

## NSFW Non-Canon Extra Perona's training

### Part 1/4

Gecko Moria leaned back in his grand, gothic-style chair, his monstrous form restrained into a more human guise to fit within the confines of his chamber. Dark tapestries adorned the walls, and a heavy wooden desk separated him from his personal assistant, Nico Robin. She stood before him, an enigmatic figure in a tight, black pencil skirt that wrapped around her hips and thighs, each movement a deliberate tease. Her white blouse was unbuttoned just enough to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of her full, firm breasts, the fabric straining against the delicious curves. Long, raven hair cascaded down her back in silky waves, framing her delicate, porcelain face. Her dark eyes gleamed with intelligence and curiosity, accentuated by her perfectly arched eyebrows.

“Tell me more about the latest poneglyph, Robin,” Moria’s voice rumbled, deep and resonant, tinged with a perverse excitement. His eyes, narrow and calculating, devoured her form.

Robin's lips curled into a faint, knowing smile. “This particular poneglyph speaks of an ancient door, Lord Moria. It mentions a portal that can only be opened by one who understands the true history of the world.” Her voice, a melodic whisper, laced with subtle seduction, sent shivers down Moria’s spine.

“As it says,” she continued, her fingers absently tracing the edge of the desk, “With wisdom ancient, and strength untold, these relics' tales through time are scrolled.”

Her fingers danced along the desk, drawing attention to her manicured nails and the delicate bones of her wrist. Her blouse accentuated every curve, highlighting her ample cleavage in a way that was both professional and undeniably erotic. The slight movement caused her blouse to tighten momentarily against her chest, revealing more of her luscious breasts.

“And you believe you can interpret its meaning?” Moria’s gaze flicked to the intricate patterns of lace that adorned her stockings, just visible through the slit of her skirt. His eyes traveled up her legs, appreciating the way her skirt framed her hips, emphasizing her slender waist and the swell of her ass.

“Given the right resources, yes,” Robin replied, her tone calm and confident. She adjusted her glasses, the movement causing her blouse to strain further against her breasts. “But it will take time, and a lot of cooperation.”

Moria’s eyes lingered on her, dark hunger evident in his gaze. “You know, Robin, there’s more to these poneglyphs than just ancient history. There’s power in knowledge, and those who control it.”

Robin’s smile deepened, sultry and inviting. “I understand that very well, Lord Moria. And I am more than willing to uncover that power for you.” She leaned slightly forward, the movement causing her skirt to ride up her thighs, revealing more of the lace at the tops of her stockings.

Their conversation was interrupted by the creak of the door. Perona entered, her pink hair tied into high pigtails that bounced with each step. She wore a frilly, black gothic dress with a plunging neckline, her ample cleavage framed by delicate lace. The dress clung to her slim waist and flared out over her hips, the fabric shimmering with each movement. Her long, slender legs were accentuated by thigh-high stockings, the tops of which peeked tantalizingly beneath the hem of her dress. Tall, platform shoes added an extra sway to her hips, each step a calculated display of her curves.

She pouted as she saw Robin. “Oh, it’s you,” she said, her tone sulky. Her lips were a deep red, contrasting with her pale skin, and her eyes were lined with thick, dark eyeliner that gave her an almost doll-like appearance. The way her dress dipped low revealed the smooth, soft skin of her chest, the lace framing her breasts in a way that made them seem even more prominent.

Moria’s eyes flicked between Robin and Perona, lingering on the latter’s exposed skin and the way her stockings stretched over her thighs. “Is that so? What level have you reached?”

Perona puffed out her chest proudly, causing her cleavage to swell enticingly against the fabric of her dress. "I've reached a good enough level. Absalom can vouch for me. I tested it on him."

Moria's lips curled into a mischievous grin. "Is that right? And what do you want as a reward?"

Perona glanced at Robin, her cheeks reddening. She hesitated, biting her lip. "I want a date...and a night with you, Moria-sama." Her voice was barely a whisper, filled with nervous anticipation.

Robin's eyebrows raised in amusement, a slight smirk playing on her lips. She crossed her arms, the movement pushing her breasts up against the fabric of her blouse, and watched the interaction with keen interest.

Moria chuckled, a deep, resonant sound that sent shivers down Perona's spine. "A date, you say? Well, you'll have to prove your worth first. If you're as skilled with Haki as you claim, it should be no problem."

Perona squared her shoulders, her confidence returning. "There's nothing I can't see coming, Moria-sama."

Ironically, as she spoke, a trapdoor beneath her feet suddenly gave way. She let out a surprised yelp as she plummeted into the darkness below, disappearing from sight.

"Ouch," she muttered, landing unceremoniously on the cold, hard floor. As soon as she landed, she felt something cold click against her ankle. She tried to phase through it, but a surge of weakness washed over her. "Fuck," she hissed, realizing it was Seastone.

Her eyes gradually adjusted to the darkness, revealing a labyrinthine BDSM dungeon. Chains and manacles hung from the walls, their metallic glint catching the light. A large, padded table equipped with restraints dominated the center. Nearby, a collection of whips, floggers, and other implements of discipline were meticulously arranged. Erotic artwork adorned the walls, depicting vivid scenes of dominance and submission. In one corner, a steel cage stood, its door slightly ajar. A mirrored wall reflected the room's contents, doubling the sinister instruments and amplifying the sense of space. The air was thick with the scent of leather and a faint. The heavy door creaked open, and Moria entered, followed closely by Robin. Moria's eyes gleamed with dark amusement. Robin, her professional attire slightly disheveled, watched with a curious glint in her eye.

"Well, well, well," Moria mocked. "Clearly, you're not as good with Haki as you claimed if you didn't see that coming."

Perona pouted, cheeks reddening. "It's not fair, Lord Moria. You're too strong," she protested, her voice a mix of frustration and lingering arousal.

Moria chuckled. "Therefore, you'll only get part of your reward." He turned to Robin, who observed the scene with curiosity. "Robin, would you like to help punish this bratty ghost?"

Robin's eyes widened, then she smiled, a slight blush coloring her cheeks. "Why not?" she replied, her voice steady, a hint of excitement matching the room's charged atmosphere.

Perona's heart pounded as Robin stepped closer, her fingers grazing the array of implements before selecting a sleek, leather flogger. The air crackled with anticipation.

Moria's voice, a velvet purr, broke the silence. "Let's see if you can handle this, Perona. You did ask for a reward, after all."

Perona's breath hitched, eyes flicking between them, a mix of fear and eager anticipation. The dungeon, with its oppressive ambiance and sinister tools, felt both terrifying and intoxicating.

As Robin accepted Moria's proposition, shadows began to swirl around her feet, dissolving her clothes as they ascended. The shadows coiled sensuously, wrapping around her body like a lover's embrace. Her professional attire melted away, replaced by an outfit woven from darkness.

## Part 2/4

Robin stood transformed, enveloped in an exquisite BDSM mistress ensemble, shadows swirling around her like living, breathing fabric. The corset, crafted from dark, writhing shadows, cradled her curves, lifting her breasts high and leaving her hard nipples prominently on display through the sheer material. The corset cinched tightly at her waist, emphasizing her hourglass figure and merging seamlessly with garters that snaked down to thigh-high stockings, which clung to her legs like a lover's embrace.

Her full, firm breasts were tantalizingly framed by the shadowy material, the outlines of her nipples clearly visible through the translucent fabric. The garters led to crotchless net pantyhose, which left her most intimate areas provocatively exposed. Her shaven armpits, smooth and inviting, were highlighted by the long, dark gloves that extended past her elbows, adding an air of authority and dominance. A choker of shadows encircled her neck, drawing attention to the elegant curve of her throat.

At first, Robin felt a wave of self-consciousness wash over her. She instinctively tried to cover herself, her hands moving to hide her exposed skin. But then she caught sight of Perona's wide-eyed, admiring gaze. Perona's expression was a mix of awe and desire, her eyes tracing the contours of Robin's body with an intensity that sent a thrill through Robin.

Emboldened by Perona's reaction, Robin slowly lowered her hands, letting the shadows pulse and ripple with each of her breaths. Her confidence grew with every heartbeat. The shadows around her seemed to respond to her newfound self-assurance, enhancing her natural sensuality. Robin's ass, perfectly shaped and barely covered by the net pantyhose, added to the allure. The stockings accentuated the length and tone of her legs, the sheer material offering teasing glimpses of her skin. Robin moved with a newfound grace and power, every step a calculated tease. Her crotchless net pantyhose revealed her hairy pussy, the dark curls framing her glistening lips. Her arousal was evident, her pussy lips starting to get wet, a glistening sheen visible even in the light.

She stopped hiding, standing tall and confident, a smirk playing on her lips. Robin's gaze shifted to Moria, who watched her with a mixture of pride and anticipation. He sat back in a throne-like seat made of swirling shadows, his smile encouraging and approving.

With a seductive sway in her hips, Robin walked toward Perona. Her gloved hand lifted Perona's chin, forcing her to look up. "You've been quite the brat, haven't you?" Robin whispered, her voice a sultry purr. "It's time to teach you some manners."

Perona shivered under Robin's touch, her eyes wide with a combination of fear and arousal. Robin's fingers traced along Perona's jawline before she stepped back. Shadows tendrils, alive and sinuous, emerged from the floor, wrapping around Perona's wrists and ankles, lifting her effortlessly into the air. The shadows carried her to a bondage contraption in the middle of the room, a frame designed to hold its captive in a variety of compromising positions.

The tendrils positioned Perona on the device, securing her limbs in place. Her clothes were torn away by the shadows, but only in specific areas. The fabric around her breasts was ripped open, exposing her perky, pink-nippled mounds to the cool dungeon air. Her panties were shredded, leaving her pussy and ass fully exposed. Perona's pink hair fell in disheveled waves around her flushed face, her eyes burning with a mix of anger and undeniable arousal.

Perona's body trembled with a blend of humiliation and excitement. Her breasts, firm and round, jutted out provocatively, her nipples hardening as the cool air and the situation heightened her arousal. Her pussy, surrounded by a neat patch of pink hair, glistened with moisture. Her pussy lips, slightly parted and glistening, hinted at her growing excitement. Her asshole, exposed and vulnerable, added to the lewd display.

Robin took a moment to admire her captive, enjoying the sight of Perona bound and helpless. The sight of Perona's flushed face, her angry yet aroused eyes, and her exposed intimate areas stirred something deep within Robin. The power she felt was intoxicating, and she reveled in the control she had over the bratty ghost. A subtle warmth began to spread between Robin's legs, her own arousal becoming evident. The crotchless pantyhose she wore allowed a trickle of her wetness to escape, adding to the charged atmosphere.

With deliberate slowness, Robin selected a paddle from the array of implements. She approached Perona, running the flat surface of the paddle over her exposed skin, sending shivers down her spine. "You've been very naughty, Perona," Robin said, her voice dripping with mock chastisement. "Do you know what happens to naughty girls?"

Perona glared at her, though the arousal in her eyes betrayed her. "Fuck you, Robin," she spat, her voice trembling.

Robin chuckled, the sound low and throaty. "Oh, I think you'll enjoy this," she replied. She raised the paddle and brought it down with a sharp smack against Perona's ass.