

Decimus Backstory

Somewhere in the Grand Line, there is a military country of great importance. This country, Tyrell, was plagued with much in-fighting. Revolutions, civil wars, rebellions, and more. The faction to rule this country was determined by military strength. Due to all of the fighting on this single island, the people of it were born into war. They grew up with it, understanding and coping with it. It also meant that warriors were extremely well trained in ground based combat and tactics. This made them unique in the whole world, since there was so much sea, most countries lacked advanced ground strategy. This is where the biggest export and cash flow of the country comes from. The current Emperor set up many military schools and training academies. Graduates would be offered a place in a group of their peers. Hundreds upon hundreds of elite battalions of these warriors were formed every day. These squads would then be shipped overseas to the highest paying countries. A single battalion of these incredible soldiers could turn the tide of any battle and were invaluable. Since they were the best ground fighters in the world, they knew tactics nobody else in the world could fathom. The pay was incredible, they were welcomed as heroes by their clients and feared as unstoppable demons by their enemies. The mindset of the country was so accustomed to war and death, nobody minded this system. In fact, joining these groups had become a rite of passage for men.

The emperor, Domitian Iz'aldas, was a cold hearted man. In his youth, he was a caring boy. Helping people and training took up almost all of his time. Even though he treated his people with kindness, he had a deep hatred in him. Domitian was born into poverty, and raised in it. The old king, Tiberius, was a foolish warmonger. The only reason he was king, was because nobody could stand up to the brute in a fight. He knew nothing about managing a country. All he did was force people to fight for his amusement. The whole country was viewed as a land of savages by the world, and they were treated as that too. Try as they might,

merchants could never trade with other countries since everyone thought they were violent idiots. Domitian despised it. He despised the other countries, the failing merchants, the cowards who wouldn't fight Tiberius. Most of all, he hated Tiberius. His hate for him was an all consuming flame. Everything Domitian did growing up was to end Tiberius and his rule. While remaining a great example in the community, he secretly began an underworld organization. They did all kinds of vile deeds. Murders, kidnappings, money laundering, stealing, everything they could do that would give them resources. After growing his empire of thugs and psychopaths, he was ready to make his move. They bought a massive galleon, and all boarded it. They left Tyrell, and set off to Marineford. Their plan was simple. Bribe the World Government, get advanced weapons and marine naval support, and then conquer the island. It went without a problem. They arrived back at their homelands, prepared to end the current empire in less than a day. They laid siege to the castle. Marine ships bombarded the building from the sea. When Domitian landed with his soldiers, nobody tried to stop them. They stepped out of the way and led him to Tiberius. He was found cowering in a hall, trying to escape with all the treasure he could hold. Before anyone could even yell at him, Domitian was off at a sprint with his sword out. He caught up quickly, plunging the blade hilt deep into Tiberius' back. He watched as the life drained from his eyes, a rush of pure, malicious bliss flowing through the young Iz'aldas.

Now all he had to do was ride the people's thankfulness and change the country to fit him. He made his fellow criminals his advisers, and let them do the rest of the work. Domitian decided to spend the rest of his life lavishly, drunk on his own victory. Exporting warriors from their homes, people accepting it, him ruling as a dynasty, it was all part of his plan. Tiberius had desensitized his people to war, and Domitian abused that to make his country wealthy. Not all of the wealth was put back into the country though. He lived a life of unbelievable lavishness. His entire castle was clad in gold and jewels, bespeckled with intricate patterns of silver on the walls

and expertly woven carpets of red and purple. He would bring in famous artists from around the world to make him statues, busts, murals, self-portraits, anything you can think of. So much food was prepared for every meal that there were cart-fulls of leftovers. These would not go to the people, of course. Instead, they were given to his “pets”. His pets consisted of two massive lions, which would eat up all of the remaining food. Domitian would also use his power to gain access to all women in the country. This made him a particularly terrible sexist. He believed women were possessions since, to him, they were. He never married. Instead, he would simply have a child with a woman, give them some money and a house, and leave them forever. He sired 10 children this way, all of which grew up to be amazing warriors.

His firstborn was a child of true prodigy. By the age of 13 he had graduated the most prodigious military academy with flying colors. Being a military academy, it was a place of violence and harsh treatment. Even though the students were forced to fight one another, his classmates respected and cared for him. He was renowned as a kind boy, who treated everyone as his equal. His kindness was second only to his military genius. Not even generals could beat him in military games. He would use his resources as firstborn of the emperor to help the poor, and to feed the hungry. He was what everyone wanted for an emperor. After his graduation, he was put into the strongest battalion the country had seen since the emperor himself rebelled against the old kingdom. They were immediately hired and put into combat. His name was Decimus Iz’aldas, Primus Imperator of the military country Tyrell. After a few battles, he became the defacto leader of his group.

They were shipped island to island, war to war. They partied, they ate, and they fought together. They became an inseparable team, and as close as a family. Their battles saw them even fighting against incredibly powerful groups. The World Government, Revolutionaries, Yonkou crews, Shichibukai crews, they did it all. Even though they were an elite fighting force,

they didn't go without their losses. Battles against these powerful foes claimed men from their crew. Each man got a heartfelt military burial, and didn't go unavenged. For each man of theirs slain, they took out over 10 times as many of their foes. Not only were they hired to fight those groups, but they were also hired BY them. That was the beauty of purchasable warriors. They were treated like tools, not traitorous bastards. Because of this, the men became even more attached to each other, and all vowed to protect one another till the end. They marched on, forging a path of destruction and victory as time went on.

They saw all kinds of islands. Hot deserts, freezing tundra, humid jungles and rolling plains. Each island held its own dangers. They also saw all of the seas. East Blue, North Blue, West Blue, South Blue, The New World, they visited everywhere. They all remembered when they fought a bloodthirsty Rookie's crew at Kara Island.

Kara Island is a sleepy little island in South Blue. Through its history, it has been the victim of quite a few dangerous pirate attacks, but multiple pirate visits. They are a good distance away from any Marine Base, therefore must rely on their own strength to keep the peace on their island. The island gets its name from the thick fog that surrounds it from the early morning to late afternoon, keeping it hidden from pirate attacks. However, due to the fog, citizens are unable to see attacking ships. It is described by some citizens as 'a Double Edged Sword.' One day, a rookie by the name of Rojak the Killer landed his ship on the island. He killed off anyone who showed resistance and made his way to the mayor.

"Alright you old idiot. This is pretty simple. If you guys don't leave this island within the next 3 days, we come and kill you all. Simple as that. Any complaints."

“What?! Why do you want us to leave?! This place has been our home for generations!”

“Well this fog you have here is the main reason. Once we take this place over, it’ll be the perfect HQ for our underground operations. That the only complaint?”

“But you wouldn’t be able to see if enemies were invading! It’d be no good for you!”

“Hey, old man. You think you can tell when something is good for me or not? YOU DON’T EVEN KNOW ME!!! WE HAVE A DEVIL FRUIT ON OUR SIDE THAT CANCELS OUT THAT WEAKNESS ENTIRELY, YOU OLD FOOL!”

“A devil’s fruit? How can that help you?”

“It’s the Giro Giro no mi, you old bastard. Our crewmate can see for miles, totally unhindered. Now, get off of my new island!” Rojak kicked the old man onto the ground and shouted out.

“All of you, GET OUT!” He and his crew started howling and laughing, firing their guns up into the air and stomping around. The townspeople, scared and wounded, quickly left, and all arrived at the coast to discuss what to do. Eventually, the mayor made his way to some high ground and raised his hands.

“Okay everyone, I know this seems bad. We don’t have our homes, we’re injured, and have almost no chance of winning if we fight them. But, I have a secret weapon for just an occasion like this. There’s talk of a secret mercenary island which sells groups of fighters to the highest pay. These fighters are liken to demons when in combat, and are more than capable of taking our island back. I’ll send a letter out with upfront pay to get them here quickly. Now, I need all of your help. Between all of us, we should have enough money to pay for one battle at least.” The people looked around anxiously, unsure whether it was worth it.

“Come on, everybody. This is our only chance. There isn’t a marine base for miles and we don’t have a chance in hell of beating them by ourselves. I’m already spending most of my life savings on this. All of you can at least donate a bit.” Slowly but steadily, the people came up, one by one, and gave him their money. “Thank you all for giving money for this, I know we won’t regret it.” 2 days passed, yet no ships had arrived, and there wasn’t a response letter either. Things looked pretty bleak for the townspeople.

But, out on the misty sea, a boat slowly sailed to shore. On it was an elite Tyrell combat battalion, headed by the prince himself, Decimus. “Hmm I wonder what would allow them to see us through this fog.” He asked to his men. “Sir, what if it was just a bluff the pirates used?” asked his second in command, Caesar.

“Well the letter was quite adamant in that they would know we were coming if we did it while they were awake. To be honest it really doesn't matter. Everybody's always awake the night before a battle anyways. Better safe than sorry.” Decimus walked over to the side of the boat. It was a fairly average craft. Some of the members wanted a warship or a decorated battleship, and they easily had enough money, but Decimus chose not to. “A simple ship sets the enemy's standards low. Besides, none of us are natural born sailors. They'd just be a hindrance.” He would say when asked why they didn't get a new boat. Decimus looked towards where the island was. “Hm. I wonder how many people lose their lives ship-wrecking around this island. It's a good thing that letter had a map of the island with it.” He stared a bit more out at the sea, then headed for the war-room.

“Ah, Commander Decimus. Good to see you. Shall we get started?” asked an officer.

“Go ahead.”

“Alright. As you can all see, the island itself is relatively small. We should be able to easily drive the pirates off in one day. The biggest problem is that they can supposedly see us at all times. I'm not sure how, but if they can that ruins our chances of using a surprise attack. The pirate crew itself is rather small as well, and currently occupies only one village. They should have only a few more soldiers as us. That said, they have both advantages of having a strong foothold, and nearly complete knowledge of our forces

once dawn comes. This gives us a few options on how to win this fight effectively. We could set up a camp once we arrive and then attack at dawn. Or we could mount an offensive immediately upon landing. What do you say, Commander?”

After a moment of silent thought, Decimus spoke. “We attack immediately upon landing. If we want the best outcome, we need the element of surprise on our side. Go prepare our weapons, I shall rally the troops. Caesar, come.” The officers hurried out of the room to go get ready for the fight. Decimus was preparing to leave, when Caesar pulled him aside. “Commander, I know you are a genius and the greatest of our warriors, but take heed. Our opponent is Rojak the Killer. He is a 110 million beri super-rookie with a taste for battle. They aren't just some meddling annoyance the World Government wants out of the way. These men are a threat to the World Government, and us. Please, keep that in mind.”

“Do not worry, Caesar. I have a plan to defeat them already. It might seem cocky, but I feel that victory is already ours.”

“What is this plan?” Caesar asked with suspicion.

“Don't worry, I shall tell you along with everyone else in a moment. Fear not.” Decimus put a hand on Caesar's shoulder. He was one of Decimus' oldest friends, and his most trusted soldier. With that, he left the war-room and made his way to the platform on top

of it. 120 veteran warriors, clad in metal armor and wielding spears, shields, and swords, looked on as he spoke to them. "Proud warriors of Tyrell! Today we shall be doing a glorious deed for good people! We will free them, and the rest of this world, from the tyrant known as Rojak the Killer! He has done many misdeeds in his life, and now! Now, justice will be wrought upon him and his vile minions! They barely have enough men to match our numbers, and not one of them is trained as we are! Spare not a single one of these fiends, and keep one another safe! Caesar shall lead a group of our most stealthy, and make his way through the town. They shall quietly end the breaths of our foes while our main force waits for the ensuing chaos. Once they notice, the stealth group will lure out as many fighters as they can, and then we shall fall upon their rear! They will have nowhere to go but HELL! The town is less than an hour away at marching speed. Let us end this quickly, then feast to our victory!" As he ended the speech, the ship landed ashore.

The townspeople looked on in astonishment, as a full-on army of armor wearing fighters emerged from the plain looking ship. "Wow"s and "Woah"s, a few "Amazing"s here and there. Frightened, the mayor walked up to the largest man, that had a group of warriors gathered around him. "Uhm, excuse me sir? I was the one who wrote the letter. Here's your money." The man turned, with a slightly insulted look on his face. "We do not need that money. Only after we vanquish this plague that has befallen your people will we accept it. Also, I am not our leader. The only man that could lead THIS group of rowdy warriors is Commander Decimus Iz'aldas, Primus Imperator of Tyrell. Treat him with respect, as he is the greatest man I've ever met. He might treat you as his equal,

but not a single one of us will tolerate somebody disrespecting him.” Caesar pointed to a slimmer warrior, talking to some of the townsfolk. The mayor, more frightened than before, made his way over. ‘Geez’ he thought ‘I have no idea what those words he said meant, but there sure were a lot of them! And they were pretty long too! This guy must be something else!’ Decimus turned to face the man approaching him. “Hello sir. I am Decimus Iz’aldas, commander of this battalion. What is it you need? I’ll help as best as I can. I know you must want to get back to your home, but there’s no need to worry. We’ll be heading out soon.” The mayor looked Decimus over, studying his body language. “I just wanted to say that we have the money for your payment, so come to me whenever you want it.”

“Ah, of course. I will gladly accept it once we rid you of these pests.” Decimus looked up “Men! Make sure to do as little property damage as possible! Let’s head out!” With that, Caesar and his small troop of assassins set out at a brisk march. Decimus gathered his men into marching position. “To victory!” They set out a brief distance behind Caesar’s group.

Caesar and his men arrived outside of the town’s edge. They remained hidden and surveyed the streets. Drunken pirates walking around, unconscious on the ground, or drinking more. The sky was a blanket of clouds, and it was quite difficult to see for an untrained eye. The pirates had set up bonfires around town, no doubt using the people’s belongings as fuel. “Hmph. This shouldn’t be too hard. Alright men, here’s what we do. Each man make there way around the edge of the town and pick off anyone on there

own. After each kill, come back here to me. That way we know if somebody goes missing. After coming back, re-circle and continue this until there are only groups of people left on the street. Then we'll strike." The soldiers quietly encircled the village. Quite a few of their enemies were on the outskirts. Slowly the numbers of the enemy dwindled. Eventually, only three groups of men around the three bonfires remained outside. There were bound to be more in the houses, but that didn't matter right now. Caesar looked back towards where they came from, and saw a small glimmer. It was the signal that Decimus' forces had arrived. Now was the time to strike.

With just a hand signal, Caesar and his men stampeded out of the darkness. They quickly slaughtered one of the groups, and immediately descended upon a second one. They took out a few of the second bonfire, but the rest were already running and yelling "Help! We're under attack!"

"Testudo formation!" yelled Caesar. Instantly the men formed a rectangle and held up their shields. They put up their spears, almost beckoning for an enemy to try and break the impressive stance. Those in the middle of the rectangle held their shields above their head, forming a near impenetrable roof of metal. Even with the ultimate defensive strength of their formation, they were largely outnumbered. They had only quelled around 30 of the enemy. For each man with Caesar, there were roughly 5 on the enemy's side. Another problem was that they might use their powers to survey the surroundings, and could spot Decimus' reserve army. Suddenly, a large muscular man walked out of the crowd. He had a nasty looking crooked blade, and was followed by a

slightly less muscular man. “AHAHA SO! You must be those annoying townspeople’s plan, huh? HA! I must admit, it’s obvious you have some prowess. But! We have you drastically outnumbered! There’s no way you can take all of us on!” the larger man bellowed. He had long hair reaching his waist. It was a sickly green color. His clothes consisted of a captain’s overcoat, and a black dress shirt with dark blue pants. Pointed boots, rings, earrings, he was most definitely Rojak. The other one with him had short, black hair, a grey cloak, and eyes as cold as ice. ‘That must be his first mate’ Caesar thought. “I have a proposal for you all! Join my crew! You can replace those men you killed! You’re obviously stronger than they were! Hell, I’d be HAPPY to have you instead of them. What say you?”

Caesar yelled in fury “How DARE you disrespect them. They were part of your crew! They DIED for you and your deeds. No, the only company you’ll have tonight is the DEVIL!” As he said devil, the reserve army burst forth, cutting down the pirate horde at an incredible speed. Caught by total surprise, Rojak sprinted out from between the battalion’s two forces. The black haired man followed silently, with only an expression of seriousness. The pirates were all but annihilated in a matter of minutes. Not a single one of the Tyrell warriors were injured. Before anyone could take a break, Decimus shouted “Caesar, to me!” They quickly ran in the direction that Rojak had gone.

Rojak realized he had made a fatal mistake as he was running. ‘How could I have known they had gotten a whole damn army!’ he thought. “Kaijo, how far are we from the ship?!” he barked, out of breath. “Quite a ways. It’ll be a few minutes if we keep

up this pace, but I'm not sure we can. Also, two of the warriors, most likely the leaders, are coming after us quickly. They'll catch up to us before we can reach it."

"Damn it! If we could just reach the ship before them we could put this whole mess behind us!"

"Setting up an ambush would be our best decision at this point. There's no way we can outrun them, they're trained soldiers. They were made for this."

"Fine, how far are we from the ship now?"

"A dead sprint could get us there, but they're within regular sight now. They'll just follow us and kill us on our own ship."

"Alright, let's hide in these bushes."

Decimus and Caesar slowed their pace. "The tracks slow down, then disappear. They're more than likely going to ambush us." Just as Decimus said that, Kaijo jumped out of the shadows with a knife, aiming for Decimus' throat. Instantly, Caesar fell upon the man with incredible force and fury. "Help me Captain" Kaijo shouted, but there was no-one else there. He stared blankly, totally shocked. He saw through his devil fruit that Rojak had abandoned him, and left for the ship instead. Kaijo didn't even have enough

time to curse the traitor, before Caesar had stabbed him through the heart with a spear.

“Commander, looks like Rojak got away.”

“Eh, doesn’t really matter. The townspeople are safe once again. Besides, he doesn’t even have a crew anymore. He’ll probably die in a shipwreck or something. Come, let’s go celebrate.”

As the two leaders arrived at the town, they were pleasantly surprised to see the townsfolk had set up a feast. The soldiers had cleaned up the dead bodies, and were now eating and drinking happily. Although the people were a bit distraught, they were also deeply relieved. If these men hadn’t come, they all would’ve certainly died. When the mayor saw them entering the town he had a huge smile on his face. “Hey everyone, look! It’s our heroes!” Everyone cheered and toasted each other. “Hahaha! Thank you! Thank you so much! Ah, yes I nearly forgot here is your payment.” He handed several bags of beri to Decimus, who bowed. “Thank you sir. We were happy to complete such a noble task for such noble people.”

“Haha! Noble! That’s quite the compliment!” he walked back towards the party. “Not too bad, eh Caesar? This’ll be plenty for us!”

“Not bad at all, Deci. Now come, let us feast!”

“Heheh, I like your thinking!” All the soldiers and townspeople partied and ate themselves to exhaustion. It was a bit after midnight that the citizens started to thin out, returning to their homes to assess the damage done. Almost every soldier was asleep. The only one to remain awake was the ever-cautious Caesar, who had taken it upon himself to make sure nobody would be attacked. About an hour later, he saw the mayor coming towards him, holding something covered in a white cloth. “Hello.” he said, greeting Caesar with a hint of a grin.

“What do you want? You should be sleeping back at your home.”

“Ah, well. All of you really did something great here today. A true miracle. I decided you deserved something extra. Since you’re the last one awake, I’ll give it to you. It is my most precious possession. Please, accept it.” Caesar removed the white cloth to reveal a small, ornate box. “Your most precious possession is a pretty box?” he asked. He didn’t even think to look into the box, he was quite tired. “Err, take a look inside.” Caesar opened the lid nonchalantly. A look of pure shock and disbelief quickly crossed his face. “Th- this is!”

“Yes, it is exactly what you think it is. I’m happy to give it to you. I don’t have much of a use for it anyways.” Caesar looked on, wondering what to do. ‘I’ll just keep it for now’ he thought ‘I’ll tell Deci later.’

A week passed. The men had decided to stay on the island to help rebuild. Caesar had yet to tell anyone about his new prize. It was a lazy afternoon on Kara Island. Rebuilding was going faster than expected. The news coo arrived as usual. But this time, it had a royal summons. It was from Decimus' father, Demitius. He had invited them for a feast to congratulate them on their recent victory. Not attending would be akin to declaring war against their home country, so they said goodbye to the now quiet village on Kara. Once they were at sea, Decimus went to talk to Caesar. "I don't like this. My father isn't the kind of man to congratulate people. He's the kind to try and make you feel terrible and insignificant after you accomplish something."

"Well, I can't say I know your father better than you. I'll stay alert."

Decimus put his hand on Caesar's shoulder. "Good to know. I can always trust you Caesar. Thank you." He walked off, not noticing a small sign of guilt in Caesar's expression. They'd be arriving at Tyrell in a week or two. Caesar had plenty of time to find the right moment to present his prize to his commander.

The ship was approaching the shore of their homeland. It had been nearly ten years since any of them had been there. All of the soldiers were nervous. Would it be the same? Would all of their family still be there? And most importantly, why were they invited? They knew the king wasn't a charitable man, but didn't think much of it. They were finally home, and ready to relax.

As the soldiers made their way to the palace, they were greeted with cheers from the citizens. People were crying and shouting, all of them were happy to see these proud warriors returning home. Arriving at the castle gate, they were presented with a pre-dinner meal of fine meats and wines. Most of the soldiers dug in hungrily, but Decimus and Caesar only had a few bites and a drink or two, cautious of some evil plot. After most of the food was gone, they walked sluggishly into the courtyard. At first it seemed that they had just eaten too much, but then the men began falling down, unconscious. Decimus and Caesar looked at each other in alarm, and quickly checked the nearest man. They were dead. The food was poisoned with a fatal venom. As they realized this, Caesar and Decimus became lightheaded and felt a deep pain in their chests. Even though they barely had any of it, it was enough. Both of them knew that, they too, would die of this poison. As they fell, they saw some people approaching them.

They looked up to see King Demetrias, some royal guards, and to both of their surprise, Rojak the Killer. "Y... you bastards..." Caesar sputtered. He could barely move, and was struggling to stay conscious. "Ha, says the literal bastard himself. Funny." Demetrias smirked at the battalion, now just a littering of corpses and two that were soon to be. "I should've killed you when I killed your father, you little ingrate." He kicked Caesar. He barely felt it. Right now his life was flashing before his eyes. He didn't remember his father, but from what he heard he was a monster. His father had ruled this island with an iron fist. His mother was executed for treason by the new king, and poor

Tiberius the Second was left all alone. Demitias told him he would grant him the name Caesar, and that if he ever saw him again it'd be at his funeral. He remembered growing up on the streets, getting involved in shady crimes, and being isolated at school. That is, until he met Decimus. Decimus was the only person to treat him with respect. They became best friends, and he was the only person Caesar had ever truly respected. Now, they'd both die due to his carelessness. 'No. No I won't let it happen. I am Caesar Tiberius the Second! I won't let the flame that is my life sputter out without doing anything!' Mustering incredible willpower, Caesar got to his feet and delivered a mighty punch to the king. "I WON'T LET YOU DO THIS!" Pulling the small ornate box out of his cloak, he thought to himself. 'Deci, I had planned to give this to you during the celebration. I'm sorry I couldn't save you.' The guards rushed to the fallen king as he got back up, while Rojak just watched quietly, waiting. Caesar took the devil fruit and put it into Decimus' mouth. Reflexively, he took a bite and swallowed it.

Decimus' eyes whipped open! He was totally cured! He got up and looked around, then spotted Caesar on the ground next to him. "Caesar, what ha- Caesar?!" He jumped up and ran to him. Caesar's eyes were barely open, his breathing was strained. "Caesar! What's wrong?! How do I fix you?!" He looked up at Decimus, and smiled. "Heh... you're okay. Thank goodness..." he said, almost too quiet to hear. "Caesar, no! Don't die! Please!" Tears began to form in Decimus' eyes.

“Decimus... Thank you. You were the only person to treat me like an actual person. For that, I’ll gladly sacrifice myself to save you. Goodbye.” His eyes closed... slowly, his breathing stopped...

“Caesar?! Caesar! No...

CCCCAAAAAEEEEEEEEESSSSAAAAAAARRRRRRRRR!!!” Decimus shouted out Caesar’s name, but fate had already decided. No matter how much he shouted, Caesar was gone, forever. Decimus got to his feet, with a look of true hatred in his eyes. Rojak walked up and stopped in front of him. He stared for a moment, a slight grin on his face, then spit on Decimus. “Ha, you idiots. You underestimated me! I’m Rojak the Killer, 110 million beri super rookie! I have connections you didn’t even think were possible!”

Decimus didn’t react. He was still looking at Caesar’s now dead body. “What? What’s wrong? Is your best friend dead? Oh, boo hoo “Shut up.” What?” “I said, SHUT UP!”

Decimus grabbed Rojak by the throat and slammed him into the ground. Suddenly, a massive tentacle of a purple liquid sprang out of Decimus and consumed the rookie pirate. He was drowning, in a deadly poison. He was dead in seconds. Decimus looked up and glared at his father. Demitias wasn’t fazed in the slightest. “Well then. Time to kill you, I suppose.”

“You monster. You care only about yourself. You’d kill everyone on this island if somebody offered you a better place to live.”

“You’re right, I would! And I’d do it with joy! Gaining is the only thing important in this world! Obtaining more is the sole purpose of our existence! Because you all didn’t embrace that, you died like worthless dogs. Where is your friendship now, huh?!”

“I’LL KILL YOU!” Decimus screamed, as a massive, horrifying abomination grew from behind him. It’s body was an amorphous amalgamation of tentacles, mouths, eyes, and limbs. It was a deep pink, and grew larger than the entire castle. It consumed everything in the courtyard, and killed everyone there, except Decimus, instantly. The plague of venom didn’t stop there. It spread through the land itself. Anybody touching anything died a quick and painful death. Within minutes, the entire country was devoid of life. Decimus fell unconscious soon after. He woke up a while later, extremely confused. What was he doing here? All he remembered was something with poison, and the name Caesar. But when he remembered that name, he got extremely sad. Who was this Caesar? Was he Caesar? No, that wasn’t right. He got up and surveyed the area. There were many corpses and everything was strangely a shade of pink. As he walked outside the courtyard, the pink color slowly drained from the land. He saw some people approaching. They looked like sailors, why were they the only other people here? When they saw him, they got furious and charged at him. “There he is! That bastard Decimus Iz’aldas! He did this! Kill him!” ‘My name is Decimus Iz’aldas? But what did I do!?’ He ran off towards the docks, since he would really prefer to stay alive. Boarding a small boat, he set off to try and learn who he was. He had been sailing alone for nearly a year, going from island to island, learning things about the world as he did. Eventually, his

boat founds its way to Logue Town. As fate would have it, this would be a day of new life for many people, including Decimus.