

## Chapter 65

### 16th of April Marineford

The skies over Marineford hung heavy with a slate-gray hue, echoing the tension in the fortress. Sengoku, the Fleet Admiral, stood on his balcony, surveying the frantic preparations below. The execution of Portgas D. Ace was set for four days hence.

"Fleet Admiral!" A Vice Admiral shout broke through the din. "The men are readying for battle. We've fortified all points of entry and doubled the artillery on the walls."

Sengoku nodded. The courtyard below was a sea of white and blue, Marines moving in disciplined chaos, dig last minute training - more for their moral than for anything. Officers issued crisp commands, their voices rising above the clattering of weapons and rhythmic drills.

"Move those cannons to the west wall!!!"

"Check the ammunition stockpiles! Ensure we have enough for a prolonged engagement!"

Among the throng, Akainu's fiery wrath added to the fervor. The gates of Marineford groaned open, admitting fresh troops led by Garp, his usual jovial demeanor replaced with a stony seriousness. He had been...unusually serious since the death of Ace, as Garp knew of the truth. Sengoku shook his head. It was sad, yes...But it would change everything, as Garp had no longer a reason to hold back his blows during the war.

The first drops of rain began to fall, mingling with the metallic clinks of swords and the rhythmic stamping of boots. In the heart of Marine HQ, the final preparations were underway. Each soldier, officer, and admiral steeled themselves for the battle that would determine the course of history.

Sengoku's voice cut through the clamor, calm and authoritative. "Remember your training. Remember what we stand for. We face a great enemy, but our resolve is greater. For justice. For peace. For the world."

His words were met with a resounding roar. The stage was set, the actors in place. In four days, the world would witness a clash of titans, and Marineford would become the crucible where destinies were forged.

As Sengoku turned back into his office, a Marine rushed in, handing him the latest edition of the World Economic Journal. Sengoku's eyes scanned the headline, and his face darkened with a rare flash of anger. The front page screamed the revelation: "Portgas D. Ace – Son of the Pirate King!"

Sengoku swore under his breath. How had Morgans known? The secrecy of Ace's lineage was supposed to be impenetrable. Clenching his fist, Sengoku resolved that no matter the odds, justice would prevail.

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### 16th of April Alabasta NSFW at the end

Viola stood in the small, candlelit chapel, her heart pounding beneath the layers of her opulent wedding dress. The intricate embroidery caught the light, shimmering like stardust. A delicate veil, fine as gossamer, framed her face. Beside her stood Vivi, serene and supportive, along with a priest and Vivi's father, who looked both sympathetic and kind. The quiet sanctity of the chapel enveloped her. She heard the door creak behind her and felt a sudden flutter in her chest. She didn't turn to look, but the scent reached her—a fragrance both intoxicating and unnaturally alluring. She blushed deeply, her cheeks warming under the veil.

Prince Moria's presence was palpable as he took his place beside her. Viola dared a glance and felt herself melting under his gaze. He looked so noble, his aura commanding respect and admiration. For a moment, the terrifying warlord, the grotesque monster was a distant memory, replaced by a man of enigmatic elegance.

Viola's breath caught as their eyes met, his features softened by the candlelight. It was a facade, she knew, a strategic alliance to reclaim her homeland. The priest began the ceremony, his voice steady and reverent.

"We gather here today to unite Queen Viola and Prince Moria in matrimony, a bond that transcends the trials of the past and looks forward to a future of hope and unity."

Hearing herself called "Queen Viola" filled her with pride. No longer was she to think of Doflamingo as the king of Dressrosa. She was the Queen. Queen Viola. And starting tonight, it would be Moria.

Viola felt Moria's hand gently take hers, his touch surprisingly warm. The priest's words seemed to weave around them, binding their fates with each solemn vow.

"Do you, Queen Viola, take Prince Moria to be your lawfully wedded husband, to cherish and support, in times of prosperity and adversity?"

Viola's voice was soft but unwavering. "I do."

"And do you, Prince Moria, take Queen Viola to be your lawfully wedded wife, to honor and protect, in times of joy and sorrow?"

Moria's voice filled the chapel. "I do."

As the priest continued with the blessings, Viola felt the weight of Moria's gaze. Despite the circumstances, his eyes held a sincerity that resonated with her deeply. The words of their vows seemed to echo the silent promises they both harbored, hidden beneath layers of duty and facade.

"By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife. May your union be blessed and your future be filled with peace and prosperity."

The priest's final words hung in the air and Moria lifted Viola's veil with a gentleness that took her by surprise. Their eyes locked, and in that moment, the chapel seemed to hold its breath. The world outside ceased to exist as they stood on the threshold of a new beginning. Moria leaned in, his lips brushing against hers in a kiss that sealed their vows. It was a kiss of promise, of shared destinies, and the faint glimmer of hope. Viola felt herself yielding, her heart opening to the possibilities that lay ahead. She heard the flash of the photograph's machine in the distance.

Vivi's joyous applause broke the solemn silence. She rushed forward, her eyes sparkling with delight, and enveloped them both in a warm hug. "Congratulations, you two!" she gushed, her enthusiasm infectious. "This is the beginning of something truly wonderful."

Viola felt a wave of gratitude wash over her as she returned Vivi's embrace. Moria smiled roguishly at her, and shadows began to envelop the three of them, swirling like living smoke. Viola felt a gentle tug, and the world around them dissolved into darkness.

When the shadows dissipated, Viola found herself in an opulent room, undoubtedly Moria's own bedroom. She blushed deeply as she realized they had reappeared directly on the bed. The luxurious sheets and plush pillows surrounded them, an intimate setting that made her heart race.

Vivi, ever composed, sat on the edge of the bed and picked up a guitar from a nearby stand. Viola's eyes widened in surprise as Vivi's fingers moved deftly over the strings, producing a hauntingly beautiful melody. The princess knew how to play guitar?

Moria extended his hand to Viola, his eyes locking onto hers with a magnetic intensity. She placed her hand in his, and he helped her to her feet. The music from Vivi's guitar filled the room, a sultry flamenco that set the perfect rhythm for their dance.

Moria drew her close, his hand firm on her back, guiding her with a masterful grace. They moved as one, their bodies entwined in a dance of sensual elegance. Viola felt the heat of his body, the strength in his arms as he led her through the intricate steps. Her dress swirled around her legs as they turned, the fabric brushing against his trousers in a tantalizing whisper. Viola's senses were heightened, every touch and glance sending

shivers down her spine. Moria's hand slid lower on her back, pulling her even closer as they moved in perfect harmony. Their breaths mingled, the air between them thick with unspoken desire.

As the music reached its crescendo, Moria dipped Viola, his face inches from hers. The world seemed to pause, and in that suspended moment, he captured her lips in a kiss so erotically charged that it left her breathless. Viola felt a wave of heat pool in her core, a wetness between her thighs that spoke of her arousal. Their kiss deepened, a trail of saliva glistening between their lips as they finally parted. Viola's eyes were half-lidded with desire, her body trembling with the intensity of their connection. Moria stepped back, a smirk playing on his lips, and began to remove his vest.

With a fluid motion, he shrugged it off, revealing his powerful frame beneath a simple white shirt that clung to his muscles in a way that left Viola breathless. He moved with a commanding grace, his presence dominating the room. Viola couldn't tear her eyes away from him as he strode to a nearby table and poured three glasses of red wine.

Viola's curiosity piqued when she noticed the drink's unusual aroma. It smelled wondrously good, unlike any wine she had encountered before. Moria caught her inquisitive glance and smiled. "It's a special blend," he explained. "Something I produce myself in Thriller Bark, with the help of a subordinate's Devil Fruit."

He lifted his glass and took a deep gulp, savoring the taste. Viola hesitated, then reached for her own glass, her fingers trembling slightly. She brought it to her lips and took a cautious sip. The flavor was divine, rich and intoxicating, and as it flowed through her, she felt a rush of warmth and pleasure. Her body responded almost immediately, and she felt herself becoming even more wet, her desire intensifying.

Moria's eyes darkened with satisfaction as he watched her reaction. He then turned to Vivi, his voice authoritative. "Vivi, get Viola ready."

Viola's heart skipped a beat, a mix of confusion and anticipation swirling within her. "Wha... What does that mean?" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

Vivi set down her guitar and approached Viola with a gentle but determined expression. "Don't worry, Viola," she said softly, her hands reaching out to gently caress Viola's shoulders. "Trust me." With a smooth motion, Vivi leaned in and captured Viola's lips in a heavy, passionate kiss. The unexpected intensity took Viola by surprise, but she soon found herself submitting, her body melting into Vivi's embrace, her lips parting to deepen the kiss.

As Vivi's skilled hands moved with practiced ease, she began to peel away the layers of Viola's dress. The fabric slipped down, revealing the toned, muscular form of the dancer. Viola's body was a work of art, her muscles defined and sculpted from years of rigorous training. Each movement of her lithe frame was a testament to her strength and grace. Vivi's touch was both reverent and exploratory, tracing the lines of Viola's body with an appreciation that made her shiver. The elegant curve of her waist, the strength in her legs, and the delicate firmness of her breasts were all unveiled.

Vivi gently pushed Viola onto the bed, her gaze filled with both tenderness and desire. Viola lay back, her heart pounding as she felt the plush sheets beneath her bare skin. The anticipation was electric, her body already tingling with excitement. Vivi positioned herself between Viola's legs, her touch gentle yet insistent as she spread them apart. The cool air against her most intimate parts made Viola gasp, her arousal heightening with every passing second.

Vivi's mouth descended, her tongue flicking out to tease Viola's clit, circling it slowly before pressing more firmly. Viola's breath hitched, her fingers clutching the sheets as pleasure shot through her. Each flick and stroke of Vivi's tongue was deliberate, drawing soft moans from Viola's lips. Vivi's tongue moved lower, sliding between Viola's folds, exploring her wetness with a thoroughness that left her panting. She licked and sucked with practiced skill, her tongue plunging in and out, creating waves of pleasure that made Viola's hips buck. The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of pleasure and vulnerability that left her whimpering. She could feel Moria's gaze on her, the weight of his eyes intensifying her arousal. Knowing he was watching, taking in every moment, every reaction, made the experience even more intoxicating.

As Vivi continued her ministrations, Viola's body responded eagerly, her hips lifting slightly to meet each touch. Vivi's tongue danced over her clit, alternating between gentle flicks and firm pressure, driving Viola

closer to the edge. The dual sensations of Vivi's mouth and Moria's unwavering gaze drove her to new heights of ecstasy. Her mind was a whirl of sensation and emotion, the lines between pleasure and submission blurring into a haze of pure, unadulterated bliss. Each stroke of Vivi's tongue, each gentle suckle, was amplified by the knowledge that Moria was there, witnessing her surrender. The connection between them, the unspoken bond of shared desire and power, was almost palpable.

Viola's moans grew louder, her body trembling on the edge of release. The intensity of Vivi's touch, combined with the heat of Moria's gaze, pushed her closer and closer to the precipice. She felt herself teetering on the brink, every nerve ending alive with sensation. When her climax finally hit, it was with a force that left her breathless, her body arching off the bed as waves of pleasure washed over her. Vivi's tongue never stopped, extending the peak of Viola's pleasure until she was utterly spent.

In that moment, she felt completely and utterly consumed, lost in the ecstasy of their shared experience. Moria put his glass on the table, his eyes never leaving Viola. With a deliberate, slow movement, he removed his shirt, revealing a powerful, muscular torso that made Viola's breath hitch. His skin was smooth, his muscles rippling with every movement. His eyes, dark and intense, seemed to burn with a mixture of desire and command, locking onto her with an almost predatory focus.

Vivi took Viola by the hand, guiding her to kneel in front of Moria. Together, they knelt before him, their bodies flush with anticipation. Vivi's fingers moved with practiced ease, undoing his belt and letting it fall away, revealing his arousal. Viola's heart raced as she followed Vivi's lead, her desire mingling with curiosity and submission. She felt a thrilling mix of nervousness and excitement, her skin tingling with anticipation.

With expert coordination, Vivi leaned in first, taking him into her mouth with a slow, sensual motion. Viola followed suit, her lips wrapping around him, her tongue exploring the contours of his hardness. They worked together, their heads bobbing in a rhythmic dance. Vivi would suck and swirl her tongue around his tip while Viola focused on the base, her hands gently stroking what her mouth couldn't reach. The combination of their efforts elicited deep, guttural moans from Moria, his hands tangling in their hair as he thrust into their mouths. The sounds of their lips and tongues working in unison filled the room, each wet, eager suck creating an erotic symphony.

Viola could feel every twitch and pulse of his arousal, the way his muscles tensed and relaxed with each movement. The taste of him, salty and intoxicating, combined with the sensation of Vivi's lips brushing against hers as they took turns, drove Viola wild with desire. She lost herself in the rhythm, the feel of his hardness against her tongue, and the occasional soft moans that escaped from Vivi. Moria's grip tightened, guiding their movements, his control slipping as he approached his climax. The intensity of his gaze, the sounds of pleasure, and the shared intimacy with Vivi heightened every sensation, making her core ache with need.

With a final, throaty groan, Moria came, releasing onto both Viola's and Vivi's faces. The warm, sticky fluid marked their skin, glistening in the candlelight. Viola's eyes fluttered open, meeting Moria's gaze, his satisfaction mirrored in the proud, almost possessive look he gave them.

The sensation of his release on her skin, combined with the heady mix of arousal and submission, left Viola breathless and yearning for more. Moria's eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he looked down at her, the primal intensity in his gaze sending shivers through her body. Without warning, he grasped her arms and lifted her onto the bed, his movements forceful and determined.

"Get ready," Moria growled, positioning himself above her. And he went in her.

"Ugh", she groaned.

Each thrust was deep and forceful, a stark contrast to the gentle caresses and kisses from earlier. His strong hands gripped her hips, his fingers digging into her soft flesh, guiding her rhythmically as he moved within her. The feeling of his muscular chest brushing against her softer frame intensified her sensations, his skin hot against hers. Viola gasped as the initial shock gave way to a mix of pleasure and surrender, her body responding instinctively to the raw energy of his actions. Every motion sent waves of sensation through her, drawing soft gasps and moans from her lips. "Yes, my Prince... don't stop," she whispered, feeling herself yielding completely, lost in the overwhelming intensity of the moment.

As Moria took her, Vivi moved beside them with a determined look in her eyes. “Don’t think you’re done with me yet,” she said with a teasing smile. Without hesitation, she positioned herself above Viola, her blue-haired pussy glistening with arousal. The blue hair framed her intimate area like a soft, exotic halo, the contrast striking against her pale skin. She lowered herself onto Viola's face, the intimate scent intoxicating and sweet, the slick folds warm and inviting. “Lick me,” Vivi commanded, her grip on Viola’s hair firm, guiding her mouth exactly where she wanted it. The taste was slightly salty, yet sweet, the texture soft and yielding. Viola’s tongue traced the delicate folds, feeling the smoothness under her lips as she licked and sucked eagerly, savoring every moment. “Yes, just like that,” Vivi moaned, her hips moving rhythmically, pressing down on Viola's face.

Vivi’s hands reached down to play with Viola’s breasts, her fingers squeezing and teasing her nipples, sending jolts of pleasure through her body. Viola felt the firm pressure and gentle tugs as Vivi's thumbs brushed over her sensitive peaks, heightening her arousal. As Vivi rode her face, she leaned back and kissed Moria, their tongues intertwining passionately. The combination of Moria's deep thrusts and Vivi's forceful dominance created a harmony of pleasure that resonated through all three of them. “Keep going, Viola,” Moria urged, his hands roaming over Vivi’s body, feeling the smooth curves and the slight tremble of her excitement as he continued to thrust into Viola. Each movement synced with the flicks of Viola's tongue and the pressure of Vivi's hips, driving them all higher.

The intensity of their combined passions reached a crescendo, leaving Viola feeling utterly consumed by the powerful bond they were forging together. Her senses were overwhelmed by the shared ecstasy of the moment, the taste and scent of Vivi, the pressure of Moria's thrusts, and the electric connection between them. Viola's body trembled with pleasure, her moans muffled by Vivi, as the room filled with the sounds of their shared desire and fulfillment. 'Amazing...', Viola thought as she was swept away by the tidal wave of an orgasm.

### **Secondary Quest 2 - The Obsidian Night : [Wedding Night]**

**Marry three princesses of Kingdoms of the World Government : 1/3 → 2/3**