

Chapter 54

10th of April Germa Kingdom

Vivi sat in the serene courtyard of the Seraglio, savoring the tranquility that enveloped her. The soft murmur of fountains created a soothing background, and the sunlight filtered through the pergola, casting delicate shadows over the marble floor. This place, meticulously renovated by Moria, was starting to become a sanctuary for her, a rare respite from the turbulence of her life.

Across from her sat Isabella von Carstein, the Kingdom's new Minister of the Interior and Court Chancellor. Appointed by her father but also a subordinate of her husband, Isabella had become a regular companion during these afternoon teas. They met almost daily, a ritual that had surprisingly grown into a cherished routine. Today, the air was perfumed with the delicate scent of jasmine tea, mingling with the fragrance of blooming roses that surrounded them.

"The country is stabilizing remarkably quickly," Isabella observed, her voice smooth and composed. "My Lord Moria's influence has brought a kind of order."

Vivi nodded, her fingers lightly tapping the porcelain teacup. "Yes, his methods are unconventional but undeniably effective. He is truly the best Prince and husband I could have hoped for."

Isabella's lips curved into a subtle smile. "Your husband is a force of nature, Princess Vivi. His vision for the Kingdom is ambitious, but it aligns well with what we need."

Vivi found herself drawn to Isabella's eyes, those hypnotic red orbs that seemed to hold an entire universe within them. They were the color of the deepest, richest velvet, flecked with gold that caught the light in the most mesmerizing way. When Isabella spoke, her eyes sparkled with an intensity that made it impossible for Vivi to look away. They were like twin pools of liquid fire. The longer Vivi gazed into them, the more she felt as though she was falling into a crimson abyss, a place where secrets and desires intertwined, pulling her deeper with each passing second.

Lost in the depths of those eyes, Vivi barely registered Isabella's next words. "You know, Princess, alliances are the cornerstone of stability. The Kingdom could benefit greatly from strengthening its ties further. Imagine the possibilities if Moria were to form alliances through marriage with other princesses."

The words did not pierce through Vivi's trance. She blinked, struggling to refocus. "Other princesses?" she echoed almost dumbly.

Isabella nodded, her expression calm and composed. "Yes, imagine the diplomatic strength we could gain. Each marriage would be a new bond, a new ally. Moria's influence would grow, and so would the security of our Kingdom."

Yes, and these eyes... The thought of sharing her husband with others was not that unsettling, and Isabella's logic was sound. The Kingdom's future was paramount, and in the realm of politics, personal desires often yielded to strategic necessity.

"It's something to consider," Isabella added softly, her eyes never leaving Vivi's. "For the greater good of the Kingdom."

11th of April WE NEWS Flying Ship

Morgans sat in his lavish office, surrounded by stacks of newspapers and manuscripts. He had not yet used the information he held in his hand thanks to Moria. It was tantalizing yet fraught with risk. Portgas D. Ace, the infamous pirate captain, was, in fact, Gol D. Ace, the son of the legendary Pirate King, Gol D. Roger.

He drummed his feathered fingers on the mahogany desk, the sound a soft, rhythmic counterpoint to his racing thoughts. Publishing this revelation would send shockwaves across the seas, but it would also paint a

target on his back. The World Government would not take kindly to such a bombshell, and neither would the remnants of the Roger Pirates. But the sheer juiciness of the story, the sheer drama it promised, made his beak twitch with excitement.

Lost in contemplation, Morgans was startled by a knock on the door. He looked up to see one of his editors, a frazzled man clutching a stack of letters, his expression a mix of urgency and bewilderment.

"Boss ! Morgans," the editor stammered, "we've received some... interesting news."

Morgans tilted his head, his curiosity piqued. "What is it, Jenkins? Another scandal? A coup?"

Jenkins shook his head, his eyes wide. "No, it's... well, it's an invitation."

Morgans raised a brow, intrigued. "An invitation? To what?"

Jenkins hesitated, as if unsure how to phrase the news. "An invitation to a wedding, sir. To Gecko Moria's wedding."

Morgans' brow furrowed in confusion. "A bit late for that, isn't it? I thought the wedding already happened."

Jenkins shook his head more vigorously. "No, sir, not the first wedding. This is for his second wedding... with Princess Vinsmoke Reiju!"

For a moment, Morgans was silent, his mind processing the information. Then, he started to cackle with glee.

"Put it in my agenda, Jenkins!"

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12th of April Dressrosa, Corrida Colosseum

The Colosseum was alive with fervor, the roaring cheers of the crowd creating a symphony of chaos and excitement. Sunlight streamed through the open roof, casting golden beams onto the sand-covered arena below. Flags bearing the emblem of the Donquixote Pirates fluttered in the breeze, adding a sense of pageantry to the spectacle.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to another thrilling day at the Corrida Colosseum!" boomed the commentator's voice through the loudspeakers, his words electrifying the already frenzied audience. "Today, we've seen victories that will be sung of for generations and defeats that will echo in eternity! Already ten million berries have been won by our contestants!"

Diamante stood on the balcony overlooking the arena, his sharp eyes scanning the fighters below. His long, wavy brown hair framed his face, and his trademark mocking smile played on his lips. He reveled in the spectacle, the drama of combat a perfect stage for his sadistic tendencies.

"And now, the moment you've all been waiting for!" the commentator's voice crescendoed, capturing the attention of every soul present. "The main event of the semester! A grand battle royal where the prize is your weight in gold or the right to challenge the Colosseum Hero himself – Diamante!"

The crowd erupted into laughter and cheers at the mention of the prize. "But we all know," the commentator added with a chuckle, "the winner will take the gold!"

Diamante's eyes narrowed slightly as he surveyed the new contestants entering the arena. He recognized many of the gladiators – they were weaklings in his eyes, mere fodder for the real warriors. There was a burly man with tattoos covering his arms, a tall woman wielding a spear with surprising grace, and a muscular fighter with scars crisscrossing his chest. They were strong, but not strong enough. His gaze then settled on Princess Rebecca, her pink hair tied back and her slender form clad in gladiator armor. Her eyes were fierce, determined, a stark contrast to her delicate appearance. She moved with a grace that belied her strength, every step calculated, every movement precise.

But it wasn't Rebecca who truly caught his attention. Standing tall in samurai garb was a swordsman. His green hair was tied back in a topknot, and his eyes were sharp, focused. There was an air of quiet confidence about him, a sense of restrained strength that made Diamante's pulse quicken with anticipation. His smile widened, his interest piqued. Was it someone from Waco? He sent a subordinate to ask about him to the Colosseum's administration. This battle royal promised to be more entertaining than he had anticipated.

As the fighters took their positions, the commentator's voice boomed once more. "Let the battle royal begin!"

12th of April

Dressrosa

The streets of Dressrosa were alive with the rhythmic clapping and strumming of flamenco guitars. At the heart of this spirited scene, Viola danced, her movements weaving a spell over everyone around her. A red rose, its petals soft and fragrant, was held delicately between her teeth.

Viola's face was framed by dark, flowing hair that cascaded down her back, shimmering in the golden sunlight. Her deep blue eyes, framed by long, dark lashes, sparkled with intensity, drawing in anyone who met her gaze. Her full lips curved into a knowing smile as she moved, each step imbued with a sensual grace that captivated her audience. Her dress was a deep crimson garment adorned with intricate black lace that clung to her curves in all the right places. The bodice hugged her slender waist, accentuating her hourglass figure, while the skirt flared out in ruffles that swirled around her legs with every twirl and step. The fabric brushed sensuously against her thighs, hinting at the smooth, toned skin beneath.

Her muscles, honed and defined through years of practice, moved with a fluidity that was both mesmerizing and erotic. Her hips swayed with a tantalizing rhythm, drawing the eyes of every onlooker. Her arms, bare and slender, waved gracefully above her head, fingers snapping in time with the beat. Each movement was a dance of seduction, a story told through the sinuous curves of her body. She spun and dipped, her dress fluttering like the wings of a crimson butterfly, revealing glimpses of her toned legs and the lace stockings that clung to them. Her feet, encased in delicate flamenco shoes, tapped out a staccato rhythm on the cobblestones, the sound blending with the music to create a hypnotic symphony.

Her back arched gracefully, the curve accentuating her supple frame. She moved with a feline elegance, her body a symphony of sinew and grace. The muscles in her legs flexed and relaxed with each step, her calves and thighs sculpted from years of rigorous training. Her torso twisted and turned, the movement emphasizing the strength and flexibility of her core. The lines of her body were a study in contrast, the softness of her curves juxtaposed with the hardness of her muscles, creating a visual feast that left her audience breathless. As she danced, her eyes wandered to the terrace of a nearby café. There, she spotted a couple that stood out amidst the crowd. The man, with his refined features and tailored suit, exuded an air of nobility. He sipped a glass of wine, his posture relaxed yet commanding.

Opposite him sat a woman whose appearance was a stark contrast. She had striking orange hair that caught the sunlight, cascading down her shoulders in fiery waves. She wore a tight t-shirt that hugged her ample chest and small jean shorts that barely covered her long, toned legs. The shirt was slightly translucent, and Viola's sharp eyes caught the glint of nipple clamps beneath the fabric, adding a provocative touch to her casual attire.

The woman licked an ice cream cone with slow, deliberate strokes, her tongue moving erotically over the cold treat. Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she teased the ice cream, a playful smile curving her lips. The contrast between the dignified man and the tantalizing woman was stark and intriguing, their dynamic a captivating enigma. Viola's dance grew even more passionate as she watched them, her movements a reflection of the erotic tension she felt emanating from the couple. She spun faster, her dress flaring out in a whirlwind of crimson and black, her body a living embodiment of desire and seduction.

Her hips swayed more provocatively, each movement a deliberate invitation. Her back arched further, the rose in her mouth quivering as she breathed heavily through her nose. Her hands traced intricate patterns in the air, the grace of her fingers captivating the couple on the terrace. Viola's eyes, those deep blue pools of desire, never left the couple. She moved closer, her body a mere blur of crimson and black, until she was

