

Chapter 60

15th of April
Sabaody

Pizza grease smeared across her lips as Jewelry Bonney devoured another slice, her eyes fixed on the unfolding chaos. Just days ago, the world had been electrified by a journal article detailing Gecko Moria's public humiliation of Doflamingo in Dressrosa.

Now, Bellamy the Hyena, a subordinate captain under Doflamingo, lunged at Urouge, the towering monk who served under Moria. Muscles taut with rage and pride, Bellamy was a whirlwind of speed and aggression, his legs coiling and releasing like springs, sending him hurtling toward Urouge with deadly precision. The streets, alive with the glow of drifting bubbles and the looming presence of ancient mangrove trees, bore witness to this fateful clash.

“Ready to meet your end, monk?” Bellamy sneered, his voice dripping with venom. “I’ll crush you and restore Doflamingo’s honor!”

Urouge, serene and imposing, met the assault with an unyielding calm. Bellamy’s fist, charged with kinetic energy, aimed for Urouge’s skull. With a single, powerful palm, Urouge deflected the blow, the ground beneath them splintering from the impact.

“Honor? Is that what you call it?” Urouge chuckled, his voice a deep, resonant rumble. “Moria made a fool of your master. You’re just a pawn in a game you can’t understand.”

“Spring Hopper!” Bellamy roared, bouncing off the shattered earth to launch another barrage of attacks. Each spring-loaded strike met Urouge’s implacable defense, his body absorbing the force and converting it into raw power. With a monk’s grace, Urouge countered, his enlarged fists crashing into Bellamy’s frame with the weight of a falling mountain.

“Shut up! You’ll pay for what your master did!” Bellamy spat, his determination undiminished despite the monk’s overwhelming strength.

Bellamy, relentless yet faltering, tried to reclaim the upper hand, but the accumulated might of Urouge’s Karma Power proved insurmountable. In a final, devastating blow, Urouge’s fist connected with Bellamy’s chest, a shockwave rippling outward as Bellamy crumpled, lifeless, to the ground.

Bonney’s eyes, a sharp contrast to her nonchalant demeanor, flickered with a mix of amusement and curiosity. The Hyena never stood a chance. Doflamingo's pride, already in tatters from Moria's public humiliation, now smeared further into the dirt by his own subordinate's defeat. She took another bite, the rich flavors of tomato and cheese a stark counterpoint to the raw violence before her. What a pitiful spectacle, yet so utterly human in its folly and ferocity. This world thrives on chaos, and them, the Supernovas, were its harbingers.

As the dust settled and the crowd’s murmurs grew, Bonney wiped her hands on her already stained dress, her mind churning over the implications of what she had witnessed. Urouge, now standing over Bellamy's broken form, cast a shadow that seemed to stretch over the entirety of Sabaody.

Supernovas her muscular ass, they were so...Wait. Were those red eyes looking at her, in Urouge's Shadows ?

— —

15th of April
Alabasta
NSFW

Vivi knelt on the plush carpet, her lips wrapped around Moria's hardness, taking him deep into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around him, tasting him, savoring the moment. She had missed him so much, and now, as he stood before her, she was determined to show him just how much.

Her eyes flicked up to meet his, filled with a mixture of desire and adoration. For days, she had been yearning for this, her body aching with need. Every night, she had gone to bed in her most seductive attire, hoping Moria would appear, and tonight he finally had.

Her husband's hands tangled in her long blue hair, guiding her movements as she pleased him. She could feel his pulse, his arousal growing with each passing second. The soft glow of the lanterns cast a warm light over her, highlighting the sheer, shimmering fabric of her outfit. The top was a delicate piece, barely covering her full, perky breasts, with intricate gold chains draping over her cleavage. The skirt was thin and sheer, offering tantalizing glimpses of her smooth, tanned thighs and the small, lacy undergarments beneath.

As she moved, the fabric shifted, revealing glimpses of her intimate area. A small patch of neatly trimmed blue hair adorned her mound, a stark contrast to her tanned skin. The sight of her arousal, the glistening wetness between her legs, made Moria's desire surge even higher.

Vivi's mind raced with happiness and excitement. Finally, after days of longing, he was here with her. She had missed the way he touched her, the way he made her feel. Every part of her had been craving this connection, and now it was finally happening.

She could feel his response, his growing need mirroring her own. Her own arousal was evident, a warm, wet heat pooling between her legs. She moaned around him, the vibrations sending shivers through his body. Her hands gripped his thighs, her nails digging into his skin as she took him deeper, her movements hungry and desperate.

"Oh, Vivi," he groaned, his voice thick with desire. "I've missed you."

The words sent a thrill through her. She pulled back slightly, her lips leaving a trail of wet kisses along his length before she looked up at him, her eyes filled with longing. "I've missed you too," she whispered, her voice trembling with emotion.

Moria pulled her up, capturing her lips in a deep, passionate kiss. She melted into his embrace, her body pressing against his with desperate need. His hands roamed over her curves, caressing the soft, exposed skin. She felt a shiver of anticipation as his fingers slipped under the sheer fabric of her skirt, brushing against her wetness.

With a swift motion, he lifted her, laying her on the bed. The delicate jewelry on her body jingled softly with her movements, the sheer fabric of her outfit clinging to her skin. His eyes roamed over her, taking in every inch of her exposed, writhing form. Her breasts heaved with each breath, her nipples hard and aching for his touch. The sweat glistened on her skin, highlighting the curves of her body, the sheen of moisture adding to her allure.

He didn't make her wait. His hands spread her thighs, and he entered her with a powerful thrust, filling her completely. She cried out, her back arching off the bed as the sensation overwhelmed her. His pace was relentless, each movement driving her higher, making her moan louder. Her toned abs flexed with each impact, and the delicate chain around her waist jingled softly with every thrust.

Her internal monologue was a chaotic blend of joy and desire. Oh, how she had wanted this, needed this. For days, she had imagined him taking her like this, filling her with his warmth. Every touch, every kiss was a reminder of how much she loved him, how much she needed him.

His hand slid up her body, cupping her breast, his thumb teasing her nipple. The sensation sent waves of pleasure through her, making her gasp. His lips found her neck, biting gently, marking her as his. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper, her body moving instinctively with his.

As he moved inside her, the sheer fabric of her skirt shifted, revealing her smooth, tanned thighs and the soft, inviting curves of her ass. His hands gripped her firmly, spreading her cheeks and exposing her even more. The sight of her pink, glistening entrance and the puckered star of her asshole drove him wild with desire. His fingers traced the outline of her curves, eliciting a shiver from her as he teased the sensitive skin.

"You feel so good," he murmured against her skin, his voice a low growl. "I want to hear you scream."

She was more than willing to oblige. Her moans grew louder, her cries of pleasure filling the room. Her mind was a whirlwind of sensation, each thrust pushing her closer to the edge. She could feel the climax building, a tidal wave of ecstasy that threatened to consume her.

"Yes, yes," she moaned, her eyes rolling back as the pleasure consumed her. "Moria, please, don't stop."

His grip on her tightened, his movements becoming more urgent, more frantic as he neared his own release. They moved together in perfect harmony, their bodies a tangle of limbs and sweat, each touch, each thrust driving them closer to the brink.

And then it happened. Her climax hit her with the force of a hurricane, her body convulsing as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. She cried out his name, her voice a raw, primal scream of ecstasy as she came apart in his arms. The scent of her arousal mixed with the salty tang of her sweat, creating an intoxicating blend that drove them both higher.

Moria's breath was heavy as he looked down at her, a glint of something darker in his eyes. He spat lightly onto his hand and then spread the moisture over her lower back and between her cheeks. She hesitated for a moment, sensing his intention. She had never experienced this before, but a part of her was curious, wanting to feel closer to him in every possible way.

"Vivi," he growled, his voice taking on a commanding edge. "Trust me."

She took a deep breath, her mind swirling with anticipation and apprehension. "I trust you," she whispered back, her voice trembling with a mix of fear and excitement.

He moved slowly at first, allowing her to adjust, but his touch was firm and unyielding. She felt a new sensation as he carefully pressed against her, something different and intense, as he entered her cautiously. Her body tensed for a moment, then relaxed as she adapted to the new feeling. The sensation was unlike anything she had ever felt before, a mix of discomfort and a strange, forbidden pleasure.

Moria's hands tightened on her hips, guiding her with a force that left no room for doubt. His fingers dug into her flesh, tracing the curves of her body with a possessive touch. He moved with a primal intensity, ensuring her comfort while also asserting his dominance. She began to respond, her body moving in sync with his, finding a rhythm that brought new waves of pleasure. The connection between them deepened, becoming something raw and powerful.

Vivi's moans filled the room again, this time louder, mingled with gasps of both pleasure and the sharp edge of pain. Her breasts pressed against the bed, her nipples hard and sensitive, adding to the myriad of sensations overwhelming her. As they moved together, the intensity built once more, but this time it was more urgent, more feral. When they finally reached their peak, it was a shared experience, something that left them both in a state of primal bliss.

Moria held her tightly, whispering rough words of affection as they lay together, their bodies still intertwined. With a contented sigh, she closed her eyes, feeling safe and cherished in his arms.

As Vivi fell into a deep, contented sleep, Moria gently disentangled himself from her embrace and sat on the edge of the bed. He watched her for a moment, her breathing steady and peaceful, a stark contrast to the darkness he embraced. His eyes then drifted to the mirror across the room, catching his own reflection in the dim light.

In the soft glow of the lanterns, Moria's aristocratic, handsome face stared back at him. Slowly, he allowed his smile to morph from its elegant facade into something far more monstrous. His lips stretched unnaturally wide, revealing sharp, numerous teeth that glinted menacingly in the faint light.

Satisfied with his reflection, Moria's thoughts turned to the two S-rank Random Cursed Boxes, stored in his spatial ring, he had earned in Impel Down. With a flick of his wrist, he summoned the first box into his hand. The small, red box glowed weakly, its surface etched with arcane symbols that seemed to writhe and twist under his gaze. As he held the box, he couldn't help but think back to the first two boxes he had ever opened. Those boxes had brought him some of his best subordinates: Isabella, Bege and Zoro. Even Nami had been a

gift from one of those first cursed boxes. And then there were the shadows he had acquired, like Sanji. If these one were as useful...

Holding the new box, Moria felt a thrill of anticipation. With a swift motion, he broke the seal on the first box. The lid creaked open, and the box evaporated into a swirling cloud of dark smoke that filled the room. As the smoke dissipated, Moria felt a surge of energy course through his veins. His senses sharpened, his muscles tensed, and he realized he had gained two new skills. His smile widened, stretching grotesquely, the gleam in his eyes growing ever more sinister.

[Shadow morphing]

You can disguise your named Shadows in sinister Shadow Generals, making them less recognizable

Truly what he needed for the Summit War - it would allow him to use his strongest Shadows : Boa and Shiryu, without them being recognized.

[Shadow Clone]

You can use your own Shadow to make a clone of yourself. One the clone dissipates, you will gain its memories. The Clone can act independently from you, and can use [Your Dourikis]/2

"Kishishishi!!!!", he laughed. Amazing !

Eager for more, Moria reached into his spatial ring again and retrieved the second box. This one was larger and darker. The box seemed to pulse in time with his heartbeat. He broke the seal, and as the lid lifted, the box glowed brightly before disappearing into thin air.

Inside, Moria found a small pendant. It was crafted from a dark, obsidian-like stone, intricately etched with runes that seemed to pulse with an otherworldly light. He picked it up, feeling the amulet's warmth spreading through his fingers, merging its dark energy with his own. Attempting to use his ability to read the souls within it, he found it unresponsive. What was its use? Moria shrugged. It came from a cursed box, so it should be useful. He placed it around his neck, feeling the amulet's energy resonate with his own.

He turned his attention back to the second element. The piece of paper was old and worn, the ink barely legible.

On it, he could just make out two strange sentences:

*Will of D: Deluge or Drought - Dreams? Dawn.
Nami, Vivi (of Old?) and The Siren Princess.*

Moria's eyes narrowed as he studied the cryptic words. The Will of D, the mysterious and powerful force, often whispered about in hushed tones across the seas. The mention of "Deluge or Drought" puzzled him—could it be a reference to the drastic fates that awaited those who carried this enigmatic will? And "Dreams"? What did it mean in this context?

His gaze shifted to the second line. "Nami, Vivi of Old and The Siren." Nami and Vivi were familiar names, key players in his schemes, but "The Siren" was a mystery. Could it be a reference to an ancient legend or a powerful entity he had yet to encounter? Maybe, he heard the King of Fishmen had a daughter, could it be her ? Was he supposed to recruit her as he had recruited Nami ? To marry her ? The connections eluded him, but the potential for power and influence was clear. Moria carefully folded the paper and tucked it away. Its secrets would require further investigation, but for now, he had new tools and knowledge to wield.

He was about to leave the room, but he stopped, seeing something interesting through the Servant he had left in Urouge's shadow.