

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 thusly : 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 enough time, 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.