

One Piece 621

Chapter 621 - 621: Volume 4 – Chapter 140: How About I Join You Two?

An ancient forest of pine trees, towering giants stretching into the sky, wild overgrowth, and volcanoes that looked ready to erupt at any moment.

Pterosaurs soared overhead, their massive wings slicing through the air as piercing screeches echoed across the island.

In the distance, colossal Triceratops grazed, their thick, horned skulls rugged and fearsome.

Daren even spotted a towering beast that resembled a Tyrannosaurus, viciously tearing into a Brachiosaurus. Blood and rotting flesh dripped from its jagged teeth.

This was the prehistoric island—Little Garden!

Thanks to its unique terrain and climate, the island had preserved an environment straight out of the ancient past.

"This is definitely the place."

The moment he saw the dinosaurs, Daren knew he hadn't come to the wrong spot.

He immediately activated his Observation Haki.

Boosted by the electromagnetic sensing of the Jiki Jiki no Mi, his perception expanded like a vast, transparent dome centered on his position. In an instant, it engulfed the entire island.

"Found you."

A faint smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

Within the range of his Observation Haki, Daren quickly located two enormous life forces slumbering deep within the island.

But just as he was preparing to move, a volcano at the island's center suddenly rumbled and let out a deep hum.

A surge of thick white smoke exploded from the crater, the scorching air casting an ominous red glow across the sky above.

The volcano was about to erupt!

Boom!!

A jet of molten lava shot skyward like a fountain, erupting from the massive crater in a blazing pillar of crimson, cascading through the sky like a hellish waterfall.

Daren felt a disturbing tremor ripple through the ground beneath his feet and frowned.

Even from this distance, the searing heat from the eruption was tangible. The vegetation near the crater was already igniting under the molten surge, setting off a blazing wildfire.

Thick black smoke blanketed the sky.

Just then, two booming laughs echoed from deep within the island. Like peals of thunder, the sound blasted through the trees, shaking the forest and forcing the trunks to bend under the pressure.

"Gyagagaga! It's time for our duel again!!"

A towering figure stood up from the jungle, like a mountain rising from the earth, casting a massive shadow across the land.

Trees snapped under the weight of his awakening, unable to withstand the force of his limbs. The over-twenty-meter-tall giant warrior let out a thundering laugh, one hand gripping a weathered greatsword, the other holding a cracked round shield.

The soundwaves swept outward, kicking up fierce gusts of wind.

He wore an iron helmet with a faceguard, a dark blue cloak billowing from his shoulders. Beneath that, warrior's armor, a white fur-lined waistguard, and brown trousers.

Most striking of all was the long beard that made him look like a giant version of Guan Yu—imposing and valiant.

An Elbaph warrior and one of the captains of the Giant Pirate Crew—"Blue Ogre" Dorry!

"Kabababa! That's right, my battle axe's thirst can't be held back any longer!!"

Hot on his heels, another massive figure stirred in the jungle, ripping through trees as he stood tall.

His frame was nearly identical to Dorry's, the two resembling twin mountains from afar.

This giant wore a horned iron helmet, had a thick yellow beard, and sported the same dark blue cloak. His brows were heavy, his eyes wide and fierce—he looked like a super-sized Zhang Fei!

Bulkier than Dorry, he had a more imposing visual presence. In each hand, he wielded a similarly aged battle axe and shield.

Another Elbaph warrior and co-captain of the Giant Warrior Pirates—"Red Ogre" Brogy!

Once fearsome captains who shook the world under the name of the Giant Warrior Pirates, these two had remained stranded on the island for decades—all because of a petty argument. Every time the volcano erupted, they would duel, refusing to leave until one finally claimed victory.

Now, their eyes locked, flames of battle flared between them. With a roar, they charged, weapons swinging.

It was like two stone fortresses collapsing. Their massive frames barreled through everything—trees, beasts, boulders—annihilated in their wake as swords and axes came crashing down!

Clang!!

A deafening crash exploded outward, sharp enough to tear eardrums. Amplified by their monstrous power, shockwaves blasted in every direction, rippling out in rings of dust and pressure that forced the surrounding forest to bend beneath the force.

Such overwhelming might!

From a distance, Daren's expression shifted, a flicker of excitement igniting in his eyes.

He had thought this trip might be a waste. After all, in the original storyline, "Blue Ogre" Dorry and "Red Ogre" Brogy had been portrayed as pretty unimpressive—easily toyed with by Crocodile's underling, "Mr. 3" Galdino.

But this scene in front of him completely flipped that notion on its head.

Forget everything else—the sheer level of strength these two were displaying right now was absolutely on par with his own!

In terms of raw physical power, they might even surpass him.

"Gyagagaga! This level isn't enough to beat me, Brogy!!"

As their sword and axe clashed, Dorry burst into loud laughter, slamming his round shield fiercely toward Brogy.

"Don't underestimate me!"

Brogy bared his teeth in a wide grin and swung his shield right back.

Both were warriors born of Elbaph, and after countless years of dueling, they knew each other's moves inside and out!

Bang!

Bang!

Their faces snapped back from the collision, blood trickling from their mouths and noses as their massive bodies staggered backward, shaking the ground beneath them.

Yet their eyes only burned hotter, thunderous laughter booming from their chests.

"Come on!"

"Come on!"

"Dorry!"

"Brogy!"

Their beards bristled, muscles swelling as they summoned every ounce of strength.

Four sturdy legs stomped down with force, causing the earth to groan under the pressure, and their massive figures shot forward like meteorites.

The long sword and great axe, carrying the sheer force to cleave mountains and split valleys, slashed toward each other with unstoppable momentum!

Closer!

Closer!

Just moments before sword and axe collided, a figure suddenly appeared between them in a flash, arms spread wide.

Dorry and Brogy froze, their faces twisting in shock—but at full strength, it was far too late to pull back.

They could only watch as their weapons hurtled straight toward the tiny figure standing between them.

Clang!!

A deafening, sharp explosion split the air.

Dorry and Brogy's eyes widened so much they looked ready to pop from their sockets, their faces filled with disbelief.

"What!?"

They cried out in unison.

The unassuming "little one" had simply spread his arms—yet stopped both of their ferocious attacks at once!

It felt less like they had struck a man and more like they had slammed into an unbreakable, diamond-forged wall, sending a jolt of numbness and pain shooting up their arms.

Sparks flew, casting wild reflections across the Vice Admiral's wind-tossed black hair and fierce, defiant face.

He lifted his head, the cloak behind him whipping violently in the gale, and smiled slightly.

"Big guys... how about I play with you two?"

Chapter 622 - 622: Volume 4 – Chapter 141 Long Live Elbaph!

Clang, clang, clang...

The massive sword and battle axe, each nearly ten meters long, were locked tightly in the "skinny" arms of the Marine Vice Admiral, unable to move an inch. The sheer impact of the scene was overwhelming.

It was like a tiny ant struggling to lift a leaf ten times its size—a breathtaking, almost surreal sight.

Dorry and Brogy stared wide-eyed, completely in disbelief.

This guy who came out of nowhere... actually blocked their full-power strike so easily!?

"Who are you, little guy!?"

Brogy leaned in close to Daren, his eyes squinting suspiciously.

"He's a Marine... It's been years since a Marine showed up on this island," Dorry said in a low, rumbling voice.

"Hey, Marine brat, are you here to arrest us?" Brogy boomed.

Daren, his head throbbing from their thunderous voices, snapped irritably, "No. Even though you're the captains of the Giant Warrior Pirates, that crew disbanded and disappeared ages ago. The Marines don't even bother with you anymore."

"Besides, I'm not your typical Marine. I'm not interested in chasing pirates."

"Big guys, my name is Rogers Daren. I'm here just to spar with you."

Not here to arrest us?

Dorry and Brogy exchanged a glance, then slowly lowered their weapons and took a cautious step back.

Daren gently descended from the air, brushed the dust off his hands, looked up, and smiled.

"I've heard the legends of the two captains of the Giant Warrior Pirates for a long time. The 'Blue Ogre' Dorry and the 'Red Ogre' Brogy—both famed for their overwhelming strength, strong enough to destroy a country."

"Now that I've seen you with my own eyes, your reputations are clearly well-deserved."

Hearing Daren's unabashed praise, Dorry frowned, about to say something, but Brogy puffed up proudly and burst out laughing with his hands on his hips.

"Kabababa! You sure know how to talk! I like you!"

"Idiot!"

Several black lines popped up on Dorry's forehead. He slammed his fist onto Brogy's head, growling,

"He's trying to cozy up to us!"

"Don't forget, humans are sly! If he's praising us this much, he must be up to something!"

Brogy, now sporting a giant lump on his head, pointed at Daren indignantly.

"But he's just telling the truth!"

Dorry: "..."

He glared at the thick-headed Brogy, then crouched down slightly, his gaze sharp and wary as he coldly warned,

"Human, we're not interested in your games... If you don't want to die, get off this island. Otherwise, don't blame us for what happens!"

Daren sighed helplessly.

"I'm serious. With your size, you should be able to see all around the island, right?"

"Did you spot any warships? Not a single one. If I had any bad intentions toward you, wouldn't this island already be surrounded by Marine warships?"

Hearing that, Dorry and Brogy quickly scanned the horizon. Sure enough, there were no warships in sight.

"You... really just came here to spar? That's it?" Dorry frowned.

Brogy chimed in, "Didn't he already say so?"

"Shut up!" Dorry barked at him through gritted teeth.

Daren nodded with a smile.

"That's right. I admire strength and martial prowess. I've long been fascinated by the strongest race of giants in these seas."

Though Dorry and Brogy still looked wary, they couldn't help but puff out their chests a little.

Daren chuckled and continued,

"You saw it earlier, didn't you? My body has been trained to a very high level, but when it comes to raw strength, I'm still lacking."

"I want to grow stronger—by sparring with you!"

"Gyagagaga!"

"Kabababa!"

Hearing Daren's words, Dorry and Brogy burst into uproarious laughter, tears streaming from their eyes as they clutched their stomachs.

"You want to match strength with giants!?"

"Don't make us laugh!"

"Do you have any idea how powerful we are?"

"With just a twitch of a finger, we could crush a little human like you into paste!"

...

They laughed so hard they nearly fell over.

Daren simply shook his head.

He took two steps back and slowly raised his right foot.

His gaze sharpened. In the next instant, he slammed his right boot heavily into the ground.

Boom!!

The earth shook violently, and the ground within a kilometer radius jumped as if jolted by an earthquake.

Crack!

Rip!

A thick fissure erupted from under Daren's boot, snaking hundreds of meters outward and tearing through the forest, uprooting trees in its path.

Dust billowed into the air as the sounds of trees breaking and collapsing echoed around them.

The laughter on Dorry and Brogy's faces froze, stiffening in place, and their expressions turned wonderfully complicated.

"Well?"

Daren pulled out a cigar, bit it between his teeth, lit it, and asked with a smile.

Silence.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

"You-you-you... you actually have the power of a giant!?"

Brogy stared at Daren in utter disbelief, stammering as he spoke.

Dorry was just as shaken, his heart pounding wildly.

The strength of the Giant Tribe... how could that exist in a human!?

"That's exactly why I came to see you two."

Daren exhaled a puff of smoke and smiled.

"I hope the two of you can help me fulfill a long-held wish."

Dorry and Brogy exchanged a glance. Then Dorry suddenly asked,

"Why should we help you, little guy?"

"Yeah, you're a human!" Brogy added.

Daren's expression grew serious, and he declared in a firm voice,

"Because it's the glory of a warrior!"

"As warriors of Elbaph, you can't refuse a fair and honorable challenge—can you?"

Dorry and Brogy fell silent.

"And besides..."

Daren suddenly gestured with his hand.

In the distant sky, several massive iron crates dropped down and landed with a heavy thud.

The crates slowly opened, releasing waves of rich, sweet liquor aroma that drifted toward them, making Dorry and Brogy's nostrils twitch uncontrollably.

"Famous wines from the East Blue, North Blue, South Blue, West Blue, and even the Grand Line. A gift from me to both of you."

Daren stepped forward, lifted a barrel of liquor taller than himself with one hand, and popped the seal.

The heady aroma poured out, and Dorry and Brogy were instantly captivated.

The Giant Tribe had always loved nothing more than strong drink and battle. Every one of them was practically born with a love of liquor.

But after decades stuck on this forsaken island, their tongues had forgotten the taste of good wine from the seas.

Brogy stepped in closer, taking a deep breath of the intoxicating scent, and drool began to drip from the corner of his mouth.

He casually elbowed Dorry in the ribs.

Dorry: ...

He swallowed with a loud gulp.

"This..."

"This is all for the glory of warriors! Long live Elbaph!" Daren raised the barrel high above his head.

Dorry froze for a moment, then burst into laughter.

"That's right! For the glory of warriors! Long live Elbaph!!"

Brogy cheered loudly,

"Same here!!"

Chapter 623 - 623: Volume 4 – Chapter 142 I, Rogers Daren, Acknowledge You!

"Me too..."

Hearing Brogy's simple-minded response, the corner of Daren's mouth twitched slightly.

"Ahem. Since you two have agreed, let's get started then!"

"Huh? We're not drinking first?"

Brogy stared longingly at the massive jug of liquor in Daren's hand, clearly reluctant to let it go.

Dorry, too, couldn't take his eyes off it.

With a grin, Daren recorked the jug, set it down behind him, and stepped forward, shielding it with his body.

"Good wine is best enjoyed after a great battle, don't you think?"

At that, both Dorry and Brogy's eyes lit up.

"Yeah, that makes sense."

"Hahaha! You're pretty funny for a little guy—I like you!"

They looked at the human before them with newfound admiration. It seemed they'd begun to accept Daren.

This little guy was different from the others. Sure, he was small, but his heart and spirit were giant-sized.

"Then let's go!"

Dorry confidently grabbed the massive sword stuck in the ground and looked down at Daren's "tiny" figure.

"Don't go down too easy now!"

Brogy readied his battle axe and round shield. The rising battle intent in his eyes was clear, and as his axe clashed against his shield, a low, resonant hum rang out.

"Which one of us do you want to fight?"

They glared at Daren, faces red with excitement, looking like they were ready to kill if he didn't pick them.

But despite the fierce aura, their expressions came off more dopey than intimidating.

"Both of you. Come at me together," Daren said with a smile.

The two giant warriors froze.

A surge of anger bubbled up inside them.

"Are you serious?"

"Little guy, don't think just because you've got giant-level strength, you're actually our match!"

Two massive pairs of eyes locked onto Daren, radiating pressure.

"I'm serious," Daren replied, a devil-may-care grin curling at his lips.

"Come on—try and kill me."

"Otherwise..."

He raised an eyebrow and reached out with his right hand.

Zzzzz...

Crackling blue arcs of energy danced between his fingers.

A strange force rippled through the air, and behind the Marine Vice Admiral, the giant iron crates suddenly groaned and buckled as if being crushed by an invisible hand. Metal twisted and groaned, collapsing inward.

Jar after jar of precious liquor from every sea shattered one after another, their rich, fragrant contents spilling out onto the ground.

"No!"

"What are you doing!?"

Dorry and Brogy's eyes instantly turned red.

To giants who loved alcohol as much as life itself, Daren's actions were downright blasphemous.

"My wine!!"

Brogy lost control first. His face flushed deep red, his beard and hair bristled like a raging demon, living up to his fearsome title of "Red Ogre."

"You dare make a fool of us!!"

His pillar-like arms tightened around the massive battle axe. With a single, furious swing, he cleaved through trees and earth, bringing the axe down on Daren.

With such terrifying force behind it, nothing stood a chance. Trees and boulders were ripped from the ground and hurled into the air.

"Now we're talking."

Instead of flinching, Daren looked pleased.

The giants were a unique race. Aside from their unimaginable strength and long lifespans, most of them had a... simple way of thinking.

In other words, all that muscle had squeezed out whatever brainpower was supposed to be there.

But for a race born for battle, that trait wasn't a flaw—it made it easier for them to fall into a battle frenzy and unleash even greater power.

Bring it on!

Show me what a giant's strength really looks like!

A roaring wind and dust storm surged forward, whipping Daren's white cloak into a frenzied dance.

He bent his knees and lowered his body.

As he drew in a deep breath, he raised his hand—straight into the attack!

No techniques. No Armament Haki.

Just raw, unfiltered strength!

Boom!!

The instant his hand met the giant axe, it felt like being slammed by a Buster Call warship at full speed. Daren's body was flung backward across the ground, dragged along by the sweeping blow!

Dust erupted, soaring skyward.

As Brogy unleashed his full power, the jungle at the island's center exploded in a storm of debris. Towering trees were leveled in an instant, the land cleared like grass before a mower.

Boom!!

The titanic axe slammed into a mountain, making the twenty-meter peak tremble violently. Boulders rained down as the axe carved a massive, horrifying gash into the heart of the cliff.

"Damn it! Brogy, you idiot! Are you trying to kill him!?"

Dorry's face twisted in alarm as he cursed.

Brogy, eyes bloodshot and full of anger, growled back,

"My wine is gone!"

But before he could finish, he suddenly stiffened and looked down.

He saw his battle axe, which had been driven deep into the mountain, starting to loosen and tremble.

Brogy's pupils shrank. He could feel it—a force just as powerful as his own was pushing back against him through the axe!

"What... how is this possible?"

Staring in disbelief, he quickly realized that the force was still growing stronger. Bit by bit, under that pressure, his embedded battle axe was being pushed out of the mountain wall!

Brogy's face flushed bright red.

Dorry also sensed that something was wrong, his eyes widening as he stared at the unfolding scene.

Rocks crumbled, and dust filled the air.

From the shattered, scarred cliff face, the massive battle axe was slowly retreating.

A dust-covered hand gripped the blade tightly!

Dorry and Brogy's pupils shrank simultaneously.

"Hey, big guy..."

The human grinned up at them and said,

"Have you eaten yet?"

"Damn it!!"

Dorry roared in fury, his beard flying wildly.

Both hands gripping his ten-meter-long greatsword, he slashed down with overwhelming force!

The explosive might of the strike was so intense it tore through the air with sharp, cracking booms.

Since this brat's body was as tough as diamond, there was no need to hold back...

Let him see firsthand what true Elbaph strength meant!

Rip!!

The greatsword came crashing down, shredding the mountainside like it was nothing but wet paper.

But Daren just grinned fiercely and suddenly raised his hand.

Boom!!

A massive shockwave erupted, blasting away countless trees and boulders.

The mountain, already weakened by Brogy's strike, couldn't withstand the force. It crumbled completely, collapsing into rubble!

The earth cracked open, leaving a giant crater fifty meters across, fractures spiderwebbing out in all directions.

In the middle of the chaos, the Marine Vice Admiral stood firm—one hand gripping the axe, the other the sword—like an unmovable wall against the raging storm.

He threw back his head and laughed, his black hair and white cloak whipping wildly around him.

"Hahahaha! You truly are among the mightiest warriors of Elbaph!"

"I, Rogers Daren, acknowledge you!"

Strength +0.11!

Chapter 624 - 624: Volume 4 – Chapter 143: The Glory of Elbaph, The Strongest Combination Attack!

"Get up!!"

Daren burst out laughing wildly. His muscles tensed, and both arms exploded with rocket-like force, blasting aside the weapons of the two giants.

Strength +0.07!

It moved!

His long-stagnant "Strength" attribute finally stirred again!

Amid the roaring winds, a crazed smile spread across Daren's face, his muscles swelling visibly.

His judgment had been right!

Attributes like strength and speed, much like "Physique," could steadily grow stronger—as long as he found the right "teachers."

And when it came to raw power, what better teachers were there across this vast sea than the Giants?

"Who wants your approval, little punk!"

Brogy roared, his bloodshot eyes glaring fiercely.

Gritting his teeth, he threw aside the giant round shield in his left hand and gripped his battle axe with both hands.

With a thunderous roar, the muscles in his arms twisted and bulged like coiled ropes, writhing like giant dragons.

His skin darkened to a deep red, and thick veins rose across his body, as he summoned every ounce of his strength!

He struck again!

"Hahahaha! Big guys, you've been stuck on this island for too long! You have no idea how much the world outside has changed!"

Daren charged forward, his face lit up with wild, unrestrained excitement.

"The day you finally step off this island, you'll understand! Out there, there are countless warriors who would fight, bleed, and even rip off their own arms just to earn my recognition!"

Boom!!

The massive and tiny figures clashed again, the impact echoing like a meteor slamming into the earth.

Ripples of shockwaves spread endlessly across the land, flattening forests and bending trees across kilometers.

Under the pressure of this terrifying aura, countless ancient beasts on the island howled in terror and fled in every direction.

"I don't believe it! You're just a little brat!"

"I could crush you with one foot!"

Brogy roared furiously, feeling Daren's strength—equal to or even greater than his own—before turning his head and shouting,

"Come help me!!"

Dorry finally snapped out of his shock. Abandoning his shield, he gripped his massive sword with both hands and charged at Daren!

And so, on this ancient island, a fierce battle unfolded.

Two towering giants, as colossal as mountains, attacked the "little guy" with overwhelming force, shaking the earth and forests like turbulent waves.

Yet that "tiny" figure showed no intention of dodging or evading. Instead, with a wild, crazed expression, he met their attacks head-on, clashing against them with pure strength.

Boom!

Strength +0.08!

Boom!

Strength +0.12!

Boom!

Strength +0.14!

With each impact, Daren could clearly feel his muscles, bones, and even his heart's contractions steadily growing stronger!

His heartbeat quickened, pounding with powerful, unstoppable force, like an engine running at full throttle.

He even felt a strange illusion—as if a mysterious, unprecedented power was being forged within him, slowly taking shape under the relentless hammering of the two giant captains.

It was as if a monstrous beast from ancient times was awakening deep within his body!

One minute, five minutes, ten minutes, half an hour,

...

"Hahahaha, that feels good!"

Amid the billowing clouds of dust, the figure of the Vice Admiral was flung backward, his entire body caked in mud and grime as his feet carved a deep trail dozens of meters long across the ground.

Gasping for breath, he lifted his head and looked toward the two giants in the distance, who were also panting heavily. Raising a hand, he wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth.

Although the two giants hadn't used Haki in their attacks, for fairness' sake, Daren had likewise refrained from using his devil form.

Relying solely on his "Indestructible Body," he had managed to endure the blows. While the giants hadn't completely broken through his defenses, the overwhelming, crushing force still left Daren dazed, a salty tang seeping into his mouth.

"Daren, you little brat, why don't you dodge or fight back!?"

Brogy stared at the tiny figure in the distance and suddenly shouted.

He was panting like a waterfall, and the heavy evaporation of sweat caused white steam to rise from his body.

Even someone as rough as Brogy could sense something was off.

This guy... wasn't even trying to attack!

His speed clearly far exceeded what the two of them could catch, yet he didn't dodge, didn't counterattack, didn't take advantage of their missed strikes.

Instead, he charged straight in like a fool, crashing head-on into their blows.

This reckless, straightforward feeling... If it weren't for the fact that the little guy was undeniably human, they would have thought they were fighting a fellow Elbaph warrior!

"Dodging is for cowards."

Daren spread his arms wide and grinned.

"Elbaph warriors never dodge!"

"Real men fight head-on!!"

"For the glory of Elbaph, I will not use Haki, I will not dodge, I will not retreat... I'll fight until the very end!!"

The moment the words left his mouth, Dorry and Brogy froze.

A brilliant, blazing light erupted in their eyes as they stared intently at Daren.

"Kabababa!"

"Good!"

"You truly possess the glory of a warrior!"

"I admire you!"

Daren's declaration struck them straight in the heart, making their bodies tremble uncontrollably.

He understood it completely!

He had voiced their innermost beliefs!

Yes! This was the great spirit of Elbaph warriors!

Dorry and Brogy's faces flushed with excitement, their hands clutching their weapons shaking with emotion.

If this guy weren't human, they would have dragged him off to swear brotherhood on the spot!

"In that case..."

The two exchanged a glance. The years of fighting side by side—and against each other—gave them perfect tacit understanding. In that moment, they made a shared decision.

"Daren, we acknowledge you too!"

"For the glory of Elbaph, we will now unleash our strongest move!"

"Get ready..."

They stared fiercely at Daren, their voices carrying a faint hint of concern and warning.

"Once we unleash this move, even we won't be able to control it."

"Its power... is beyond even our imagination!"

"Are you ready?"

Ready...

Daren glanced at his "Strength" stat.

Strength: 89.219!

Just a little more...

Just a little more to break through the 90-point mark!

"Then..."

He took a deep breath and stepped forward.

His spirit burned bright.

"Of course!!!"

Chapter 625 - 625: Volume 4 – Chapter 144: He... He's Getting Bigger!?

Seeing the "little guy" standing there so bold and dashing, Dorry and Brogy both burst into hearty laughter.

This human boy was exactly to their liking.

If you ignored the fact that he was human, this guy named Daren—whether it was his fighting style, the toughness of his body, his strength, his will, or his courage—was every bit the kind of man who would be famous even among the warriors of Elbaph!

"Then let's go!"

"Blue Ogre" Dorry gripped his massive longsword with both hands and stepped forward. His enormous frame made the ground quake, his beard and hair flying like a demon's, while his face darkened with the flush of battle spirit.

"Don't you dare die too easily!"

"Red Ogre" Brogy also stepped forward, raising his battle axe into an attack stance. His thick beard trembled, and his rugged face flushed blood-red with excitement.

The two stood a distance apart, sword and axe lightly clashing together, their bodies tensed, ready to unleash their full power.

At that moment, Daren felt a heavy, domineering, overwhelming pressure crash down on him, as if every muscle in his body had been provoked, straining taut.

"What incredible pressure!"

Instead of fear, Daren's heart surged with excitement. A blazing, fierce light burst from his deep-set eyes.

The strength these two giants had shown so far was far beyond what he'd expected—a true delight.

In the original story's Little Garden arc, their performance had been disappointing, hardly worthy of the 100 million bounty they had carried for over a century, let alone the reputation of Elbaph as the "Strongest Nation in the World."

But right now, Daren's entire body trembled with exhilaration.

This suffocating, crushing sense of threat, the feeling of every cell in his body cheering and screaming... it made him unbelievably happy!

"Hahahahaha! Come, warriors of Elbaph!!"

He took a deep, powerful breath.

Hiss!!

Visible streams of air formed at his nostrils, and countless memories of battles fought on the edge of life and death, endless days and nights of hellish training, flashed through his mind.

A sudden, wordless understanding emerged within him.

"Seimei Kikan!"

He murmured quietly, and as he drew that breath deep into his abdomen, his body underwent a strange transformation.

Crack, crack...

His sharply defined muscles swelled, each packed with explosive power, tearing apart the uniform on his upper body, revealing a body crisscrossed with scars.

Rip!

Daren tore away the shredded remnants of his uniform, his black hair whipping wildly as he grinned fiercely. He raised both hands, one high, one low, adopting a fighter's stance.

"I, Rogers Daren, will stand here and face your strongest strike!"

"Defeat me! Beat me! Even... kill me!!"

As the words fell...

A deep rumble shook the earth, as if the entire island itself was trembling.

The Vice Admiral's figure shot from his spot like a cannonball.

Facing the strongest combined attack of Elbaph's mightiest warriors... he didn't retreat—he charged head-on!

"Good!"

Dorry and Brogy's eyes lit up, wide smiles spreading across their faces, brimming with battle lust.

Only a man of such spirit deserved to face their ultimate attack!

"Give it everything you've got, Brogy! No holding back!"

Dorry laughed.

"You too! It's been years since we've used this move—don't screw it up, kabababa!!"

Brogy roared with laughter.

Without needing to exchange a single look, both their eyes sharpened at the same moment, filled with deadly seriousness.

The winds howled.

Swords swung.

Axes fell.

Under the surging force of their combined might, the space before them seemed to be sucked into a vacuum.

A titanic shockwave, vast and spiraling with slashing winds, exploded forth with unstoppable force!

Hundreds, thousands of towering trees were flattened in an instant, shattered into splinters!

Everything on the earth—rocks, vegetation, even entire rolling hills—was obliterated in a heartbeat!

Boom!!

Elbaph's Sovereignty: Hakoku!!

Before the overwhelming force of this attack, capable of crushing entire nations, nothing could stand in its path.

In an instant, it swallowed up the "tiny" figure of the Marine Vice Admiral.

Then it continued its unstoppable advance.

Boom!

A mountain dozens of meters tall was blasted straight through, leaving a massive gaping hole!

The surrounding mountains were nearly leveled.

And then...

Out at sea, a colossal trench over a kilometer long and dozens of meters wide was carved into the ocean's surface!!

Towering waves surged violently, thundering in every direction.

The roar of crashing waves and collapsing mountains mingled together, shaking the heavens and the earth.

It was as if the world itself was splitting apart...

...

Dust rolled across the ground, and a deep groove stretched nearly across the entire island.

From high above, the dense jungle looked as if a colossal sword had slashed through it, a yellow-brown scar splitting the lush green forest cleanly in two.

"He's... he's not dead, is he?"

Brogy panted heavily, staring at the dust-choked land, his forehead drenched in sweat.

Crack... crack...

The battle axe in his hand began to splinter, spiderweb cracks spreading across it before it finally shattered into countless fragments.

The same happened to Dorry's worn giant sword, breaking apart into pieces.

These two ancient weapons, after decades of battles and duels, could no longer withstand the overwhelming force of "Hakoku" and were completely destroyed.

"I... I don't know."

Dorry was gasping too, his face pale, the exhaustion in his eyes impossible to hide.

It was clear that even for mighty Giant warriors, a technique like Hakoku came at an enormous cost.

"That... was one hell of a move..."

At that moment, a hoarse voice suddenly drifted out from the thick curtain of dust.

Dorry and Brogy's eyes lit up in joy.

The human kid was still alive!

But that joy quickly twisted into shock and disbelief, leaving them dumbfounded.

That human kid... was still alive!

They widened their eyes, trying desperately to see through the swirling dust.

A blurred figure slowly straightened up from the shattered ground.

"Thanks, big guys."

The voice carried a faint, almost playful smile as it echoed through the haze.

Then...

Dorry and Brogy saw a sight they would never forget for the rest of their lives:

That figure was undergoing a strange transformation, its body crackling with the sharp sounds of snapping bones.

And then...

As the tearing sounds of bones and muscles grew louder and more frequent, the small figure hidden within the thick smoke...began visibly...rising like a mountain from the earth, growing taller and taller before their very eyes!

"H-he's getting bigger!?"

Brogy cried out, his eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

Chapter 626 - 626: Volume 4 – Chapter 145: Giant's Body!

Three meters, five meters, ten meters...

Under the stunned, wide-eyed gaze of Brogy and Dorry, the Marine "little guy" continued to grow, his body swelling larger and larger, quickly bursting through the thick clouds of smoke.

Standing on the battered, barren earth was a towering figure nearly thirty meters tall—like a god descending upon the world!

His upper body was bare, revealing hard, sharply defined muscles. Yet unlike the usual giants, who tended toward bulkiness and clumsiness, he possessed a sleek, powerful agility, like a hunting beast.

"You... you... you... you turned into a giant!?"

Brogy pointed at Daren, his finger trembling uncontrollably, his voice quivering with disbelief.

Even the usually composed Dorry couldn't help but gasp, his eyes wide, utterly unable to believe the absurd sight before him.

Wasn't he supposed to be human?

How could he suddenly grow into a giant!?

They exchanged a glance, seeing the same shock reflected in each other's eyes.

"I never thought... becoming a giant would feel like this."

Steam poured from Daren's body as he spoke hoarsely, his expression dazed, as if still adjusting to this "new" form.

The world around him looked completely different. What were once towering trees and rolling hills now barely reached his waist. It felt like the whole world had shrunk.

Ignoring Dorry and Brogy for the moment, he lowered his head and stared blankly at his own hands.

His broad palms stretched two to three meters across, and an endless, surging power coursed through his body. Even a casual clench of his fist produced a visible whirlwind.

With this scale and strength, Daren felt as though he could easily lift a Buster Call warship loaded with thousands of men!

He clenched his fist, turned, and suddenly punched a nearby mountain nearly twenty meters high.

Boom!!

Rocks exploded in all directions, and under the overwhelming force of the blow, the mountain shattered into countless pieces, scattering like a storm.

The terrifying sight made Dorry and Brogy's eyelids twitch violently.

This guy's raw strength... had already surpassed theirs!

It even faintly reminded them of the terrifying presence of "Devil" Oars from long ago.

Even Daren was momentarily stunned.

The power boost from his giant form was far greater than he had imagined.

After that single punch, he realized that moving warships was child's play—he could probably drag entire mountains if he wanted to!

Such a thing was simply impossible for the human body.

But he quickly calmed his excitement, regaining his composure.

The strength gained from gigantification was indeed monstrous, but raw power alone didn't mean absolute victory.

Even though he hadn't ballooned into the usual bloated size of giants, Daren could clearly feel that his neural reactions and explosive speed had dulled considerably.

Thinking this, he instinctively checked his current stats:

Physique: 96.066 (Indestructible Body)

Strength: 90.011 (Giant's Body)

Speed: 86.768 (Soru's Godspeed)

Fruit Ability Development: 86.210 (Island-Wide Coverage)

Armament Haki: 74.799 (Internal Destruction, Devil Form)

Observation Haki: 76.588 (Magnetic Field Induction)

Conqueror's Haki: 81.489 (Affects Matter)

...

After enduring the fierce "baptism" from the two giant warriors—especially the devastating final blow "Hakoku"—his strength had finally broken through the critical 90-point barrier.

And with that, a new trait had emerged.

His original "Giant's Strength" had evolved into "Giant's Body"!

A brand-new ability.

It was a powerful move born from Daren's mastery of the Marine Rokushiki secret art, Seimei Kikan, combined with the breakthrough at 90 points in strength.

Not only could he gigantify his entire body, but he could also selectively enlarge specific parts, wielding his size with terrifying flexibility.

With gigantification, thanks to the added size and mass, Daren estimated his raw strength had increased by roughly 30% compared to his normal state.

Seeing Daren standing there dazed, Brogy and Dorry quickly understood—he was adapting to the surge of newfound power.

They didn't disturb him and instead waited silently.

Until suddenly, Brogy let out a low shout, startling Dorry beside him.

"What are you doing?" Dorry grumbled.

Brogy, however, was staring at Daren with his eyes wide like saucers, a look of utter disbelief on his face.

"H-he... that part... it got huge too."

Dorry blinked, confused at first, then waved it off.

"His whole body grew, of course everything else did too... wait, what the hell is that!?"

His eyes bulged even further, as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Both of them took several steps back, looking horrified—like they'd just witnessed something beyond comprehension.

This... this was too much!

"Hey, hey, hey! You two aren't being very polite, you know?"

Daren finally snapped out of it himself, shooting a glare at the two weirdos. Then he glanced down and burst into laughter.

Well, damn.

So this is what it's like when you can't see your feet anymore.

"Ahem..."

He tried to stop the grin from creeping up his face but failed miserably. After a moment's thought, Daren casually curled a finger.

From beneath the island and the volcanic bedrock, a surge of mineral deposits burst through the earth, twisting and reshaping in midair. The fragments fused together into metallic plates resembling armored scales, quickly attaching themselves to Daren's body.

A sleek, streamlined set of armor formed, covering his lower half.

Only then did he look back up at the stunned Brogy and Dorry, flashing a toothy grin.

"Now then... how about that drink?"

He waved a hand, and from above, another dozen massive metal crates floated down, each packed with strong liquor from across the seas.

...

"Cheers!!"

Three enormous wooden cups clashed in midair, sloshing out waves of amber liquor that glistened with a rich, intoxicating hue.

On the battered earth of the island, three giants of equal size sat cross-legged without a care, beaming as they raised their drinks high.

"Gyagagaga! Unbelievable, Brother Daren! You can actually turn into a giant!"

Dorry's face was flushed from drinking, and he threw a big arm over Daren's shoulder.

"Kabababa! Yeah, Brother Daren, how'd you pull that off? Do you have giant blood or something?"

Brogy laughed heartily, looking at Daren with open curiosity.

They already admired Daren deeply—his strength, his courage, his spirit. But now that they knew he could become a giant too, their respect had turned into genuine kinship.

It felt like they'd found one of their own. The way they addressed him even changed—from "that little guy" to "Brother Daren."

"Who knows? Things like that... maybe some mysteries aren't meant to be solved."

Daren took a long gulp of the fiery liquor, letting out a laugh.

He had to admit, drinking and brawling with these two simple-minded giants was the most relaxing thing he'd done in ages.

No schemes. No tricks. No betrayals.

Just eat when you're hungry, sleep when you're tired, drink hard, and fight even harder... Maybe that really was the essence of the giants' life—simple and damn satisfying.

"But even if I'm not one of you, so what? That doesn't stop me from being a real man!"

"Exactly!"

"You said it!"

Dorry and Brogy burst out laughing.

If it's something you can't figure out, no point thinking too hard.

Meat and booze—that's what really matters!

Chapter 627 - 627: Volume 4 – Chapter 146: Green Dragon Crescent Blade! Eight-Span Serpent Spear!

They clinked their cups together, enjoying fine wine and grilled meat.

The three giants had grown close quickly—especially since Daren would occasionally share tales of the outside world with Dorry and Brogy, leaving them wide-eyed with wonder.

"I can't believe so much has happened out there while we've been stuck on this island all these years..."

"So that God Valley incident, a bunch of Celestial Dragons really died?"

Daren smiled.

"Yeah, pretty much. I wasn't strong enough to be part of that battle, but the ones who fought were some of the most powerful figures on the seas at the time."

"With power like that, they nearly sank God Valley into the ocean. I'd say it's a safe bet a lot of Celestial Dragons died."

Dorry and Brogy froze for a moment, then burst into booming laughter.

"Gyagagaga! Serves them right!"

"Good riddance! Kabababa!"

Daren chuckled.

In the pirate world, hatred for those bubble-wrapped nobles was universal.

The Celestial Dragons' arrogance and twisted appetites had stirred outrage across the seas. Countless races seethed in silence.

Only the straightforward giants dared to speak of them so openly.

"But Brother Daren, didn't you say you were a Marine? Why are you so happy about the Celestial Dragons dying?"

Daren gave a wry smile.

"I told you, I'm not your typical Marine."

"As for the Celestial Dragons... I've killed a few."

He took a sip of wine, his tone light and casual.

Dorry and Brogy blinked, then their eyes lit up.

"Brother Daren, you've killed a Celestial Dragon!?"

"For real?"

Daren laughed.

"It's nothing special, really."

"Taking down Celestial Dragons is boring. They're just a bunch of pig-like scum... It's way more fun to spar with you two."

Hearing that, Dorry and Brogy felt completely refreshed—like their whole bodies had loosened up and even their pores were smiling.

Brother Daren was just too righteous, too generous.

Strong, good-natured, easy to talk to... totally different from the hot-headed blockheads back in Elbaph!

And he brought them wine and meat!

How great is that?

They were dying to become sworn brothers with him!

"By the way, your weapons got wrecked in the fight just now, didn't they?"

The three were still drinking happily when Daren suddenly remembered and asked.

"It's fine. Our weapons were already in bad shape after years of use," Dorry said with a laugh.

"Yeah, don't worry, Brother Daren. Once we're back in Elbaph, we'll ask the old blacksmith to make us new ones. Though I'm not sure if he's still alive... He was already over two hundred when we left."

Brogy downed a gulp of liquor and scratched his head sheepishly.

Giants lived long lives—especially the hardy warriors. Barring war or injuries, living two to three centuries wasn't unusual.

"That won't do."

Daren looked at their worn-out helmets and battered armor, shook his head, and spoke firmly.

"If I hadn't shown up and challenged you out of the blue, your weapons would've lasted another twenty or thirty years."

"I'm not a professional blacksmith, but with my Devil Fruit ability, forging a couple of decent weapons for you shouldn't be a problem."

The moment he said that, the two giants lit up with excitement.

"Really!?"

"That's awesome!"

Their straightforward enthusiasm made Daren chuckle.

That was just how giants were—honest, decisive, and clear about what they liked or hated.

No human scheming or complications. If they liked something, they liked it. If not, they didn't. It was easy to like people like that.

"So, what kind of weapons do you two prefer?"

"Same as before? Giant swords and battle axes?"

Daren asked, clearly intrigued.

Dorry and Brogy exchanged a glance, then scratched their heads, a little embarrassed.

"Honestly, we don't really care. As long as they're heavy and sturdy, we're good."

Daren paused for a second, then understood, and the corner of his mouth twitched.

For giants with such monstrous strength and size, fighting was straightforward. Their bulk made intricate techniques impractical, so they didn't bother much with finesse.

Brute force beat finesse—kind of like Kaidou-sensei, whose flashy moves were really just him swinging his club in different ways.

For them, weapon shape was secondary.

Just hit stuff. That was enough.

In that case...

He glanced at the long-bearded "Blue Ogre" Dorry, then at the scruffy "Red Ogre" Brogy, and suddenly felt a mischievous urge rise up...

"Then let me forge two weapons just for you. I have a rough idea in mind—though I'm not sure if you'll like it..."

Dorry waved his hand and cut him off with a hearty laugh.

"I trust your judgment, Brother Daren!"

Brogy nodded firmly.

"Same here!"

"Alright."

Daren grinned in satisfaction.

He got to work immediately.

Under the curious and expectant stares of Dorry and Brogy, arcs of electricity danced across Daren's body as an invisible magnetic field spread outward.

Rumble... rumble...

Soon, the ground beneath them began to tremble with heavy vibrations.

Cracks split open the earth as countless ores buried deep within the island's crust floated into the air. Under Daren's control, they rapidly melted, twisted, compressed, and condensed midair into two massive, oddly shaped weapon molds.

Before the two giants could react, Daren raised a hand and waved.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The two roughly formed weapons shot into the distance and plunged straight into the mouth of a searing volcano.

In an instant, black smoke and flames erupted violently from the crater.

The volcano became a massive forge, tempering the two weapon embryos in intense heat. Guided by the power of the Jiki Jiki no Mi, Daren continued to refine them, compressing the metal and removing impurities.

Electric arcs crackled across the glowing red surfaces, carving vivid, intricate patterns into the metal.

Sensing the time was right, Daren narrowed his eyes and gestured from afar.

Whoosh!

Two streaks of dark red light shot out from the volcano and plunged into the ocean.

As cold seawater quenched them, sharp sizzling sounds rang out, and thick white steam rose from the surface.

"They're done!"

Daren turned to the two giants.

They stared eagerly at the weapons returning through the mist, eyes brimming with anticipation.

As the steam dispersed, two massive, awe-inspiring weapons revealed themselves in full.

Each weapon measured over ten meters in length and more than two meters in width.

The first had a wide, long blade shaped like a half-moon, with a serrated back and a dragon-shaped ornament at the junction between blade and hilt. Its entire body gleamed with a cold, dark blue-black hue.

The second had a flat, sharply curved head like a serpent, double-edged, with a gleaming, icy luster that made one's skin crawl just looking at it.

The sight of these two bold and fierce weapons made Dorry and Brogy's eyes sparkle with admiration.

"Whoa! These are awesome!"

Daren smiled and introduced them.

"The first one is called the Green Dragon Crescent Blade. It's similar in use to Dorry-san's greatsword, but it's sharper and delivers more powerful slashes."

"The second is the Eight-Span Serpent Spear. Like Brogy-san's battle axe, it has double edges, but it's more agile while still packing weight. It can split mountains and shatter stone."

He made an inviting gesture.

"Give them a try. See if they suit you."

The two giants, long unable to hold back their excitement, immediately reached out and grabbed their new weapons. As they began to swing them, powerful gusts whipped across the ground, and wide grins spread across their faces.

Daren stood with his arms crossed, watching the scene with a satisfied smile.

With his majestic beard and the Green Dragon Crescent Blade in hand, Dorry, the "Blue Ogre," and Brogy, bearded and fierce, gripping the Eight-Span Serpent Spear...

...Looked even more like true ogres.

Chapter 628: Garden Brotherhood Oath

"I'll slash!"

"I'll chop!"

A cold gleam flashed through the air, followed by a thunderous gust.

Two sizable mountain peaks were cleanly cleaved down the middle, sending boulders tumbling in all directions.

Dorry and Brogy held their new weapons with exhilarated expressions, treating them like priceless treasures.

They swung the Green Dragon Crescent Blade and the Eight-Span Serpent Spear with wild abandon—like children who'd found the perfect stick near the village gate—tearing through the hills and forests around them. Nothing remained untouched in their wake, and the two had an absolute blast.

"Gyagagaga! These are amazing weapons! And the name—Green Dragon Crescent—sounds cool too!"

Dorry slammed the blade into the ground with a deafening thud, causing the earth to hum like an earthquake. He laughed heartily.

"Brother Daren, this weapon you forged is even better than the one made by Elbaph's old blacksmith!"

Brogy, meanwhile, spun the Eight-Span Serpent Spear in his hands with gleeful obsession, so thrilled that white smoke puffed from his nostrils.

"Yeah, yeah! Way better than my old battle axe!"

"Kabababa!"

They couldn't be happier.

For a warrior of Elbaph, nothing was more precious—or more sincere—than receiving a weapon that fit their strength and style.

And just from a few test swings, they could already feel the overwhelming power of these uniquely shaped weapons.

Heavy, sharp, and perfect for the brutal combat style of the giants.

To be blunt, with these weapons in hand, their fighting power had increased by at least thirty percent—maybe more!

"As long as you're satisfied, Dorry-san, Brogy-san."

Daren smiled.

He wasn't some master blacksmith, but thanks to the powers of the Jiki Jiki no Mi, crafting these weapons hadn't been difficult.

When it came to forging technique, he couldn't compare to the famous smiths who made Meito across the seas. But these two giants didn't need Meito.

What they needed, simply put, were massive, heavy, blade-edged clubs.

As for the specific forms—Green Dragon Crescent Blade and Eight-Span Serpent Spear—that was just Daren indulging in his own sense of fun.

Of course, even if they did want a Meito, no smith could make them at that scale anyway. It was just too much.

"There's a saying in my homeland: 'A treasured sword for a true hero.' As the mightiest warriors of Elbaph, the two of you absolutely deserve weapons like these."

"Honestly, I only regret that my skills aren't better. Dorry-san, Brogy-san—you warriors of the sea deserve far more than what I could manage."

Daren spoke humbly.

Hearing that, Dorry and Brogy immediately flushed red with excitement, their bodies trembling.

Brogy's eyes even welled with tears.

What praise!

Brother Daren was even apologizing for not making better weapons!

"No, Brother Daren, this is already an incredibly precious gift!"

Dorry bowed deeply and said solemnly,

"We really don't know how to thank you for giving us these weapons... Please, don't be so formal and call us '-san' anymore. From now on, let's call each other 'brothers.'"

He paused mid-sentence, then as if a thought struck him, his eyes lit up.

"Wait!! Why don't the three of us become sworn brothers!?"

Brogy's eyes went wide with joy and he nodded vigorously.

"I'm in!"

Daren furrowed his brow, hesitating.

"But... brothers, I'm not of giant blood. I'm still human at the end of the day..."

"That doesn't matter!"

Brogy waved his hand, unconcerned, and laughed.

"You can get big, can't you? That's good enough!"

"No difference at all!"

Daren: "..."

This big oaf...

He turned to look at Dorry, who was watching him with serious eyes and said with deep conviction,

"We may have met in combat, but we understood each other instantly. This is how it should be!"

"Nothing else matters."

"Brother Daren may not be a giant by blood, but in spirit and strength, you're every bit an Elbaph warrior!"

"Please accept our oath!"

He clasped his hands and bowed deeply.

"Sigh... Well, in that case, I won't stand on ceremony."

Daren let out a long breath and "reluctantly" agreed, a smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

"Wonderful! Gyagagaga!" Dorry cheered, punching the air.

"Kabababa! So how do we decide who's the big brother?" Brogy asked eagerly.

"If we go by age, Brother Daren would be the youngest!"

Daren's mouth twitched.

Thankfully, Dorry smiled and said,

"We giants are a warrior race—age doesn't matter."

"Brother Daren is stronger than both of us... and even bigger..."

He suddenly paused, his expression stiffening as if he recalled something awkward.

Brogy's face was just as sheepish.

Dorry bowed solemnly.

"Brother Daren, please become our sworn brother, and be our big brother!"

"From this day on, I, Dorry the Blue Ogre, swear on the honor of Elbaph... I will go through fire and water for our big brother's cause!"

Brogy eagerly followed suit, clasping his hands and bowing deeply.

"Me too!"

Seeing them like this, Daren couldn't help but feel stirred. He clasped his fists and laughed heartily.

"Good!!"

Dorry grabbed the Green Dragon Crescent Blade planted in the ground, while Brogy picked up the Eight-Span Serpent Spear and looked toward Daren.

"What about your weapon?"

Daren thought for a moment, then suddenly waved his hand.

From the distant sky, a streak of eerie black light shot toward him, caught lightly between his two fingers.

The cursed blade Enma, stained with the blood of countless powerful foes, looked no bigger than a toothpick in the giant Daren's hand.

"Enlarge."

Daren smiled and gave a low command.

Enma trembled for a moment, then—under Dorry and Brogy's stunned gaze—began to grow rapidly!

In moments, it transformed into a massive black greatsword, over ten meters long!

"Amazing! Your weapon can grow bigger too!"

Brogy exclaimed in awe.

Daren chuckled, raising Enma high, and the other two lifted their weapons as well.

The three weapons clashed high in the air, releasing a piercing screech.

Then Daren poured wine into their massive cups and raised his own high.

"I, Rogers Daren..."

Dorry raised his cup.

"I, Dorry the Blue Ogre..."

Brogy lifted his cup with a grin.

"I, Brogy the Red Ogre..."

Daren's voice was full of passion as he laughed loudly.

"Today, witnessed by the ancient island of Little Garden, and in the name of Elbaph's glory, we three are hereby sworn as brothers!"

Clang!

Three enormous cups smashed together, and the amber wine rippled with the brilliance of newfound brotherhood.

Across the ancient island's land, three mighty giants threw back their heads, downed their drinks, and roared with thunderous laughter.

"Big brother!"

"Second brother!"

"Big brother!"

"Third brother!"

...

The next day.

The bonfire burned low and finally went out.

On the shores of Little Garden, merchant ships lined up one after another. Crews unloaded piles of fine wine, food, and other supplies onto the land.

When everything was ready, the caravan leader approached Daren respectfully, his face full of eager smiles.

"Daren-san, everything you requested has been delivered. Is there anything else you need?"

Daren, having returned to his human form and now dressed in a finely tailored black tailcoat, gave a slight smile.

"No. I'll have the payment sent to you later."

"No, no need!"

The caravan leader bent low in fear and respect.

"This is the will of Doflamingo-sama. It's an honor to serve Doflamingo-sama."

Daren glanced at him, then chuckled and waved him off.

"Alright."

The caravan leader immediately took the hint and led his fleet away.

"Gyagagaga, Brother Daren, are you leaving?"

From the forest behind, Dorry's massive figure slowly emerged.

Brogy poked his head out too.

"Yes, I have a banquet to attend."

Daren answered with a smile.

Brogy grinned mischievously.

"Kabababa, is it a lady's invitation?"

Daren smiled slyly.

"Of course."

The two roared with laughter.

"So jealous!!"

"Marines can be this carefree?"

"They're even freer than pirates!"

Daren couldn't help but laugh and curse at them.

"I've spent my life fighting—can't I enjoy myself a little?"

He narrowed his eyes, gazing out over the endless sea, his smile deepening with a playful edge.

You must be dying to see me, right, Your Majesty?

Chapter 629: Going to Meet That Ridiculous Loser

"Well then, I'm off, brothers!"

Daren smiled and waved at the two giants.

This trip to the ancient island of Little Garden had been nothing short of rewarding.

Not only had he achieved his original goal of pushing his Strength attribute past 90, but he'd also gained the formidable ability "Giant's Body."

And through a twist of fate, he'd even become sworn brothers with Dorry and Brogy—the two captains of the Giant Warrior Pirates—in a tale worthy of legend: the "Little Garden Brotherhood Oath."

A huge win.

In terms of strength, this journey had been a clear breakthrough.

With his current physique and Strength now exceeding 90, Daren felt confident he could go head-to-head with Kaidou in Wano without being overwhelmed.

On top of that, the power of gigantification seemed to have even more potential to unlock.

With further training and increases in his Strength stat, his giant form might grow even larger—perhaps 30 meters, maybe even 50!

At that size, he might even be able to replicate the legendary feat of Oars from 500 years ago—lifting and carrying an entire continent with brute force alone.

Still, Daren estimated that reaching Oars' monstrous proportions would require his Strength to hit at least 95, maybe even a full 100.

At that point, "Giant's Body" might evolve into the mythic ability "Devil's Body," a power said to appear only once in centuries—turning him into the strongest evil giant warrior on the seas.

Of course, that all sounded easier than it was. The reality? Near impossible.

Ever since his Strength stat broke past 90, he'd noticed that even sparring with Dorry and Brogy barely boosted his growth anymore.

The gains were minuscule. His progress had practically hit another wall.

"If I want to keep getting stronger, I'll need to find a different approach..."

Daren thought to himself.

"Gyagagaga! Go get 'em, aniki!!"

Dorry laughed, waving at him while chomping on roasted meat.

"Kabababa!"

Brogy chuckled and flexed his massive biceps, showing off his bulging muscles.

"Go win over that woman! Show her the might of us giants!"

...

New World.

Pleasure District.

Night was falling.

As the lights came on, the island didn't settle into silence—instead, it erupted into a sea of neon and indulgence.

Tourists flowed endlessly through the streets. Caravans unloaded crates of wine, cigars, and exotic goods from their ships. Every road sparkled with vibrant lights, and the air was thick with the scent of perfume and strong liquor.

As the world's largest, most extravagant, and most decadent lawless zone, the Pleasure District glowed as brightly at night as it did during the day—perhaps even more so.

Casinos, brothels, clubs, gladiator pits, taverns, gambling dens... Anything and everything a pleasure-seeker could want was here. Like a seasoned courtesan, the island sought to drain every last coin from anyone who set foot ashore.

But in stark contrast to the rowdy indulgence elsewhere, a refined calm radiated from the luxury hotel at the center of the island.

The top-floor banquet hall had been sealed off—no longer open to the public.

Under the gleam of crystal chandeliers, men and women in tailored tuxedos and gowns bustled about, carrying fine wines and gourmet dishes. They were making preparations for a private banquet, meticulously arranged by none other than their esteemed queen.

A white silk cloth draped the long banquet table, dotted with fresh flowers.

Every staff member focused intently on their duties, not daring to be careless.

They didn't know who the guest of honor was tonight—but they remembered one thing clearly: even when the district had hosted a Celestial Dragon, the queen hadn't been nearly this serious.

Delicacies from across the Four Seas, premium wines and tobaccos from every Grand Line region, antiques, calligraphy, artwork... It was rumored that the cost of this one dinner rivaled the annual budget of a small country.

While preparations for the banquet were underway, many young singers, dancers, and maids exchanged glances and whispered in hushed tones:

"Did you hear? The Queen went to the salon early just to get her hair done for tonight!"

"Not just her hair—she even got a full facial at the spa."

"They say the island's top couture boutique got completely cleaned out of evening gowns..."

"Looks like Her Majesty is taking this banquet very seriously..."

"Still, no one knows who the honored guest is this time..."

"..."

"Quiet down!"

A cold, commanding voice cut through the chatter, making everyone stiffen and fall silent as they turned respectfully toward the source.

A man in a sharp black suit strode into the room, his gaze severe.

"How's the preparation coming?"

"All ready, sir," a staff member replied respectfully.

The man glanced around the hall, then nodded in approval.

"Good. The guest will arrive shortly. Remember—absolute confidentiality."

"Yes, sir!"

Everyone bowed in unison, tense and reverent.

At that moment, the clear and graceful sound of high heels echoed from the entrance of the banquet hall.

Each step landed lightly on the polished marble floor, like raindrops tapping glass, crisp and arresting.

All eyes instinctively turned toward the doorway.

And then, breath caught in every throat as the scene unfolded.

Bathed in radiant light, a slender, delicate foot stepped into the hall.

Her fair, flawless skin glowed like polished jade, framed by black-strapped peep-toe heels that accentuated her elegance.

A regal, violet mermaid gown trailed behind her, fanning out across the floor. The sleek curves of the dress hugged her narrow waist, so delicate it looked like it could be held in one hand. Her golden hair rippled in waves down her back, perfectly complementing the soft shimmer of the evening gown.

The hem swayed gently with each step, catching the warm lamplight like water rippling under moonlight.

A glimpse of her full, sculpted cleavage and subtly exposed collarbones added to her allure. Her skin, framed by the fine fabric, gleamed with a purity like an angel's, and a refined diamond necklace shimmered at her throat, like dew glinting at dawn.

With poise and grace, Stussy walked into the hall. A faint, unreadable smile played on her crimson lips.

Every step, every glance radiated breathtaking beauty and a dangerously seductive charm. Her presence exuded an air of mystery and untouchable nobility.

Everyone in the hall—men and women alike—stared, stunned.

Several of the maids and dancers even blushed, lips parted as they exhaled trembling breaths.

"So beautiful..."

Someone murmured under their breath, voicing what everyone else was thinking.

Pleased by the reaction, Stussy's smile deepened, her mood lifting even further.

Perfect.

This was exactly the effect she wanted.

With this flawless, radiant appearance... she would greet that ridiculous loser.

Chapter 630: Purple Has a Certain Charm

At the same time...

In another lounge of the luxury hotel, the intricately tiled wall suddenly rippled like water, and a figure in an Italian suit "floated" out from within.

"Young Master, the area has been thoroughly swept. No abnormalities detected."

Senor lowered his head respectfully as he addressed the blond young man seated on the leather sofa before him.

His hair was slicked back immaculately, every strand perfectly in place. Dressed in a dark blue Italian suit with a wine-red pocket square, he exuded a calm, mature elegance well beyond his years—despite being barely twenty.

Doflamingo adjusted his sunglasses and frowned.

"What's that woman up to this time? I've got a bad feeling about it."

He grabbed a cigarette from the coffee table, pulled one out, and casually tossed it to Senor.

"No traps? No assassins?"

Senor caught the cigarette and answered evenly.

"Confirmed."

"I've checked everything. All is normal."

"Everyone in the hotel is fully focused on preparations for tonight's banquet."

Doflamingo nodded.

He had absolute trust in Senor's competence.

Unlike the other Donquixote officers, Senor was calm, alert, and detail-oriented. Even the most delicate or high-risk tasks were handled with precision.

Most importantly, he'd earned the approval of that man.

And while Doflamingo had complicated feelings toward that man, one thing he never questioned was his judgment.

That was why, after the Wano incident, he had taken notice of Senor and began investing heavily in his development.

Senor hadn't let him down. After entering the New World, he'd quickly awakened Haki. Combined with his elusive Devil Fruit ability, his strength now surpassed even long-standing officers like Trebol.

Which is exactly why Doflamingo brought him—quietly—to this banquet hosted by the Queen of the Pleasure District.

"She said she's going to introduce me to an interesting friend tonight... I wonder what kind of character it'll be."

Doflamingo chuckled coldly, the corners of his mouth slowly curling up.

"Fufufufu... now I'm genuinely curious..."

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Stars glittered across the night sky.

A tall figure dropped silently from the sky, landing smoothly in front of the grand entrance of the luxury hotel.

Gazing at the familiar lobby ahead, Daren smiled and casually adjusted his tousled hair and bowtie.

"Daren-san, you've finally arrived."

A sharply dressed man quickly walked out of the hotel and gave a deep, respectful bow.

"Her Majesty the Queen has been waiting in the banquet hall for quite some time."

Daren smiled, pulled out a cigar, bit down on it, and lit it.

"Yeah? Maybe I should keep her waiting a little longer."

The man in the suit: "..."

"Kidding."

Daren chuckled, clapping him on the shoulder.

"No need to be so stiff. I'm actually quite looking forward to the Queen's little dinner party."

The man wiped the cold sweat from his brow and quickly turned to lead the way.

They walked through the opulent hotel lobby and passed through a grand archway, eventually arriving at the entrance to the banquet hall.

The man stopped, made a welcoming gesture, and bowed slightly.

"Her Majesty is waiting for you inside."

"Thanks."

Daren nodded and pushed open the door with a faint smirk tugging at his lips.

The moment the heavy wooden door opened, a wave of intoxicating fragrance swept out.

Delicate gourmet dishes arranged with artistic flair. A singer shrouded in sheer fabric stood onstage, her ethereal voice drifting through the air. Soft music filled the crystal-lit hall, everything immersed in a dreamlike blend of elegance and indulgence.

Yet for all its grandeur, the opulence faded before the brilliance of the woman seated at the center.

Finely crafted jewelry. A gown tailored to perfection. A body that swayed like poetry in motion. Seated gracefully, one leg crossed over the other, her posture sculpted an exquisite silhouette in shadows and light.

That mysterious, dangerous, and impossibly noble woman lounged there, one foot lazily hooking her diamond-studded peep-toe heel, one hand resting under her chin, the other holding a slender cigarette...

And with a smile dancing in her eyes, she gazed at him—calm, amused, and utterly captivating.

"Vice Admiral Daren, it's been a long time."

Stussy's voice came out low and husky, her smile laced with supreme confidence, as if everything were already in the palm of her hand. Her narrow eyes shimmered with seductive allure.

For tonight, she had pulled countless strings behind the scenes, mobilized vast resources, and even risked backing Doflamingo as a Shichibukai in front of the Five Elders. Naturally, she had to present herself at her most dazzling and commanding—if only to savor Daren's reaction.

She wanted him to know exactly who was in control.

Thinking that, her smile became even more radiant.

She could already imagine it—the veiled maneuvers, the sharp exchanges across the banquet table.

'Hah. She's awfully sure of herself.'

Daren squinted at the alluring woman in front of him, then suddenly grinned.

"It's only been a month. You're already craving it again?"

Smack!

Stussy stumbled, nearly slamming her cheek into the table.

She broke character instantly.

Her seductive façade cracked as her expression twisted, cheeks flushing with anger and embarrassment.

This shameless bastard!

Vulgar. Completely vulgar!

Was this how a future Marine Admiral was supposed to act?

But that wasn't even the worst of it.

Before she could recover, Daren casually plopped down across from her, grabbed a fork, stabbed a massive chunk of steak, and shoved it straight into his mouth.

He barely chewed before swallowing it down in one gulp.

Then, as if utensils were too much trouble, he reached out and grabbed a stack of perfectly plated oysters with his bare hands and slurped them down noisily.

Zero decorum. Completely barbaric.

After spending the last couple of days on Little Garden with his new brothers, most of their meals—though full of things like dinosaur meat—had been rough and basic. Cooking wasn't exactly a strong suit for three giants.

Now, faced with a banquet of delicacies from across the Four Seas, Daren was practically drooling.

Besides, whatever else needed to be done could wait. You can't fight on an empty stomach, right?

As for table manners? Daren didn't care in the slightest.

Time spent with Dorry and Brogy had made him more blunt, more relaxed. Just enjoy the food. That was it.

Watching him stuff his face without sparing her so much as a glance, Stussy suddenly felt her temper flare.

She'd spent hours getting ready for this so-called "victory"—from the salon to her gown, to the flawless makeup she believed would win the night.

And this jerk hadn't even looked at her properly!

"You... Are you seriously just going to eat!?"

Stussy gritted her teeth, fists clenched tight.

Still chewing, Daren paused, glanced up over his stacked plates, and gave her a quick once-over.

"Hmm. Nice dress."

"Purple suits you."

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