

**A Valentine's Day of Training**  
**Non-Canon NSFW Extra**  
**Part 1/3**

"Hugh..." Mikita grunted, her muscles straining as she completed her final pull-up, her breath coming in controlled, rhythmic pants. "Almost there," she huffed, pushing through the burn. Clad in a tight, yellow sports bra that accentuated her full, firm breasts and matching panties that hugged her toned ass, her body glistened with sweat under the intense sunlight of the outdoor training ground. Droplets of perspiration trickled down her cleavage, glistening on her bronzed skin, and a fine sheen coated her armpits, adding to her erotic allure. Her abs, defined but not overly muscular, shone with sweat as she lowered herself from the bar, the muscles in her arms and back rippling beneath her smooth, sun-kissed skin.

Mikita admired her reflection in a nearby mirror, her eyes tracing the sinewy lines of her athletic build. She ran her fingers over her abs, feeling the hard ridges beneath her fingertips. They were starting to be visible. "Look at you, Mikita," she murmured to herself, a note of pride in her voice. She was so much stronger than when she was still miss Valentine. Well, she still was - only, Moria was her boss, now. Her arms, once slender and delicate, were now powerful and defined, yet still soft enough for the speed she relied on. She flexed, watching the muscles bulge and tighten, a rush of pride swelling within her. Her transformation was undeniable; she had forged herself into a formidable warrior, her body a testament to her discipline and determination. Her breasts, held firm by the snug sports bra, rose and fell with her heavy breathing, the fabric clinging to her hard nipples, making them stand out even more.

The journey had been brutal, Selena Whitefang's training pushing her to the brink of her limits and beyond. And it was far from being finished. It was only the beginning. Selena, her immediate boss and terrifying trainer, had seen potential in Mikita and had spared no effort in molding her. Mikita shuddered, recalling the grueling sessions, the pain, and the unrelenting intensity. "You survived, didn't you?" she whispered to herself, a smirk playing on her lips. Selena was a force of nature, a being of terrifying power and authority, second only to Gecko Moria himself. But through the agony, Mikita had emerged stronger, her spirit hardened and her resolve unbreakable. She had been tempered in the forge, and now, she was ready for anything.

Determined to push herself further, Mikita focused on her training. She activated her Devil Fruit power, channeling her ability to control her weight into her fingertips. Instantly, her body lightened, and she began to move. "Let's see how fast we can go today," she muttered, excitement tingling in her veins. She darted across the training ground, her speed surpassing the sound barrier. Each step, each motion, was a blur, her body a streak of motion as she harnessed the kinetic energy. She moved with a fluid grace, the inertia propelling her forward in a dance of power and precision.

Her muscles burned with the effort, her heart pounding in her chest as she pushed herself harder, faster. The air seemed to shatter around her, the sonic booms echoing through the training ground. She reveled in the sensation, the sheer exhilaration of her speed, the thrill of her power. This was what she had been forged for, what she had trained for - to be a weapon, a force of nature in her own right. "This is what I live for," she thought, a fierce grin splitting her face.

As she came to a stop, panting and exhilarated, a voice cut through the silence. "I see you are playing, huh?" Mikita shivered in horror, the hairs on the back of her neck standing up. She turned back slowly, her breath hitching in her throat.

Mikita gulped as she saw Selena Whitefang standing before her, the imposing figure fresh from her sea raids where she had collected shadows for Moria. Selena's tanned skin gleamed with a sheen of sweat, accentuating every contour of her chiseled abs and powerful thighs. Her short red hair was tousled, giving her a wild, untamed look that framed a face marked by battle-hardened determination. The numerous scars crisscrossing her belly told tales of countless battles, each mark a testament to her resilience and ferocity.

Selena's breasts, large and firm, strained provocatively against the confines of her revealing leather and metal armor. The breastplate barely covered her nipples, leaving little to the imagination. The armor was simple—armored panties that clung to her hips, arm guards that emphasized her strength, long boots that accentuated her muscular legs, and the breastplate that teased more than it concealed. In her hand, Selena

wielded a gigantic axe with effortless grace, the weapon a terrifying extension of her power. The way she held it, with such ease and familiarity, sent a shiver down Mikita's spine.

"I-I was training," Mikita stammered, her voice barely above a whisper.

Selena laughed, a sound that sent a chill down Mikita's spine. "Training, huh? Let's see what you've got." Her eyes glinted with a predatory hunger that Mikita did not like, though she couldn't deny the thrill of arousal it sent through her.

Without warning, Selena lunged at her, the massive axe swinging down. Mikita dodged, her body moving at supersonic speed, a blur against the training ground. She struck back with all her might, using her kinetic energy to propel her fists toward Selena. But Selena was faster. With a flicker of movement, she disappeared and reappeared behind Mikita, her Observation Haki allowing her to predict every move. "Too slow," Selena mocked, her voice filled with dark amusement.

Mikita pushed herself harder, her speed creating shockwaves in the air as she darted around Selena. She aimed a series of rapid kicks at Selena's midsection, each one backed by her weight-manipulating powers. But Selena deflected them effortlessly, her muscular thighs flexing with each counter. "Is this all you have?" Selena taunted, her eyes gleaming with sadistic pleasure.

Desperation fueled Mikita's attacks as she unleashed everything she had, her fists and feet moving in a blinding flurry. Yet Selena blocked every strike with ease, her movements a fluid dance of lethal precision. She spun her axe in a deadly arc, forcing Mikita to leap back, narrowly avoiding the blade. "Come on, Mikita, show me your true strength," Selena urged, her voice a low, seductive growl.

Mikita's energy waned, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She launched one final, desperate attack, channeling all her remaining power into a single punch. But Selena caught her fist mid-air, her grip like iron. With a swift movement, she twisted Mikita's arm behind her back and slammed her against the wall, pinning her there.

Selena leaned in close, her breath hot against Mikita's ear. "Now that you've lost," she murmured, her voice dripping with lust, "you have to service me." Her eyes, filled with a dark, insatiable hunger, locked onto Mikita's. Her eyes, filled with a dark, insatiable hunger, locked onto Mikita's. Selena finally released her grip, and Mikita crumpled to the floor, her legs too weak to support her. Selena stretched, her joints cracking with each motion, a satisfied groan escaping her lips. "I'm tired from the fighting at sea," she said, her voice a low, sultry growl. "I need some... relaxation."

Mikita swallowed hard, her heart pounding. She saw the feral glint in Selena's eyes, a predatory gaze that sent a shiver down her spine. The air was thick with tension, and despite her fear, Mikita felt a wave of excitement washing over her. Her body responded to Selena's dominant presence, shuddering in anticipation. Was Selena going to...?

Without warning, Selena grabbed Mikita by the shoulders, lifting her effortlessly and pressing her against the cold, hard wall. Her lips crashed against Mikita's in a kiss that was utterly feral, her mouth hungrily devouring Mikita's. Selena's tongue plunged deep, exploring every inch of Mikita's mouth with a ferocity that left her breathless.

Selena's tongue flicked teasingly against Mikita's, a wet, sensual dance that sent shockwaves through her body. Saliva trailed down the corners of their mouths, glistening in the dim light as Selena's tongue claimed Mikita's with aggressive strokes. Mikita gasped into the kiss, her breath hitching as Selena's teeth grazed her lower lip, a playful bite that made her heart race. "You taste... delicious," Selena murmured between heated kisses, her voice a mix of desire and dominance.

Selena's tongue curled around Mikita's, pulling it into her mouth with possessive intensity, the wet sounds of their kiss filling the air. Mikita moaned softly, her fingers tangling in Selena's hair as she felt the warmth and wetness of Selena's tongue exploring her mouth. Trails of saliva connected their lips when Selena momentarily pulled back, only to dive back in, sealing their mouths together with even more fervor. Selena's tongue swirled around Mikita's, a constant, relentless motion that left Mikita's mind spinning with a mix of fear and arousal. Selena finally pulled back, a trail of saliva connecting their lips momentarily before breaking. Mikita's legs gave out, and she fell to her knees, trembling and breathless, in front of Selena.

For a moment, the world seemed to hold its breath. Mikita knelt on the ground, her chest heaving, as she looked up at Selena. Their eyes met in a gaze that was heavy with unspoken words, laden with a potent blend of desire, dominance, and submission. Selena's lips curled into a predatory smile, her eyes still burning with that dark, insatiable hunger.

Selena let out a low chuckle, the sound sending another shiver down Mikita's spine. "Good girl," she purred, her voice dripping with satisfaction. She reached down, her fingers brushing against Mikita's cheek, the touch both gentle and possessive.

"And now...", Selena purred.