Odd Dreams

by KKD

Summary

Each person is born with soul mate waiting for them somewhere in the world. However, as humans have evolved, so have the marks indicating who one’s soul mate is. Scholars have tried their best to keep track of each mark by categorizing them into subsets of the soul mark family. But with so many people being born and more soul marks being discovered, it’s hard to keep track of each one.

Luffy always thought soul mates were weird. Being bound to a person you’ve never met and being expected to just go along with it was disturbing, as Sabo put it. Ace thought it was pointless and stupid. While Luffy was prone to agreeing with his brothers, he also had his own opinion. Luffy viewed it as the opposite of freedom. To be free meant you could go anywhere, do anything, and not have to worry about the consequences. Having a soul mate meant you could only go so far without them nagging you, or telling you how to do things, or how you had to think your actions through. Luffy didn’t want any of that. Luffy wanted to be free.

Sabo and Ace kept telling him how lucky he was, not having any of the usual soul marks. Sabo would complain about how he could sometimes feel an invisible finger poking at his birthmark. It would incessantly prod at him until he snapped and jabbed his finger into the birthmark. Ace would trip over nothing and start cursing at the invisible red string he swears is tied around his pinky.

Luffy didn’t know if he had a soul mark or not. He was told that everyone did, but everyone he’s met has always known what their mark was. His grandpa couldn’t see color until he met his grandma, his father supposedly had the first words his mother would ever say to him tattooed on his arm, Shanks has one eye that was the same color as his soul mate. Hell, even Dadan had her soulmate’s name tattooed on her ribcage. Luffy didn’t mind not having a soul mark, but it unsettled him to think that there was something everyone else had that he didn’t.
The only thing he could vaguely think of as a soul mark was the weird dreams he would have. They were sporadic, always through the eyes of a person he never met, but the events seemed real. He would dream of challenging dojos and beating each one. He would dream of this person’s first defeat. He would dream of the growing friendship between this stranger and a blue haired girl who always beat him. Whenever he had these dreams he always woke up disoriented, like he wasn’t sure which world he was in. It was strange in the moment, and forgotten in the next. He’d keep track of it, but never dwelled on it. There were more important things to focus on.

As the years passed, Luffy’s dreams increased in frequency. He no longer dreamt about that dojo with the blue haired girl after watching her funeral. Now it was mostly walks down long roads, sudden turns into forests and underbrush, walking into bars and draining the alcohol provided, and the thrill of battling someone with a bounty. The dreams were entertaining and fuelled his adventure-driven mind. It would be just a few more months until he could leave on his own adventure, and he was sure he’d have as much fun as the person in his dreams.

Garp once told Luffy that meeting your soul mate was like taking a sledgehammer to your diaphragm. It was sudden, unexpected, knocked the wind out of you and left you wide-eyed and weak-kneed. Luffy didn’t feel that way when he met his soul mate. He didn’t even realize he met his soul mate until after they had set sail from Shells Town.

It was a pleasant enough day; The winds were blowing, the waves lapped at their boat, and the sun gently beat down on the two occupants. There wasn’t much to do on the open ocean in a dinghy, so Luffy decided to pester his new crewmate. “Hey, Zoro! How come you use three swords? Isn’t that hard?”

Zoro, who was on the cusp of sleep, opened his eyes to glare at his new captain. One glare from him usually kept others at bay, but it did nothing to deter the boy in the straw hat. Zoro sighed and huffed out a short answer. “Three swords are better than one.”

Luffy was silent for a moment and Zoro thought he might actually get to nap this time, but then Luffy opened his mouth and Zoro resigned himself to his fate. “You know, the person in my dreams uses three swords too. Maybe you two are related?”

Zoro sputtered as Luffy’s statement smacked him in the face. “I’m the only person who uses the three-sword style! I created it!”

Luffy fidgeted a little, a habit he picked up from Dadan when she was trying to think about her next words. Words finally gathered, he looked Zoro in the eyes as he told him about the dreams he’d had since he was a kid, and watched as recognition flashed across Zoro’s face. He saw Zoro swallow the lump in his throat before he asked, “That dojo you saw, with the blue haired girl, what happened to it?”

Luffy frowned as he tried to remember. “Um, there was a funeral, I think it was that blue girl’s funeral. After that I never saw it again.”
Luffy stared at Zoro as he sucked in a breath. His eyes were blown wide and he started breathing a little deeper. Luffy was starting to get concerned for Zoro, but the boy asked another question before Luffy could ask him if he was alright. “When you were a kid, did you live in a forest with two other boys?”

Luffy blinked and leaned closer to Zoro, like he could figure everything out by getting closer, before answering, “Yeah, with my brothers. How do you know?”

“Because those dreams you had are all my memories, and I’m willing to bet the dreams I had are yours.” Zoro paused, then added, “I think we’re soul mates.”

Luffy, for all his antics, leaned back and laughed. Zoro snapped at him for thinking this was so funny, but Luffy couldn’t help it. His entire life he thought a soul mate would get in the way of what he wanted, but now he’s met his soul mate and he knows that will never happen.

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