

A Rough Land and Sea

Chapter 1

The sea smelled like salt and leftover storm. Luffy sat cross-legged on top of the empty barrel, bare feet planted on the wood, straw hat tipped back so the sun hit his face. The little boat he'd left Foosha in was long gone—smashed against rocks two days ago. He'd climbed into the barrel after that, chewed through the last of the dried meat, and just drifted. His stomach was already complaining again.

He stretched his arms over his head until his shoulders popped. "Man, I'm hungry. When's the next island?"

No answer came except the slap of water against the wood. He didn't mind. The ocean was big and open and exactly where he needed to be. Somewhere out there were the pirates he was going to beat, the crew he was going to find, and the treasure at the end of it all. He grinned at the empty horizon and waited.

The barrel bumped something solid.

Luffy leaned over the side. A long wooden hull rose out of the water, painted dark and scarred from old fights. Ropes hung off the rail. Somewhere above, a woman shouted orders in a sharp voice that carried across the water.

Hands grabbed the rim of the barrel and hauled it up. Luffy stayed sitting, looking around as the deck of a mid-sized pirate ship opened under him. Crewmen in stained shirts stared. One of them muttered something about a kid in a barrel.

A skinny boy with pink hair pushed through the circle. He looked maybe fourteen, all elbows and nerves, wearing a faded blue shirt that hung off his shoulders. His eyes went wide when he saw Luffy.

"Y-you're... you're not cargo," the boy stammered.

Luffy hopped down onto the deck, landing light. "I'm Monkey D. Luffy. Future Pirate King. You got any food?"

The pink-haired boy's mouth opened and closed. Before he could answer, the crew parted.

She walked out of the cabin like she owned the whole ocean.

Alvida stood tall in a short black dress that clung to every curve. The fabric stopped high on her thick thighs, leaving long, smooth legs bare. Her hips flared wide, the dress riding the full round swell of her ass with every step. Up top the neckline dipped low, showing the heavy push of her tits—big, soft, and barely held in place. Long black hair spilled down her back. Her skin looked almost polished, like nothing would stick to it. She carried a heavy iron club over one shoulder, the metal still scarred from old fights.

Koby went pale. He stared at her like he'd never seen her before.

Luffy tilted his head. "Huh. You're the captain?"

Alvida stopped a few paces away. Her eyes dragged over him—straw hat, scar under the eye, bare chest, red shorts. A slow smile pulled at her mouth.

"You're the brat from the barrel," she said. Her voice was smooth, almost lazy. "My men said they found something floating. Didn't expect a talkative one."

Koby's voice cracked. "C-Captain Alvida... you... you look..."

She glanced at him sideways. "Problem, cabin boy?"

Koby swallowed hard. "N-no, Captain. It's just... last week you were still..." He trailed off, face red.

Luffy scratched his cheek. "You used to look different?"

Alvida's smile sharpened. She ran one hand down her side, fingers sliding over the curve of her waist and the thick outside of her thigh. The dress moved with her, fabric whispering against smooth skin.

"Devil Fruit," she said simply. "Ate it a few days ago. Everything slides off me now. And the rest..." She shrugged one shoulder. The motion made her tits shift under the tight dress. "Side effect. I don't complain."

Koby still stared. His hands shook at his sides. Luffy could almost see the old version of her in the boy's head—the one that used to swing that club at him for breathing wrong.

Alvida turned her attention fully on Luffy. "You're on my ship now, kid. That means you work for me. Or you go over the side."

Luffy grinned. "Nah. I'm looking for a crew. You can join mine if you want."

Silence hit the deck. One of the crewmen laughed under his breath, then stopped when Alvida's eyes cut his way.

She lifted the iron club and rested it across both shoulders. The motion pulled the dress tighter across her chest. "You've got a big mouth for someone who just crawled out of a barrel. Maybe I should teach you manners."

Luffy bounced once on his heels. "Okay. Fight me then."

Koby made a small, terrified sound. "Luffy, don't—she's still the captain. Even if she looks like that now, she's—"

Alvida moved first.

The iron club came down in a heavy arc aimed straight at Luffy's head. He leaned back without thinking. The weapon whistled past his nose and slammed into the deck hard enough to crack the boards. Wood splinters flew up around them.

Luffy's arm stretched. He pulled it back like a slingshot, the rubber limb drawing taut, then let go.

His fist snapped forward and caught Alvida square in the stomach.

The hit should have folded her in half. Instead his knuckles slid across her midsection like they were greased. The force still carried enough weight to drive her back three full steps. She staggered, one hand flying to her stomach, eyes wide with pure shock.

"What the hell—"

Luffy tilted his head, watching her. "You're slippery."

Alvida's face twisted. She swung again, harder this time. The club blurred through the air. Luffy ducked under it, his rubber legs bending in a way that made the nearest crewmen swear out loud. He stretched both arms out, grabbed the rail behind her, and yanked himself forward feet-first.

Both heels planted hard in her chest.

This time the slip worked against her. Her feet left the deck completely. She flew backward, hit the cabin wall hard enough to rattle the door in its frame, and slid down to the boards in a heap. The iron club clattered away across the deck and came to a stop near the mast.

The crew froze. No one moved. No one spoke.

Alvida pushed herself up on one elbow, breathing hard. The front of her short black dress had ridden higher on her thick thighs during the fall. One of the straps had slipped down her shoulder, showing more of the smooth upper curve of her left tit. She looked more angry than hurt, but the shock was still plain on her face.

"You little shit—"

Luffy walked toward her with his hands in his pockets, calm as if they were just talking. “You’re strong,” he said. “But I’m gonna be Pirate King. That means I win.”

She lunged for the club. He stretched one leg out and kicked it farther away before her fingers could close around the handle. The weapon skidded across the boards and out of reach.

Alvida scrambled after it on her hands and knees. The short dress rode up completely in the back as she crawled, showing the full, round shape of her ass—thick, soft, and moving with every shift of her hips. The smooth skin of her thighs flexed. The lower curves of her cheeks were fully visible now, bare and soft in the open air. Koby made a choked noise and jerked his eyes away fast, face burning.

Luffy stepped in, grabbed the back of her dress, and hauled her up off the deck. The fabric strained tight across her heavy tits as he lifted her. She twisted in his grip, trying to knee him in the side. Her leg slid uselessly off his hip, the Devil Fruit making any direct hit glance away.

He shoved her back against the cabin wall again, this time pinning her there with one hand on her shoulder. She was breathing hard, chest rising and falling fast. Up close he could smell the clean salt on her skin and something sweeter underneath, like whatever soap she had used that morning. A faint sheen of sweat had formed across her collarbones and down into the deep valley between her tits. The dress stuck to her in places from the short fight.

“Okay,” Luffy said, voice simple and final. “You lose. Let Koby go. He’s coming with me.”

Alvida’s eyes flicked past him to the pink-haired boy. Koby stood rigid near the mast, face pale, hands clenched so tight his knuckles had gone white. He looked like he was still waiting for the club to come down on him next.

She licked her lips. The leftover heat of the fight and the sudden reality of her loss sat plain on her face.

“Mercy,” she said. The word came out rough, almost scraped from her throat. “I’ll give you the boy. Spare me. Spare my crew. Just... don’t kill any of us. Don’t throw us over the side. My men still need a captain. Please.”

Luffy blinked, looking genuinely confused. “I’m not gonna kill you. That’s dumb.”

He let go of her shoulder and stepped back half a pace. Alvida stayed against the wall for a second longer, chest still rising and falling hard. The slipped strap of her dress stayed down. One full, smooth breast was half out now, the dark nipple already tight from the cool sea air and the adrenaline.

Koby took a shaky step forward. “C-Captain...?”

Alvida’s gaze moved from Luffy to Koby and back again. Something shifted in her expression. The arrogance was gone. What remained was the clear understanding that she had lost in front

of everyone, and that the boy who had beaten her did not seem interested in the usual pirate ways of finishing a fight. She pushed off the wall slowly. The motion made her heavy tits sway inside the half-open dress.

“You want the cabin boy that bad?” she asked. Her voice had dropped lower, rougher. There was no more shouting in it. “Fine. Take him. He’s yours.”

She reached up with both hands and pulled the other strap down. The dress slid to her waist in one smooth motion, catching on the wide flare of her hips. Both heavy tits spilled free—full, soft, and already moving with her breathing. The smooth skin of her stomach dipped into the bunched fabric at her waist. Lower, the thick tops of her thighs pressed together, the short dress still barely covering anything.

Koby’s face went scarlet. He stared hard at the deck, shoulders tight.

Luffy just looked.

Alvida stepped closer. The dress stayed bunched at her hips, framing the soft curve of her lower belly and the start of the dark hair between her legs. She smelled like sweat and salt and the faint sweet oil of her own skin. Her heavy tits moved with every breath, the dark nipples tight in the open air.

She didn’t look proud anymore. The fight had stripped that away. What was left was a woman who had just been beaten on her own deck in front of her entire crew and was now trying to buy their lives the only way she still could.

“Please,” she said. The word came out rough again. She looked at Luffy first, then flicked her eyes toward Koby. “You won. I get it. You’re stronger. Just spare us. Spare me. Spare my men. Let the boy go with you. I’ll give you whatever you ask. Just don’t kill anyone. Don’t throw us overboard. Don’t take the ship and leave us to drown.”

Luffy scratched his cheek, still watching her. “I already said I’m not gonna kill you. That’s dumb.”

“I know what pirates do when they win,” Alvida said quickly. Her voice had a clear pleading edge now. She took another step closer, close enough that the heat of her bare skin reached him. “I’ve done it myself. So I’m not going to stand here and hope you’re different. I’m offering. Right here. Right now.”

She reached down, hooked her thumbs into the bunched fabric at her hips, and shoved the dress the rest of the way off. It pooled around her bare feet. She stood there completely naked on the open deck, afternoon sun hitting every smooth inch of her—heavy tits, narrow waist, wide hips, thick thighs, and the full round ass that had been hidden under the short skirt. Her skin looked almost shiny from the Devil Fruit. Nothing stuck to it. Nothing would.

Koby made a strangled sound. “L-Luffy... we can’t just—”

Alvida didn't look at him yet. She kept her eyes on Luffy, breathing a little faster.

"You can," she said. "I'm telling you that you can. Use me. Both of you. However you want. Mouth, tits, pussy, ass—I don't care. Just take it and let us live. That's the deal I'm begging for. My body for our lives. No one dies. The boy goes free. We call it even."

Luffy's cock was already half-hard in his shorts from the fight and the sudden view of her naked body. He scratched the back of his head, glancing once at Koby, then back at her.

"You sure?" he asked. "You're the one who started swinging that club."

"I'm sure," Alvida said. There was no hesitation left in her voice—only urgency. She stepped in even closer, reached out, and grabbed the front of Luffy's shorts. She pulled him in until the hard shape of him pressed against the soft skin of her stomach. The contact made her breath hitch. "I lost. You beat me in front of everyone. So this is what I'm putting on the table. My body. All of it. You can fuck me right here on this deck where my whole crew can see. You can make me take both of you. You can fill me up and leave me dripping. I don't care how rough it gets. Just... take the offer. Please."

She turned her head toward Koby without letting go of Luffy. Her heavy tits shifted with the movement, the smooth undersides brushing against Luffy's stomach.

"You too, cabin boy," she said. Her voice dropped, rougher now, carrying that same desperate edge from before. "You've been staring at me ever since the fruit changed my body. I saw you looking when you thought I wouldn't notice. The way your eyes kept dropping to my chest and my ass every time I walked past. So stop standing there like a scared virgin and come here. If your new friend is taking the deal, you're part of it too. I already said I'm offering everything. That includes you."

Koby's feet moved like they belonged to someone else. He stopped an arm's length away, eyes locked on the heavy sway of her tits and the thick junction of her thighs. His face was bright red. The front of his pants was already tented hard, the outline clear against the fabric.

Alvida reached for him with her free hand, caught the front of his shirt, and pulled him in until he was close enough to feel the heat coming off her bare skin. The smooth texture of her body made every brush of contact feel slippery and hot at the same time. Her soft stomach pressed lightly against both of them now.

"There," she muttered, looking between the two of them. "Both of you. Right here in front of everyone. That's what I'm offering so none of us end up dead in the water. You already beat me. You already have the boy. Now take the rest of the deal before I lose my nerve."

Luffy's hand found one of her tits without much thought. The soft, heavy weight filled his palm completely. He squeezed. The flesh gave under his fingers, smooth and warm, the Devil Fruit making it feel almost too slick to hold properly. Alvida's breath hitched harder this time. A low sound left her throat.

“Yeah,” she said, voice unsteady. “Like that. You don’t have to be gentle. You won. You can handle me however you want. Squeeze harder if you feel like it. Maul them. Pinch the nipples. I don’t care. Just... use me. That’s what this is for.”

Koby’s hands still hovered in the air, shaking. Alvida grabbed one of his wrists and pressed his palm flat against her other tit. His fingers sank into the soft, smooth flesh. Another low sound escaped her, deeper this time.

“See?” she said, looking between them, breathing faster. “I’m not fighting it. I’m giving it to you. Both of you. My crew is watching and I still don’t care. That’s how much I want to walk away from this alive. Touch me. Feel how soft they are now. The fruit changed everything. You can squeeze as hard as you want and nothing sticks, nothing bruises. So stop holding back.”

On the open deck of her own ship, with her men frozen and staring from a distance, the newly smooth Iron Club Alvida stood naked between the rubber boy who had just beaten her and the pink-haired cabin boy she had spent months terrorizing. Her thick thighs shifted. Wetness already showed between them, shiny against the smooth skin of her inner thighs. The afternoon sun caught every curve—the heavy hang of her tits, the narrow waist, the wide flare of her hips, the full round ass.

Luffy looked at Koby. Koby looked back, face red, eyes wide, but his cock was straining hard against the front of his pants.

Alvida’s voice dropped to a rough, almost shaky whisper.

“Well?” she asked. “Are you going to stand there and make me keep begging, or are you going to take what I’m offering and fuck me? I already said mouth, tits, pussy, ass—whatever you want. Just do it. Please.”

She didn’t wait for a verbal answer.

Alvida dropped to her knees right there on the open deck. The wood was warm under her bare skin. Her heavy tits swayed as she settled, the smooth undersides brushing against her own thighs with a soft, heavy movement. She reached for Luffy’s shorts with both hands and yanked them down in one pull.

His cock sprang free—thick, already fully hard, the head flushed and shiny with a bead of precum. Alvida’s eyes locked on it. For a second she just stared, breathing through her mouth, the reality of what she was doing settling in. Then she wrapped one hand around the shaft. Her fingers didn’t quite meet around the girth. The smooth skin of her palm slid easily along the hot length, the Devil Fruit making the stroke almost frictionless.

“Shit,” she muttered, voice low and a little stunned. “You’re packing for a kid who just crawled out of a barrel. Thick as hell. No wonder you hit so hard.”

She leaned in and dragged her tongue from the base all the way up to the head, slow and wet. The flat of her tongue pressed firm, gathering the clean, salty taste of him. She did it again, slower, letting the spit build. Then she opened her mouth and took the head inside. Her lips stretched around the girth. She sucked hard right away, cheeks hollowing, while her tongue worked the underside in steady circles.

Luffy's hand found the back of her head. Fingers tangled in her long black hair. He didn't shove her down—just held on as she started bobbing, taking more of him with every pass. Wet sounds filled the space between them—slurp, suck, wet pop—every time she pulled back to breathe. Spit ran down the shaft and dripped onto the tops of her heavy tits, shiny trails sliding over the smooth curves.

Koby stood frozen two steps away, pants tented hard, face bright red, unable to look away from the way their former captain was on her knees servicing the boy who had just beaten her. His hands clenched and unclenched at his sides.

Alvida pulled off Luffy with a slick, wet sound. A string of spit connected her bottom lip to the head of his cock for a second before it broke. She turned her head toward the pink-haired boy without letting go of the thick shaft in her hand. Her eyes were already glassy, lips shiny and a little swollen.

"You too," she said, voice already rough and wet. "Get it out. Don't just stand there staring like a virgin. If we're doing this, you're not getting a free show. Come here and put it in my mouth. I already told you the deal covers both of you."

Koby's hands shook as he fumbled with his belt. He pushed his pants and underwear down in a rush. His cock was smaller than Luffy's but already leaking, the head shiny with precum. Alvida reached for it with her free hand, stroked him once from base to tip, feeling how hard he already was, then leaned over and took him into her mouth too.

She worked them both—switching between the two cocks, one hand always stroking the one she wasn't sucking. Her head moved fast. Spit ran down her chin and onto the heavy swell of her tits. Every time she took Luffy deep her throat bulged a little; every time she switched to Koby she moaned around him like the smaller size let her get nastier with her tongue, swirling and sucking harder.

"Fuck," she pulled off long enough to say, voice messy. "Both of you taste different. You're thicker—" she gave Luffy's cock another long lick "—and you're already dripping so much." She took Koby back into her mouth, sucking with wet, eager sounds. "Don't just stand there. Put your hands on my head if you want. Use my mouth. That's what it's for right now."

Luffy's hips started moving. Small thrusts at first. Alvida took it, eyes watering, spit bubbling at the corners of her mouth. She pulled off long enough to look up at both of them, lips shiny and swollen, chin already wet.

“Fuck my face,” she said, voice already wrecked. “Both of you. Don’t be soft about it. I lost. I offered this. So use my mouth. Shove it in. Make me take it. I can handle it.”

Luffy’s grip tightened in her hair. He pushed back into her mouth and started thrusting for real—short, steady strokes that made wet gluck sounds every time the head hit the back of her throat. Alvida’s eyes watered more, but she didn’t pull away. She took every thrust, hands braced on their thighs, heavy tits swaying hard with the motion.

Koby hesitated only a second longer before stepping in closer. Alvida grabbed his hip and pulled him in too, alternating between the two, letting them use her mouth one after the other while her hands kept both shafts wet and hard. When one was in her throat she stroked the other. When she switched she made sure the first stayed slick with spit.

Her tits swayed hard with every movement. The smooth, heavy flesh bounced and slapped softly against her own ribs. Spit and precum ran down between them, shiny trails over the soft curves, dripping from her nipples. She looked up the whole time—eyes half-lidded, cheeks flushed, the leftover mascara from the fight already starting to smudge under her eyes. Her face was a mess of spit and concentration and that same desperate willingness.

“That’s it,” she managed between switches, voice raw. “Use me. Both of you. Fill my mouth if you want. I already said I don’t care how rough it gets. Just take the deal.”

Koby came first. His hips stuttered. A broken sound left his throat. Alvida shoved him deep and held him there while he pulsed, thick ropes shooting straight down her throat. She swallowed around him, throat working visibly, eyes watering harder. When he finally pulled back she opened her mouth and showed both of them the last of it on her tongue before she swallowed again, making sure they saw.

“Good,” she rasped, wiping the corner of her mouth with the back of her hand even as more spit ran down. “That’s one. Now you.” She turned fully back to Luffy, both hands wrapping around his thicker cock, stroking fast while she sucked just the head. “Fill my mouth. I want to taste it. Give it to me. That’s part of the offer.”

Luffy’s hand tightened in her hair. He thrust deeper, hips snapping now. The wet sounds got louder—slurp, gluck, wet smack. Alvida’s eyes rolled a little. Spit ran freely down her chin and onto her swaying tits, coating the smooth skin. She took every thrust, throat bulging when he pushed deep, hands still stroking the base she couldn’t fit. Her heavy tits swung with the force of it, the soft flesh bouncing and slapping against her ribs.

When he came she took every pulse, swallowing hard, some of it leaking out the corners of her mouth and dripping onto her chest in thick white trails. She kept sucking through it, milking the last of it with her tongue until he finally eased back. A soft, wet pop sounded as the head left her lips. She stayed on her knees for a few seconds after, breathing hard, lips shiny, chin wet, heavy tits rising and falling with streaks of cum and spit between them. The taste of him was still thick on her tongue.

Then she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and stood up on slightly shaky legs. Her heavy tits shifted with the movement. Cum and spit glistened between them, sliding slowly over the smooth curves and down toward her stomach.

“On the deck,” she said, voice still rough from the face-fucking. She turned and dropped to her hands and knees right there, ass up, thick thighs spread wide. The smooth, round cheeks of her ass flexed as she settled, the soft flesh shifting and dimpling. Wetness already showed between her legs, shiny against the soft inner thighs, clear evidence of how worked up the whole thing had gotten her. A thin string of it stretched and broke as she adjusted her knees.

“Fuck me,” she said, looking back over her shoulder at both of them. Her voice carried that same desperate edge from earlier. “Both of you. Take turns or shove them both in—I don’t care. Just do it. I already put everything on the table so you’d spare us. Mouth’s done. Now use the rest of me. Please. Don’t make me beg more than I already have.”

Luffy didn’t need more invitation. He dropped to his knees behind her, one hand gripping the soft meat of her hip, the other lining himself up. The thick head of his cock dragged through her soaked folds, parting the slick lips. He pushed in slow at first, letting her feel every inch. Her pussy stretched wide around him, the smooth walls gripping tight even with how wet she was. The Devil Fruit made the heat of her feel almost frictionless, but the squeeze was still intense. A low, broken sound left Alvida’s throat as he bottomed out, his hips pressed flush against the soft give of her ass.

“Fuck—thick,” she gasped, back arching hard. Her heavy tits hung under her, swaying with the shift. “Keep going. Don’t stop. You won. Use it. Stretch me open like you said you would.”

Luffy started thrusting. Hard, steady strokes that made her whole body rock forward on the deck. Her heavy tits swung under her with every impact, the soft flesh swaying and clapping together with soft, heavy sounds. The wet sound of his cock driving into her filled the deck—slap, squelch, slap. Her ass rippled every time his hips met it. The smooth cheeks jiggled and spread around him, the soft meat giving under the force.

Koby moved around to her front, still half-hard again from watching. Alvida reached up without hesitation, grabbed his cock, and pulled him into her mouth without missing a beat. She sucked him while Luffy fucked her from behind, the dual motion making her moan around the shaft in her mouth. Spit ran down Koby’s cock and dripped onto the boards. Her eyes watered again from the angle and the depth.

“That’s it,” she managed when she pulled off for a breath, voice messy and raw. “Both ends. Use me like I offered. Fuck my pussy and my mouth at the same time. I already said I don’t care how it looks in front of the crew. Just take it.”

Luffy’s hands gripped her hips harder, fingers sinking into the soft, smooth flesh. He pulled her back onto every thrust, the soft flesh of her ass meeting him with loud, wet smacks. Her thighs trembled. The smell of sex mixed with the salt air—her arousal, their earlier cum, the faint clean scent of her smooth skin. Every thrust pushed a fresh gush of wetness out around his cock.

Alvida came first. Her whole body locked up. A muffled cry vibrated around Koby's cock. Her pussy clamped down hard around Luffy, walls fluttering and squeezing like she was trying to pull him deeper. Fresh wetness gushed around his shaft and ran down her thighs in shiny trails. She kept sucking through it, messy and desperate, spit and precum mixing on her chin and dripping onto the deck.

Luffy didn't slow down. He fucked her through the orgasm, hips snapping harder, the wet sounds getting filthier—squelch, slap, wet slap. Her ass rippled harder with every thrust. Her tits swung wild under her, the heavy flesh bouncing and clapping. When she pulled off Koby's cock to breathe her face was a wreck—cheeks flushed dark, eyes glassy, mouth open and shiny, tongue out a little as she moaned with every deep stroke.

“Harder,” she panted, voice cracking. “Fuck me harder. Use that thick cock. Stretch me open. I offered this so you'd let us live—so take it all the way. Don't hold back.”

Luffy leaned over her back, one hand sliding up to grab a fistful of her long black hair. He pulled her head back, arching her spine, and drove into her deeper. The new angle made her cry out loud, the sound carrying across the deck. Her pussy made wet, filthy sounds around him—squelch, slap, wet slap. Koby stroked himself watching, eyes wide, cock hard again in his hand, the head shiny.

Alvida's second orgasm hit harder. Her arms almost gave out. She dropped to her elbows, ass still high, face pressed to the warm wood of the deck as she came again—thighs shaking hard, pussy gushing around Luffy's cock, a broken moan tearing out of her. Cum from earlier and her own juices ran down her smooth inner thighs in shiny trails, dripping onto the boards between her knees.

Luffy pulled out suddenly. His cock was shiny and thick, veins standing out, coated in her wetness. He flipped her onto her back without much effort, the smooth skin of her body making it easy. Her heavy tits settled across her chest, soft and full, still streaked with drying spit and cum. He hooked her thick thighs over his arms, spreading her wide, and pushed back into her in one smooth thrust. The stretch made her back arch off the wood. Her mouth fell open in a raw sound.

He fucked her—deep, hard strokes that made her tits bounce and sway with every impact. The soft flesh jiggled. Her nipples were tight and dark. Luffy leaned down and took one into his mouth, sucking hard while he thrust, tongue dragging over the tight peak. Alvida's hands clawed at his shoulders, nails digging in. Her face twisted with every deep stroke—eyes half-rolled, lips parted, cheeks flushed dark.

“Yes—like that,” she gasped. “Suck on them while you fuck me. Maul them. I already said you could handle me however you want. This is the deal. My body for our lives. So use it.”

Koby moved in beside them. Alvida turned her head and took him into her mouth again without being asked, sucking messily while Luffy pounded her. The dual sensation made her moan constantly around the cock in her mouth, the vibrations running down Koby's shaft. Spit ran

down her cheek. Her free hand reached up and mauled her own other tit, fingers sinking into the soft, smooth flesh, pinching and rolling the nipple hard.

Luffy's hips started to stutter. He drove deep and held there, cock pulsing hard as he came inside her. Thick ropes flooded her pussy. Alvida felt every spurt, the heat of it filling her in heavy pulses. She moaned louder around Koby, eyes rolling further as the sensation hit. Some of it leaked out around Luffy's shaft immediately, running down over her ass and onto the deck in creamy trails that mixed with her own wetness.

He stayed buried for a few seconds, grinding slow, letting her feel every last pulse, then pulled out. Cum leaked from her stretched pussy in a thick, creamy line, the smooth lips staying slightly open from how wide he had stretched her. Alvida's thighs were still spread wide, shiny and wet. She looked wrecked—hair messy and stuck to her face, cheeks flushed dark, heavy tits rising and falling hard with her breathing, cum already starting to drip from between her legs onto the wood.

She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, looked up at both of them, and spread her thighs even wider, the thick flesh of her inner thighs glistening in the afternoon light.

"Not done," she said, voice hoarse and filthy, still carrying that same urgent edge from when she first offered herself. "Koby. Get in me. I want both of you to fill this pussy before we're finished. I already offered everything so you'd spare us. So finish taking it. Don't leave me half-used. And you—" she looked at Luffy, eyes glassy, "—get that cock back hard. I still want it in my ass. That's part of the deal too. Please. I already put my body on the table. Use all of it."

Koby moved between her legs. His smaller cock slid into her cum-slick pussy easier than Luffy's had, the wet heat and the mess already inside her making the entry smooth. A groan left his throat at the feel of her. Alvida locked her thick thighs around his waist and pulled him deeper, heels pressing against his back.

"That's it," she panted, looking up at him. "Fuck me. Use me. Pump another load in there. I want it dripping out of me when I stand up. I already said this was the price for our lives—so take it. Don't be gentle just because you're the cabin boy. Fuck me harder."

Koby started thrusting—shaky at first, the reality of being inside his former captain still hitting him, then harder as the heat and the sight of her under him took over. Her heavy tits bounced with every stroke, the soft flesh swaying and rippling. The wet sound of his cock moving in and out of her messy pussy filled the space between them—squelch, slap, wet slap. Luffy stood to the side stroking himself back to full hardness, watching them, the thick shaft still shiny with her juices and his own cum.

Alvida's third orgasm built fast. Her face scrunched up, eyes squeezing shut then opening again half-lidded. Her mouth fell open. She came hard around Koby's cock, walls clamping down and fluttering, fresh wetness squirting out around him and soaking his hips. She cried out loud this time, no cock in her mouth to muffle it. The sound carried across the deck. Her thick thighs

shook against his sides. Her ass clenched. Cum and her own juices made everything slick and loud with every continued thrust.

“Yes,” she gasped through it, still grinding up against him. “Keep going. Don’t stop just because I came. Fill me. Add yours to his. I want both of you leaking out of me.”

Koby lasted only a little longer. He buried himself deep and came with a broken sound, adding his load to Luffy’s inside her. More cum leaked out around his cock as he pulsed, the creamy mess forced out by the new volume. Alvida held him there with her thighs, grinding up against him, milking every drop with deliberate squeezes of her walls.

“That’s it,” she panted. “Give it all. Don’t waste any. I offered this—so empty it in me.”

When he finally pulled out she was a mess—pussy puffy and open, two loads of cum already leaking down over her ass and onto the wood beneath her in thick trails. Her heavy tits were marked with spit and handprints from earlier. Her face was flushed and shiny with sweat. She looked up at Luffy, who was fully hard again, and rolled onto her stomach without being told, pushing her thick ass up again. The smooth, round cheeks flexed and shifted as she settled on her knees, the earlier mess from her pussy already running down toward her tight hole.

“Now the ass,” she said, voice raw. She reached back with both hands and spread her own cheeks, showing him everything. “Stretch it. I want to feel that thick cock in both holes before this is over. I already said mouth, pussy, ass—all of it. So take the last part. And Koby—get up here. I’m not done sucking you yet. Keep your cock in my mouth while he fucks my ass. That’s how I want it.”

Luffy moved behind her again. He spread the smooth, round cheeks of her ass with both hands, the soft flesh giving under his fingers. He lined up the thick head of his cock against her tight hole—already slick from the mess running down from her pussy—and pushed. The head popped inside with a slow, intense stretch.

Alvida’s breath left her in a long, broken moan as it happened. The stretch was intense. Her smooth walls gripped him tight, the Devil Fruit making the heat of her feel almost too slick. He worked himself deeper in slow thrusts, the thick shaft disappearing into her ass inch by inch until his hips were flush against the soft give of her cheeks.

“Fuck—full,” she gasped, forehead pressed to the deck, heavy tits mashed against the wood. “So fucking thick in my ass. Move. Fuck me. You already filled my pussy—now fill this too. Don’t hold back. I offered it.”

Luffy started thrusting. The wet, filthy sounds of his cock driving into her ass mixed with the earlier mess still leaking from her pussy—squelch, slap, wet slap. Her thick cheeks rippled and jiggled with every impact, the soft flesh spreading and bouncing around him. He reached under her and mauled one heavy tit while he fucked her, fingers sinking into the soft, smooth flesh, pinching and rolling the nipple hard.

Koby moved around to her head. Alvida opened her mouth and took him in again without hesitation, sucking the half-hard, cum-slick cock while Luffy pounded her ass. The dual sensation made her moan constantly, the vibrations running down Koby's shaft. Spit and leftover cum ran down her chin onto the deck. Her eyes watered from the angle and the stretch.

"That's it," she managed when she pulled off for a breath, voice wrecked. "Both ends again. Fuck my ass and use my mouth. I already put everything on the table so you'd let us live. So take it all the way. Don't leave any part of me unused."

Her fourth orgasm hit while she was stuffed in both ends. Her whole body shook hard. Her ass clamped down tight around Luffy's thick cock. A muffled, broken cry vibrated around Koby. Fresh wetness gushed from her empty pussy and ran down her thighs in shiny streams. Her face was a complete mess—eyes rolled back, cheeks flushed dark, spit and precum shiny on her lips and chin, hair stuck to her sweat-damp skin.

Luffy fucked her through it, hips snapping harder, the soft flesh of her ass meeting him with loud, wet smacks. The smell of sex was thick now—cum, arousal, sweat, the clean salt of her smooth skin. He leaned over her back, one hand still mauling her tit, the other gripping her hip hard enough to leave temporary marks on the smooth flesh.

"Gonna fill this ass," he muttered, voice rough.

"Do it," Alvida gasped around Koby's cock, pulling off just long enough to speak, voice cracking. "Pump it in me. Fill my ass like you filled my pussy. I want it leaking out of both holes when we're done. That's the deal. My body for our lives. So finish it. Please."

Luffy drove deep and came hard, thick ropes flooding her ass. He ground against her through every pulse, the soft cheeks of her ass pressed tight to his hips, the heat of it filling her. Alvida moaned loud around Koby as the sensation hit, her own body still twitching from the last orgasm, thighs trembling.

When Luffy finally pulled out, cum leaked from her stretched ass in a thick, creamy line, joining the mess already running from her pussy. She stayed on her hands and knees for a long moment, breathing hard, body shiny with sweat and cum, heavy tits hanging and swaying with every breath. Her thick thighs trembled. Cum dripped steadily onto the deck between her spread knees from both holes.

Alvida didn't stay down long. She pushed herself up on shaky arms, crawled forward, and shoved both of them onto their backs side by side on the deck. Her heavy tits hung and swayed as she moved, the soft flesh heavy and marked. Cum continued to drip from between her thick thighs onto the wood in slow, creamy trails.

"Not finished," she said, voice hoarse and filthy, still carrying that urgent, offering tone. "I still want more. I already said I'd give you everything. Sit up against the rail. Both of you. I'm going to ride you until I can't anymore."

They moved. Luffy and Koby sat with their backs to the low rail, legs stretched out in front of them. Alvida straddled Luffy first, reaching down to line his half-hard cock up with her messy, cum-filled pussy. She sank down onto him in one smooth drop. The wet heat of her made him groan. Cum squelched out around his shaft as she took him to the base, the earlier loads forced out by the new intrusion. Her thick ass settled against his thighs, the soft cheeks spreading wide around him.

She started riding him hard—lifting and dropping, her heavy tits bouncing and swaying wildly with every motion. The soft flesh slapped together with heavy, rhythmic sounds. Wet sounds filled the space every time her ass met his lap—slap, squelch, slap. She reached over, grabbed Koby's cock with one hand, and stroked him back to full hardness while she fucked herself on Luffy, her palm sliding easily over him thanks to the smooth skin of her hand.

“Watch these tits,” she panted, looking down at both of them, eyes glassy. “Watch them bounce while I ride this thick cock. Feel how wet I am—how full of your cum I already am. Keep going. Don't either of you dare go soft on me yet. I offered this so you'd spare us. So take every last bit of it.”

Luffy's hands came up and mauled both of her heavy tits at once. His fingers sank deep into the soft, smooth flesh, squeezing and lifting, thumbs dragging over the tight nipples and pinching them. Alvida moaned louder and rode harder, her thick thighs flexing with every drop, the muscles working under the soft skin. Her ass rippled every time it met his lap, the soft cheeks bouncing and spreading. The smell of sex was thick in the air now—cum, arousal, sweat, the clean salt of her skin.

She came again while riding him. Her whole body shook hard. A loud, broken cry left her as her pussy clamped down tight around Luffy's cock. Fresh wetness gushed out around him and soaked his hips, mixing with the earlier loads already inside her. Her face twisted with it—eyes squeezing shut then fluttering open, mouth wide, cheeks flushed dark, spit still shiny on her lips from earlier. She kept bouncing through the orgasm, working her fluttering walls around him, heavy tits still bouncing hard in his grip, the soft flesh slapping together with every drop. The wet sound of her ass meeting his lap stayed loud and constant—slap, squelch, slap.

When the shaking finally eased she lifted off him with a wet, filthy sound. Cum poured out of her in a thick, creamy rush and ran down her thighs in shiny trails. She didn't pause. She immediately turned and straddled Koby instead, reaching down to line him up and sinking onto his cock just as easily. The smaller size let her take him deeper and faster from the first drop. She rode him hard right away, thick ass bouncing, heavy tits swaying and clapping together with the force. One hand reached back to stroke Luffy's cock at the same time, keeping him hard, her smooth palm sliding easily along the slick shaft.

“That's it,” she gasped, looking down at Koby, eyes still glassy. “Fuck up into me. Use this pussy. Add another load. I want it dripping out of me for the rest of the day. I already offered everything so you'd spare us—so take the rest of it. Don't leave me empty.”

Koby's hands gripped her thick hips, fingers sinking into the soft flesh. He thrust up to meet her drops, the wet slap of their bodies loud and constant on the open deck. Alvida's fifth orgasm built fast. She ground down hard, clit rubbing against him with every roll of her hips, and came with a raw, open cry—thighs shaking hard against his sides, pussy squeezing and gushing around his cock. More cum and her own juices ran down over his balls and onto the deck in messy streams.

She didn't stop. She kept riding him through it, bouncing and grinding, heavy tits heaving with her breathing, until his hips stuttered and he came hard inside her again. He pulsed another load into the already overflowing mess. Alvida moaned through it, grinding down to take every spurt, milking him with deliberate squeezes of her walls.

"Give it all," she panted. "Don't waste any. Empty it in me. That's part of the deal."

When she finally lifted off him she was a complete wreck. Cum leaked steadily from her stretched pussy in thick, creamy trails, running down over her thick thighs and dripping onto the wood between her knees. Her ass still had some of Luffy's earlier load slowly seeping out in a thinner line. Her heavy tits were marked with red handprints from how hard they had been mauled. Her face was shiny and flushed, lips swollen, eyes glassy. Sweat and drying streaks of cum covered the smooth skin of her stomach and the soft undersides of her tits.

She dropped to her knees between them again, breathing hard, heavy tits hanging and swaying with every breath.

"One more each," she said, voice raw but still carrying that same urgent edge. "In my mouth. I want to taste all of it before we're done. Get hard again. Now. Finish taking what I offered."

Luffy and Koby stroked themselves while she watched, her hands occasionally helping—smooth palms sliding easily over their shafts thanks to the Devil Fruit, the lack of friction making every stroke slick and fast. When they were both hard again she took Luffy into her mouth first, sucking him deep and messy. Spit ran down the shaft and onto her tits in fresh shiny trails. She bobbed fast, one hand stroking Koby at the same time. The wet slurp and gluck sounds filled the air again. Her heavy tits swayed under her with every movement of her head, the soft flesh heavy and marked.

She switched to Koby without warning, taking him just as deep, eyes watering as she forced herself down until her nose pressed against him. Spit and precum mixed on her chin and dripped onto her chest. She kept switching between them—sucking one while stroking the other, spit making everything shiny and loud, the wet sounds constant.

"That's it," she muttered between switches, voice wrecked. "Use my mouth one more time. Fill it. I already said I wanted to taste all of it."

Luffy came first in her mouth. She shoved him deep and swallowed around every pulse, throat working visibly, some of it leaking out the corners of her lips and running down her chin. She pulled off, opened her mouth, and showed them the last of it on her tongue before she

swallowed. Then she immediately took Koby back in. He lasted only a few more bobs before he came too, flooding her mouth with another load. She swallowed that one just as greedily, eyes half-lidded, a soft satisfied sound leaving her throat as she took every drop.

When she finally pulled off for good she stayed on her knees for a long moment, breathing hard, lips shiny, chin wet, heavy tits rising and falling. Cum continued to leak slowly from both her pussy and her ass onto the deck between her knees. Her thick thighs trembled. She looked thoroughly used—hair a mess, body marked and slick, face flushed—and still somehow steady enough to finish what she had started.

Alvida wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and looked up at both of them.

“That’s enough for now,” she said, voice hoarse but steadier than before. “You both filled me. Multiple times. Mouth, pussy, ass. Mercy accepted. The deal’s done.”

She stood up on shaky legs. Cum ran down the insides of her thick thighs in visible creamy trails, some of it already starting to dry on the smooth skin. Her heavy tits swayed with the movement. She didn’t bother covering herself yet. The afternoon sun hit every smooth, marked, cum-slick inch of her body—the handprints on her tits and hips, the streaks on her stomach, the mess still leaking from between her legs.

Luffy scratched the back of his head, still catching his breath. Koby looked like he could barely stand, face red, eyes wide, pants still around his thighs.

Alvida glanced toward the frozen crew still watching from a distance, then back at the two boys. She stayed standing for a long minute, legs still unsteady. Cum continued to leak slowly from both holes, running in thin, shiny trails down the insides of her thick thighs and dripping onto the deck boards between her feet. Her heavy tits rose and fell with each deep breath. The smooth skin of her body was marked with handprints, spit, and drying streaks of cum. She didn’t reach for her dress right away. She just stood there in the open air, letting the sea breeze cool the sweat on her skin while the frozen crew stared from a safe distance.

Luffy pulled his shorts back up and scratched the back of his head again. Koby fumbled with his own pants, face still red, eyes darting anywhere except Alvida’s body. The deck smelled thick with sex—salt air mixed with the heavier scent of cum and sweat.

Alvida finally bent down, picked up her dress from where it had been kicked aside, and wiped herself between the legs with it. The fabric came away soaked. She tossed it aside without care and walked naked over to where her iron club still lay on the boards. She picked it up, rested it across one shoulder, and turned to face them. Her heavy tits shifted with the movement. Cum still ran slowly down her thighs.

“You’re free, Koby,” she said. Her voice was rough but steady. “No more cabin boy work. No more running when I yell. You can go with him. That was part of the deal from the start.”

Koby’s head snapped up. “R-really?”

"You heard me." She glanced at Luffy. "You beat me. You both used me until I couldn't stand straight. That's more mercy than most pirates get when they lose on their own deck. Take him and get off my ship before I change my mind."

Luffy grinned, still a little out of breath. "Thanks. But we need a boat. Mine got smashed days ago."

Alvida looked past them toward the small cutter tied to the side of her ship. "Take that one. It's fast enough. There's water and some dried meat below. Enough to reach the next island if you don't waste it. Consider it part of the payment for not throwing the rest of us overboard."

Koby still looked like he couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Captain... why? You didn't have to—"

Alvida's mouth curved in a tired, filthy little smirk. She shifted the iron club on her shoulder. The movement made her heavy tits sway again. "Because I lost. And because that was the best fuck I've had in years. You both took what I offered and then some. Now get moving before I decide I want another round and keep both of you here after all."

Luffy didn't need to be told twice. He clapped Koby on the shoulder and headed for the cutter. Koby hesitated only a second longer, still glancing at Alvida's naked, cum-streaked body like he expected the club to come down anyway, then followed.

The crew stayed completely silent as the two of them climbed down into the smaller boat. Luffy untied the rope with a stretch of his arm and pushed them clear of the larger ship. The cutter rocked once, then settled into the gentle swell. Alvida stood at the rail above them, still completely bare, iron club on her shoulder, cum still slowly drying on her thick thighs and the soft curves of her ass. She watched them drift away without another word.

Luffy waved up at her from the smaller boat. "See you around, Alvida!"

She didn't answer. She just turned and walked back toward her cabin, hips swaying, the full round shape of her ass moving with every step. Cum still marked the insides of her thick thighs, drying in the open air. The crew finally started murmuring again once she disappeared inside the cabin door. The sound of their voices was low and uncertain, unsure whether they were allowed to speak yet.

Koby sat down hard on the bench of the cutter, staring at his hands. His palms were still a little sticky. His whole body felt strange—sore in places that had never been sore before, skin still sensitive where she had touched him. "I can't believe that just happened."

Luffy was already digging through the small storage box under the seat. He pulled out a strip of dried meat and bit into it with a satisfied noise, chewing like nothing unusual had taken place in the last hour. "What? The fight or the other part?"

“Both,” Koby said. His face was still red. He could feel the heat in his ears. “She... she just let us. She offered. And she looked completely different from before. That Devil Fruit changed everything. I thought she was going to kill me for staring at her the last few days. Every time she caught me looking at her chest or her ass I thought the club was coming next. And then she just... took her clothes off and told us to use her.”

Luffy shrugged and kept chewing. “She’s strong. But I’m gonna be Pirate King. Strong people lose sometimes. And she offered, so we did it. Simple.”

Koby rubbed his face with both hands. The smell of her was still on his fingers—salt and sex and that clean, almost slippery scent her skin had now. “Nothing about that was simple. I’ve never... I mean... that was my first time. All of it. My first time seeing a woman naked. My first time touching one. My first time... being inside one. And it was her. Captain Alvida. On the open deck. With the whole crew watching.”

Luffy looked over at him, still chewing, expression open and uncomplicated. “Yeah? You did fine. She seemed to like it. She came a lot. And she kept asking for more. Didn’t seem like she was faking any of it.”

Koby made a strangled sound and looked out at the water instead of answering right away. The cutter cut cleanly through the small waves. The larger ship was already growing smaller behind them, the dark shape of it shrinking against the horizon. The sun sat lower in the sky now, turning the surface of the sea a warmer color. The wind had a clean salt bite to it that helped clear some of the heavy smell of sex still clinging to both of them.

They sailed in relative quiet for a while. Luffy finished the dried meat and started looking through the storage box for more. Koby’s body still hummed with leftover sensation—the ache between his legs, the memory of how tight and wet she had been, the way her heavy tits had bounced when she rode him, the sounds she had made when she came. He shifted on the bench, face still warm.

Koby eventually spoke again, voice quieter. “Where are we going?”

“To find a crew,” Luffy said immediately. “I need strong people. Nakama. Someone who can fight. Someone who can navigate. A cook, maybe. I don’t know yet. But the next island is a start. We’ll figure it out when we get there.”

Koby hesitated. His hands tightened on the edge of the boat. The wood was rough under his palms. “I... I want to be a Marine.”

Luffy blinked at him, mid-chew. “A Marine?”

“Yeah.” Koby’s voice was steadier this time, even if his face was still red. “I want to be strong enough to stand up to people like... like Alvida used to be. Before the fruit. People who hurt others just because they can. People who make you run and hide and say yes to everything

because you're too scared not to. I don't want to be that scared anymore. I don't want to spend the rest of my life as someone's cabin boy."

Luffy studied him for a second, head tilted, then grinned. The expression was bright and uncomplicated. "Okay. Then get strong. You can be a Marine if you want. Just don't get in my way when I'm Pirate King. Deal?"

Koby let out a short, disbelieving laugh. The sound surprised him. "You're serious about that, aren't you? The Pirate King thing."

"Of course." Luffy stretched his arms over his head until his shoulders popped. The movement pulled at the lingering tightness in his own body from the fight and everything that had followed. "I'm gonna find the One Piece. That's the plan. Always has been. I need a crew first, though. Can't do it alone."

The cutter continued west. The wind picked up a little, filling the small sail with a soft, steady sound. Koby eventually moved to adjust it, his movements more confident now that no one was yelling at him or threatening to swing an iron club at his head. His hands still trembled a little, but it was leftover adrenaline more than fear. Luffy sat at the front of the boat with his feet up on the rail, straw hat tipped forward against the sun, looking completely at ease.

After another stretch of quiet, Koby spoke again. The words came out slower.

"What she said at the end... about it being the best she'd had. Do you think she meant it?"

Luffy shrugged, still watching the water. "Probably. She came a lot. And she asked for more even after we already filled her a couple times. Kept telling us to use her. Seemed pretty clear she wasn't just saying it to get us to leave."

Koby's ears turned red again. He focused hard on the sail, adjusting a rope that didn't really need adjusting. "I've never seen anyone look like that after. The way her body moved. The sounds she made. The way she kept asking for both of us at the same time... like she wanted it to be messy. Like she wanted the crew to see. And the way she looked when she was on her knees at the end, with everything leaking out of her..."

Luffy glanced over. His voice was simple. "You liked it."

It wasn't a question. Koby didn't deny it. He just stared at the horizon, jaw tight, but there was a small, reluctant smile pulling at the corner of his mouth. The memory of her heat, her sounds, the way her thick thighs had locked around him when she came, sat warm and vivid in his head.

"Yeah," he admitted quietly. "I did. Even if it was crazy. Even if the whole crew was watching. Even if she was the same woman who used to make me scrub the deck until my hands bled. It felt... good. Better than I thought anything could feel. And she kept saying it was the deal. That she was offering so we'd spare them. But the way she moved once we started... it didn't feel like she was just enduring it."

Luffy laughed. “Good. Then don’t overthink it. We had fun. She got what she offered. We got what we wanted. She’s probably already back to yelling at her men about the mess on the deck. We’re free. That’s what matters.”

The sun dropped lower. The sea stretched empty in every direction except for the faint dark line of land far ahead. The wind stayed steady, pushing them cleanly through the small waves. Luffy’s stomach growled again. He dug through the supplies once more and found another strip of dried meat, splitting it with Koby without being asked. The simple act of sharing food felt almost normal after everything that had just happened.

They ate in silence for a bit. The cutter rocked gently. Somewhere behind them, Alvida’s ship was already out of sight, swallowed by the curve of the sea. The smell of sex still clung faintly to their skin and clothes, mixed with salt and the clean scent of the open water. Koby’s body still carried the memory of her—how tight she had been, how wet, how her heavy tits had filled his hands, how her voice had gone rough and begging when she told them to fill her.

Koby eventually asked, “What happens when we reach the next island?”

“We look around,” Luffy said around a mouthful of dried meat. “See who’s strong. See who wants to join. If there’s trouble, we deal with it. Simple. I’m not picky. I just need people who won’t run when things get hard.”

Koby nodded slowly. He still looked like part of him expected Alvida to appear on the horizon and drag him back with that iron club over her shoulder. But the longer they sailed, the more that fear loosened its grip. The open water helped. So did the fact that his body still ached in places that reminded him he wasn’t the same scared cabin boy who had woken up that morning. He had been inside her. He had made her cum. He had left her ship on his own two feet instead of being thrown overboard.

Luffy leaned back against the side of the boat and tipped his hat down over his eyes. His voice was already growing sleepy.

“Wake me if you see an island,” he said. “Or if there’s food. Or if something tries to eat the boat.”

Koby watched him for a second. Luffy’s breathing evened out almost immediately, one arm hanging loose over the side of the cutter. The straw hat shaded his face. He looked completely unbothered by everything that had just happened—the fight, the public fucking, the fact that they had just left a pirate captain naked and dripping on her own deck.

Koby turned his attention back to the sail and the horizon. The wind stayed steady. The cutter cut a clean path through the water. His hands were still a little unsteady on the rope, but they were steadier than they had been an hour ago.

Somewhere ahead was the next piece of the journey. Somewhere ahead were the people who would become the first real members of the crew Luffy kept talking about so easily. Koby didn’t know if he would stay with him long or if their paths would split toward the Marines the way he

had always dreamed. But for now, the boat was quiet, the sea was open, and neither of them was under Alvida's club anymore.

Luffy snored once under his hat, a soft, content sound.

Koby shook his head, a real smile finally settling on his face—small, tired, and genuine—and kept them pointed toward the distant line of land.