



WRITING COMMS INFO

@divinedepartures

You've reached fanfiction writing commission central!

Some info on me and my qualifications!

- I have a degree in Mass Communication/Communications and have been writing for Journalism and PR for 8 years and counting.
- I've written creatively for as long as I can remember!
- My samples are available on [Tumblr](#) and [AO3](#), and excerpts of comm writings are available upon request to protect the privacy of other commissioners. General excerpts available [here](#).

Writing YES's, NO's, and MAYBE's:

- Top Preferences: OC X Canon / Self-Insert X Canon
- Canon X Canon (depending on the ship. I prefer yuri. [Ask me first](#))
- OC X OC (within the ONE PIECE world)
- Post-Timeskip / Pre-Timeskip
- Non-Human Characters (Ask me. Ex: mermaids, fishmen, etc are OK)
- Incest (includes sworn family) / Pedophilia / Proship (ask if unsure) / Furry
- In order of preference: Third-Person / First-Person / Second-Person
- Genderbend characters / Headcanoned Trans Characters
- Improper use of Devil Fruit Powers/Haki/Etc.
- For any other specific details that are important but not listed, ask me!
- Must be 18+ to comm

INFO ON MY STYLE AND PROCESS:

MY STYLE OF WRITING:

- I utilize storytelling, internal monologues, and introspection.
- A lot of character analysis in relation to the characters' relationship is the focus.
- Much of the character analysis is based on my interpretation of the canon character (what you're paying for!), but I will include your personal headcanons if asked beforehand.
- I'm very wordy, but I love an internal-monologue set-up before dialogue.
- I write an internal monologue for all main characters in the fic.
- Depending on the length, this will be shortened in favor of your request.

FOR NON-CANON X CANON

- You give me a description of your OC/Self-Insert (physical and personality traits), the relationship with the chosen canon character, and the situation.
- If you have any illustrative art commission(s) of them, or a previous fanfiction that resonates with the characters, you can send them as a reference.
- I will send you a bare-bones layout screenshot, then a screenshot of 1-3 paragraphs to display the WIP. If things look good, the next update will be the final one.

FOR CANON X CANON

- The process is the same as NON-CANON X CANON, except most of this is based on my interpretation of the characters. Let me know anything specific that is a must-include for you.
- If I'm uncomfortable with the interpretation, the comm will be rejected.

PRICES (BY WORD COUNT)

@divinedepartures



SFW PRICES (\$USD)

- Sample (less than 500) → \$5-10, PWYC
- Drabbles (between 500-1000) → \$15
- Between **1001-1500** → \$25
- Between **1501-2000** → \$35
- Between **2001-2500** → \$45
- Between **2501-3000** → \$55
- Between **3001-3500** → \$65
- Between **3501-4000** → \$75, and so on

→ If requesting NSFW, add \$5 to the SFW comm price

→ First revision is free, each revision after that is +\$5

→ **Full payment upfront**

→ Tips are **NOT** required, but always encouraged :)

PAYMENT AND TRADES:

- I accept payment via almost anything (PayPal, CashApp, Venmo). If you'd like to establish trust, Ko-fi is the preferred option, alongside PayPal Goods & Services.
- I also accept payment in the form of trades! I can't draw, so I will accept trades in the form of illustrative art that matches the effort and quality. I will also trade fic equivalent to what you're requesting.

ADDITIONAL NOTES:

- No AI will ever be used in my writing.
- I take writing commissions for fandoms I'm familiar with, so please ask me if I am. I wish I could write for everything in the world, but it would take extensive research (unless you don't care about that). Mainly, I am taking ONE PIECE comms.
- You will receive a final PDF of the finished comm. My turnaround time depends on the length of the piece, but I take no more than two weeks to a month to finish my longest pieces. You cannot claim the commission as your own, but you are welcome to post it **with credit**.
- Please note that I cannot list NSFW on Ko-Fi as an option, but I will accept NSFW comm writing payments in the form of a tip on there.
- **My Ko-Fi** if you enjoy my work and want to support me via tip or commission. ☺
- **Refund policy**: If your commission isn't delivered within two months, you are entitled to a full refund. If I have already started on your commission, have you sent you the WIP, but you no longer want the comm, you will receive a 50% refund. All sample commissions (the cheapest tier) are non-refundable.
- **Use of the material**: These commissions are for personal use ONLY. You are allowed to make the fanfiction into a book or any physical format, but any postings cannot be claimed as your own. **They must be credited to me.**
- **Delivery times**: Depending on the length of your comm, the writing can take anywhere between 48 hours and a month or longer. Please be patient with me and keep a line of communication open. Do not hesitate to message me. This is your hard-earned money, and you deserve to be updated at all times. I have an open-door policy.
- If you're ready to start your comm, please fill out this form → <https://forms.gle/mQ94oNJpKTYvypqd6>

EXCERPTS AND SAMPLES

CAESAR CLOWN (X READER FIC; [Read full here](#))

“Master Caesar?” Monet calls from the door, her talons tapping against the floors, her wings trying for the door, finding it locked. Caesar clicks his tongue at the interruption, chalking it up to Monet trying to be helpful, but the woman knows: she’s checking. Reporting.

“Monet! My dear Snow Woman! I am occupied with groundbreaking research! Don’t get distracted and do not disturb me! You’re still on watch for our other test subjects, aren’t you?” the scientist calls, standing up, carrying the woman with him, and setting her back on the exam table. She has to hold her breath with Herculean effort not to moan from the hypersensitivity, cool metal meeting feverish skin. He moves about the lab, his home, as he nonchalantly grabs a bright pink, pre-filled syringe from a nearby table. At least a dozen identical syringes were lying beside it, ready to be picked up at a moment’s notice. He flicks at the glass, floating back towards the awaiting woman, and injects her with a needle for the third time without warning, causing her to bite her lip so hard she tastes copper. This time, the liquid is still, with no bubbles flowing within the tube. He pushes down on the plunger to administer the dose.

“Of course, Master,” Monet’s voice echoes, but grows fuzzy to the woman as the dose of the new serum flows through her body. Her mind slows down, her senses evening out to standard rates, her breathing no longer sounding like she’d run a marathon. The dose had been an antidote, a detox serum.

The woman slumps, closing her eyes as relief floods her body, in every sense of the word, the only result left being dehydration. Caesar stares down at her as she comes down, tossing the empty syringe aside as he grabs a clipboard, always working. He was jotting down the effects and results of the experiment in his usual manic scrawl, the writing instrument scratching on the paper.

The woman recovers and fixes her clothes, picking up the discarded accessories from the floor. As she watches the scientist, she finds that even as the leverage of the serum exits and flushes from her body, she doesn’t mind him. She likes his mannerisms, his company, his gentleness, and even his laugh. There was an air of romanticism to and about him that wasn’t easily seen on the surface. The serum had heightened her sensitivity, but it hadn’t erased, fragmented, or manipulated her memory or emotion. He saw the way that he looked at her, like she was a goddess among mortals, a precious jewel to be cherished, a woman whose footsteps he’d kiss as she walked, whether it was in the harsh snows of this side of Punk Hazard or the hazardous magma of the other. She wanted to come back, and willingly.

Joker was a master manipulator, with strings on everyone around him; they were his puppets, literally and figuratively. She wasn't a fool; she knew she was, too. For a change, the scientist worshipped her. And at that thought, she smiled. After she fixed herself up, making sure her makeup was in place, she looked up at him. Still writing.

She reached over, placing a firm hand on the clipboard, causing Caesar to stop. That surprised look was on his face again as he looked down at her.

"What? Eager again already?" he questions, cocking his head to the side slightly, his long flowing hair following him in the air behind him like a floating shadow. As he looks at her, studying her both scientifically and not, he notes how beautiful her eyes are, back down to their typical size, their color shining under the lab lights. Her smile was soft, her eyes relaxed. Except, now, she was glowing. The woman giggles at his question.

"No. Come here," she says softly, and drags him down by his lab coat, and kisses him again. This time, the kiss is softer, slower, more languid and earnest, without the influence of serums or the pressure of experimentation.

Caesar's eyes are still wide open as her eyes flutter shut, staring down at her in disbelief. When his brain catches up to his body, he kisses her back before she pulls away, still clutching the clipboard. She tastes herself on his tongue alongside hints of gas, sulfur, and something uniquely *him*.

SIR CROCODILE (PRIVATE COMMISSIONS; DETAILS CHANGED FOR PRIVACY)

Another trip around the sun had been completed— or, at least, there was a week until the dreaded event. The fact was met with grudging acceptance. Another year of treading around with his body feeling heavier, his bones creaking slightly more, his skin less bouncy than he had been used to. He scarred more easily now, light knicks that used to heal instantly becoming causes of grief now. He was more irritated than usual at any inconvenience, but this week was the worst of it all, as it was every year this wretched event had to plague his schedule. He shouldn't have felt the changes so much, seeing as his body was made entirely of sand, but the fact of his own morality shocked him too much at times. He thought that was the whole point of eating a devil fruit: to possibly evade any of the possible outcomes that came with the misfortune of being human, but even he was not immune to aging.

It was going to be Sir Crocodile's birthday.

If he was honest with himself, he wasn't sure if he hated or loved his birthday. The week leading up to the day was also within a weird transitional period between the seasons, either too hot or too cold. The heat that would bleed from the summery month of August to the start of the autumns of September and onwards always made his choice of outfit more difficult, though much of it wasn't a conscious decision on his part— not anymore. The feeling was new.

He had picked up a woman he had known from his previous operations at Alabasta, before the fiasco of the Straw Hat Pirates, Impel Down, and the summit war at Marineford. Though he had no obligation to take care of the woman, he found their arrangement and alliance useful; he had a personal assistant on call at all times, someone with the cultural sensitivity to cook his favorite foods and delicacies, and, as much as he hated to admit it, a potential sexual partner; it would take an idiot to not pick up on the subtle tension that he often ran into all the time. He refused to label whatever was happening between them as a relationship. Even that word carried a connotation that made sand dribble down the back of his neck in utter annoyance. When he used that word, even in a platonic sense, it still lit her face up like the stars that hung above Karai Bari's circus of a territory. He, of course, meant it pragmatically; it was naming their predicament, nothing more, but it made her happy. Even if he didn't do it on purpose, and even if she didn't react that way on purpose, he could see through it. Years of operating around women, and being one prior to his current life, he could see through her like glass.

He had told himself that she had become a valuable asset while Baroque Works was still intact, and that she wouldn't be any different now. The logistics showed it for themselves: she kept quiet when Baroque Works was active, and she hadn't budged when the Navy's questionings had taken down her operations completely. He was pleased with himself for having guessed correctly about her current skills, despite feeling she wasted them away on a pirate ship, being still intact; she was indeed helpful, assisting on the clerical side of things, filing paperwork, being the anonymous, chipper voice contacting new bounty hunters and additional assets to building the Cross Guild network, but he had not anticipated this. At best, his promise of wanting her and everyone she had come with had been made with malicious intent. But now, the woman had fully been acting as if they were together, as if they had been for years. It offput him. Every day was like waking up to a new terror, an onslaught with lingering stares, personal touches that were hard enough to slip through sand, untoward propositions that he recognized. She was speaking his language, and he hated every second of it.

Their work had resumed as before, as the man had preferred. It was curt and professional until she began to feel brave within a few weeks. He had been around clingy women, but not like this. Not within feet of his vicinity and personal space at all times, and they had never attacked him with questions at any given chance. He assumed her compromised state was what made her so happy and bouncy, unlike her past self, who had been so put-together, for lack of a better word. She was rarely seen in her Alabasta shop when he came in person to collect the rent on the damn place, hiding in the back or sending one of her younger workers to deal with him. He hadn't minded it; preferred it, actually, and he had sensed some of her likings when he forced all the business meetings to happen through the transponder snails. Even then, everything had been paid on time down to the last berry, and she had never done anything to put him out. Even with her new work in Cross Guild, she had operated as his personal seamstress and clerical worker at best, but she had inserted herself in ways he wasn't sure how to put an end to yet. He pushed aside the notion that he enjoyed the extra assistance, finding it nothing short of ridiculous, a reminder of his state.

DRACULE MIHAWK (UNPUBLISHED SELF-INSERT FIC)

At least Thriller Bark was filled with the stench of death, with Moria's booming laugh lurking across the ginormous ship and the sounds of zombies and shadows; something was always there. Kuraigana had some wildlife: humandrills wandering about under the swordsman's trained orders, wild animals roaming their lands, and not much else, save for the breeze that flurried through the trees and ruins of the island. And yet? All of it was too much. Chaos was comfort, and tranquility was danger to her.

And so there she was, lying in the bed in one of the many guest rooms of Mihawk's ginormous gothic mansion, guarded by the humandrills. She couldn't help but refocus on the fact that the island was essentially deserted, aside from the natural living organisms, perhaps ghosts of its past roaming in mourning. Still, the only two humans were Mihawk and the woman. As a result, her mind was not resting, remembering that fact.

Everything was too loud; the wind rustling through the island, producing the faintest howl. The pattering of loose twigs and branches against the glass of the tall windows of the guest bedroom. The creaking of wooden doors in the mansion and the solidity of the stone even seemed to be too much. She found herself praying for a light rain to begin, to swallow the sound of the nothingness, the leaves shivering just as much as she wished she could. The only light in the room was from the beam of the moon, uncovered by storm clouds for now. How could the Grand Line produce such a storm that landed her on this island, only to quiet its cloud in the next few hours? The remnants of a frown begged to tug at her lips, but nothing came. Instead, she was frozen in place, unmoving.

The woman's vision was spotty, colors warped and sprouting like small fireworks in the darkness. No colors seemed to be solid; instead, they were like a pointillism painting, each individual dotted shade brought to her awareness, some of the spots moving. If she looked too long, the paintings would move, but snap back into place once she blinked. Her ears had begun to wash out the light ringing that had set in and replaced it with echoing footsteps. She could hear the sounds of thick high heels against concrete, sometimes tile, and a throng of whispering crowds chanting over her decisions—"yes, yes, yes," or "no, no, no," they would say in unison, pulling or pushing her body this way or that. Though still, the movements were illusioned, and she remained plastered to the bed as if her body were bound to the mattress.

She found herself swallowing hard, engulfed and overpowered by her condition. Her body seemed to have a mind of its own, her eyes feeling wide even though they were in their usual half-lidded position. The woman pushed herself up from her lying position, sitting up in the bed and staring ahead. Travelling the seas alone had been terrifying, but the adrenaline of survival had trumped the things she feared the most: the dark and being alone.

The woman tried to feel the texture of the sheets for some comfort; they weren't old, but they also weren't new. They were comfortable and soft, but tightened into place. The comforter was also warm, and the pillow was made of cotton, alongside the rest of the bed set. Her gaze shifted up as she started to feel phantom touches, her body feeling as though she was swaying and being pulled in by the tide. Whether that was a result of her skin recalling the storms she had encountered at sea on her journey here or her mind, she didn't explore.

The room, much like the rest of the home, showcased its strong stone brick foundations and walls. The guest bedroom, one of many in the house, was surrounded by a scattered collection of paintings or two, candle sconces securely nailed into the walls; to her dismay, they held no wax sticks to light. The room wasn't bare, but it wasn't lush. It held a fireplace, devoid of any wood, but had matching furniture. The dresser, nightstand, bed frame and headboard, desk, and chair all matched in their makes and wood type. She had to admit that the tall windows and their carved shapes were beautiful, but not breathtaking enough in the current moment to distract her from her state. She tried to look outside, seeking some comfort in nature, but the shadows of the trees were too much in this moment.

Goddamnit.

All she could think to herself in the moment, too, was how the swordsman had willingly let her stay in the castle, claiming he would help her repair the vessel and host her until she was well enough to leave. He was one of the most terrifying pirates at sea, and yet, he had lowered his blade at the sight of her. Was it pity? The kindness out of his own heart? He was unexpressive and quiet, and hard to read—another fear of hers. And so, with this, she had felt the need to impress him, to look adaptive and careless about the amenities of the guest bedroom. The bed was fine, the temperature was great, the darkness was perfect, the space was good, she had claimed.

The visions and sounds of hers came to a near screeching halt as she heard footsteps, but not the high heels she was accustomed to; instead, they were the sound of boot heels against stone. Her hands dug into the sheets and mattress of the bed, some of the springs coiling in protest as she kept looking ahead, eyes fixated on the wooden door—a visitor.

As it creaked open, the first thing she saw were eyes: golden, spirals, piercing, and unblinking, and of course, zeroed in on her. She said nothing and remained mum, and so did he for a long moment. After an agonizing, but somehow comfortable, silence, he spoke.

“You're awake,” Mihawk stated. A fact. An observation so obvious it was almost offensive, since she wished not to be.

She nodded, and he blinked once, allowing the rest of his form to take shape in her vision. A large hand was pressing the door open, the other on the hilt of his sword, Yoru, almost out of instinct, or perhaps comfort. The swordsman was dressed in attire different from how he had been depicted in the papers: he was wearing a white, frilly top, his chest still on display, and his gold crucifix necklace was visible on a different chain. He was still fully dressed, his pants held up by a belt, and his boots still pulled on all the way. Although his hat, cape, and a place to sheath his blade were missing. He looked more comfortable. An expression of relaxation in a private space. Even at this time of night, he was awake—and worse, alert.

Mihawk observed her, his body and gaze unmoving, but he spoke again.

“Why,” he inquired, but his tone did not phrase it as a question. The swordsman expected an answer.

“I was in thought,” the woman replied, her eyes trying to blink, but not fully doing so. Her eyelids drifted down enough to imitate one, but her body was too aware. Too paranoid. That was the word.

He noticed. Of course he did. He took one step forward, allowing his form to catch some of the moonlight from the bedroom. His golden gaze drifted from her to her surroundings. He took in how everything was just as he had left it hours ago. Her salvaged belongings were neatly pushed into one corner of the room, yet to be unpacked, not even the chair having been pulled out. He did notice that the full-length mirror had undergone a change; it was covered with the covering of the bed, but that was all. His eyes flicked back to her.

“The accommodations are not to your liking,” Mihawk concluded, his tone the same as ever, though not unkind. This escaped her notice.

“No, they’re fine. I was just thinking,” the woman tried to reiterate, but her tone was different from what it had been when the pair met at the docks of the island. It was quiet and slightly far off, but not by much.

“About?” the swordsman replied, now resting Yoru against the wood as he pushed it completely open. He took the opportunity to cross both his arms, fixating on the woman in his home.

“The storm. I think it rattled me,” the woman replied, gaze drifting to the hallway behind the pirate, then back to him. Her hands dug into the bed harder, but her survival skills had flown out the window ever since the start of this state. She remained frozen.

“It was a rather strong one. Though I’ve seen worse,” Mihawk said dryly, blinking again as he made eye contact with the woman. She avoided it.

“Indeed,” she acknowledged, fingers curling more into the sheets as she looked away again, choosing to stare at the empty fireplace across the bed, eyes roaming over the iron gates that rested in front of the hearth, protecting nonexistent flames and ash. She was quiet again, but this time, actually in thought now. The presence of another conversing body had managed to calm her a few degrees, and she was realizing not only that the swordsman was alert, but he was checking on her. But she didn’t grow too wistful. Silence settled on them again, but the woman interrupted it this time.

“You’re awake, too,” she noted. Her usual method was to fill the silence with meaningful conversation, always to speak, and to lighten the mood. But that was difficult with a man like Mihawk. He didn’t see the point in useless conversation, or rather, what he deemed as ineffective. Her techniques of unravelling people through usual conversation didn’t work on him; she was unarmed.

“I sleep when I must. I was awake with wine, but my attention was demanded elsewhere,” he said, his tone the same as it had been the entire meager conversation. From the woman’s perspective, it was borderline unnerving. She wasn’t seeing that the swordsman had Observation Haki flaring nearly at all times, but especially on his nocturnal days. She was fooling no one. “You refuse to rest.”

The woman swallowed at that, but sat up slightly straighter, her legs seeming to gain some feeling back. “I will, in a bit.”

Mihawk was unconvinced, of course. He could sense it in ways she could not comprehend yet.

“Hmph,” he noised, his eyes glaring into her now. Was it annoyance? Anger? Growing unabashed fury at the disturbance of his peace? Before she could think more, he continued.

“You are afraid of the darkness and what it holds. Of my home. This land. You are weak like an infected bat to water. Moria has done you no well,” he said. His tone was, again, not unkind, nor shaming. He was brutally honest, and this made the woman’s heart race with discomfort, and a hint of shame laced it.

“I’m sorry. I’ll go to bed soon,” she promised, her hands now pulling on the sheets beneath the covers, but releasing once she realized he must have noticed. Mihawk exhaled through his nostrils.

“This does not concern your nocturnal habits. I am not offended. I wish for you to express yourself. Do not lie,” Mihawk urged, his arms still crossed. His stare was the same, but it felt like it was boring into her now. But, at least, he was finally stating his purpose here through her fogged mind. The woman’s heart was racing as she tried to conjure an answer that wasn’t so complicated, wasn’t so demanding or deep... it was a mask. But still honest.

“I just think I need some light,” she answered finally, trying her best not to sound timid, or breathless, or worse: childish. The swordsman looked at her, and wordlessly, arms still crossed, exited the room.

She watched him leave and blinked slightly in protest, but before the feelings could engulf her further, Mihawk was back. His arms were uncrossed, and he was bearing handfuls of candles. Far more than what she would need just for the night, but it was clear that he was stocking her up for the stay. He produced a large box of matches from his pocket once he placed the wax sticks neatly on the desk, which secretly pleased her. It was her preference.

Mihawk began placing the candles in their spots on the wall sconces, each one holding three candles at a time at different heights. The swordsman didn’t ask for assistance, nor demand it. Instead, he lit every candle in the room, and she watched him move about as a warm glow began to enter the room, a slight contrast from the moon’s reddish light. The only sound in the room was the sound of matches striking the red phosphorus strip on the box, and his boots quietly clicking against the stone. Before she could say anything, Mihawk disappeared again, only to return with a pile of wood he tossed into the previously empty fireplace. He turned to look at her, his expression the same but his intentions clear: he was asking a question.

“The candles are warm enough for now,” she responded quietly, and he made no move to acknowledge her other than straightening his posture and fixing the iron gate. He set down the box of matches next to the pile of candles, arms crossed again as he turned to look at her once more.

The room was now radiating with a warm and familiar glow, the flames of the candles dancing at various speeds and heights. The only negative side was that some shadows were being cast, causing dancing figures to emerge from the floor. The woman had to look up from it. Mihawk didn’t move, but he noticed.

“A woman fears shadows despite Moria’s care? Curious,” he remarked, almost sounding amused. This was lost to her.

“It’s different,” the woman tried to explain, sounding almost desperate in her exasperated state. For the first time that night, Mihawk’s eyes changed. It was the slightest shift, but she noticed.

BLACK-LEG SANJI (PRIVATE COMMISSION; DETAILS CHANGED FOR PRIVACY)

“She’s happy,” [W1] says simply, dialing Sanji’s number into the snail, her head bobbing up and down as she looks from the numbers scribbled in her swirly font to the den den mushi. She picks up the receiver again, but her eyes momentarily dart to Mihawk, knowing this will be a conversation that will be had later, outside of Crocodile’s presence.

Mihawk, as usual, seems forbearing and expressionless as normal, but there’s a slight tension to his gaze that is reserved when it involves [W1’s] sister. [W2] was a name never to be tainted or said in vain around him, and this particular development had the swordsman almost antsy in his own way. Yet, he says nothing. Crocodile, on the other hand, is already preparing a fresh cigar. He’s heard of the flirtatious cook, only seen characterized through bounty posters, of course, but his reputation precedes him. Even more, he is interested in why [W1] has a sister, so... serial is the word he wants to use, but he voices none of it. He’d question it later, if he had the nerve.

As the snail starts to ring, awaiting the impending conversation, Crocodile turns a curious eye towards the snail. He regretted not immediately questioning who Sanji was, what importance he held to either of the sisters’ lives, and why anyone in the world would have contact with a pirate with a bounty of over one billion berries. Before his thoughts can spiral further, the transponder snail crackles to life, blinking with a casual expression. A swirly eyebrow appears over one eye, and some stubble grows around its mouth, not unlike the horrific photos of the wanted posters Crocodile had seen. He listens in, hoping for a grand introduction or a clue. His body is leaning towards the device, betraying his interest. He’s disappointed immediately.

“Yeah?” Sanji grounds out in his usual raspy voice, the cigar that’s been stuck into the snail’s mouth being utilized, more to the effect of a cigarette than a cigar. No introduction, no greeting. It seemed that the members of the Straw Hat Pirates had grown more wary and careful of any interceptions than in the past. But [W1] knew that Sanji had always been smart. In fact, she liked the young fellow.

“Sanji! My name is [W1], if you remember or happen to know me? I’m [W2]’s sister?” [W1] starts merrily, her smile warm and her voice soothing, as if to calm any nerves that the cook may have been stirring at the unexpected call. She had hoped her tone would ring a few bells, even if she were a member of [W2]’s life the cook hadn’t been familiar with. After all, he was before [W1]’s time, though [W1] suspected they were still in contact, somewhat. Even if he didn’t remember her name, she was sure he would remember [W2]’s. From Sanji’s end of the line, things were quiet; he must have been on guard of the ship by himself. The chef perks up almost instantly. The snail reflects his hopefulness, the creature-device’s eyes turning from half-lidded

to wide, its pupils growing into hearts. His slight frown instantly turns upside down, his voice changing in pitch.

“[W2]?! Is she there with you?” Sanji almost gasps, his grip on the receiver tightening as hope and excitement flood his speech. “Oh, my zombie princess remembers me! What a joyous day this is, I knew it! My love awaited me just like she promised...”

As Sanji starts rattling off more adjectives and sweet names and singing [W2]’s praises, the two men in the room are staring at [W1] like she grew a second head. Crocodile and Mihawk are gobsmacked by the response from the snail, the syntax and diction shocking them even further. Crocodile’s nose is wrinkled, his long scar across his face following suit, and his eyes are wide, as if his body couldn’t decide whether he should be surprised or appalled. Mihawk’s expression, however, is nothing short of murderous. His golden eyes, usually sharp but quiet, are widened completely, narrowing with every word that’s being said, almost closing. His grip on his own hands becomes shaky, though still invisible to the naked eye, but he focuses his attention on the conversation. His countenance is nothing short of disgust, his entire body seeming to itch that a peasant, a desperate fool, a mere pebble caught in the ridges of the bottom of her harness boots, would have captured her attention, present or past. Even [X] is a step above this... boy, he thinks, the only thing to think he can call the organism on the other side of the call; he was nothing close to a man.

“I’m sorry to disappoint you, Sanji, my beautiful boy, but she isn’t here. Though she did pass along your number to me, if that’s alright,” [W1] says soothingly, almost as if anticipating his response and disappointment, not wholly unaware of the men’s emotions in the room. Still, they aren’t her concern in the moment.

Sanji practically visibly deflates at her response, as much as he can over the snail, a long and wistful sigh crackling through the device. His disappointment is audible. In true Sanji fashion, the cook manages slivers of optimism, his expression changing from sad to hopeful again, though in a different tone than what the call started with.

“Ah, I see... *mon cheri* still has my digits logged, perhaps in that blood-red journal of hers where she stores all valuable information with her sharp mind and ringed fingers. Or perhaps, her emerald-green leather-bound journal of recycled paper where she would catalog her spells and incantations, some with my own name in them,” Sanji continues, unrepentant. “Oh, how I miss how they click-clacked and played in my hair, or swirled over my brows. My princess remembers me and refuses to scrap any of it,” he sighs, the eyes of the transponder snail start to form into hearts again, his own words seeming to fuel him.

The men in the room only grow more horrified, Mihawk more than Crocodile, as he sits up straight, his posture stiff as a board rather than his usual lax pose against the couch. He's displaying a rare emotion he'd rather not name.

[W1] merely giggles. She says nothing to dismiss Sanji, but directs the conversation back to its purpose. This time, while Sanji was ranting, she managed to find a blank newspaper page, quill in hand, ready to write down a recipe. She jotted down Sanji's den den mushi number at the top of it, just in case, but was prepared to log his dictations— when he got to the point, that was.

“She still wears all those rings. The reason I was calling was to see if I could get a recipe from you, since I remember her mentioning you being able to make it correctly and deliciously?” [W1] hums, tapping the tip of the quill into the inkwell again, the feather soft against her hand. The statement was more of a question, an open-ended one intended for Sanji to answer.

The cook shifts from one excited tangent to another. Second to his loves came cooking.

“A recipe, you say? But of course, my dear lady! You know the finest chef in the sea is more than happy to provide you with the details, especially for his future sister-in-law,” Sanji grins, the eyes of the snail closing, as if Sanji put his free hand to his chest to sing his own praises now, having full rights to do so. It makes [W1] smile.

“Of course, beautiful boy. I was wondering if you could give me the recipe for [food]? Specifically, the version with tomato broth. I want to make it, but I have no clue how to perfect it,” [W1] replies, the quill dripping a drop of ink onto the page as it hovers above where she intends to jot notes. At this point, she's placed the receiver down onto the table to write. Crocodile narrows his eyes at the snail at the sound of the pet name exchanges. Mihawk looks as if he isn't daring to breathe. Sanji continues, both unaware and uncaring of her company.

“[food], huh? My princess still remembers the flavors that burst on her tongue from my cooking... I never made her the tomato broth, of course, but it's quite simple. It's just very time-consuming, but anything made to perfection requires a little sweat and love,” Sanji continues confidently.

With every colorful explanation, [W1] takes the bare-bones notes and necessities, writing down the quantities she needs, the method of folding the dough, when and how to know they've been baked to a perfect crisp, how to prepare the broth, and so on.