Unspoken

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Summary

Wano is free and the whole country is celebrating. Zoro won’t look at Sanji without something cold in his eye.

Sanji knows it’s about Whole Cake Island. It’s about the phone call during the fight with King. Before they set sail again he corners Zoro to clear the air and ends up saying far more than he ever meant to.

The palace courtyard blazed with lanterns, their warm glow painting the celebration in shades of gold and amber. Music drifted through the air, shamisen strings plucked in joyful rhythm, drums beating out the pulse of liberation. After decades of suffering under Kaido and Orochi's tyranny, Wano was free. The people could finally breathe, finally laugh, finally live.

Sanji stood near one of the massive outdoor kitchens he'd commandeered, wiping his hands on a cloth as he surveyed the feast laid out before the revelers. He'd been cooking almost non-stop for days, determined that Wano's first taste of freedom would be delicious. Tables were laden with platters of grilled fish, mountains of fluffy rice, steaming bowls of oden and soba, delicate wagashi sweets arranged like works of art.

It had been easy to lose himself in the work. Easy to ignore the hollow feeling in his chest, the sense that something was wrong. During the battles, there'd been no time to think about anything except survival and victory. Then Zoro had been unconscious for a week following his brutal fight with King, lying still as death after Chopper worked frantically to keep him alive. Luffy had been out cold too, recovering from his impossible battle with Kaido.

Sanji had spent that week in the kitchens, cooking for the wounded and recovering, for the people of Wano who were slowly emerging from their hiding places to see if freedom was real. He'd told himself he was too busy to sit by Zoro's bed side and the shitty swordsman wouldn't want him there anyway.

Now, with Zoro finally awake and mobile, Sanji had run out of excuses.

Across the courtyard, Zoro sat with his back against a stone wall, a sake bottle in hand. His green kimono with its bold yellow sunburst patterns hung open at the chest, revealing the white bandages still wrapped around his torso. His three swords rested beside him. He looked relaxed, almost lazy, but Sanji had known him too long to be fooled.

Every time Sanji moved into Zoro's line of sight, that sharp grey eye would track him with an intensity that made his skin prickle. Not the usual competitive glare they traded routinely. This was different, colder. When their eyes met, Zoro's expression would harden into something that looked almost like betrayal before he'd deliberately look away, his jaw tight.

It had been happening since the swordsman woke up. Sanji had tried to dismiss it at first. They always fought, always needled each other, but this wasn't their normal antagonism. This was avoidance, mistrust, anger that simmered just below the surface, never quite boiling over but never cooling either.

Sanji lit a cigarette with hands that weren't quite steady, drawing the smoke deep into his lungs. He knew what this was about.

Whole Cake Island.

The name alone made his stomach clench. He tried not to think about it, tried to focus on the present, on Wano, on the battles they'd won. He couldn't avoid it forever though. He couldn't avoid the fact that he'd left the crew, fought Luffy, made Nami cry. He couldn't ignore the

fact that he'd called Zoro in the middle of a fight, desperate and falling apart, asking him — no, *begging* him to kill him if he lost himself.

The memory made him want to crawl out of his own skin.

He'd thought maybe they could just... move past it, pretend it never happened. They'd won, hadn't they? Surely that was enough.

Zoro's eyes said otherwise, as did his careful distance.

They'd be getting back on the Sunny soon. Back to the close quarters of the ship, where avoidance was impossible. Back to the galley and the crow's nest and all the spaces they occupied together.

Sanji couldn't do it, couldn't sail with this weight between them, this unspoken thing that made Zoro look at him like he was a stranger, or worse, a threat.

He stubbed out his cigarette and made his decision.

Finding Zoro alone proved easier than expected. The swordsman had apparently had enough of the celebration during Sanji's musings and had wandered off into the palace proper, away from the noise and crowds. Sanji tracked him through the corridors, following the faint sound of footsteps and the occasional grumble when Zoro walked down the wrong corridor.

He eventually cornered him in one of the quieter hallways, standing near a window that overlooked the Flower Capital spread out below, lights twinkling like earthbound stars.

"We need to talk," Sanji said without preamble.

Zoro didn't turn around. "No, we don't."

"Yes, we do." Sanji moved closer, close enough to see the tension in Zoro's shoulders. "We need to clear the air before we get back on the ship."

"There's nothing to clear." Zoro's voice was flat, emotionless. Somehow that was worse than anger. "You made your choices. I made mine. We're done."

"We're not done. We're crewmates."

"Are we?" Zoro turned then. The look in his eyes made Sanji take an involuntary step back. "Because crewmates trust each other. Crewmates don't run off and handle shit alone. Crewmates don't—" He cut himself off, jaw clenching so hard Sanji could see the muscle jump.

"Moss—"

"I don't want to hear it." Zoro moved to walk past him, but Sanji caught his arm.

"Too bad. You're going to." Sanji's fingers tightened on the green fabric of Zoro's kimono. "I know you're pissed at me. I know I fucked up. But we're going to talk about this whether you

like it or not, because I can't—" His voice cracked slightly. "I can't have you looking at me like that anymore."

For a long moment, Zoro just stared at him. Then his expression shifted, some of the ice melting into something more complicated.

"Fine," he said roughly. "Let's talk, but not here."

They found an empty room deeper in the palace, some kind of sitting room with cushions on the floor, tatami mats and a low table. Sanji slid the door shut behind them and suddenly the silence was deafening. The sounds of the celebration were distant here, muffled. It was just the two of them and everything they hadn't said.

Sanji's deep blue kimono with its intricate peacock patterns rustled as he moved to sit down on one of the large cushions. Zoro remained standing for a moment, then lowered himself to the cushions with a barely suppressed wince. His injuries were still healing.

"So talk," Zoro demanded, his voice hard. "Explain to me why you didn't trust us."

"It wasn't about trust."

"Bullshit. You got that invitation to the tea party and you just... left. Didn't tell us what was really going on. Didn't give us a chance to help. You just decided on your own that you had to handle it alone."

"They threatened you!" Sanji's voice rose despite himself. "They threatened all of you. Big Mom and my family, they said they'd kill Zeff, kill the crew if I didn't cooperate. What was I supposed to do?"

"You were supposed to trust that we could handle it!" Zoro leaned forward, intensity radiating from him. "We've faced impossible odds before, but you didn't even give us the choice. You just left."

"I was trying to protect you!"

"We don't need your protection!" Zoro's fist slammed down on the table. "We need you to trust us. To trust that we're strong enough to stand with you, not behind you."

Sanji felt a crack in his chest. "I couldn't risk it. I couldn't risk any of you getting hurt because of me, because of my fucked up family."

"And what about Luffy?" Zoro's voice dropped, became quieter but somehow more cutting. "What about fighting him? Kicking him? Telling him you were never coming back?"

Sanji flinched. "I had to make him leave. I had to make him give up on me."

"Luffy doesn't give up. You know that. You've always known that." Zoro's eye was fixed on him, unrelenting. "So why? Why did you really do it?"

The question hung in the air between them. Sanji's hands were shaking. He clasped them together to hide it.

"Because I didn't think I deserved to come back," he admitted finally, the words barely above a whisper. "Because they were right. My family, Big Mom, all of them. I'm just... I'm just a failure, a mistake. The weakest of my siblings, the one who should have died. I thought—" His voice broke. "I thought maybe you'd all be better off without me."

The silence that followed was absolute.

When Sanji finally looked up, Zoro's expression had changed completely. The anger was still there, but underneath it was something else. Something that looked almost like pain.

"You really believe that?" Zoro asked quietly.

Sanji couldn't answer. His throat was too tight.

"Tell me about your birth family," Zoro said suddenly. "What did they do to you?"

"It doesn't matter."

"It matters to me. Tell me."

Sanji hesitated before explaining everything. Haltingly at first, then in a rush, the words spilling out like poison he'd been holding in too long. He told Zoro about being the failure, the weak one, the son without powers. About his brothers' cruelty, his father's cold dismissal, his mother's death. About his "death", the iron mask they'd locked on his face, the dungeon. About being told over and over that he was worthless, that he should never have been born. About Reiju's act of kindness and Judge letting him go, not out of mercy but because he wanted to wash his hands of Sanji once and for all.

By the time he finished, his face was wet and he couldn't remember when he'd started crying.

Zoro was silent for a long moment. When he spoke, his voice was rough with barely contained fury.

"I'm going to kill them."

Sanji let out a sound that was half laugh, half sob. "What?"

"Your father. Your brothers. I'm going to hunt them down and cut them into pieces." Zoro's hand was on Wado's hilt, knuckles white.

"Mosshead—"

"You're not weak, you hear me? You're not a failure. You're…" Zoro seemed to struggle with the words. "You're one of the strongest people I know. Not just physically, but... you're kind. You care about people. You see someone hungry and you feed them, no matter who they are. You protect people. You make the crew better just by being there." His eye met

Sanji's, fierce and bright. "Your family is full of shit and if I ever see them, I'll make them regret every single thing they did to you."

Sanji stared at him, a painful sort of warmth blooming in his chest. "You mean that."

"Of course I mean it." Zoro looked almost offended that Sanji would question it. "You're my —you're our cook. You're crew. Nobody gets to hurt you like that."

"But I hurt Luffy. I hurt all of you by leaving."

"Yeah, you did." Zoro's expression softened slightly. "I'm still pissed about that, but now I understand why. Doesn't make it okay, but..." He ran a hand through his hair, frustrated. "I get it. You were trying to protect us in the only way you knew how. Even if it was a stupid way."

"It was stupid," Sanji agreed quietly. "I should have trusted you. All of you. I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize to me, apologize to Luffy. He's the one who went through hell to bring you back." Zoro paused. "But for what it's worth... I'm glad you came back. Even if you are a shitty cook."

Despite everything, Sanji felt his lips twitch. "Shitty swordsman."

"Twirly-brow."

"Directionless brute."

"Stupid love-cook."

The familiar insults felt like coming home, but then Zoro's face suddenly turned serious.

"That call, during my fight with King. You asked me to kill you if you lost your mind."

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. It was unfair of me to ask—"

"Why me?" Zoro interrupted. "Why did you call me?"

Sanji looked down at his hands. "Because I knew you'd do it. If it came to that. If I really did lose myself and become a monster... I knew you wouldn't hesitate. You'd do what needed to be done."

"You're wrong."

Sanji's head snapped up. "What?"

"I wouldn't have done it." Zoro's voice was steady, certain. "I would have knocked you out, tied you up, dragged you back to Chopper and made him fix you. But I wouldn't have killed you."

"But you promised and I asked you to."

“I don’t care what you asked. I wouldn’t do it.” Zoro leaned forward, his gaze intense. “You’re not going to become like them. You’re not going to lose yourself. Even if something did happen, even if you did change somehow, we’d find a way to bring you back. That’s what this crew does.”

“Zoro...”

“That call scared the shit out of me,” the swordsman continued, his voice rough. “I was in the middle of fighting King, barely holding on, and you called me sounding like you were saying goodbye. Like you’d already given up on yourself. I couldn’t… I was too far away, too busy fighting, I couldn’t get to you.”

“I’m sorry,” Sanji whispered.

“Stop apologizing.” Zoro reached out, his hand warm on Sanji’s wrist. “Just don’t do that again. Don’t give up on yourself. Don’t ask me to…” His grip tightened. “I can’t lose you.”

The words hung in the air between them, heavy with meaning.

Sanji’s heart was pounding. He was suddenly, acutely aware of how close they were sitting, of Zoro’s hand on his wrist, of the way Zoro was looking at him. Not with anger anymore but with something else, something that made Sanji’s breath catch.

“Zoro,” he whispered, his voice almost questioning.

Zoro’s eye dropped to Sanji’s mouth, then back up. “Tell me to stop.”

“Stop what?”

Instead of answering, Zoro leaned in and kissed him.

For a moment, Sanji froze, his mind going completely blank. Zoro’s lips were warm and slightly chapped against his, the kiss tentative, almost careful. It was like Zoro was afraid Sanji might pull away.

Sanji’s brain caught up with his body and he was kissing back, his free hand coming up to fist in Zoro’s kimono, pulling him closer. The kiss deepened, became less careful and more desperate. Weeks of tension, of unspoken words, of longing neither of them had acknowledged, all poured into the kiss.

Zoro’s hand slid from Sanji’s wrist to his jaw, tilting his head to get a better angle. His tongue traced the seam of Sanji’s lips and Sanji opened for him with a soft sound that was almost a whimper. Zoro tasted like sake and something metallic, it was so uniquely him that it made Sanji’s head spin.

They broke apart for air, both breathing hard. Sanji’s lips felt swollen and sensitive. Zoro’s eye was dark, his pupil blown wide.

“How long?” Sanji asked breathlessly.

“How long what?”

“How long have you wanted to do that?”

Zoro’s mouth quirked into a slight smile. “Long time. You?”

“Too long.”

Sanji pulled him back in, kissing him with more confidence. Zoro made a low sound in his throat and shifted closer, his hands sliding into Sanji’s hair.

They kissed until Sanji’s lungs burned, until he was dizzy with it. They broke apart again, Zoro’s forehead resting against his and their breath mingling in the small space between them.

“We should stop,” the greenhead said, though he didn’t move away.

“Probably,” Sanji agreed, and then kissed him again.

This time when they parted, Sanji’s hands were shaking for an entirely different reason than earlier.

“I don’t want to stop.”

Zoro’s eye searched his face.

“You sure?”

“Are you?”

“I asked first.”

“Yes,” Sanji said firmly. “I’m sure. I want you. If you want me.”

“Stupid cook.” Zoro’s voice was fond despite the insult. “Of course I want you.”

He kissed Sanji again, slower this time but no less intense. His hands slid down from Sanji’s hair to his shoulders, to the collar of his kimono. Sanji’s own hands were busy with the tie of Zoro’s kimono, fumbling slightly with the knot.

“Eager?” Zoro murmured against his lips.

“Shut up, Mosshead.”

Zoro huffed a laugh and helped him with the tie, shrugging out of the green kimono to reveal the bandages wrapped around his torso. Sanji’s hands stilled, fingers hovering over the white cloth.

“Your injuries—”

“Are fine. Chopper cleared me for light activity.”

“This isn’t exactly light activity.”

Zoro caught Sanji’s hands, guided them to the bandages. “I’m not made of glass.”

“I know that.” Sanji traced the edge of the bandages carefully. “But I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t.” Zoro’s hands moved to Sanji’s kimono, slowly pushing the deep blue fabric off his shoulders. “Trust me.”

The kimono pooled around Sanji’s waist, leaving his chest bare. Zoro’s eye tracked over his skin, taking in the scars, the lean muscle, the way Sanji’s breath quickened under his gaze. The intensity of that look made Sanji want to cover himself, to hide from such scrutiny, but he forced himself to stay still and let Zoro see him.

“Beautiful,” the swordsman murmured. Sanji felt heat flood his face.

“You don’t have to say things like that,” he replied, his voice rougher than intended.

“It’s true.” Zoro’s hand splayed across Sanji’s chest, over his heart, and Sanji could feel his pulse hammering against Zoro’s palm. “You’re beautiful. Always have been.”

The words made something crack in Sanji’s chest. He’d been called many things in his life: failure, weakling, worthless. Never beautiful. Never with such conviction or certainty. He didn’t know what to say to that, didn’t know how to accept praise he’d never learned to believe he deserved, so he kissed Zoro instead.

Zoro responded immediately, his hands roaming over Sanji’s back, his sides, mapping the planes of his body with careful attention. His calloused fingers traced the ridges of old scars, the dips between ribs, the curve of his spine. Each touch felt deliberate, purposeful, like Zoro was memorizing him through touch alone.

Sanji arched into the contact, his own hands exploring the warm skin of Zoro’s shoulders, careful to avoid the bandaged areas. He could feel the power in Zoro’s muscles, the way they shifted and flexed beneath his palms, could feel the heat radiating from his skin, the slight tremor that suggested Zoro wasn’t as controlled as he appeared.

“You’re shaking,” Sanji whispered against his mouth.

“So are you.” Zoro’s thumb brushed over Sanji’s nipple, making him gasp. “Nervous?”

“A little,” Sanji admitted before he could stop himself. “It’s been a while and it’s never been…” He paused, searching for words. “I’ve never been with someone who matters to me as much as you do.”

Zoro’s eye softened. He cupped Sanji’s face with both hands, thumbs stroking his cheekbones. “We can stop. We don’t have to—”

“I don’t want to stop.” Sanji covered Zoro’s hands with his own. “I want this. I’m just… I want it to be good. For both of us.”

“It will be.” Zoro kissed him softly, then again, deeper. “It’s us. We trust each other.”

The word ‘trust’ hung between them, weighted with everything they’d just discussed. Sanji had left because he didn’t trust the crew to handle his family. Zoro had been avoiding him because his trust in Sanji was shaken. But here, now, with Zoro’s hands on his skin and Zoro’s mouth on his, he was choosing to trust. He was choosing to be vulnerable in a way that terrified and exhilarated him in equal measure.

They shifted onto one of the mats, Zoro guiding Sanji down until he was lying back with one of the cushions under his head and Zoro hovering above him. The position made Sanji’s heart race. He felt exposed in a way that should have been frightening but somehow wasn’t. Not when Zoro was looking at him like he was precious and worth protecting.

“You’re thinking too much,” Zoro murmured, his hand sliding down Sanji’s chest, over his stomach. “I can see it in your face.”

“Can’t help it.” Sanji’s breath hitched as Zoro’s fingers traced the waistband of his underwear. “My brain doesn’t shut off.”

“Then I’ll just have to make you stop thinking.” Zoro’s mouth found his again, kissing him slow and deep, tongue sliding against his in a rhythm that made Sanji’s toes curl. At the same time, his hand moved lower, palming Sanji through the thin fabric of his underwear.

Sanji moaned into the kiss, his hips lifting involuntarily into the touch. Zoro’s tongue in his mouth and hand on his cock was already overwhelming and they’d barely started.

Zoro broke the kiss to trail his lips along Sanji’s jaw, down to his neck. He found the pulse point there and sucked, not hard enough to leave a mark but enough to make Sanji gasp. His hand continued its slow exploration, learning the shape of Sanji through the fabric, the way he responded to different pressures and rhythms.

“Zoro,” Sanji’s hands fisted in Zoro’s hair, holding him close. “Please.”

“Please what?” Zoro’s breath was hot against his neck. “Tell me what you want.”

“Touch me. Properly. I need…” The words stuck in his throat, years of conditioning making it hard to ask for what he wanted.

“Hey.” Zoro lifted his head, meeting Sanji’s eyes. “You can tell me. Whatever you need, whatever you want, just tell me.”

The gentleness in his voice, the patience, made Sanji’s chest tight. “I want your hands on me. I want to feel you. All of you.”

“Good.” Zoro kissed him again, soft and approving. “I want that too.”

His hands worked at the rest of Sanji’s kimono, pushing it aside completely, untangling the fabric from where it had bunched around his waist. Sanji helped him, kicking the peacock-patterned silk away until he was bare except for his underwear. The cool air of the room

raised goosebumps on his skin, or maybe that was just Zoro's gaze tracking over every newly exposed inch of him.

Zoro's hand returned to his chest, fingers splaying wide over his sternum before sliding down, tracing the definition of his abs, the sharp jut of his hip bones. The touch was reverent, almost worshipful, and it made Sanji feel seen in a way he'd never experienced before.

"Still okay?" Zoro asked, his voice rough with desire but his eye searching Sanji's face for any sign of hesitation.

"Yes. More than okay." Sanji pulled him down for another kiss, deeper this time, more demanding. "Please don't stop."

"Not planning to." Zoro settled more fully between Sanji's legs, the weight of him grounding and perfect. "Going to take my time with you, learn every sound you make, every place that drives you crazy."

The promise in those words sent heat flooding through Sanji's body. He wrapped his legs around Zoro's waist, pulling him closer, needing more contact, more friction, more everything.

Zoro groaned at the movement, his hips pressing forward. Sanji could feel how hard he was through the layers of fabric still between them. The knowledge that Zoro wanted him this much, that he could affect Zoro this way, made him feel powerful and desired in equal measure.

"You feel that?" Zoro's voice was strained. "That's what you do to me. What you've always done to me."

Sanji's breath caught. "Always?"

"Always." Zoro kissed him again, then moved to his jaw, his neck, finding sensitive spots that made Sanji gasp and arch. "Been wanting this for longer than I want to admit. Been waiting for you."

The confession made Sanji's head spin. All this time, all the fighting and the tension and the complicated dance they'd been doing around each other. Zoro had wanted him the whole time.

"I want you too," Sanji whispered. "So much. For so long."

Zoro's mouth curved against his neck. "Then let me show you. Let me make you feel good."

Zoro's mouth moved lower, kissing down Sanji's chest, pausing to tongue at a nipple. Sanji's back arched off the mat, a startled moan escaping him. Zoro did it again, then moved to the other side, giving it the same attention while his hand slid down Sanji's stomach.

"Zoro," Sanji breathed, his hands fisting in Zoro's hair.

“I’ve got you.” Zoro’s hand slipped beneath the waistband of Sanji’s underwear, wrapping around his cock. Sanji’s hips jerked up into the touch, pleasure sparking through him. “That’s it. Let me hear you.”

Sanji bit his lip, trying to stay quiet, but Zoro’s hand was moving in slow strokes that made it impossible to think. When Zoro’s thumb swept over the head of his cock, gathering the wetness there, Sanji couldn’t hold back the whimper that escaped.

“Good,” Zoro murmured, his voice full of approval. “You sound so good like this.”

The praise made something warm bloom in Sanji’s chest, made him want to be good, to please. He spread his legs wider, giving Zoro more room, and was rewarded with another kiss, this one deep and claiming.

Zoro released his cock to pull Sanji’s underwear off completely, tossing it aside. Then he sat back on his heels, just looking. Sanji felt exposed, vulnerable, but the heat in Zoro’s eye made him feel desired rather than judged.

“You’re overdressed,” he managed, his voice shaky.

Zoro smirked and removed his own remaining clothing, revealing his cock, already hard and flushed. Sanji’s mouth went dry at the sight.

“Come here,” Sanji said, reaching for him.

Zoro came willingly, settling between Sanji’s legs. They kissed again, slower now, savoring it. Sanji could feel Zoro’s cock against his own, the friction making him gasp into Zoro’s mouth.

“Want to taste you,” Zoro said against his lips.

“Yes. Please.”

Zoro kissed him once more, deep and claiming, before beginning his descent. His mouth moved to Sanji’s jaw first, then down the column of his throat, teeth grazing over his pulse point. Sanji’s breath hitched, his hands coming up to grip Zoro’s shoulders.

“Relax,” Zoro murmured against his skin. “Let me take care of you.”

Sanji tried to relax, tried to breathe, but every touch of Zoro’s mouth felt electric. Zoro kissed across his collarbones, tongue tracing the delicate bones before moving lower. He paused at Sanji’s chest, mouth closing over one nipple while his hand worked the other. Sanji arched into the touch, a soft whimper escaping him.

“Zoro—”

“Shh. I’ve got you.” Zoro’s voice was low, almost soothing, but there was heat beneath it. He switched sides, giving the other nipple the same attention, sucking and licking until Sanji was squirming beneath him.

Zoro's mouth continued its journey downward, kissing over Sanji's ribs, his stomach, pausing to dip his tongue into Sanji's navel. Sanji's hands fisted in the cushions beneath his head, his cock achingly hard, leaking against his stomach. He could feel Zoro's breath ghosting over his heated skin, could see the dark intensity in Zoro's eye as he looked up.

"You're beautiful like this," Zoro said, his hands sliding down Sanji's sides to grip his hips. "Spread out for me, wanting me so much."

Sanji felt his face flush, but he couldn't look away from Zoro's gaze. There was something mesmerizing about seeing Zoro positioned between his thighs, those strong hands on his skin, that mouth so close to where he needed it most.

"Please," Sanji breathed.

"Please what?" Zoro's lips curved into a smirk. "Tell me what you want."

"Your mouth. I want… I need your mouth on me."

"Good boy." The praise made Sanji's cock twitch, made heat pool low in his belly. "I love hearing you ask for what you need."

Zoro kissed along Sanji's hip bone, then across to the other side, deliberately avoiding where Sanji wanted him most. His breath was hot against Sanji's skin, his stubble rough as he nuzzled against the crease of Sanji's thigh. Sanji's hips tried to lift, seeking friction, but Zoro's hands held him firmly in place.

"Stay still," Zoro commanded, his voice rough. "Let me do this my way."

Sanji whimpered but obeyed, forcing his body to relax even as every nerve ending screamed for more. Zoro rewarded him with a kiss to his inner thigh, then another, working his way closer with agonizing slowness.

Finally, Zoro's tongue traced up the length of Sanji's cock, from base to tip. Sanji cried out, his back arching despite Zoro's hold on his hips.

Zoro did it again, slower this time, his tongue flat and wet against Sanji's heated flesh. He circled the head, tongue dipping into the slit to taste the precome gathered there. Sanji's hands flew to Zoro's hair, fingers tangling in the green strands.

"That's it," Zoro murmured, his breath ghosting over Sanji's wet cock and making him shudder. "Hold on to me."

Then Zoro's mouth closed around the head of his cock and Sanji forgot how to breathe.

The heat was overwhelming, the wet slide of Zoro's tongue against him making his toes curl. Zoro took him deeper, inch by inch, his mouth stretching around Sanji's girth. He could feel the back of Zoro's throat, could feel the way Zoro swallowed around him.

"Oh shit, oh fuck." Sanji's head fell back, his grip tightening in Zoro's hair. "Zoro, your mouth, it's so good."

Zoro hummed in approval and the vibration shot through Sanji like lightning. His hips jerked involuntarily but Zoro's hands held him steady, controlled the pace completely. Zoro pulled back until just the tip remained in his mouth, tongue swirling around the sensitive head before taking Sanji deep again.

The rhythm was maddening. Zoro was taking his time, clearly savoring every sound Sanji made. His tongue worked along the underside of Sanji's cock, finding that sensitive spot just below the head and focusing there until Sanji was gasping.

"Zoro, please, I need…" Sanji couldn't finish the sentence, couldn't think past the pleasure building in his core. His thighs were trembling, his whole body taut as a bowstring.

Zoro pulled off with an obscene wet sound, his lips swollen and slick. "What do you need? Tell me."

"More. Faster," Sanji's voice broke on a moan as Zoro's hand wrapped around his cock, stroking slowly. "Please, Zoro, don't tease."

"I'm not teasing." Zoro's thumb swept over the head of Sanji's cock, gathering the wetness there. "I'm savoring you. There's a difference."

He leaned down and licked a stripe up Sanji's length, his eye never leaving Sanji's face. "I want to memorize every sound you make. Every way your body responds to me. The way you taste. I want to know exactly what makes you fall apart."

"You're killing me," Sanji gasped.

Zoro smiled at him before his mouth closed around him again, taking him deep in one smooth motion. Sanji cried out, his hips trying desperately to thrust up, but Zoro's grip was iron.

He set a new pace. Faster now, but still controlled. His mouth was hot and wet, his tongue doing things that made colors burst behind Sanji's eyelids. He hollowed his cheeks, creating suction that had his vision whiting out at the edges.

Sanji was babbling now, words spilling out without thought.

"Fuck, fuck, Zoro. So good, you feel so good. Your mouth is perfect."

Zoro's hand moved to cup Sanji's balls, rolling them gently while his mouth continued its relentless assault. The sensations were too much, pleasure building and building until Sanji thought he might shatter from it.

"Zoro, I'm so close." Sanji's fingers tightened in Zoro's hair, his whole body trembling. "Don't stop, please don't stop."

Zoro took him deeper, his nose nearly touching Sanji's pelvis, throat working around him. Sanji could feel his orgasm building, that familiar tension coiling tighter and tighter in his belly. His breathing was ragged, desperate sounds escaping him with every exhale.

“Zoro, I’m going to— I’m—”

Just when Sanji was certain he was about to come, when he was teetering right on that edge, Zoro pulled off completely. The loss was devastating. Sanji’s cock was achingly hard, flushed dark and leaking, and the absence of Zoro’s mouth felt like a physical pain.

“No, why,” Sanji whimpered, his hips lifting uselessly, seeking friction that wasn’t there.

“Not yet.” Zoro’s voice was rough, his own breathing heavy. His lips were red and swollen, slick with spit and precome. “Want you to last. Want to make this good for you.”

“It is good,” Sanji protested desperately. “It’s so good, please, I need—”

“I know what you need.” Zoro’s hand stroked soothingly over Sanji’s trembling thigh. “Trust me.”

Sanji whimpered again, his cock twitching against his stomach, so hard it almost hurt. “You’re a bastard.”

“Yeah.” Zoro’s smile was wicked. “But you love it.”

“Your turn.” Zoro moved up the cushions, positioning himself so his cock was level with Sanji’s mouth. Sanji’s eyes caught on the full expanse of Zoro’s muscled body, the bandages covering flesh, the scars that marked his skin, the way his cock stood hard and flushed against his stomach. “If you want.”

Sanji absolutely wanted. He’d been watching Zoro’s cock since this started, had felt it hard against his thigh when they kissed, had wondered what it would feel like in his mouth. Now, presented with the opportunity, desire flooded through him so intensely it made him dizzy.

He rose up on his elbows, his own cock still achingly hard, and leaned forward. Up close, he could see the way Zoro’s cock twitched slightly, the bead of precome gathered at the tip. His mouth watered.

Sanji started slow, pressing a kiss to the head, tasting salt and musk. The flavor was intense and it made something primal stir in Sanji’s chest. Zoro’s breath hitched above him, sharp and surprised, and that small sound sent a thrill through Sanji’s body.

Encouraged, Sanji pressed another kiss, this time to the side of Zoro’s cock, then another lower down, mapping the heated flesh with his lips. He could feel the pulse beneath the skin, could feel how hard Zoro was, how much he wanted this. The knowledge made Sanji’s own neglected cock throb, but he pushed the sensation aside. This wasn’t about him right now. This was about making Zoro feel good, proving to himself that he could do this.

He licked a stripe up the underside, tracing the prominent vein there with the flat of his tongue. Zoro’s thigh muscles tensed beneath Sanji’s palm, and above him, Zoro made a low sound that was almost a growl. Sanji did it again, learning the texture and taste of him, the way the skin was impossibly soft over the rigid hardness beneath, the way Zoro’s cock twitched against his tongue, seeking more contact.

“Sanji,” Zoro’s voice was already strained, rough with desire, and they’d barely started.

The sound of his name like that made Sanji’s heart race. He looked up, meeting Zoro’s eye, holding that intense gaze as he opened his mouth and took Zoro in properly. The weight of Zoro’s cock on his tongue was perfect, substantial and hot, the stretch of his lips around the girth making his jaw ache in the best way. He could taste more precome now, slightly bitter but not unpleasant, and he swallowed it down, wanting more.

Zoro’s hand came to rest in his hair, not pushing, just holding, fingers threading through the blond strands with surprising gentleness. The touch was reverent, almost tender, and it made something warm and desperate bloom in Sanji’s chest. He wanted to be touched like this. Wanted to be held like this. Wanted to be wanted just like this.

He took Zoro deeper, working his tongue along the underside, finding the sensitive spot just below the head and focusing there. He hollowed his cheeks to create suction. Above him, Zoro groaned, a rough, uncontrolled sound that went straight to Sanji’s cock.

“Fuck, Sanji.” Zoro’s voice was wrecked, his hips twitching forward slightly before he caught himself, muscles locking to keep still. “You’re so good.”

Sanji’s eyes fluttered closed and he moaned around Zoro’s cock, the vibration making Zoro’s grip in his hair tighten.

Zoro thought he was good. The words settled into his chest, warm and precious. He needed more.

He pulled back until just the head remained in his mouth, tongue swirling around the sensitive crown, mapping every ridge and contour. He dipped into the slit, tasting the salt-bitter precome gathered there. Zoro’s thigh muscles trembled beneath Sanji’s hand. The tremor was subtle but unmistakable, evidence of Zoro’s struggle for control, proof that Sanji was affecting him.

I can do this. I can make him lose control. I can be good enough.

“Fuck, Sanji, where did you learn—” Zoro’s words cut off on a gasp as Sanji took him deep again, deeper this time, relaxing his throat to take more. The head of Zoro’s cock pressed against the back of his throat and Sanji breathed through his nose, willing his body to accept the intrusion, to open up and take everything Zoro would give him.

I want to make you feel good, Sanji thought desperately, his hands gripping Zoro’s thighs harder. *Want to prove I can do this, that I’m worth keeping, that I’m good enough, that I’m not useless, I’m not worthless. I can do this for him. I can.*

He pushed the spiral of thoughts away, focusing instead on the task at hand. He set a rhythm, taking Zoro deep and then pulling back, using his tongue, his lips, the suction of his cheeks. His jaw was starting to ache but he didn’t care. The rough, broken groans Zoro was making were worth any discomfort. Each sound was proof that he was doing well, that he was pleasing Zoro, that he was good.

Sanji's own cock was leaking steadily, untouched and desperate, the ache almost painful now. He ignored it, pushing the need aside. This was about Zoro. About making Zoro feel as good as Zoro had made him feel. About proving something he couldn't quite articulate even to himself: that he was worth this, worth wanting, worth keeping.

"That's it," Zoro breathed, his hand gentle in Sanji's hair, fingers carding through the strands in a soothing rhythm. "Just like that. You're doing so well, Sanji. So fucking perfect."

Perfect. The word made Sanji's eyes sting, made his chest tight with emotion he couldn't name. He doubled his efforts, taking Zoro as deep as he could, until he could feel the head of Zoro's cock at the back of his throat. He swallowed around it and Zoro cursed, his hips jerking forward involuntarily, the careful control slipping for just a moment.

"Sorry, sorry," Zoro's voice was tight with the effort of restraint, his whole body tense. "Fuck, I didn't mean to do that."

Sanji pulled off just enough to speak, his voice rough and wrecked. "It's okay. I can take it." He looked up at Zoro, holding that intense gaze.

He wanted to take it. He wanted Zoro to lose control, wanted to be the one who made that happen. He wanted to prove he could handle whatever Zoro gave him. He took Zoro deep again, relaxing his throat completely, and this time when Zoro's hips thrust forward, Sanji didn't pull back. He let Zoro in, let him feel the tight heat of his throat, let him take what he needed.

"Fuck, Sanji, you're—" Zoro's breathing was harsh, his whole body trembling with tension. "You're incredible. So good for me. Taking me so well. So perfect."

The praise washed over Sanji like a wave, each word settling into his chest, filling up the empty spaces inside him. He moaned around Zoro's cock, the sound muffled and desperate, and felt tears prick at the corners of his eyes. Not from discomfort, his throat was handling the intrusion fine, but from the overwhelming emotion of being praised like this, of being told he was good, that he was perfect, that he was wanted.

Say it again. Please say it again.

His hands gripped Zoro's thighs harder, feeling the muscles jump and tremble beneath his palms. He could feel Zoro's restraint in every line of his body, the way he was holding back, trying not to thrust too hard, trying to be gentle despite the clear desire to let go.

Sanji didn't want gentle. He wanted to push Zoro past that control, wanted to see him come undone, wanted to be the reason Zoro lost himself. He wanted to be so good that Zoro couldn't hold back anymore.

He pulled back, gasping for air, his lips swollen and slick with spit and precome. His jaw ached pleasantly, and he could imagine how wrecked he probably looked. "You can move," he said, his voice hoarse. "I want you to. Please."

Zoro's eye was dark, his pupil blown so wide there was barely any color left. "You sure? I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't." Sanji took him back into his mouth, deeper, and looked up to meet Zoro's gaze. He relaxed his throat completely, opening himself up, making his body pliant and willing. The message was clear: *I can handle it. I want this. Use me. Please use me.*

Zoro's grip in his hair tightened, and then he was moving in shallow thrusts at first, testing, making sure Sanji could take it. Sanji moaned encouragement, his hands on Zoro's thighs urging him on, and gradually the thrusts grew deeper and more confident as Sanji proved he could handle it.

The rhythm was intoxicating, Zoro's cock sliding over his tongue, hitting the back of his throat, the weight and heat of him filling Sanji's mouth completely. Sanji felt used in the best way, felt needed, felt like he was serving a purpose. His own pleasure didn't matter. This was what mattered: making Zoro feel good, earning his praise, proving his worth.

"God, Sanji, your mouth feels so good." Zoro's voice was rough, breaking on the words, control fraying with each thrust. "So hot and wet. So perfect. You're taking me so perfectly. Look at you. So beautiful like this, letting me fuck your mouth."

Sanji moaned around him, the sound muffled and desperate, and felt tears leak from the corners of his eyes. The praise was overwhelming, making him feel seen and valued in a way he'd never experienced before. His cock was throbbing between his legs, leaking steadily against his stomach, but he didn't care. This was enough for now: being used like this, being praised like this, being *wanted* like this.

He could feel Zoro getting close in the way his thrusts became less controlled, more erratic, the way his breathing turned ragged and harsh, the way his cock seemed to swell even more in Sanji's mouth. Sanji wanted it, wanted to taste him, wanted to swallow everything Zoro would give him. He wanted to be good enough to receive that, to earn that final proof of Zoro's pleasure.

"Sanji, fuck, you're going to make me come." Zoro's voice was strained, desperate. "Your mouth is so good, you're so beautiful, taking me so well, so fucking gorgeous."

Sanji moaned again, the sound vibrating around Zoro's cock, and sucked harder, hollowed his cheeks more, used his tongue with more purpose. He wanted it. Wanted to taste Zoro's release.

But then Zoro was pulling back, his cock slipping from Sanji's mouth with an obscene wet sound. Sanji whimpered at the loss, actually whimpered, chasing after him with his mouth open and wanting. Zoro's hand in his hair held him still, kept him from following.

"No," he begged, the word coming out desperate. "Zoro, please, I want—"

"If you keep going, I'm going to come." Zoro's voice was strained, his chest heaving with the effort of breathing. "I don't want this to be over yet. I want to be inside you when I come."

Sanji licked his lips, tasting Zoro there, and felt his face heat with a mixture of arousal and disappointment that he hadn't gotten to finish, hadn't gotten to prove he could take everything. His mouth felt empty without Zoro's cock filling it, his jaw aching pleasantly from the stretch. He could see how close Zoro. His cock was flushed dark and leaking, his whole body tense with the effort of holding back.

"I want…" Sanji's voice came out rough, wrecked, barely recognizable as his own. He swallowed and tried again, forcing the words out past the tightness in his throat. "I want…" He felt his face heat even more, but he forced himself to say it, to ask for what he needed. "I want you inside me. Please. I need you inside me."

Zoro's eye went dark, darker than Sanji had ever seen it. "You sure?"

"I'm sure." Sanji's voice was firm despite how wrecked he felt. "I want you. All of you. Please, Zoro."

"Okay. Okay." Zoro kissed him then, deep and thorough, tasting himself on Sanji's tongue. When he pulled back, his hand cupped Sanji's face with surprising tenderness. "We'll need lube."

Sanji's mind was fuzzy with arousal and need, but he managed to think through the haze. "My pocket. There's oil in my kimono pocket."

Zoro retrieved the small bottle from Sanji's discarded kimono, looking at it with raised eyebrows and a hint of amusement. "You carry this around?"

"It's for cooking," Sanji said defensively, though his face was burning with embarrassment.

"Sure it is." Zoro was smiling as he said it, fond and teasing. The expression made Sanji's chest tight. He uncapped the bottle and poured some onto his fingers, warming it between his palms. "Lie back for me."

Sanji did, his heart pounding so hard he could feel it in his throat. He'd done this before, but never with someone he cared about the way he cared about Zoro. Never with someone whose opinion of him felt like it could make or break him.

Zoro settled between his legs again, one hand warm and grounding on Sanji's thigh. "Relax. I'll take care of you. I promise."

The first finger was careful and gentle, working inside slowly with patience Sanji hadn't known Zoro possessed. Sanji breathed through the initial intrusion, the slight burn, willing his body to relax and accept it. Zoro's other hand stroked his thigh in soothing circles, the touch grounding him, keeping him present.

"That's it. You're doing so well." Zoro's voice was low, encouraging, warm with approval.

Sanji whimpered, the praise making him clench involuntarily around Zoro's finger. The reaction was automatic, his body responding to the words before his mind could catch up. Zoro noticed immediately, his eye sharpening with interest and understanding.

“You like that?” Zoro’s voice was intrigued. “Like being told how good you are?”

“Yes,” Sanji admitted, his voice barely above a whisper, shame and arousal mixing in equal measure. He’d never said it out loud before, never acknowledged this need that lived inside him: the desperate hunger for approval, for praise, for someone to tell him he was good enough.

Zoro added a second finger, stretching him carefully, watching Sanji’s face for any sign of discomfort. “Well, you are good. So good for me. So beautiful like this, spread out and taking my fingers.”

Sanji’s cock twitched at the words, leaking more against his stomach. The combination of Zoro’s fingers inside him and the steady stream of praise was overwhelming in the best way, filling up all the empty spaces inside him that had been aching for so long. When Zoro crooked his fingers and found that spot inside him, Sanji nearly came off the mat, his back arching sharply.

“There it is.” He pressed against that spot again, deliberate and purposeful, watching Sanji’s face as pleasure crashed through him in waves. “Right there. Look at you. So responsive, so perfect. You take direction so well. So eager to please.”

The words hit Sanji like physical touches, each one settling into his chest, making him feel seen and valued and wanted. He couldn’t form words, could only gasp and arch into the touch, his hands fisting in the cushions beneath him. Zoro’s fingers worked that spot, building the pleasure until Sanji thought he might come from this alone. His cock was achingly hard, leaking steadily against his stomach, desperate for friction.

“Zoro, please.” Sanji didn’t even know what he was begging for anymore. More fingers? More praise? More of everything?

“I’ve got you.” Zoro added a third finger, the stretch more intense now, bordering on too much. He moved slowly, carefully, giving Sanji time to adjust to the increased fullness. “That’s it. Open up for me. You’re doing so well, taking my fingers so well. Such a good boy for me.”

The praise made Sanji clench around him again, made him want more, made him desperate to be even better. He could feel himself being stretched, prepared, could feel the slight burn that came with it. Zoro’s other hand was stroking his thigh, his hip, grounding him and soothing him, while the praise kept coming until Sanji felt drunk on it.

“Think you can take my cock?” Zoro’s voice was rough with desire, his own control clearly fraying at the edges. “Think you’re ready for me?”

“Yes.” Sanji’s voice came out wrecked, desperate, pleading. “Yes, please, Zoro, I need you inside me. Please. I’ll be good. I’ll be so good for you.”

“Fuck.” Zoro withdrew his fingers slowly and Sanji whimpered at the loss, feeling empty and aching and incomplete. “The things you do to me, Cook. The things you say.”

Sanji watched through half-lidded eyes as Zoro reached for the oil again, slicking his cock. The sight made Sanji's mouth water: Zoro's hand wrapped around himself, stroking slowly, his cock flushed dark and hard.

Zoro positioned himself between Sanji's legs, one hand gripping Sanji's thigh, the other guiding his cock. "Tell me if it's too much. If you need me to stop."

"I won't need you to stop." Sanji wrapped his legs around Zoro's waist, pulling him closer. "I want this."

Zoro's eye darkened. He pressed forward, the head of his cock breaching Sanji's entrance, and they both groaned at the sensation. The stretch was intense, more than fingers, burning in a way that made Sanji's breath catch.

"Breathe," Zoro murmured, holding still. "Just breathe. You're doing so well."

Sanji forced himself to relax, to breathe through the burn. Zoro pushed in another inch, so slowly, giving him time to adjust. The stretch was overwhelming, the feeling of being filled unlike anything Sanji had experienced before. This was Zoro inside him, Zoro's cock splitting him open, Zoro's body pressed against his.

"That's it. Taking me so well." Zoro's voice was strained, his whole body tense with the effort of going slow. "So tight. Fuck, Sanji, you feel incredible."

The praise helped, made Sanji's body relax further. Zoro pushed in deeper, inch by inch, until finally, he was fully seated, his hips flush against Sanji's ass. They both stilled, breathing hard, adjusting to the sensation.

Sanji felt impossibly full, stretched around Zoro's cock, pinned beneath Zoro's weight. The burn had faded to a pleasant ache, and beneath it was something else. A sense of completion, of rightness. This was what he'd needed without knowing it.

"Okay?" Zoro's hand came up to cup Sanji's face, thumb stroking his cheekbone. The tenderness of the gesture contrasted sharply with the raw intimacy of their position.

"Yes." Sanji turned his head to kiss Zoro's palm. "More than okay. You can move."

"Thank fuck." Zoro pulled back slowly, almost all the way out, and then pushed back in. The drag of his cock against Sanji's inner walls made them both groan. "You feel so good. So perfect. Made for this. Made for me."

He set a slow rhythm at first, deep rolls of his hips that made Sanji feel every inch of him. Sanji's hands clutched at Zoro's shoulders, his back, anywhere he could reach, trying to ground himself against the overwhelming sensations.

"More," Sanji gasped. "Zoro, please, I need—"

"I know what you need." Zoro's pace increased, his thrusts becoming harder, deeper. The sound of skin against skin filled the room, obscene and perfect. "Need me to fuck you properly. Need me to make you fall apart."

“Yes, yes, please.”

Zoro shifted the angle slightly and the next thrust hit Sanji’s prostate dead-on. Sanji cried out, his back arching, pleasure so intense it bordered on pain shooting through him.

“There.” Zoro’s voice was rough with satisfaction. “That’s the spot. Look at you. So beautiful like this, taking my cock so well. Perfect. You’re so fucking perfect.”

He set a relentless rhythm then, each thrust hitting that spot, driving Sanji higher and higher. Sanji was making sounds he’d never made before: helpless little moans and gasps and broken pleas. His cock was trapped between their bodies, the friction not quite enough, the pleasure building but not cresting.

“That’s it. Let me hear you.” Zoro’s hips snapped forward, harder now, the careful control starting to fray. “You sound so good. So desperate for it. Taking my cock like you were made for it.”

Sanji couldn’t form words anymore, could only hold on as Zoro fucked into him. Sweat slicked their skin where they pressed together. He could feel Zoro’s muscles flexing with each thrust, could feel the tremor in Zoro’s arms where they bracketed his head.

“Touch yourself,” Zoro commanded, his voice rough. “Want to see you stroke your cock while I fuck you.”

Sanji’s hand flew to his cock almost before he’d processed the words. He was so hard it hurt, leaking steadily, and the first touch of his own hand made him gasp. He stroked himself in time with Zoro’s thrusts, the dual sensations overwhelming.

“That’s it. Good boy. So good for me.” Zoro’s pace was becoming erratic, his control slipping. “Fuck, Sanji, you’re so tight. Squeezing me so perfectly. Not going to last much longer.”

“Don’t want you to last.” Sanji’s voice was wrecked, barely recognizable. “Want to feel you come inside me. Want you to lose control.”

Zoro groaned, the sound almost pained. His thrusts became harder, faster, chasing his own pleasure now. “You’re going to kill me, Cook. Saying things like that while you’re clenching around my cock.”

The praise, the fullness, the relentless pressure against his prostate, his own hand on his cock, it was all too much. Sanji could feel his orgasm building, coiling tight in his core, ready to snap.

“Zoro, I’m so close.”

“Come for me.” Zoro’s hand covered Sanji’s on his cock, their fingers tangling together, stroking in unison. “Want to feel you come around me. Want to feel you fall apart. Come on, Sanji. Be good for me. Come.”

The command, combined with the pressure of their joined hands and another perfect thrust against his prostate, sent Sanji over the edge. He came with a broken cry of Zoro's name, his body clenching rhythmically around Zoro's cock, pleasure whiting out his vision. He could feel himself pulsing in their joined grip, come spilling over their fingers, over his stomach, hot and wet.

"Fuck, Sanji." Zoro's rhythm faltered, became erratic. "So tight, clenching around me, you feel so—"

His words cut off on a groan as his own orgasm hit. Sanji felt the pulse of Zoro's cock inside him, the warmth of his release, the way Zoro's whole body went rigid and then shuddered. Zoro thrust a few more times, riding out his climax, and then collapsed forward, catching himself on his forearms to keep from crushing Sanji.

They lay there, both breathing hard, their bodies still joined. Sanji could feel Zoro's heart pounding against his chest, could feel the tremor in Zoro's muscles, the way his breath ghosted hot against Sanji's neck. His own body felt wrung out, oversensitive, every nerve ending singing.

Zoro pressed a kiss to Sanji's neck, then his jaw, then finally his lips, soft and tender, so different from the intensity of moments before. "You okay?"

"More than okay." Sanji's voice was hoarse. His hands moved over Zoro's back in soothing strokes, feeling the sweat-slick skin, the way Zoro's muscles still trembled slightly. "That was... I don't have words."

"Yeah." Zoro kissed him again, slow and deep. "You were incredible. So perfect. Took me so well."

Even now, the praise made something warm bloom in Sanji's chest. He tightened his legs around Zoro's waist, keeping him close, not ready to lose the feeling of being filled, of being connected like this.

"Don't want to move yet," Sanji admitted quietly.

"Then we won't." Zoro shifted slightly, careful not to pull out, and settled more comfortably against Sanji. The change in angle made them both gasp, still oversensitive. "We've got time."

They lay like that for long minutes, just breathing together, hands moving in gentle caresses over sweat-dampened skin. Sanji could feel Zoro softening inside him, could feel the slow trickle of come, but he didn't care. This moment felt too precious to rush, too important to let go of yet.

Finally, Zoro carefully pulled out, making Sanji wince at the sensitivity. The feeling of emptiness was strange after being so full. Sanji felt the loss keenly. But then Zoro was settling beside him on the cushions, pulling him close, and that helped.

"That was..." Sanji couldn't find the words.

“Yeah.” Zoro lifted his head, kissing him softly. “You okay?”

“More than okay.” Sanji smiled, feeling loose and sated. “That was incredible.”

They lay in comfortable silence for a while, just touching, hands roaming lazily over each other’s skin. Sanji traced the edge of Zoro’s bandages, then moved lower, over his stomach, his hip. Zoro’s hand was in his hair, fingers combing through the strands.

“I can feel you thinking,” Zoro murmured.

“Just... processing.” Sanji tilted his head to look up at him. “This changes things.”

“Does it have to?”

“Doesn’t it?”

Zoro considered this. “We’re still crewmates. Still rivals. Still going to argue about stupid shit.”

“Obviously.”

“But now we’re also... this.” Zoro’s hand moved to cup Sanji’s face. “If you want to be.”

“I want to be,” Sanji said without hesitation. “I want you.”

“Good.” Zoro kissed him, slow and deep. “Because I’m not letting you go.”

The kiss deepened, became more heated. What started as tender reassurance transformed into something hungrier, more urgent. Sanji could feel Zoro starting to harden again against his hip, could feel his own body responding despite having just come. A spark of arousal was reigniting in his core, impossible to ignore yet almost painful in its intensity.

He shifted closer, pressing against Zoro, and the contact made him gasp. His skin was still oversensitive, every nerve ending raw and exposed. Even the gentle slide of Zoro’s hand down his side felt like too much and not enough simultaneously. He was rewarded with a low groan from Zoro, whose hand tightened in his hair, the other sliding down to grip Sanji’s hip, pulling him flush against him.

“Again?” Zoro asked, but he was already moving, already touching. His hand slid between them to wrap around Sanji’s cock, and Sanji nearly jumped out of his skin at the contact.

“Ah,” the sound escaped him involuntarily, his hips jerking away from the touch even as his body craved more. “Sensitive.”

“I know.” Zoro’s voice was soft, understanding. His hand gentled immediately, stroking with barely-there pressure. “We don’t have to. If it’s too much—”

“No.” Sanji caught Zoro’s wrist, holding his hand in place. “I want to. I just— give me a minute.” He took a shaky breath, willing his body to adjust to the sensation. “Let me touch you first.”

His own hand found Zoro's cock, stroking slowly, carefully, learning the weight and heat of him all over again. Zoro was already half-hard, his body responding to their proximity, to the promise of more. Sanji watched his face as he worked him, saw the way Zoro's eye darkened, the way his breath quickened, the way his hips pushed into Sanji's grip.

"That's it," Zoro murmured, his own hand still resting gently on Sanji's cock, not moving, just holding. "Take your time. We've got all night."

The patience in his voice, the lack of pressure, made something warm bloom in Sanji's chest. He stroked Zoro with more confidence now, feeling him harden fully under his touch. Gradually, his own body began to respond in kind. The oversensitivity started to transform into into renewed arousal that built slowly, carefully, like a flame being coaxed back to life.

"Okay," Sanji breathed after several long minutes. "Okay, you can move now."

Zoro's hand began to stroke him properly then, still gentle but with more purpose, and Sanji moaned at the sensation. It was still intense, but bearable now, pleasure mixing with the lingering sensitivity in a way that made his toes curl.

"You're so responsive," Zoro murmured, his voice full of wonder. "Even after coming that hard, your body still wants more. Still wants me."

The praise made Sanji's cock twitch in Zoro's hand, made heat flood through him despite his exhaustion.

"Can't help it," he admitted, his voice rough. "I can't control how my body reacts to you."

"Good." Zoro kissed him, slow and deep, his tongue sliding against Sanji's in a rhythm that matched the stroke of his hand. "Don't want you to control it. Want you to let go. Want to see everything you'll give me."

They continued like that for long minutes, hands working each other slowly, kisses deep and unhurried. This time was different from before. It was less desperate, more exploratory. They had time now, had already taken the edge off, and they could afford to be patient with each other.

Sanji discovered that Zoro was sensitive behind his ear, that kissing and sucking there made him shudder and groan. He found the spot where Zoro's neck met his shoulder and bit down gently, then harder when Zoro's hips jerked forward in response. He learned that Zoro liked having his hair pulled. Not gently, but with real force, enough to make his head tilt back and expose the long line of his throat.

"Fuck, Sanji," Zoro's voice was strained when Sanji's teeth scraped over his nipple. "Where did you learn…"

"Just paying attention," Sanji murmured against his skin. "Watching what makes you react. What makes you lose control."

He moved lower, kissing down Zoro's chest, his stomach, mapping the landscape of scars and muscle with his mouth. Zoro's hand stayed in his hair, not directing, just touching, fingers carding through the blond strands with surprising gentleness.

Zoro learned that Sanji loved being praised, that every "good" and "perfect" made him melt a little more, made his body respond even when he thought he had nothing left to give. He discovered that Sanji was flexible in ways that made his eye darken with want and possibility. The way he could arch his back, the way his legs could wrap around Zoro's waist or shoulders and pull him impossibly closer. He found that Sanji could take whatever Zoro gave him and still ask for more, still push for deeper, harder, better.

"Want you again," Sanji breathed against Zoro's mouth after what felt like hours of slow exploration. His hand was still working Zoro's cock, feeling how hard he was, how ready. "Want to feel you inside me again."

"Fuck." Zoro's eye was dark, pupils blown so wide there was barely any color left. "You sure? You're not too sore?"

"I'm sure." Sanji kissed him hard, all tongue and teeth. "I need to feel you again. Need to be filled. Please, Zoro."

"You're going to kill me, Cook." Zoro was already moving, already reaching for him. "The things you say. The way you ask for it."

"Won't kill you before you fuck me again." Sanji's voice was rough with desire, with need that had rebuilt itself from embers into flame.

Zoro groaned and kissed him hard, all tongue and teeth and barely restrained desire. His hands roamed over Sanji's body with more purpose now, relearning the places that made him gasp, that made him arch into the touch. When they broke apart, both breathing hard, Zoro's hands were already moving, reaching for the oil, slicking his fingers.

"Turn over," Zoro said, his voice rough with want. "On your hands and knees."

Sanji's breath caught. The first time had been face to face, intimate and intense, their eyes locked as they moved together. This would be different, deeper, more vulnerable in a different way. He would be exposed, unable to see Zoro's face, unable to read his expressions. The thought made his heart race with a mixture of nervousness and anticipation.

He moved to comply, shifting on the mat until he was positioned on his hands and knees. The movement made him acutely aware of his body, the pleasant ache in his muscles, the lingering sensitivity, the way he was still slightly open from before. Then there was the exposure of it, the knowledge that Zoro could see everything from this angle.

"Fuck, look at you." Zoro's hand ran down his spine, slow and reverent, tracing the curve of his back down to his ass. "So beautiful like this. So perfect."

Sanji shivered at the praise, at the reverence in Zoro's voice. He felt Zoro's fingers at his entrance, pressing in easily, and gasped at the sensation. He was still open from before, still

slick with oil and come. The knowledge that Zoro could feel that, could see the evidence of what they'd done, made heat flood through him.

"Still so open for me," Zoro murmured, working two fingers in and out with ease. The slide was wet and obscene. Sanji could hear it in the quiet room. "Your body remembers me. Remembers my cock. Look how easily you take my fingers."

"Zoro, please." Sanji pushed back against the fingers, needing more than this teasing. His body was ready, had been ready, and the slow preparation felt like torture.

"Patience." Zoro added a third finger, stretching him further, and Sanji moaned at the fullness. "Want to make sure you're ready. Don't want to hurt you."

"You won't." Sanji's voice was desperate, pleading. "I can take it. I can take you. Please, Zoro, I need—"

Zoro's fingers found his prostate and pressed, making Sanji cry out. "You need to be filled. Need to feel me inside you. Need to be fucked properly."

"Yes, please, I need all of that."

Zoro withdrew his fingers slowly, and Sanji whimpered at the loss, feeling empty and aching and incomplete. He heard the sound of more oil being poured, heard Zoro's breath hitch as he slicked himself, and then felt the blunt pressure of Zoro's cock against his entrance.

"Going to make you feel so good," Zoro promised, one hand gripping Sanji's hip, the other guiding himself. "Going to show you how much you mean to me. How much I want you. How perfect you are."

He pushed in slowly. From this angle it felt completely different. It felt deeper, more intense, the angle hitting places inside him that made colors burst behind his eyes. Sanji's arms trembled as he tried to hold himself up, tried to adjust to the fullness, to the overwhelming sensation of being split open and filled.

"Breathe," Zoro said softly, his hand moving from Sanji's hip to stroke up his spine in soothing circles. "That's it. Just breathe. You're doing so well. Taking me so perfectly."

Sanji forced himself to breathe, to relax into the sensation. From this angle, Zoro felt impossibly deep, like he was reaching places that had never been touched before. The stretch was intense, but it was pleasure, deep aching pleasure, that made his whole body tremble.

Zoro pushed in further, inch by inch, giving Sanji time to adjust. His hands were gentle on Sanji's hips, holding him steady, grounding him. When he was fully seated, his hips flush against Sanji's ass, they both stilled, breathing hard.

"Okay?" Zoro's voice was strained with the effort of holding still. "Too much?"

"No." Sanji's voice was shaky but certain. "Not too much. Perfect. You're perfect."

“You’re the one who’s perfect.” Zoro leaned forward, covering Sanji’s back with his chest, changing the angle slightly and making them both gasp. “Look at you. Taking all of me. So beautiful. So strong.”

He started to move then, slow rolls of his hips that made Sanji feel every inch of him. The drag of Zoro’s cock against his inner walls was exquisite, the angle sending sparks of pleasure through his body. Sanji couldn’t hold back the moan that escaped him, couldn’t control the way his body responded.

“That’s it. Let me hear you.” Zoro’s pace increased gradually, each thrust deliberate and controlled. “You sound so good. You were made for me.”

The praise washed over Sanji like a wave, soothing something raw and aching inside him. He wasn’t a failure, not disposable, not worthless, but made for someone. The words his family had never said, the acceptance he’d been denied his whole life, Zoro was giving him now with every thrust, every murmured praise.

“You came back,” Zoro said, his voice rough with emotion and exertion. His thrusts were becoming deeper now, more purposeful. “You came back to us. To me. That took strength. That took courage.”

Sanji’s arms gave out and he collapsed forward onto his forearms, the change in angle making Zoro’s cock drag directly against his prostate with every thrust. He cried out, overwhelmed by the sensation, by the words, by the combination of physical pleasure and emotional intensity.

“I’m so proud of you,” Zoro continued, his hands gripping Sanji’s hips tighter now, pulling him back onto his cock with each thrust. “So fucking proud. You survived them. You survived everything they did to you and you’re still here. Still fighting. Still you. Still beautiful. Still strong.”

Something broke open in Sanji’s chest. Tears pricked at his eyes, mixing with the pleasure building in his core. No one had ever said they were proud of him. No one had ever acknowledged what it had cost him to survive his childhood, to escape, to keep going despite everything. Each word cracked open the armor he’d built around his heart.

“*Zoro*,” His voice broke on the name, tears starting to stream down his face.

“I’ve got you. I’m right here.” Zoro leaned forward, covering Sanji’s body with his own, changing the angle again. His chest was pressed against Sanji’s back, his breath hot against Sanji’s ear. “You’re not alone anymore. You don’t have to be. I’m here. I’m not going anywhere.”

The words, the angle, the relentless pressure against his prostate, was all too much. Sanji felt his orgasm building, different from before, deeper, more intense. It was building from somewhere deeper than his cock, somewhere in his core, in his chest, in the places where Zoro’s words were settling and taking root. His cock was untouched, hanging heavy between his legs, but the pleasure was coiling tight anyway, building and building until he thought he might shatter from it.

“Zoro, I’m…”

“Let go,” Zoro murmured against his ear, his voice soft and commanding at once. “Just let go. I’ve got you. You’re safe with me. You’re wanted. You’re chosen. You’re mine.”

Chosen. The word hit Sanji like a punch to the gut that knocked all the air from his lungs. Not the failure, not the spare, not the one they threw away. Chosen. Wanted. Kept. Treasured.

His orgasm crashed over him without warning, his body clenching rhythmically around Zoro’s cock as he came untouched, his cock pulsing and spilling onto the mat beneath him. The intensity of it shocked him, pleasure so overwhelming it bordered on pain, radiating out from his core to every nerve ending, to his fingertips and toes, to the top of his head. He was shaking, gasping, tears streaming down his face as wave after wave of sensation rolled through him. It felt endless, like he was coming apart and being put back together simultaneously.

Zoro groaned at the feeling of Sanji clenching around him, his rhythm stuttering.

“Fuck, Sanji. You’re so… The way you’re squeezing me, so tight, so perfect.”

His thrusts became erratic, harder, chasing his own release now. Sanji could feel every movement, his body oversensitive and raw. The he felt the pulse of Zoro’s cock inside him, the warmth of his release flooding deep. It triggered another aftershock of pleasure that made Sanji whimper, his oversensitive body trembling uncontrollably.

But Zoro didn’t pull out.

Instead, he kept moving, kept thrusting through his own orgasm, and Sanji gasped at the sensation. Everything was too much, too sensitive, too intense. Zoro’s cock was still hard inside him, slick now with his own come and every thrust made obscene wet sounds that should have embarrassed Sanji but only made him moan helplessly.

“*Zoro,*” His voice broke, barely recognizable. “I can’t. It’s too much. I can’t take it.”

“You can.” Zoro’s voice was rough, strained, but certain. “You can take it. I know you can. You’re so beautiful like this, Sanji. So fucking perfect. Look at you, still taking me, still letting me have you even though you’re oversensitive, even though it’s too much. That’s how strong you are.”

The praise made Sanji’s spent cock twitch weakly against his stomach. He was oversensitive everywhere, every nerve ending firing. Zoro was still fucking him, still moving inside him with deep, deliberate thrusts that made stars burst behind his eyes. The slide was wetter now, easier, Zoro’s come providing additional lubrication that made every movement feel even more intense.

“Look at you,” Zoro murmured, his hand sliding up Sanji’s sweat-slick back, tracing the curve of his spine. “Taking everything I give you. So good for me. So perfect. You never complain, never ask me to stop. Just take it all. Take me.”

Sanji couldn’t form words anymore, could only make broken sounds, gasps and whimpers and helpless moans. His body didn’t know if it was pleasure or pain anymore, just overwhelming sensation that had him shaking, tears still streaming down his face. He felt raw, exposed, like every defense he’d ever built had been stripped away, leaving him vulnerable and open in a way that should have terrified him but somehow didn’t.

Zoro shifted the angle slightly and Sanji cried out, his fingers clutching desperately at the cushions beneath him. The new angle hit his prostate with every thrust, and impossibly, incredibly, he felt arousal building again. His cock was trying to harden, his body responding even though he’d just come, even though he was oversensitive and trembling, even though he thought he had nothing left to give.

“That’s it,” Zoro praised, his pace increasing, his thrusts becoming harder. “Feel how your body responds to me? How much you want this? Even after coming, even oversensitive, your body still wants more. Still wants me. You’re incredible, Sanji. So responsive. So perfect. So mine.”

“Zoro, *please*.” Sanji didn’t know what he was begging for anymore. More? Less? Mercy? He was lost in sensation, drowning in it, and the only anchor he had was Zoro’s voice, Zoro’s hands, Zoro’s presence surrounding him.

“I’ve got you.” Zoro leaned down, covering Sanji’s body completely with his own, his lips against Sanji’s ear. His weight was grounding, comforting, even as his hips continued their relentless rhythm. “You’re doing so well. Taking me so perfectly. I love watching you like this. Love feeling you around me. Love how you trust me enough to let go like this.”

The word ‘love’ made something crack open wider in Sanji’s chest. Zoro’s cock was still moving inside him, still hitting that spot that made him see stars, and the wetness made everything slick and filthy and perfect. He could feel it leaking out around Zoro’s cock with every thrust, could feel it running down his thighs. The knowledge of how thoroughly he was being used, how completely he was giving himself over, made his head spin.

“You’re so beautiful when you fall apart for me,” Zoro continued, his voice low and intense, each word punctuated by a thrust. “Love the sounds you make. Love how you trust me with this. Love how you let me see you vulnerable and open and perfect. Love— Fuck, Sanji, I love you.”

Sanji’s breath caught, his whole body going rigid. The confession, combined with another deep thrust that hit his prostate perfectly, made his vision white out. His cock was fully hard again now, hard and aching between his legs.

“Love how you feel around me,” Zoro kept talking, kept praising, his hips snapping forward harder now, faster. “Love that you’re mine. That you came back to me. That you’re here, letting me have you like this. Letting me see you like this. Love everything about you. Your strength, your courage, your stubbornness, your kindness. Love you, Sanji. Love you so fucking much.”

“*Zoro*,” Sanji was sobbing now, overwhelmed by sensation and emotion in equal measure. The physical pleasure was intense, but it was the emotional weight of Zoro’s words that was

truly devastating. “Zoro, I— close,” Sanji whimpered.

“Let go again,” Zoro commanded, one hand reaching around to wrap around Sanji’s cock. The touch was almost too much on his oversensitive flesh, making Sanji cry out. “Come for me again. Show me how good I make you feel. Show me you’re mine. Show me you love this. Show me you love me.”

The touch on his oversensitive cock was almost too much. Sanji tried to pull away but Zoro held him firm, stroking in time with his thrusts. The sensation was devastating. His body didn’t know how to process it all: the fullness of Zoro inside him, the relentless pressure against his prostate, the stroke of Zoro’s hand on his cock, the weight of Zoro’s words settling into his chest.

“You’re perfect,” Zoro murmured, his voice rough with emotion. “So perfect. Made for this. Made for me. I love you, Sanji. Love you so much. Love how you respond to me. Love how you trust me. Love how you let me take care of you like this.”

All the walls Sanji had built, all the defenses he’d carefully constructed over years of abuse and rejection, crumbled under the weight of Zoro’s praise, Zoro’s touch, Zoro’s love. His third orgasm built impossibly fast, pleasure coiling tight in his core despite having just come, despite the oversensitivity, despite thinking he had nothing left to give.

“Zoro, fuck!” He was babbling now, words spilling out uncontrollably, his filter completely gone. “It’s too much, you’re too much, I can’t take it, but I don’t want you to stop. Please don’t stop!”

“Not stopping.” Zoro’s hand tightened on his cock, his thrusts becoming harder, deeper. “Never stopping. Going to make you come again. Going to make you fall apart. Come on, Sanji. Give me one more. Be good for me. Be perfect for me.”

The last wall around Sanji’s heart completely shattered.

“I love you,” he gasped out, the words torn from somewhere deep inside him, from a place he’d kept locked and hidden for so long. “I love you. I love you, fuck Zoro I love you.”

His orgasm crashed over him like a tidal wave, more intense than the first two, his body clenching rhythmically around Zoro’s cock as he came again. His cock pulsed in Zoro’s hand, spilling what little he had left. He was shaking so hard he thought he might break apart. The pleasure was so intense it was almost painful, radiating through every nerve ending, making his vision white out completely. He couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think, could only feel Zoro inside him, feel Zoro’s hand on him, feel Zoro’s love surrounding him.

“Sanji,” Zoro’s voice was wrecked, broken with emotion. “Fuck, I love you too. Love you so much. So fucking much.”

Zoro thrust a few more times, deep and hard, his own control finally breaking, and then groaned as he came again, adding to the mess already inside Sanji. They collapsed together, Zoro carefully turning them so they were on their sides, still joined, both trembling and gasping for breath.

Sanji was still shaking, still processing what had just happened. He'd confessed his love. Words he'd never said to anyone, words he'd barely admitted to himself. Zoro had said it back. No, Zoro had said it *first*.

He carefully pulled out and Sanji whimpered at the loss, at the feeling of Zoro's come starting to leak out of him. Zoro turned him over gently, gathering him close, and Sanji buried his face in Zoro's neck, overwhelmed and raw and completely undone.

"Hey, look at me." Zoro's hand cupped his face, thumb wiping away the tears. "You okay?"

Sanji nodded wordlessly.

They lay there in the quiet, the sounds of the celebration distant and muffled. Sanji felt something settle in his chest, something that had been restless and aching for weeks. Maybe months. Maybe longer.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. "For leaving. For not trusting you. For all of it."

"I know." Zoro's hand moved in soothing circles on his back. "And I'm sorry for being so pissed at you. I get why you did it now."

"Still doesn't make it right."

"No. But we'll work on it. On trusting each other." Zoro paused. "On this."

"This?"

"Us. Whatever this is."

Sanji smiled against Zoro's chest. "I like the sound of that. Us."

"Me too."

They stayed like that a while longer, just holding each other, before finally, reluctantly, beginning to dress. Sanji's kimono was wrinkled, the peacock patterns slightly askew. Zoro's green kimono had somehow ended up across the room. They helped each other dress, the intimacy of it almost as affecting as what they'd just done.

"Do I look like I just had sex?" Sanji asked, trying to smooth his hair.

Zoro looked him over critically. "You look well fucked."

"Moss!"

"You asked." But Zoro was grinning as he said it. He reached out and fixed Sanji's collar, his touch gentle. "You look fine. Beautiful."

Sanji felt his face heat. "You can't just say things like that."

"Why not? It's true."

“Because— because—” Sanji couldn’t think of a good reason, so he just kissed him instead.

When they finally made it back to the celebration, the party was still in full swing. No one seemed to have noticed their absence, or if they had, they were polite enough not to mention it.

Sanji returned to his cooking station and Zoro found his spot against the wall with his sake. However, now when their eyes met across the courtyard, there was no anger, no mistrust. Just heat and promise and something that felt a lot like happiness.

Later, when the celebration finally wound down and they made their way back to their temporary quarters, Zoro’s hand found Sanji’s in the darkness. Sanji laced their fingers together and held on tight.

They still had things to work through. Trust to rebuild. Conversations to have with the rest of the crew. But for now, this was good enough.

For the first time in too long, Sanji felt like he was exactly where he was supposed to be.

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