

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

## **#Chapter 3: I'm Just Looking Out for the People, That's All - Read One Piece: So What If I Sin, Lie, and Lust? I'm Still a Good Marine Chapter 3: I'm Just Looking Out for the People, That's All**

### **Chapter 3 - 3: I'm Just Looking Out for the People, That's All**

"This is the wife of the Governor of the Yadis Kingdom!!"

As soon as the words left her mouth, Gion's face flushed with a mix of anger and shame.

That bastard Daren actually did something so indecent at a naval base. For someone like Gion, who grew up at headquarters and was raised under Staff Officer Tsuru's doctrine of "Cleansing Justice," this was absolutely unacceptable.

Especially since her trip from headquarters wasn't just a courtesy call—she was here for inspection and supervision.

If news of this got out, it would severely damage the Marines' reputation!

Not to mention the political scandal it could spark!

Daren, that bastard... He's a disgrace to justice! A total scumbag!

But to her surprise, Daren—the very man behind all this—looked completely unfazed. With a charismatic smile on his face, he slowly stood up.

"Oh, so it's Lieutenant Commander Gion and Lieutenant Commander Tokikake. You've come a long way from Marineford. That must've been tiring."

He casually bit down on a cigar and extended his hand.

"Welcome to North Blue Branch 321."

Gion stared at him coldly, making no move to shake his hand.

Daren didn't seem to mind. He simply shrugged, pulled out another cigar, and handed it to the curious Tokikake beside him.

"Lieutenant Commander Tokikake, I've heard much about you."

Tokikake's eyes lit up when he saw the cigar. Its intricate pattern clearly marked it as a high-end brand, the kind reserved for nobles.

He instinctively reached out to take it—only to freeze when he caught the blazing look in Gion's eyes. Awkwardly, he pulled his hand back.

"Hey, Daren... Is this woman really the Governor's wife from the Yadis Kingdom?"

Tokikake lowered his voice, whispering the question.

Daren just smiled and said nothing.

Tokikake sucked in a breath.

Bastard!!

He cursed silently.

He'd seen Lady Margery's face—mature, alluring, still full of charm—and this guy got to enjoy all of that?

Damn it! He was clearly better looking—why didn't he get this kind of luck!?

And most of all, she was the Governor's wife!

That status alone... Just thinking about it was thrilling... Ahem...

Grinding his teeth, Tokikake muttered, "Captain Daren, this isn't really appropriate, is it?"

His tone clearly carried a trace of jealousy.

Gion shot him a glare before turning and bowing deeply to the woman still hiding under the covers.

"My sincerest apologies, Lady Margery. This is a failure on the Marines' part."

"I'm Gion, an inspector from Marine Headquarters. Please rest assured, we will thoroughly investigate Captain Daren's misconduct and deal with it severely!"

As she spoke, Gion silently vowed to report everything to headquarters. There was no place in the Marines for someone like Daren!

Just then, Lady Margery peeked shyly out from under the covers. Her eyes, full of charm, flicked toward Daren—who was calmly smoking his cigar—and a hint of bashfulness sparkled in her gaze.

In a soft, almost whisper-like voice, she said, "Um... Lieutenant Commander Gion, actually, I was willing."

"I... really like Captain Daren."

Gion froze.

Tokikake was dumbfounded.

They'd thought Daren had used his rank or power to coerce Lady Margery into this.

But now... it turned out she was a willing participant?

Wait a minute!

Their minds jumped to the official ship docked at the port.

This—this was delivered takeout!?

"Well then, officers from headquarters, let's not disturb this lovely lady's rest any longer," Daren said with a grin.

He slipped on a fresh military uniform, draped a broad cloak over his shoulders, and nodded toward the door.

"Let's head to the office to discuss official matters. This way, please."

...

Branch 321, Base Commander's Office.

A massive plaque hung on the gray walls, with the characters for "Justice" emblazoned in bold, sweeping strokes.

Daren sat comfortably in the commander's chair, lighting a cigar as he spoke.

"Lieutenant Commander Gion, Lieutenant Commander Tokikake, give me some good news—has my commission arrived?"

As he spoke, he casually sized up the two standing before him.

This was the first time he'd seen these two future Admiral candidates since arriving in this world.

Gion was tall, with long, slender legs free of any excess fat. Her black hair was tied into a high ponytail, and she wore the Marines' wide cloak with an air of confidence. Her dark, glossy eyes sparkled with sharpness, and the beauty mark near her lips added a subtle charm.

She looked different from her anime counterpart—at this stage, Gion was only around eighteen or nineteen, still youthful and a little green, but already radiating a budding allure.

As for Tokikake... well, he looked rough.

Standing there with a cigarette in his mouth, hands in his pockets, his eyes kept darting toward the cigars on the desk. He was barely in his twenties, yet he gave off the world-weariness of someone in his forties—a man who aged in a hurry.

Both were classic examples of young officers born into elite military families...

Daren couldn't help but feel a twinge of emotion.

Tokikake's background was relatively humble.

But Gion? She was the real deal.

Her talent was impressive enough on its own, but her lineage was even more outrageous. Vice Admiral Tsuru, the Chief Staff Officer of Marine Headquarters, treated her like a little sister, and even Admiral Sengoku looked after her personally. She was practically raised by the top brass—blessed by birth, skill, and backing.

Even the so-called "Strongest Marine," the legendary hero Garp, was referred to by her as "Garp-chan."

People say comparison breeds resentment, and Daren could see why.

He'd clawed his way up to the rank of Captain, while Gion had started her very first mission as a Lieutenant Commander.

And it was obvious: this so-called "assignment" for Gion and Tokikake was really just a resume booster. Once their term ended in a few months, they'd return to headquarters with glittering credentials and head straight into Zephyr's elite officer training program. From there, it would be a clear path into the Marines' core leadership.

Envy was natural.

Still, it was clear they were young, full of that unique combination of pride and naivety that came with youth.

All perfectly normal.

Hearing Daren's question, Gion, still visibly annoyed, snorted and pulled out an official document.

"Congratulations, Captain Daren. As of this moment, you are the highest-ranking officer overseeing all Marine operations in the North Blue."

Daren took the appointment letter and scanned it.

Appointment Letter:

Effective immediately, Captain Rogers Daren of North Blue Branch 321 is hereby appointed Supreme Commander of the North Blue Marine Forces.

A satisfied smile spread across his face.

This document didn't exactly change anything—he already had control over the North Blue's Marine forces—but still, who would say no to a higher title, especially one that made everything easier?

Besides, other than Garp, who would turn their nose up at rank?

"Appreciate the trouble," he said, grinning as he looked up. "How long will you two be staying in the North Blue?"

Gion replied coolly, "Three to six months, depending on how long the audit takes."

"Captain Daren, for the sake of confidentiality, the identities of Lieutenant Commander Tokikake and myself—as well as our inspection team—will remain classified during this assignment. Officially, we're your adjutants."

Daren nodded with a smile.

"No problem, Gion. I'll be counting on you."

In this era, the Marine Academy didn't yet have the scale it would one day reach. Instead, elite candidates were selected from the Grand Line and Four Seas and placed into a "training camp" model, not recruited straight from the bottom.

As a result, the officer selection process was strict, and the audit system was essential.

Passing the audit would qualify him to enter the Officer Training Camp at headquarters, where he'd train under former Admiral "Black Arm" Zephyr, learning the Rokushiki of the Marines—and possibly even Haki—to become a true powerhouse.

With that kind of background, he could build the political capital needed to skyrocket through the ranks of the Marines.

Daren then turned to Tokikake and offered him a cigar.

"Well then, Tokikake, I look forward to working with you too."

Tokikake glanced at the gold-embossed special cigar. Even back at headquarters, he'd never had the chance to smoke something this high-end. Suddenly, the cigarette in his mouth felt like tasteless garbage.

"Uh... Gion..."

He gave her a hopeful look.

Gion rolled her eyes and sighed.

"Fine, go ahead."

"Nice!"

Tokikake lit the cigar without hesitation, happily puffing away with a satisfied grin.

Just then, Gion's voice cut through the air, cold and sharp.

"So, Captain Daren, you still owe us an explanation for what happened earlier."

"Even if Lady Margery was willing, your actions reflect poorly on the reputation and discipline of the Marines..."

"Not to mention, as the Governor's wife of the Yadis Kingdom, her status makes this a potential diplomatic crisis."

Tokikake's ears perked up. He leaned forward, clearly enjoying the show, his eyes locked on Daren.

Heh. Let's see how you get out of this one.

He'd known Gion for years and knew exactly what she was like.

With Staff Officer Tsuru's "Cleansing Justice" doctrine drilled into her, Gion didn't tolerate a single speck of dirt.

You cocky bastard. Thinking you're all that...

Smoking the finest cigars...

Well, to be fair, this cigar was really damn good...

Daren gave her a look of innocent surprise.

"Gion, do I really need to explain? Isn't it obvious?"

"This is public service... military-civilian cooperation."

"Cough—cough!!"

Tokikake nearly choked mid-puff, his face turning red.

He looked up, stunned.

Public service?

Military-civilian cooperation?

This...

This...

This... actually sounded kind of reasonable!?

Why didn't I think of an excuse—I mean, reason—that perfect before?!

#### **Chapter 4 - 4: Even If I'm a Scoundrel**

"Daren!!"

Gion's voice trembled with fury as she glared at the new North Blue admiral sitting casually with his legs crossed and a flippant look in his eyes. Her clenched teeth nearly cracked from anger, and her chest rose and fell sharply.

Before coming to the North Blue, she'd already heard plenty of unsavory rumors about this man.

She had mentally prepared herself for the worst.

But not even in her wildest imagination could she have guessed that a so-called "righteous" Marine officer could sink this low!

That vulgar, indecent, downright filthy behavior—and he had the audacity to call it "caring for the people" and "military-civilian cooperation"!?

Gion now found herself unable to look at those once-uplifting words the same way again.

"What you've done doesn't just tarnish your own image—it brings shame to the entire Marine organization! You disgrace!"

To reinforce her point, she turned sharply to Tokikake.

"Am I wrong, Tokikake?"

"...I never imagined caring for the people could be taken this far. Truly... genius... Ah, right, Gion, you're absolutely right!"

Tokikake, who had been muttering to himself in a daze, suddenly snapped to attention. His drifting gaze sharpened with feigned righteousness as he slammed the table and glared at Daren.

"That's right! Daren, you're a disgrace to the Marines!"

Daren looked at him with a faint smirk.

"So, you're saying you wouldn't want to, Lieutenant Commander Tokikake?"

"Of course I would—wait, no! I mean, of course I care about the people!"

Tokikake stiffened his neck, his face flushing bright red.

Daren chuckled and blew out a stream of smoke that coiled like a dragon, his eyes drifting back to Gion's furious, yet strikingly lovely face.

"This was mutual," he said slowly. "Lady Margery was happy, I was happy—it's a win-win."

Win-win, my ass!

Gion couldn't stomach this kind of twisted logic. Grinding her teeth, she shot back,

"But there's no way the Governor of the Yadis Kingdom would be happy! If he finds out, do you realize the kind of political fallout this could cause!?"

"Who says Governor Tyrell wouldn't be happy?" Daren suddenly said with a grin.

Gion froze, and then, as if realizing something, just stood there in stunned silence.



Tokikake's mouth opened slightly, his face blank.

An impossible thought surfaced in both their minds at the same time...

No way... could it be...?

Daren calmly flicked the ash from his cigar and continued.

"Besides, this kind of thing really isn't a big deal. I'm not hiding it. If you two know, then obviously headquarters knows as well..."

"But have you ever wondered—why has no one at headquarters ever tried to impeach me?"

He slowly stood up, one large hand pressing down on the conference table as he leaned forward slightly, his posture radiating dominance.

A cold, oppressive aura began to seep from him—quiet, commanding, and chilling.

As Daren's smile faded, both Gion and Tokikake, for reasons they couldn't explain, suddenly felt a trace of fear creeping into their hearts.

Daren looked down at the two Marine "second-gens" from headquarters and said calmly,

"Because I get results."

"And besides, are the reputations of the other Marine officers really all that clean?"

The moment he said that, Gion and Tokikake fell silent.

They thought of Vice Admiral Garp—sleeping in, digging his nose without a care...

Of Admiral Sengoku rambling while talking to goats...

And of the two "monsters" of the younger generation, Sakazuki and Borsalino.

One took down pirates with brutal, merciless methods, never hesitating to sacrifice civilians if it meant completing a mission.

The other... well, everything he saw was just "so scary," said in that creepy, sarcastic tone...

Thinking back, they couldn't deny it—maybe the Marine's image wasn't exactly spotless after all.

No! That's not right!

Gion suddenly caught herself. She couldn't let this guy twist things around like this.

But just as she opened her mouth to speak, Daren waved his hand and cut her off.

"Alright then, you two. It's time for my training. If you're interested, feel free to follow me—I'll be waiting on the drill field."

"And if you've got any complaints about how I do things, I'd be more than happy to spar with the elites from Headquarters."

He stubbed out his cigar, tossed a fresh box of cigars to Tokikake, and strode out of the base commander's office.

The door slowly closed behind him.

Gion and Tokikake sat in stunned silence for a long moment before Gion snapped out of it.

"That bastard! I'm not buying a single word of that twisted logic!"

She gritted her teeth, pulled out a military Den Den Mushi, and dialed Headquarters.

"Gion, what are you..."

Tokikake asked, trying to discreetly stash the box of cigars.

"I'm reporting Daren's behavior to Headquarters!"

Gion's eyes locked onto the Den Den Mushi as it rang out with its familiar "buru buru" sound.

Soon, the line connected.

"Buru!"

"Hahaha! Gion-chan, you've arrived in the North Blue? How's the environment over there?"

A hearty laugh came through, and the Den Den Mushi mimicked the face of Admiral Sengoku from Marine Headquarters—seagull cap, round black-framed glasses and all.

"Reporting in, Admiral Sengoku. I've arrived at Branch 321,"

Gion said sternly and methodically.

"However, during the inspection, I discovered a serious issue with Captain Daren's personal conduct—one that could damage the reputation of the Marines and even spark a political incident!"

There was barely restrained fury in her voice.

"Oh?" Sengoku's puzzled voice came through the receiver.

"What issue? As far as I remember, that kid Daren's pretty capable..."

"Pretty capable..."

Maybe it was Daren's earlier line about "caring for the people" still lingering in her mind, but Gion couldn't help feeling something off about those words.

She opened her mouth, cheeks flushing red as she stammered,

"He... he... he..."

The situation was just too shameful—she couldn't bring herself to say it out loud.

Tokikake reached over and snatched the Den Den Mushi, blurting out angrily,

"He slept with the wife of the Governor of the Yadis Kingdom!!"

Sengoku: ...

...

At Marine Headquarters, Marineford. Admiral's Office.

Sengoku stared at the Den Den Mushi, watching Tokikake rant with righteous indignation.

"Admiral Sengoku, I strongly suggest we strip Daren of his rank and investigate him!"

"That's the governor's wife, for crying out loud! Still full of charm—and stunning!"

Sengoku's face twitched.

Okay, sure, talk about dismissing him—we can discuss that.

But why do you keep bringing up how beautiful Lady Margery is?

"Hm. So that's what this is about," Sengoku muttered.

Gion and Tokikake both froze.

"Hm"? That's it?

"Admiral Sengoku... your attitude..." Gion said with clear dissatisfaction.

Sengoku scratched his head.

"Gion, there are things you don't know. That brat Daren does have a lot of issues. Both your sister Tsuru and I are well aware."

"As for the issue you're bringing up... it's not the first time."

"Over on Tsuru's side—the Marine administration and inspection department—they've got piles of complaints and reports on Daren. Stacked to the ceiling."

Tokikake went stiff, visibly trembling.

So that bastard Daren had "cared for" many more noble ladies like Margery?

How many times had he "engaged in military-civilian cooperation"!??

Beast!

He took a few deep drags from his smoke.

Gion was equally stunned.

"Then why was he promoted to the top post in the North Blue? If we let him run wild, the whole sea's going to be a disaster."

Sengoku sighed to himself—Gion was still too young, too idealistic. He gave a helpless smile and said plainly,

"His presence is justified. If Daren can stabilize that chaotic region, there's a reason for it."

Gion frowned, unconvinced.

"But Admiral Sengoku... what about our Headquarters prodigies—Rear Admirals Borsalino and Sakazuki? Didn't they both serve in the North Blue?"

"Are you saying Daren's governance was better than theirs?"

She could hardly believe it.

Borsalino and Sakazuki were monsters of Marine Headquarters, already recognized as future Admirals.

Sengoku's mouth twitched. His expression soured as he sighed again.

"Gion... you still don't understand those two well enough."

"During Borsalino's time in the North Blue, unless HQ gave direct orders, he barely lifted a finger. Piracy got so bad that HQ couldn't stand it anymore and finally had him transferred."

"What about Rear Admiral Sakazuki?" Gion asked, startled but still skeptical.

Sengoku let out another sigh.

"Sakazuki... why do you think he was pulled from the North Blue?"

"That guy ignored political sensitivities between kingdoms, disregarded civilian casualties, and used extreme force on every pirate he encountered. He left entire towns and countries in ruin..."

"In the end, over ten allied nations complained and applied joint pressure on HQ. That's why we had no choice but to transfer him out."

Gion: ...

Tokikake: ...

Sengoku pinched the bridge of his nose and said,

"In short, regarding this promotion—both Sakazuki and Borsalino voiced their support."

"Daren has earned their recognition... That alone proves his skill and capability."

Then, in a tone full of meaning, he added,

"Study him carefully."

## **Chapter 5 - 5: Hm, Let's Spar a Little**

The Den Den Mushi call cut off.

In the spacious base commander's office, the young and inexperienced Gion and Tokikake sat in stunned silence, staring at each other for a long moment without speaking.

Having grown up at Marine Headquarters, showered with attention and raised on the most orthodox ideals of justice, they simply couldn't comprehend how someone as corrupt and depraved as Daren could receive such high praise from Admiral Sengoku—the man they revered.

Even harder to believe was that the two prodigious and prideful "monsters," Sakazuki and Borsalino, had both, without prompting, expressed approval of Daren's strength and methods.

And those two? Their personalities, principles, and ways of doing things couldn't be more different—completely opposed, even.

"This... how is that possible..."

Gion sat in a daze, murmuring to herself, her eyes unfocused.

Everything that had happened since arriving in the North Blue had delivered a massive blow to her "pure and innocent" worldview.

Click...

The sharp sound of a lighter snapping open broke her thoughts.

"Tokikake! What are you doing!? You're smoking his cigars!?"

Gion turned her head and saw Tokikake lighting up a cigar. Her fury boiled over.

Tokikake flinched. Seeing Gion's icy glare, he stammered,

"Uh... Didn't Admiral Sengoku tell us to learn from Daren?"

Gion: ...

"He told you to learn from him, not to pick up his nasty habits—smoking, drinking, and womanizing!"

Gion snapped, gritting her teeth in rage.

Tokikake quickly stuffed the cigar away, muttering under his breath,

"I dunno... I think those things aren't so bad... Smoking, drinking, and picking up girls doesn't mean you can't be a good Marine..."

"What did you just say!?"

"I-I said you're absolutely right, Gion."

"..."

"No. I can't accept this." Gion suddenly stood up, a fiery determination lighting up her clear eyes.

She clenched her fists tightly.

"Justice must remain pure! It cannot be tainted by filth!"

"I have to stay and reform that bastard Daren! Help him walk the right path!"

"I can't allow his kind of 'corrupt' and 'twisted' justice to stain the North Blue Marines!"

Tokikake, watching her burning with resolve, could only cover his face in silence.

Though, in his heart, his thoughts were drifting far away...

Military-civilian cooperation... caring for the people...

"Hehehe..."

He wasn't even sure what he'd just imagined, but a lewd grin crept across his face.

"Stop grinning like that! Get to the training grounds!"

Gion shot him a glare and barked coldly.

Tokikake blinked. "Training grounds? What for... training? We just got here, and the whole journey was bumpy as hell... Isn't that too much?"

Gion reached for the golden blade at her waist, eyes gleaming with sharp determination.

"That bastard Daren said he wanted to spar with us, didn't he?"

Her face lit up with competitive fire.

"Let's see if this so-called North Blue Admiral really lives up to the title."

As the Headquarters' golden child—spoiled, celebrated, and trusted—she had her own pride and convictions to uphold.

...

321st Branch.

Training ground.

The sky was clear, and the sea breeze sharp.

Dust swirled across the open field.

Along the edges stood rows of weapon racks, displaying all kinds of weapons—spiked maces, oversized cleavers, halberds, and more. Nearby were dozens of humanoid stone targets, with a line of practice cannons set up even farther out. On the opposite side sat an old, abandoned warship.

Many Marines from the 321st Branch were already in the midst of their routine training, but their eyes kept drifting toward the lone figure at the center of the grounds.

Daren was shirtless, wearing only black military pants, doing one-finger push-ups in the middle of the field.

"1997, 1998, 1999, 2000..."

After finishing 2,000 one-finger push-ups with his right hand, he switched to his left.

"1, 2, 3, 4..."

His rhythm was steady, each rep executed with perfect form, a sense of rhythm in every motion.

His sharply defined, explosive muscles, paired with his wild and unrestrained aura, made him look like a feral cheetah poised to strike.

That was the sight Gion and Tokikake saw as soon as they arrived.

"I didn't expect this guy to be so serious about training."

Gion had stormed into the field, still fuming inside, but she had to admit—

Typically, Marines stationed in the Four Seas were more lax in discipline due to being far from the Headquarters, and their training often involved cutting corners.

Aside from the occasional surprise inspection from the top brass, most Four Seas Marines slacked off in their daily routines.

She didn't expect Daren—this degenerate and debauched bastard—to be so strict with himself.

"Tch, it's not that impressive..."

Tokikake stuffed his hands in his pockets, face full of disdain, though his tone carried a hint of envy.



Truthfully, he was a bit shaken too.

After a few more minutes of observation, Daren completed another 2,000 one-finger push-ups.

"You're here. Want to join the training?"

He clapped the dust from his hands and smiled at the two of them.

Under the sunlight, sweat streamed down his chiseled jaw and along the grooves of his muscular body. Paired with his striking face, it created a stunning and impactful visual.

Not far off, a few female Marines watching from the sidelines were already starry-eyed and blushing.

Even Gion had to blink—no wonder Lady Margaret was so obsessed with him.

Not that she was the type to be seduced by a pretty face. But Daren's kind was rare among Marines.

She thought of Sakazuki and Borsalino, then glanced at Tokikake beside her, standing there like a two-bit street punk with his hands stuffed in his pockets. In comparison, that shameless scoundrel Daren suddenly seemed a lot more tolerable.

Still, she hadn't forgotten why she was here.

This arrogant bastard needed a lesson—to remind him not to get too full of himself.

"No need, Captain Daren. We're here to test your strength. Right, Tokikake?"

Gion's tone was solemn as she turned to him.

"Huh? I don't want to. That sounds exhausting..."

Tokikake blurted out, but the murderous glint in Gion's eyes made him straighten up and immediately change his tune.

"That's right, Captain Daren! Let's see what you, the so-called North Blue Admiral, are really made of!"

"Oh? Are you sure?"

A faint smirk curled at Daren's lips.

"You two are elite from the Headquarters, after all. If it's a real spar, I'll need you to go easy on me..."

His eyes sparkled with interest.

Though Gion and Tokikake were still young and far from the Admiral-candidate level they'd eventually reach, they were undeniably gifted—prodigies raised under the eyes of Marine HQ's top brass.

As someone from the North Blue, Daren was genuinely curious about their strength.

More importantly, he'd been waiting for a chance to give these two "proctors" from HQ a proper beating.

In the Marines, strength was everything. Only by overpowering them could he shut them up. If they kept nitpicking and stirring up trouble, it'd make everything that much harder to deal with.

"Don't worry, Captain Daren. Since you gave me that cigar, I'll go easy on you."

Tokikake grinned, his eyes gleaming with mischief. He suddenly realized—this might be the perfect chance to beat this guy to a pulp.

Gion slowly drew the Meito sword from her waist, her expression cold and furious.

Since reason wouldn't work, she'd let her blade do the talking. This lecherous, depraved bastard was about to be taught a lesson.

The three of them, each with their own motives, wore matching sinister smiles.