

# Chapter 51

**6th of April, 1522**  
**Thriller Bark**  
**NSFW**

When he finally pulled away, she gasped for air, a mixture of saliva and precum glistening on her lips. He roughly positioned her, spreading her ass cheeks. She gulped, turning back at him with a sultry smile as he pressed against her entrance.

Isabella shivered, expecting him to plunge into her pussy. But instead, Moria spread her ass cheeks wider, his eyes gleaming with a dark, predatory desire. "You thought I was going to take your pussy," he growled, "but I have other plans."

She gulped again, a mixture of anticipation and excitement coursing through her. Turning her head, she smiled seductively. "I can handle it, Lord Moria," she whispered, her voice husky with arousal.

With a fierce intensity, he pressed the head of his dick against her tight entrance, teasing her before pushing in slowly. Isabella moaned loudly, her back arching as she felt the intrusion. The tight ring of muscle resisted for a moment before yielding to his relentless pressure, allowing him to slide deeper into her ass.

"Fuck, you're tight," Moria hissed, his hands gripping her hips firmly. He began to move, slow and deliberate, each thrust deeper and more forceful than the last. Isabella's moans turned to cries of pleasure mixed with pain as she adjusted to the thick length stretching her.

"Yes, Lord Moria, just like that," she gasped, pushing back against him, meeting his thrusts eagerly. The sensations were overwhelming, her body on fire as he took her with an intensity that left her breathless.

His pace quickened, the sound of their flesh slapping together echoing through the room. Moria's hands roamed her body, one hand moving to squeeze her breast roughly, the other gripping her ass with possessive force. Isabella's cries grew louder, her body trembling with each powerful thrust.

"Do you like this, Isabella?" he growled, his voice low and commanding. "Do you like being fucked like this?"

"Yes, Lord Moria, I love it," she moaned, her voice barely coherent. "Fuck me harder."

He obliged, his movements becoming almost brutal, each thrust driving him deeper into her. Isabella's nails clawed at the floor, her body shaking with the intensity of their coupling. The pleasure built within her, a tightening coil ready to snap.

Moria's own arousal surged, the sight of her writhing beneath him, the feel of her tightness around him pushing him closer to the edge. He pounded into her relentlessly, his breath ragged, a feral growl escaping his lips as he felt his climax approaching.

"Come for me, Isabella," he demanded, his voice rough with desire.

Her body responded instantly, her muscles clenching around him as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. She screamed his name, her body convulsing with the force of her release, her juices flowing freely.

The sensation pushed Moria over the edge. With a final, deep thrust, he came, filling her with his seed. He held her tightly, his body shuddering with the intensity of his climax.

They stayed like that for a moment, their bodies entwined, breath mingling as they came down from their shared high. Moria finally pulled out, a satisfied smirk on his lips as he looked down at her.

"Good girl," he murmured, his voice filled with dark satisfaction. Isabella collapsed onto the floor, her body spent, a blissful smile on her face.

"Thank you, Lord Moria," she whispered, her voice soft and content. "Anything for you."

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**7th of April, 1522**  
**Alabasta**

Mister 2, Bon Clay, danced merrily down the bustling street, his flamboyant movements and high-pitched laughter drawing curious glances from passersby. The sun shone brightly, and despite the chaos of the world, he felt a strange sense of freedom. He had a new boss now, and it was still an adjustment. His mind wandered as he twirled and pranced, pondering the peculiarities and potential of his new allegiance. Was this truly where he belonged? The uncertainty gnawed at him, yet he continued to dance, a smile plastered on his face.

"Wa yo!"

As he danced, an unfamiliar sound reached his ears, "Chapapapa" that made him pause mid-step. His heart skipped a beat - an ambush ? - and he turned to see...nothing.

"Yoyoi!" Another voice exclaimed cheerfully from behind him, and he passed out.

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**7th of April, 1522**  
**Alabasta**

Vivi sat across from Moria in the serene garden of the seraglio, the midday sun casting a warm, golden light over their lunch. They were surrounded by vibrant flowers and lush greenery, the gentle sound of a fountain's trickling water providing a soothing backdrop. Baskets of fresh, and ripe fruits adorned their table.

Vivi couldn't help but steal glances at Moria, her heart fluttering with every flicker of his cold, calculating eyes that seemed to soften slightly when they met hers. He was handsome, with his pale skin and sharp features. She loved him deeply, and although he often seemed distant, she cherished these rare moments together.

She however found herself wondering about the restored seraglio. Why had Moria repaired it? Perhaps it was just for practical reasons, like when he repaired the office wing of the castle. Yes, it should be that.

"You're awfully quiet today, Vivi," Moria teased, breaking her train of thought. "Are you plotting something?"

Vivi smiled, shaking her head. "Just enjoying the moment. It's rare we get to have lunch together."

"True," he said, popping a grape into his mouth. "But it's nice to see you smile. It suits you."

She blushed at his compliment, her mind wandering to more intimate thoughts. When would he take her again? The memory of their first and only night together made her cheeks redden further. She quickly looked down, hoping he wouldn't notice.

Moria's keen eyes caught the change in her expression. "What's going on in that pretty little head of yours?" he asked, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Nothing," Vivi replied quickly, feeling the heat rise in her face.

"Oh, nothing?" he teased, leaning in closer. "Your face says otherwise."

As they enjoyed their meal, Vivi tried to push aside her doubts and focus on the present. The conversation flowed with a mix of lighthearted banter and deeper, more meaningful exchanges. She watched him as he elegantly sipped his wine, his fingers tapping lightly on the rim of the glass. The fountain's water sparkled in the sunlight, and for a brief moment, she saw a glimpse of vulnerability beneath his composed exterior.

She reached out and gently touched his hand, her voice soft and filled with emotion. "Thank you for today, Moria. It means a lot to me."

He looked at her, a faint smile playing on his lips. "Anything for my queen," he said, his tone teasing yet sincere. For a moment, she felt a connection that transcended words. Despite her uncertainties, in this moment, they were simply a husband and wife sharing a romantic lunch in a beautiful garden, and that was enough for her.

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### **7th of April, 1522** **Marine HQ**

Mr. 2 opened his eyes, his head pounding with a relentless ache. Before he could fully gather his senses, a sharp pain erupted in his chest. His breath caught in his throat, the agony taking him by surprise. His vision was obscured by a blindfold, plunging him into darkness. Panic began to set in as he tried to make sense of his surroundings.

"Touch this," a cold, commanding voice ordered.

Mr. 2 hesitated, then reached out with trembling fingers. He felt something cold and lifeless beneath his touch—the unmistakable texture of a corpse's feet. Revulsion mixed with fear churned in his stomach.

"Transform into the one you touched," the voice demanded.

He refused, his voice shaking. Another blow struck him, this time to his side. The pain was excruciating, beyond anything he'd ever experienced. How does this hurt so much? This must be a Devil Fruit power specialized in pain infliction.

With no other choice, he transformed, his body shifting into the form of the dead person. The transformation complete, he felt shackles snap around his wrists and ankles, the cold metal biting into his skin, ensuring he couldn't change back.

A gag was forced into his mouth, silencing any further protests. Helpless and bound, Mr. 2's mind raced with fear and confusion, trapped in the form of the corpse he'd been made to imitate.

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### **7th of April, 1522** **Thriller Bark.**

Nico Robin swirled the glass of champagne in her hand, the effervescent liquid catching the light as she moved. Her party dress was a deep burgundy that clung to her curves and flowed like liquid velvet to the floor. The neckline dipped provocatively, while intricate lace adorned her shoulders and sheer sleeves. Her dark hair cascaded in loose waves over her shoulders.

Moria had proclaimed a grand victory, though its details remained a mystery to Robin. Only Caesar and Isabella seemed privy to the secret, their whispers and knowing glances marking them apart from the rest of the crew. To celebrate, Moria had thrown a lavish party in the main ballroom of Thriller Bark Palace.

The ballroom was a testament to the decadent movement, a gothic masterpiece overflowing with excess and artificiality. She would have liked to write an article on it - she was quite versed in history of architecture. Tall, arched windows were draped with heavy velvet curtains in deep crimson and midnight blue. Chandeliers of black crystal hung from the vaulted ceiling. The walls, lined with mirrors and gilded frames, reflected the attendees dressed in their finest tuxedos and evening gowns. Shadows Maids glided silently through the room, serving guests with practiced grace, while a quatuor of Shadows Musicians played haunting melodies. Women glided through the room in dresses that managed to be both sultry and demure, their silhouettes highlighted by intricate designs and luxurious fabrics.

At the center of it all stood Moria, towering in his four-meter glory. This form, a blend of his original and more human visage, was the most unsettling, thought Robin. His face, handsome yet ghostly pale, bore a perpetual grin that revealed a wide mouth filled with far too many sharp teeth. Near him, Isabella, the beautiful vampire, attended to his every word with sycophantic devotion. Despite her regenerative abilities, she limped slightly, a telltale sign that she had finally managed to bed the Lord. Robin snorted. As if that would make her less dispensable.

To one side, Zoro and the werewolf Selena were locked in a fierce drinking contest. Ex-crew members of Selena cheered her on, but she was clearly losing. Beside her, a petite brown-haired girl with a mousy demeanor watched with wide eyes. On another side of the room, Bege and his men mingled formally, yet Robin could see they were enjoying themselves. Bege was dancing with one of his subordinates, a striking woman in an elegant cocktail dress.

Throughout the room, guests danced to haunting melodies played by the Shadows Musicians. Nearby, Absalom danced with a petite but fierce-looking woman sporting a pixie cut. Her lithe frame moved with wild grace, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she matched Absalom's steps with ease. Meanwhile, the orange-haired witch was dancing with a terrified-looking Mikita, ex-Miss Valentine. Nami wore a seemingly normal cocktail dress that took an unexpected turn—her breasts were bare, adorned only with two small jeweled covers over her nipples, adding a bold touch to her attire. In one corner, Caesar Clown was deep in animated discussion with Hogback, the two of them seemingly enjoying themselves immensely.

Robin surveyed the scene, a smile playing on her lips. Not bad, she mused. Better than with Crocodile

For a moment, Robin allowed herself to relax and soak in the spectacle. A small smile played on her lips. Not bad, she mused. Better than with Crocodile Here, amidst the shadows and opulence, she found not quite a sense of belonging...but she could get used to it. She had clearly made the right choice - two Poneglyphs ? And more to come ?

Just then, Trafalgar Law arrived. He was well-dressed in a tuxedo, but he still wore his signature hat, making him look slightly ridiculous. Robin couldn't help but snicker, feeling a sense of camaraderie with him. Since her arrival, Law had been the one she felt the most comfortable around. The taciturn man, like herself, had been conscripted into Moria's crew without much choice, and while he wasn't exactly happy, he seemed content, recognizing the benefits from a self-interested perspective.

"Enjoying the party?" she asked as he approached.

Law shrugged, a small smirk playing on his lips. "As much as one can in a place like this," he replied, glancing around the room. They chatted for a bit, discussing the recent changes and their mutual experiences within the crew. It was a rare moment of genuine connection in an environment often filled with deception and ulterior motives.

Suddenly, Moria's booming voice cut through the chatter, calling for a toast. Everyone turned their attention to the towering figure at the center of the room. He raised his glass high.

"To our grand victory!" he proclaimed, his voice echoing off the walls. "Today, we have achieved something monumental. So tonight, we will party until midnight! Let the revelry begin!"

The room erupted in cheers. The ex-crew members of Selena were particularly loud, their voices carrying above the rest. Bege and his men clapped politely, their reserved manner contrasting with the exuberance around them. Law's former crew members offered more moderate cheers, their expressions a mix of cautious optimism and guarded celebration. As the cheers subsided, the music shifted, becoming more festive, filling the ballroom with an infectious energy.

Robin sipped her champagne, her gaze drifting across the room until it settled on Nami. The orange-haired witch was now dancing alone, her movements fluid and captivating. Nami's cocktail dress, with its provocative design that left her breasts bare save for the small jeweled covers, shimmered under the dim lights. Each step she took was a masterclass in sensuality and grace. Nami's hips swayed to the rhythm of the music, her body undulating in a way that seemed to draw the very soul of the melody into her movements. Her arms moved elegantly, fingers tracing invisible patterns in the air, adding a touch of artistry to her dance. The jewels on her nipples caught the light, sparkling with each turn and twirl, highlighting the delicate

curves of her breasts. Her hair, a fiery cascade of orange, followed her every motion, adding a wild, untamed element to her dance.

Robin watched, mesmerized. The scene was spellbinding, as if Nami were the centerpiece of a grand, gothic ballet. Her bare feet barely touched the floor. The shadows cast by the chandeliers played across her body, accentuating the contrast between the soft glow of her skin and the dark elegance of the ballroom. Every eye in the room seemed to be drawn to her, including Moria's. The music swelled, and she moved with it, her body a perfect instrument of expression. The jewels on her nipples glinted like stars, adding a provocative sparkle to her every move.

Robin couldn't help but smile, feeling a sense of appreciation for the artistry and freedom Nami displayed.

It was a good party.