

Chapter 64

16th of April Dressrosa

Viola sat on the edge of her bed, the solitary flame of a candle casting flickering shadows across her small room. The mingling scent of wax and the deepening twilight filled the air, creating an atmosphere of quiet anticipation and trepidation. It was nearing six, and outside, the world was bathed in the dusky hues of early evening. Clutched in her hands was a small parchment, the words inscribed by the shadows themselves. Tonight, she would take the first step towards freeing her beloved Dressrosa by marrying the fearsome Warlord, Gecko Moria.

Her heart throbbed with a tumultuous blend of hope and fear. For years, she had carried the burden of her country's suffering, cursed with the ability to read the thoughts of every man she encountered. Each mind was a disappointing echo of the last, predictable and uninspiring. But Moria was a mystery. Rumors painted him as a monster, yet his thoughts were closed to her, an enigma that offered a glimmer of hope. Could this terrifying warlord be the one who wouldn't let her down?

Viola rose and faced the mirror, her reflection caught in the candle's golden glow. The crimson fabric of her robe clung to her dancer's body, accentuating every curve with a sensual elegance. The bodice was intricately embroidered with golden threads, shimmering with every movement. The neckline dipped provocatively, revealing just enough to tease the imagination, while the sleeves flared out gracefully, ending in ruffled cuffs that brushed her wrists. The skirt flowed to her ankles in layered waves, reminiscent of the passionate dances she performed. A wide, embroidered sash cinched her waist, highlighting the gentle sway of her hips. Her long, dark hair was pinned up with ornate combs, a few loose strands framing her face and emphasizing the depth of her dark, expressive eyes.

She took a deep breath, her resolve mingled with anxiety. This union was not just a marriage; it was a strategic move to reclaim her homeland from Doflamingo's grip. Yet beneath the political necessity, a fragile hope flickered—a dream that perhaps, just perhaps, she could find love in the most unexpected of places.

The shadows had promised to whisk her away, to transport her from this room into a new life. Her fingers traced the soft fabric of her dress, grounding her in the moment. She imagined the feel of Moria's hand, the unknown cold of his touch, and wondered if he could break through her solitude and fear. The shadows around her began to stir, curling and twisting like living smoke. They wrapped around her, cool and insistent. Viola closed her eyes, surrendering to their embrace. The familiar confines of her room dissolved into darkness, and she felt herself being carried away. The thought of never seeing the hateful Doflamingo again brought a fleeting smile to her lips. The only thing she would see again would be his corpse.

16th of April Alabasta

The first thing that struck Viola was the sun, its brilliance blinding after the dim confines of her room. She squinted against the golden rays, her vision slowly adjusting to the dazzling light. As her eyes adapted, she found herself transported to an otherworldly paradise.

Viola looked around, her breath catching in her throat. She stood in an oasis of opulence in the heart of the desert. Ornate fountains, their surfaces adorned with intricate carvings, bubbled with clear, cool water, the sound a soothing symphony. Exotic trees, heavy with ripe, colorful fruits, cast dappled shade, their fragrance mingling with the warm, dry air. The gardens were a riot of vibrant flowers, their petals forming a dazzling mosaic of colors. Polished stone pathways meandered through this lush paradise, each step revealing new wonders of craftsmanship and nature. The architecture was a marvel of elegance, with sweeping arches and intricately detailed tiles forming patterns that seemed to tell stories of ancient legends. Every surface was adorned with mosaic art depicting mythical creatures and epic battles.

As she absorbed the splendor around her, Viola noticed a woman approaching. She was strikingly beautiful, her pale skin almost luminous in the sunlight. The woman wore an ample linen toga that clung to her curves, the fabric so fine it was nearly translucent. The toga draped gracefully over her shoulders, its folds doing

little to conceal her form, her nipples faintly visible through the delicate material, which hinted at the full, supple breasts beneath.

The woman's smile was warm and inviting, her red eyes captivating. "Welcome, Princess Viola," she said, her voice soft and melodious. "I am Isabella, Alabasta's Minister of Interior and, more importantly, Moria's personal assistant."

Viola blinked, momentarily overwhelmed by the stark contrast between her previous life and this opulent paradise.

"Please, follow me," Isabella said, gesturing gracefully. Viola hesitated for a moment but then fell into step behind her, her curiosity piqued by the lavish surroundings.

They walked through another garden, as beautiful as the first. Exotic flowers bloomed in a riot of colors, their scents mingling in the warm air. As they passed a particularly lush area, Viola's attention was drawn to a woman performing abdominals on the grass. She was naked except for a thin string around her waist, her body a masterpiece of musculature. Her red hair gleamed in the sunlight, and her naked breasts, firm and perfectly shaped, rose and fell with each movement. Her abs were sculpted, each muscle defined and taut. The woman paused in her exercise to watch Viola pass, her gaze intense. Viola could feel the raw power emanating from her, and as she drew closer, the woman growled softly, a low, feral sound that sent a shiver down Viola's spine.

Isabella laughed, a crystalline sound that broke the tension. "Don't take offense," she said, glancing at the muscular woman. "That's Selena, one of Moria's main enforcers. She's a bit... feral and territorial."

Viola nodded, feeling a mix of intrigue and apprehension. "Is this a seraglio?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper. "Does Moria have a harem?"

Isabella's smile softened, and she led Viola through yet another courtyard. This one was occupied by a pink-haired gothic girl, lounging as she sipped tea. Her outfit, a dark and frilly dress, contrasted sharply with the serene garden around her. The girl glanced at them briefly before returning to her tea.

"It's a bit complex," Isabella explained as they continued walking. "Moria indeed has many partners, but most are his subordinates. You, Princess Viola, are different. You are to be his wife, one of his queens. Your position is unique."

As they turned a corner, Viola noticed another woman approaching them. She was striking, her blue hair cascading down her back in loose waves. Her attire was an opulent display of oriental erotica. She wore an elaborate necklace of cascading jewels that draped over her bare torso, each gem catching the light and drawing attention to her full, shapely breasts. The jewels barely covered her nipples, adding a sense of provocative allure to her appearance. The necklaces created a music of clinks and jingles with her every movement. Her pants were a diaphanous fabric, so sheer it left little to the imagination. The gauzy material flowed around her legs like a whisper, and through it, Viola could discern the delicate blue-haired bush of her pussy, a tantalizing hint of her intimate beauty.

Viola's surprise deepened as the woman approached and, with a warm smile, embraced her in a gentle hug. "Welcome, sister wife," she said, her voice soft and affectionate, yet filled with a confidence that spoke of her status and comfort in this opulent world.

Isabella smiled and introduced the woman. "This is Princess Vivi, Moria's—at least for the moment—only wife. Vivi will help you prepare for the marriage."

Vivi pulled back slightly, her eyes sparkling with warmth and kindness. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Princess Viola," she said. "I know this must all be overwhelming, but I'm here to help you in any way I can."

Viola nodded, still processing the sudden influx of new experiences and emotions. Vivi's embrace had been unexpected, yet it felt genuine, a beacon of comfort in the midst of her uncertainty. Her scent, a mix of exotic spices and floral undertones, lingered around Viola, enveloping her in an intoxicating embrace.

Isabella gestured towards a nearby door. "We'll leave you in Vivi's capable hands. She knows all there is to know about preparing for a royal wedding with Moria."

Vivi took Viola's hand, her touch gentle and reassuring. "Come, let's get you ready. There's much to do, and I want to make sure you're as comfortable as possible."

Viola's eyes were still widened in surprise, the images of the half-naked women outside still fresh in her mind. Everyone except the pink-haired girl had been so scantily clad, their attire—or lack thereof—leaving little to the imagination. Her shock must have shown on her face, as Vivi squeezed her hand reassuringly.

"Don't be alarmed," Vivi said gently. "No man but Moria can enter the seraglio. Only his wife, trusted female crewmates, or the Shadow maids may come here."

They walked down a corridor adorned with intricate latticework and rich tapestries, the scent of sandalwood and jasmine enveloping them. Vivi led her into a small salon, a haven of oriental opulence. Silk panels depicting serene landscapes lined the walls, and plush carpets cushioned their steps. The room was illuminated by soft, warm light from carved lanterns.

In the center, a low wooden table was surrounded by sumptuous cushions in vibrant hues. They settled onto the cushions, and a maid composed entirely of swirling shadows glided into the room. Her movements were fluid, almost ethereal, as she carried a silver tray with a delicate tea set. She picked up her teacup, the porcelain cool against her lips, and took a tentative sip. The flavor was exquisite, a delicate blend of floral and spice that danced on her tongue. She couldn't help but close her eyes, savoring the unexpected pleasure.

"It's delicious," she murmured, a small smile playing on her lips.

Vivi's expression softened with understanding and sympathy. "I've heard about your tragic history, Viola, and the tyranny of Doflamingo. You have endured so much. Moria understands pain and loss, perhaps more than anyone. He saved us from Crocodile, a warlord who sought to plunge Alabasta into chaos and despair. Moria brought stability and hope. Our citizens are happier now, their lives filled with peace and prosperity."

Viola listened intently. The opulent surroundings, the kindness in Vivi's eyes, and the serene beauty of Alabasta contrasted sharply with the harsh memories of her past. She tried to mask her emotions, but a glimmer of hope flickered in her heart.

As they continued their conversation, Viola discreetly used her Devil Fruit power, tapping into Vivi's thoughts. Images began to flow into her mind, vivid and clear. She saw scenes of Alabasta's people, once hungry and destitute, now thriving and well-fed. Villages that had suffered under Crocodile's reign were now flourishing, with children playing in the streets and families enjoying abundant harvests. Thirsty deserts had transformed into fertile lands, with water flowing freely from newly constructed wells and irrigation systems. Viola's heart swelled with relief and happiness. Moria had not just saved Alabasta; he had revitalized it. The images of grateful faces, of people living normal, peaceful lives, brought tears to her eyes. She felt a profound sense of gratitude and respect for the warlord she was about to marry.

Vivi noticed the change in Viola's expression and squeezed her hand gently. "Prince Moria truly cares about the people under his protection. He has given us more than we ever dreamed possible."

Viola nodded, unable to hide her emotions any longer. "I can see that," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "He has done so much good."

Vivi's smile was warm and understanding. "And he can do the same for Dressrosa, Viola. With you by his side, you can both bring peace and prosperity to your homeland."

Viola took another sip of her tea, the exquisite flavor grounding her in the moment. For the first time in years, she felt a genuine sense of hope. She looked at Vivi, her eyes shining with newfound determination. "Thank you, Vivi," she said softly. "Thank you for showing me this."

Vivi's eyes sparkled with kindness. "We're all in this together, Viola. Welcome to your new family."

"Thank you, Vivi," Viola replied, feeling a genuine connection with her fellow princess.

"Now, let's talk about tonight," Vivi continued. "It will be a very private ceremony—just my father, a photographer, and a priest. Moria prefers to keep these matters discreet."

Viola's brow furrowed slightly. "But I don't have a wedding dress..."

Vivi laughed, a bright, crystalline sound that danced through the room. She stood up gracefully, her ample curves highlighted by the movement. As she did, Viola's face ended up close to Vivi's firm, rounded backside, and she felt a blush creeping up her cheeks. Vivi was so...

"Come on, let's get you ready," Vivi said, helping Viola to her feet and guiding her to the large mirror at the far end of the room.

Viola stared at her reflection, feeling a mix of anticipation and anxiety. Vivi went to a wardrobe and pulled out a stunning wedding robe. The fabric was luxurious, adorned with intricate gold embroidery that shimmered like a constellation.

Vivi began helping Viola into the dress. At first, Viola was hesitant, not wanting to undress in front of Vivi. Her fingers trembled as she clutched the edges of her robe.

"Don't be shy," Vivi said with a teasing smile. "We're going to have intimate moments together, so why be embarrassed?"

Viola sputtered, her face turning crimson. "What?"

Vivi caressed her cheek gently, her touch a soft, lingering promise. "Of course, as fellow wives, we'll sometimes take care of our husband together. It's part of our bond."

Viola's mind raced, but she focused on putting on the dress, trying to steady her breathing. Vivi's hands were gentle and skilled as she helped with the delicate fabric. Once the dress was on, Vivi moved behind her, deftly arranging Viola's hair.

Viola stared at her reflection in the mirror. The wedding dress clung to her body, accentuating her curves with a sensual elegance. The bodice was intricately embroidered with golden threads, shimmering with every movement. The neckline dipped provocatively, revealing just enough to tease the imagination, while the sleeves flared out gracefully, ending in ruffled cuffs that brushed her wrists. The skirt flowed to her ankles in layered waves, reminiscent of the passionate dances she performed. Her long, dark hair, now styled by Vivi, cascaded down in soft waves, adorned with delicate pins.

"You look stunning," Vivi whispered, her hands resting on Viola's shoulders. "Moria will be captivated."

Viola gazed at her reflection, feeling a mix of pride and vulnerability. She was beautiful, incredibly sensual, and ready to step into her new life. As she stood there, dressed for her hidden wedding, she allowed herself to hope that this union would bring her the strength and love she had longed for.