Artifice
by Darksinokaru

Summary

He had been captured. It had been carelessness on his part, but he had still been captured. And for many, that meant only one thing-death. But, he's found an escape route.

And that soldier would be his ticket to freedom.

Related to Master of Hearts (Your and Mine) but completely independent of it. So there's no reason to read the other work unless you want to.

Law/Zoro

Sci-Fi AU

Notes

Okay! This is a bday fic for the wonderful lastofromance! This is a reboot of the fic Master of Hearts (Your and Mine), with entirely rebooted events. You don't need to read Master of Hearts to read this, but if you want, you can check it out. Well! Because it's a reboot, it's still a sci-fi, aliens, space fic! I hope that everyone enjoys! And I especially hope the bday girls does!
This fic will be completed today, the 30th. But I'm running a bit behind because of recent writing troubles (they stubbornly came back). So, I'm posting this for now, and the next chapter will be out probably after I get some sleep (as it's midnight for me). But I wanted something up at midnight, the very start of September 30th. I also wanted to note, this chapter would have been longer, but I didn't want to stop right before smut. So... yeah. lol Too much of a tease.

I do not own One Piece or any of its related materials.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR!
Trafalgar Law

War was an ugly thing. It took most any creature's most base instinct to survive and perverted it. It was never something to be easily embraced, but there were times where it seemed impossible to avoid. He knew, it was the fault of his species. They had started it, when they had launched sudden, unwarranted attacks on human exploration vessels. After intercepting radios it was clear that humans had not even known what had happened, did not even fathom that they had been attacked by an outside force. They assumed accidents, faulty engineering. And then, his people, his world government, or what he was supposed to ally himself to as his world government, showed even more bigotry when they sent their ships. Not just ships, but war ships. He had been supposed to go, to go to Earth and join in the effort to keep the weak little creatures from space, from the places that had already been claimed. Humans were so fascinating, always curious, always wanting to meet and learn. It was true, they were far from perfect, but there was no such thing as perfection in nature, especially when nature itself was the topic. But the intolerance of his people, much greater than the others they shared the universe with, triggered everything—the war.

Humans, under such great threat proved to be incredibly versatile, cunning. They were at first under fire, scattered, captured, killed, driven to the brink. But they bounced back with brilliant resilience. It started off with the hijacking of supply ships, and humans, who may not have perfected space travel for many, many more decades, were speeding through its vastness. And worse, humankind was angry. Weapons, oh, they got their hands on the weapons. They took them apart, and even if primitive, developed an understanding and began to maintain and even develop their own versions of the very same weapons that had once been used on them. They took the ships, dissected them, learned them in the very same fashion. Before long, humans were running through space, fighting against the creatures that had once threatened them with valid extinction. And what could have been a mutual, even prosperous harmony, became a vile thing gutted and filled with hate, prejudice, and resentment.

Which brought him, the captain of his vessel, to where he was now. Captured, though he admitted that he had only himself to blame for such carelessness. So far he had gotten by, playing for both sides when it suited him, though he had to admit a fascination, a lust for humanity. Perhaps because they were so new? So different? Honestly, they were like children, rebellious children, but still infinitely fascinating. Law had to admit to having taken a human or two and putting them on his operating table, just to find out what made them tick, what held them together, how their bodies worked. He had grown ever more infatuated with the species. They were much smaller than his own, averaging a height at their tallest generally just under his chest. They were smaller in build as well, but that was most likely do their smaller body design. They were also incredibly fragile, and as far as biological, physical defenses went, they were extremely lacking. It seemed nature had favored the development of their brains over absolutely everything else. His species had many natural defenses, retractable talons for one, and his teeth were pointed at certain points in his mouth. His ears, a more defensive measure, were a little larger and pointed as his hearing far out did any human ability. His eyes as well, sharper and more acute than any humans, though from his grasp of human sight, it appeared that they saw color much more vibrantly than his species did. Overall, humans were so fragile, brittle honestly. But still a genetic marvel, so fascinating. And then the wonder of their sexual dimorphism. But it wasn't so simple as that, the difference in the construction of the male versus the female was quite ingenious, though he had found some aspects to be quite strange. Of course, all living species were evolving, always changing slowly over the ever expansive ticktock of time. So, he had simply wanted to pluck another one up, talk to it, interrogate it, maybe take a peek inside a little. He wanted to know more about their brains, the essence of their evolution. But, he had been given the jump. He had been careless, had not expected the human he had chosen after he had infiltrated the warship, to give him such a fight.
He had been armed to the teeth, but that was to be expected of any human in space. But the male, a more brutish looking one with strong features and a powerful build, had gotten him. He had dealt with many before, some even larger than that one, yet the male had managed to get him. He had not been beat, not in a sheer test of brute strength; Law had learned enough of the differences in physiology to know that his own species far exceeded human might. He supposed that was one of the reasons he heard of humans telling ghastly horror stories of his kind ripping them apart with their bare hands, though most likely the stories were true. So he sat, captured in the ugly white scrubs that appeared to serve as his prisoner garb.

Law shifted in his cell. The cuffs on him were such a nuisance. Humans had gotten quite cocky at first, when they had discovered the material that his species could not break with their strength alone, though the novelty had worn off decades ago. Funny as it was, humans had found a way to harness the strongest material in the universe, cutting it with a material that was excruciatingly rare in space—but apparently salvageable on their world-diamond. His hands were cuffed in front of him and linked to a wall by a length of chain, also a rather marvelous use of the stone, though it had been purified and carefully worked into a metal surface. He still did not know what tools they used to utilize the material in such a way. It was of extremely high cost for the tools he knew of, and only a few planets could afford to do such things with the material. Yet, most human warships were made of it, as were many of his kind because of the protection it offered (because they had the necessary funds). Law picked up the sound of boots coming down the sterile hall toward him and he smirked as he remained where he had sat when he had been put in his cell, nearly two days ago. He had been brought food more than once a day, but it was clear that humans still had no idea what his diet was, and he had no intention of making himself sick with their foods. He knew that was exactly what was happening now, another pointless meal, being brought by none other than the human that had captured him. Surely he must have been glowing with pride, he had expected it. But instead the man was rather… uneventful, boring really. He was so neutral in his expressions, and it made him wonder if perhaps he was just a well trained soldier, he had certainly moved like an expert in their little scuffle.

The human came to a stop at his cell, body straight and lacking all personality. The only thing that was really fascinating about him at all were two things. One was that three gold bars hung from his left ear. Law had itched to ask, it was such a peculiar thing about him, when everything else was the standard green uniform that all humans in the military wore, black boots, and his straight face. The other thing, the thing that made him choose the human as the one he wanted to pluck, was the oddity in his hair color. He had seen a large number of humans over the decades and yes, there had been some with odd hair color, but they had been rare. And he had never gotten his hands on one before. Law wanted to know what caused this, what was it that gave such an odd color for hair.

Their eyes met, sharp gold meeting cold black as the soldier stepped forward and crouched before sliding the tray of food in under the bars of his cell. He was a very muscular man, he could see it just from the muscles in the human’s thick neck. Law looked down at the food as the man stood and then looked up at the human, his cold, taunting smirk still curving his lips.

“You do realize, soldier-ya, that I am not going to eat this.” The man made no noise, though if he stared hard enough Law thought he might have seen irritation. This exchange had been exactly the same for the last two days.

“Eat or starve,” the man grunted and the smirk on Law’s lips reached his eyes, gleaming with a promise of trouble for entertainment.

“It seems like you want me to. You do realize, that I am not of your species. My diet consists of entirely different foods. For all I know, this could kill me; though I suppose that would be what your commanding officer wants. My body would still be very useful in future endeavors, alive or not.”
The man grunted again and shifted his footing. He looked tense, perhaps more irritated.

“There's nothing else to give you,” the man informed, and for a moment, he looked embarrassed, as if ashamed to be a bad host as he averted his eyes. My, some personality at last. A funny thing for a war captor. As far as humans were concerned, he was an enemy soldier after all. Though in truth he had been rogue for many, many years now. Maybe long before this man was even born. Humans lived such short lives, it seemed rather tragic really. With a grunt, the man walked away from him and Law sat back in his cell, listening to the steps as they left, having already memorized the way the male moved his weight from foot to foot as he walked.

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It was late. He had been sleeping, quite soundly for the first night after he had adjusted himself on the metal bed he had been given, though it was more of a slab than anything else, anchored to the wall without so much as a guard to keep him on it should there be any sort of turbulence. The sound of a clang on the bars of his cell jerked him awake and he turned a sharp glare over his shoulder, irritation flaring with heat in his chest. But the unusual sight of that soldier back, standing at his cell at an unusual time brought him to sit up on what he did not really want to dignify as a bed. He stared up at the human, the dark circles under his eyes having grown more prominent since his capture. Really, his species didn't look much different from a human… for the most part. The human stood there and an aroma wafted into his nose. Law's eyes fell to the covered bowl cradled in one of the man's arms. His stomach suddenly gave an embarrassingly loud gurgle and for the first time, he saw a strong reaction from the human as he grunted, his cheeks pinked as he lifted the keys to his cell. The smell, it was enough to have him nearly salivating, he had not eaten in so long and apparently this human male had managed to get his hands on something that happened to be a favorite of his. It was an animal that most of his people at home either really loved, or hated, and others protested. But it was one that he thoroughly enjoyed. He was sure it would not be prepared to his tastes, for he could not smell the slightest spice, but the meat alone was enough to make him happy. The door opened and the human stepped in, careful. Law's lips quirked up as the man stood there, keeping himself out of the reach of the chain lengths he was bound by. He locked the door, and both knew why it was locked—a precaution. Should the human die for his foolishness, at least the enemy would not escape from the bars of his cell.

“I will not hurt you,” he assured, but he did not expect his words to be believed. And they weren't. The soldier placed the bowl to the floor and slid it forward with his boot, though the bowl was more like the small thing that human's called “plastic” and covered in “aluminum foil”, and the attempt to cover the dish was a piss poor job. Law got off the forsaken sleeping bench and walked the couple feet before he picked up the dish and took it back with him. He glanced up at the man, curious and in a far better mood as he tore the foil away before realizing he only had his hands as utensils. Charming. But a starving man really didn't have much to care about etiquette, so he dug his hands into the plastic bowl and used his claws to rip the meat into chunks inside the bowl. He did attempt to keep it from being unsightly until he was done and started to slip pieces of shredded meat into his mouth. It was hot, fresh, very fresh, and it made his stomach all the happier. Spiced or not, it was a delight to his mouth, and he stared at the human as he ate it.

“So, that doin' it for you?” The man asked and Law smirked.

“Better than food poisoning if that's what you mean,” he quipped and the man's brows furrowed in clear irritation. This, was interesting. He had never seen the male show so much personality. Law
stared at the human as he crossed his muscle thick arms over his chest, and he noted then that the man was not wearing his uniform top, but a white t-shirt as he huffed out an angry grunt. He looked at the human a moment, at his hands, and then at the bowl. It was not military issue, not with the lime green, shiny plastic, and the piss poor foiling.

“Ah, did you make this for me, perhaps?” he asked, amusement lacing his words. The man grunted again, but said nothing to confirm or deny. That certainly was interesting. The gears in Law's brain turned, and he came to a realization. Despite the fact that he had been captured by this man, and the tight security that had been placed on him, he had an escape route; if he played his cards right. This human, this human who had just exposed weakness, would be his ticket to freedom.

“Aren't you kind.”

“Just thought you shouldn't starve to death. The guys up top still want to have you around kicking for a while.” Law smirked, the curve growing cruel in a dark, humorous way.

“Oh, I'm sure they do.”

The passing week was much more tolerable. There were some downsides, like being carefully escorted to an interrogation room and questioned for hours. Of course, he never had much to say, mostly because they didn't like the truth. It was not that he was prone to telling the truth, he just had nothing to hide. They were looking for spies, connections to his world government, but he had none, not anymore. He was just a pirate picking off humans to satisfy his own curiosity, and that was only in between his other unrelated interests. So those hours weren't much fun, but being escorted to and from his interrogations by the soldier that had caught him, and his target for escape, certainly made things much better. He had finally learned the human male's name at long last, Zoro. He never used it in the company of the other humans aboard the ship, but when the human brought him his food in solitary, he used it freely. And as he beckoned the soldier into conversation, the human had begun to relax, even smirk a time or two. Honestly, it was actually easier than he had thought it would be, considering how stony he had been for the first few weeks. And the more he looked at the green-haired man, the more attractive he realized he was, especially when that little cocky nature of his reared itself in pride over a spar victory in the training hall, not that it was particularly interesting personally. But the pride, and attitude the human male displayed was actually a trait he had always found rather attractive. The human never fully let his guard down of course, oh no, the man was not foolish enough for that yet, but he had grown accustomed to talking for periods of time while Law ate, sometimes exchanging some rather bloody war stories.

It was the start of the next week when Zoro brought him food that he immediately knew something was amiss. He had felt out the soldier's personality quite well through their exchange of words and had apparently familiarized enough to recognize when the man was troubled. He was tense, even the muscles in his face were tight. His lips were drawn into a straight line and his eyes were in no good humor. He did not speak, he barely even made eye contact as he slid the tray into the cell and backed away to lean against the wall across from his cell, head down and arms crossed.

Law took his food, eying the human with caution and curiosity. He looked angry, but there was something else in that expression. Human expressions he found held much of the universal truths that his kind had found that species all across the universe, shared. He was not just angry, he was upset, perhaps frustrated?
“Something appears to trouble you.” Law noted as he ate at the food on his metallic, slotted plate.

“It's nothing.” Zoro grunted, though he refused to look at him.

“Yes, I can tell that it's nothing,” he shot back smoothly. The soldier grunted and shifted his footing against the wall.

“It's nothing that you should have to listen to.”

“I'm trapped in a cell, and my only entertainment is daily interrogation,” he explained and Zoro grunted, his brows tensing as they drew together in what Law was placing as increased irritation.

“So my problems are for your entertainment? I don't think so,” the soldier growled and the larger of the two, sighed.

“You would still get my two bits on the matter, whatever it is.” He returned. Zoro grunted again and huffed out a deep sigh. Then he slid down the wall and sat on the floor, looking even more frustrated as he crossed his legs.

“I… It's stupid. I caught my lover cheating on me, again. I'm just pissed off. I'm kicking them out tonight and they're not getting anymore chances with me,” he explained with a growl. Law stared at the soldier a moment and quirked a fine eyebrow before turning back to his food. Now that, was interesting. Perhaps he wouldn't have to try quite so hard to earn his escape.

“Considering you are using a plural to speak of a singular and refusing to use the he/she pronoun, I'm guessing you don't want me to know the gender of this lover,” he informed and the soldier grunted, the sound annoyed.

“Is there some reason for that? It's as if you fear my judgment, which surprises me.”

“It's a man, happy?” Zoro ground out and Law gave a soft hum. Now he knew exactly what he needed.

“Not really. Gender doesn't matter to me. I've taken lovers in many forms,” Law drawled before he took another bite of his meal.

“So you're into guys and girls?”

“And more. I'm very open. The body is a fascinating construction, and I can admire features of any if I'm able to explore it. I'm more interested in personality and openness in sex. Gender is irrelevant.”

“That's kind of… clinical isn't it?” Law smirked.

“Perhaps.” There was a pause and Zoro sighed as his head leaned against the wall. He relaxed, but suddenly looked drained.

“However, if you can't get a lover to be loyal when you command such a thing, then I agree that they should be removed from your side and never be allowed back. You mentioned that this has happened before, so I'd say you're making the right choice, if you decide to.”

“You really think so?” Zoro asked.

“It's what I would do.”
Roronoa Zoro

Chapter Summary

Law makes his move, but things don't turn as he expects.

Chapter Notes

Hello! The end is nigh! lol I managed to finally finish this last part. I think I wrote about 13 pages today to get it done... *feels drained* I think this thing tried to kill me at the very end. lol I hope the ending came out well! I wanted to get this done today and the later it gets the chances are the more tired I'd get, so I was pushing myself through. I hope I handled the ending well. I already knew what I wanted, I just hope I wrote it out properly and conveyed it well.

I hope everyone enjoys! Especially the birthday girl! HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR!!! Again. lol

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Considering he was a prisoner of war, he had not expected to get much in the way of the royal treatment. But still, the lack of ability to properly groom and clean himself was frustrating. Over the weeks his clean shaven face had started to become full with beard, which was not a look he ever liked for himself. His hair itself needed a trimming too. And he hated the sparse showers, he felt hardly clean at all. It was frustrating, and only made his time in solitary or bored in interrogation that much more frustrating. At least the human gave him something else to pay attention to. And so he spent his time asleep most of the time now. It was better than being irritated.

And then Zoro appeared late into the night, missing his uniform top shirt again. And when he spotted Law sitting up in his cell, waiting for him while scratching through the hairs on his face with a frustrated scowl, he walked over to the bars.

“Hey, mind if we talk?” he asked and the larger of the two looked to the soldier's side to spot what looked to be quite a large bottle, and two glasses. Law quirked a fine brow and smirked.

“Is that what I think it is?” he asked and Zoro grinned as he lifted up what he held to better show the bottle.

“Booze.” Was the simple statement and Law chuckled.

“Feel free,” he offered and Zoro lifted his keys to the older man's cell.

“Mind if I'm in here with you?”

“So I'm in here with you?”

“Not at all. Honestly, I'd prefer it. It's dreary always talking through a set of bars, reminding me that I am incapable of interacting with you the way I'd like.” Zoro paused and stared a moment at the alien.
as a chuckle slipped from the back of the larger man's throat, not once disturbing the smirk curving his lips, or the suggestive light in his golden eyes.

"Relax. I'm not going to eat you," he assured. And though a pink had tinted the human's cheeks, Zoro brushed off the tease and stuck the key into the lock of the cell and opened the door. Closing the door behind him he sat down on the floor, not as far as usual, but still not close, and set the two glasses down before popping the cork from the bottle and pouring into each glass.

"Have you ever had rice wine?" Zoro asked as Law sat still, watching the man's thick, calloused hands move. There was an elegance in the familiarity the human had with the action of pouring the alcohol.

"No. I've never had rice. Rice is only cultivated on your planet," Law informed and the soldier paused a moment before a grin spread his lips wide and he grabbed a cup and offered it out from where he sat with his legs crossed.

"Come closer. We'll drink it together," the human beckoned and Law's lips twitched in amusement as he got off the metal bench that served as his bed and sat down in front of the soldier, the heavy length of chain hanging from his wrists dragging noisily across the floor in his actions. Settled down, Law took the cup and looked down at the contents-clear, like many things he had noticed about the soldier. The human was very clear, transparent, and when he wasn't... well... like the clear fluid, it was obvious. He found he enjoyed that, Law spent too much time dealing with others that were so opaque that it had begun to in many ways to warp his sense of reality, turning him into an extremely distrustful man. However, the bluntness of the soldier, the clearness in everything he said or did, was refreshing, even in the midst of his captivity. And somehow extremely attractive.

Law pressed the glass to his lips and tipped back, sampling the sharp, bitter flavor, though he detected a floweriness that he would have not known, had he not had contact with human goods since the war had begun. He glanced over and saw Zoro drinking in large swallows, almost like it was water. That was, interesting.

"Good stuff!" Zoro gasped in pleasure as he poured more into his glass and Law smirked as he carefully sipped his own. He was far from a virgin when it came to intoxication, but drinking like a fish was not a smart move from his experiences, especially when most of the ingredients were foreign to his body.

"Is there a reason for the celebratory alcohol?" he asked and Zoro paused a moment with his glass raised up, but not yet to his lips.

"I kicked the bastard out. I don't have to deal with his shit anymore. So I'm celebrating the loss of stress! Though I guess I'm sort of wanting to cut loose with my new freedom like when I was younger, but that's really frowned upon here on this ship," he explained as he took another large drink.

"Oh? You were not born here?" That was quite unusual. Not that humans didn't move from one vessel to another, but because of the way they organized themselves in space there tended to be less traveled, especially among the males. Usually the humans in military joined the military sect of whatever station or ship they were born in unless they explicitly became pilots. At that point traveling from one ship to another was a constant. At least that was what he had understood of it from the few humans he had made contact with that were... not guinea pigs for his curiosity.

"No. I was born on a station. Lucky me I guess. A lot of people get jealous of that. I do have to admit, you do get a lot more freedom in those places, but other than that it really isn't any different." Law nodded softly as he listened and sipped.
“Why did you become a soldier?” Zoro stopped, and his expression fell into one of gravity. It was silent a long moment as a tension filled the atmosphere. Law was about to speak again to inform the human that he did not need to speak when he finally spoke.

“My… I've ran into one of you before-”

“You mean my species?”

“Yeah,” Zoro clarified.

“The station was attacked by a small warship. They managed to get in and they… killed a lot of people. I was only a kid at the time, so I was forced to go with the rest of the civilians into the shelter. But, I didn't want to leave Kuina,” he paused, his brows pulling together in what Law clearly placed as distress, pain. He wasn't sure if it was because of the booze or not, for Zoro certainly did not seem the slightest drunk despite his heavy drinking, though in that same thought, something must have triggered the soldier to speak openly about something he honestly had not expected to hear more than a grunt or two about. Perhaps he felt something of a camaraderie? Though that made less sense considering the short time they had spent together. Or perhaps the human was just that lonely on this ship, what with a lover that had betrayed him a second time. Perhaps this was part of his “cutting loose”. Law still was not sure what “cut loose” meant. Without a doubt it was a human expression.

“She had been hurt pretty bad in a training accident. We both liked to practice swordsmanship in this little dojo her dad ran. And there had been a… mishap and she had gotten hurt. It was pretty bad, her leg got broke. Anyway, I snuck to the medical ward and was trying to help her get out, and all the patients were being evacuated to the shelter anyway. But we got separated from the group, and we ran into… the enemy.” Zoro paused and looked Law in the eye.

“Sorry.” Law smirked and shook his head.

“Oh no, I understand. If I were in your shoes, I would not look favorably toward the creatures that tried to eliminate my kind from existence.” It was quiet a second and Zoro sighed before downing what was left in his cup and pouring more into his glass.

“Need more?” He asked as he glanced up and met Law's gaze.

“I'm fine,” he assured.

“Anyway. I tried to protect her but he threw me like I weighed nothing. More like bitch slapped me into the corridor wall and I lost consciousness. Next thing I knew, I was in the medical wing, and I found out that she had died. The bastard he ripped her open and left her there. She apparently bled out right next to me.” Zoro frowned as a small shiver shot through his body and his jaw closed tight. Law watched a moment, analyzing that shiver for what it was-horror.

“So when I turned 16 I joined and swore that I was going to find the bastard and kill him. To do that I had to ask to be transferred off the station, and so I was sent here where we actually travel and visit other planets. Though, for all I know he's dead already,” he murmured, looking very distraught over such a thought.

“I can't say much for that. I haven't been in contact with my government or any of its soldiers in a long time. At least, not in any contact that didn't call for immediate combat.” Zoro looked up quickly, surprise in in his features.

“Combat? Why?”

“I was called to join the war before it started-”
“That was seventy-eight years ago!” Zoro gasped, absolutely bewildered and Law chuckled, his smirk and the gleam in his eyes dark and mischievous.

“Yes it was. I’m much older than you think,” he declared and a blush dusted the soldier's cheeks. It was a rather attractive color, if he were to be honest.

“But,” he paused to move things onto the proper topic. “I showed up, but I did nothing. Which means I disobeyed orders, and when ships were sent to capture me, I destroyed the vessels and left. I’ve been doing dealings both with my species, among others, and some choice humans ever since. I mostly deal in goods… stolen goods I should say.” Law smirked. “Since I’ve been declared a traitor by my government I’ve been labeled a pirate, and I think I actually enjoy the lifestyle quite a bit. The battles are quite exhilarating, and the freedom is intoxicating.” When Law finished he met Zoro's gaze, and each remained still a moment. It was clear that the soldier was thinking hard on what he had heard, and was trying to come to an opinion on the matter. It was surprisingly adorable, considering the man's usual disposition and surly attitude. The older of the two set his cup and down and slowly extended his arm until his hand reached the soldier's face and he allowed the tips of his talons to graze the flesh of the other's cheek. Zoro twitched and his eyes regained the light of recognition of what was happening around him. A pink dusted the skin of his cheeks again and Law's smirk only grew. Perhaps he should attempt to take advantage of this situation. The man was attractive, it would be enjoyable should things progress in the fashion he hoped. Alcohol was always a help. The more he got under the human's skin, the more the man liked him, trusted him, the easier it would be utilize him for his escape. Though it would be a lie, to say he wasn't genuinely interested. Zoro was a fascinating subject.

“You know, of all the lovers I've taken, of the many species I've tried, I still haven't tried a human,” he informed and the pink on the human's cheeks grew darker.

“You did want to “cut loose”, did you not?” He asked, guessing at its meaning from the context it had been used, and after a second the soldier's lips parted with a short, quiet huff of a laugh as his lips curved up into a smirk and he placed his hand over Law's.

“Looks like you've got some ulterior motive to be friendly to me,” he declared and Law chuckled.

“Right now I do,” Law admitted with ease as a thrill of want spread through his body with heat and he felt his cock twitch in interest. Zoro hesitated a moment, and the shyness was rather cute, but almost immediately, Law was taken by surprise when the soldier slid up onto his knees, grabbed the sides of his face, and kissed him flush on the lips in a flurry of movement. The human pulled back with a wicked smirk that the older alien returned, almost in challenge.

“I bet once you get a taste, human's all you're gonna want,” Zoro declared and the larger of the two gripped the human's wrists as a darker, almost sinister smirk curved his lips.

“We shall see. We'll have to test just how sturdy this body of yours is,” he challenged.

“It's sturdy enough!” Zoro laughed as his eyes lit up bright with a challenge of his own.

“We shall see. Are you ready to be taken in this jail cell?”

“I'm the only one on duty for the cell blocks tonight, and there's no cameras in cells. So I've no reason to be bashful,” Zoro informed in confidence and Law chuckled. “Besides, I haven't had decent sex in a long time, and it's been absolutely dry for months,” he added. Law chuckled again as he stroked the curve of his talon across the younger man's tanned cheek, no doubt his tanned skin was from the artificial sunlight in the training halls on board the ship. It was certainly an attractive color.
“Why don't we do something about that then?” Law suggested and Zoro smirked, eyes heated with cocky confidence, enthusiasm.

“Then fuck me already,” Zoro demanded, the look in his eyes sharp, but dark in lust as their mouths met again, but this time the soldier parted his lips and slipped his tongue against the larger alien's. Law hummed and the human felt a strong thrill shoot through him when the other man's tongue met his own and they slipped into his mouth. It was slick, hot, soft, tongues sliding and curling together as Zoro followed the older alien while he gripped his arms before they stood. He allowed himself to be directed as Law's hands trailed down his back to his ass before giving a squeeze that shot a spark of pleasure and lust all through him, and right to his already half hard cock. A groan reverberated from the back of his throat as his hands gripped onto the larger man's arms tighter. They were surprisingly hard, considering how he looked in those stupid white scrubs. Though, he had seen the definition in the alien's bare arms before when he had been tracing his tattoos with his eyes during the interrogations out of boredom. Still, Law felt like a brick house, as if the body pushing him down onto the metal bench was carved of stone. So firm, so strong with corded muscle. Law's slipped from his mouth and Zoro stared up, wanting nothing more than to rub his dick up against the alien and get some friction. He was achingly hard, and teasing himself with thoughts of what the alien looked like naked was not helping. A mischievous, dark curve shaped Law's lips as their eyes met and his hand slid up the soldier's body before resting against the side of his face, the tip of the talon on his thumb gently grazing his bottom lip. Ah, fuck. This was too exciting. If he wasn't careful he'd get cut, he'd bleed. The thought of dodging harm from an alien's powerful figure should not have been so exciting.

Zoro slid his hands up onto Law's shoulders again and pulled and the older man chuckled as he pressed his body down and a groan of pleasure escaped the soldier in a puff when he thrust up and rubbed their cocks together. Even with the fabric of their clothes together it felt good, maybe he was just that fucking horny. Stupid cheating bastard. All the classic signs had been there, and he had gone through it before with the sonofabitch. All the distance, the disinterest. Why was he such an idiot? No, it was not time to think about that. He had something infinitely better, wanting him right now.

“Stop teasing me!” Zoro hissed and Law tittered under his breath as he dipped his head down and their tongues slipped together a moment before he retreated to sit on his knees at the far end of the bench. Zoro sat up on his elbows, staring at the larger being and his heart both jumped and tickled in his chest when he felt and saw the sharp points of the talons of Law's right hand press against the top of his undershirt and drag down slowly. He could feel the delightful tickle and shudder of the talons lightly catching as they dragged down his front before stopping at the button of his pants. His cock throbbed and Zoro groaned as his head fell back a moment. Fuck, he had no idea what to expect, having sex with not only someone that he was holding captive under threat that he was the enemy, but another species entirely. Surely this would be different, right? He hoped it was good. Law seemed pretty confident about it.

“You look good like that,” Law declared, his smirk heady with lust and Zoro drew in a deep breath before barely restraining a groan of want. Fuck, damn tease. The button finally popped loose and Zoro felt his excitement spike. He had been sort of wanting this from the start. He wasn't sure what it was, but something about the alien when he saw him, when he had first caught sight of him, had struck him. He had been about to attack, Zoro knew it. He wondered what it was, what Law was planning on. To kill him? Had he changed his mind then? He had not been hostile in the least toward him. In fact, Law seemed to respond quite well to his presence, despite the fact that he had been the one to catch him. Honestly, it was probably just dumb luck. One man, no matter how strong he was, couldn't reasonably win against one of Law's species without aid and considerable luck, though Zoro had it on good authority that he did in fact have very good luck at least. So many battles, so many times he should have died, but yet he kept living. He believed that most of it was just his body, and his constant training, but over the years he had become something he would have not believed even
five years ago—and that was superstitious. He had become convinced that three was a special number for him, he had even pierced his left ear three times and constantly kept his favored three earrings in it.

Law started to yank his pants off and Zoro could swear his heart pulsed as fast as it did in any battle. He wanted this, he wanted it bad. His pants were yanked off over his boots and when the larger man set to work on yanking those off, Zoro lay down on his back and worked his shirt off before throwing it carelessly to the floor. His feet quickly felt the cool air and he looked up at the older alien, and the piercing, demanding look of lust in those glowing gold eyes was enough to make him want to just jump up and knock the bastard to the floor and get things moving. He needed this. Zoro stared up at Law, naked aside from his boxers and dog tags.

“Hurry,” Zoro breathed and a corner of Law's lips twitched up higher.

“You want it enough to beg?” he asked and Zoro nearly lost the strength in his neck when lust pulsed stronger through him and his cock throbbed worse. A wet spot was forming against his tented boxers, and when Law's eyes fell to it he had to resist the groan that wanted to break from him. He needed some gratification dammit.

“Why don't you show me what you want,” Law asked smoothly, in control while his expression reflected cockiness and open desire. That was annoying. Zoro sat up, the annoyance on his face exchanged instead for a look of challenge. Fine, he'd make him want it. The soldier smirked as he sat in front of the larger alien being, finding that thanks to Law's species larger size, he was at quite a nice spot on his knees. He could feel the heat radiating from the alien's body, and when he leaned forward he could smell a very unique scent from Law's crotch. Not the sort of musky scent he could smell on a human male, but it was there, and honestly, he couldn't think of any words to describe it. As far as he could tell, Law never really produced much of a body odor at all. It made him wonder what the other man thought of him, being human and male and whatnot. Zoro always took care of himself hygiene wise, but he also knew that Law's nose was sharper than a bloodhound's.

“How's this?” he asked as he pressed closer, a lurid smirk spreading his lips as he mouthed over the bulge in the scrub pants the older alien was wearing and Zoro both felt the shudder, and heard the stutter of breath. Hah! He kissed the bulge, feeling its pulsing warmth under the thin, white material and his dick throbbed with lust, straining in his boxers. As much fun as dragging things out would be, he wanted to move things on. It had been too stressful and lonely lately, and they were still pressed for time. Zoro lifted his hands and worked the front of the pants open and tugged until Law's flushed, engorged cock bounced free and he moved back in absolute shock. It was thick, and long, but that wasn't... what had him so surprised. What was with that... what were those? It was quiet a moment before Zoro felt Law's hand in his hair, which was followed by a chuckle.

“You are not intimidated because it looks a little different, are you?” Zoro looked up, his surprise melting into an arrogant smirk.

“No. Just surprised is all. It's... nubbed.” Law chuckled as his other hand lowered and wrapped around the girth of his cock, heavy with its own weight.

“Long, long ago, much earlier in our evolution, the shaft was barbed to ensure that contact was maintained between a male and female. Over the millions of years however, we've lost the necessity for such a feature. But, the nubs remain,” Law explained and Zoro laughed a little.

“Sorta like a tailbone I guess,” he muttered.

“I wondered. It didn't seem to serve much purpose.” Zoro looked up at the elder alien.

“I'm don't want to know how you know that, do I?” he asked. Law chuckled under his breath.
“I think not,” he agreed.

“Then I'm not gonna think about it.” Zoro decided as he lifted his right hand and wrapped it around Law's dick to pause in fascination.

“Wait, why's it so slick?” He breathed.

“Because I'm aroused.” Zoro paused a moment.

“I take it that this is another difference between us.” The elder observed.

“We… get wet at the head but uh… yeah. We usually use other lubricants to help with that stuff,” he explained.

“I see. That's interesting. It almost seems like you're less efficient in that area as well,” Law said as he gripped and Zoro felt a tug on his hair. Ah, fuck it. This was time for action, not talk. He leaned forward with the pull on his hair and let his tongue slip from his mouth before licking up against the wet, heavy head and Law's breath stuttered in deep. It was… different, but really, pretty much exactly the same as a human guy, at least as far as the texture went. Zoro sidled closer and took the head into his mouth, exploring a particularly big nub just under the large plume of the top of his dick and a groan slipped from Law's lips. Ah, fuck, that sounded good. Carefully, he slid his mouth open wider and took in more of the cock and slipped his tongue around, experimentally feeling around and stroking the nubs, which drew deeper, faster breaths from the man over him. Shit, this was going to feel fucking good. He couldn't fucking wait until Law split him open and filled him up, those nubs were going to be fucking mind blowing. There was a reason why some penis shaped toys were nubbed.

“Zoro-ya,” Law called softly, his voice deep in lust and breathy in pleasure as he tugged on Zoro's hair again to pull him back, and the soldier obeyed. Their eyes met and Law smirked.

"Why don't I show you just how good you'll feel having me rubbing in you.” Zoro felt his already warmed face flush hot in pleasure at such words and he nodded as he lied back down on the bench. Yes, this was it. This was what he wanted, what he had been waiting for. His shorts were grabbed and he lifted his hips to aid in the removal of the damn thing. His dick sprung free and Zoro groaned in pleasure when the underwear was tossed and the alien above him looked down at his flushed, swollen cock resting against his belly, leaking from the head onto his skin.

Law settled onto the metal bench, the length of chain connecting his wrists and him to the wall sliding across Zoro's flesh and eliciting cold shutters spidering across his skin as the larger alien motioned for him to position himself. Zoro bent his knees up and spread his legs far apart, exposing all of himself to the man without bashfulness.

“I knew from the construction of your pershantium, excuse me, your penis, that it must have worked in the same way, but it's still fascinating to see,” Law informed as his hand slid up to the soldier's dick and wrapped around the head. A groan passed Zoro's lips and his hips twitched against the metal surface as his hands fell flat at his sides. Long, slender looking fingers, though large compared to Zoro's own, massaged his cock and a deep, breathy groan passed his lips until the fingers worked up and rubbed against the wet head of his cock and a gasped moan broke from his mouth as his body twitched on the bench.

“Ah, extra sensitive at the top, Zoro-ya?” It wasn't meant to be answered, and Zoro didn't care to answer. All he wanted was for Law to keep touching his dick. Ah, fuck, that was nice. It was hot, he was hot, and it just made him want more.
“I’ve heard that human males have a sweet spot hidden inside their body, I’m very curious to find if it’s true,” Law said as he slid the fingers of his other hand into his mouth and sucked on them. Zoro cracked his eyes open to look and groaned as the alien above him slipped his wet fingers free and slid his hand down in between his legs and in between the cheeks of his ass.

“This is will be interesting,” Law informed and Zoro groaned when he felt the fingers against his hole before he tensed in shock and jumped up.

“Wait! What the fuck happened to your claws?!” The alien above him chuckled and Zoro glared sharply a moment.

“First, they’re what English speaking humans call **talons**; and second, you need not worry. They are retractable. So you will not be harmed.” After a second Zoro swallowed and tried to relax on the bench after the surge of adrenaline ran its course. Retractable talons? Didn’t that… hurt? Talons were so much more curved and… damn. Taking deep breaths, he slowly began to calm, and in a moment he felt Law’s fingers start to massage his cock again, making sure it remained hard in his grip. It took only a moment before he was over come with the sparks of pleasure shooting through his cock from the firm, teasing massages, and then the rubbing of the wet top. A groan slipped from his lips and he fully relaxed onto the bench. Zoro felt the pressure against the muscles of his hole and spread his legs further. As the pressure increased he shifted before he noticed movement and looked to see Law settling down into a crouch at the end of the bench.

“What are you doing?” Law smirked up at him and as he lowered his head, a thrill of lust shot through the soldier's body as the larger being’s head lowered to his belly and his cock was lifted and taken into a warm, wet, soft mouth. Ah, shit, he hoped he didn't get caught by those fangs. A quiet, breathy moan passed Zoro's lips and his hips jerked when the being rubbed his tongue against the leaking head of his cock and louder rasp broke from him.

“Law,” was panted and tension arched his back when Law sucked and swallowed all of his dick into his mouth. A low groan passed his panting lips as the pressure at his hole grew more and more intense until with a gasp pulled from his lips, the muscles split open. A shudder rippled through his body as more wet, breathy sounds of pleasure passed his lips while Law's head bobbed up and down, lips sliding tightly up and down his cock as he sucked and stroked with tongue. Ah, so hot, so sweaty, fucking good. The finger pushed deeper and Zoro twitched as it rubbed, exploring the wet, warm insides of his hole. Deeper, all sides, and there, right there, *it* was rubbed. A deep, throaty gasp of a moan broke from Zoro's lips and his hips jerked when the being rubbed his tongue against the leaking head of his cock and louder rasp broke from him.

“Law!” He gasped and the alien being pressed another, larger than human finger against the muscles of his quivering, wet hole and Zoro grunted when it wormed in, stretching his asshole open wider until it was able to worm in and both fingers thrust slowly in and out of him.

“Fuck!” The fingers slid in deep and rubbed perfectly against that fucking spot and Zoro moaned,
loving the treatment he was getting from a prisoner of war, an alien, versus his ex. It was so hot, twisting so tight. Fuck, if Law kept doing that he was going to cum! As if on cue, the older of the two slipped his mouth up, releasing the soldier's cock with a lewd pop that tore a breathy groan from the back of the human's throat.

“Are you ready for me to fill you up with my cock?” Zoro looked up and gave a huff of a laugh as he relaxed on the bench and spread his legs out open wider suggestively.

“I've been ready from the start, so just fuck me,” he commanded and the excitement, the hot rush of lust, of pleasure at such a blunt expression of desire, was enough to urge the larger alien to move himself in between the muscle thick thighs of the human. Law shifted over him on one arm and he positioned his hips according to the elder alien's instruction. He was so big, bodily larger than any human. It was exhilarating, the fangs, the talons, the powerful, even lethal figure hovering over him, ready to plunge into him. Ah, fuck that was a turn on. Zoro had always had quite the thing for aliens, at least the ones he thought were good looking, it was in some ways a fantasy brought to life. He felt the slickness of Law's cock press in between the cheeks of his ass and a shudder shot up his spine, sending sparks of pleasure through every nerve ending in his body. He wanted this, bad. His legs went around the older man's waist and he held them there as their bodies pressed tighter together.

And he felt the pressure against the muscles of his hole, heard the stutter of Law's breath as the pressure increased. Zoro curled his toes a moment and relaxed his body as his heart burst into hard, fast beats in his chest. A grunt broke from the back of his throat as the muscles slowly split open, slowly stretching wider, and wider around the incessant pressure of alien dick. There was a hiss from above him, though all he could see was a white scrub top hanging from a heavily muscled chest due to the alien's massive size.

“Very tight, Zoro-ya,” was whispered, harsh and panting and Zoro gasped when Law's hips pushed forward and his hole flowered open as the head pushed passed the muscles, pulling the flesh taut around a thick, nubbed cock as he pushed forward, filling him out, filling him deep and spreading him out. The nubs brushed passed the ring of muscles as he slid in, causing the most delicious, yet oddest of sensations; he slid forward, against the soldier's insides when a started gasp which broke into a moan fell from the human's gaping mouth. Wanting an anchor, Zoro's hands reached up and grabbed Law's lean, but tightly muscled sides.

“Aa, fuck!” Zoro shouted when his prostate was rubbed more, and not just rubbed, but those fucking nubs brushed over it with teasing pressure after pressure and he jerked, back arching off the bench with a cut off gasp. Law's hips pressed tight against his body and the larger being hovered over him, balls deep inside his ass.

“You seem a bit out of sorts, Zoro-ya.” Law observed with breathy words strained in pleasure and Zoro swallowed, cutting off a pant before speaking.

“You're a lot bigger than I'm used to, and those fucking-” A gasp cut him short when the larger alien ground his hips against him, rubbing teasingly inside of him, and those fucking!

“Fuck,” he groaned breathlessly from where he lied, sweat already having slicked his face.

“You certainly are a small species. But I've had a lover of a similar body size to you,” Law informed and the human grunted.

“I'm not small. You're just huge.” Law chuckled.

“Move,” Zoro urged, and to express his point he pulled on the older alien's body with his legs and a mild thrust of his hips. Law tensed a moment and his breath stilled before he released a pant and
chuckled once more.

“I'm enjoying your spirit.” And with that, Law drew his hips back. A loud, gasping moan escaped
the soldier's lips as the nubbed length of the alien's dick rubbed backward against his prostate before
the sudden thrust forward shoving cock back in struck against his sweet spot. Zoro shouted
inpleasure as his back arched, muscles tensing to impressive definition beneath his skin as sweat
glistened his already slick skin.

“Are you ready for me?” Law's lips quirked up into a teasing, troublesome smirk. “I promise to do
my best not to tear up your insides or break your bones.” Zoro gave a huff of a laugh. Despite the
humor, it was an actual concern. And as sexy as it was to dodge harm, he didn't actually want to get
hurt.

“You had better fucking not.” The older being chuckled. Law started slow, and each thrust, each rub
of that fucking ridiculous cock was amazing, mind fraying. And it took no time at all before Zoro
was splayed open, pliable and open, ripe. It was mind blowing, fuck, no human dick was going to do
it for him ever again, huh? Should have thought about that before hand, though he had not expected
Law to be different like that. Though, to be honest, just what had he expected? He hadn't known
what to expect. Just that it would work, he supposed. Law increased the pace steadily and sharp
sparks of pleasure spread through his body with each forward thrust and backward slide of the dick
inside of him, massaging his prostate with those damn added nubs. And Zoro moaned, he panted
continuous wet sounds of pleasure as his cock leaked heavily against his belly, throbbing for
attention, for friction. But it was still not enough, he needed more. He wanted to feel it, feel it deep
and strong.

“Harder!” Law slid back and thrust his cock in hard and a shock of pleasure shot through the
human's system. A loud moan broke from his open mouth as he thrust against the alien being, urging
him to continue. The older man groaned, a shudder rippling through his body in pleasure.

“More!” And Law obliged. Zoro's body jerked against the bench with each hard thrust, and his cock
wet heavier with each hard thrust against that sweet spot. His body was on fire, ah, fuck it felt so
good. He never wanted it to stop! He clung to Law's sides, desperately urging for him to go faster,
and either the alien got the message from his tugging or he wanted it too, but the slamming of his
cock grew fast, faster, passionate. Ah, it was too much. With each perfect rub of his nubbed cock
Zoro felt his orgasm drawing closer, ready to crash over him as it tightened and boiled hot inside
him. Fuck!

“Law!” He gasped in a cry and Law's hips crushed harder, faster, but the tension winding through
the muscles of his body, which displayed with natural pride the impressive definition of the
musculature of his frame indicated his efforts to control himself. Zoro wished he could see Law's
face, but he couldn't. Maybe if they did this again, maybe they could do it in a position that would
make is so that they could see each other. Instead he leaned up, yanked up the scrub top, and nipped
at the flesh of the impressively taut chest in front of him and a growled grunt broke from above his
head. A shudder worked through Law's body and his hips gave on hard jerk of a thrust and Zoro
gasped out a growled moan of pleasure when his sweet spot was hit particularly hard. Fuck!

“I-I'm getting close!” Zoro gasped, his sweaty body slipping slightly on the metal bench with each
hard thrust of Law's hips. Fuck, his cock, it felt so fucking amazing, and his own felt about to burst,
which made the need to touch himself maddening. Zoro released his hold on the white scrub and
grabbed his heavy, wet cock and started to jack off. So close, to hot, so tight, the tension winding
through every muscle of his body felt ready to rip. So close! He just needed a little more! And he got
it when Law shifted his position and thrust inside deep, and hard, and fucking rubbed inside him
perfectly.
“Ah! Cumming!” Law's thrusts grew erratic and faster and Zoro gasped as every muscle wound tight in the crush of orgasm as his body jerked on the bench. The explosion, the relief was phenomenal. Cum shot from the flushed head of his fisted cock in thick streams across his chest. Zoro gasped, breath choked as Law continued to rub his cock fast and hard inside the human's quivering, clenching hole as low moans and hisses of pleasure escaped from his mouth.

“Zoro-ya!” Law grunted, the sound followed by a hiss as he tensed over the soldier with a sharp gasp. His hips crushed tightly against Zoro's body, thrusting his cock as deeply into the human's body as he could before orgasm crushed over him in a tight, blissful but maddening wave. Zoro groaned, feeling the tension in the body above him as little tremors worked through the tight muscles. Law's hips jerked a moment and a low, breathy groan spilled from somewhere above his head as the large alien ejaculated. Zoro groaned and sagged onto the bench, spent and sated. It took a moment, a long moment of tension in Law's body, and a moment of concern hit the human before Law finally relaxed and released a heavy breath of relief. The older of the two slowly sat up and leaned against the wall the metal bed was anchored, sitting on the very edge. Zoro sat up and pulled his legs to himself, attempting to make room when he felt a surprise of fluid running right out of him.

“Ah, shit!”

“It's all right. My… I believe humans call it semen, is of a little different consistency,” Law explained and Zoro felt his face flush hotly.

“Seriously?!” Law smirked.

“What? I'm another species remember? Evolution for my kind favored our procreation a little differently.”

“It's not quite… watery, what the fuck?” Zoro stood, feeling both a sharp pain in his ass from the activity and the fluid already sliding down his right leg. He glanced down with a frown and furrowed brows.

“It's clear? Does it stay that way?”

“Yes. It gels quite strongly to as it cools,” he explained and Zoro's brows furrowed further.

“Okay, weird. Similar though, I guess.” Law chuckled as he stood and took the couple steps to Zoro and swiped his fingers across the drying ejaculate on his chest.

“Interesting.” he mused as he licked the viscous fluid off his fingers and the soldier felt his cheeks flush hotly as his heart skipped a beat. Fuck.

“Hm. Interesting taste too.” Zoro frowned.

“You're kind of weird,” he declared and Law chuckled once more.

“I like to learn. And human's are a fascinating subject.” Zoro crossed his arms over his stomach and directed his frown toward the towering alien before sighing and lowering his arms.

“Whatever,” he grunted as he started to grab for his clothes. Law tucked himself back into his atrocious clothing and sat down on the bench to watch Zoro dress.

“You produce a very strong odor during sex. You produce odors normally of course, but this is quite different,” Law pointed out and the soldier grumbled under his breath.

“Can't help that,” he muttered as he worked his pants up his legs. He was going to have to shower
first before anything else. And wash his uniform.

“It's just something else I've learned about your species.” Law noted.

“If you want, all you have to do is ask,” Zoro said as he straightened up and their eyes met. Law's lips quirked up into that damn, dark, sexy smirk. The glowing gold of his eyes, the promise of something was in them and it made Zoro's heart skip a beat. Shit.

“Then I shall.” The soldier found himself bending carefully to grab his shirt before he decided to just yank it on. Screw worrying about dirtying it. It would be bleached anyway.

“Well uh….” Zoro spotted his sake and the glasses and picked them up. Geeze, Law had drank barely any of it.

“I've grown quite fond of you, Zoro-ya.” Law suddenly announced and Zoro turned a surprised look to the older man. Law's smirk only seemed to grow more suave, confident.

“Yeah?” Law tittered under his breath.

“It may be beneficial to you in the future, soldier boy,” Zoro quirked a brow at the man, and their gazes lingered, caught a moment as tension filled the air. What the hell had just happened? What was going on? Was he up to something? Shit. He had gotten too caught up, was there something he had missed? Zoro knew damn well Law had no way of doing anything. It wasn't like having sex with him got the alien any advantages. He wasn't foolish enough to abandon his duty just because of one night of, admittedly mind blowing, sex. Law shifted, somehow looking superior even in his chains.

“You should run along now. I presume you'll want to get clean, which I can assure is a luxury I wish I had.” Zoro grunted and after making a sweep around the cell with his eyes, unlocked the door and left. Something felt off, strange. What was it?! Fuck! There was no way he could report anything though, not when all he had was suspicion, and he sure as hell not going to report anything when he had just let himself get fucked by the enemy. Though, Law did claim to not be with the enemy, but still. People lied. Well… any animal with higher thinking power could lie. Damn, he had a bad feeling.

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Zoro jerked awake to two things. One was the horrid flashing red light in his dark chamber. It was already a small space, only about 50 square feet. So all that was really in there, was a twin bed. All the military bunkers were designed that way, a small room with a bed and a bar that fit across the ceiling to hang uniforms. There were a small couple drawers in the wall, to hold some personal items, but that was it. Zoro sat up, realizing that he was soaked in sweat. It was hot, it was stifling, and when he glanced up, the most concerning thing caught his attention. Air, the oxygen generators had failed, and the circulatory system was not operating to proper efficiency. Zoro shot up onto his feet and yanked his pants on before going to the control pad. It was black, not good, no power to the door and left. Something felt off, strange. What was it?! Fuck! There was no way he could report anything though, not when all he had was suspicion, and he sure as hell not going to report anything when he had just let himself get fucked by the enemy. Though, Law did claim to not be with the enemy, but still. People lied. Well… any animal with higher thinking power could lie. Damn, he had a bad feeling.
Zoro pulled the thin, rectangular case from the bottom of the drawer and opened the lid. Inside he grabbed a handy laser, a spring clamp, and a needle nose pair of pliers. Hurrying back to the face of the computer Zoro set the power of the laser and carefully guided it along the seam of where the face of the monitor had been put into the wall. Careful to keep his distance, he slowly worked around. He had to move quickly, but efficiently. If there was no air, it was a dire emergency, and if something wasn't done the entire vessel would suffocate, though that took considerable time considering the reserves. But there were still lots of people, and who knew if there wasn't some foul play involved.

“Shit!” Zoro cursed and clenched his teeth tightly together. When he finished he grabbed the small handle just above the interface provided for such an emergency, and pulled the face of the computer off. He had to see if he could rework the wiring and manually force his door open. Once the insides were exposed Zoro turned and looked at the light in his room through the flashing of red. He needed light and that… would be a good test. If it was a power failure then it was most likely an accident or malfunction to the mother computer. But if the lights were still on… in his mind, it seemed more likely to be a direct attack. The computer interface system, the oxygen generator, and the circulatory system couldn't have all bugged at the same time while everything else was fine. He reached his light and pushed the button… and the light flashed on. Zoro grit his teeth as tension shot through every muscle in his body. Okay, this was an attack. It had to be. Fuck! He grabbed his tools and turned to the computer and froze. Law? What about him? Could this be related to him? His cockiness earlier, that weird moment. His heart flipped in his chest and he felt the color drain from his face. This was… bad.

A loud, heavy pound hit his door and Zoro jerked his eyes to the metal slab blocking his escape. There was another two pounds and Zoro's heart pounded faster as he backed against the edge of his bed. No weapons in the residences. Great fucking idea, fucking political morons. He would have to make due with his fists, but if it was one of Law's kind, then he knew damn well there wouldn't be much to be done. Of course, there was no way in hell he wouldn't try to take the bastard out with him. And a loud, this time, crunching bang pierced into the air and inwardly he cringed from the sound. What if it was Law? That thought in some ways, was worse.

There was a sudden stop, a long pause of silence. Zoro grabbed the handy laser and set it to as strong as it could get and worked to control his breathing. He could also try to use the tiny tool as well. It'd be good for taking out an eye, it was a laser after all. Getting caught asleep was almost the same as a man getting caught with his pants down, and it always put people at a disadvantage, especially if they weren't allowed to have weapons with them. The door suddenly slid up and Zoro's heart stopped as he stared at the face that appeared. A cocky smirk stretched his opponent's lips, the gleam in those gold eyes confident and strong.

“Zoro-ya.” And he stooped down through the entryway and into the room. He barely looked like he fit in there as Zoro looked up at him, feeling as he had felt many years before as a boy. He gripped his fists, one hand holding the skinny two inch laser as he glared up sharply in heated anger. Law stood before him, dressed in black with a white spotted hat on his head, and looking much more clean shaven with a goatee on his chin. He had been starting to grow a full beard before, but he had taken the time to clean up before he came apparently. Fuck. This sure as hell looked like a take over.

“What do you want?” Zoro asked, voice a low growl from where he stood, poised strongly in defiance. He would not show weakness. Law chuckled.

“I am not here to hurt you.”

“What about the damn air! People are going to suffocate!” He hissed venomously.

“Relax. We won't be keeping the systems suppressed for long. Just long enough to escape,” Law
informed and Zoro glared sharply, threat valid in his eyes should there be any harm committed upon
the people of the vessel.

“I see you do not like seeing me up and about,” Law mused.

“I don't like what's going on now! Looks to me like an attack!”

“True enough. It does look like that I suppose. But I assure you it's not,” he assured.

“I'm pleasantly surprised however. I did not expect for my men to disobey my order and come to
rescue me. But, here they are, and I am free. I'm actually quite glad.”

“Well good. Then go if you're so damn happy about it.” Zoro growled.

“Now, now, Zoro-ya. We spent such a good time together last night. We've even gotten along quite
well these last few weeks.”

“Fine,” Zoro grunted. Law tittered under his breath.

“Do you remember what I said to you? Before you left?” Law asked as he moved and sat down on
the bed. It at least allowed him to fully straighten his back.

“What?” Zoro snapped in a growl. Law crossed one leg loosely over the other and smirked.

“I've grown very fond of you. I hadn't intended to by far, but I won't deny myself when I know the
truth,” he explained and Zoro snorted as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“So what?” He snapped.

“I will leave very shortly. But I want to make you an offer,” Law informed and the soldier looked
him in the eyes.

“You can join me.” Zoro stared, surprise widening his eyes.

“What?! You're kidding me?!” he cried. Law stood and chuckled.

“You said you wanted vengeance on the man that killed your friend. I will tell you now, that you
will have a far greater chance of finding that man traveling with me. I have inside knowledge and
connections, and maneuverability that you will never have aboard this military vessel.”

“You can't expect me to-”

“I will be on the planet Herishiasa in… what you would call, eight weeks,” Law informed as he
retrieved a piece of paper from the pocket of his coat and placed it onto the bed before straightening
again.

“These are the coordinates. Think about it.” Zoro stared, watching as the elder alien walked to the
doors and looked back at him.

“I will only wait three days while I do a trade with some of my kind. If you wish to take up my offer,
come. If not, then don't show up.” And with that, Law ducked out and he was followed by what
Zoro could only surmise were his crew mates. Zoro stayed where he was a long moment, then
looked down at the paper on his bed, then back to the door. He walked out, and quickly jogged to
the sealed off deck overlooking the hanger, and inside the birthing chamber, he saw Law and his
crew, walking into their ship. Who was controlling the chamber? Someone had to in order for them
to get out.
Looking across the hanger he saw the usual military personnel in charge of the chamber. He looked scared out of his mind, but he was manning the controls. Of course, they had to have someone get them out. Probably scared the shit out of the guy to get him to do what they wanted. Zoro quickly made his way over to the control room, running down sterile corridors until he made it, but by the time he made it inside with the officer, they were departing in their ship.

“They said, that if I just did what they said, that nothing would happen.” Zoro stared, watching with silent tension. Once they were gone, and the birthing chamber sealed, he turned toward the officer.

“We need to get to the mother computer room and get all our systems back online.” The man nodded and stood, even if looked white as a ghost. And just as they started out of the door, he heard the sudden wurr of power in the ventilation system and he was suddenly blasted with cool, fresh air as it filled the room. Zoro froze, as did the other man and he looked up at the vents. Full power. Mother fucker, they had hacked the ship's computer from their own. His government had been so damn sure that they had developed their systems to not be hackable. Bullshit.

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Zoro made sure that his steering was as steady as he could make it. He had never been much good at piloting. He wasn't good at travel in general, at least not when it was in charge. But at least he could land decently… most of the time. His radio started to beep and he sighed as he reached up and flipped the switch. He really hoped that it was not another damn telemarketer. The nerve, they always tried to call at the worst fucking times. But the voice, the voice was deep, smooth, and far too confident. He sounded cocky, almost victorious.

“Welcome, Zoro-ya.”

Zoro smirked himself.

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