Tom stood there continuously adding various materials into it.

"Nicholas, the bottom part of your ship covered with Sea Stone hasn't been completed yet. If you want this big guy finished, you'll need to wait two more days," Tom said, focused on smelting the Sea Stone, without even turning his head.

"No problem."

Two days' wait was acceptable to Nicholas. After waiting for so long, two more days wouldn't matter.

"Well then, Kokoro, you take Nicholas to find a place to stay first, while I finish up the work on my hands."

Watching Tom's concentration, Kokoro nodded, then gestured to Nicholas with her eyes.

"By the way, Nicholas, what's in the box you're carrying?"

After entering the guest room, Kokoro served some snacks and tea, then curiously asked Nicholas.

Nicholas didn't say much. He simply opened the huge box he had been carrying all along, revealing a plethora of skeletons inside.

Originally, Kokoro thought it might be plundered treasure, but upon seeing the contents, she was taken aback, and even the seaweed mousse in her mouth accidentally lodged in her throat.

After gulping down some tea, she finally recovered.

However, the way Nicholas looked at her was somewhat unusual, indicating that in Kokoro's impression, Nicholas now belonged to the category of those eccentric pirate crews she had encountered in Water 7.

"Don't misunderstand. I'm just helping a friend bring back the bodies of his deceased crew members for burial."

Nicholas explained, and Kokoro remained skeptical, as she had encountered countless pirate crews in Water 7, some of which were quite bizarre.

Just then, Tom's voice came from inside.

"Nicholas, how did you come up with those ideas? I dare say this ship will be my most outstanding work."

Upon entering, Tom appeared particularly enthusiastic. With Adam wood for the keel, Sea Stone covering the ship's bottom, and various rare materials and technical requirements on the ship, some of the technical problems were even challenging for him, only solved after extensive

research in the largest library in Water 7.

"It wasn't my idea, but something I saw from elsewhere."

"Elsewhere? In some book?"

"Sort of..."

Nicholas replied, choosing not to elaborate further.

How could he explain? Many of the things inside were inspired by science fiction movies in his world. Even the technical requirements he proposed for the ship had to consider the technological tree of this world. He was afraid that if he made it too futuristic, Tom wouldn't be able to build it.

It could be said that compared to the pirate ships still relying on sails for navigation on the open sea, Nicholas and his crew's pirate ship was undoubtedly a futuristic vessel from another time.

"So, what name do you plan to give this child?" Tom asked casually while sipping on a bottle of wine.

Nicholas fell silent for a moment before earnestly saying, "Monarchy, the Sea Monarchy!"

Laboon (ㄗㄗㄗ)

On the upside-down mountain, there are a total of five waterways, among which four of them flow from bottom to top, surging towards the mountaintop, creating a spectacular sight when viewed from afar.

These four immense waterways connect to four different seas: the East Sea, the West Sea, the South Sea, and the North Sea.

Originating from these four seas and converging at the mountaintop of the upside-down mountain, they eventually merge into one massive waterway that flows into the Grand Line.

To enter the Grand Line, ships must pass through the upside-down mountain, as it serves as the entry point into the Grand Line.

The upside-down mountain marks both the starting point and the endpoint of the Grand Line.

This location is also where Brook made his pact with Laboon.

At the exit of the waterway flowing into the Grand Line lies the Twin Capes.

Situated at the end of the current sea routes, atop the twin capes on both the left and right sides, stand identical lighthouse buildings.

Hence, this area is known as the Twin Capes.

However, the significance of the lighthouses here is minimal, as ships entering the Grand Line from the four seas only have one route forward.

At this moment, beneath one of the lighthouses, on the rocky ground, sits a small round table and a deck chair.

A middle-aged man with glasses, a bandana wrapped around his forehead, and wearing a floral shirt sits in the deck chair with his eyes closed, seemingly dozing off. Beside him on the table are a glass of cold water and a folded newspaper.

A sharp harpoon lying at his feet signifies that this man is not to be trifled with.

This middle-aged man's name is Crocus, who would later become the ship doctor of the Roger Pirates, but currently serves as the lighthouse keeper of the Twin Capes.

He also serves as the caretaker of the whale Laboon.

Crocus opens his eyes and gazes towards the distance of the Grand Line.

"Even though it's a clear day today, why do I hear thunder getting closer..."

Quietly using his Observation Haki, Crocus swiftly peers towards the direction where the thunderous sound is coming from.

Though the long-distance Observation Haki has its limitations, it proves

to be quite useful for early detection.

"What in the world!"

Just as Crocus attempts to use his Observation Haki to investigate, an even stronger Observation Haki suddenly rushes from afar, feeling like a gentle breeze encountering a hurricane.

"Looks like there's someone extraordinary coming."

Crocus remarks softly, feeling the overwhelming presence.

"Woahhhhh!"

Suddenly, a massive shadow appears on the nearby sea surface, followed by the emergence of a gigantic scarred whale, Laboon, who roars towards the direction of the distant thunder.

"Laboon, do you sense something?"

Hearing the whale's voice, Crocus turns to look at Laboon, silently contemplating.

Having spent such a long time with Laboon, Crocus has become able to understand the general meaning behind Laboon's calls.

Undoubtedly, Laboon's recent call conveyed a sense of joy.

Soon, Crocus finally catches sight of the source of the commotion in the distance: a massive dark cloud with occasional lightning flashes. Atop the cloud sails a colossal ship, seemingly defying the laws of nature.

In no time, it seems the awe-inspiring ship also notices Crocus, gradually approaching the direction of the lighthouse.

Observing this movement, Crocus realizes that the ship's arrival may be significant. As the lighthouse keeper stationed at the Twin Capes, he encounters numerous pirates entering the Grand Line from the four seas each year, some of whom are quite formidable.

With the ship getting closer, Crocus also notices figures aboard.

"That lad... seems familiar."

Crocus ponders for a moment, casting a glance at the folded newspaper on the table.

"Ah, yes! I remember now. I read about this lad, Albert Nicholas, in the newspaper some time ago."

"Brook sent me" He said before Crocus could say anything

Feeling relieved that the person aboard seems to know Brook's name and shows no hostility, Crocus relaxes his stance, indicating that the newcomer is likely not an enemy.

Placing the harpoon aside, Crocus speaks up, "Of course, I know him.

That lad left quite an impression on me. If it weren't for our agreement, I might have made a name for myself already."

The intimidating aura diminishes.

A few minutes later.

Another cup and a plate of smoked fish, a specialty of the Twin Capes, appear on the round table.

"I never expected that the Rumbar Pirates would meet their end in the devil's Triangle."

Crocus, holding a water glass, gazes at the box of bones on the side with a sigh.

Meanwhile, in the nearby sea, the massive whale, Laboon, seemingly understanding that Nicholas brought a box of bones, the companions Laboon had awaited for over a decade, emits a mournful whale song, tears streaming from its huge eyes.

"However, it's incredible that Brook could come back to life after death, thanks to the power of the Yomi-Yomi Fruit, even though he turned into a skeleton. It's truly astonishing."

Upon learning that Brook returned from death using the powers of the Yomi-Yomi Fruit, although transformed into a skeleton, Crocus feels a

sense of disbelief.

"Well, it's indeed quite incredible. By the way, Brook asked me to inquire about the whereabouts of Captain Yorki and the other crew members of the Rumber Pirates."

"Unfortunately, I haven't seen any members of the Rumber Pirates since they left the Twin Capes. Apart from Laboon, of course."

"Is that so? It seems they still haven't successfully crossed the Calm Belt."

As Nicholas converses with Crocus, suddenly a pirate ship approaches from the upside-down mountain, sailing along the waterway towards the Twin Capes.

Seemingly alarmed by Laboon below, the pirate crew hastily begins firing cannons upon sighting the massive whale, infuriating Laboon, who, amidst a long roar, crushes the pirate ship almost instantly upon its entry into the Grand Line.

As the enraged whale wreaks havoc, a familiar melody drifts from the direction of the lighthouse.

"Yo-ho-ho-ho-ho! Laboon, I promise to meet you again as agreed! Trust me."

Flame wing!

After completing Brook's commission, Nicholas bid farewell to Laboon and Crocus, steering the Sea monarchy toward the boundary between the Grand Line and the East Blue, where the Calm Belt intersected with the Grand Line.

Half a day later, Nicholas arrived at the junction of the Calm Belt and the Grand Line.

During the journey, Nicholas even encountered a storm.

However, with the performance of the Sea monarchy, such a level of storm was no problem at all.

Even the waves stirred up by the storm, were just a spectacle for Nicholas to appreciate the fury of the Grand Line.

It could be said that in the Grand Line, having a reliable ship was like having a second life.

"The Calm Belt is truly miraculous..."

Nicholas stood at the bow of the ship, gazing into the distance. He could see the Grand Line area engulfed by fierce winds and rainstorms, while on the other side of the Calm Belt, it was calm and sunny, with a clear distinction between the two.

As the Sea monarchy sailed into the range of the Calm Belt, even the previously billowing sails gradually fell silent, and as they ventured deeper, they eventually came to a complete standstill.

Just as the name suggested, the Calm Belt was an area of the sea without wind.

The Calm Belt was a sea area devoid of wind, guarding the Grand Line like two sentinels.

In fact, the most expedient way to enter the Grand Line was to pass through the Calm Belt directly. However, because there was no wind in the Calm Belt, many pirate crews found it impossible to navigate properly once they entered the area. Moreover, compared to the dangerous currents around Reverse Mountain, the giant sea kings lurking in the Calm Belt posed an even greater threat to pirates who had just entered the Grand Line from the Four Blues.

Therefore, aside from the Marines who mastered the Sea-Prism Stone technology, only the powerful pirate crews of the New World could freely traverse the Calm Belt.

Under the cover of night, a dozen warships bearing the emblem of the Flower Country slowly approached an island.

"Hey, is the intelligence accurate? Are those guys really here?"

On one of the ships, a soldier dressed in the uniform of the Flower Country whispered to his companion.

"Of course, our intelligence department has been following them since they entered the New World. Now we can confirm that guy isn't here. Anyone who dares to cross us, the Flower Country, will have a hard time."

"But what if he finds out what we've done and retaliates against the Flower Country? You know, his bounty is as high as those monsters in the New World."

The Flower Country naval soldier who initially inquired wore a worried expression. Although the Flower Country's navy was a formidable force, there was still some gap compared to those monsters in the New World.

"Don't worry, as long as we wipe them all out, who would know it's us? You're too... Oh, what's this?"

Suddenly, an unidentified object fell from the sky and splattered onto the face of the Flower Country naval soldier, leaving him in a state of shock and disgust. The stench was overwhelming, and he could barely contain his nausea. The Flower Country naval soldier wiped the substance off his face, feeling exasperated and angry.

"Damn birds! If I catch you, I'll pluck you clean!"

Swearing under his breath, the Flower Country naval soldier wiped away the gooey substance from his face and vowed to take revenge on the bird.

"Sorry, can you watch for me while I wash my face? This damn bird..."

He gestured to his companion and rushed to the washroom to clean up.

"Go ahead, and make sure you clean it thoroughly. Hahaha..."

His companion laughed heartily as they watched him leave.

Suddenly, another glob of gooey substance fell from the sky, hitting the

laughing Flower Country naval soldier directly in the face, even finding its way into his mouth. After a bout of retching, both soldiers hurriedly made their way to the ship's washroom.

With a screech, a giant Falcon pierced the night sky, breaking the silence and drawing the attention of the Flower Country's navy below. They watched in astonishment as the massive Falcon, with wings spanning over two meters, soared through the night sky at an astonishing speed, heading toward an island not far away. In the blink of an eye, it became a mere speck in their sight.

Only after the giant Falcon's silhouette disappeared completely did the Flower Country fleet below regain their composure. They couldn't help but discuss the scene they had just witnessed.

In a mansion on the island, the same Falcon stood on the ground, nuzzling against Stussy's leg affectionately.

Stussy picked up a piece of raw meat and fed it to the Falcon, then turned to her companions and spoke.

"I'm sure you all understand by now. The enemy has already surrounded this island. There's no escaping, and all we can do is confront them head-on. After all, we're not burdens to Nicholas. Our only option is to defeat them directly. But Katie will stay with me."

Stussy rubbed Katie's head reassuringly, indicating that Katie would stay with her.

"Sister Stussy, Katie can fight too."

Katie held the weapon Nicholas had given her, her eyes firm as she spoke.

"Don't worry, I can make sure those guys pay a heavy price before they even set foot on the island."

With her weapon in hand, Simon walked towards the beach. He would

show these enemies what a sniper could do in open ground.

"Simon, remember, if you can't stop the enemy, retreat immediately."

Stussy reminded him.

"I know. As someone who's never seen the captain dominate the sea, I won't easily choose to die."

Without looking back, Simon waved his hand to indicate he understood.

"I'm sorry, Miss Stussy. I may not be of much help at a time like this, but rest assured, I'll protect you and Katie with my life."

With his shield in hand and his giant axe, Vista spoke firmly.

"Vista, don't say that. Since Nicholas chose to entrust Shakky to give you that Devil Fruit, he believes in you. And it won't be long before it's daylight. By then, you'll be our real ace!"

Watching Vista, Stussy smiled. Although she wasn't good at direct combat, she could use her abilities to hold out until daylight. In fact, if she didn't have to worry about Katie and the others fully utilizing their abilities, dealing with these Flower Country navy soldiers would be easy.

"Flame Wing, go ahead and continue monitoring the enemy's movements."

Stussy patted the Falcon's head.

With a coo, the Falcon flew toward the approaching Flower Country naval soldiers.

Through bombardment, it would let these enemies know the wrath of Flame Wing.

The prowess of an elite sniper

The small island in the distance became clear soon enough, and the dozen or so warships of the Flower Country quickly formed an attacking formation, driving together and completing the encirclement of the small island in less than half a minute.

After forming their attacking formation, the dozen or so warships contacted each other via Den Den Mushi and began to move closer to the small island ahead.

On the island a mile away, Simon also saw through his binoculars the dozen or so warships slowly approaching in their attacking formation.

The enemy's formation was tight, and they were rapidly closing in on the small island. If there was no resistance, they would be on the island in less than three minutes.

For an average sniper, this distance was almost beyond their shooting range, but for certain talented individuals, such a distance was within their normal sniping range.

Though Simon was alone against a dozen warships with over a thousand enemies, he saw himself as the hunter, and those people as his prey.

Simon checked his magazine; the bullets were loaded properly. He then raised his sniper rifle, scoped in, and began selecting his targets among the figures moving on the decks of the approaching ships.

Soon, he singled out a target—a person dressed in elaborate attire, clearly different from the others on the ship, and judging by the attitude of the crew around him, he held a significant position on board.

"Move quickly! Check the cannonball loading and prepare for landing! You pigs eat so much, yet when it's crucial, you become so sluggish," the young man in elaborate attire bellowed on the deck, berating the busy crew. It was evident to everyone that these crew members were seen as slaves rather than comrades in his eyes.

The Flower Country sailors, busy at work, all cast envious glances at the young man in elaborate attire. Everyone knew he possessed only mediocre abilities, but having a good father arranged him as captain directly, and with just over a year's experience on the ship, he could

enter the true ranks of power in the Flower Country.

"If only I had a good father like him," many Flower Country sailors thought.

Suddenly, a red-and-white liquid splattered, and the white bone fragments stained with blood embedded themselves in the surrounding deck. Some of the liquid even splashed onto the faces of nearby sailors who hadn't yet regained their senses.

The young man, who had a decent background and was gilded within the Flower Country navy, fell straight down onto the deck, his body limp on the damp boards, lifeless.

A sailor nearby, busy moving cannonballs, got splattered with blood on his face. He looked at the lifeless body falling to the deck and thought, "This guy is really unlucky."

Next moment, he felt a sharp pain in his head, then everything went black before him. The cannonball in his hand dropped onto the deck and rolled away.

The deaths of three comrades in quick succession put the crew of this ship on high alert. Many entered a defensive stance, searching for the enemy's position behind cover.

With the alarm sounding, other ships also received the message and went into full alert mode.

"Lookout, do you see the enemy's position?" a gunner lying on the deck asked loudly to the lookout on the mast. For them, not knowing the enemy's position was akin to being blind.

"Damn it, that guy is too vigilant. I'm..." the lookout, holding a monocular telescope, was about to speak when, under the gunner's gaze, his entire head, along with the telescope, exploded, and his body fell into the lookout tower.

Clearly, when he discovered the enemy, the enemy also discovered him.

In a flagship-like ship, dozens of pirates were busy loading cannonballs.

They were inside the ship's hull, safe from anything except cannon fire.

"Cannon loading complete, prepare to fire!" a gunner, smelling of gunpowder, shouted. Obviously, through Simon's several previous attacks, they had roughly locked onto the enemy's position. Though they didn't know the exact location, covering the area with firepower sufficed.

Meanwhile, from a different vantage point, Simon, observing the approaching ships, felt a bit puzzled. In his experience, pirate ships should have retaliated immediately after being attacked, right?

Could it be that they weren't ordinary pirates?

Just as this thought crossed his mind, dozens of muffled explosions followed by whistling sounds came from afar. Dozens of cannonballs, not very fast, traced an arc and landed near his previous sniping position.

Simon watched these cannonballs land where he had just been.

He finally understood why the enemy hadn't been aggressive after being attacked—they wanted to pinpoint his location and use concentrated firepower to eliminate him. In terms of combat awareness, they were leagues ahead, far beyond those of ordinary pirate crews.

While the cannon fire raged, the ships also began firing towards the island, intending to suppress the terrifying sniper.

Boom!

A cannonball exploded about five meters from Simon's position, billowing thick black smoke. Despite the threat, Simon felt nothing but excitement.

Simon's skills

Simon held his beloved rifle steady, wisps of smoke curling from the barrel after he fired five shots, taking down seven of the Flower Nation's naval forces with headshots.

These naval forces of the Flower Nation, rather than true navy personnel, were more akin to pirates under the Flower Nation's banner. Yet, even with tactics more aligned with a military than a typical pirate crew, they fell prey to Simon's sniper rifle, each shot claiming a life.

Simon reached for bullets to reload, but at that moment, he swiftly drew his sidearm and, without hesitation, fired into the nearby bushes. A Flower Nation naval soldier fell, his body lifeless as bone fragments scattered silently.

"Huh, spotted again? Seems like my Observation Haki training still has a long way to go. If only I had Observation Haki at the level of a captain," Simon muttered as he holstered his sidearm and began reloading, simultaneously shifting his position quickly. Extended use of Observation Haki had strained him, allowing the enemy to close in on him and almost pinpoint his location.

These Flower Nation soldiers harboured a deep hatred for Simon. How many of them had come this time? Yet, before even engaging their target, they had lost a tenth of their fighting force to Simon's bullets. It was a humiliating setback!

And what better way to wash away humiliation than with the blood of their enemy!

Clearly, the Flower Nation's strategy to encircle and squeeze Simon's movement space was sound, but they had underestimated the tenacity of this sniper even when cornered.

With each shot fired by Simon, a Flower Nation soldier fell, and the atmosphere among the naval forces grew tense. None dared to venture too far forward after witnessing the deadly accuracy of his shots.

As minutes passed, the rhythm of gunfire gradually quieted. Among the Flower Nation's naval forces, hiding behind trees, glances exchanged

revealed the fear in their eyes.

"Has he run out of bullets?" the soldiers whispered to each other, their lips barely moving.

"I don't know. Why don't you go check?" one replied.

"Why don't you go, damn it?"

Meanwhile, not far from there, Simon loaded his rifle, raising it as another Flower Nation soldier dared to show himself, only to fall to a bullet through the head.

"Truly an impressive individual," a robust figure emerged from the shadows of the trees, speaking loudly towards Simon's position.

"Heh, sending your men to die for you?" Simon tightened his grip on his sidearm, as his sniper rifle had long since run out of bullets.

"They won't die in vain. Their families, part of the Flower Nation's naval forces, will be cared for. And I will use your head to appease the souls of these fallen warriors. Remember, the one who will take your life is Sunflower Naval Reserve's backbone, Majiao!" The robust figure flexed his fists, a smirk playing on his lips.

"What gives you the confidence that a sniper without bullets is a pushover to be toyed with?" Simon looked at Majiao with calm eyes, while inwardly, he was preparing to face the upcoming threat.

"Do you think your puny body can win in close combat against me?"

Majiao sneered. To Simon, it seemed that facing an opponent in close quarters was no different than facing a fish on a cutting board.

Simon clenched his fist gently, conveying his readiness to act through action rather than words, as if he couldn't be bothered to engage in further debate.

This action undoubtedly provoked Majiao, who promptly covered his hands with Armament Haki.

Then, with a burst of strength, Majiao lunged towards Simon, a fierce wind trailing behind him.

"Ever seen bullets that can turn corners?" Facing Majiao charging at him, Simon smiled slightly. In the blink of an eye, he drew his flintlock pistol from his waist and aimed it directly at Majiao's heart.

It's a well-known fact that the heart and the brain are the most vulnerable spots on the human body. While the brain is protected by the skull, the heart has only the chest to shield it.

Bang!

Simon pulled the trigger, a special bullet shooting out.

Although Majiao had trained well in Armament Haki, his proficiency in Observation Haki was lacking.

However, being one of the backbone members of the Sunflower Naval Reserve, Majiao's arms, covered in Armament Haki, crossed in front of him, shielding his vital organs.

For a master of Armament Haki, unless facing a bullet coated with Armament Haki, regular bullets posed no threat.

Soon, the bullet enveloped in searing heat arrived in front of Majiao.

"I said it's useless!" Majiao's confidence seemed unshaken, despite the bullet's trajectory veering off in a peculiar way.

Yet, to Majiao's surprise and horror, the bullet, which should have struck him head-on, suddenly changed direction, bypassing his shielded arms, and pierced his temple.

"Why... did it change direction?" The shock and disbelief on Majiao's face were evident.

Though primarily a close combat specialist, Majiao, born into the Flower Nation's naval forces, had a decent knowledge of firearms. He knew that many marksmen could perform incredible feats with their rifles, some

even making shots across mountains. However, a bullet that could turn was beyond his comprehension.

"Are you puzzled?" Simon's voice echoed in Majiao's ears.

"I'll tell you. It's a technique passed down to me by someone. By rapidly shaking the wrist during the moment of firing, a horizontal acceleration is imparted to the bullet as it leaves the barrel, creating a curved trajectory. He calls it Gun Kata! That's why snipers are dangerous not only at a distance but also in close combat."

"I see..." Majiao wore a bewildered expression to his death, unable to comprehend the shaking and horizontal acceleration.

Cruel Sun! \O/

The massive crowd of over a thousand people quickly surrounded the courtyard, making it impossible to escape. The scene, from a distance, looked like a swarm of ants surrounding their prey.

"These people are the elite of the Flower Country Navy. They're not as easy to deal with as ordinary pirates," Stussy said to Katie as they observed the Flower Country Navy surrounding them.

Green Pepper furrowed his brows, looking at the bodies strewn across the ground. He seemed like he wanted to say something but ultimately restrained himself.

Although reluctant to admit it, he knew very well that the seemingly defenseless courtyard was actually booby-trapped. Stepping in would result in death in less than three seconds, with the corpses sprouting colorful fungi afterwards, creating a terrifying sight.

"What should we do, leader?" asked a lieutenant of the Second division, looking at Green Pepper with concern.

Seeing that they couldn't attack the unseen threat, Green Pepper asked for the navigators who accompanied them on the mission.

"What are your orders, leader?" they asked as they gathered around.

"Based on your experience, will there be a strong wind coming from the east this morning?" Green Pepper asked with a serious tone, eyeing the house where Stussy and the others were hiding.

"There will be a strong wind coming from the east in the early morning," a few navigators conferred and gave an accurate reply.

"Good. Everyone, stay put!" Green Pepper commanded, planting his halberd firmly into the ground before sitting down cross-legged to rest. Other leaders exchanged glances but followed Green Pepper's orders, knowing he was in charge of the operation.

As dawn broke, a strong sea breeze arose from the horizon and quickly swept across the small island.

Green Pepper stood up, took a deep breath, and unleashed his hidden power. His halberd gleamed with a menacing black light under the sunlight.

Suddenly, an overwhelming aura burst forth from the front, causing all the Flower Country soldiers intending to attack to freeze in their tracks.

"This aura... Conqueror's Haki? It can't be!" Green Pepper's voice trembled with fear as he sensed the substantial mental pressure.

As doubts filled his mind, a figure over six meters tall, wielding a giant axe, emerged from the mansion in the distance.

Every step he took felt like a heavy blow to the hearts of those watching.

"Conqueror's Haki... It's unimaginable that someone like you would have no reputation in the New World," Green Pepper said, swinging his halberd towards the approaching figure.

"BOOM" The giant flashed and appeared in front of Green pepper swinging his axe

The thick blade clashed with the black-gleaming halberd, creating a

thunderous roar like lightning in their ears, rupturing the eardrums of nearby Flower Country soldiers and causing them to bleed.

Next, Green Pepper was sent flying, and the shockwaves of their clash erupted.

The ground erupted into a deafening explosion, and the earth was torn apart. Dust and debris filled the air, and the shattered stones scattered around, injuring the Flower Country soldiers nearby.

"Quickly, retreat from the central combat zone and engage from a distance! Suppress him!" Flower Country commanders quickly organized their troops, demonstrating superior tactical skills.

Seeing the enemy's movements, Vista, towering over them, lifted his axe and advanced towards them.

Green Pepper, despite his injuries, had no choice but to stand up and confront him. He was the only one who could directly face this monster.

Green Pepper's muscles bulged, his veins protruding as he channeled all his power into his right fist, ready to break through the enemy's attack.

"Eight Impacts Fist, Dragon Cone Nail!" Green Pepper roared, aiming to disrupt the enemy's assault.

"Cruel Sun."

Behind him, a magnificent image of the sun emerged.

[Authors note - Guess where is this move from?]

In response to Green Pepper's full-powered strike, Vista swung his axe casually. Then, through the blade, a horrifying inferno emerged from the sun, obliterating everything in its path.

"You...How can y...."

Green Pepper, closest to the action, was completely engulfed by the attack and turned into scorched ash. Then, the tremendous Inferno surged towards the Flower Country soldiers, engulfing them.

The ground cracked and shattered under the immense pressure, turning as hard as iron. The earth had been compressed to its utmost limit by the intense heat, leaving no trace of the Flower Country soldiers.

"Praise the sun!" \o/

[AN-Our boy truly became him[]]

...

In the midst of the silence, the Sea Monarchy descended from the sky.

Nicholas had actually arrived when the Flower Country Navy began their attack. However, he chose to observe their response to the crisis without his presence. Clearly, their performance pleased Nicholas.

Whitebeard Crew's Hidden

Danger!

As the entire Flower Country Navy was defeated, Stussy also walked out with Katie.

"The destructive power is truly terrifying, Vista."

Looking at the terrifying battlefield remnants before him, Nicholas descended from the sky and exclaimed.

"It's all thanks to the captain's good training. Without the captain's guidance, I wouldn't have thought that Devil Fruit abilities could be developed to such an extent."

Facing Nicholas's praise, Vista scratched his head somewhat embarrassedly.

Time passed in the blink of an eye, five days had gone by.

Nicholas also took some time to rest, then the crew set off to Devil's Triangle to pick up Brook.

During these few days, several major events also unfolded in the New World. This included another intense conflict between the Golden Lion Flying Pirates and the Roger Pirates. Over thirty ships and more than

twenty vassal flying pirate crews participated, but ultimately, the Roger Pirates easily escaped.

At the same time, Whitebeard Edward Newgate and Charlotte Linlin clashed fiercely in the Totoland Sea. Despite Big Mom's crew investing heavily, they suffered heavy losses, even being pushed close to the core area of the world by Whitebeard's crew.

Apart from pirate clashes, there was also news spreading in the New World. The G5 branch of the Marines welcomed a powerful new Rear Admiral. Upon taking office, they aggressively swept through pirate ships in their area.

Several well-known pirate crews in the New World suffered losses in that area, with many marking the waters near the G5 branch as a high-risk zone.

Besides the events with the G5 Marines, there was also a major development where two admirals of the Marine Headquarters chose to retire. For now, it was Vice Admirals Sengoku and Zephyr who temporarily took the roles of the Marine Headquarters Admirals. The Marines would temporarily abandon the reinforcement of the New World and focus on strengthening control over the Four Blues and the first half of the Grand Line, a message that spread wildly through major news outlets.

This decision sparked celebration among people worldwide, as it meant tighter control over pirates in the Four Blues and the first half of the Grand Line, a boon for ordinary folks.

Meanwhile, the Sea Monarchy set sail following its original route, crossing the Calm Belt from the East Blue into the Grand Line and heading towards the Devil's Triangle to pick up Brook.

In the main conference room of the Sea Monarchy, a brief meeting

involving all members was underway.

"An invitation to a tea party?"

Seeing the item placed on the table, Simon couldn't help but frown and asked, "Captain, isn't Big Mom currently busy with the war against Whitebeard? Why would she invite us to her headquarters for a tea party? Could there be something fishy about this?"

"You're overthinking it."

Nicholas, sitting in the main seat, looked at the invitation with a smile and shook his head. "Seems like Linlin took a major hit from Newgate. As for inviting us to the totoland to attend a tea party, it's likely she wants to propose an alliance with us."

Pausing to gather everyone's attention, Nicholas continued, "Now, the New World is in chaos. Except for Roger, everyone is aggressively expanding their influence. I wanted to hear your opinions on whether we should also develop our power in the New World."

"Yes! Why wouldn't we?" Stussy was the first to speak up. For her, having power meant less personal intervention in many matters. With expanding influence came more resources, a must-have for a Sea Sovereign.

"Exactly," Vista chimed in unexpectedly. "Captain, now that you stand at the pinnacle of the world, countless eyes are watching us."

"Very well."

Nicholas smiled with satisfaction.

"In that case..."

He slowly stood up and slammed his hand on the invitation letter on the table, issuing a command in a deep voice, "After passing over the Red Line, change our course to the Totoland Sea!"

...

New World, Fire Maple Island.

This small island fell within Whitebeard's sphere of influence, renowned for its maple trees that produced copious amounts of maple syrup, forming the island's main trade industry.

It was also the nearest island indicated on the Log Pose. After a week of sailing, the Sea Monarchy arrived and spent half a day replenishing various supplies on the island.

During this time, a minor incident occurred. Simon, tasked with purchasing food, and Vista were taken advantage of at a fruit shop, where they were overcharged a hefty sum for ten baskets of ordinary apples. The bald shopkeeper demanded five million berries, acting aggressively, even when surrounded by several locals.

Enraged, Simon immediately resorted to violence, giving the shopkeeper a beating and then marching out with Vista and the apples.

However, just a few streets away, they were surrounded by a group of thugs dressed in the unmistakable attire of Whitebeard's crew. The leader, a young man, claimed to be an official member of Whitebeard's crew, chastising Simon's group for causing trouble on an island under Whitebeard's protection. He insisted they pay the price.

To these thugs, the fact that the island was under Whitebeard's control meant that Whitebeard's crew was supreme, and outsiders like them dared not provoke Whitebeard's crew members.

Unfortunately for them, they had picked a fight with Simon's group.

In the face of this situation, Simon didn't even lift a finger, letting Vista handle it. Soon, the thugs were sent packing.

Upon hearing Simon's report, Nicholas didn't pay much heed. To him, if they were overcharged, so be it. As for Whitebeard, if he wanted to help those thugs, he could come himself.

"Gurararara, Little Nicholas, I heard you've been causing trouble on an

island under my territory as soon as you arrived in the New World?"

Nicholas received a call from Whitebeard shortly after leaving Fire Maple Island.

"I caused trouble? Big brother, I haven't come looking for trouble with you yet, but you seem to have already started causing trouble for me?"

Nicholas replied nonchalantly, enjoying Stussy's massage. To him, Whitebeard's crew relied entirely on Whitebeard himself. Besides, there was always the potential for rebellion among Whitebeard's subordinates, such as the insidious Teach, who was swayed by Akainu with just a few words during the Summit War.

He could see that many crews under Whitebeard were just using Whitebeard's name as a shield.

With a smirk, Nicholas ended the call with Whitebeard, dismissing the issue entirely.

To Nicholas, Whitebeard's crew, just as he had previously assessed, was entirely dependent on Whitebeard himself. Except for Teach's long-standing rebellion, the fact that he was swayed by Akainu's words during the war showed that the members under Whitebeard's command also had their own ideas.

Another week passed in the blink of an eye.

And the Sea Monarchy arrived safely at the outer periphery of the Totoland Sea island chain.

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

Его статус: идёт перевод

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