

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

## **#Chapter 11: The Reason for Mobilization - Read One Piece: So What If I Sin, Lie, and Lust? I'm Still a Good Marine Chapter 11: The Reason for Mobilization**

### **Chapter 11 - 11: The Reason for Mobilization**

At that moment, Gion walked into the office.

Seeing Daren and Tokikake sitting together like old buddies, casually puffing on cigars, she frowned slightly—but ultimately said nothing.

"Base Commander Daren."

She gave Daren a formal salute.

Daren smiled and waved it off.

"No need to be so formal, Lieutenant Commander Gion."

He casually glanced at both Gion and Tokikake.

It was clear from the way they looked at him that yesterday's "sparring session" had left an impression—they'd become much more respectful.

In this sea, power speaks louder than anything else.

"So, what's on the agenda for you two today?"

Daren exhaled a stream of smoke shaped like a dragon and asked with a smile.

Gion and Tokikake exchanged a look. Gion stepped forward with a serious expression.

"Captain Daren, after some observation, we've found certain issues with the income and expenditure records of your branch."

"Oh?"

A flicker of interest flashed in Daren's deep-set eyes.

"And what exactly are you implying, Lieutenant Commander Gion?"

Without hesitation, Gion pulled out a document and placed it on the desk. Her expression turned cold.

"Captain Daren, based on materials provided by Headquarters and my own observations... Let's set aside the other branches in the North Blue for now. Just within Branch 321 alone, the Marines' income levels are far beyond the norm."

Daren flicked some ash from his cigar and chuckled.

"Isn't that a good thing? As Marines bearing the weight of justice, we could die honorably at any moment during anti-pirate operations."

"Even putting 'justice' aside, being a Marine is an extremely dangerous profession."

"And the pay set by Headquarters? It's a joke. You expect people to risk their lives for that kind of money?"

Gion clenched her teeth.

"That's not what I meant!"

"What I want to know is—where is all this extra funding coming from?"

As soon as she said it, Daren didn't respond right away—but Tokikake's expression shifted.

He glanced at the premium cigars on the table, then suddenly turned to Daren, a realization dawning in his eyes as he stared at him hard.

Facing their questioning gazes, Daren merely shrugged with a calm smile.

"Isn't the answer obvious already, Lieutenant Commander Gion?"

Gion gritted her teeth and spoke slowly and clearly.

"You took bribes!"

"Bribes?"

Daren let out a laugh, as if he'd just heard a great joke, and shrugged again.

"No, no. How could anything done by the Marines be called bribery?"

"This is what I call a reasonable service fee."

Gion stared at Daren in disbelief, furious at how nonchalant he was.

"Do you have any idea? That money comes from civilians—money they earned through blood and sweat! It's this kind of rampant extortion that leaves families torn apart and ruined!"

"Ruined families?"

Daren chuckled again.

"I'm sure you've read the intelligence on the North Blue. Under my watch, crime rates have dropped across the board, and the standard of living for civilians has improved noticeably."

"I take their money—so I get the job done."

Gion was so furious at his response that her whole body trembled.

"It's the Marines' duty to protect civilians!"

Daren smiled.

"You have your beliefs. I have my way of doing things."

"I only care about results. And the result is—I've managed the North Blue better than at any point in history."

Gion opened her mouth, as if she wanted to argue, but just then, Momonga hurried into the office.

"Captain Daren..."

His face was grim. He could clearly sense the tense atmosphere in the room and hesitated for a moment.

Daren glanced at him and waved a hand.

"Speak. What's happened?"

Momonga nodded and said in a low voice:

"Germa 66 has launched its 'Slaughter the Four Kingdoms' operation. That so-called army of evil has mobilized over 10,000 troops and is about to launch an assault on the Yadis Kingdom!"

"Based on the strength and combat capabilities of both sides, once the Germa Kingdom initiates war, the Yadis Kingdom will likely fall within an hour."

"Governor Tyrell of the Yadis Kingdom has already sent a formal request for help, asking the North Blue Marines to intervene."

As soon as he finished speaking, both Tokikake and Gion's expressions changed dramatically.

Germa 66—a force known as the "Army of Evil" and "Warmongers"—was a powerful, nationless military group officially recognized as a member of the World Government.

At the top of Germa Kingdom's power structure stood the Vinsmoke family.

As headquarters officers, the two were well aware of the military might this North Blue nation possessed.

The King of the Germa Kingdom, and current head of the Vinsmoke family, was Vinsmoke Judge—nicknamed "Garuda."

He was a scientist who commanded advanced military technology.

Under his leadership, Germa 66 was one of the most formidable armies in the world, with a fearsome reputation across the North Blue.

If Vinsmoke Judge truly intended to dominate the North Blue as he had threatened, the entire sea would soon be consumed by war.

Just imagining it made the two young officers shudder. Their eyes flickered with unease.

Having grown up in Marine Headquarters, Marineford, they were still young—too young to have witnessed real war. And in this moment, panic took hold.

Unconsciously, they turned their eyes to Daren.

"So... that bird-brain didn't get the letter we sent him?"

Daren narrowed his eyes, a faint, cold smile tugging at his lips.

Seeing that look, Momonga—who had worked with Daren for years—instantly understood: Vinsmoke Judge was in trouble.

"It was confirmed. He received it."

Momonga spoke firmly.

"Good..."

Daren chuckled, crushed his cigar in the ashtray, and his expression turned icy.

"Then let's move."

Momonga nodded, pulled out a military Den Den Mushi, and began issuing orders to mobilize their forces.

Daren casually draped a large Justice cloak over his shoulders.

"Wait!"

Gion's voice rang out behind him, tinged with unease.

Daren turned and looked back at her.

She hesitated for a moment, then bit her lip and said,

"Shouldn't we report to Headquarters first? The Marines aren't authorized to interfere in conflicts between nations... If we recklessly intervene in another country's internal affairs, it could cause a serious political incident."

What a naïve girl...

Daren thought to himself.

"With the kind of military strength Germa 66 has, if we wait around for a reply from Headquarters, the kings of the four nations in the North Blue will have their heads hanging from Judge's walls by the time we get an answer."

He sneered.

"And I'm not about to let Germa 66 start a full-scale war in my territory and cause mass civilian casualties."

Gion froze, a flicker of surprise in her eyes.

So this guy does have a sense of duty after all...

But Daren's next words nearly made her cough up blood.

"—Otherwise, if all the civilians are dead, who am I going to collect money from?"

Gion's chest rose and fell sharply. She glared at the tall man in front of her and shouted in anger:

"Daren, you bastard! Are you protecting civilians just so you can charge them!?"

In the distance, bugles began to sound across the military harbor.

The Marines of the 321st Branch were mobilizing.

Daren grinned.

"Of course not."

Gion blinked, caught off guard, and felt a strange sense of relief.

Daren added with a laugh:

"There's also the fact that Lady Margery is in the Yadis Kingdom... We just slept together the night before last. If I don't go, it wouldn't look good, would it?"

Gion: ...

Tokikake: ...

They stared in stunned silence.

So you're deploying troops... just to rescue your mistress!?

(40 Chapters Ahead)

/ PinkSnake

## **Chapter 12 - 12: In the Name of Justice**

Yadis Kingdom.

Border waters.

The sky was overcast, and fierce winds howled across the sea, stirring up massive waves that crashed violently.

Along the kingdom's maritime border, tens of thousands of Yadis Kingdom soldiers stood in a loosely organized battle formation. Gripping swords and spears, they stared wide-eyed at the distant horizon where massive warships steadily emerged. Their faces were pale, and their hands trembled uncontrollably around their weapons.

One ship.

Two ships.

Three ships.

...

Ship after ship—like floating fortresses—cut through the storm-tossed sea as if it were calm, advancing with unstoppable momentum toward Yadis Kingdom.

Each warship flew a flag emblazoned with the number "66," waving ominously overhead.

The battleships, built from rock and metal, were dragged forward by enormous snails.

Leading the fleet was a colossal main battleship, vast enough to rival a small town. Atop its towering central fortress fluttered the imposing Cross Falcon flag.

The Saint Germain!

The flagship of Germa 66—the infamous "Army of Evil."

"Damn it! Have the Marines arrived yet!?"

King Yadis III, a portly middle-aged man wearing a golden crown and a curled mustache, stood in richly adorned robes, his layers of fat causing the luxurious fabric to bunch and wrinkle.

Staring at the approaching steel tide that was Germa 66's fleet—rolling in like dark storm clouds—his face was drenched in cold sweat.

That lunatic Vinsmoke Judge had threatened to take his head and demanded that Yadis Kingdom hand over its king—or else he would lead the "Army of Evil" to raze the entire kingdom to the ground.

Noticing the occasional sideways glances from his own soldiers, King Yadis III was like an ant on a hot pan, restless and panicked.

"Your Majesty, I've already notified Daren-sama. The 321st Branch has deployed and should arrive at any moment," replied Tyrell, the kingdom's Governor Minister, respectfully.

Tyrell was a handsome man in his early thirties, his features carrying a hint of androgyny. Even his ornate formalwear gave off a faint fragrance.

King Yadis III, upon hearing his governor's reassurance, felt slightly more at ease—but anxiety still showed plainly on his face.

Germa Kingdom had existed in the North Blue for over 300 years. Its military might was terrifying, and the nation held strength above all else. Nearly the entire population consisted of adult males trained as elite soldiers.

Faced with such overwhelming force, even though Yadis had the advantage in numbers, it was clear—if it came to battle, their lines would collapse within minutes.

...

On the St. Germain.

A towering, broad-shouldered figure stood at the bow like an iron colossus.

He wore a metallic helmet, his long golden hair cascading like a lion's mane. His expression was stern and cold.

A sharply pointed black beard angled upward from his jaw, which also bore a smaller goatee. Draped in an orange cloak, he wore a light gray combat suit emblazoned with the "66" insignia of Germa, black combat boots, and gripped a silver-white metal spear in his hand.

Vinsmoke Judge—the head of the Vinsmoke family, commander of Germa 66, and the reigning king of the Germa Kingdom!

"What a pathetic bunch of weaklings... For a kingdom this feeble to survive in the North Blue for so long—it's a disgrace to the region."

Vinsmoke Judge narrowed his eyes at the distant shoreline, where enemy troops lined the coast. A cold, arrogant smile curled at the corner of his lips.

"My lord, are we really going through with this? What about the Marines..."

A man in a butler's tailcoat stood respectfully behind him, speaking cautiously.

"Hm?"

Vinsmoke Judge raised an eyebrow.

The butler's pupils contracted.

Shk!

A jet of blood erupted—the tip of the spear pierced clean through his heart.

Drip... drip...

Scarlet blood streamed down. The light faded rapidly from the butler's eyes.

He looked up at his master, disbelief written across his face, before collapsing to his knees, powerless.



"Supreme Commander of the North Blue? Just a mere Captain... Who the hell does he think he is, sending me a letter with threats?"

Vinsmoke Judge stared coldly at the dying man.

"No one can stop Germa's glory and conquest."

With a flick, he yanked the spear free, sending a trail of blood streaking across the deck.

He didn't spare even a glance for the subordinate now lying lifeless behind him.

Germa had no use for cowards.

As for that letter from Daren? He had already tossed it straight into the trash.

That thought flashed through Vinsmoke Judge's mind as he looked out over the fleet.

Across Germa 66's warships, dense ranks of soldiers stood still.

Each one was tall and muscular, wearing sunglasses, their expressions blank and emotionless.

Even with war looming, not a single flicker of emotion crossed their faces.

Clone soldiers.

Vinsmoke Judge gazed at these "loyal" troops with satisfaction.

His collaboration with Vegapunk had granted him partial access to lineage factor technology.

By modifying the lineage factors of infants, he had mastered cloning technology—and used it to mass-produce clone soldiers for Germa 66.

These clones were physically formidable, absolutely obedient, and embedded with the programmed ideals of "no fear of death, no betrayal."

To Vinsmoke Judge, this was the most elite, most powerful army the world had ever seen.

The Marines? Worthless in comparison. Before a force that knew neither pain nor death, they would be crushed.

And the most important part—using current tech, it only took five years to produce a fully grown 20-year-old soldier.

In other words, as long as he had enough funding, he could endlessly mass-produce troops—building the largest military force on the planet.

Once he conquered Yadis and the rest of the North Blue's four kingdoms, he could harness the region's resources and multiply his army infinitely. Global domination would no longer be just a dream.

With that thought, Vinsmoke Judge raised his hand with a cold smile and gave a gesture.

At once, the scattered formation of battleships began to shift.

Driven by massive snails, dozens of warships swiftly and precisely aligned—locking together.

Before the terrified and stunned eyes of the tens of thousands of Yadis soldiers, the previously separate Germa 66 ships merged into a single, colossal structure floating atop the sea!

A towering military fortress.

Enormous black cannon barrels.

Tens of thousands of clone soldiers tightly packed, armed with blades and guns.

From a distance, the entire Germa 66 fleet had transformed into a monstrous war beast—fully armed, radiating ruthless, terrifying might.

This... was the Germa Kingdom!

"For the glory of Germa!! To dominate the North Blue!!"

Vinsmoke Judge raised his spear with a vicious grin and shouted loudly.

At his command, tens of thousands of cloned soldiers lifted their weapons in unison, their deafening battle cry shaking the sky.

"For the glory of Germa!! To dominate the North Blue!!"

Their thunderous roar crashed like a wave against the forces of the Yadis Kingdom on the shore, carrying a suffocating killing intent. Many young soldiers fell back in terror, their weapons clattering to the ground.

King Yadis III trembled uncontrollably and could barely stand, supported by several of his ministers.

"It's over... it's all over..."

He muttered, pale as a ghost.

Aboard the Saint Germain, Vinsmoke Judge burst into manic laughter at the sight of the crumbling Yadis forces.

"Kneel and submit!!"

"Germa... is the true overlord of the North Blue!!"

He raised his metal spear high, blue lightning crackling around it.

At his signal, the entire ironclad military fortress of Germa began advancing at full speed toward the coastline, a colossal force pushing forward. Its sheer mass churned up towering waves several meters high.

Vinsmoke Judge took a deep breath and grinned darkly.

"All units... prepare to attack—"

Before he could finish, a pitch-black cannonball suddenly came hurtling from the sky, slamming into the ground beside him.

Vinsmoke Judge's eyes narrowed in shock.

BOOM!!!

A violent explosion erupted, flames and thick black smoke billowing into the air.

The abrupt turn of events brought the cloned soldiers to an instant halt, just as they were about to charge.

On the shoreline, the nobles and troops of the Yadis Kingdom stood frozen, staring blankly at the scene before them.

"Damn it!! Who the hell did that!?"

As the wind blew the smoke away, Vinsmoke Judge crawled out of a deep crater, covered in dirt and seething with rage.

Sensing something, he turned his head sharply toward a distant point.

At the same time, the ministers and soldiers of Yadis turned to look as well.

Out on the surging sea, beneath howling winds and crashing waves, a massive warship slowly emerged.

Its towering mast bore the bold, sweeping black characters for "Justice."

At the bow stood a tall, imposing young man, his wide white cloak billowing fiercely in the wind.

"It's Daren!!"

"The Marines are here! We're saved!!"

King Yadis III burst into tears of joy, his face flushed with emotion.

By contrast, Vinsmoke Judge's face turned an ominous shade of gray.

Under the gaze of tens of thousands from both the Yadis and Germa Kingdoms, the Marine warship sailed swiftly into the contested waters, cutting between the two armies like an unbridgeable chasm.

Instantly, the entire sea fell into a tense, deathly silence.

Everyone's gaze shifted instinctively to the figure at the warship's bow.

Short black hair, sword-like eyebrows, sharp and commanding features—his presence radiated calm authority.

A smile tugged at the lips of the Marine Captain.

He looked up, his eyes fierce, locking onto Vinsmoke Judge's grim expression in the distance.

"In the name of justice..."

His voice echoed across the vast sea.

"I'm here to end this war."

(40 Chapters Ahead)

/ PinkSnake

## **Chapter 13 - 13: Jiki Jiki no Mi – Iconic Moment**

"I'm here to end this war."

The Navy Captain's low voice echoed across the deathly silent sea, drawing wide-eyed stares from everyone around.

On the deck of the warship, the Marines of the North Blue looked toward the fierce and commanding figure at the bow. Their eyes lit up with admiration, and several young female Marines even had heart-shaped pupils.

"Damn it!! He pulled it off again!! Why can't I come up with lines like that!?"

Tokikake glanced around at everyone's reactions, then cursed under his breath, his face flushing with embarrassment.

Gion's eyes flickered slightly.

At that moment, Vinsmoke Judge's furious roar rang out from aboard the Germa Kingdom's vessel:

"Daren, what do you think you're doing!? Are you planning to attack me!?"

"Germa is a member of the World Government and has the right to attend the Reverie as a powerful nation... Attacking me is a direct provocation against a fellow member of the World Government!"

"And your Marines have no authority to interfere in disputes between countries!"

Daren narrowed his eyes as the cloak of justice behind him whipped in the wind. He sneered.

"Vinsmoke Judge... It's true that the Germa Kingdom is a member of the World Government, but so is the Yadis Kingdom."

"And more importantly, I will not tolerate a full-scale war breaking out within my jurisdiction."

Vinsmoke Judge let out a cold, furious laugh.

"So you think a mere Navy Captain, with just one warship and a few hundred men, can stop Germa 66's army?"

"You naïve Marine brat! Don't make bold claims you can't back up!!"

He raised his arm and gave the order with a sharp wave.

"No one can stand in the way of Germa's ambition to rule the North Blue!"

A flash of madness and violence flickered in his eyes.

"Fire!! Sink that warship!!"

With Germa's standing as a World Government member state, even killing this so-called North Blue Admiral on the spot wouldn't bring the slightest reprimand from the government.

In fact, it would send a message—no, a warning—to Marine Headquarters: not even the Marines can interfere with Germa's path to dominance!

"Tremble before Germa's firepower... and submit!"

As soon as the words fell...

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!!

Deafening cannon fire shattered the stillness over the sea.

The people of the Yadis Kingdom watched in horror as, from the Germa warships, countless flashes of light erupted wildly, blazing and flaring.

As trails of red light soared into the sky, the clouds above seemed to darken, as if a thick shroud had fallen over them.

No...

That wasn't cloud cover.

It was an overwhelming swarm of cannon shells and bullets, slicing through the air like locusts. They whistled and cracked sharply as they traced dense arcs across the sky, descending en masse toward the Marine warship's position.

A massive black cloud of death was sweeping down—inescapable and suffocating.

In an instant, a scorching wind rushed down from above. Hundreds upon hundreds of shells poured like a torrential storm, flooding the air with the acrid stench of gunpowder.

Amid them, some shapes were clearly visible—these weren't just ordinary cannonballs. Some resembled rockets or missiles.

This... this was the devastating military technology of Germa 66, powerful enough to dominate the entire North Blue.

Aboard the warship, Tokikake and Gion's faces turned pale.

"Damn it!! Germa 66 actually dared to attack the Marines!"

"Has Vinsmoke Judge lost his mind!?"

Tokikake was in a panic, sweat beading on his forehead.

Gion abruptly drew the Meito at her waist, her expression turning grim. A bombardment of this scale could level a small mountain in seconds—there was no way to intercept it.

Worse yet, they were in the middle of the ocean. If the warship beneath them sank, even if they survived the initial blast, they'd be defenseless in the water when the second wave hit.

But just as the two were bracing for the worst, they suddenly noticed something strange—the other Marines on the warship weren't panicking. In fact, their faces showed something... odd.

Could it be...

Gion and Tokikake suddenly realized something. They turned in unison to look toward the bow of the ship—toward Daren.

At that moment, the supreme military commander of the North Blue... made his move.

A cold smirk tugged at the corner of his lips as he looked up at the storm of shells raining down. He slowly raised a hand.

Then, gently—almost casually—he pushed the air in front of him.

It was like brushing away invisible dust.

Suddenly, faint arcs of purple electricity flickered through the air.

An unseen force field spread out in silence.

Tokikake and Gion froze, eyes widening in disbelief as they watched the impossible unfold before them.

On the shoreline, tens of thousands of Yadis Kingdom soldiers, including the king himself, stood dumbfounded. Their eyes looked like they might pop out of their sockets.

The sky, once filled with a swarm of missiles and shells raining down like locusts, suddenly hit an invisible barrier.

Their speed dropped drastically—

And then, inexplicably, the barrage stopped midair.

Countless cannonballs and bullets, now hovered silently just five meters above the ship, completely motionless.

At that distance, Tokikake and Gion could clearly see the engravings on the shells and even smell the sharp tang of gunpowder.

Silence.

The world had fallen into a deathly stillness.

So profound was the quiet, it created the illusion that even the air itself was vibrating.

Aboard Germa's main battleship, Vinsmoke Judge's eyes nearly split open in disbelief as he stared at the surreal sight.

The shells—mid-fall—had stopped in the air!?

It was as if the world itself had frozen.

In that breathless silence, a tiny sound broke through.

Click...

A lighter flicked open.

At the bow of the warship, the black-haired Marine Captain lit a cigar, shielding the flame from the cold sea breeze with one hand.

A flicker of red flared in the dim light.

"I'm giving you one last chance, Vinsmoke Judge."

His voice was calm—flat, even.

As he spoke, the countless suspended shells began to slowly turn, as though guided by an invisible force, adjusting their aim.

One after another, the rocket launchers blazing with fire also shifted direction.

Their new target... was aimed straight at the Germa Kingdom.

Vinsmoke Judge's face changed dramatically.

Staring at the dense cluster of redirected missiles and rockets, a chill ran down his spine.



The North Blue Admiral took a long drag from his cigar, and the smoke he exhaled curled into the shape of a pure white flag.

"Leave now, and I'll pretend none of this ever happened."

(40 Chapters Ahead)

/ PinkSnake

## **Chapter 14 - 14: One Man Destroys a Nation!?**

"This... What kind of ability is this...?"

Tokikake stared blankly at the shell slowly shifting direction above his head, his voice trembling.

"Is it... the ability to manipulate metal?"

Gion was just as stunned.

Beside them, Momonga crossed his arms, chuckling as he lit a cigarette.

That Daren guy... his magnetic field control is getting sharper and sharper...

In the distance...

Aboard the Saint Germain, Vinsmoke Judge's pupils trembled violently as he watched the overwhelming display unfold before him. He grit his teeth instinctively.

But then came Daren's words—words that instantly reignited the fury burning in his chest.

This Marine brat... What arrogance!

Does he really think that just the power of a single Devil Fruit is enough to go up against the "Army of Evil" of the Germa Kingdom?

"Don't be ridiculous! If an old man like me can't even crush a punk like you, what's the point of Germa 66 ruling the North Blue?!"

With bloodshot eyes, Vinsmoke Judge roared:

"All units, attack!! Ram the ship head-on! Bring that warship down!!"

At his command, the Germa fleet surged once more. Pulled by giant snails, the ships kicked into full power, speeding madly toward Daren's warship.

Daren didn't speak.

Once again, he slowly raised his hand.

His movement, sluggish and deliberate, stood in stark contrast to the thundering charge of Germa 66's dozens of warships tearing across the sea, kicking up towering waves.

Even tens of thousands on the coastline of the Yadis Kingdom could clearly see his gesture.

His long, powerful fingers extended gently into the air—

Then clenched into a fist.

The next moment—

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

A piercing, thunderous sonic boom split the air.

Everyone's eyes widened in shock.

The dense barrage of shells suspended midair, enough to blot out the sky, suddenly began to shake violently.

It was as if a storm had erupted from the void itself.

The howling roar of air exploding followed.

That rain of suspended shells in the sky—

A deadly net capable of leveling half a mountain—

Suddenly shot toward the Germa 66 fleet at a speed twice as fast as before, launched with terrifying force at the moment the Marine admiral moved his hand.

Vinsmoke Judge's eyes immediately flooded with blood.

BOOM!!

Like a torrential downpour, the shells slammed into the fortress formed by dozens of Germa warships.

One after another, earth-shattering explosions erupted across the Germa Kingdom's fleet, sending crimson mushroom clouds rising into the sky.

Under such a brutal bombardment, the cloned soldier army didn't even have time to react. They could only watch as their cutting-edge weapons exploded around them—then were mercilessly consumed by fire and shockwaves.

Flames surged skyward. The Germa Kingdom, like an isolated island, trembled under the bombardment.

The massive explosions sent shockwaves sweeping horizontally across the sea in rippling waves, triggering roaring tsunamis in all directions.

Thick black smoke billowed into the sky. The vibrations and winds reaching the Yadis coastline drained the color from the faces of its soldiers.

On the swaying warship, caught in the storm, everyone in the Marines—including Gion and Tokikake—clung tightly to the masts and railings to keep from being thrown off.

Gion and the others couldn't help but look toward the figure standing at the bow—unshaken in the storm, like a stone outcrop amidst crashing waves.

With the inferno of Germa's destruction lighting up the distant sky,

The Admiral of the North Blue stood there, calmly puffing on his cigar, lips curled into his usual composed smile.

Behind him, his wide snow-white cloak blazed like blood under the fire's reflection.

In that moment of dazed awe,

They finally understood.

What allowed Daren to bring such ruthless order to the chaos of the North Blue wasn't just his sharp political skill...

But more importantly—A monstrous power capable of destroying a nation singlehandedly.

...

The relentless explosions lasted a full minute before gradually dying down.

As the cold sea breeze finally blew away the thick smoke, everyone gasped in shock at the devastation before them—the wreckage of the Germa Kingdom's fleet, made up of dozens of warships.

The land was scorched black, littered with embers and craters of varying depth. Towering turrets and fortresses lay in ruins, reduced to charred rubble. Scattered across

the debris were the bodies of Clone soldiers, some blown apart so thoroughly that only vague remains of limbs were left.

On the flagship, the Saint Germain, the "Cross Falcon" flag that had once flown proudly at its peak slowly turned to ash in the flames.

...More than half of the Germa Kingdom had been flattened.

"Cough, cough, cough..."

A harsh cough suddenly echoed from within the ruins.

"Damn you Marine brat... how dare you..."

With scorched stone and rubble tumbling down, Vinsmoke Judge slowly rose from the wreckage. Gone was his former arrogance—his body was smeared with blood, and he looked utterly beaten.

The cape on his back, marked with the "66" emblem, unfurled from his body like a living creature.

"So you've completed the first generation of Raid Suits..."

Daren raised an eyebrow and muttered with interest.

Germa 66's Raid Suit was a high-tech invention crafted by Vinsmoke Judge. Built from custom shape-memory armor, it was incredibly durable. The cape functioned as a shield, resistant even to fire. It was this cape that had absorbed the brunt of the explosion.

"In that case... let me see what this Raid Suit can do..."

Daren whispered, a glint flashing in his eyes.

He turned and said to the Marines:

"Hold on tight."

Gion and Tokikake were both momentarily stunned.

Before they could react, they saw the other Marines—Momonga included—gripping the railings of the ship tightly.

They instinctively followed, grabbing onto the nearest fixed parts of the warship.

Then...

Daren took a deep breath.

Ssshh!

With that breath, the cigar in his mouth visibly burned down by a large chunk.

The Marine Captain locked his eyes on the Saint Germain, a hundred meters away, gaze sharp and disdainful.

His knees bent slightly.

His body sank.

The cape behind him flared out.

His muscles tensed, compressing like a coiled spring.

His stance was that of a leopard ready to strike!

"Wait, wait... no way..." Tokikake's eye twitched as if he'd realized what was coming.

And just as he feared—

Daren, tightly wound and crouched low, smirked.

Then, like a spring released at full tension—he launched!

Boom!!

A thunderous sound echoed from the hull. Tokikake and Gion felt their world flip as a powerful centrifugal force surged, nearly throwing them off their feet.

The massive warship actually tilted under Daren's kick.

The bow plunged into the sea, the stern lifted high, and the deck angled sharply—nearly 45 degrees!

Bang!!

Daren's feet exploded with overwhelming force, shifting the huge tilted ship sideways by several meters!

Using the recoil, Daren shot off from the bow like an arrow from a bowstring. In an instant, he broke the sound barrier, the air bursting with a sharp sonic boom.

His figure tore across the sea's surface, parallel to the waves—so fast that the air pressure carved a long, white trench into the ocean.

(40 Chapters Ahead)

/ PinkSnake

## **Chapter 15 - 15: Germa's Technology**

"He's an absolute monster!!"

Gion gripped the railing of the warship with both hands, eyes wide in disbelief as she watched Daren shoot across the sea like a white arrow toward the Saint Germain. Her expression looked as if she'd just seen a ghost.

Boom!

At that moment, the warship's stern, which had been tilted high in the air, came crashing back down under its own weight, splashing into the sea and sending a huge wave cascading over the deck, soaking the Marines completely.

But Tokikake didn't even notice—his eyes were fixed on Daren's figure, jaw slack in stunned awe.

That kind of raw power... That lunatic was actually trying to cross nearly a hundred meters using nothing but brute strength and break straight into the Germa Kingdom!

"Hey!! Has that bastard always been this insane!?"

He turned to look at Momonga nearby, his mouth twitching uncontrollably.

Momonga gave a helpless, bitter smile.

"That's just how Daren fights... In the past year alone, he's wrecked over five warships in all sorts of ways."

...If it weren't for the North Blue Marines being "loaded," the measly budget allocated by Marine Headquarters wouldn't have kept the fleet afloat.

Momonga couldn't help but grumble inwardly.

...

While the warship stabilized once more, Daren was already crashing into Germa territory like a sideways-fired cannonball.

Boom!!

A deafening blast echoed out, dust billowed into the air, and the ground gave a faint tremor.

The next moment—

Daren, still chewing on his cigar, slowly rose from a five-meter-wide crater, a wild grin tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Smooth landing."

He chuckled as the cloak behind him whipped through the swirling dust and wind.

"Kill him!!"

"Take him out!!"

Vinsmoke Judge's pupils contracted at the sight of the savage Marine Captain. His face twisted with fury as he gave the order.

With that command—

From the ruins of turrets and fortresses around them, countless clone soldiers surged out.

They wore identical uniforms and sunglasses, moved in perfect unison, and radiated a cold, mechanical aura devoid of any human emotion.

Swish!

They raised their rifles in unison, hundreds of barrels locking onto the Marine Captain.

Fire!

Bang bang bang bang!!

Muzzles flared with fire as a torrent of bullets screamed through the air, leaving streaks in their wake.

"You still haven't learned?"

Daren grinned, a flicker of madness flashing in his eyes.

Without even using his Jiki Jiki no Mi powers, he calmly walked forward through the dense hail of bullets.

Vinsmoke Judge's eyes widened in shock, as if witnessing the impossible.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Bullets rained down on Daren, shredding his suit and uniform, but each one ricocheted off with the sharp sound of metal striking metal.

Sparks flew as bullets bounced off his body like rain hitting steel, punching tiny craters into the surrounding ground, fortresses, and walls.

From a distance, the Marine Captain looked like a lone traveler pushing forward through a storm of bullets.

Ferocious beyond belief.

"This can't be!! How can a human body be this strong!?"

Vinsmoke Judge roared, eyes bulging with disbelief.

When the gunfire failed to make a dent, one of the clone soldiers pulled out a compact rocket launcher from the ruins of a military outpost. He hoisted it onto his shoulder, aimed carefully, and pulled the trigger.

Biu!

The palm-sized rocket screeched through the air, trailing a long streak of red flame as it hurtled toward Daren—

But he simply raised a hand and caught it mid-air!

"Cutting-edge tech... This is way more refined than Marine artillery."

Daren studied the trembling rocket launcher in his hand with interest, then casually hurled it.

Biu...

The launcher flew back along its original path and exploded right in front of the replicant soldier still holding the barrel. Flames instantly engulfed everything within a five-meter radius.

"Power on par with a light howitzer—but far more portable."

Daren narrowed his eyes, watching the blast with focus as he gave a quick assessment.

He already had a solid idea forming in his mind.



There was a clear reason why he'd gone to such lengths to siphon wealth from the mafia and invest a military budget into the North Blue Navy that far surpassed what Marine Headquarters received.

He intended to turn the North Blue Navy into his personal domain.

The entire North Blue Fleet—his own private military force.

As a transmigrator, he knew full well the biggest constraint faced by the Marines: no matter how much they preached "justice," that ideal would always be overshadowed by the World Government's iron grip on "power."

It was a harsh reality that couldn't be ignored.

The Marines, the largest law enforcement force in the world, operated under the World Government—they were its enforcers, and its public face.

And at the center of that control... was money.

The World Government collected "Heavenly Tributes" from member nations across the world and used those funds—through military budget allocations—to directly or indirectly control the financial lifeline of the Marines.

Without independent financial authority or alternate funding sources, the Marines were shackled—forced to compromise again and again under the weight of bureaucracy.

That's why Daren had been hoarding wealth: to build and command an independent military force, answerable to no one but himself.

At least for now, after years of careful planning and effort, the North Blue Navy had achieved full financial self-sufficiency—and its budget far exceeded the standard set by Marine Headquarters at the same level.

But even that wasn't enough.

Daren understood all too well how weak the Four Seas Marines were. They didn't hold a candle to the elite units of Headquarters—and compared to the "Haki-armed" forces of the New World, the gap was massive.

Sure, through rigorous training and the application of more scientific methods, he had already improved the overall strength of the North Blue Navy significantly.

But it still wasn't enough.

After all, military power doesn't grow overnight.

Still, Germa 66 had just opened a brand new path.

Germa 66 possessed some of the most advanced military tech in the world—from cutting-edge weaponry and cybernetic enhancements to those powerful Raid Suits. With this technology, he could rapidly bolster the North Blue Navy's combat power.

If he could acquire Germa 66's tech and use it to arm his forces...

Daren was certain—he'd have an unstoppable North Blue Fleet in no time.

With that thought—A sharp grin crept across his face as he suddenly sped up.

His target: the supreme commander of Germa 66—Vinsmoke Judge!

(40 Chapters Ahead)

/ PinkSnake