

Chapter 52

8th of April, 1522

Thriller Bark.

Moria groaned as he woke up, the throbbing headache from last night's indulgence in alcohol pounding relentlessly at his temples. He blinked against the dim light filtering through the heavy curtains of his grand room, taking in the opulent surroundings of his castle chamber. The air was thick with the scent of incense and the remnants of last night's revelry.

Last night had been a blur of decadence and desire. Moria remembered the feel of Selena's powerful, muscular frame against him, her strength a thrilling contrast to Isabella's lithe, supple body. Nami had been a vision of sensuality, her movements fluid and enticing. They had all come together in a foursome for his great pleasure. Selena had straddled him first, her muscular thighs gripping his sides as she moved with a ferocity that sent shivers down his spine. Her breasts, firm and full, bounced with each powerful thrust, her nails digging into his shoulders. Beside them, Nami's nimble fingers danced over his skin, teasing and caressing as she leaned in to capture his lips in a searing kiss. Isabella's paleness was a haunting counterpoint to the tanned skin of Selena and Nami. She had glided over them, her touch cold and electric, her fangs grazing his skin just enough to elicit a gasp. She pressed herself against Nami, their bodies a study in contrasts as they kissed, their hands exploring each other's curves. Nami's fingers moved down to Selena, teasing her wetness, while Isabella's lips traveled down Moria's body. The sight of Isabella's beauty entwined with Nami's allure, their fingers and tongues working together, had driven Moria to the edge. He would definitely do that again.

He groaned again, feeling the three bodies of his lovers shift in the bed in response. Selena's muscular arm draped possessively over his chest, Nami's lithe form pressed against his side, and Isabella's cool, graceful presence completing the tableau of his conquests. Carefully, he transformed into shadows, his form dissipating into an inky mist that slipped from the bed and reformed at its foot.

Moria reached for a bathrobe, the silk sliding luxuriously over his pale skin. He looked around his grand room, a satisfied smirk playing on his lips. "Ah, what a time to be alive," he mused, his voice a low rumble of contentment. The only way he could be happier was if he managed to kill Kaido and take his daughter and country. That would be the ultimate triumph.

He reveled in the knowledge that he had outmaneuvered the World Government. He had fucked them up royally, and they didn't even know it was him. The thought brought a dark, gleeful laugh bubbling up from his chest. He let it out, a deep, resonant sound that echoed through the room.

But his laughter was cut short as he noticed a notification.

[Failed Quest]

You have failed the Main Quest [Summit War - Side with Yourself]

Prevent the war.

Countdown : 12 days

**Unlocks 'Prince of Dreams ' quests
Unclocks "Pombero's will" quests**

Secondary Quest 1 : [A King suffers no rivals II]

Kill all remaining Warlords : 0/3

Secondary Quest 2 : [A Harem for the King II]

Sleep with three woman with more than 4,000 Dourikis

Hidden Quest [?]

? - 0/3

Inflicting [Penalty]

Dourikis : 16 000 → 14 000

Fate - SS → S

**Dionysos-Pombero is mocking you
Nika is angry at his awakening being retarded**

Inflicting [Pain]

[Generating a New Quest]

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Isabella woke abruptly to a blood-curdling scream that shattered the silence of the room. Her heart pounded as she bolted upright, her eyes immediately locking onto Moria. The invincible titan was writhing in pain at the foot of the bed, his massive form twisting and contorting in agony. His eyes bulged, and his teeth were clenched tightly, guttural growls and cries escaping his lips as he fought against whatever torment had seized him.

Panic surged through Isabella, and she leaped from the bed, rushing toward him. But just as she reached out, Nami stepped into her path. The orange-haired witch's eyes were gilded and entirely white, her expression unsettlingly calm. She spoke in a low, chilling voice, uttering words in a language that Isabella couldn't comprehend. Was Nami rebelling? No, Isabella quickly dismissed the thought. She had seen the way Nami gazed at Moria, especially when he was in his true, grotesque form. For some bizarre and twisted reason, Nami had begun to love him. Betrayal wasn't in her eyes.

Suddenly, Moria stood, his face contorted with fury, a sight that sent a cold shiver down Isabella's spine. His eyes blazed with a terrifying intensity, and his sharp teeth were bared in a vicious snarl. Isabella felt a wave of dread wash over her. What could have incited such rage?

His voice boomed through the room, shaking the very walls. "Bege! Absalom!" Did...did he use Haki to reinforce the shout? The command echoed throughout the castle, and even made it tremble a bit. Isabella could almost hear the men quaking in their boots. She might have found it amusing if she weren't so utterly terrified herself.

Within seconds, Bege and Absalom burst into the room, clearly having used Soru to arrive as quickly as possible. They stood at attention, eyes wide with fear and apprehension.

"Did something just happen that you didn't tell me about?" Moria demanded, his voice a dangerous growl that promised retribution.

Bege stammered, "N-no, my Lord, only routine reports. Some of our merchant boats were attacked but repelled by shadows."

Absalom nodded vigorously, adding, "Yes, Captain. Just routine matters. A pirate crew attempted a raid on Whiskey Peak but was driven off by our forces. We didn't think it was important enough to report, considering..."

Moria's eyes narrowed further. "Considering what?"

Bege swallowed hard, his eyes darting nervously to Absalom before speaking. "Also, one of the former Baroque Works agents, Mister 2, is missing. Maybe he betrayed us. But everything else is normal."

At the mention of Mister 2, something seemed to click in Moria's mind. His expression shifted from fury to a chilling realization. His eyes blazed with sudden clarity. "Get me a journal!" he bellowed at Absalom, who immediately sprinted out of the room.

Moria turned his wrathful gaze back to Bege and, in a swift motion, lifted him off the ground with one hand. Bege's feet dangled, his eyes wide with terror as Moria's grip tightened. "Do you have any idea what this could mean?" Moria hissed, his voice low and deadly.

Absalom returned, breathless, holding a journal. He handed it to Moria, who snatched it impatiently. Isabella caught a glimpse of the cover—a picture of Portgas D. Ace in Marineford, gagged and bound. Her mind raced. What was the connection between this and Mister 2? Did the Marines...?

Moria's eyes scanned the page rapidly, and with each word, his fury seemed to grow. He threw Bege to the ground, his eyes flashing with uncontained rage. "They dare... They dare! Fuck! Fuck!" With a final snarl, he melted into the shadows, leaving the three women and two men alone, bewildered and struggling to comprehend what had just transpired.

Isabella, not caring about her nudity in front of Bege—though she noticed Absalom's perverse gaze—picked up the journal from the floor. She flipped through the pages until she found what had sparked Moria's outburst.

The communiqué from the Marines was detailed, explaining the rumors circulating about the destruction of Impel Down. It stated that, indeed, there had been a structural issue, causing some levels to be submerged. However, it claimed that only a few criminals had died, and no one had escaped. The communiqué also addressed the rumors of Ace's death in the prison. It asserted that Ace had been with them since the beginning, providing a photograph as proof—a recent picture of Ace gagged and bound, with a newspaper dated from yesterday clearly visible on the table, showing it had indeed been taken early that morning.

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Moria reappeared in a deserted part of Thriller Bark, his form materializing from the shadows. His rage was palpable, an almost tangible force that crackled in the air around him. With a primal roar, he began to destroy the trees around him, his powerful hands ripping trunks from the ground and smashing them into splinters. His breaths came in ragged bursts, his fury needing an outlet.

"Lucci! Ryuma! Dragon!" he bellowed, summoning his strongest shadows. They appeared almost instantly, their forms solidifying from the darkness. Without a word, Moria lunged at them, his fists swinging wildly; for several minutes, the clearing was filled with the sounds of battle, the crack of wood and the clash of steel mingling with Moria's guttural shouts and the grunts of his summoned warriors. He trashed them, his strength fueled by an unquenchable rage, until finally, exhausted and covered in sweat, he stopped.

Moria sat down heavily on the ground. "Fuck," he muttered, his breath coming in gasps. The realization hit him like a physical blow. He would have to go to war. Against Whitebeard. The thought was both thrilling and terrifying. He was strong now, incredibly so, but this wasn't just about strength. It was about having the choice. And he wasn't strong enough to simply refuse the summons and risk having Kizaru come knocking.

"What if his light Man special effects against my shadows?" he wondered aloud, the uncertainty gnawing at him. No, he would have to go. There was no avoiding it. But the worst thing...

He sat there, trembling with a terror he had never felt before. The thought of his own fruit inflicting penalties—sapping his strength, making him feel pain—was anathema to him.

It was inadmissible! He was his own man, not a slave to his own powers. As the realization gnawed at him, his King Haki flared uncontrollably, a raw surge of willpower that exploded from him like a shockwave. The

entire island of Thriller Bark felt it. Shadows trembled, lesser creatures collapsed under the sheer force of his dominance, and even the trees seemed to bow in fear. His aura permeated every corner of the island, a palpable reminder of his indomitable will. The ground around him cracked and fissured, and the air itself seemed to vibrate with his rage and terror. Moria's eyes blazed with a dark fire as he stood, the sheer power of his Haki radiating from him like a storm.

"Missions...", he grunted

[Class Upgrade Quest]

To upgrade your Class from [Duke of Twilight] to [Prince of the Abyss]

Subquests:

1. Have a Fate of at least SS: 1/1
2. Have a Potential of at least SS: 1/1
3. Main Quest : [The Summit War - The Obsidian Night] - 0/1
4. Secondary Quest 1 : [Mourning Night] - 0/1
4. Secondary Quest 2 : [Wedding Night] - 1/3
5. Hidden Quest - The Obsidian Night : [?] - 0/3

[The Summit War - The Obsidian Night]

Gol D. Ace is about to be executed. His captain, Edward Newgate, will mobilize all his forces and launch an assault on Marineford on the day of the execution in a bid to save him.

You failed your chosen path. Prove to the world that it means nothing, and that no one can fuck with Gecko Moria, the future Pirate King.

Bring down the Obsidian night.

Main Quest : [Summit War - The Obsidian Night]

Objectives :

Take part in the Summit War : 0/1

Kill a celestial dragons : 0/3

Kill a bearer of the D : 0/1

Kill three Whitebeard Pirates with a Fate of A or higher : 0/3

Kill three HQ Marines with a Fate of A or higher : 0/3

Unlocks 'Prince of the Abyss ' quests

Unlocks Pombero's quests

Secondary Quest 1- The Obsidian Night : [Mourning Night]

Absorb the Shadow of 'Pops' Whitebeard : 0/1

Secondary Quest 2 - The Obsidian Night : [Wedding Night]

Marry three princesses of Kingdoms of the World Government : 1/3

Hidden Quest - The Obsidian Night : [?]

? - 0/3

Moria swore under his breath. How was he supposed to accomplish this? He tried to focus on the positives. At least he didn't have to kill Whitebeard himself—just absorb his shadow. If someone else managed to take him down...but that seemed highly unlikely. As for the princesses, he already had Vivi, and maybe, just maybe, he could find two more before the war. But even that seemed like a stretch.

The worst—or perhaps the best—was the main quest. On one hand, it allowed him to remain his own man, aligning neither with the gods nor the devils, neither the Marines nor the pirates. But on the other hand...it was terrifying. The myth of the D seemed to play a real role in history; it wasn't just a legend. Strangely, he had already killed two people with the D—Crocodile and Ace—yet it didn't seem to count. The same went for killing S-ranked Fate pirates or higher; he had killed people like Buggy, but it hadn't been taken into account - so the Main Quest was only future-oriented this time ?

He pondered his next steps. He had to try to complete the secondary quests before Marineford, no matter how impossible it seemed. And as for the D...he had only met six people with that initial: Ace, Crocodile, Law, and the three Monkey D's—Garp, Dragon, and Luffy. At Marineford, the only one certain to be there was Garp. But fighting that old monster, the one who had knocked out Kaido with his bare hands and offed Rocks D. Xebec himself, was out of the question. Would he have to kill Law? Law wasn't loyal, but he was useful, fucking useful and precious...

Then, he remembered the Shadow Soldier he had placed within Luffy. He hadn't checked on it once. When he tried to draw on the link, he was blinded, recoiling from the enormous sun that threatened to swallow him whole. What the hell was that?

Moria's mind raced. He needed to act swiftly and decisively. The secondary quests were daunting but not entirely impossible. He needed to focus, he only had twelve days before the war.