Bonded

by GemmaRose

Summary

In which Sanji and Zoro explore their sexual relationship with the help of their empathic soul bond.
Sanji exhaled shakily and leaned back against the window sill, looking out over the ocean. Being home was nice, the gentle creak of Sunny's rigging as comforting a background noise as the near-silent waves on her hull. But Zoro wasn't here, and the tense anxiety bleeding through their soul bond didn't help.

Stupid marimo, staying up worrying. Sanji inhaled a lungful of smoke, and tried to focus on a sense of calm, of rightness, the feeling of being home and loved. Zoro seemed to figure it out pretty quick, and Sanji smiled at the wave of relief joy love which pulsed from his soul bond. Zoro was so much more than he deserved, especially after he spent two years hating the man for what turned out to be no reason at all.

His soul bond flashed with disappointment and a sense of being chastised. Sanji smiled. He was so damn lucky, his soulmate was, well, perfect. Perfect and infuriating and better than anything he could've hoped for.

As if in response, his soul bond pulsed with a wave of love and adoration so powerful Sanji could feel it resonating in his very bones. Zoro’s affection felt like a hot drink on a cold day, or a fleece blanket fresh out of the dryer. It pierced right through the lingering doubts and warmed him all over. “Love you.” he mumbled, pulling the cigarette from his lips and stubbing it out in the ash tray. The emotions emanating from the middle of his chest burnt hotter, and a smile crept across his face. Zoro was eager tonight, impatient. Had he been waiting for Sanji to come back? Sanji liked that idea, and the mental images that accompanied it.

Sanji could easily picture Zoro in a small room on Trafalgar Law’s ship, waiting on a narrow bunk and keeping an awareness of his own soul bond to know when would be an appropriate time. He was probably sitting up on that narrow bunk now, legs spread, back up against a wall. His robe would be open, haramaki pulled down to his calves with those baggy black pants puddled around his ankles. The red sash was probably sitting discarded on the floor, though Sanji could think of plenty of things to do with that length of soft fabric. It would make a wonderful blindfold, or gag, or it could be used to tie the swordsman’s hands and force him to submit. Okay, maybe using it as a gag would be a step too far, but the mental image of Zoro with his wrists tied to the hanging bars of one of their beds with that red sash tied over his face like a blindfold was, well, pretty damn hot.

Sanji shivered, drawing a quick breath as he felt an echo of sensation. Not injury, just pressure, firm and sure around his cock. Zoro wasn't even here and the marimo bastard was making him hard. His soul bond pulsed in his chest, desire and smugness washed with so much adoration Sanji had to bite back a moan. He palmed himself through his underwear, and Zoro's hand tightened slightly. Not enough to be painful but more than enough for him to notice.

“Shit, Zoro.” Sanji gasped as, wherever he was, Zoro began fingering himself. Gods, if this was what it felt like when they were miles apart, actually having sex would be overwhelming. Zoro’s hand stopped moving on his cock, and Sanji hastily removed his underwear. Once they took care of the situation with Kaidou, he was going to pin his soulmate down and fuck the living daylights out of that man. His soul bond flickered with curiosity, and Sanji smirked. Zoro wanted to know what he was in for? Sanji shut his eyes, and called a scenario to mind.

The two of them in the bunk room, Sanji laid out over an eager Zoro. He would pull Zoro’s sash off and use it to tie the swordsman’s hands to the bunk supports, then fold that black bandana into a blindfold and knot it around Zoro’s head. He would kiss his way down Zoro’s largest scar, and then...
along the top of that stupid haramaki. He’d pull Zoro’s pants off, leaving the haramaki, and then kiss his soulmate senseless. Then he’d sit back on his heels and touch himself, make Zoro moan and writhe and beg. But quietly, of course, so as not to risk waking any of their nakama. He’d make Zoro come before touching his soulmate even once, and then when the man was boneless with pleasure Sanji would sate himself.

Sure, Zoro couldn’t possibly know what exactly he was thinking since soul bonds didn’t transfer thoughts, but it did transfer sensation and emotion, and that should be enough for the swordsman to at least guess. The thrill of excitement and anticipation was all the confirmation Sanji needed, and he gasped as Zoro added another finger. Gods he wished his soulmate had been part of the rescue team.

“Shitty marimo.” he gasped, swallowing a moan. He wouldn’t last much longer, but he had a feeling Zoro wouldn’t either. The swordsman had located his own prostate, and if Sanji was this close from secondhand pleasure then Zoro must be struggling not to come. Sanji drew a harsh breath in between his teeth, and imagined himself kneeling over Zoro with three fingers in his soulmate’s ass. “Come for me.” he breathed, tightening his hand on his cock. The other man’s orgasm hit him like lightning, burning tension filling his whole body, and he could practically hear Zoro’s muffled scream in his head. His soul bond burnt white-hot, bliss and love and frustration sweeping over him, and Sanji bit his cheek as his came all over his hand.

By the time he drifted back down all his soul bond was transferring was bliss and love and contentedness, and Sanji shut his eyes to bask in the warmth of it. He wondered idly what Zoro looked like right now, what sort of expression he was wearing on that dumb, unfairly attractive face of his. What had Zoro looked like a minute ago, legs spread and on the edge of orgasm? He wanted to know, to see for himself, but that would have to wait a while. Just until they’d defeated Kaidou and had access to a proper bed.
Chapter 2

Zoro had never actively disliked a party before, especially one like this where the sake flowed freely. But then again, this was the first time he’d been at a party with his soulmate with the promise of sex afterwards. He had half a mind to drag Sanji away by the wrist and pin him against the nearest wall for at least some proper kissing, but a ridiculous number of the walls around here were so fragile he’d end up pushing the cook right through and that would completely ruin the mood. Also probably their kimonos, which would be a damn shame because Sanji looked nice in his. Okay, nice was the understatement of the century. Sanji looked hot as hell and Zoro could hardly wait to get the cook alone and see the fine blue fabric laid out under his soulmate’s pale, lean frame.

Sanji looked over at him, head cocked, and Zoro felt a gentle nudge of confusion and concern from their soul bond. Shit, he was probably sending all sorts of mixed signals wasn’t he. He shook his head, and tried to send a feeling of calm and satisfaction. Sanji was enjoying himself, chatting with some men Kinemon had introduced him to. Zoro could wait a few more hours.

Sanji excused himself, and Zoro sat up straighter as his soulmate approached. “Something wrong?” he asked, eyes flicking over the party.

“No.” Sanji shook his head, sitting down at Zoro’s side. “Not anymore.” he grinned, lopsided and breathtaking, and Zoro leaned in to kiss him. Maybe it was stupid and a bit selfish, kissing the blond where everyone could see, but Zoro didn’t care. Sanji was his. His sparring partner, his nakama, his soulmate. Sanji was his, and he was Sanji’s, and he didn’t care who knew it.

Sanji made a sound somewhere between a hum and a moan, and leaned into the kiss. Zoro pulled his soulmate close, and relished the waves of love and satisfaction coming from their soul bond. Even more, though, he delighted in the desire which laced it all. Sanji wanted this, wanted him. He deepened their kiss, and Sanji made that appreciative little noise again.

“Get a room.” called one of the Heart Pirates, and something small and hard bounced off of Zoro’s head. He lifted a hand to flip the bastard off, but Sanji pulled away and all his attention was suddenly focused on his soulmate.

“Let’s.” the blond grinned, determination and lust and anticipation swirling together in their soul bond.

“Okay.” Zoro nodded once, finishing his drink and setting it down next to his empty plate. They’d all been given rooms earlier, space to leave their battle-damaged clothes and to change into the fancy-ass local formalwear for the party, but Zoro wasn’t sure he could find the one he and Sanji had claimed even if it wasn’t all dark. Sanji, however, seemed to have memorised the maze of hallways because he walked with absolute confidence and didn't hesitate when he opened a seemingly random door.

“C’mon, marimo.” Sanji grinned, sliding his hand out of Zoro's and turning on his heel to walk backwards into the room. “We’ve got at least an hour before anyone’ll be around to hear us.”

Zoro swallowed hard, and shut the door behind himself. Sanji moved with a fluidity that put most dances to shame, stepping around the kimonos they’d never managed to put on properly and falling backwards onto the low bed. Now Zoro was sorta regretting that they got Kinemon to conjure their stupid formal clothes, because he wanted to get Sanji out of that kimono something like three hours ago and had no fucking clue where to start. His soulmate’s eagerness was fading into confusion, and Zoro swore internally.
“Something wrong?” Sanji asked, and the spike of uncertainty which came from the soul bond stabbed right through Zoro’s heart. “If you don’t wa-”

“No.” he said firmly, striding across the room to sit next to Sanji. “I want this.” Zoro lowered his voice, taking Sanji’s hands in his own. “I want you.” he squeezed gently, feeling slender fingers curl against his own calloused ones. “I just don’t know how to get you out of that damn kimono.”

Sanji snorted, and Zoro couldn’t help but grin as amusement bubbled into his chest from the soul bond.

“What, do you know how to undo that monster knot?” Zoro challenged.

“As a matter of fact.” Sanji smirked, moving from Zoro’s side to straddling his hips in a single fluid motion. “I do.” the soul bond was alight with confidence and desire and anticipation. Zoro couldn’t help the small gasp that accompanied his quick intake of breath before Sanji leaned in to kiss him. But it didn’t matter, because the same second that sound left his lips Sanji was kissing him.

Zoro’s hands found his soulmate’s hips easily, pulling Sanji closer, and as he lifted a hand to grasp at those soft blond locks the chef reached around behind him. After a few tugs at something Zoro couldn’t see, he felt the wide belt thing loosen and a flash of smug pride from his soulmate. Sanji pulled back, wearing that smirk which was so infuriating yet so hot, and Zoro had never been so glad of being selfish.

“You magnificent bastard.” he groaned, tugging Sanji in for another kiss, though this one was briefer. “Get yours, or I can’t guarantee wha-”

Sanji pulled him in for a teeth-knocking kiss, their bond flaring with unbridled lust. “To hell with the shitty dress.” the cook snarled, grinding down against Zoro. “Cut it off me.”

Oh fuck yes. Zoro twisted, half throwing Sanji onto the bed, and stood up to draw Shusui. The blade sang through the air, slicing cleanly down the front of Sanji’s clothes, and Zoro sheathed it hurriedly before setting all three of his swords against the edge of the bed. Sanji was grinning, their soul bond alight with glee and burning lust, and it took every ounce of restraint Zoro had not to throw himself on the bed and take him then and there.

Instead, Zoro helped Sanji scoot until he was laid out properly on the mattress, pillows under his head and everything. Only once that was done did he grab the sliced-open layers and peel them away from Sanji’s skin. Sanji wriggled right out of the garment, and Zoro only had the patience to admire the sight for a second before leaning down and stealing Sanji’s breath away with a forceful kiss. It wasn’t a particularly difficult feat at the moment, considering how many ribs Sanji had broken during the fight, but the echo of breathlessness was heady and Zoro only pulled away far enough to gasp in a quick breath before going back to the kiss. He was going to leave so many marks on Sanji’s skin, enough bruises to outnumber the ones from the fight. Sanji was his, and everyone would know it.

“Marimo.” Sanji gasped when they parted for air again, turning his head aside so Zoro couldn’t kiss him properly. He wasn’t backing out, but Zoro didn’t have the brainpower to identify what his soulmate was feeling beyond lust so powerful it overwhelmed everything else.

“Hmm?” he hummed, mouthing at Sanji’s ear. An echo of pleasure shot down his spine, and Sanji’s hips bucked up against his, dragging a moan from his throat. fuck that felt good.

Oh, right. That was a problem. Zoro pulled back slightly, and nipped at Sanji’s neck. “So fix it.” he rumbled, the vibrations sinking into Sanji’s core and making his soulmate writhe in pleasure. Gods, he was so hard it hurt, and he still needed to get out of his fucking clothes. Then, though, he’d pin Sanji down and- well, maybe not fuck him into oblivion since they were both still pretty beat up, but the blond was at least going to get the best orgasm of his life.

“You’ve got lube, right?” Sanji asked, pulling away another fabric belt thing and casting it aside.

“In my pants pocket.” Zoro breathed, stealing a quick kiss as another fabric belt was tossed aside.

Sanji cursed breathlessly as he fumbled in untangling a third belt, and Zoro yanked that knot undone with one hand. As he leaned down for a kiss, however, Sanji held a hand to stop him. His soulmate was still hard, their bond still pulsing lust and love and desire, but now there was steely cold resolve there as well.

“No lube, no sex.”

“Okay.” Zoro pushed Sanji’s hand aside and swept his soulmate into a deep kiss. “Get me out of this stupid thing, and I’ll go get it.”

Sanji grinned, and leaned up to give Zoro a peck on the cheek. “I’ll do more than that.” he purred, pulling open another narrow fabric belt. This time, however, the kimono fell open to reveal another kimono underneath, this one paler and less fancy. One final wide belt came undone, and Zoro hurriedly shrugged off all three layers of fabric to puddle at Sanji’s feet. He leaned down for a kiss, but was stopped by Sanji’s index finger and a devilish smirk. “Lube first, moss head.” the blond said, his voice pitched low enough that it buzzed in Zoro’s bones and sank straight into his core.

“Right.” Zoro sat up, and looked around the dark room. Where had he dropped his clothes?

“Over there, marimo.” Sanji grinned, pointing towards a dark lump on the floor.

Zoro got off the bed, and his legs immediately buckled under him as Sanji made a positively *sinful* sound and started stroking himself. If he’d thought it felt good to have that echo from miles and miles away, that was nothing compared to now.

“I need you, Zoro.” Sanji moaned, his touch feather light and absolutely maddening.

Zoro managed to get to his feet, and a glance over his shoulder revealed Sanji was looking straight at him. Zoro gasped sharply at the next gentle stroke, and took a shaky step towards the pile of his bloody, half-shredded clothes. Gods he hoped the little bottle of lube was still in one piece. If he didn’t get to fuck Sanji after all this teasing, he was going to break something.

Another feather light stroke, and Sanji gasped loudly. “Zoro, I’m so close.” he whimpered, arching off the bed. “Oh, gods, Zoro.” he moaned, and Zoro’s knees buckled under him as he took another step.

“Fuck, Sanji.” he gasped, chest heaving. “Don’t you dare come. Don’t you dare, not when I can’t see your stupid face.”

“Really?” Sanji said, their soul bond flashing with smugness and gleeful anticipation. “And here I thought I’d be making you come.”

Zoro chuckled shakily, and managed to get in reach of his pants. The fabric had been sliced mostly to ribbons, but the pockets were still intact. Oh, thank the gods. “Well, I’ve got the lube.” he grinned, turning around and starting back towards the bed. He got all of three steps before he noticed Sanji
was staring at him unabashedly, and then he had to stop and stare back for a second.

The cook had rolled onto his stomach and was resting his sideways-tilted head on his arms, watching Zoro with half open eyes and a small smile. It was an expression caught somewhere between absolute adoration and devour-on-contact lust, and the thrill it sent down Zoro’s spine obviously didn’t go unnoticed because Sanji’s smile widened into something positively predatory.

“I’ve got an idea.” the blond said slowly as Zoro sat down on the edge of the bed and shucked off his boxers. “Whichever one of us comes first has to bottom.”

“Yes.” Zoro nodded. That sounded like a fair way to decide. “But can we touch each other?”

Sanji frowned, tilting his head, then nodded and rolled his hips against the bed, nearly dragging a moan out of Zoro. “No hand jobs, though.”

Zoro grinned, and flipped Sanji over onto his back. He was going to win this, dammit. Sanji could wait until next round. The blond yelped as he was moved without warning, but his complaint quickly trailed off into a loud moan as Zoro bent down and took Sanji’s cock in his mouth.

“Shit!”

Zoro chuckled, and then had to swallow a moan because oh gods he’d forgotten to account for the echo. But Sanji was gripping his hair tight enough to hurt in a very good way, and the blond’s powerful legs were shaking with tension. Sanji was right on the edge, he could feel it. Zoro lifted his head, and the sight that greeted him absolutely took his breath away. Sanji’s hand not fisted in his hair was clutching at the remnants of the kimono he’d sliced open earlier, and the blond was biting his own lip, presumably to muffle himself.

“Hey.” Zoro said, keeping his tone low enough to make his soulmate squirm. “Sanji.” he pressed a gentle kiss to the cook’s abs, just below the edge of the bandages, and felt those muscles tense.

“Come for me.”

Sanji gasped, and Zoro moved up to capture his lips in a brief, vicious kiss. He rolled his hips against Sanji’s, their erections rubbing together, and the blond threw his head back against the pillows to gasp. Zoro ducked his head against Sanji’s neck, his shoulders tensing. “Fuck, Sanji. I’m so close.” he gasped, lips brushing over the column of his soulmate’s throat. “I wanna fuck you so bad. I wanna be in you, make you mine.” his teeth scraped Sanji’s skin, and a low growl left his throat. “You’re mine.”

“Zoro.” Sanji gasped, fingers digging into the backs of his shoulders as the blond rutted up against him.”Zoro, I’m-”

“Come for me.” Zoro repeated, half growling the words before sinking his teeth into Sanji’s throat. Sanji screamed loud enough the still-ongoing party could probably hear them, and Zoro only held out for a few seconds before climaxing as well. When the haze of bliss faded, he found himself sprawled out over Sanji with his soul bond radiating love and contentment.

“How does anyone do this?” Sanji muttered, lifting a hand to lazily card through Zoro’s hair.

Zoro shrugged, and pressed a kiss to one of the bite marks he’d left on Sanji’s neck. “Practice?”

Sanji grinned, and his other hand trailed down Zoro’s spine to rest on his ass. “Well, I don’t know about you, but I think I’ll be ready for another go soon.”

Zoro chuckled, and Sanji curled against him as the sound tingled its way through his soulmate’s
bones. “I can think of a good way to spend that time.” he said, keeping his voice low so it rumbled
through Sanji’s frame. The resulting shiver was quite gratifying, and Zoro made a mental note to try
that voice on Sanji later. It took a bit of patting around to find the bottle of lube, and Zoro didn’t find
it until he flung his discarded kimono and all its stupid fabric belt things to the foot of the bed.

Sanji was smiling, amusement rippling through the soul bond, and Zoro pressed a quick kiss to his
lips. “Mine.” he breathed against his soulmate’s cheek.

“Yours.” agreed Sanji, and their soul bond welled with so much love Zoro just had to kiss him again.
When they parted, however, Zoro sat up and nudged Sanji’s legs apart. Kissing was nice, and the
bite marks he’d left were already starting to bruise, but he’d pulled Sanji away from the party to have
sex and gods be damned if they weren’t going to do that.

“This may feel a little weird.” he cautioned, smearing two of his fingers with lube.

“Felt pretty good when you were doing it to yourself.” Sanji said, but there was a little flutter of
trepidation from their soul bond. Feeling something in echo was rather different than feeling it in
person.

“I’ll be gentle.” Zoro promised, and slowly pushed one finger in. Sanji tensed, but only momentarily.

“Wow, you were right about something.” Sanji chuckled, mirth dancing in his blue eyes as he smiled
at Zoro. “It does feel weird.”

“Do you want me to get lube in your hair?” Zoro mock threatened, holding up his free hand which
had a bit of lube smeared on the palm. “Because I will smack you and get lube in your hair.”

Sanji laughed, and Zoro leaned forward to steal a brief kiss. “Ready for another?”

Sanji thought for a second, then nodded. Zoro added a second finger, and Sanji’s whole-body
shudder was accompanied by a wave of pleasure from the soul bond. Zoro drew a quick breath in
through his teeth, and began scissoring his fingers. Sanji arched up against him, and he used his right
hand to pin the blond’s hips down. He’d been justifiably distracted earlier, but now he got to watch
his soulmate slowly come undone.

“Zoro.” Sanji gasped, hips bucking futilely against Zoro’s pinning hand. The blond was already half
hard again, precome beading at the tip of his cock, and Zoro briefly considered giving his soulmate
another blowjob. But no, then he’d be too wound up from the echo to properly fuck Sanji to pieces.
That fun would have to wait for another day.

“Zoro, please.”

Zoro pushed his fingers deeper, probing around, and Sanji whined impatiently. Lust was seeping
back into the soul bond, burning hot and very hard to ignore, but Zoro did his best. Sanji abruptly
tensed, a spike of pleasure shooting through the soul bond, and Zoro grinned. “Like that?” he asked,
rubbing circles on Sanji’s prostate.

“Oh shit, ye-es.” Sanji moaned, hands fisting in the kimono under him and hips bucking under
Zoro’s hand. “Fucking shit, Zoro, that feels so good.”

Zoro pressed a bit harder, and Sanji made a sound he wouldn’t have thought humanly possible.
Fuck, that had been a bad plan. Sanji wasn’t anywhere near loose enough for sex, but he was already
on the edge and Zoro was rapidly approaching the point of painfully hard. He slipped a third finger
in, and Sanji made that near-musical sound again as he began to finger his soulmate in earnest.
“Zoro.” Sanji gasped, grabbing his elbow. “I’m good, just fuck me already.” the blond drew a shuddering breath, his eyes more pupil than iris, and Zoro pulled his fingers out.

“Ten seconds.” he said quickly, fumbling for the lube. It was room temperature, but he didn’t have the patience to warm it between his hands first so he just smeared it on cool. Sanji jolted, drawing a quick breath, and Zoro guided the blond’s legs to where they needed to be. “Ready?” he asked, slightly breathless. Sanji nodded, and Zoro forced himself to exhale through gritted teeth as he pushed in. It was a strange sensation, feeling the echo of Sanji’s fullness, but definitely not an unwelcome one.

Sanji was tight, and when he stopped Zoro had to pant for breath. Sanji’s chest was heaving with unsteady gasps, his arms looped around the back of Zoro’s neck, and Zoro leaned down to press a kiss to the tip of Sanji’s nose. “Feel good?” he asked rhetorically, pushing in a little further.

“So good.” Sanji moaned, lifting his hips to take Zoro deeper, hands gripping at Zoro’s shoulders. “Feels so good.” he dug his head back against the pillows, and Zoro bent down to bite at the exposed column of his throat. Sanji moaned in earnest at that, hips bucking against Zoro’s, “Fucking- shitty marimo.” the blond gasped, grabbing Zoro by the hair and yanking his head up so they were face to face. “Fuck me already.”

Their soulbond rang with lust and desperation, and Zoro pressed a bruising kiss to Sanji’s mouth before he started pulling slowly out of his soulmate. “You’re so tight.” he moaned as he pressed back in, letting his head rest on the pillow next to Sanji’s ear. “I want to fuck you so hard, Sanji.” he said as he pulled out again, setting a slow rhythm because Sanji had never done this before and hurting his soulmate was the last thing Zoro wanted to do. His voice came out breathy, needy, but he didn’t care.

Sanji moved with him, and the echo of the blond’s sensations provided the odd and slightly overwhelming feeling of getting fucked while fucking his soulmate. “Wanna make you scream for me.” Zoro half growled, pushing back in a little harder. “Fuck you so good you can’t walk right.”

Sanji moaned loudly at that, the noise resonating in Zoro’s bones in a very pleasant way, and his hips snapped up hard enough Zoro couldn’t help but gasp. Sanji promptly stole that breath with a heavy, open-mouthed kiss, and Zoro started going faster.

“Keep talking.” Sanji gasped, and with their soulbond so flooded with lust Zoro couldn’t tell if it was a plea or a demand. He wasn’t sure which option he liked better, either, but gods be damned Sanji sounded hot like that. He wasn’t going to last much longer, but he could certainly indulge his soulmate. Maybe even get Sanji to finish first.

“I want to do so many things to you.” he said, keeping his voice lowered to the pitch that would buzz in his soulmate’s bones and drive the man to distraction. “I want everyone who sees us to know that you’re mine.” Zoro punctuated that sentence with a snap of his hips, and shifted all his weight to his right arms so he could press his left hand over Sanji’s racing heart. “Mine.” he snarled, and Sanji’s head pressed back against the pillows with a loud moan.

“Zoro, I’m-” Sanji gasped, his whole body shuddering, and it took far too much self control for Zoro not to come on the spot.

“Scream for me.” he growled, and Sanji did.

His soulmate arched against him, and Sanji’s orgasm hit only half a second before Zoro’s own. He lost the rhythm, lost track of what he was saying, but none of that mattered. All that mattered was Sanji under him, howling in ecstasy, and the bright brilliant love lust yes pouring from their soulbond.
When he finally came down from the high, Zoro only barely managed to pull out and tilt sideways before his arms gave. As it was he wound up with one curled under himself and the other stretched across Sanji’s heavily bandaged chest, but there wasn’t so much as a flicker of annoyance from their soul bond so he was probably okay.

Sanji turned onto his side with a groan, and a satisfied grin spread across his stupid handsome face. “That, was incredible.”

Zoro couldn’t help but smile back as he pulled his soulmate in for a kiss. “Think you’ll be up for a round two?” he murmured, letting his hand trail down over Sanji’s bandages to rest on the blond’s hip.

“Mmm, in a bit.” Sanji breathed, leaning in. Zoro met him halfway for a gentle, lazy kiss. Sanji tasted like cigarette smoke and good sake and something else Zoro couldn’t name, but whatever it was he liked it. Sanji tugged his kimono out from under himself, and used one of the inner layers to wipe his stomach clean. Then he wiped off Zoro, and once the thoroughly ruined fabric was on the floor he snuggled up to the swordsman.

Zoro had to admit, he didn’t mind at all.
“Hey, Zoro?” Sanji murmured, fingers tracing mindless trails on his soulmate’s bandaged back.

“Hmm?”

“Next time, can I top you?”

Zoro jolted, and Sanji felt the soul bond spark with confusion and no small bit of lust.

“I’ve never done it before, but I w-”

“Yes.” Zoro sat up, knocking Sanji onto his back and leaning over him. “Yes, top me.”

His soul bond pulsed with anticipation and lust, and Sanji smiled. “Just like that?” he pitched his voice to a purr, and felt the echo of it tingling in Zoro’s bones. “No objections?”

“You can do anything you want.” Zoro grinned, still leaning over Sanji. “You’re mine.” His smile became soft and fond as he said the words, and he placed a hand over where Sanji felt his soul bond right as it pulsed with the most intense burst of love and adoration the blond had ever experienced. “I want to be yours.”

Well, shit, that was the most romantic thing Sanji had ever heard come out of Zoro’s stupidly kissable mouth. Not that that was a particularly difficult feat to accomplish, but still. “One second.” Sanji held up a finger, and Zoro let him sit up without a fight. The red sash his soulmate usually wore was across the room, but Zoro’s kimono was only at the foot of the bed and the outermost wide belt thing from that would do just fine. He grabbed the scarf-like length of fabric, then picked out one of the inner belts as well. Zoro’s bandana was also across the room, but the silk would make an excellent blindfold.

“What are you planning?” Zoro asked, his tone wary. Sanji’s soul bond, however, sparked with eagerness and lust.

“I was thinking...” he mused, pulling the longer strip taut between his hands with a snap. “You’d look hot as sin all tied up.” a smile tugged at his lips, and he let it as he crawled back over to Zoro, trailing two long pieces of silk. “A wonderful, oh-so-fuckable present just for me.” he licked his lips, and Zoro swallowed as Sanji’s soul bond flared with lust.

“Is that all?” Zoro asked, voice hoarse. The swordsman was already half hard again, and Sanji was starting to get excited as well.

“No.” Sanji grinned, pushing Zoro down onto his back with one hand. “I’m going to blindfold you.” he pitched his voice down again and straddled Zoro’s abdomen, trailing his hand over the bandages covering Zoro’s most remarkable scar. “Then I’ll make you so hard youbegfor release.”

“And then?” Zoro asked breathlessly, eye wide in the darkness.

“Then, you’ll have to wait and see.” Sanji grinned, lifting the end of the longer piece of fabric and wrapping it around Zoro’s wrist twice before knotting it around itself, leaving plenty of fabric trailing off the end to make it easy to untie later. His soul bond was alight with excitement and anticipation and lust, but not the slightest hint of uncertainty, so Sanji climbed off the bed and crouched to wrap the strip around the leg of the bed a few times. He did the same at the other leg, then climbed back on and made sure it was good and taut before tying it off around Zoro’s right wrist.
“Scoot down for me?” he asked, and Zoro did. The bindings didn’t let him get even an inch. “Perfect.” he smiled, picking up the second strip of fabric. “Now, close your eye.”

“Ha ha.” Zoro said dryly, but he did shut his eye and lift his head. Sanji wrapped the fabric around his soulmate’s head as many times as he could manage, then knotted it between the swordsman’s eyes.

“Can you see me?” he asked, waving a hand over Zoro’s face. “And no observation haki, that’s cheating.”

“No.” Zoro grinned, shifting slightly. Sanji grabbed a pillow and tucked it under Zoro’s head.

“Wonderful.” Sanji grinned back, leaning over his soulmate’s chest and pressing a kiss to the upper edge of the swordsman’s chest scar. Without the fateful fight that wound ended, how much longer would it have taken for him to realize Zoro was his soulmate? His soul bond welled with anticipation, and Sanji shook those thoughts from his head. He could ponder what-ifs later. Now, he was going to have his wicked way with one perfectly bound soulmate.

Sanji leaned down, and pressed his lips ever so gently to Zoro’s. His light touches earlier had been enough to bring Zoro to his knees, and from the waves of lust coming from Sanji’s soul bond he was pretty sure a gentle touch would continue to drive the swordsman wild. He kissed across Zoro’s cheek over to his soulmate’s ear, and a heavy breath there elicited a full-body shudder accompanied by a spike of lust from his soul bond.

“Like that?” he breathed, pitching his voice into the purr that resonated in Zoro’s bones and sent lustful shivers across the swordsman’s skin.

“Yes.” Zoro gasped, hips lifting ever so slightly off the mattress. Sanji grinned, and darted his tongue out to gently lick at the delicate shell of cartilage. Zoro gasped much louder, and Sanji pulled back. He’d been too overwhelmed earlier, but now he could appreciate the face Zoro was making. Mouth half open, cheeks flushed, eye probably shut behind the blindfold. Sanji traced his hand across Zoro’s chest, following the ridge of that oh so impressive scar through the bandages, and the swordsman arched off the bed at least an inch.

“Like that?” Sanji grinned, forcing his voice to remain steady as his soul bond radiated lust so strong it took his breath away. He wanted to take Zoro this instant, but that wouldn’t be half as much fun as pulling the swordsman apart piece by piece. “Want me to touch you somewhere else?” he asked, lifting his hand and savouring the small whine which slipped out of his soulmate.

“Anywhere. Everywhere. Fuck, just-”

Sanji stroked himself, and Zoro’s body tensed as his soul bond spiked with so much raw desire that he couldn’t breathe for a second.

“Fuck!” Zoro yelled, writhing against his restraints.

“No yet.” Sanji said with a smile, fighting to keep his breathing even. He wanted so badly to touch Zoro, to kiss every visible inch of that lovely tanned skin and just fuck the man until they were both exhausted, but he wouldn’t. Who knew when they would have another chance like this, a room to themselves with no nakama around to overhear or interrupt them. It could be a long time before he had another chance to see Zoro coming so beautifully undone, and he wasn’t going to rush through and miss this chance.

Sanji let out a shaky breath as he stroked himself again, barely a brush of fingertips. Zoro jerked with
the motion, a moan escaping his lips, and Sanji repeated it a few times. Each time Zoro moaned louder, bucked harder against the air, sent a hotter spike of lust through Sanji’s soul bond. Sanji lifted his hand, and Zoro’s head turned towards him.

“You, are an asshole.” Zoro ground out, breathing heavily. Sanji grinned, and leaned down to tenderly kiss away his soulmate’s scowl.

“Your asshole.” he breathed against Zoro’s cheek, eliciting a shiver and another weak buck of the hips. “Oh, but you already know that, don’t you?” Sanji grinned, looking away from Zoro and finding the bottle amongst the sheets. It was small, and only about half full, but that would be more than enough. Now the only question was if he should do it on Zoro or on himself. Hmm, there was probably enough lube left for both, if he was frugal with himself.

“You’d probably love to be untied right now.” Sanji said in a faux-casual tone, smearing the cool gel on two of his right fingers and leaning back on his left arm. No, wait, that position wouldn’t work, he’d have to be on his knees. This would’ve been easier if he’d watched Zoro do it first, but he’d figure it out. “You know just how to do this, and I’m—” his breath hitched as he pushed a finger into himself, but Zoro straight up moaned. “I’m a novice.” Sanji said, only gasping a little bit.

“Fuck, Sanji.” Zoro moaned loudly, hips jerking up off the bed. “Just touch me already.”

“Tch.” Sanji was privately a little proud he managed to sound disapproving even as he inserted a second finger in his ass and started probing. “So pushy, marimo.” he bit back a moan, but Zoro didn’t, thrusting up at nothing again.

“Ple-ah!” Zoro screamed halfway through a word, and Sanji moaned at the same moment. His prostate was damn hard to reach, and the position was awkward, but the dizzying burst of pleasure was nothing compared to Zoro’s face. “Oh, fuck, Sanji!” Zoro’s hips bucked skyward, lust and desperation flooding Sanji’s soul bond, and the blond almost collapsed on his face.

“Sanji, I’m so close.” Zoro gasped, writhing against the mattress in a futile search for friction.

“I know.” Sanji pulled his hand out, and shifted back into a kneeling position. If he wasn’t careful, he would come with Zoro and miss out on the O face he’d been wondering about since that night after Whole Cake Island. “But you’ll have to ask nicely.”

“You’re shitting me.” Zoro panted, lifting his head to point his blindfolded face at Sanji.

“I can keep you on edge all night.” Sanji said, stroking himself gently. Zoro arched like he was being electrocuted, and Sanji could’ve sworn the swordsman whimpered. “Or,” Sanji whispered, leaning in close enough that his breath ghosted over Zoro’s ear. “I can make you mine without so much as touching your cock.”

Zoro moaned, arching off the bed again, and Sanji brushed a light kiss over his soulmate’s flushed face. “Be mine, Zoro.” he breathed, pitching his voice down and drawing a moan from the swordsman.

“Yes.” Zoro gasped, hips jerking up again. The lust pouring from Sanji’s soul bond was so mixed with desperation he wouldn’t have been able to stand, but making Zoro submit didn’t need him to be any more vertical than sitting.

“Ask nicely.” Sanji mock-chided, heart racing in his chest. “Beg for it.”

“Please.” Zoro moaned, head digging back into his pillow as Sanji stroked himself again. “Please, Sanji. Make me yours.” his hips jerked up helplessly, breaths coming in heavy pants. “I need it. Need
you. *Please.*” his voice cracked on the last word, and Sanji managed to bite a moan back into a whimper. This was even better than he’d imagined. Zoro was at his mercy, and loving every torturous second of it.

Sanji leaned down and kissed Zoro, hard. Zoro kissed back desperately, lifting off the bed as much as his bound wrists would allow, and when Sanji pulled away the swordsman whined.

“Sanji, please.” he begged, writhing under the blond.

“Of course.” Sanji murrured against Zoro’s ear, making the swordsman tense and gasp. “You’ve been very good, Zoro.” his soul bond promptly spiked with lust, and Sanji filed that tidbit away for future examination. “Where do you want me to touch you for your reward?”

“Anywhere.” Zoro moaned. “Please, Sanji, just let me come. I need it. Need you. Need to be yours.” he gasped for air between sentences, struggling weakly against the fabric binding his wrists above his head.

“How about here?” Sanji breathed, lips brushing Zoro’s ear as his fingers trailed over the slightly-stubbly underside of his soulmate’s jaw. “You like this, right? Like my voice when I speak to you?”

Zoro nodded, whimpering.

“Then come for me, Zoro.” Sanji breathed, keeping his voice low as he traced the edges of the lightning scars that crawled up Zoro’s neck, out from under the sweaty bandages which matched the ones covering Sanji’s own injured chest. “Come for me. Be mine.”

Zoro came with a wordless shout, thrusting up into the air as if Sanji would simply teleport over there and begin riding him. Maybe he’d do the latter some other time, but tonight it was hard enough just staying mostly upright as Zoro’s bliss swept over him. It was worth it though, seeing the way Zoro’s face contorted as his body was wracked with so much physical pleasure his brain shut down.

Sanji smeared a little more lube on his fingers, and nudged Zoro’s legs apart enough to kneel between them. Zoro’s hips jolted at the first finger Sanji pushed in, and Sanji shuddered in synch. It felt so different from having Zoro’s fingers in him, and decidedly strange given there was nobody behind him. Not a particularly bad strange, though, so he added a second finger and began probing as Zoro came down from his orgasm.

“Wha-?” Zoro mumbled thickly, shifting his legs to give Sanji a better angle. “Wha’re you doi- ngh.” the swordsman’s question was cut off by a grunt and a snap of his hips, accompanied by a wave of pleasure from Sanji’s soul bond. Zoro gritted his teeth and dug his head back against the pillows, and Sanji frowned. Hearing his soulmate’s lustful words was one of the things he liked best.

“Zoro.” he half sang, pitching his voice down to tingle in his soulmate’s bones. “I know you aren’t thinking of holding out on me.” he pulled his fingers away from the swordsman’s prostate, and Zoro shook his head quickly. “Then why are you being so quiet?” Sanji asked against the column of his soulmate’s throat, lips practically brushing the underside of Zoro’s chin. He ran his fingers lightly around the edge of Zoro’s prostate, eliciting a loud moan.

“It’s so good.” Zoro panted, hands clenching into fists. “I might scream.”

“Then scream.” Sanji purred, curling his fingers and digging the tips in hard.

“Fuck, Sanji!” the swordsman shouted, his whole body arching up against the blond’s. “There, right-fuck!”
Sanji moaned and rolled his hips against Zoro’s, feeling the other man’s half-hard length against his. “I should stop,” he gasped against his soulmate’s collar bones, digging his fingers in again and drawing another wave of overwhelming pleasure from his soul bond.

“Oh gods!” Zoro howled, hips bucking as if to force Sanji’s fingers into him harder. “Please, Sanji, fuck, please don’t stop.”

Sanji pushed a third finger in, and drew away from Zoro’s prostate to start stretching him. This elicited a sound somewhere between a whine and a moan, and Sanji sat up so he could see his soulmate’s face. Zoro was fully hard again, and Sanji bent down to lick a stripe up his soulmate’s cock. This earned him another string of high-volume swear words, and Zoro trying to thrust up into his mouth.

“No,” he said firmly, smacking the back of Zoro’s thigh right where it met his butt with his free hand. A fresh wave of pleasure washed over him from his soul bond, and Sanji smirked. “Like that?”

“Yes.” Zoro moaned loudly, “Gods, yes.”

“Well, I’m not going to spank you with my bare hands, but we’ll see about something next time.” Sanji grinned, pressing a kiss to the inside of Zoro’s thigh. He could already picture a few scenarios where Zoro would need to be ‘punished’, the trick would be finding time where they could do this without disturbing their nakama.

Sanji pulled his hand free, and squeezed some lube onto it. The gel was cool to the touch, and he shivered as he spread it on his cock. Zoro moaned, loud and shameless, and writhed against the sheets. Sanji’s soul bond was alight with lust and anticipation, and he carefully pressed in.

“Oh, fuck, Sanji!” Zoro yelled, hips bucking up to take more of him in.

“You- like that?” Sanji gasped, smiling down at his blindfolded soulmate.

“Yes.” Zoro moaned loudly. “So much. Fuck, Sanji, you’re so big.” his hips jerked up again, but this time Sanji rolled with the motion. “I need you. I need you in me.”

Sanji exhaled shakily, and began to pull out. “How much do you need?” he asked, making shallow thrusts.

“All of it.” Zoro gasped, his whole body shaking with the effort of not lifting his hips to try forcing Sanji deeper.

“Really?” Sanji grinned, leaning down and pressing a kiss to the edge of Zoro’s ear. “Convince me.” he breathed, pitching his voice down to drive Zoro even further out of his mind with lust.

“Fuck, Sanji.” Zoro moaned, hips jerking up in a weak attempt to get more of what he was being denied. “I’m so hard. I’m so hard it hurt. I need you, I need you to make me come. Let me come.” his hips jerked up off the bed again at that, and Sanji pulled out entirely to admire the view.

Here he had the man who would be the World’s Greatest Swordsman, the right hand of the future Pirate King, indisputably one of the strongest people on the planet, bending to his whim. Sanji had complete control of him. He’d tied his soulmate down, driven him half delirious with lust, and now he had the man literally begging to be fucked. Sanji’s soul bond pulsed with desperation and lust, and he bit back a moan.

“Sanji, please.” Zoro whined, thrusting helplessly at the air. “Take me. Make me yours.”
Fuck it, he’d had enough of denying himself tonight. Sanji leaned forward and down, capturing Zoro’s lips in a harsh kiss. “You’re already mine.” he half snarled when he pulled away, supporting his weight on one hand and guiding himself in with the other. “Say it.”

“I’m yours.” Zoro gasped, the bed frame creaking as he tried to move his hands.

“Louder.” Sanji gasped, setting a vicious rhythm. He wasn’t going to last long anyway, so he may as well make sure Zoro would feel it in the morning.

“Fuck, Sanji, I’m yours. I’m yours!” Zoro screamed, moving with Sanji as his soul bond flooded with even more desperation and lust, eclipsing everything else.

“You’re so close.” Sanji moaned in Zoro’s ear, gasping for air as each of his thrusts echoed back though his soul bond. He could feel his self control slipping, and he’d strung Zoro along maybe a bit more than he needed to earlier so there was no way his soulmate wasn’t also on the edge of climax. After all this, there was no way he was going to let Zoro finish last three times in a row.

“Fuck, Sanji.” Zoro gasped, head tilted so far back the blond could see every inch of his neck. “I’m yours. Make me yours.”

“Come for me.” Sanji growled, pressing his mouth to Zoro’s throat and digging in his teeth.

Zoro came with a shout that might’ve been Sanji’s name, and Sanji had to pull away to fucking breathe because oh gods it felt so good. His own climax crashed over him less than a second later, and when the haze of bliss cleared he reached up to untie the blindfold. It took a few tugs to loosen the wrapped part enough to slide off, but when it did Sanji found Zoro’s single eye fixed on him. He looked away, and started undoing the knots at his soulmate’s wrists.

“We’re saving this belt thing.” Zoro said as Sanji untied his right wrist.

“With the ones from the kimono we didn’t wear, that makes three.” Sanji grinned, scooting over to the edge of the bed and picking up the already soiled layer of his ruined kimono to clean himself off again. “I could tie you up head to toe.” he mused, scooting back over and wiping Zoro’s stomach and thighs. “Leave your mouth and ass clear and nothing else.”

Zoro laughed as he put a hand on Sanji face and pushed, making the blond fall back on his ass. “Not likely.”

“Mmm, yeah.” Sanji flicked the filthy undershirt away and laid down next to Zoro, curling up against his soulmate’s chest. “You’re too pretty to leave all covered up.” he ran his fingers across Zoro’s chest, following his largest scar through the bandages. His soul bond was awash with contentment and love, and with Zoro’s arm around him he felt like he could easily sleep for a few days.

“Sanji?” Zoro mumbled, drawing him closer.

“Hmm?”

“Love you.”

The words were accompanied by the strongest pulse of adoration Sanji had ever felt, rolling through him like the tide rather than crashing over him like a wave, and he wriggled up a bit to catch Zoro’s lips in a lazy, sleepy kiss. “Love you too.”
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!