

# French Affairs

## The reasons why it is impossible for Zoro not to hate France - at least a little

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### Kapitel 12: 21st Dec - Last Day pt. 2

French Affairs – Chapter 12

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Stepping into the bathroom Sanji still couldn't believe what had happened over the last days. He had fucked up dinner yesterday. For the first time since he had become a chef. Naturally the worst part about it was that the dimwit had been the one to notice it first and not him. No matter how hard he thought about it he didn't get why in hell he had mixed up red curry and cinnamon. Things like that didn't happen to him. They mustn't happen to him.

To him it was a fact that the moron was driving him crazy. Even his dreams last night had been wicked. He couldn't recall them clearly but he remembered the feeling of them. They had been oppressive, disturbing, and exciting all at once. It had almost felt like he felt now.

His entire body was still trembling from the thrill of the fight he had had with Zoro. He knew he could have defeated him if he really had wanted to but he hadn't. The moment when he had felt the swordfighter's weight on his back and the blade of his sword against his throat his guts had tightened in excitement, which, incredible as it was, he had liked.

He undressed and walked over to the mirror to examine the damage the brute had caused. It was nothing to get worried about even though he looked quite havocked. His hair was a mess and his face was covered in dried blood. He hadn't even realised that his nose had started bleeding at some point and his lower lip was split. Nice. That promised to be really interesting to explain to his friends tomorrow since Zoro didn't look much better.

Still, the bruises Sanji had gotten all over his body were not that bothersome to him since he could cover them up pretty nicely with clothing. Luckily the cut on his chest was healing well, even though it had reopened at several locations.

Speaking of the devil it knocked at the door and Zoro's voice sounded through it. "Hurry up a little, curlicue! I don't have all day to stand around waiting for you."

"So what else did you plan for today?" Sanji replied nonchalantly and stepped into the shower. Slowly but surely he got hungry himself so it would be pointless to make the marimo wait longer than necessary.

"Taking a shower," he growled through the door. "The longer you take the more blood will drip on your carpet, escalope juggler."

"I'll shred your arse to pieces and fry it for your lunch if I find a single stain on my carpet!" Sanji yelled over the noise of the running water. It burned on his face and ran down the drain in red rivers.

"Nice. Low fat cuisine," Zoro growled but didn't nag any further.

Sanji quickly finished his shower and got dressed in black leisure pants and a dusky pink tank-top. Exiting the bathroom he stumbled over Zoro's legs and whirled around just to find the moron leaning against the wall, soundly snoring.

"Hey, Sleeping Beauty," he said and slightly kicked Zoro's leg. "You can take a shower now."

"Wow, that's a colour I wouldn't even wear over my dead body. Red is rather... tricky..." Zoro said noticing his shirt.

"That's why I'm wearing it. And it's not red but dusky pink."

"That doesn't make it better. Now it even sounds gay."

"Shut up and take your shower, arsehole! I'll prepare lunch."

"Are you sure you can do it on your own?" Zoro teased and Sanji decided to just ignore him. The idiot was right after all.

"We could eat out tonight," Sanji suggested and Zoro looked at him in disbelief.

"I'm serious. Just because I'm a chef doesn't mean that I don't eat out, okay?"

Zoro just shrugged. "I don't care. Whatever you decide is fine with me."

Well, if that wasn't a huge step into the right direction in their relationship Sanji didn't know what else it could possibly be.

"Fine. Do you have any decent clothing with you?"

"Why don't you go and check it yourself?" Zoro said and slammed the door shut.

"Are you serious?" Sanji asked through the door.

"Do whatever the hell you want, ringlet!"

That was a unique opportunity. He could shove Zoro into a suit and try to make him at least look like a human being. Or he could be gracious and pick a less fancy restaurant. Nah, he had already been way too nice to the idiot. A malicious smile spread on his lips and made it crack open again.

"Damn!" he cursed under his breath and sucked his lip in. He went over to the kitchen and prepared lunch. Having Zoro perform a fashion parade for him could wait until later.

When Zoro appeared in the kitchen a little while later he looked pretty annoyed wearing just his bath towel.

"So? Did you find anything to take a fancy to, shit-cook?" he growled raising an eyebrow when Sanji shook his head and smiled at him.

"I haven't taken a look yet," he replied and put a plate with marinated chicken, rice and salad on his place at the table. "I thought you might want to eat first."

"Mmmh," Zoro hummed as a reply and took a seat. "So, what did you fuck up today?"

"Nothing. Lunch is as perfect as it ought to be, shit-for-brains," Sanji retorted and took a seat himself.

"If you say so." Zoro grabbed his fork and started eating. Sanji followed his every movement with his glance.

"So?" Sanji asked after he had taken the first few bites.

"Listen, cook. We can play this 'Tell me how great I am'-game over and over again to boost your shitty ego and annoy the hell out of me or you can let me eat in peace."

"Lovely. Bon appétit." Reading between the lines when listening to Zoro was so much fun it made Sanji hate the fact that he would leave soon even more.

Yet, above all Sanji preferred annoying Zoro but, since he wanted him to play along tonight, he considered it slightly smarter to shut up for now.

After finishing lunch and doing the dishes he finally remembered that Zoro was still sitting around wearing nothing but his bath towel.

"Are you ready for the catwalk?" Sanji asked and smirked. Meanwhile he had decided where he would go with Zoro tonight. Hopefully, the ogre owned some clothes to posh up his appearance at least a tiny bit.

"Catwalk? Are you insane?"

"I just want you to put on some of your clothes so I can pick the best looking ones," Sanji explained and Zoro's agonized expression was more than hilarious.

"I don't want to," Zoro stated and crossed his arms in front of his chest. "That's stupid."

"Don't be a baby. It will be worth it."

"I highly doubt that."

"You haven't even heard the name of the restaurant yet and doubt the outcome already?"

"Spill it."

"Perishing Hall," Sanji said and smirked. He knew it sounded a little strange but it was worth every cent. The ambience was exquisite, the food was good, and the barkeepers were extraordinarily skilful. Even the trefoil would have to appreciate it.

"I'm not supposed to wear a burial gown, am I?" Zoro sighed and rose to his feet.

Sanji just laughed and went over to Zoro's room.

Picking clothes for Zoro had actually been quite nice. Much to Sanji's surprise the swordsman had a rather well taste in clothing and Sanji didn't need long to choose what he liked best. All the time Zoro hadn't said a single word. Sanji had asked about it but Zoro had simply shaken his head and put on the clothing Sanji had chosen.

Now that they were lead to their table at the restaurant by a waiter Sanji got an impression of what could have bothered the swordsman to begin with and, judging from his frowning face, still did. They were attracting attention. He noticed heads turning and whispers erupting behind them. Even the waiter had sized them up when they had entered and Sanji wasn't able to tell if he had tried to figure if they were out for trouble or what else he could have tried to figure. After all they still looked pretty damaged. Especially Zoro's split eyebrow was a highly decorative eye catcher and combined with his angry face Sanji could have understood if they had gotten kicked out. But they hadn't.

Sanji took a look around and found everything just like he had remembered it. The

three story high ceiling was shimmering in pink, orange, yellow and green light gleaming from the balconies directed at the guestroom, which lined the first and second floor's inside walls and from the greened wall along the head side of the dining room. It had been breathtaking for him when he had been here for the first time—and it still was.

They were led to a small round table with two chairs on a first floor balcony where they could overview the entire hall as well as the other balconies opposite. Up here no one seemed to really notice them, except for the beautiful waitress, which strolled over to their table, her red and curly hair waving and her hips slightly swaying as if she wanted to lure any male around her to bed.

Inevitably, Sanji lost it.

"Lovely ethereal being, you are the most beautiful lady I ever got to witness. Even angels must look plain next to you. I don't even know how I was able to live without you around," he babbled without even thinking about it.

"That's very nice of you but I don't think your boyfriend likes it," she whispered to Sanji and demonstratively nodded towards Zoro who was emitting an aura of impending doom while he looked out into the dining hall.

"Oh, I see. But he is not my boyfriend," Sanji replied dumbfounded and even forgot to wiggle around. Whatever he had done wrong, he knew Zoro would make him regret it pretty soon.

"Hey, soup greens. What's up with that sour expression?" he asked after politely dismissing the waitress and leaned in closer to Zoro.

"I hate being sized up, I hate being here, and I hate your bloody embarrassing attitude towards this waitress," he admitted and faced Sanji with an almost deadly glare.

"I told you before that it's not funny when I have pretty women around," Sanji defended himself. He should have known it would get on Zoro's nerves. Yet the moron had missed the boyfriend part, which was bound to make him explode in fury. In an odd way Sanji looked forward to it.

"At least try to behave yourself when you have company," Zoro added still annoyed but rather calm now as if he wanted to prove his superiority. "After all you are embarrassing me as well, you know?"

"I thought you were so high and mighty that it wouldn't get to you," Sanji hissed and leaned back in his seat. He didn't want to be too close to Zoro when he dropped the bombshell. "Furthermore your acting the 'jealous boyfriend' gets us nowhere!"

That hit Zoro right between the eyes.

"I'm not acting anything here, ero-cook!" Zoro burst out and the first guests turned around to see what was going on.

"So you are jealous?" Sanji asked innocently.

"Hell, no!" It was incredible, unbelievable—but it happened nonetheless: Zoro blushed and it was not from anger. Sanji burst out laughing. That was priceless!

Calming down he looked at Zoro and found him facing the guest room again. Admittedly, he looked good and the leather pants and the tight black cotton pullover Sanji had picked out for him could mislead people to thinking he was gay and Sanji his boyfriend. What wasn't that far fetched since Sanji knew he didn't look much more discreet than Zoro, wearing a tight jeans and a white shirt. He suddenly realised that having two attractive men going out together was practically screaming for being

misunderstood. But he didn't care. No one in his right mind would even consider being hostile towards him or Zoro without regretting it ten seconds later at last.

The waitress appeared again, most likely because she considered the situation safe now that Zoro didn't scream anymore.

"May I take your order, gentlemen?" she asked smiling and looked at Sanji in question when Zoro didn't react.

"Moron, she is talking to you," he tried to get Zoro's attention.

"Just pick anything and stop bothering me," he replied growling and Sanji smiled at the waitress apologetically.

"I'm sorry," he said, now desperately fighting for keeping his posture and suppressing his urge to sweet-talk her again and kicking the moron's head for being rude. He ordered two 'plates from Japan', a bottle of sake and a light white wine hoping that his moping guest would get his act together soon.

Obviously the waitress didn't believe him that he and Zoro were no lovers. Whenever she passed him by she tried to cheer him up by making slight gestures that everything would be fine soon and he could lip-read that she thought of him and Zoro as a handsome couple. Perfect. Hopefully she wouldn't tell that to Zoro since he was slowly but surely calming down.

Unfortunately the waitress had concluded that Zoro didn't speak French, since Sanji had talked to him in English. When she passed by the next time she leaned over to Sanji and said: "Can I get your boyfriend anything to cheer him up? Like a drink or something?" What she had not thought of was that Zoro wasn't entirely stupid. At least her pitying attitude towards Sanji was what did the trick and made Zoro talk again. He looked at her with an unreadable expression before he snarled: "Do me a favour and tell her, I am not your boyfriend and make her stop fucking pitying me, okay? I don't need anything to cheer me up. I'm so happy the sun is shining out of my arse."

Sanji didn't need to translate that. She obviously understood the essence of it.

"Oh, I'm sorry, monsieur. I'll just leave now," she apologized and left.

"That was rude," Sanji remarked but still he was glad the moron talked again. Sitting around in silence was not what he considered an entertaining evening.

"I don't care."

"Zoro, I'm sorry for dragging you here but please stop being an arse and try to bear it like a man," Sanji begged and couldn't believe he really did it. He had known that Zoro was driving him insane but this was going way too far.

"That's not it," Zoro suddenly said all clam and collected. Sanji hadn't heard him talk like this before ever and listened up.

"What is it then?" he asked as sympathetic as he could. He had seen Zoro in many states but none of them mirrored the current one the swordfighter was in.

"I'm just angry with myself," he suddenly admitted and Sanji was flabbergasted.

"Why? You didn't do anything wrong," he said but Zoro's reaction told him that he didn't share his opinion.

"I've caused you nothing but trouble since I arrived. I'm sorry."

Sanji smiled a genuine smile and reached over the table to rest his hand on the moron's forearm. Zoro looked at his hand in confusion before he raised his gaze to meet his eyes.

"I appreciate that," Sanji said.

"Your dinner, gentlemen," the waitress interrupted them while the look she gave them spoke volumes and only when Sanji saw it he realised what the scene must have looked like. He smirked at Zoro who looked like he was resigned to the fact that he would be considered Sanji's boyfriend for the rest of the night.

"Don't look so bloody satisfied," Zoro sighed and picked up his chopsticks. "I know I'm eye candy enough so you can pride yourself on being considered my boyfriend but I don't see where I benefit from it."

"It's my treat tonight."

Zoro groaned in defeat but cracked a mischievous smile afterwards.

"You know that this will cost you dear."

"I never expected anything else."

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