

# French Affairs

## The reasons why it is impossible for Zoro not to hate France - at least a little

Von Sanni-O

### Kapitel 9: 19th Dec - Bad vibrations

French Affairs – Chapter 9

19th December - Bad vibrations

When Sanji heard the door of his apartment being unlocked he rose to his feet in wonderment and walked over to the hallway to see what was going on. As soon as he laid eyes on the two men standing in the doorway he felt his painstakingly held poise slip. Having Zoro disappearing on him again was a nuisance but he had kept his faith in the cognitively sub-optimised moss-ball's decency to show up again. Now that he did, and even had Lucci with him, Sanji got royally pissed.

Lucci, the shitty bastard, could at least have called him and told him that he was accompanying the moron! A rather drunk moron on top of that.

Giving vent to his anger he yelled at Lucci: "Why the hell are you with him? Moreover, you let him get drunk like this and then dare to deliver this piece of shit home like I had no other problems than dealing with him!"

"He was causing trouble and I decided to have an eye on him so you wouldn't have to bail him out of prison first thing in the morning," Lucci explained bluntly and dragged Zoro over to the couch to let him slump on it.

"I didn't do anything wrong," Zoro stated sounding soberer than he obviously was.

"Why the hell are you hurt anyway, shitty bastard?" Sanji shouted at him but didn't get a reply. This was so annoying the hell out of him.

"I'm talking to you!" he shouted again and slapped Zoro on the head to get his attention.

"If I were you I would hurry up and drag him over to the bathroom," Lucci interrupted casually and sat down on the couch next to Zoro yet farther away than he would usually do.

"What?" Sanji asked irritated. "Why?"

"I guess he will throw up pretty soon."

"This can't be real," Sanji sighed and slapped Zoro on the head once again. "Hey idiot, drag your arse over to the bathroom yourself! Feel me? I'll freaking carve you if you dare to vomit on my couch!"

"No way in hell," Zoro replied and Sanji felt his anger threaten to boil over. "Splendid! Moron! And here I thought you couldn't get drunk." So now the idiot wasn't even able to walk these few meters into the bathroom. He would not carry him. Definitely.

"He had one bottle of absinthe," Lucci said matter-of-factly.

"One entire bottle? If he dies on me tonight I swear I'll kick your arse, Lucci."

Zoro groaned a little and caught Sanji's attention by it. The blonde cook watched his personal nightmare turning a little green in the face, thought it didn't match his hair colour, and as soon as he realized that the bastard was torn between throwing up on the carpet or behind the backrest of the couch, he made a decision.

He lifted Zoro from the couch and carried him over to the bathroom. Bridal style. Much to his displeasure, since he would have preferred carrying one of the beautiful ladies he knew like that after marrying her. It was embarrassing, annoying, and a very close call.

Zoro threw up the moment his knees touched the ground. It grossed Sanji out, despite being a sorry picture seeing the proud swordfighter like this. It pissed Sanji off that Zoro had let himself go like this.

"Just you wait," he grumbled standing right behind Zoro. "As soon as you are sober again I'll kick your shitty arse. Making me worry by disappearing again. How the fuck do you think I could explain your running off to Ruffy for the second time, eh?"

"Cook," Zoro was able to mutter between gagging.

"What is it?"

"Shut up."

Sanji did and even left Zoro alone so he could send some more prayers to the porcelain god without being watched. It was not that exciting to watch him anyway.

Back in the living room he sat down next to Lucci on the couch and surveyed him. He looked as disinterested as always. Heavens knew why the sweet and beautiful Robin was in love with him.

"What happened?" Sanji asked.

"He got drunk at the Au Diable Vos Verres, picked a fight with someone called Daz Bones, and got even drunker afterwards."

Well, that was one hell of a precise and colourful description.

"How do you fit in the picture?"

"I heard the police radio messages by chance and the description fit the picture in his Royal Navy personnel file, so I decided to give it a try and go check it."

"Like Zoro and some other idiot would listen to my landlord telling them to stop whatever they were doing. As whom did you introduce yourself?"

"Police. That's what I officially am, you know?"

"I do. Telling people 'hands up, this is the CP9, special task force of the SIS, better known as the MI6' wouldn't have the same effect, I guess."

"Correct."

Lucci was such a party pooper with his unfunny attitude. So, back to the main topic.

"Why did the idiot run off? Did he tell you?"

"He did."

"Are you going to tell me?"

"No."

Could this be true? This bastard knew everything and refused to share his wisdom? On the other hand, this was Lucci. He was the most secretive man Sanji had ever met, which was the main reason he trusted him.

"Fine, forget it," Sanji added and yawned. "I'll ask the turf-head tomorrow."

"Very well. I'll take my leave now. Take care."

Lucci had been right on time to be gone when said nausea-fighter showed up in the living room again. Sanji looked at him with resentment.

"Usually it's not my stile but I hope you have a really shitty hangover tomorrow," he spat and got up. He put his hand on Zoro's back and pushed him towards his bedroom making sure the idiot didn't disappear again.

"I'm sorry," Zoro suddenly said.

"Fuck you. Tell me that when you are sober or leave it, shithead."

"Why are you so bitchy? I'm trying to be nice here," Zoro complained. After sitting down on his bed he leaned over very carefully to remove his shoes. Sanji hoped the retard wouldn't throw up again. Else he would have to kill him. While watching him struggling with his boot laces, he answered his question.

"I'm angry because you cut my chest and then blamed me for it—as if I could really predict your fucking movements. How the hell am I supposed to know that you do round-house strikes when you never did it before, eh? And best for last: You ran off again and, although I told you to take at least my mobile with you when you leave, you didn't. And when you finally return you are pissed as a fart and bleeding," Sanji explained but Zoro looked like he didn't get it.

"All of this tells me what?"

"That you are an arsehole, everything is your damn fault and you're a shitty nuisance. I can't wait for you to leave and give me my life back again!"

Since Zoro had appeared, he had been messing with Sanji's neatly ordered life, but up until now Sanji hadn't considered it a bother.

Directing his attention back on Zoro he realised, that he looked at him like a kicked puppy. Seeing him like that was most likely the only good part in having him really drunk—not because Sanji liked it, but because it was a very honest reaction. Notoriously, drunkards and children told the truth and maybe Zoro really was sorry. But Sanji wouldn't let him get off the hook so easily. He wanted the moron to be honest when he was sober. He wanted him to learn his lesson and apologize so he didn't have to be angry with him anymore. And most of all, he wanted him to stay. Sanji left without saying another word.

--- Thank you so much for reading my story ---

:) and thank you just as much for you comments :)