

# Deep inside

## What's this feeling?

Von abgemeldet

### Kapitel 1:

Deep inside

Series: One Piece

Pairing: SanjixZoro

Rating: G

Author's note:

I think there really need to be more One Piece yaoi stories. ^\_\_\_\_\_  
I switched POVs, but didn't want to write Sanji POV, Zoro POV, etc.  
So, Shiru-san, thanks for the idea. ^\_\_\_\_\_  
Please review!!!!

~Rina~

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Deep inside

Stupid cook.

Nami-chan here, Nami-chan there. Doesn't he notice how stupid he acts.

He so is embarrassing himself.

Stupid cook.

I sit on a hammock, polishing my sword as I watch Sanji dance around Nami.

What's so special about her? She's greedy and has nothing else on her mind than money.

Wait a sec.

Am I actually... jealous?

I shake my head hard to get this thought out of my mind.

Damn it.

But, I have to admit that cook isn't really bad looking. Actually, he's kinda sexy.

Such a smooth, ivory skin, golden hair hanging into his eyes. And such grace. Like a panther.

I let out a long sigh and concentrate on polishing my swords, peeling my eyes off of the man dancing around Nami.

I suddenly feel a prescence next to me, and look up to be greeted by a grinning face. Sanji's standing there, cigarette in his mouth and hands in his pockets.

"Polishing again swordsman? Isn't there anything else you can do, besides working out or polishing your swords?" he asks, taking a drag of his cigarette.

"And do you have anything else on your mind than 'Nami-chan'," I imitate him.

He frowns.

"Well, at least I am interested in anybody than myself." With that he stomps away.

I try to block out the rage rising up inside of me.

Oh, if he would only know how much I care about a certain blonde cook.

I glare after him, before grimly turning back to my swords.

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I leave the sowerdsman alone and sit down at the rail and watch Zoro from that distance.

I wish he would notice me sometimes and not just when he's hungry and demands food.

I take another drag from my cigarette and sigh.

If he would at least show any emotion besides rage or annoyance.

All the time I try to hang around Nami. To get my mind off the green haired man.

I never wanted to admit this to myself, always shutting the thought deep into the back of my mind. But one day I caught myself staring at him, while he was doing his daily work out.

I watched his muscles flex under the tanned skin and the long scar, leading from his collarbone down to his right hipbone.

I never really understood why he let himself be tortured like that. Why didn't he just surrender?

When he fell into the water with that big scar I was so afraid he could be dead. I was shocked by those feelings I felt, even though I didn't even know the swordsman by then.

I came to the 'Going Merry' about one year ago. I never met anybody I trusted, except for that old cook of the 'Barratie'. And now I feel like I want to share everything with the green haired man. I want to trust him. And I want him to trust me. But I just don't know how to get close to him.

Luffy can make him smile pretty often by just being an annoying brat. Maybe because of the straw hat's cheerfullness and his stubborn mature he's able to reach Zoro.

And make him smile.

I take one last drag from my cigarette before I shuffle to the door of the galley to prepare dinner.

Maybe tonight I can finally tell him about what I feel...

Tbc

Author's note:

So, how was that? My first ZoroxSanji fic, even though this is my favorite pairing.

I think there aren't enough One Piece yaoi stories out there.

But I think there isn't even one One Piece yuri story.

Maybe I should write one soon... ^\_\_\_\_^

~Rina~