

## Chapter 59

**14th of April**  
**Grand Line**  
**NFSW Chapter**

Reiju took a deep breath, steadying herself. “What exactly are the terms?” she asked, her voice firm yet cautious.

Moria gestured towards the parchment. “Read it,” he said simply.

Reiju took the document from him, her fingers trembling slightly as she unrolled it. Her eyes scanned the elegant script, each line revealing promises that made her heart race.

The contract detailed a life that seemed almost too perfect. She would be granted a lavish suite in the Alabasta Palace, filled with silken linens, gourmet meals, and a personal staff to attend to her every need. Her autonomy was assured; she would have the freedom to move about the palace and the island as she pleased, even traveling to other islands if she so desired, provided she kept Moria informed of her whereabouts. Moria promised to cater to her every desire, from exotic clothes and jewelry to the finest books and entertainment. Her life would be one of unparalleled luxury, far removed from the harsh realities of her current existence.

In return, Reiju was to perform her wifely duties, remain faithful to Moria, and support him both publicly and privately. She would stand by his side in official capacities, presenting the image of a devoted and happy wife. While Moria had plenty of soldiers, he acknowledged her strength and would call upon her to fight only in extreme cases. Furthermore, she was tasked with ensuring her father's unwavering support for Moria and preventing any betrayal from the Vinsmoke family.

As Reiju read through the terms, she felt a thrill of anticipation. This was exactly what she had always wanted: a life of luxury and freedom, far removed from the brutal machinations of her family. The idea of having her own space, filled with beauty and comfort, far away from her family and its violence and machinations was intoxicating. She could almost feel the silk of her new surroundings, taste the exquisite food, and revel in the pampered life that awaited her.

Yet, a sliver of doubt lingered. Moria was a pirate, after all. Could she truly trust him to keep his word? Pirates were notorious for their treachery and deceit. Her excitement was tempered by caution, the practical part of her mind reminding her that this might be too good to be true. She couldn't afford to trust him entirely, but the offer was too tempting to dismiss outright.

Placing the contract back on the table, Reiju met Moria's gaze, her heart pounding with a mixture of excitement and skepticism. His dark eyes bore into hers, a confident smile playing on his lips as if he knew exactly what she was thinking.

“It's... generous,” she admitted, her voice steady despite the turmoil within. “A lot more generous than I expected.”

Moria's grin widened, his satisfaction evident. “I believe in making alliances that are beneficial for both parties,” he said smoothly. “Do we have a deal?”

Reiju hesitated, her mind still racing with doubts. “How can I be sure you'll keep your word?” she asked, her voice edged with caution. “After all, you are a pirate.”

Moria's smile never wavered. “A fair question, Princess,” he said, his tone reassuring. “This contract is enforced by a Devil Fruit ability. Once signed, it becomes unbreakable. Neither of us can go back on our word without severe consequences.”

She studied his face, searching for any hint of deceit. Pirates were known for their cunning and trickery, and Moria was no exception. Despite his assurances, she couldn't shake the feeling that he was hiding something.

But what choice did she have? The marriage was going to happen regardless. Her father's will was ironclad, and resistance would only bring more suffering. She had to try, to seize any opportunity that might grant her the freedom and luxury she desired.

"Alright," she said finally, her voice firm but her heart still uncertain. "We have a deal."

Moria's eyes sparkled with triumph as he extended his hand. "Welcome to our alliance, Princess Reiju."

She took his hand, feeling the warmth of his grip and the weight of her decision. This was a gamble, a dangerous dance with a man she could not trust. But for the promise of a life away from the brutal grasp of her family, it was a risk she was willing to take.

With a flourish, Moria reached into his shadow and produced a bottle of wine. He uncorked it with practiced ease, the rich aroma of the wine filling the air as he poured the deep red liquid into two crystal glasses.

"To our alliance and future," he said, handing her one of the glasses.

Reiju accepted it, the cool glass a contrast to the warmth of her hand. She raised it slightly, her eyes meeting his. "To our alliance and future," she echoed, the formal words laced with a hint of apprehension.

They clinked their glasses together, the sound sharp and clear in the quiet room. Moria's gaze remained fixed on her as they drank, the wine's rich, potent flavor lingering on her tongue. A strange thrill coursed through her at the intimacy of the moment, a spark in the otherwise cold and calculated arrangement.

They began discussing their kingdoms, their future lives intertwined. Moria spoke of Alabasta and his plans for strengthening their alliance, while Reiju shared her thoughts on the Germa Kingdom's capabilities and potential.

As they talked, Reiju felt an unexpected warmth spreading through her. Her light pink hair, usually a symbol of her composed demeanor, now seemed to frame her flushed face with an almost rebellious energy. A blush crept up her neck, highlighting the delicate contours of her collarbones and rising into her cheeks. She shifted uncomfortably, the soft fabric of her dress brushing against her smooth, toned legs. What was happening? She had activated her emotional dampeners, yet a heat was building within her that she couldn't control.

Moria continued to speak, his voice smooth and commanding, but Reiju found it increasingly difficult to focus on his words. Her breasts, barely contained by the fitted bodice of her dress, rose and fell with her quickening breath. A growing wetness between her thighs, a throbbing need that she could not suppress, left her breathless. Her heart raced, her breathing quickened as she fought to understand what was happening to her.

How could this be possible? She had pushed her emotional dampeners to their limit, yet for the first time in her life, they were failing her. The sensations were overwhelming, her body betraying her mind's control. She glanced at Moria and saw the smirk playing on his lips, a knowing gleam in his eyes.

Her resistance melted at that moment. She wanted him, desperately. Every fiber of her being was drawn to him, an uncontrollable desire consuming her.

"What did you do to me?" she whispered, her voice trembling with a mixture of fear and longing. "Why am I feeling like this?"

Moria smiled at her, a confident grin. "It's nothing against you personally, Princess. It's merely an insurance against your family in general. I wanted to see if it worked. Apparently, it works a bit too well." He chuckled softly, then continued, "It's something developed by Caesar using his gas powers, mixed with the blood of a Lahmian vampire. It's designed to bypass artificial rationality in humans. I did nothing directly to you; you're simply not used to controlling your own emotions. You rely too much on those dampeners, so you have no natural self-control. So..."

Reiju barely registered the details, the specifics meaningless to her in that moment. All she knew was the overwhelming need consuming her. With a sudden, defiant motion, she threw her glass on the ground, the shattering sound echoing through the room as she stood up.

Moria's smirk widened. "What? Are you going to hit me?" he taunted, his eyes gleaming with amusement.

Instead of responding verbally, Reiju scowled angrily and moved towards him with purpose. She straddled him, her legs wrapping around his waist as she settled onto his lap. Her dress hiked up, revealing her smooth, toned thighs, the heat of her body pressing against his. Her eyes, darkened with desire, bore into his as she leaned in. Her light pink hair cascaded around them like a silken curtain, framing her flushed face and fierce, determined expression. The bodice of her dress barely contained her heaving chest, her breaths quick and shallow. Her skin, smooth and warm, seemed to glow in the dim light of the room, every inch of her radiating an irresistible allure.

With a raw, primal hunger, she kissed him, her lips crashing against his in a heated frenzy. Her hands tangled in his hair, pulling him closer as she devoured his mouth. The kiss was a battle, a clash of dominance and desperation. Her tongue sought his with an urgent, demanding fervor, swirling and tangling with his, their saliva mingling as they fought for control.

A trail of saliva connected them as they broke apart only to come together again with even more intensity. Her mouth moved against his with an almost violent passion, her teeth nipping at his lips, her tongue delving deeper, exploring every inch of his mouth. The wet, slick sounds of their kiss filled the room, punctuated by her breathy moans and his satisfied growls.

Moria stood up, lifting Reiju effortlessly in his arms. He pressed her violently against the wall, his body pinning her with a raw, unyielding force. Their mouths met again, even more aggressively, tongues battling, teeth clashing. Reiju panted against his lips, feeling his teeth bite into the tender skin of her neck. She shivered, a soft moan escaping her lips as she pleaded for more.

"Please... more," she whispered, her voice breathless.

Moria pulled back slightly, his dark eyes boring into hers with a fierce intensity. "Beg," he commanded, his voice low and authoritative.

Reiju's eyes widened, and she hesitated for a moment. "Please," she began timidly, her voice barely above a whisper. "Take me."

Moria didn't move, his expression demanding more.

Realizing what he wanted, Reiju's resolve hardened. Her desire overpowered any remaining pride. "Please, take me," she repeated, louder this time, her voice trembling with need. "Take me like the bitch in heat I am. Please, I need you."

Seeing his approval, she retracted her Germa suit, the advanced technology folding away to leave her completely naked before him. Her genetically engineered body was a testament to perfection: her breasts were full and firm, with perky, pink nipples that stood erect with arousal. Her toned abs rippled with every breath, leading down to her slender waist and curvaceous hips. Her ass was perfectly shaped, round and firm, inviting his touch. Above her pussy, a small patch of neatly trimmed red hair added a hint of color. Her lips were perfectly formed, swollen with arousal and glistening with moisture. The sight of her open, waiting, and needy made Moria's desire surge even higher.

"Please, Moria," she begged, her voice breaking with desperation. "Fuck me, make me yours. I need you inside me, now."

Moria's smirk deepened as he positioned himself. He pressed his hardness against her entrance, teasing her, making her writhe with anticipation. He wanted to hear her beg one last time, to completely submit to him.

"Beg for it, Reiju," Moria growled, his voice a dark command.

"Please, Moria," she panted, her voice trembling with desperation. "Make me yours. I need you inside me, now."

Moria's clothes retracted, dissolving around him as if made of shadows, revealing his muscular form. With a swift, determined motion, he impaled her, not gently, but with a force that made her gasp. The intensity of the moment was overwhelming, and she found herself crying out, not in pain, but in an unexpected rush of pleasure.

“Oh god, yes!” she moaned, her body arching against the wall. Her hands pressed into the ornate wood as her breasts bounced with each powerful thrust. Moria showed no mercy, his pace relentless, driving her higher with each movement. Her toned abs flexed with each impact, the ripples of muscle adding to the intoxicating sight.

“You feel so good,” he murmured, his breath hot against her ear. “I want to hear you scream.”

He turned her around, positioning her hands against the wall. She braced herself, feeling his presence behind her, commanding and unyielding. His grip on her hips was firm as he entered her again, taking her in doggy style. The new angle intensified the sensations, and she felt herself losing control, her body responding instinctively to his every move.

Her ass jiggled with each thrust, the sound of skin against skin echoing through the room. Sweat glistened on her back, highlighting the curve of her spine and the tautness of her muscles. “Harder,” she begged, her voice raw with need. “Don’t stop.”

Her moans grew louder, echoing through the room as she pushed back against him, matching his rhythm. Her mind was a whirlwind of sensations, the pleasure building to an almost unbearable peak. Moria’s movements were powerful and unrelenting, driving her towards the edge with each thrust. The slickness of her arousal coated him, making each movement smoother and more intense.

“I’m going to make you mine,” he growled, his voice thick with desire. “Every part of you.”

“Yes,” she cried out, her body trembling with the force of her impending release. “I’m yours, all yours.”

Moria wasn’t finished with her yet. He lifted her effortlessly, carrying her to the center of the room where the soft, plush carpet provided a stark contrast to the hard wall. He laid her down gently, positioning himself above her. His eyes bore into hers with a primal hunger. He entered her again, his thick hardness filling her completely, making her gasp. Reiju wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper, her fingers digging into his back as their bodies moved in perfect harmony.

He leaned down, his mouth capturing hers in a heated kiss, their tongues tangling in a frenzied dance. The sensation was electric, every nerve in her body alight with pleasure. Moria’s hand slid down to her breast, his thumb teasing her nipple, sending jolts of ecstasy through her. His lips followed, his teeth grazing her sensitive skin, biting gently before sucking hard. Her body responded instinctively, her hips rising to meet his thrusts, their bodies locked in a rhythm that grew more urgent with each passing moment.

“More,” she pleaded against his lips, her voice a breathy whisper. “I need more.”

Moria obliged, his pace quickening as he rolled her onto her side, lifting one of her legs to deepen his thrusts. The angle drove her wild, the sensation almost too intense to bear. Her abs tensed with each powerful movement, her back arching as waves of pleasure crashed over her. Her moans filled the room, the sound mingling with the slick, wet noises of their union. His grip on her thigh tightened, his fingers leaving marks on her skin as he drove her higher, pushing her to the brink of madness. She could feel the slickness of her own juices coating him, making every thrust more fluid and intense.

The final position was one of sheer dominance. He pulled her onto her knees, her back pressed against his chest. His hand wrapped around her throat, squeezing just enough to make her gasp, asserting his control. He entered her from behind, his other hand reaching around to tease her clit, his touch sending shockwaves through her. His teeth found her earlobe, nibbling before moving to her neck, his breath hot and primal. Her head fell back against his shoulder, her body surrendering completely to the overwhelming sensations.

“Oh god, Moria,” she gasped, her voice breaking. “I can’t take it... it’s too much...”

“Take it,” he growled into her ear, his voice a dark command. “You’re mine, Reiju. Every part of you.”

Her eyes rolled back in her head as his grip on her throat tightened, the pressure adding an edge to the pleasure that left her dizzy and breathless. The pleasure built to an unbearable peak, her entire body trembling as the most mind-numbing orgasm tore through her. She cried out, her vision blurring, her senses overwhelmed by the sheer intensity of it. Her muscles clenched around him, drawing him even deeper as wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over her, leaving her breathless and shaking. His own release followed, a guttural groan escaping his lips as he filled her completely, their bodies locked in a primal embrace.

Spent and utterly exhausted, Reiju collapsed onto the bed, her body unable to move. Moria joined her, his presence a comforting weight beside her. She could still feel the aftershocks of pleasure coursing through her, her body trembling with the remnants of their intense encounter. As her breathing slowed, she felt a strange sense of peace settle over her, her mind clear and free from the turmoil that had plagued her earlier.

Within moments, she drifted off into a deep, dreamless sleep, her body curled against his.