Testing the Theory

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1192.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Slash (M/M), Getting Together
Fandom:	One Piece (Manga)
Relationship:	Roronoa Zoro/Sanji
Characters:	Roronoa Zoro, Sanji (One Piece), Franky (One Piece), Usopp (One Piece), Brook (One Piece)
Additional Tags:	Post-Time Skip, Love Confessions, Pining, Sexuality Crisis, Bisexual Awakening, Pining Roronoa Zoro, First Time Bottoming, Bottom Sanji (One Piece), Top Roronoa Zoro, Blow Jobs, Deepthroating, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Rimming, Multiple Orgasms, Overstimulation, Spanking, Hair Pulling, Praise Kink, Possessive Behavior, Crying During Sex, Porn with Feelings, Aftercare
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-04 Words: 15,518 Chapters: 1/1

Testing the Theory

by Baamon5evr

Summary

Sanji is straight. He’s sure of it. He stays sure right up until Zoro describes exactly what he does in bed and admits who he was thinking about the whole time.

Zoro said six times. Zoro meant six times.

The bar was warm and loud with laughter, the kind of easy camaraderie that only came after a successful mission and several rounds of drinks. Sanji leaned back in his chair, cigarette dangling from his lips as he gestured expansively with his glass.

"And then she said, 'Oh Sanji, you're the most romantic man I've ever met!'" He took a long drag, exhaling smoke with a satisfied smile. "Of course, I prepared her a five-course meal by candlelight. A woman's heart is won through her stomach and her soul, not just her body."

"SUPER romantic!" Franky bellowed, slamming his enormous hand on the table. "Though nothing compares to my Robin. She's a babe among women. The way her mind works, the way she reads those books, the way she—"

"We get it, we get it," Usopp interrupted, waving his hand. "You worship the ground she walks on. But let me tell you about the time I had three women fighting over me in that village—"

"You mean the time three women were fighting and you happened to be standing nearby?" Sanji interjected with a smirk.

"No! They were definitely fighting over me! I had just defeated that giant sea monster—"

"You mean the regular-sized fish?" Zoro's gravelly voice cut through, and Usopp deflated slightly.

Brook's skeletal fingers tapped against his teacup. "Yohoho! Speaking of women, I must say the panties I saw in the last port were exquisite. I'd rank them a solid 8 out of 10. The lace was delicate, the color was a lovely lavender."

"How do you even see panties?" Usopp asked. "You're a skeleton!"

"A gentleman never reveals his secrets! Yohoho!"

Franky turned his attention to Zoro who had been quietly drinking, his consumption far outpacing everyone else's without showing any signs of intoxication. "Hey Zoro, you've been pretty quiet. What about you? Any conquests to share?"

Zoro took another swig of beer, his expression unchanging. "Not interested in sharing."

"Come on!" Usopp leaned forward. "You never talk about this stuff. We're all friends here!"

"There's nothing to talk about."

Sanji exhaled smoke, studying Zoro with narrowed eyes. "That's because the mosshead probably can't get anyone interested. Who'd want to sleep with someone who gets lost on the way to the bedroom?"

Zoro's eye slid toward Sanji, unimpressed. "I do fine."

"Oh really?" Sanji's tone was mocking. "Do tell."

"Men, mostly," Zoro said flatly, taking another drink.

The table went silent for a moment. Brook's teacup paused halfway to his mouth. Franky's sunglasses seemed to gleam with interest. Usopp's jaw dropped slightly.

"Wait, really?" Usopp asked. "You're... gay?"

"Yeah." Zoro's tone suggested this was about as interesting as discussing the weather.

"Huh." Franky scratched his chin. "Never would've guessed. You're so... stoic about everything."

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"Nothing, nothing! Just surprising is all." Franky leaned back. "So like... how's that different? From being with women, I mean?"

Zoro shrugged. "Different anatomy."

"Well obviously," Sanji said, stubbing out his cigarette. "But like... how does it work? I mean…" He paused, seeming genuinely curious despite himself. "Who does what?"

"Depends on preference."

"And yours?" Usopp asked, leaning forward with the fascination of someone hearing about an entirely foreign concept.

"I top."

Brook tilted his skull. "Forgive my curiosity, but is the experience significantly different? In terms of pleasure, I mean?"

"It's good."

"That's it?" Sanji scoffed. "'It's good'? Come on, mosshead. You're being deliberately vague."

"What do you want me to say, cook?"

"I don't know, something more than one-word answers. We're all sitting here sharing stories and you're being a brick wall."

Zoro's eye narrowed slightly. "Fine. It's intense. Guys know what feels good because they have the same equipment. When you're inside a guy, the angle's different. It's tighter a lot of the time. The prostate makes it—"

"The what?" Usopp interrupted.

"Prostate," Zoro repeated. "It's like a... pleasure spot inside. When you hit it right, it makes guys lose their minds."

"Fascinating!" Brook exclaimed. "The male body truly is a wonder! Though I suppose I wouldn't know, being all bones!"

Franky nodded thoughtfully. "So it's like a guaranteed good time if you know what you're doing?"

"*If* you know what you're doing," Zoro confirmed.

Sanji lit another cigarette, his expression skeptical. "And I suppose you're an expert?"

"I do fine."

"'Fine' isn't exactly impressive, mosshead."

Zoro's jaw tightened slightly. "Better than fine."

"Oh?" Sanji's tone was mocking, that familiar antagonism creeping in. "Big talk from someone who probably fumbles around in the dark."

"I don't fumble."

"Sure you don't. I bet your partners just lie there thinking about grocery lists while you—"

"My partners come at least four times before I'm done with them," Zoro retorted, his voice low and even. "Sometimes six. They're usually giggling and speechless by the end, so fucked-out they can barely remember their own names."

The table went silent again, but this time the air of the silence was charged.

Sanji's cigarette had paused halfway to his lips. "Bullshit."

"It's not."

"Four to six times?" Usopp's voice had gone slightly high-pitched. "That's... that's not possible, is it?"

"It is if you know what you're doing," Zoro defended, his tone matter-of-fact. "Start with your mouth. Get them hard, get them desperate. Make them come once just to take the edge off. Then you work them open with your fingers, find that spot inside and massage it until they're begging. That's usually the second time. Then you rim them—"

"Rim?" Franky interrupted.

"Tongue," Zoro clarified. "In the ass. Gets them relaxed and sensitive. Sometimes they come from that alone if you're good at it. Then when you finally fuck them, you go slow at first. Let them adjust. Then you angle your hips just right, hit that spot with every thrust and they come again without even touching themselves. After that, it's just a matter of stamina. Change positions, keep hitting that spot, maybe jerk them off while you're inside them. By the time you're done, they're a mess. Smiling, laughing, can't form sentences. Completely satisfied."

Sanji was staring at Zoro, his cigarette forgotten. There was something in his expression. Skepticism, yes, but also something else. Something that looked almost like arousal quickly hidden behind a scoff.

"You're full of shit," Sanji said, but his voice lacked its usual conviction.

"Believe what you want." Zoro drained his beer mug and poured another.

"I mean, it sounds impressive if it's true," Franky said. "But that's a lot of claims, bro."

"I don't need to prove anything to you."

"Because you can't," Sanji said, recovering his composure. "You're just talking big."

Zoro's eye met Sanji's and there was something dangerous in that gaze. "I've never had complaints."

"That doesn't mean—"

"They come back," Zoro interrupted. "Every single one. Begging for more. Because I fuck them so good they can't think straight. I make them feel things they've never felt before. I take my time, I pay attention and I don't stop until they're completely wrecked. So yeah, cook. I know what I'm doing."

Sanji's throat bobbed as he swallowed. He took a long drag of his cigarette, looking away. "Whatever. You're still full of shit."

But his voice was quieter now, and there was a faint flush on his cheeks that might have been from the alcohol. Or might not have been.

The conversation shifted after that, moving to other topics: upcoming islands, supplies they needed, a story Usopp insisted on telling about a "giant" he'd definitely fought. The night wore on, and one by one, the crew members excused themselves.

"I should check on Robin," Franky said, standing with a stretch. "Make sure she's not reading too late. SUPER bad for her eyes!"

"I shall retire as well," Brook said, standing with a clatter. "Though I have no eyes! Yohoho! Good night, gentlemen!"

"Yeah, I'm exhausted," Usopp said, yawning dramatically. "All that drinking really takes it out of you."

Soon it was just Zoro and Sanji, the bar quieter now, the candles burning low. Sanji was on his fourth cigarette, and while he was tipsy, he wasn't drunk. Zoro had consumed enough alcohol to fell a normal man three times over, but he just seemed buzzed, a slight relaxation in his usually rigid posture.

"You really weren't kidding about your constitution," Sanji observed, pouring himself another drink. "Most people would be passed out by now."

"Takes more than that."

They sat in silence for a moment, the kind that wasn't entirely uncomfortable but wasn't entirely comfortable either.

"So," Sanji said finally, "all that stuff you said earlier. About sex."

"What about it?"

"Was it true? Or were you just trying to shut me up?"

Zoro considered this. "It was true."

"Huh." Sanji took a drag, exhaling slowly. "Must be nice, being that confident."

"You're confident with women."

"That's different. I know women. I understand romance, courtship, the dance of it all. Love and sex aren't separate things, they're intertwined. You can't have one without the other, not really. Not if you're doing it right."

Zoro snorted. "That's bullshit."

"Excuse me?"

"Love and sex aren't the same thing. You can have great sex with someone you don't love and you can love someone without ever touching them."

"That's a sad way to look at it," Sanji frowned. "Sex without love is just... mechanical. Empty."

"Not if both people know what they want. Not if they're honest about it."

"So you've never been in love?" Sanji asked, an almost pitying tone in his voice.

Zoro's jaw tightened. "I didn't say that."

"Oh?" Sanji raised an eyebrow. "The great Roronoa Zoro has a heart after all. Who's the lucky guy?"

"None of your business."

"Come on, you can tell me. We're nakama, right? We've fought together, bled together. What's a little secret between crewmates?"

"Drop it, cook."

Sanji was tipsy enough to be persistent, curious enough to push. "Is it someone on the crew? Someone we've met? Come on, moss, throw me a bone here."

"Why do you care?"

"Because I'm curious! You're always so closed off about this stuff. After all that talk about your sexual prowess, I want to know if there's actually someone you care about or if you're just talking out your ass."

"It's you," Zoro replied flatly.

Sanji's cigarette fell from his lips.

"What?"

"You heard me."

"No, I—" Sanji scrambled to pick up his cigarette, stubbing it out before it could burn the table. "You can't be serious."

"I am."

"But I'm— I'm not—" Sanji's face had gone pale. He stood abruptly, his chair scraping against the floor. "This is insane. You're insane. This is some kind of joke, right? You're fucking with me because I pushed too hard about the sex thing."

"It's not a joke."

"It has to be." Sanji laughed, but it sounded wrong, brittle. "Because if it's not, then you're telling me that you— that I—" He couldn't finish the sentence. "I need to go."

But Sanji didn't move. He stood there, frozen, his back to Zoro. After a long moment, he turned around. "How long?"

"Two years."

"Two years?" Sanji's voice cracked. "You've been— for two years you've been walking around with—" He ran a hand through his hair, messing it up. "Why didn't you say anything?"

"What was I supposed to say?"

"I don't know! Something! Anything!" Sanji's voice was rising. "You can't just keep something like that to yourself for two fucking years and then drop it on me like— like it's nothing!"

"I didn't plan to tell you."

"Then why did you?"

"You pushed."

Sanji let out a harsh breath. He grabbed his cigarette case with trembling hands, pulling out another one. It took him three tries to light it.

"I'm not gay, Zoro. I like women. Only women. I've never even thought about—" He took a long drag, exhaling shakily. "I've never looked at a man that way. Not once."

"I know."

"Then what the fuck do you expect me to do with this information?" Sanji demanded. "What am I supposed to say? 'Oh, that's nice, thanks for sharing'? Do you want me to— to what? Feel sorry for you?"

"I don't want anything from you."

"Bullshit." Sanji pointed his cigarette at Zoro accusingly. "You wouldn't have told me if you didn't want something."

Zoro was quiet for a moment. "Maybe I just wanted you to know. Maybe I'm tired of pretending I don't feel anything when you're around."

"Well, congratulations," Sanji said bitterly. "Now I know and everything's fucked up." He moved toward the door. "I should go."

But again, Sanji stopped.

“This doesn't make sense," he said finally, his voice quieter. "We fight all the time. We can barely stand each other half the time. How could you…"

"I don't know," Zoro admitted. "It just happened."

"Things like that don't 'just happen.'" Sanji turned around, crossing his arms over his chest. "When did you... when did you realize?"

"Alabasta. You made that stew."

"Stew? The one you said tasted like shit?"

"Yeah. That one." Zoro's mouth quirked slightly. "It was good. I just... couldn't admit it."

Sanji stared at him. "You're telling me you fell in love with me over a bowl of stew?"

"It wasn't just the stew. It was... everything. The way you move in the kitchen. The way you fight. The way you care about the crew even when you're pretending you don't." Zoro shrugged. "I tried to stop feeling it. Didn't work."

"Fuck." Sanji took another drag, his hand still shaking. "This is so fucked up."

"I'm not gay," Sanji said again, like he was trying to convince himself.

"I know."

"I like women. I love women. The way they smell, the way they move, the softness of their skin, the curve of their—" He stopped abruptly, looking away. "I'm not attracted to men."

"Okay."

Sanji was fidgeting now, shifting his weight from foot to foot, unable to stand still.

“Earlier, when you were talking about... about what you do, how you make people feel during sex..."

"Yeah?"

Sanji didn't answer right away. He took another drag, exhaling slowly. "Were you..." He swallowed hard. "Were you thinking about me? When you said all that?"

Zoro's silence was answer enough.

Sanji's breath hitched. "Fuck." He ran his free hand through his hair again, making it stand up at odd angles. "Fuck, Zoro, you can't just—"

"I didn't mean to. You asked."

"I know I asked!" Sanji's voice was strained. "But I didn't think— I didn't expect—" He couldn't seem to finish any of his sentences. He stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray on the table, then immediately reached for another one. "This is insane."

"You keep saying that."

"Because it is!" Sanji lit the new cigarette, his hands still trembling. "You're in love with me. You've been in love with me for two years. You've been thinking about— about doing those things to me. And I'm supposed to just... what? Process that? Move on? Pretend you never said anything?"

"If that's what you want."

"I don't know what I want!" Sanji exploded. He started pacing, unable to stay still. "I don't know anything right now. My head is spinning and I can't think straight and—" He stopped abruptly, laughing without humor. "Can't think straight. That's fucking ironic."

"Sanji—"

"No, don't." Sanji held up a hand. "Don't say anything. Just... give me a minute." He paced back and forth, smoking furiously. Zoro watched him, patient, waiting.

After what felt like an eternity, Sanji stopped. He looked at Zoro, really looked at him, and there was something raw and confused in his expression.

"This is too much. I need to— I should go." He moved toward the door, this time not stopping.

"Wait." Zoro stood and there was something in his voice that made Sanji pause. "Let me walk you back."

"I don't need—"

"You're out of it," Zoro said, his tone gentle in a way Sanji had never heard before. "You're spiraling. Just... let me make sure you get back okay."

Sanji turned to look at him. The concern in Zoro's expression caught him off guard. It wasn't pity or judgment, it was genuine worry. For him. The realization made something in Sanji's chest tighten.

"Okay," he said quietly.

They left the bar together, stepping out into the cool night air. The streets were mostly empty at this hour, just the occasional drunk stumbling home or late-night worker heading to their shift. Sanji lit another cigarette, and they walked in silence, the weight of everything unsaid pressing down between them.

Zoro kept pace beside him, not too close but close enough that Sanji was hyperaware of his presence. The silence stretched on, broken only by the sound of their footsteps and Sanji's occasional exhale of smoke.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Sanji spoke. "When you were talking earlier," he said, his voice low. "About... about what you do, how you make people feel… I got… aroused."

Zoro's steps faltered for just a moment before he recovered. "Okay."

"It's not okay," Sanji retorted, his voice tight. "I shouldn't have— I've never felt that way about a man before. But when you were describing it, making them come four to six times, fucking them until they're giggling and speechless..."

He trailed off, his face flushing even in the dim streetlight.

"I kept imagining it. Imagining you doing that… to me."

"And that scares you."

"Of course it fucking scares me." Sanji stopped walking, turning to face Zoro. "But I can't stop thinking about it. About whether... whether you could actually make me feel that way. Or if it's just my imagination running wild."

Zoro was quiet for a long moment, his expression unreadable. "What are you asking?"

"I don't know," Sanji admitted. "Maybe... maybe we could test it? See if there's actually something there or if I'm just confused."

"That's a bad idea," Zoro shot down immediately, something almost pained in his voice.

"Why?" Sanji demanded. "You said you wanted me. You said you've wanted me for two years. So why—"

"Because I don't want to hurt you," Zoro interrupted, the raw honesty in his voice catching Sanji off guard. "If we do this and it doesn't work, if you don't feel anything, it's going to fuck with your head. You're already spiraling. I don't want to make it worse."

Sanji stared at him. "You're... you're worried about me?"

"Of course I'm worried about you," Zoro replied, sounding almost frustrated. "You think I want to see you hurt?"

Something in Sanji's chest cracked open at those words. He'd never seen Zoro like this: vulnerable, concerned, putting someone else's wellbeing above his own desires (outside of Luffy of course). It was a side of him Sanji had never imagined existed and it was... compelling.

"What if we just..." Sanji started, then stopped. "What if we started small? Just to see?"

"What do you mean?"

"A kiss," Sanji suggested, the words tumbling out before he could second-guess them. "Just a kiss. That's... that's safe, right? We could see if there's actually something there without going too far."

Zoro studied him for a long moment. Sanji could see the conflict playing out across his face. Finally, he nodded slowly. "Okay. If that's what you want."

"It is," Sanji said, though his heart was pounding.

They were standing in the middle of the street, too exposed. Zoro seemed to realize it at the same time Sanji did. Without a word, he took Sanji's wrist gently, giving him every opportunity to pull away, before he led him into a nearby alleyway. It was dark and quiet, the sounds of the city muffled by the surrounding buildings.

Zoro turned to face him. In the dim light, his expression was serious. "You sure about this?"

"No," Sanji admitted. "But I want to try anyway."

Zoro stepped closer slowly, giving Sanji time to back away if he wanted to. When Sanji didn't move, Zoro reached up and cupped his jaw, his calloused hand surprisingly gentle.

"If you want to stop," Zoro said quietly, "just say so. Okay?"

Sanji nodded, not trusting his voice.

Zoro leaned in and their lips met in a kiss that was tentative and careful. Just a soft press of mouths, testing, exploring. Sanji's eyes fluttered closed as he felt Zoro's thumb stroke along his jawline in a gesture that was almost tender.

It was... nice, gentle, nothing like what Sanji thought it would be.

Zoro's tongue traced the seam of Sanji's lips, a silent question, and Sanji found himself opening for him without thinking. The kiss deepened, Zoro's tongue sliding against his, and suddenly it wasn't gentle anymore.

Heat flooded through Sanji's body as Zoro kissed him with increasing intensity. One of Zoro's hands moved to the back of Sanji's neck, holding him in place, while the other gripped his hip. Sanji made a sound in the back of his throat, something between a gasp and a moan. Zoro responded by pressing him back against the alley wall.

The brick was rough against Sanji's back, but he barely noticed. All he could focus on was Zoro's mouth on his, the way Zoro was coaxing him deeper into the kiss, drawing responses from him that Sanji didn't know he was capable of giving. His hands came up to grip Zoro's shoulders, not to push him away but to pull him closer.

Zoro kissed like he fought, with complete focus and devastating skill. He knew exactly how to angle his head, how much pressure to apply, when to pull back and when to press forward. Sanji felt like he was drowning in it, in the heat and the want and the overwhelming sensation of being kissed.

When they finally broke apart, both breathing hard, Sanji's mind was spinning. His lips felt swollen, his body was thrumming with arousal and he couldn't seem to form a coherent thought.

"Fuck," he breathed.

"Yeah," Zoro agreed, his voice rough.

They stared at each other in the darkness of the alley. Sanji could see his own desire reflected in Zoro's eyes. The kiss had answered his question. There was definitely something there, something intense and undeniable.

"We should..." Sanji started, then had to clear his throat. "We should go somewhere. Not here."

"The ship?" Zoro asked.

"The crow's nest," Sanji said, making the decision even as the words left his mouth. "It's private."

Zoro nodded, something almost reverent in his expression. "You're sure?"

"I'm sure," Sanji said, surprised to find that he meant it. "I want to see... I want to know if what you said is true. If you can really make me feel that way."

"Okay," Zoro agreed quietly. "But we go slow. And if you want to stop at any point, we will, no questions asked."

They left the alley together, walking side by side through the quiet streets toward the docks. The silence between them now was different, charged with anticipation and possibility.

Sanji's heart was racing, but it wasn't just fear anymore (though that wasn’t absent). It was excitement, curiosity, desire.

When they reached the Sunny, Zoro climbed the ladder to the crow's nest first and Sanji followed. His hands were shaking slightly as he climbed, but he didn't hesitate. When he reached the top, Zoro was already lighting a lantern, casting the space in soft, warm light.

The futon was in the corner, neatly made. Zoro's weights were stacked against one wall and the space smelled like steel, sweat, sword oil and sake.

Sanji stood in the center of the room, looking lost. "I don't know how to do this."

"That's okay." Zoro moved closer, slowly, like approaching a skittish animal. "We'll go slow. Like I said, if you want to stop at any point, we stop. No questions asked."

"Okay." Sanji's voice was small.

"Can I kiss you again?"

Sanji nodded, not trusting his voice.

Zoro closed the distance between them, one hand coming up to cup Sanji's jaw. He paused, giving Sanji one last chance to back out, and when Sanji didn't move away, Zoro leaned in and pressed their lips together.

It was gentle at first, almost chaste. Just a soft press of lips, testing, exploring. Sanji made a small sound in the back of his throat and Zoro took that as encouragement, deepening the kiss slightly. His tongue traced the seam of Sanji's lips, and after a moment's hesitation, Sanji opened for him.

The kiss grew heated, Zoro's tongue sliding against Sanji's, tasting beer and cigarettes. Sanji's hands came up to grip Zoro's shirt, not pushing away but pulling closer, and Zoro felt a surge of hope.

When they finally broke apart, both were breathing hard. Sanji's eyes were wide, his lips kiss-swollen and red.

"Good?" Zoro asked, his voice rough.

"Yeah," Sanji admitted. "Really good."

"Can I keep going?"

Sanji nodded and Zoro kissed him again, this time with more confidence. His hands moved to Sanji's waist, pulling him closer. Sanji went willingly, his body molding against Zoro's. They were nearly the same height, their bodies fitting together in a way that felt natural, right.

Zoro's hands slid under Sanji's shirt, feeling the warm skin beneath, the lean muscle. Sanji gasped into the kiss, his hips jerking forward involuntarily, and Zoro could feel that he was already half-hard.

"Still okay?" Zoro murmured against Sanji's lips.

"Yeah," Sanji breathed. "Don't stop."

Zoro pulled back just enough to unbutton Sanji's shirt. Sanji returned the favor, his hands trembling slightly as he tugged Zoro's shirt over his head. When they were both bare-chested, Zoro took a moment to just look at Sanji: the pale skin, the lean muscle, the way his chest rose and fell with rapid breaths.

"You're beautiful," Zoro said.

"Shut up," Sanji flushed.

"It's true."

Zoro kissed him again, walking them backward toward the futon. Sanji sat down on it heavily, looking up at Zoro with something like wonder in his eyes.

"I can't believe we're doing this," Sanji said.

"We can still stop."

"I don't want to stop." Sanji reached up, pulling Zoro down on top of him. "I want... I want to see if what you said was true.”

"I'll make you feel good," Zoro promised, settling between Sanji's legs. "I'll make you feel so good you forget your own name."

He kissed down Sanji's neck, finding the sensitive spot just below his ear and sucking gently. Sanji moaned, his hands coming up to tangle in Zoro's hair and Zoro smiled against his skin.

He continued his path downward, kissing and licking across Sanji's collarbone, down his chest. He paused at one nipple, circling it with his tongue before taking it into his mouth and sucking. Sanji arched off the futon with a cry, his cock now fully hard and straining against his pants.

"Fuck," Sanji gasped. "That's— that's really—"

"Good?" Zoro asked, moving to the other nipple and giving it the same treatment.

"Mmm."

Zoro continued downward, kissing across Sanji's abs, dipping his tongue into his navel. When he reached the waistband of Sanji's pants, he looked up, meeting his eyes.

"Can I?"

Sanji nodded frantically, lifting his hips to help as Zoro unbuttoned his pants and slid them down along with his underwear. Sanji's cock sprang free, hard and flushed and leaking at the tip.

"Pretty," Zoro said, causing Sanji to make an embarrassed sound.

"Don't— don't say things like that."

"Why not? It's true." Zoro wrapped his hand around Sanji's cock, giving it a slow stroke. "You have a beautiful cock, cook. Perfect size, nice and thick."

"Zoro," Sanji whined, his hips bucking into Zoro's grip.

"Impatient." Zoro smirked. "I like that."

He leaned down, maintaining eye contact as he licked a stripe up the underside of Sanji's cock. Sanji's eyes went wide, his mouth falling open in a silent moan. Zoro did it again, this time swirling his tongue around the head, tasting the precome that had gathered there.

"Oh fuck," Sanji breathed.

Zoro took him into his mouth, just the head at first, sucking gently. The wet heat was immediate and overwhelming. Sanji's hands flew to Zoro's hair, not pushing or pulling, just holding on like he needed something to anchor him to reality. His fingers tangled in the short green strands, trembling.

"Zoro," Sanji gasped, his voice already wrecked. "Oh, your mouth."

Zoro hummed around him, the vibration making Sanji's hips jerk involuntarily. He took Sanji deeper, inch by inch, his tongue working along the underside as he went. Sanji could feel every movement. The way Zoro's tongue traced the vein running up his shaft, the way his lips stretched around him, the wet slide as he took more and more.

"How are you—" Sanji's breath hitched as Zoro relaxed his throat, taking him deeper still. "How can you— Oh fuck…"

Zoro pulled back slowly, letting Sanji's cock slide almost all the way out before taking him deep again in one smooth motion. Sanji made a sound that was almost a sob, his whole body trembling. He'd had blowjobs before from women, but nothing like this. Nothing that felt this intense, this deliberate, this fucking good.

Zoro set up a rhythm, slow and steady, taking Sanji all the way down until his nose was pressed against Sanji's pelvis, then pulling back to suck at just the head. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked, creating a pressure that made Sanji see stars. His tongue was everywhere, swirling around the head, pressing against the sensitive spot just under the crown, licking along the shaft as he took Sanji deep.

"Oh seas, oh fuck, *Zoro*," Sanji couldn't form complete sentences anymore. His hips were moving on their own, trying to thrust up into that perfect heat, but Zoro's hands came up to hold them down, keeping Sanji pinned to the futon as he worked.

Sanji's breathing was ragged, coming in short gasps and moans. He could feel sweat beading on his skin, could feel his muscles tensing and releasing with each movement of Zoro's

mouth. His thighs were trembling, his stomach muscles clenching. Every nerve ending felt like it was on fire.

Zoro's own cock was achingly hard, straining against his pants, leaking steadily as he finally, *finally*, got to taste Sanji like this. Two years of wanting, of imagining, of lying awake at night thinking about what Sanji would taste like, what sounds he'd make. Now he was here, Sanji's cock heavy on his tongue, Sanji's hands in his hair, Sanji falling apart above him. It was almost too much. Zoro had to fight the urge to reach down and touch himself, to relieve some of the pressure, but he wouldn't, not yet. This was about Sanji. This had to be perfect for him.

Don't fuck this up, Zoro thought desperately, even as he took Sanji deeper. *Make him feel so good he can't imagine being with anyone else. Make him need this, need you.*

Sanji moaned as Zoro's hollowed his cheeks, sucking him deeply. It wasn't just the physical sensation, though that was overwhelming enough, it was the realization slowly dawning through the haze of pleasure that Zoro was doing this *for him*. Zoro, who'd been in love with him for two years, who'd confessed tonight with such raw honesty, was on his knees worshipping Sanji's cock like it was the most important thing in the world.

I don't usually— This isn't— Sanji's thoughts were fragmenting, denial clashing with the overwhelming evidence of his body's response. *I've never wanted a man before. I shouldn't want this. But god, I do. I want this so much.*

Zoro pulled off with a wet pop and Sanji actually whined at the loss, much to his internal embarrassment. Zoro's lips were red and swollen, slick with spit and precome, his eyes were dark with desire.

"Please," Sanji heard himself say, his voice desperate. "Please, don't stop, I need—"

"I know what you need," Zoro said, his voice rough and wrecked. His own breathing was unsteady, his hands trembling slightly where they gripped Sanji's hips. "I'm going to take care of you, cook. I'm going to make you feel good."

I'm going to make you need me, Zoro thought fiercely. *Going to make you feel so good you'll come back for more. Going to prove I can give you everything you need.*

The possessiveness in Zoro's voice, the devotion, sent a shiver through Sanji that had nothing to do with the physical and everything to do with being *wanted* like this. Zoro had chosen him, had been choosing him for two years, and now he was here proving it with every touch, every lick, every worshipful movement of his mouth.

"You're already making me feel so—" Sanji couldn't finish the thought because Zoro was taking him back into his mouth. This time he didn't start slow. He took Sanji all the way down in one smooth motion, his throat opening to accommodate him. Sanji's back arched off the futon.

Zoro groaned around Sanji's cock, the sound vibrating through them both as his own hips jerked involuntarily. He was so hard it hurt, his cock throbbing with every pulse of his

heartbeat, but he didn't care. The taste of Sanji on his tongue, the weight of him, the sounds he was making, it was everything Zoro had dreamed about and more.

Mine, Zoro thought possessively as he swallowed around Sanji. *Mine to pleasure. Mine to worship. Mine to make fall apart.*

"Fuck! Zoro, fuck, how are you—" Sanji's hands tightened in Zoro's hair, not pulling but holding on for dear life. He could feel Zoro swallowing around him, the muscles of his throat contracting. It was too much, it was so much.

He loves me, Sanji thought, the realization hitting him like a physical blow even as pleasure coiled tighter in his belly.

Zoro pulled back and dove down again, setting up a faster rhythm now. His head bobbed up and down, taking Sanji deep with each stroke. Sanji could hear the wet sounds of it, obscene and perfect. Zoro's tongue was working constantly, pressing and swirling and licking, finding every sensitive spot and exploiting it mercilessly.

Zoro's own body was trembling with the effort of holding back, of not coming untouched just from the taste of Sanji and the sounds he was making. His muscles were taut, his jaw aching, but he didn't slow down. He needed to make this perfect, needed to make Sanji understand what he could have, what Zoro could give him.

"I can't— I'm gonna—" Sanji's voice was high and desperate. His whole body was tensing, pleasure coiling tight in his belly, spreading through his limbs. His toes were curling, his fingers gripping Zoro's hair so tight it had to hurt, but Zoro didn't stop or slow down.

This is mine, Sanji thought through the haze of pleasure, possessiveness flooding through him alongside the pleasure. *Zoro is mine. He's doing this for me. He wants me. He chose me.*

The thought was intoxicating, more potent than any alcohol. Strong, stoic, powerful Zoro was on his knees for him, showing him with every movement how much he was wanted by him.

He could feel it building, that familiar pressure, but it was more intense than anything he'd ever felt before. It was like every orgasm he'd ever had was just a preview of this, a pale imitation.

"Zoro, I'm— I'm gonna come," Sanji tried to warn him, tried to give him a chance to pull off, but Zoro just took him deeper, swallowing around him again, and that was it.

His whole body went rigid, his back arching, his mouth falling open in a silent scream. Pleasure crashed through him in waves, so intense it was almost painful, and he could feel himself spilling down Zoro's throat, pulse after pulse after pulse.

Zoro didn't pull off. He stayed right there, swallowing everything Sanji gave him, his throat working around Sanji's cock, prolonging the orgasm until the blond was shivering, oversensitive and making desperate sounds.

It hit Zoro all at once that this was the culmination of two years of wanting, of dreaming, of imagining this exact moment. The taste of Sanji on his tongue, the sounds he was making, the way his body trembled and his hands gripped Zoro's hair. The feel of Sanji coming in his mouth, trusting him with this, letting him have this after everything.

It was too much.

Zoro's whole body went rigid, his eyes squeezing shut as pleasure crashed through him unexpectedly. A desperate, strangled groan escaped his throat, muffled around Sanji's cock.

Fuck, Zoro thought through the haze of pleasure and mortification. *Fuck, no, not like this.*

He couldn't stop it no matter how much he wanted to. The orgasm tore through him, intense and overwhelming, his hips jerking involuntarily as he came in his pants like some inexperienced teenager. His hands tightened on Sanji's thighs, holding on as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through him.

Thank you, he thought desperately, even through the embarrassment. *Thank you for trusting me with this. For letting me have you like this.*

When Zoro finally pulled off, he was breathing hard, his face flushed both from his activities and embarrassment.

Sanji was staring at him with wide, dazed eyes, his chest heaving as he tried to remember how to breathe. His whole body felt like it was made of liquid, boneless and trembling. His gaze dropped lower to the obvious wet spot darkening the front of Zoro's pants.

Zoro felt heat flooding his face even more. Actual embarrassment was something he rarely experienced. He looked away, his jaw tight. "I— fuck. Sorry. That wasn't—" He cleared his throat roughly. "I didn't mean to—"

"You came," Sanji asked, his voice still wrecked but filled with wonder. "You came just from sucking me off?"

"It's been two years," Zoro said defensively, still not meeting Sanji's eyes. "And the sounds you were making, the way you—" He cut himself off, shaking his head. "I can still keep going. I have plenty of stamina. This doesn't affect what I can do for you, I promise."

Sanji wasn't really listening to his words. He was still staring at the evidence of Zoro's loss of control, at the vulnerability written across Zoro's face.

He wants me that much, Sanji thought, stunned. *He lost control because he's wanted me for two years and finally got to have me.*

Maybe it was selfish or egotistical to feel some sense of gratification, satisfaction and possessiveness over the fact that Zoro, *Zoro* of all people, wanted him this badly. Sanji didn’t really care.

"Zoro," Sanji said, his voice rough.

"I know, I’m sorry. It was stupid. It wont—"

Sanji grabbed Zoro by the front of his shirt and pulled him down into a fierce, desperate kiss. It was aggressive, possessive, claiming. Sanji's tongue pushed into Zoro's mouth without hesitation, not caring that he could taste himself there, not caring about anything except showing Zoro that he wanted this, wanted *him*.

Zoro made a surprised sound against his mouth, but then he was kissing back just as desperately, his hands coming up to cup Sanji's face. The kiss was heated and messy, all teeth and tongue and need. When they finally broke apart, both were breathing hard.

"You came just from that," Sanji said, his voice intense. "Just from having me. From wanting me."

"Yeah," Zoro admitted, still looking embarrassed but unable to deny it.

Sanji's hands tightened in Zoro's shirt. "That's the hottest thing I've ever seen."

Sanji pulled him down for another kiss, this one slower but no less intense. When they broke apart again, Zoro was staring at him with something like wonder in his eyes.

"I want you to keep showing me how I make you feel."

"You sure?" Zoro asked, his voice rough. "Because once we keep going—"

"I'm sure," Sanji interrupted firmly. " I want you, Zoro. Show me everything you promised."

Zoro kissed him again, softer this time. "Okay. I’ve got you, Curls."

He reached over to the bag he had propped up against the bench next to the futon. He rummaged around for a moment before pulling out a bottle of lube. Sanji's eyes widened.

"You just... have that there all the time?"

"I practically live up here," Zoro said simply. "Now spread your legs for me."

Sanji hesitated for just a moment before complying, his face flushed with embarrassment and arousal. Zoro settled between his legs again, pouring oil onto his fingers and warming it between his palms.

"This might feel weird at first," he warned. "But I promise it'll feel good. Just relax."

He started with one finger, circling Sanji's hole gently before pressing inside. Sanji tensed immediately, his breath catching.

"Relax," Zoro murmured, using his free hand to stroke Sanji's thigh soothingly. "Just breathe."

Sanji took a shaky breath, forcing his muscles to relax. Zoro pressed deeper. He moved slowly, carefully, letting Sanji adjust to the intrusion. When he was fully inside, he paused,

giving Sanji time to get used to the feeling.

"Okay?" Zoro asked, his voice gentle.

"Yeah," Sanji said, his voice tight and uncertain. "It's... weird. Really weird. Not painful, just strange. Like I shouldn't have something there."

"That's normal. Your body needs time to adjust. Just take some time and keep breathing."

Zoro kept his finger still, just letting Sanji feel the presence of it.

"How does it feel now?"

"Full," Sanji said after a moment. "But not... not bad, exactly. Just different."

"Good. That's good." Zoro waited another few seconds, watching Sanji's face carefully. When he saw some of the tension leave Sanji's shoulders, he started moving his finger, slowly in and out, just barely. "Still okay?"

"Yeah," Sanji breathed. His eyes were closed, his brow furrowed in concentration as he tried to process the sensation. "It's... it feels weirder when you move."

"You'll get used to it." Zoro kept the movements shallow and slow, letting Sanji's body adjust to the rhythm. He could feel the muscles starting to relax around his finger, the initial resistance giving way. "Just focus on breathing. In and out. Nice and slow."

Sanji did as instructed, his chest rising and falling steadily. After a minute or so, his breathing started to even out and Zoro felt the tension in his body begin to melt away.

"There we go," Zoro murmured, pressing a little deeper now. "You're doing so good, cook. So good for me."

"Don't—" Sanji's voice caught as Zoro's finger pressed deeper. "Don't say things like that. It's embarrassing."

"Why? It's true." Zoro pulled his finger almost all the way out, then pressed back in, a little faster this time. "You're taking this so well. Better than I expected for your first time."

Sanji made a small sound, somewhere between mortification and pleasure. His cock, which had been soft after his first orgasm, was starting to show interest again, filling slightly.

"Is it... is it supposed to start feeling good?" Sanji asked, his voice hesitant. "Because it's starting to feel... not bad. Almost... nice?"

"Yeah, that's how it works." Zoro smiled, continuing the slow, steady rhythm. "Your body's adjusting. Starting to recognize this as pleasure instead of just sensation."

"It's so strange," Sanji observed, his eyes still closed. "Every time you move, I can feel it all the way up inside me. It's like... like nothing I've ever felt before."

"Good strange or bad strange?"

"I don't know yet," Sanji admitted. "Just strange."

“Fair.”

Zoro kept working him like that for several more minutes, just one finger, letting Sanji get completely comfortable with the sensation. He watched as Sanji's face gradually relaxed, as his breathing deepened, as small sounds of pleasure started escaping his lips. His cock was definitely interested now, half-hard and starting to leak again.

"I'm going to add more oil," Zoro said, pulling his finger out slowly. Sanji made a small sound of loss that he immediately tried to cover with a cough. "And then I'm going to add a second finger. It's going to feel like a lot at first, but I promise it'll feel good once you adjust."

"Okay," Sanji agreed, his voice breathy. "I trust you."

Those three words hit Zoro harder than he expected. He poured more oil onto his fingers, warming it again, then pressed one finger back inside. Sanji accepted it easily this time, his body already remembering the sensation.

"Ready?" Zoro asked, positioning his second finger at Sanji's entrance.

"Yeah. Do it."

Zoro pressed both fingers inside slowly and Sanji's whole body tensed, his breath hissing out between his teeth.

"Fuck," Sanji gasped. "That's a lot."

"I know. Just breathe through it." Zoro kept his fingers still, letting Sanji adjust to the increased stretch. "You're doing great. Just relax for me."

"Easy for you to say," Sanji muttered, but he was trying, forcing his muscles to unclench. "God, I can really feel the stretch now. It's so much."

"Too much?" Zoro asked, ready to pull back if needed.

"No," Sanji said quickly. "No, don't stop. Just... give me a second."

Zoro waited, watching Sanji's face. He could see the moment when the discomfort started to fade, when Sanji's expression shifted from tense to curious.

"Okay, you can move now," Sanji said after a long moment.

Zoro started moving his fingers slowly, scissoring them gently to stretch Sanji open. The oil made everything slick and smooth. He could feel Sanji's body gradually accepting the intrusion, the muscles relaxing and opening for him.

"How does it feel now?" Zoro asked.

"Different," Sanji said, his voice a little breathless. "Fuller. I can really feel the stretch when you do that scissoring thing. It's... it's actually kind of good? Like my body is figuring out that this is supposed to feel good."

"It is supposed to feel good." Zoro pressed deeper and Sanji made a small sound of pleasure. "See? Your body knows what it wants."

Sanji's cock was fully hard now, filling rapidly despite having come just minutes ago. Zoro watched it with satisfaction, seeing the physical proof that Sanji was enjoying this.

"Already?" Zoro asked, amused.

"Shut up," Sanji muttered, but there was no heat in it. His hips were starting to move slightly, rocking to meet Zoro's fingers. "It's your fault. Whatever you're doing, it's making me like this."

Zoro decided he'd stretched Sanji enough to kick things up a notch. He crooked his fingers, searching for that small, firm bundle of nerves. Sanji's eyes flew open, wide and startled.

"Holy fuck!"

"There it is," Zoro said with deep satisfaction.

He pressed against Sanji's prostate again, more deliberately this time, and Sanji cried out, his back arching off the futon.

"Oh my god," Sanji gasped, his whole body trembling. "What is that? That's so intense."

"That's your prostate," Zoro explained, massaging the spot steadily, watching Sanji completely fall apart. "The spot I was telling you about earlier. Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Good?" Sanji's voice was high and strained. "That's not just good, that's— Fuck, that's incredible. I've never felt anything like that. It's like you're touching something inside me that I didn't even know existed."

"Because you didn't," Zoro said, pressing against it again. Sanji's hips bucked, his cock jerking and leaking steadily now. "Most men never find it, but once you know where it is..."

He massaged it in slow, deliberate circles, causing Sanji to writh beneath him, his hands fisting in the futon, his head thrown back in pleasure.

"Yes, fuck, yes." Sanji was panting now, his chest heaving. "Don't stop, please don't stop, that feels so good."

"I'm not stopping," Zoro promised. "I'm going to make you feel even better."

He added more oil and started working a third finger in alongside the other two. Sanji tensed slightly at the increased stretch, but Zoro kept massaging his prostate and the pleasure overrode any discomfort.

"That's three," Zoro said, pressing all three fingers deep. "You're taking them so well. Look at you, so open for me."

"I can feel it," Sanji gasped. "I can feel how stretched I am. It's so much, but god, it feels amazing. How is this possible? How can this feel this good?"

"Because your body was made for this," Zoro said, scissoring his fingers wider while continuing to massage that spot inside him. "Made to feel pleasure like this."

Sanji was a complete mess now. Sweat was beading on his skin, making him glisten in the dim light of the crow's nest. His cock was rock hard, flushed dark red and leaking steadily onto his stomach, creating a small puddle. His hands were fisted so tight in the futon that his knuckles were white. His legs were trembling, his thighs shaking with the effort of staying spread open.

"Moss," Sanji whimpered, his voice breaking. "Something's building. I can feel it. It's different from before. It's deeper, more intense."

"I know," Zoro said, increasing the pressure on Sanji's prostate. "That's what I want. Just let it happen."

Sanji's hips were rocking frantically now, trying to get more of that incredible pressure. "It feels like I'm going to come, but it's different. It's not the same as— oh fuck, oh *fuck*."

"You're going to come from just my fingers," Zoro told him, his voice rough with desire and satisfaction. "No touching your cock. Just from this."

"That's not possible," Sanji gasped, even as his body betrayed his words, trembling and tightening. "I can't come without touching—"

"You can." Zoro pressed hard against that spot, massaging it in firm, deliberate circles. "And you will. I can feel how close you are. Your body's clenching around my fingers. You're right on the edge."

"I'm not— I can't—" Sanji's protests were getting weaker, his voice more desperate. His cock was jerking, pulsing with his heartbeat, leaking so much that it was dripping down his shaft. "Please, I need…"

"What do you need?" Zoro asked, even though he knew. He wanted to hear Sanji say it.

"I need to come," Sanji begged, his voice breaking on the words. "Please, I need to come so badly. It's building and building and I can't take it."

"Then come for me," Zoro commanded, pressing hard against Sanji's prostate and massaging it relentlessly. "Come just from my fingers. Show me how good I make you feel."

Sanji's whole body went rigid, every muscle tensing. His mouth fell open in a silent scream, his eyes squeezed shut. For a moment, nothing happened, and Zoro thought maybe he'd pushed too hard, too fast.

But then Sanji shattered.

His cock pulsed, once, twice, and then he was coming, spilling across his stomach in thick ropes, completely untouched. His hole clenched rhythmically around Zoro's fingers, so tight it almost hurt. Zoro worked him through it, massaging his prostate through every pulse, drawing out every last bit of pleasure.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," Sanji was chanting, his voice high and broken. His whole body was shaking, trembling with the intensity of it.

The orgasm seemed to go on forever, pulse after pulse, Sanji's cock jerking and spilling until there was nothing left. When it finally subsided, Sanji collapsed back onto the futon, his whole body going limp, his chest heaving as he tried to remember how to breathe.

Zoro slowly withdrew his fingers and Sanji gasped at the motion, his body still trembling with aftershocks.

"That's two," Zoro said softly, watching Sanji's dazed expression with satisfaction.

"I can't believe I just came from that." Sanji's voice was hoarse, barely above a whisper.

"And that's just the beginning."

"I can't," Sanji said weakly, his voice shaking. "I can't come again. That's not possible. I've never come more than twice in one night and that second one was so intense I think I saw stars."

"It is possible," Zoro assured him, his voice gentle but confident. "I'm going to prove it. I told you I'd make you come six times and I meant it."

"You're insane," Sanji said, but there was no real protest in his voice.

"Maybe," Zoro agreed, kissing him again. "But you're going to love it."

He moved down Sanji's body again, pressing kisses to his chest, his stomach, his hip bones. Sanji made a confused sound when Zoro pushed his legs up and back, exposing him completely.

"What are you…" Sanji started, but the words died in his throat when he realized what Zoro intended.

Zoro paused, his hands gentle on Sanji's thighs, and looked up at him. There was something reverent in his expression, something that made Sanji's breath catch.

"I want to taste you," Zoro said quietly. "All of you."

Sanji's face flushed deep red. "That's so dirty. You can't."

"I can and I want to," the swordsman replied firmly. His hands tightened slightly on Sanji's thighs. "Let me do this for you. Let me show you how much I want you."

Sanji stared at him, his heart pounding. Hours ago, he couldn't have imagined this, couldn't have conceived of being with a man at all, let alone being spread open like this, vulnerable and exposed. Now, looking at Zoro's face, the desire and love written so clearly there, he found himself nodding.

"Okay," he whispered.

Zoro's expression softened with gratitude and then he lowered his head.

The first touch of Zoro's tongue against his hole made Sanji nearly come off the futon. His hands flew to Zoro's hair, gripping tight, not sure whether to push him away or pull him closer. The sensation was so foreign, so intimate, so overwhelming that his mind went blank.

Zoro licked broadly, his tongue flat and wet. Sanji's whole body shuddered. He could feel every movement, every press and swirl of Zoro's tongue against the sensitive skin. It was nothing like anything he'd ever experienced. It was more intimate than any touch he'd received from a woman, more vulnerable than he'd ever allowed himself to be.

The taste of Sanji was intoxicating. Zoro couldn't get enough. He licked and sucked at Sanji's rim, occasionally pressing his tongue inside, feeling the muscle flutter and clench around him. His own cock was achingly hard, leaking steadily, but he ignored it.

Sanji was releasing high, desperate whimpers and moans that went straight to Zoro's cock. His legs were shaking, his whole body trembling with oversensitivity and pleasure. His spent cock was starting to fill again, responding to the overwhelming sensations despite having just come.

"Zoro, *Zoro*, oh god, Zoro," Sanji chanted his name like a prayer. Zoro felt a surge of possessive satisfaction so intense it made him dizzy.

He pressed his tongue deeper, fucking into Sanji with it, causing him to cry out. His hands tightened in Zoro's hair, pulling almost painfully, but Zoro didn't care. He wanted Sanji to lose control. Wanted him to forget everything except what Zoro was making him feel.

"It's too much, it's so much," Sanji sobbed.

His body was responding despite him, his hips rocking slightly to meet Zoro's tongue. Zoro could feel him opening up, relaxing, accepting this intimate invasion. Sanji's hole clenched and fluttered around his tongue, his thighs trembling on either side of Zoro's head.

Sanji was crying now, tears streaming down his face from the overwhelming pleasure and vulnerability. He'd never felt so exposed, so open, so completely at someone else's mercy.

This is my Zoro, Sanji thought through the haze of pleasure. *He's doing this for me. He only wants me.*

The possessiveness surprised him with its intensity. Hours ago, he'd been in denial about even being attracted to men. Now he was spread open, letting Zoro's tongue fuck into him, and all

he could think was that this was his. Zoro was his. This pleasure, this intimacy, this connection all belonged to them.

"Zoro," Sanji whimpered. "I need… I don't know what I need…"

Zoro pulled back just enough to speak, his voice rough. "You need to come again. You need me to make you fall apart."

"*Yes*," Sanji admitted, the word torn from him. "Yes, please, I need it."

Zoro reached up to wrap his hand around Sanji's cock, which was fully hard again despite everything. The sight of it made Zoro's own cock throb with need. Sanji was so sensitive, so perfect, coming back for more even when he thought he couldn't.

He stroked the cook slowly while returning his tongue to his stretched quivering hole. The dual stimulation made Sanji arch off the futon, a broken sound escaping his throat. Zoro could feel his own arousal building, his cock leaking steadily, but he pushed it aside.

I want to ruin him for anyone else. I want him to remember this every time he even thinks about sex. I want him to know that no one else could ever make him feel this way.

He pressed his tongue deeper and stroked his cock in time with the thrusts of his tongue. Sanji was sobbing now, completely overwhelmed, his body trembling violently.

"I can't believe I'm letting you do this to me," Sanji gasped between sobs.

But you do want it, Zoro thought with satisfaction. *You want me. You're mine now, whether you're ready to admit it or not.*

Zoro increased the pace of his hand on Sanji's cock while pressing his tongue as deep as it would go. He could feel Sanji getting close, could feel the way his body was tensing, the way his hole was clenching rhythmically around Zoro's tongue.

"Zoro," Sanji sobbed. "I think I'm gonna…"

He pressed his tongue hard against Sanji's prostate while squeezing the head of his cock and Sanji came with a wail. This orgasm was different, smaller, almost painful in its intensity. Only a few drops of come emerged, but his whole body convulsed, his hole clenching desperately around Zoro's tongue, his hands pulling at Zoro's hair.

Zoro worked him through it, his tongue still moving, his hand still stroking gently, drawing out every last tremor of pleasure. His own cock was throbbing, desperate for relief, but the sight of Sanji falling apart was worth any amount of discomfort.

When Sanji finally stopped shaking, Zoro pulled back and pressed a gentle kiss to the inside of his thigh.

"Three," he said softly, his voice slurred with arousal and satisfaction. "You're doing so well."

Sanji was staring at him with wide, tear-filled eyes. His face was flushed, his lips swollen, his body trembling with aftershocks. He looked completely wrecked. Zoro had never seen anything more beautiful.

"I can't," Sanji whimpered, tears streaming down his face from the overwhelming pleasure and emotion. "I can't do more, Zoro."

Zoro moved back up to kiss him. Sanji could taste himself on Zoro's lips, oil and sweat and something intimate and forbidden. The taste should have disgusted him, but instead it sent another wave of heat through his body.

"Do you want to stop?" The swordsman asked seriously, pulling back to look at Sanji's face. His expression was intense, searching, but there was no judgment there.

Sanji was quiet for a moment, considering. His chest was still heaving, his body trembling with aftershocks, every nerve ending felt raw and oversensitive, but when he looked up at the reverence and desire in Zoro’s eyes, the evidence of his arousal, the way he was looking at Sanji, he found himself unable to deny him.

"No," Sanji replied, his voice shaking but certain. "I... I want to keep going.”

The smile that spread across Zoro's face was brilliant, filled with relief and desire. "Then trust me." He kissed Sanji again, slow and deep, pouring two years of longing, of wanting, of loving from afar into it. "I'm going to fuck you now. It's going to feel so good you won't be able to think. Okay?"

Sanji’s breath caught as he nodded. Zoro finally stripped off his own pants, allowing his cock to spring free, hard and aching. It was flushed dark with arousal and leaking steadily. The earlier orgasm has taken some of the edge off but his cock was desperate for more relief after watching Sanji fall apart three times, after tasting him so intimately, after hearing him cry out Zoro's name.

He poured more oil onto his cock, slicking himself up thoroughly. Sanji watched with wide eyes, his gaze tracking every movement of Zoro's hand.

"You're... big," he observed, sounding nervous.

"You can take it. I've prepared you well."

Zoro positioned himself between Sanji's legs, settling his weight carefully. He poured a little more oil, making sure everything was slick, then positioned himself at Sanji's entrance. The head of his cock pressed against that stretched, slick hole. Zoro had to close his eyes for a moment, overwhelmed by the reality of it. After two years of wanting, of dreaming, Sanji was here beneath him, willing and open.

"Ready?"

"Yeah," Sanji breathed, his hands coming up to rest on Zoro's shoulders. "I'm ready."

Zoro pushed in slowly, so slowly, watching Sanji's face for any sign of pain. The head of his cock breached that tight ring of muscle. Sanji's mouth fell open, his eyes going wide.

"Oh," Sanji gasped. "Oh, that's so different from your fingers."

"I know. Just breathe." Zoro held still, letting Sanji adjust to the initial intrusion. "You're doing so good for me."

He pushed in another inch and Sanji made a small sound, his fingers tightening on Zoro's shoulders. Zoro could feel every flutter of muscle around his cock, the way Sanji's body was trying to accommodate him. The heat, the tightness, the knowledge that this was Sanji underneath him was almost too much.

"Keep going. I can take more," Sanji said after a moment.

Zoro pushed in deeper, inch by inch, until finally he was fully seated, his hips flush against Sanji's ass. The sensation of being completely buried inside him was so overwhelming he had to stop moving altogether just to feel it.

"Fuck," Zoro groaned, his voice shaking.

Sanji couldn't speak. He was staring up at Zoro with an expression of wonder, his lips parted, his eyes glassy. His hands slid from Zoro's shoulders to his back, holding on.

"You okay?" Zoro asked, holding perfectly still even though every instinct was screaming at him to move. "Talk to me, cook."

"It's... it's a lot. It’s so much. I feel so full," Sanji finally managed, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Good full or bad full?"

"Good," Sanji replied immediately. "Really good. It's just... intense. I can feel you so deep. I didn't think it would feel like this."

"Like what?"

"Like..." Sanji struggled for words. "Like you're a part of me. Like we're connected in a way I've never been connected to anyone."

Zoro's heart clenched at those words. He leaned down to kiss Sanji, slow and tender. "We are connected. You're letting me inside you."

"I feel it. I feel you," Sanji whispered against his lips.

"I'm going to move now," Zoro said. "Tell me if it's too much."

"Okay."

Zoro pulled out slowly, just a few inches, and Sanji's breath hitched. The sensation was strange. Not painful, but overwhelming in its intensity. Zoro pushed back in with the same deliberate slowness and Sanji gasped.

"That's it," Zoro murmured, his voice rough with restraint. "Just breathe. Let your body adjust to me."

He repeated the motion, establishing a gentle rhythm that was more about connection than friction for the moment. Each time he pushed back in, Sanji's fingers tightened on his back, his breathing becoming more even.

"How does that feel?" Zoro asked after several long, measured strokes.

"Good," Sanji said, his voice steadier now. "Different. It's... it's starting to feel less strange."

Zoro continued the slow pace, letting Sanji's body acclimate to the sensation of being filled. He could feel the tension gradually easing from Sanji's muscles, feel him beginning to relax into it. After a few more careful thrusts, Sanji's hips began to move slightly, meeting Zoro's movements.

"There you go," Zoro encouraged softly. "You're doing so good. Just let yourself feel it."

Gradually, Zoro increased the depth of his thrusts, still keeping them slow and deliberate. The sensation was completely different from his fingers. Sanji's breath came in short gasps as he adjusted to the new feeling.

"Oh," Sanji breathed, his eyes widening slightly. "That's... that's so much deeper."

"I know," Zoro said, his voice confident and steady. "Your body's doing great. Just keep breathing."

He continued with the same measured pace, letting Sanji experience the full sensation of being filled and fucked. Each thrust allowed Sanji to feel every inch of him, the way Zoro's cock stretched him open, the fullness that was so different from anything Sanji had experienced before. Sanji's hips began to move more actively now, meeting Zoro's thrusts with increasing confidence.

"That's it," the greenhead murmured. "You're taking me so well. How does it feel?"

"Amazing," Sanji gasped, his voice shaking slightly. "I didn't know it could feel like this. Just... just being filled by you. It's so much."

Zoro continued his methodical movements, letting Sanji's pleasure build with each stroke. There was no rush. He was content to let Sanji adjust to him, to let him discover the pleasure in simply being fucked. Sanji's moans grew louder as his body began to crave more.

After several minutes of this steady rhythm, Zoro deliberately shifted his angle, tilting his hips upward. The change was immediate and dramatic, his cock now hitting that sensitive spot inside Sanji.

The blond's whole body jerked, a gasp escaping his lips.

"There it is," Zoro said with quiet satisfaction, his voice carrying the confidence of someone who knew exactly what he was doing. He angled his hips deliberately, making sure to hit that spot with every thrust now. "That's your prostate. You remember?"

"Yes," Sanji moaned, his head falling back against the futon. "It's so much more intense like this. Oh god, *Zoro*."

"I know, cook," Zoro said, something almost reverent in his voice. "You're incredible."

He increased his pace, thrusting deeper and harder, making sure each stroke hit that spot. Sanji was falling apart beneath him, his nails digging into Zoro's back, his moans becoming more desperate.

"Yes, god, yes. How does it feel so good?”

"Because your body was made for this," Zoro replied, his rhythm steady and confident. "Made to feel pleasure like this. Made to take me."

He thrust in deep again and Sanji moaned, his legs coming up to wrap around Zoro's waist, pulling him closer. The new angle let Zoro sink even further inside and Sanji made a sound that was almost a sob.

"You feel so good," Zoro groaned, his control starting to slip.

"Zoro," Sanji moaned, his head thrashing on the futon. "Oh god, Zoro, I'm— I think I'm—"

"Already?" he asked, surprised but deeply pleased. He'd barely started fucking him properly and Sanji was already close.

"I can't help it," he whimpered, his voice breaking. "You feel so good inside me. Every time you move, every time you hit that spot, it's like lightning through my whole body."

Zoro increased his pace slightly, thrusting deeper and harder. Sanji was making the most beautiful sounds now. His hole was clenching rhythmically around Zoro, telling him just how close he really was.

"Look at me," he commanded. Sanji's eyes flew open, meeting his. "I want to see your face when you come, want to see what I do to you."

Sanji stared up at him, his eyes wide, vulnerable and full of awe. Zoro reached between them to wrap his hand around Sanji's cock, which was somehow hard again despite having come three times already. It was flushed dark, leaking steadily. When Zoro stroked it in time with his thrusts, Sanji's whole body went rigid.

"M’gonna come again," Sanji babbled, nearly incoherent between his pleas and moans. "Zoro, please. I'm so close. Please don't stop."

"I'm not stopping," Zoro promised, thrusting harder, faster. "Come for me, Sanji. Let me feel you."

He thrust particularly deep, hitting Sanji's prostate dead-on while squeezing the head of his cock and Sanji came with a scream that echoed through the crow's nest.

He barely released any come at all, just a few pitiful drops that leaked down the length of his cock, but the pleasure was no less intense. He clenched around Zoro's cock, his whole body going rigid, every muscle tensing. His mouth was open in a silent scream, his eyes squeezed shut. Zoro had to grit his teeth and focus hard to keep from coming himself.

"Four," Zoro said, slowing his thrusts to let Sanji catch his breath. He was still buried deep inside, feeling every aftershock. "Over halfway there, cook. You're doing so well."

Sanji giggled in reply, high and breathless, exactly like Zoro had described earlier. His eyes were unfocused, his smile loose and euphoric. He looked completely wrecked. His hair was plastered to his forehead with sweat, his lips were swollen and red and his whole body was flushed.

"You were right," Sanji said, his words slightly slurred. "You were right about everything. I can't stop laughing. This is insane."

"I told you." Zoro kissed him, swallowing those giggles. "I told you I'd make you feel this way."

"I didn't believe you," Sanji admitted, still smiling that dazed smile. "But you did. You really did."

Zoro carefully pulled out and Sanji whimpered at the loss, his body trying to clench around nothing. "Come on. Let's change positions. I want to see you from a different angle."

He helped Sanji onto his hands and knees. Sanji went willingly, his body pliant and relaxed, completely trusting. His arms were shaking slightly as he held himself up, but he spread his knees wider, presenting himself to Zoro.

Zoro ran his hands down Sanji's back, admiring the curve of his spine, the swell of his ass, his hole red and slick and stretched, still gaping slightly from Zoro's cock. It was the most erotic thing he’d ever seen.

"You're so beautiful like this. So open for me. So trusting," he murmured, his hands sliding over Sanji's skin.

"I'd only do this for you," Sanji admitted, his voice soft.

Those words hit Zoro hard. He leaned down to press a kiss to the small of Sanji's back, then another to the curve of his ass. He positioned himself at Sanji's entrance again and pushed back in. From this angle, he could go even deeper. Sanji moaned, his arms giving out so that his chest pressed against the futon, his ass still raised.

"That's it," Zoro encouraged, gripping Sanji's hips and starting to thrust. "Take it. Take all of me."

He fucked into Sanji harder than he had before, hitting the sensitive spots inside of him relentlessly. Sanji was making sounds that were barely human. High, desperate keens of pleasure that made Zoro's cock throb inside him.

“Fuck, Zoro! It’s so good,” he whined.

“Yeah? You like that.”

Sanji nodded frantically against the futon, moaning into the cushion as the sounds of skin on skin began to echo throughout the crow’s nest.

“Harder. Please, Zoro. Fuck me harder,” Sanji begged.

“You sure?” Zoro asked.

Sanji nodded frantically again. “I can take whatever you give me.”

“I doubt that.”

Sanji glanced over his shoulder, a challenging glint in his eyes. “Wanna bet?”

Zoro shot him a feral grin in response.

“Alright, Cook. But don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

He settled his hands more securely on Sanji’s hips before he started thrusting into him, harder, deeper, faster. He set a punishing pace, reducing Sanji to gasping moans within a minute or two, his body overwhelmed by sensation.

“You love this, don’t you?” Zoro demanded, one hand moving to fist in Sanji’s hair, pulling his head back up. “You love being fucked like this. Love being mine.”

“Yes. Yes, I love it,” Sanji moaned.

“Good, because I don’t think I can let you go after this,” Zoro confessed, his other hand coming down on Sanji’s ass in a sharp slap that made him cry out in shock.

The sting bloomed across Sanji’s skin, heat spreading through him. Another slap landed on the other cheek, harder this time. Sanji’s whole body jerked forward with the force of it.

“Fuck,” Sanji gasped, his cock filling rapidly between his legs.

“You like that, don’t you, Curly? Like when I mark you up. When I make you feel it.”

Another slap and another, each one punctuated by a deep thrust that made Sanji see stars. The combination of pain and pleasure was overwhelming, making his head spin.

“I like it,” Sanji admitted.

“Good boy,” Zoro praised, his voice dark with satisfaction as his hand smoothed over the heated skin of Sanji’s ass before delivering another sharp slap.

Sanji’s arms were shaking, barely holding him up as Zoro continued to fuck him hard, continued to spank him until his ass was burning and he was crying out with every impact.

Zoro’s hand fisted tighter in his hair, pulling his head up off the futon until Sanji’s spine arched. He leaned over him, his chest pressing against Sanji’s back, and claimed his mouth in a bruising kiss. Sanji moaned into it, his body trembling as Zoro’s tongue invaded his mouth with the same dominance as his cock claimed his body. The angle was awkward, his neck straining, but the kiss was hungry and possessive and overwhelming.

When Zoro pulled back, Sanji was left gasping for air. Zoro’s eyes raked over his body with ever growing desire, taking in the blooming bruises, the blush coloring his skin, the evidence of their passion. His eyes caught sight of Sanji’s and he couldn’t help the breathless laugh that escaped him.

"Are you serious? You're impossible. How are you hard again already?"

"Don't know," Sanji slurred. "You feel so good. Can't help it."

Zoro increased his pace, fucking into Sanji harder now.

"You take me so well," Zoro groaned, his fingers digging into Sanji's hips hard enough to leave bruises. "Like you were made for my cock. Like this is where you belong."

"Yes," Sanji gasped. "Yes, god, yes." Sanji pushed back to meet him, their bodies slapping together obscenely. The room was filled with the sounds of skin on skin, Sanji's moans, Zoro's grunts of effort, the wet slide of Zoro's cock in and out of Sanji's body.

“Fuck, look at you. So eager for it. Your body knows exactly what it needs, doesn’t it,” Zoro breathed, his eye widening.

“Yes! I need you. I need more,” Sanji gasped, his face burning with a mixture of shame and arousal.

"Touch yourself," Zoro commanded. "I want to feel you come around my cock. Want to feel you fall apart."

Sanji reached down with a shaking hand, wrapping it around his cock and stroking clumsily. His movements were uncoordinated, his body too overwhelmed to manage much finesse, but it didn't matter. It only took a few strokes before he was coming again, his hole clenching around Zoro's cock in a dry orgasm, his body having nothing left to give.

"Five," Zoro groaned, his own control starting to slip. "One more, cook. Give me one more and then I'll come inside you."

"Can't," Sanji sobbed, his whole body trembling. "Please, Zoro, I can't. It's too much. I can't come again."

"You can." Zoro pulled out, ignoring Sanji's whimper, and helped him to his feet. Sanji's legs were shaking so badly he could barely stand. Zoro had to support most of his weight. "Come here. I've got you."

He backed Sanji against the wall, lifting him easily. Sanji's legs wrapped around Zoro's waist automatically and Zoro pushed back inside him, pinning him against the wall with his body.

"Oh fuck," Sanji gasped, his head falling back against the wall with a thud.

"I know." Zoro adjusted his grip, then carefully lifted Sanji's legs, guiding them up and over his shoulders. The shift in position made Sanji cry out. Suddenly he was completely open, completely vulnerable, his weight supported entirely by Zoro's strength and the wall at his back. "There we go. Now you're completely mine."

The new angle was devastating. Zoro could go even deeper like this and Sanji had no leverage, no control. He was entirely at Zoro's mercy, pinned and spread open, unable to do anything but take what Zoro gave him.

"Zoro," Sanji whimpered, his hands scrabbling for purchase on Zoro's shoulders. "I can't—This is—"

"You can." Zoro started moving, slow and deep, causing Sanji to give a whole body shudder. "You're doing so well, Sanji. Taking everything I give you. You're so perfect like this. Completely open for me, trusting me to take care of you."

He thrust harder and Sanji cried out, tears already streaming down his face from the overwhelming sensation. His spent cock was trapped between their bodies, stuck between the friction of their abs as Zoro continued thrusting into him. Sanji whimpered helplessly at the feeling, his cock over sensitive and bordering on painful.

“Fuck, you feel so good. So perfect around me,” Zoro groaned, his hands clipping beneath Sanji’s thighs. Sanji’s hands flew to Zoro’s hair and neck, needing something to hold onto.

“Look at me. Keep your eyes on me,” Zoro commanded.

Sanji obeyed, his gaze locked on Zoro’s as pleasure built in his core. The intensity of being watched, of being seen so completely, was almost too much.

“That’s it. Let me see you. Let me see how good I make you feel. Let me see you be mine,” Zoro growled, leaning down to press his lips to Sanji’s neck. “You’re mine, my beautiful Sanji.”

He sucked hard at the sensitive skin of his neck. Sanji gasped as he felt the sting of a mark being left. Zoro moved to another spot, then another, leaving a trail of hickies down Sanji’s neck and across his collarbone.

“Everyone’s going to see these,” Zoro murmured against his skin. “Going to know you belong to someone.”

The possessiveness in his voice, the claiming nature of the marks, should have made Sanji panic. Instead, it made something fierce and hot surge through him.

"I love you," Zoro said, the words spilling out raw and honest. "God, Sanji, I love you so much. I've loved you for two years. Two years of watching you, wanting you, dreaming about having you like this. It’s so much better than I ever imagined."

Sanji's eyes stayed locked on Zoro's, an intense heat passing between them. His breath hitched, his whole body trembling.

"Say it again," he whispered, his voice breaking.

"I love you," Zoro repeated, thrusting deeper. "I love the way you move, the way you fight, the way you care for the crew even when you pretend you don't. I love your passion, your fire, the way you light up when you talk about food. I love your stupid eyebrow and your ridiculous suits and the way you kick my ass during training."

"*Zoro*," Sanji's voice was choked with emotion.

"I love how strong you are," Zoro continued, his voice rough with feeling. "How you've survived everything life threw at you and came out the other side still able to love, still able to care. You're so much stronger than you think you are, Sanji. So much braver. So much more than you give yourself credit for."

Sanji was sobbing now, but he was also pulling Zoro closer, his hands clutching Zoro’s neck and back desperately.

"You're beautiful," Zoro said, kissing away Sanji's tears even as he continued to thrust. "So fucking beautiful it hurts to look at you sometimes. Not just your body, though your body is perfect, but you. Your soul. Your heart. Everything you are."

"Please," Sanji whimpered.

"I would do anything for you. I'd fight anyone, face anything, give up anything if it meant keeping you safe. If it meant making you happy. You're everything to me. Everything I've wanted for two years. Everything I'll ever want."

"Zoro," Sanji's voice broke. "I need you.”

"You have me," Zoro promised. "You have all of me. Every part of me is yours. My strength, my swords, my heart. It's all yours. It's always been yours."

"Mine," Sanji gasped, his fingers digging into Zoro's shoulders hard enough to leave marks. "You're mine. My Zoro."

"Yes," Zoro agreed, thrusting harder. "Yours. Only yours. I've been yours since the moment I fell in love with you and I'll be yours until the day I die."

Sanji was shaking violently now, overwhelmed by the physical sensation of being pinned and spread open, by the emotional weight of Zoro's words, by the desperate need to believe

everything Zoro was saying. His self-worth had always been so fragile, built on the approval of others, on being useful, on being wanted. Zoro's unwavering certainty and his fierce declarations of love was something Sanji had never experienced before.

"You're worth everything," Zoro said, and his voice was shaking with the intensity of his emotion. "You're worth loving, Sanji. You're worth choosing. You're worth fighting for. I will spend every day for the rest of my life proving that to you if I have to."

"I want you," Sanji sobbed, the words torn from somewhere deep inside him. "I want you so much, Zoro. I want this. I want you to be mine."

"You have me," Zoro said again. "You have me, Sanji. I'm yours."

He adjusted his angle slightly, hitting that spot inside Sanji with devastating precision and Sanji's whole body went rigid.

Sanji gasped, his eyes going wide with shock. "Oh god, Zoro, I'm going to— I can't—"

"Come for me," Zoro commanded, his voice rough with love and desire. "Come for me, Sanji. Show me how good I make you feel. Show me you believe me when I say you're perfect. That you're mine. That you're loved."

Sanji came with a howl, his whole body convulsing and his cock spasming, barely managing to produce anything after five previous orgasms, but the sensation was no less intense. His hole clenched rhythmically around Zoro's cock. He was crying and gasping and clinging to Zoro like he was the only solid thing in the world.

The emotional release was just as powerful as the physical one. All of Zoro's words, all that praise and love and certainty, had broken something open inside Sanji. He felt raw and vulnerable and completely overwhelmed, but also... safe, wanted, loved.

The rhythmic clenching of Sanji's body was finally enough to push Zoro over the edge. His control shattered completely.

"Sanji," Zoro groaned, his voice breaking with the intensity of it. "I'm— I'm gonna— I'm coming."

Sanji felt the first pulse of heat deep inside him as Zoro came. His eyes flew wide open, his mouth falling open in shock and wonder.

"Oh," Sanji gasped, his whole body going still as he tried to process the sensation.

Zoro's hips jerked with the force of his orgasm, driving deeper. Sanji felt every pulse, every spurt of come filling him. It was hotter than he'd expected, almost burning in its intensity. He could feel it spreading inside him, coating his walls, filling spaces he didn't even know existed, marking him in the most intimate way possible.

"Zoro," Sanji whimpered, his voice full of awe and something close to reverence. "I can feel you coming inside me."

"Sanji," Zoro groaned again, his face buried in Sanji's neck, his whole body shaking. "God, Sanji."

It seemed to go on forever, wave after wave of Zoro's release. Sanji was transfixed by the sensation. He'd never felt anything like it: the fullness, the heat, the overwhelming intimacy. It wasn't just physical, it was emotional, visceral, like Zoro was claiming him, marking him as his in a way that went beyond words or promises.

His hands came up to grip Zoro's shoulders, holding on like he needed the anchor. Tears were pricking at his eyes from the overwhelming nature of it all, the physical sensation combined with everything he'd just admitted, everything he'd just discovered about himself.

Their eyes met and Sanji saw everything in Zoro's gaze: love, possession, vulnerability, satisfaction, wonder. Zoro was trembling, barely able to hold himself up, completely undone.

Sanji realized that this was just as significant for Zoro as it was for him. Maybe even more so. This wasn't just sex. This was Zoro giving himself completely, marking Sanji as his after two years of wanting.

“I didn't know it would feel like this. I didn't know anything could feel like this," Sanji's voice cracked and a tear slipped down his cheek.

"Like what?" Zoro managed between the haze of pleasure.

"Like you're a part of me now," Sanji whispered, his voice thick with emotion. "Like you're everywhere inside me."

"I know," Zoro said, his voice shaking. "I know, I feel it too. You're everything, Sanji."

Sanji was crying now, tears streaming down his face, but he was also smiling, that euphoric smile that Zoro had promised. "I don't—" His words tumbled out, broken and raw. "I don't understand what's happening to me. It's not just my body responding. I feel like I'm coming apart and you're the only thing holding me together."

"Sanji," Zoro said, thickly. Sanji was distantly shocked as tears started slowly dripping down Zoro’s face too. "I love you so much."

"I can feel it," Sanji said, almost laughing through his tears, his voice breaking with the weight of it. "I can feel how much you love me. It's inside me. You're inside me. It feels— it feels right. Like this is where you're supposed to be."

When Zoro finally stopped moving, they were both trembling, both crying, both overwhelmed by the magnitude of what had just happened. Zoro was still buried deep inside him and Sanji could feel the fullness, the heat of Zoro's come, the way his body was still fluttering around Zoro's cock, trying to hold him in, keep him there.

"Don't pull out yet," Sanji requested, his hands tightening on Zoro's shoulders. "Please. I want to feel this for a little longer. Feel you inside me."

"I'm not going anywhere," Zoro promised. "I'll stay as long as you want."

Sanji took a shaky breath, trying to process everything. He could feel Zoro's come inside him, warm and wet, could feel how full he was, how claimed. Instead of feeling strange or wrong, it felt perfect. It felt like completion.

"That was six times. I told you I could do it."

Sanji laughed a little. "Jackass. Fine, you were right. But I was right too. Told you I could take whatever you gave me."

“You took it so well,” Zoro praised, pressing a few kisses to Sanji’s legs where they rested on his shoulders. “You did so good for me, especially for your first time.”

Sanji flushed in response, pleased at the praise and compliments despite himself. Zoro shifted a little and Sanji gasped at the feeling of his cock still inside of him, brushing against his oversensitive inside, the warmth of his come still present. He was sure he was going to be embarrassed and ashamed later but right now, it made him feel claimed, possessed, loved in a way he'd never experienced before.

"You're still inside me," Sanji noted, almost in wonder.

“That’s what you wanted, right?" Zoro asked softly, leaning down to kiss him gently, tasting the salt of Sanji's tears. "Does it feel okay?"

"It feels perfect," Sanji admitted, his voice breaking again. He paused, then added quietly, "I never imagined I could feel this way about any man, especially not about you, but here we are."

"Here we are," Zoro echoed, brushing tears from Sanji's cheeks with his thumb.

"I'm yours," Sanji said suddenly, the words spilling out before he could stop them. "That's what this means, isn't it? I'm yours now."

"Only if you want to be," Zoro said carefully. "I'm not trying to—"

"I want to be," Sanji interrupted. "I want to be yours and I want you to be mine. Is that— is that okay?"

"More than okay," Zoro said, his voice rough with emotion. "I've been yours for two years. Now you're finally mine too."

Sanji smiled, soft and genuine and still a little teary. "Yeah. I'm yours."

Zoro carefully lowered them to the futon, still buried inside Sanji, moving slowly so as not to jostle him too much or let any of his come leak out yet. They collapsed together, both of them breathing hard, their bodies slick with sweat and oil and come. Sanji’s eyes were half-closed, a blissful smile on his face.

They lay there for a long time, just holding each other, their breathing gradually slowing. Zoro could feel Sanji’s heartbeat, could feel the way his body was slowly relaxing, coming down from the high.

Eventually, he carefully pulled out. Sanji whimpered at the loss, his body clenching around nothing. Zoro could see his come leaking out of Sanji's hole and the sight was so erotic he almost got hard again.

"Stay here," Zoro told him, kissing Sanji's forehead. "I'll clean us up."

He found a cloth and wet it with water from his water bottle then went back to Sanji. He cleaned them both gently, wiping away the sweat and oil and come, being careful around Sanji's oversensitive hole. Sanji made small sounds throughout, still too blissed out to do much more than lie there.

When they were clean, Zoro pulled Sanji back into his arms, arranging them so Sanji's head was on his chest, their legs tangled together. Sanji immediately curled into him, seeking his warmth and Zoro wrapped his arms around him protectively.

Sanji was still pliant and relaxed. He traced patterns on Zoro's chest with one finger, his touch light and wondering, like he was memorizing the feel of Zoro's skin.

"I can't believe we did that," Sanji murmured after a while. "I can't believe I loved it so much."

"Are you glad we did?" Zoro asked, even though he was afraid of the answer.

"Yeah," Sanji said without hesitation, and Zoro felt relief flood through him. "Really glad. I feel... I don't know how to describe it. Complete? Like something I didn't know was missing just clicked into place."

"I know what you mean," Zoro said softly. "I've felt incomplete for two years. And now..."

"Now you feel whole," Sanji finished.

"Yeah."

Sanji was quiet for a moment, his finger still tracing patterns. "What happens now?" he asked. "Tomorrow, when we wake up, what happens?"

"What do you want to happen?"

"I don't know," Sanji admitted. "I'm still trying to process all of this. A few hours ago, I thought I was completely straight. Now I'm lying here, feeling more satisfied than I've ever felt in my life. It's a lot to take in."

"We don't have to figure it all out tonight," Zoro said. "We can take it slow. See how we feel in the morning."

"You said you love me. I said I want to be yours and I want you to be mine. That's not something you can take slow."

"I do love you," Zoro confirmed. "But that doesn't mean I'm going to pressure you. If you wake up tomorrow and decide you don’t want to be mine after all, I'll accept that. It'll hurt

like hell, but I'll accept it."

"And if I don't want it to be a one-time thing?" Sanji asked, his voice small.

Zoro's heart skipped a beat. "Then we figure it out together. Whatever you want, whatever you need. I'm here."

Sanji was quiet again, thinking. Zoro could practically hear the wheels turning in his head, processing everything that had happened.

"I'm still attracted to women," Sanji said finally. "That hasn't changed. When I see a beautiful woman, I'll still feel that pull. But I'm also attracted to you."

Sanji looked up at Zoro, his expression confused and vulnerable. "Is that weird? Is that even possible?"

“Sexuality isn't always black and white. You can be attracted to women and also be attracted to me. That's okay."

Sanji was quiet again, his finger resuming its patterns on Zoro's chest.

“I don’t think I’m going to change my mind,” Sanji said after a while. “Tomorrow, when we wake up. I think I’m still going to want you.”

Zoro’s chest tightened at the words. God, he hoped so.

“Let’s just see what happens, but even if you don’t want me anymore after this, I meant what I said. I’ll always love you. I’ll always want you. I’ll cherish tonight no matter what happens tomorrow.”

Sanji’s finger paused on his chest and he let out a shaky breath.

“Who knew you were such a romantic, mosshead?”

“I have my moments.”

“I look forward to seeing them.”

Zoro didn’t reply. He didn’t want to get his hopes up any more than they already were.

They drifted off eventually, exhausted and sated, wrapped around each other. Zoro fell asleep with Sanji's head on his chest, his arms around him, feeling more content than he had in years. Tomorrow, his world might come crashing down harshly, but tonight he had everything he’d wanted for two years. He was going to savor it as much as he could.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!