

# **One Piece: So What If I Sin, Lie, and Lust? I'm Still a Good Marine**

## **#Chapter 1: The Inspection Arrives! - Read One Piece: So What If I Sin, Lie, and Lust? I'm Still a Good Marine**

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The year is 1492 in the Sea Circle Calendar. (About 30 years before the Marineford War.)

The waters of the North Blue.

The sun shone brightly, and a cool sea breeze sent ripples across the water's surface. A warship, its mast towering high, sailed steadily across the sea. A massive sail, emblazoned with the word "Justice" in bold black letters, billowed beneath the snow-white Seagull flag.

...

"Gion... my Gion, I love you! Please accept my feelings!"

On the deck of the warship, a scruffy-looking Marine Lieutenant Commander slid in with an exaggerated flourish, dropping to one knee. He held out a bouquet of vibrant roses with both hands, his eyes brimming with sincerity as he gazed at the beauty before him.

Standing in front of him was a tall girl with long, wavy black hair. Draped over her shoulders was the "Justice" cloak of a Lieutenant Commander. She wore a pink tank top with short sleeves, and her lower half was clad only in hot pants, leaving her long, fair legs fully exposed.

"Lieutenant Commander Tokikake is so brave!"

"Go for it, Lieutenant Commander Tokikake!"

...

The moment Tokikake made his public confession, the deck erupted in cheers. Confetti flew, trumpets blared, salutes fired into the air...

Someone even raised a banner that read: "Lieutenant Commander Tokikake's 38th Confession."

Fueled by the raucous encouragement of his subordinates, Tokikake was suddenly filled with an overwhelming sense of confidence. He dramatically shook his head, sending a greasy lock of hair flicking through the air, and flashed what he believed to be an irresistibly handsome smile.

"Gion! Accept my love! There is no man in this world better than me!"

Gion: ...

Her lips twitched as she let out a quiet sigh.

"Tokikake, you're a good person, but we're not meant to be."

...

The deck fell into an abrupt silence. The trumpets, cheers, and celebratory salutes all came to an immediate halt.

Every Marine turned to look at Tokikake, still kneeling with the bouquet in hand, their gazes filled with pity. For the first time, they noticed just how forlorn and defeated his figure looked from behind.

Thinking this, they couldn't help but feel a little emotional.

"Lieutenant Commander Tokikake has it rough..."

"He's confessed so many times already..."

"Sigh..."

A few of them instinctively stepped forward, ready to offer some words of comfort. But before they could say anything, Tokikake, who had been perfectly still, suddenly turned his head. Tears streamed down his scruffy face.

"Did you hear that?"

Tokikake bit his lower lip, his eyes glistening with emotion.

"Lieutenant Commander Tokikake, we all heard it..."

"Really, there's no need to be discouraged..."

"That's right, as a man—"

The Marines scrambled to console him.

"—Gion actually said I'm a good person!!"

Tokikake suddenly leapt to his feet, eyes shining with excitement despite the tears. His face flushed red as he practically vibrated with joy.

"She finally acknowledged me! Do you know what that means?! It means that if I keep trying, next time she might actually agree to go out with me!"

The Marines: ...

Wait... was that a compliment?

"You're a good person"—is that really something to be happy about?

They exchanged stiff, awkward glances. After a few silent signals, they all nodded and grinned in forced agreement.

"Yeah, yeah!"

"That's right!"

"Absolutely!"

"I knew it!!"

Tokikake pumped his fists in the air, his excitement uncontainable.

"She's testing my patience! Gion, I finally understand your good intentions!"

He turned to her with a wide grin.

"You don't have to test me, you know. We've known each other for so long—haven't I already proven how much I love you? Come on, just give me a little kiss—"

As he spoke, he puckered his lips and leaned toward her.

**BANG!!**

A second later, Tokikake was sent flying like a cannonball, crashing into the mast before sliding down like a sack of potatoes.

Two bright red streams of blood trickled from his nose, his body occasionally twitching.

The surrounding Marines, clearly used to this routine, calmly put away their celebratory props and went back to their duties as if nothing had happened.

With the commotion over, Gion sighed and rubbed her temples.

She flipped open the military file in her hands once more. Inside was a Marine's personnel record.

Name: Rogers Daren

Age: 19

Origin: North Blue, orphan

Position: Base Leader of North Blue Branch 312

Rank: Captain, Marine Headquarters

Abilities: Suspected Devil Fruit ability related to metal manipulation, specifics unknown

Assessment: Highly ambitious, acts decisively and ruthlessly, straightforward personality, holds significant influence in the North Blue, possesses remarkable potential, a suitable candidate for the Officer Training Camp selection

Note: Serious issues with personal conduct

...

At the bottom of the file, rows of densely packed records detailed his achievements in eradicating pirates.

Attached to the report was a photograph provided by the Marine Photography Department.

Gion casually glanced at the picture, her onyx-like eyes flashing slightly.

The man in the photo had black hair and black eyes, with sharp, well-defined features. His gaze was as deep as the night sky, carrying an untamed and unruly aura.

"This guy is pretty handsome... almost enough to rival me."

Just then, Tokikake, his face still swollen and bruised, leaned in to take a look. Clicking his tongue in admiration, he remarked,

"So this Daren guy is the subject of our review?"

Gion shot him a glance, noting the two wads of tissue still stuffed into his nostrils. She barely managed to suppress the urge to beat him senseless again before responding in a neutral tone,

"According to Tsuru-nee, this Daren guy is dangerous and highly capable."

She then frowned at the shameless man in front of her.

"Besides, this is my mission. Why are you even here?"

Tokikake grinned, completely unfazed.

"Where you go, I go."

He wagged his eyebrows playfully before muttering,

"But come on, he's just a Captain from Headquarters. Why is Chief Staff Officer Tsuru paying so much attention to him?"

The Tsuru Gion referred to wasn't just anyone—she was a Senior Staff Officer of Marine Headquarters, a key figure in the forces of justice across the world.

Shouldn't the people Tsuru personally took note of be legendary pirates like Whitebeard, Golden Lion, or Roger?

Yet this guy was merely a Headquarters Captain stationed in the Four Seas, though technically two ranks above him.

But that was only because he had grown up in Marineford and hadn't yet had the time to accumulate enough battle achievements for promotion.

If he started taking on real missions, it wouldn't take long for him to surpass this guy with ease.

Gion, however, shook her head and said,

"No, Tsuru-nee must have her reasons for saying that."

Tokikake rolled his eyes.

"So if we do find something wrong during the investigation, are we taking action?"

As he spoke, he couldn't help but crack his knuckles, looking eager to get started. For some reason, just looking at the photo in the file gave him the urge to punch the guy in the face.

He couldn't explain why.

But it definitely wasn't because the guy was better-looking than him.

"No, we just need to report back to Headquarters," Gion said as she slowly closed the file and turned her gaze toward the distant sea.

The cool sea breeze swept across the vast waters, making her long black hair dance in the wind.

She thought of Tsuru's words before their departure... and the rumors she had heard back at Headquarters about this Daren...

North Blue—the most chaotic of the Four Seas.

...

As her thoughts wandered, the silhouette of a heavily fortified military base slowly emerged from the mist on the horizon.

"We're almost there," Gion said calmly.

From the warship's observation deck, the sound of a bugle rang out.

The loud call carried across the water, and soon, a responding bugle echoed from the 321st Marine Branch in the distance.

A signal of recognition.

"Prepare to dock," Gion instructed the gathered Marines.

The warship gradually approached the port of the 321st Marine Branch.

Rows of heavily armed Marines stood stationed on land, forming a disciplined military formation with an imposing presence.

"This North Blue Marine force... seems different," Tokikake muttered as he rubbed his chin, surveying the Marines stationed at the 321st Branch.

Though this was the largest and most powerful branch in the North Blue, the Four Seas Marines were notorious for their low overall quality—compared to Headquarters, the gap was well known and undeniable.

Yet something here felt off.

Tokikake noted that these Marines carried themselves with a sharp and hardened demeanor. Their eyes were resolute, their movements disciplined, and their equipment—pistols and sabers alike—was all of the highest quality.

Judging by their bearing alone, they were no less competent than Headquarters' elite troops.

Something's not right...

That guy, Daren, had somehow trained the North Blue Marines to this level?

Gion and Tokikake exchanged glances, both sensing the same doubt in each other's eyes.

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"Salute!"

A young Marine Major, likely in his twenties, stepped forward from the formation, his military cap sitting neatly on his head.

At his command, the entire unit at the port saluted in unison.

Gion and Tokikake returned the gesture before stepping off the warship.

"Lieutenant Commander Momonga, nice to meet you," Gion said, extending her hand while taking a closer look at the man before her.

He had dark purple hair, a stern and sharp expression, and a strong, unshakable presence. As she observed him, relevant details from her intelligence reports surfaced in her mind.

Momonga.

A Lieutenant Commander and Deputy Base Commander of the 321st Marine Branch.

More importantly, the right-hand man of Rogers Daren.

Momonga firmly shook Gion's hand and spoke in a deep voice,

"Welcome to our base, Lieutenant Commander Gion, Lieutenant Commander Tokikake."

Though they held the same rank, Gion and Tokikake came from Marine Headquarters, representing its authority. Naturally, a certain level of respect was required.

"We're all colleagues; no need to be so formal," Gion said with a polite smile, though her sharp eyes scanned the area.

"Where is Captain Daren?"

For a brief moment, Momonga's expression stiffened. He hesitated, almost stumbling over his words.

"Captain Daren... is still busy."

Busy?

Gion frowned, then suddenly noticed an ornately decorated official ship docked at the far end of the port.

Bright, colorful ribbons adorned its hull, and the flag of a kingdom fluttered from its mast.

"This is... an official vessel from the Egis Kingdom?"

Recognizing the emblem on the ship, Gion's expression turned ice-cold.

She recalled the rumors she had heard about Daren back at Headquarters.

Her jaw clenched slightly.

The ship's lavish design had a distinctly feminine touch—meaning its owner was likely a woman.

Could it be...?

A foreboding sense of irritation welled up inside her. Without another word, she strode forward, brushing past Momonga with gritted teeth, heading straight toward the Base Commander's residence.

Her mind was filled with every single rumor she had heard about Rogers Daren's corrupt, depraved, and womanizing lifestyle.

## **Chapter 2 - 2: She Is the Governor's Wife!**

Daren slowly opened his eyes.

A sharp nose, deep-set eyes, sword-like brows, and short, slightly tousled black hair gave him an unmistakable air of presence.

He sat up from the bed, his bare upper body covered in rugged scars. His muscular frame, defined yet unrefined, carried a wild and untamed aura.

In short, he was very handsome.

He glanced at the woman still asleep beside him and chuckled.



*A noblewoman of the Yadis Kingdom, huh...*

*Tsk, tsk... quite the fine experience.*

Shaking his head, Daren casually reached for the freshly printed newspaper and began flipping through it out of habit.

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"World Destroyer Byrnni World sinks a World Government official vessel! The Celestial Dragons are furious—200 million Berries bounty issued! The World Pirates may become the government's greatest threat!"

"The great pirate Roger has set sail again! Last sighted in the weakest of the Four Seas—the East Blue!"

"The great pirate Shiki the Golden Lion is rallying forces in the New World, attempting to form the world's largest pirate fleet!"

"A battle erupts between Kaido and Charlotte Linlin in the New World—an entire small island wiped off the map!"

...

Daren's eyes narrowed slightly as he skimmed through the string of shocking headlines.

"What a lively era this is..."

He slowly folded the newspaper, took a sip of whiskey, and lit an expensive cigar, its golden-embossed wrapping glinting in the light.

The rich tobacco burned in his throat, sending a sharp, invigorating sensation through his body, sharpening his thoughts.

Yes, Daren was a transmigrator.

But unlike most others, he had no "chosen one" system, no overpowered cheat abilities. His only advantage was a heightened sense of awareness and control over his own body—something that came from the fusion of his soul with this new existence.

It had been five years since he arrived in this pirate-infested world, and he had clawed his way up to his current position.

The North Blue—though outside the Grand Line—was the most chaotic, most ruthless, and most corrupt of the Four Seas. It lacked the peace of the so-called "Weakest Sea,"

the East Blue. It lacked the economic prosperity of the trade-heavy West Blue. It lacked the relative stability of the sparsely populated South Blue.

Instead, it was filled with constant turf wars between mafia groups, brutal conflicts among underground factions, never-ending clashes between kingdoms, and rampant pirate activity. All of this made the North Blue a *nightmare* for the Marines to govern.

And in this harsh, unforgiving world, Daren had adopted an equally unrestrained attitude toward life.

After all, the year was 1492 of the Sea Circle Calendar. This was an era where the world was still reeling from the aftermath of the God Valley Incident, a time when the global order teetered on the edge of chaos—

Roger had yet to complete his grand voyage and claim the title of Pirate King. The Golden Lion had yet to challenge Marineford and throw away his dignity. Whitebeard was still roaming the seas, gathering his "sons," his golden crown-like hair still thick and untamed. Kaido had yet to become the fearsome "Kaido of the Beasts" and was still stubbornly picking fights with the Marines, seemingly intent on getting himself killed.

Charlotte Linlin had not yet grown into the monstrous "Big Mom," resembling a walking fortress of flesh. She was still in her prime, sailing the seas in search of strong men to bear her children. Shanks was still a mere apprentice. Buggy had yet to rise to prominence. And Monkey D. Luffy—the future Pirate King—hadn't even been born yet.

This was a world without the balance of the Four Emperors. A world without the Seven Warlords of the Sea. A world where only chaos and bloodshed reigned.

In this lawless, pirate-infested age—where even joining the Marines was no guarantee of survival—being a Marine was still a profession where *one's head was never firmly attached to one's shoulders*.

Daren himself had no illusions. He could die at any moment in battle.

So why *wouldn't* he live life to the fullest?

He had been given a second chance—he wasn't about to waste it. Even as a Marine, he refused to live a miserable life. He would drink the finest liquor, smoke the strongest cigars, and sleep with the most beautiful women.

That was his philosophy.

Corruption? Degeneracy? Who cared? He wasn't a pirate. He had no need for a *good reputation*. And besides, in the North Blue Marines, promotions had *never*

been based on morality.

Look no further than his former superiors—Borsalino and Sakazuki. Both of them had hailed from the North Blue. Neither of them had particularly *good* reputations. Yet where were they now?

They had climbed their way into Marine Headquarters. Graduated from the Officer Training Camp. And now? They were rising through the ranks—widely regarded as the inevitable future Admirals of the Navy.

Of course, all of this didn't mean Daren slacked off when it came to strength. If anything, he held himself to the same high standards he had when choosing women—strict and uncompromising.

With that thought, he adjusted his breathing, focusing his mind as he sank into a deep state of awareness.

The fusion of his soul had granted him a strange, innate ability—an almost supernatural level of control over his own body, far beyond the limits of an ordinary human.

Over the past few years, he had gradually refined this ability. To quantify it, he had devised a personal attribute system, measuring his progress using a numerical scale based on comparisons with the strongest figures he had encountered.

It was an absurd concept.

But then again—so was transmigration.

And if he could accept *that*... this wasn't so hard to believe.

Stamina: 58.103

Strength: 53.831

Speed: 57.539

Fruit: 71.345

Stamina represents the body's defense, vitality, and endurance. Strength refers to pure arm strength, overall physical power, and explosive force. Speed measures movement speed and short-distance sprinting bursts.

As for Fruit... it reflects his mastery over his Devil Fruit ability.

These numbers are based on specific reference points, with the full value set at 100. For example, in terms of stamina, the benchmark is naturally the "strongest creature on land, sea, and air"—Kaido of the Beasts.

With Kaido's monstrous durability, where even Advanced Haki is needed to harm him, Daren estimated his stamina to be around 90.

"Hmm, my stamina really did increase by 0.03."

Daren carefully sensed his body, a smirk forming at the corner of his lips.

His little experiment had finally been confirmed.

After last night's two-hour "campaign," he woke up feeling completely refreshed, and sure enough, his stamina had improved.

It made sense.

Based on the physiological knowledge he had before transmigrating, moderate "exercise" boosts testosterone levels, releases large amounts of dopamine, and promotes muscle growth.

A 0.03 increase might seem insignificant, but small gains add up over time. Even the tiniest advantage was still an advantage.

Yes, this was what Daren had spent years figuring out—the most effective way to utilize his "gift."

With his precise awareness of his own body, which worked almost like a real-time data feedback system, he could determine the most efficient training methods to push his limits and continuously grow stronger.

Just then—

*Swish!*

A sharp flash of sword light tore through the door.

A tall, striking figure with long black hair strode in, her expression icy cold, her entire being radiating fury.

"Captain Daren, you are a Marine officer, yet you dare to do something so disgraceful within a Marine base... This is utterly outrageous!"

Gion, gripping a golden-hilted sword, cast a glance at the woman on the bed, who was trembling under the covers in sheer terror. Her eyes burned with rage as she uttered something that left Tokikake completely dumbfounded.

"That woman... is the wife of the Governor of the Yadis Kingdom!!"

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*(Author's Note)*

*A quick note to readers:*

This story spans a vast timeline, beginning in the era of Roger and leading all the way up to the Marineford War. Since the events at the start of the story take place much earlier than the main plot, many of the characters are still young.

They haven't yet gained much experience, and their thoughts and ideologies are not fully developed into the personas we recognize from the original work.

In this story, you will see a young, ambitious Dragon. A Gion who still upholds pure justice. A Tokikake who is naïve and clueless. An Aokiji who still firmly believes in "Absolute Justice." A Crocodile with grand ambitions...

But rest assured, I will carefully develop each character. As time progresses, they will grow and evolve, gradually becoming the figures we know from the original storyline.