

# Deep inside

Von abgemeldet

## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Kapitel 1:</b>	.....	2
<b>Kapitel 2:</b>	.....	4

## 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~

~~~~~

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.

\*\*\*\*

I leave the swordsman 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 cheerfulness and his stubborn nature 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~

## Kapitel 2:

Author's note: So, here's the 2nd chapter. There will be another chapter, but I'm really busy,  
since school started last week.  
Well, I hope you enjoy. And thanks to all who reviewed and liked my story!  
This is for you! ^\_\_\_\_^

~Rina~

~~~~~

### Deep inside Chapter 2

I finish work out and open the door to the galley to see the other crew members gathered around the table.

Usopp is telling one of his stories and Luffy listens to him excitedly, his eyes shining. Nami is working at one of her nautical charts. As always.

Then I lie my eyes on the cook. He's standing in front of the herd, preparing the meal. I pull out a chair from under the table and sit down, watching Sanji from where I sit. His movements are professional and gracious and he's concentrated at what he's doing.

He turns around and puts the food onto the table. Luffy immediately grabs a bowl, and starts shoving food into his mouth.

I'm not hungry at all and Luffy gladly accepts my portion of the meal.  
But I just can't take my eyes off that cook.

Damn it, I really have to do something. Feeling such a strong emotion and not being able to tell that person is pretty hard. Even for a tough swordsman like me.

I get up, nodding to the others and walk out onto the deck. As I reach the front of the 'Going Merry' I slump down into the hammock to take a short nap.

\*\*\*

I gather away the dirty dishes and start cleaning the galley. Afterwards I walk outside, lighting a cigarette and taking a deep drag from it.

Tonight is the night. I have to talk to Zoro. I can't stand to hold my feelings inside

anymore.

I look for the green haired man all over the ship, first in his room, then at the spot he's always doing his work out.

Finally I find him, lying in the hammock, his eyes closed and his arms crossed behind his head. I stand there for a moment, finishing my cigarette, before I walk over to him. He notices me and opens one eye to look at me.

"What is it?" he asks.

"Zoro, I have to talk to you. It's important." He raises his eyebrows and sits up straight to look into my eyes. I sit down next to him on the hammock and avoid to look at him.

"So, what's so important?" Geez, it's harder than I thought.

I was fascinated by the green haired man the day I first saw him. His strenght and will power. He would never surrender, even if it means his death.

"Well, it's about you and... and me." His eyebrows raise even higher.

"What about us?" I start to fumble with the collar of my shirt, still looking anywhere but at him.

"You know, it's not that easy. I can't really explain it, because I don't understand it myself completely."

\*\*\*

Why is he so nervous? And why the hell can't he just spill it out?  
I feel my heartbeat fasten while I watch the blonde man trying his best not to look at me.

I tentively grab one of his hands, which was fumbling with his shirt, to hold it still, because his actions make me nervous.

His head shoots up and finally his eyes meet mine.  
I can see the unsureness and something else I can't define, in his eyes.  
Only then I notice my hand, still resting on his.

The moment I want to pull it away his grip on my hand tightens and he doesn't stop looking into my eyes.  
Is it possible that he feels the same way I feel?  
But what exactly is it I'm feeling? Admiration? Affection?

Love?

Well, the worst thing that could happen is that he kicks me and calls me a freak. But I can live with that.

Can I?

I finally decide to take the last step and lean forward to capture his lips with mine. His eyes widen at first and he seems to be taken aback, but soon enough he's returning the kiss shyly, his hands finding their way into my short hair. He pulls lightly at it, while the kiss deepens, and I can feel his tongue licking across my bottom lip. I open my mouth and his tongue slips inside. He tastes like cigarettes and wine and I move my arms around his waist, to pull him closer.

\*\*\*

Man, I can't believe this. I must be dreaming. Again.

A very, very realistical dream.

I don't know when that man learned to kiss like that, but I could melt in his arms right now. Thank god I'm sitting or else my knees would buckle and my legs would give away.

I caress his neck with my thumb and his arm with my other hand, while his arms encircle my waist and he pulls me closer.

He's so strong and I feel safe in his arms. Maybe that's what I was looking for for such a long time. Someone who protects me, no matter what. Back at the 'Barratie' I had the chief. He always acted like he dispised me, but I know he cared for me a lot. With Zoro it feels like I can just let go and he'll catch me.

After a few minutes I need air and we pull apart, looking into each others eyes. He's panting slightly and his hair's tousled a bit. We sit there a little longer before our lips connect again for another kiss.

\*\*\*

As we pull apart I can see his face, a little flushed, making him look even more adorable. I'm panting and so is he. Soon our lips meet again and he's kissing me hungrily. I move to push him backwards, until he's lying with his back in the hammock. We never broke the kiss and I try to move over him, without losing my balance. He's cupping my face with his hands and I'm holding onto his hips tight, before I straddle his hips with my thighs. His mouth escapes a moan and it's drving me crazy. I didn't realize just how much I wanted - needed - the blonde cook.

He looks so vulnerable. If I wouldn't know how strong he is, I would always be scared to break him, because he looks so fragile.

When I look at him, all I want is to protect him. To not let anybody near him.

Geez, I never thought I could be this possesive...

We pull apart for a second time and he speaks up.

"I'm not good with words. So I let my actions speak for themselves." He grins and raises one eyebrow.

"Oh, they made everything very clear." I smirk and lean down to give him a quick kiss. He smiles into the kiss and I pull away again.

"Let's go to my room. It's getting chilly." With that I get up and hold out a hand for him. He takes it and doesn't let go of it until we reach my room.

I open the door and lead him inside. Before I close it I think about what else tonight will bring.

And with that thought I close the door shut...

Tbc

~~~~~

Author's note: 2nd Chapter over. What do you think? I tried to bring in more of Sanji's and Zoro's emotions, because some people said the first chapter was more like an outline.

Well, I always try to improve my writing so I'm glad about constructive suggestions, not like 'I didn't like it' or 'You just write fics to get some fans' --\_\_\_\_-- That's such bullsh\*t.

Well, please review! ^\_\_\_\_^

~Rina~