

The Hottest Flame

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The Hottest Flame

by [Akraziel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#).

Summary

Ace has the same disease his father did.

Notes

Crocus tells Ace he'll be dead inside five years.

Burns the Brightest

"It's gradual," he tells the boy, setting down the file on the bed next to him. "You'll hardly notice anything for the first few years. Shortness of breath, coughing, occasional fevers. You'll pass out more as time goes on. Most people shouldn't think anything of it, considering your narcolepsy. It shouldn't seriously affect you until the last year. I... would not recommend continuing to sail at that point."

Ace presses his hands harder against his face, grinding his teeth. Crocus mourns for the son of his former captain; Roger would have hated that his child had inherited his own curse.

Burning Hatred

Chapter by [Akraziel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace rages that his father's legacy has damned him again.

The room's a mess, not that Ace cares at this point. Considering what he's just learned, a few broken belongings can only be expected.

Damn him.

All Ace has ever wanted was to escape his father's shadow, to live his own life, to make his own way and his own legacy. But hell, of course his shitty childhood wasn't the extent of Roger's influence. Of course the man wasn't satisfied with determining the course of his son's life - he had to determine the cause of his death as well.

"Sorry, Luffy. I guess I can't keep my promise after all."

Burning Daylight

Chapter by [Akrasiel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace is determined to do everything he might have wanted to do before he dies.

"What the hell, Captain?"

Ace glances up at his first mate, "What?" He asks, or he tries to. The word is rather distorted by the food in the way.

The man gestures wildly at their surroundings, the sweep of his arm taking in the cowering wait staff, the other tables pressed against the walls, and the huge spread his captain is sitting before. It's a pretty impressive sight; the table is piled high with luxurious delicacies from all around the world.

Ace shrugs, swallows, and turns back to his meal, "I've always wanted to try Peacock," is all he says.

Blaze of Glory

Chapter by [Akraziel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace's crewmate is concerned by his behaviour.

Coyote is not a stupid man. As the self-proclaimed intellectual of the Spade Pirates, his pinky holds more intelligence than the heads of all the others combined. So of course he's noticed that something is... off, about Ace's behaviour recently.

It's not that he hadn't been more than a little bit reckless, before, ending up in the weirdest situations and cheerfully bashing his way through opponents that would leave most East Blue pirates quaking in their shoes. Recently, however, it's like someone lit a fire under his ass.

So he's worried. Coyote is not interested in watching his captain die.

Smoking Hot

Chapter by [Akrael \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace notices something Interesting.

Ace is aware his crew is watching him like a whole flock of mother hens. Except for Porco - he's just enjoying the chaos. He's considering what to do about it when his attention is caught by something interesting.

Ace had seen him earlier that day, taking down a crew of idiotic hotshots down by the harbor. The grey-haired man had been down-right - dare he say it - smokin'.

Ace grinned - he'd never slept with a marine before.

The Spade Pirates could only watch with resigned looks on their faces as their captain took off with a mischievous gleam in his eyes.

Blowing Smoke

Chapter by [Akrael \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Smoker is furious.

Smoker is furious.

Waking up had been nice enough - weird as hell, but it wasn't like he was a blushing virgin, and the night had been... pleasant. The man he'd spent it with had been dressed in a marine uniform, a captain's jacket slung across his chair in the bar where they'd met. A nice night with an attractive, respectable, if odd, marine captain. He could do worse.

So it was shaping up to be a fairly nice day, until -

"There you are, Captain," said a tall, unkempt man. Obviously a pirate.

Ace glanced at Smoker, chagrined. "Damn," he said.

Burst into Flames

Chapter by [Akraziel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

The Mera Mera no Mi.

Ace doesn't really like fire. It's not that strange, when you actually stop to consider it for a second - he'd nearly died in a fire, once, him and Luffy both. He didn't like to mention it, but he still had nightmares about that night occasionally, mixed with Sabo's death. Sometimes he dreamed that the fire he'd been responsible for had been the thing that killed his brother - those were the worst.

So, no, Ace is not a fan of fire. But he still ate the Mera Mera no mi. He'd need its power to reach his goals before he died.

Feel the Burn

Chapter by [Akrael \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace trains.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fire flies, plowing through the trunk he'd been aiming at, as well as five more behind it, before crashing against a sixth, prevented from carrying on, yet still catching it alight. Ace frowns, unsatisfied, lifting his right hand with a deep breath to make another attempt, when his breath catches in his lungs.

He tries to breathe in, but his lungs almost seem to seize, prompting him to release it in a series of great coughs, growing harsher with each draw of air.

When they subside, he looks down at his bloody palm blankly.

Then he gets back to work.

Chapter End Notes

(holy crap, a new chapter? What is this, magic? Well, if by magic you mean the magic of 10pm coffee keeping me awake through my creative hours, then yes.)

Supernova

Chapter by [Akraziel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace's reputation is getting a bit ahead of him.

"WHAT IS THIS!?!"

Garp can't believe his eyes. Or, rather, he doesn't want to. He's thinking of never opening them again, if only so he can avoid ever seeing that- that... abomination ever again!

What abomination, you might ask (along with a number of the Hero's crew)?

Garp opens his eyes to take a second, longer look at the bounty poster in his hand. Yes, as he'd already seen, there was his grandson's sinister grin under a bright orange hat. 'Fire-Fist' Portgas D. Ace.

"ACE! PREPARE FOR THE FIST OF LOVE!"

(Many, many leagues away, a certain freckle-faced pirate shudders.)

Fuel to the Fire

Chapter by [Akraziel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace has fun at the marines' expense.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ace doesn't bother to repress his grin as he creeps through the shadows against the wall. It's not like the flash of teeth will be what gives him away.

At the corner of the building, he pokes his head out. Seeing that the guards are on the other side of the courtyard, he darts through door.

Fifteen minutes later, he's back on his ship when an uproar is heard from the base - apparently someone stole their entire stock of Den Den Mushi.

"Now who would do a thing like that?" He asks the little snail sitting placidly on his palm.

Chapter End Notes

The snail eventually acquires a little orange hat.

Fanning the Flames

Chapter by [Akrasiel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace enjoys some bounty-hiking antics.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Captain, to your left!"

"Got it!" Ace turns, blasting another marine through the rail of the ship. Distraction taken care of, he turns back to his original target, a Marine Captain wearing a fluorescent blue jumpsuit under his jacket.

Or wait, was he a Commodore?

Advancing on his target's position, Ace lets loose with a fireball, only to note it having little effect on the man.

Unperturbed, he snatches up a lightly burning plank and smacks the bastard over the head.

"Vice Admiral Nougat!"

Vice Admiral? Well, there goes his old bounty. They'll have to throw it a farewell party.

Chapter End Notes

...Are my tenses fucked up? I think my tenses are fucked up.

Baptism in Fire

Chapter by [Akrael \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace attracts the attention of the Admirals.

"Oooh... You are a bit of trouble, aren't you, Fire Fist, hm?" The Admiral mused lightly, leaning languidly against the wall opposite the bounty board near his office.

"Kuzan!" He said, turning to the so named man, who was coming up the hall with the third member of their rather exclusive group, "What do you think of this one, hm? Might be a bit of a tough battle for you! Fire versus Ice, hm?"

As Kuzan and Sakazuki turned to take in Portgas D. Ace's bounty poster, Borsalino wondered at the spark of the familiar in the young pirate's looks.

Line of Fire

Chapter by [Akraziel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace's crew is in it.

Vice Admiral Nanaimo takes in the approaching ship, idly twirling his curly moustache. Fire Fist had been proving himself a troublesome thorn in the Marines' side, and a sharp one, indeed. He'd taken out one of Nanaimo's fellows just a week back, and nougat had been Nanaimo's equal in strength. However, Nanaimo knew himself to be far more clever, a trait he would put into play in the coming battle.

Scowling, Ace blows out the flame dancing on his forefinger for effect.

"No one harms my crew." He growls at the Vice Admiral smouldering on the deck of the Cardshark.

Fight Fire With Fire

Chapter by [Akraziel \(NemesisNecrosis\)](#), [NemesisNecrosis](#)

Chapter Summary

Ace starts really feeling the effects of his disease.

Ace slumps over the side of the crow's nest, breathing. Just breathing. He'd woken earlier, his lungs seizing, and had to roll over and cough for several long minutes. When he'd finally been able to relax, his pillows had been splattered with blood. It was the third time this week - Crocus had said that it should take another two years to get this bad.

Yesterday, though - he'd been shot at just as the fit was starting, and had turned himself to flame automatically - and the urge to cough had subsided. Fire couldn't be sick - in logia form, he was safe.

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