

Chapter 61

15th of April
Thriller Bark
NSFW

Doctor Hogback moved with mounting anticipation through the shadowed corridors of Thriller Bark, the soft thud of his footsteps muffled by lush, dark carpets. He approached the grand double doors of Isabella von Carstein's wing, with their intricate carvings of twisted vines and leering gargoyles.

With a groan, the doors swung open, revealing an immense chamber steeped in opulence and decadence. The ceiling soared high into obscurity, shrouded in shadows, while grand chandeliers dripped with crystalline tears. The walls were adorned with tapestries depicting scenes of erotic debauchery and sanguine rituals—bodies intertwined in acts of carnal pleasure, surrounded by blood sigils and arcane symbols.

Hogback's eyes widened, not in appreciation of the beauty before him, but in clinical interest. The room teemed with men and women of inhuman perfection, their alabaster skin and flawlessly chiseled features making them seem like living sculptures. They lounged languidly on sumptuous couches and sprawling, gothic beds swathed in silks and velvets. Women, adorned only with intricate jewels on their nipples and delicate clamps on their most intimate parts, moved with a languorous grace, their movements a hypnotic dance of seduction. Men, equally striking, sipped from goblets brimming with what Hogback surmised was blood, their eyes glazed with ecstasy as they indulged in pleasures both carnal and sanguine.

A raven-haired beauty with a body sculpted from marble reclined on a chaise longue, her fingers trailing languidly through the hair of a man at her feet. Nearby, a pale-skinned nobleman with piercing green eyes drew a moan from a slender beauty as his lips traced a path along her neck, his hands exploring her curves with possessive desire.

At the heart of this hedonistic tableau sat Isabella von Carstein, embodying the essence of vampiric royalty. She was barefoot, her long, white hair cascading like a waterfall of moonlight over her shoulders. She reclined on a throne of dark wood and crimson velvet, her posture both regal and indolent. Two naked vampire brides, their skin as pale as hers, knelt at her feet, their lips and tongues tracing worshipful patterns along her delicate arches, their eyes half-closed in a blissful trance.

Hogback scoffed. She definitely had an ego problem - but who was he to judge ?

The vampire bride on Isabella's right was an exquisite vision of debauchery and devotion. Her lips, a perfect shade of blood-red, moved with slow, deliberate sensuality across Isabella's instep, leaving a glistening trail of saliva that shimmered in the candlelight. Her tongue, sinuous and agile, traced intricate patterns up the arch of Isabella's foot, her eyes half-lidded with an expression of rapturous worship. Each flick of her tongue was a testament to her adoration, a ritual of pleasure and servitude. The bride's hands, delicate and graceful, caressed Isabella's ankles and calves with a reverent tenderness, fingers gliding over the alabaster skin as if memorizing every contour. She occasionally dipped her head lower, pressing her lips against the soft flesh with a fervent kiss before continuing her meticulous journey. Her breasts, pale and perfect, brushed against Isabella's leg, the jeweled clamps on her nipples glinting seductively. As her tongue delved between Isabella's toes, the bride's mouth enclosed around them, sucking each one with a fervent intensity that drew a soft sigh from her mistress. Her free hand slipped between her own legs, her fingers moving with urgent need, mirroring the rhythm of her lips on Isabella's foot.

Isabella's toes curled slightly under the bride's ministrations, a soft sigh escaping her lips. The bride responded to every nuance of Isabella's pleasure, her movements becoming more languid, more deliberate. Her tongue delved between each toe, drawing a shudder of delight from Isabella, who watched her with an indulgent smile. The bride's devotion was absolute, her entire being focused on bringing pleasure to her mistress, each lick and kiss a symphony of erotic worship. The other bride mirrored her counterpart's devotion, her mouth enveloping Isabella's other foot. She suckled on the toes with equal fervor, her tongue exploring the spaces between them. Her free hand, too, moved between her thighs, her fingers working on her pussy.

Hogback's gaze flickered momentarily over the decadent scene, but his mind was solely on the biological marvels before him. The intricate beauty and eroticism held no sway over his scientist's heart. "Isabella," he

began, his voice devoid of the awe that might have gripped another man. "I am here to examine your creations."

Her smile widened, her eyes glinting with satisfaction. "Of course, Doctor. Come closer and see."

As he stepped deeper into the room, Hogback's focus was entirely on the thralls and brides. He noted the perfection of their alabaster skin, the inhuman symmetry of their features, the way their bodies moved with a fluidity that defied natural anatomy. His eyes, cold and clinical, swept over the men and women engaged in their hedonistic revelries, not lingering on the scenes of sensuality but instead cataloging the physiological marvels before him. The raven-haired beauty with her sculpted body, the nobleman with piercing green eyes, the pale-skinned brides at Isabella's feet—each was a specimen to be studied, not a source of desire. His mind raced with questions and hypotheses. What physiological changes had Isabella wrought? How did her Devil Fruit powers alter their biology? What secrets lay within their blood and bones?

"Isabella," he said, his voice tinged with a rare hint of excitement,

Isabella leaned back, her expression one of indulgent amusement. "You shall have all the knowledge you desire, Doctor. But first, perhaps you would like to indulge in more... earthly pleasures? Would you care to take one of my brides? They are eager to please."

Hogback barely registered her words, his focus entirely on the scientific possibilities before him. "No, no..." he replied with a dismissive wave of his hand. "I have no interest in such distractions. My only desire is to understand your creations, to delve into the mysteries of their physiology."

Isabella's laughter, soft and musical, filled the room. "As you wish, Doctor," she said, her gaze shifting back to her brides. "Then let us begin."

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15th of April **Sabaody**

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

Bonney's gaze was drawn to the shadow, her eyes narrowing as she noticed something off. In the darkness cast by the towering monk, she saw strange red orbs, like eyes, staring back at her. The sight sent a chill down her spine. She leaned forward, trying to make sense of the eerie vision when suddenly, the shadow began to writhe and shift.

With a gasp, Bonney fell back, landing hard on her ass. Her pizza slice tumbled from her hand as she scrambled to comprehend what she was seeing. The shadow expanded and darkened, taking on a more solid, nightmarish form. From its depths, a figure emerged, towering and grotesque.

Gecko Moria stepped out of the shadow, his massive form dwarfing everything around him. His grotesque, stitched-together body seemed even more horrific in the dim light of the mangrove streets. He threw his head back and let out a chilling laugh that echoed through the air, a sound that made Bonney's blood run cold.

His eyes, those terrible red orbs, locked onto Bonney, pinning her in place with their malevolent gaze. The corners of his mouth stretched into an impossibly wide grin, revealing rows of sharp, gleaming teeth. His presence exuded a dark, oppressive energy that seemed to suck the life out of the very air.

"Surprise, surprise," Moria hissed, his voice a low, mocking drawl. "Enjoying the show, little pirate?"

Bonney's heart pounded in her chest, her usual bravado stripped away in the face of such overwhelming horror. She tried to push herself to her feet, but her legs felt like jelly. Moria took a step closer, his massive form casting an even darker shadow over her.

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15th of April
Sabaody

Moria's smile twisted his lips into a grotesque semblance of delight. Ah, Jackpot, once again. His eyes flicked over to Jewelry Bonney, taking in the sight of her with a critical eye. She was an anomaly in this world of chaos and ambition. Her lithe frame, though not imposing, was undeniably striking. She had a wild mane of pink hair that fell in unruly waves around her sharp, determined face. Her eyes, a fierce shade of violet, were filled with a mixture of defiance and fear.

Moria's gaze deepened, accessing the arcane abilities that allowed him to read her status.

[Bartholomew "Jewelry" Bonney]
Class : Princess of the Sorbet Kingdom
Job : Bastard of a Celestial Dragon, Youngest Pirate Captain [10 y.o.]

Dourikis : 1 967
Potential : A
Fate : S

He had been completely taken aback by her status—she was only 10 years old, a princess, and the daughter of Bartholomew Kuma, the same Kuma who had once ruled the kingdom he had governed as well. Had Kuma had relations with a Celestial Dragon? Or had he adopted her instead? These perplexing questions raced through his mind, each scenario more bewildering than the last, as he struggled to comprehend this startling revelation. Whatever. She would make an excellent shadow, a valuable addition to his collection - or maybe a subordinate ? But could he trust a kid ?

As he contemplated her potential, Shadow Knights, clad in jagged, black armor that seemed to absorb all light, their visages obscured by sinister helms, began to spread from him like a dark tide. One of the Shadow Knights approached Bellamy's fallen form. With a swift, fluid motion, it beheaded the already defeated pirate, ensuring there was no doubt about his demise. The head rolled away, leaving a trail of blood. Urouge stood still, fucking terrified. The Knights ignored him, their purpose clear as they began to drive the crowd away, their menacing forms creating an impenetrable barrier that left Bonney, Urouge, and the corpse of Bellamy alone with the terrifying figure of Gecko Moria.

Moria stepped closer to Bonney, the shadows swirling around him like a dark cloak. "I hadn't intended to come here in person," he said, his voice a low, mocking drawl. "But this was too beautiful an occasion to pass up."

Bonney's defiance wavered. Moria leaned in, his grotesque grin widening as he brought his face close to Bonney's. The sight was horrifying: his teeth were each as tall as half her face. Bonney could feel his hot, fetid breath against her skin, and her fear spiked to a fever pitch. She was nearly pissing herself, her usual bravado stripped away in the face of such raw terror. Moria's eyes, dark and unyielding, bore into hers, savoring her fear.

But then, something shifted in the air. Moria's eyes flicked upward, sensing a sudden, powerful presence. In an instant, he leaped backward, his massive form moving with surprising agility, landing five meters away. The ground shook as something heavy landed with a resounding thud in front of Bonney.

Standing between Moria and Bonney was Bartholomew Kuma. His towering form and unyielding gaze created an impenetrable barrier between the pirate and his daughter. His presence alone was enough to send a wave of relief through Bonney, though her legs still trembled with the aftershocks of fear.

"Ah, daddy comes to the rescue," Moria mocked, his voice dripping with sarcasm and amusement. "How touching."

Moria's grin faltered slightly as he furrowed his brows, noting the unflinching, non-responsive stance of Kuma. There was something unsettling about the silence, the lack of reaction from such a powerful figure. Moria's eyes narrowed, focusing intently on Kuma, using his abilities to gauge him.

[Bartholomew Kuma]

Class: Cyborg (94%) - Buccaneer

Job: Warlord of the Seas

Douriki: 12,766

Potential: SS

Fate: A