

One Long Night (SanjixNami)

Von Okinu

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It was the middle of the night and everyone of the Strawhat crew was asleep.

Everyone, except for one, one of the older members of the crew. In fact, it was the cook, who found himself unable to sleep, no matter how hard he tried.

Currently, he stood on deck, under the night's sky, smoking one of his favourite cigarettes while watching the small waves of the sea. The smoke of the cigarette blew into his face and tingled his nose, but he didn't bother. There was something else that occupied his thoughts, or rather, *someone* else. It was not unusual at all for him to think of her, well, like every second of his waking state and every second in his dreams, since she was the most beautiful and precious angel ever living, but this night something was different. Normally, Sanji would be happy and completely satisfied with just knowing that she was on the same ship as he was, just in the room next to the boys' cabin. He would fall asleep, looking forward to dreams filled with his wonderful Nami-swan, dreams in which he could do things he could never, *ever* dream of doing in reality. This was why, usually, he had not the slightest problems to fall asleep.

So what was wrong with him this night? Was it really because of Nami, that he couldn't fall asleep?

"Just what the hell is wrong with me?"

Sanji gripped his head with his hands and lay his forehead on the rail.

He racked his brains over what could be the cause for his insomnia, although he very well knew it. He just didn't want to admit it.

"Damn it!", he cursed, with his cigarette still placed between his lips.

It was three o'clock by now and he knew that in two hours time he had to prepare breakfast, because this was the time he got up to prepare breakfast every damn morning and it was not unusual that his edacious captain stood up at half past five in the morning and demanded something to eat. And every member of the crew knew how ugly things could get if their captain's cravings for meat didn't get stilled - even at half past five in the morning.

This was why, for the sake of peace, everyone made it the crew's cook's duty to stand up this early and to make sure that Luffy won't do something that would end up in every crew member being wide awake and the kitchen looking like a field of destruction.

Well, it wasn't exactly true that he wasn't already used to standing up so early, anyway. He did work in a first class restaurant before.

So it was Sanji's obligation to be the first to leave his mattocks, but how can he do a proper job in the galley, when he didn't have one second of sleep?

Sanji didn't know what to do.

He lighted another one of his cigarettes and sat down on the wooden floor of the ship. It was some kind of special wood, Franky had said. 'Well, whatever...'

The thing Sanji upset most was that he couldn't change anything about his situation. He knew the reason for his sleeplessness, yet he couldn't do anything about it.

"It's hopeless." He sighed. "I could never disturb her in her sleep. I would never forgive myself for it. It is completely out of the question!

Oh, if the sweet angel knew what she is doing to me..."

Sanji looked at the door of the girls' room and wondered what Nami-san would be dreaming about this moment.

"It sure wouldn't be me. Maybe she's dreaming about some treasure she found or about her home and her cute sister... Oh, Nami-swan... .."

When he exhaled, the door he was staring at suddenly creaked. He jumped.

As the door moved open, a readhead sleepily stepped out of the shadows. Sanji's heart raced. While Nami, dressed only in her night dress, stepped out of her room, she rubbed her eyes and looked around. She spotted Sanji almost immediately and looked at him for a few seconds.

"What are you doing out here in the middle of the night, Sanji-kun?", she asked the cook, still half asleep.

"I...I..." Sanji was still taken aback that his love suddenly appeared out of the dark.

"Ah, well, it doesn't matter." Nami yawned. "I just wanted to get some water. I'm thirsty."

"Oh, wait, Nami-san! I'm going to get it for you!" And Sanji jumped up and hurried to the galley to bring Nami her desired glass of water.

"Thanks, Sanji-kun.", she said when he returned and handed her the water. "But seriously, why are you awake at this time? Aren't you normally getting up at five or something?" It surprised Sanji that Nami knew exactly the time when he was standing up. He always tried his best not to wake anybody up, when he made his way to the galley.

"Yes, that is right, Nami-san. But today..."

"What is it today?", Nami asked with a curious look. She had already emptied the glass and felt a little more awake now.

"I... actually I don't really know. It is just that I can't sleep for some reason. This is why I'm sitting here."

"Oh well, I guess this is normal. Sometimes I've also got nights when I can't sleep."

"You do, Nami-san?"

"Yeah."

"What do you do, then? Surely you don't spend the whole night outside in the cold?"

"No, of course not. I'm not crazy." She laughed. Sanji made a grimace. "Well, usually I pick a particularly hard to understand book and read some passages until I fall asleep. Normally, this works. Sometimes I also go to the galley and drink some warm milk. Yup, that's about it."

"Wow, I didn't know that you had problems with falling asleep, Nami-san."

"Just sometimes." She smiled. "I'm gonna go fill my glass again."

"Let me do it, Nami-san!"

"No, it's not necessary, thank you."

When Nami returned from the galley, Sanji had lighted another cigarette and sat

down on the ground again. Nami sat down beside him, not noticing the slight blush that appeared on Sanji's face.

"Ummm, Nami-san..." Sanji started.

"What is it, Sanji-kun?"

"... nothing. I'm just glad that you woke up and sit next to me right now."

"Oh... I see." She smiled. "You must have been pretty lonely all by yourself out here."

"Yeah. The truth is... I was thinking about you." He took a long drag of his cigarette, releasing the smoke from his mouth, where it disappeared into the cold night's air.

"Hm?" Nami looked at him.

"Oh, it was nothing. Are you cold, Nami-san?"

"A little. But it's okay. It's actually quite refreshing."

As she wanted to take another sip of her water, Sanji put an arm around her and pulled her closer to himself.

"I said it's *okay*, Sanji-kun."

"But I don't want you to get a cold, Nami-san! Besides, it's my fault that you're still outside and not back in your warm bed again."

Nami made an annoyed face. "Stop blaming every little thing on yourself. Who said, I was staying because of you?"

"Oh, so it's like this...hm... But I still don't want you to get sick." And at this, he moved a little closer to her.

"Nothing to worry about here. I won't fall sick just from a little cold air. By the way, what did you mean before, when you said that you were thinking of me? Don't tell me that I'm the reason you cannot sleep." She looked at him.

Sanji blushed again. He thought of an appropriate answer to give to her.

He said: "Please don't blame yourself for my incapability to sleep! It's entirely my own fault! Well... maybe it's also the idiots in my room snoring all night long." At this, he made an angry sneer and took another drag of his cig.

Nami giggled. "Oh, so that's what it is! Poor boy." She patted his shoulder, showing compassion.

Sanji blushed yet again. He scratched his cheek.

"Well... you know... right now I'm quite glad that I couldn't sleep."

"Why's that?"

"Of course because I get to spend more time with you like this! And I have you all to myself right now, my dear Nami-swan." He smiled and snuggled up to her, placing his chin on her shoulder. On an impulse, Nami wanted to push him away like she normally did when he moved up too close to her, but this time she stopped in her movement and decided to let him stay where he was. She did feel sympathy for him, not having had any sleep and having been on deck alone all night long. She simply smiled, looking at his happy and fully content face and placed her left hand on his head, unaware of what effect this had on Sanji. He was surprised about this sudden touch of hers and blushed even more. But he didn't say anything.

Nami drank up her water and grew tired again. Absentmindedly, she started to play with Sanji's hair, twirling it around her finger.

Sanji enjoyed the situation and decided not to make a move, because he didn't want to ruin the moment. He simply stayed still, his chin still placed on Nami's shoulder and his arms hugging her, keeping her warm. He never felt more comfortable in his life.

'Nami must think the same', he thought, smiling. This was truly better than dreaming!

"What is it with you smiling all the time, Sanji-kun?", Nami asked in a daze, yawning.

"Oh, it's nothing, Nami-swan. I'm just happy."

"Well, I'm happy that you're happy, I guess...*yawn*"

"You're really tired, huh? I guess you better return to your bed."

"Hmmm? Yeah, you're right..."

Sanji wanted to get up, but to his surprise he saw that the navigator had already fallen asleep with her head resting on his shoulder. He instantly stopped in his movement. Instead of standing up, he cautiously placed Nami between his legs, took off his jacket and lay it over Nami as a sheet.

'Lucky.', he thought, grinning and he buried his face into Nami's shoulder. He inhaled her tangerine scent and was reminded that he wanted to make tangerine flavored pancakes for breakfast.

Sanji truly enjoyed the situation and selfishly decided to stay like this for a while. He thought that heaven could not be a better place than this. With this thought still in his mind, he felt his eyes become heavier until he couldn't keep them open any longer and finally he gave in to blissful sleep.

"Nami-swan."

Nami opened her eyes and lifted her head. She looked around and wondered about her surroundings. But more so she wondered about the weight on her right shoulder. She turned her head and saw a blonde lump lying on her shoulder, face turned towards her neck. She could also feel arms wrapped around her torso, making it impossible for her to move.

"What the heck is going on?", she asked herself in a sleepy and annoyed tone.

It was obviously Sanji, who made himself comfortable on her shoulder and who was still fast asleep, despite Nami's struggling to get free. She gave it up. Sanji's grip on her was too tight and she was still weak from having just woken up. How long did she sleep, anyway?

She sighed, accepting her defeat, and sank back into the perverted cook's arms. The warmth he emitted was kind of comfortable, especially with the air being so cold. Nami wondered what time it was. It was still dark, but she could feel that the sun would be rising soon. So that meant that the cook had to wake up soon, anyway.

But still, she couldn't help feeling comfortable and secure in Sanji's arms. And his tobacco scent was somehow nostalgic.

...

Wait, what was she thinking?? Just when she was about to question her own sanity, Nami suddenly felt a hand creeping up her left side.

"Eeeeeek!" Nami shivered and her eyes opened in shock. "What the- ... Sanji-kun!"

Nami's shocked expression turned into one of anger and she turned her head to look at the blonde chef when she felt a hot breath on her neck. She gasped.

"Yes, what is it, my dear Nami-swan?"

She was shocked that Sanji was suddenly awake, but soon found out that he was only sleep-talking, much to her disappointment.

"Sanji-kun, could you please wake up now? AND STOP TOUCHING MY WHOLE BODY WITH YOUR DAMN HANDS!"

But Sanji couldn't hear. Or maybe he only pretended not to hear and was actually awake?

Whichever it was, his hands didn't stop moving up and down her bosom, always stopping just at the critical parts.

Nami felt more and more uncomfortable and tried everything to stop those cursed

hands from moving, but without success.

'This stupid ero-cook.', she thought. 'He will definitely pay for this.' And she already thought of an amount of berry that would be enough to compensate for this impudence. For the moment, she had to put up with it.

Sanji now moved his hands to her thighs, which were naked, because the night dress she wore was almost impossibly short.

Nami got nervous. 'He wouldn't dare, would he?'

But to her utter disbelief, Sanji's fingers were now trailing up her inner thigh towards a spot that was too embarrassing to even say out loud. Nami shivered, biting her lip. Things just couldn't get worse.

They couldn't?

Nami yelped. It was the cook's other hand ('Damn it! I totally forgot that he has two of those!') that now started moving upwards, towards her breasts. 'Stop it, you stupid pervert, stop it!' Nami repeated this in her mind, when Sanji's left hand reached her right breast and softly touched it. Nami felt small electric jolts run through her body. Soon, Sanji started slightly massaging Nami's breast. 'Does he think he's dreaming, or what?? Please, this isn't funny anymore!'

"Sanji-kun, wake up, damn it!" She didn't like where this was going at all.

It was hopeless. Sanji wouldn't budge, no matter what she did. He really seemed to think that this was one of his dreams.

Meanwhile, his right hand came dangerously close to Nami's- to a girl's- most private spot. Nami's whole body shivered. Her body temperature rose to enormous heights. But before Sanji's fingers could reach said spot, Nami blocked his hand with her own, entangling her fingers with his to prevent them from moving any further. "Whew.", she sighed in relief.

"Nami-san?"

She suddenly heard a whisper. Apparently, he was finally awake.

"Where am I? Am I dreaming?"

"No, you're not, you freaking idiot!", Nami shouted at the perplex young man, who seemed entirely clueless.

"I... did not dream?", Sanji asked with wondrous eyes. He tried to fully grasp the situation:

He was sitting on the ground, leaned against the ship's keel outside of his room and in his arms was his wonderful Nami-swan, looking at him with rage in her eyes.

... ..!

Finally, it dawned him.

Nami fell asleep and he wanted to carry her into her bed! But apparently, he didn't do so.

'I must've fallen asleep as well, before I could take her to her room', he concluded.

"Are you finished thinking, baka?", Nami asked, an extreme annoyance echoing in her voice. "If so, then I would be really grateful if you could release me, so that I can finally get up and return to my warm and welcoming bed."

"I...", Sanji began. 'Release her? Wait, I've got my arms around her, I've got...

so I really wasn't dreaming!~~ But this means...'

His thoughts began swirling, centering around the feelings he had while he was asleep. It was just like the other dreams he so often has, starring Nami and himself and certain things he did to her. Things he could never, *ever* dream of doing in re-

!" Sanji gulped. His eyes grew wide and he dared not look into the lovely woman's

face. He didn't...!

Then he finally got aware of the positions of his hands. His left hand was still placed on Nami's right breast and his right hand was dangerously close to the spot between her thighs. It was held by Nami's own hand. She must have struggled hard against what he tried to do to her! She must have tried to get free all this time, but he didn't let her, because...

...he thought he was dreaming...

He got sick.

He immediately removed his hands from where they were and pushed Nami away from himself, creating space between them. Nami was a little surprised at this sudden reaction.

"I'm so deeply sorry for what I did, Nami-san!"

Sanji knelt in front of Nami and bent his head down, until his forehead hit the ground. His arms and legs were spread widely and he spoke in a loud and desperate and truly apologetic voice.

"I do not exactly know what I did, but whatever it was, it was definitely not befitting a pure and innocent angel like you! And I would have never done this had I been by my senses! Can you forgive me my insolence?" At this, he clasped his hands together over his head and warily looked at her face.

Nami was astounded. Sanji made quite a fuss over such a rather small incident. Did he perhaps think that he did more than he actually did?

"Stop over-dramatizing, idiot! You did nothing that would need such a formal apology, really."

"What do you mean, Nami-san?" Sanji was surprised. "Didn't I..."

"Yeah, you touched me. And at quite some places, too. So what? It's not like I don't like being touched in such a way. I'm still a woman, you know? And I am by no means that '*innocent angel*' that you think I am."

Now, Sanji was speechless. His angel, his beautiful, precious angel...

"Now, please don't look at me like that, Sanji-kun." Nami suddenly felt her cheeks blush. She turned her head to the side, avoiding the cook's gaze.

'Shit, why am I blushing now of all times?? That stupid idiot will think something weird! I should just go back to my room. I'm free now after all.. So, now...' And Nami wanted to stand up, but was stopped by a hand gripping hers. "What-!"

"N-Nami-san." Sanji gulped, still holding her hand.

"What is it, Sanji-kun? I told you that you don't need to apologize." Nami definitely didn't want to deal with the love cook anymore this moment. 'Damn it...'

"Please, Nami-san, wait for a moment. I..."

And Sanji's grip on Nami's hand grew tighter. "Would you please answer me a question?"

"..." Nami sat down again, her back facing Sanji.

"Thank you."

"So, what is it?" Nami already regretted having sat down again.

"You... you said that... shit, how should I say this? Well, you..."

"*WHAT* is it, Sanji-kun?"

"...umm..." Sanji nervously scratched his cheek.

"I'm going now." Nami made a move to stand up.

"WAIT! ... did... when you said that you like be-being t-touched by... m-men, did-you-mean-by-any-man?"

Nami couldn't believe what she heard.

"Oh, nice. So now you think I'm a whore." She realized that she had said something fatally wrong.

"**NO!** No, Nami-san, I didn't mean that! Damn it! Why is this so difficult??"

"Just make yourself clear. I want to go to bed while I still can!"

"D-did you like being touched, because it was m-me, or... would you have felt the same had it been another man?" Sanji gulped audibly.

So this was it. Nami really had said something stupid. Sanji just **HAD** to take it the wrong way. So what was the best way to get out of this now?

"No, Sanji-kun, I would not have felt the same had it been another man. How could you even think that of me? Really..."

At this she turned around and looked at a cook with a wide smile on his face.

'What the heck-!'

Nami crept away. "Don't get the wrong idea now. That doesn't mean I love-"

But Nami didn't get to finish her sentence, because Sanji suddenly hugged her.

"Oh *Mellorine*. <3 Nami-swan! I knew it! You truly are a pure and innocent angel!"

Nami could just slam her hand against her forehead at this guy's thick-headedness.

"Oh, Nami-swan, I love you!" Sanji clung to her neck. He was relieved.

"Sanji, please... I'd like to go to bed now. The sun's already rising."

"Shit... what time is it?"

"Must be about half past four right now", Nami answered.

"Good... then I've still got half an hour."

"Well, whatever *you* want to do right now, *I* definitely want to have a date with my bed."

"Oh... of course, Nami-san." Sanji let go of her and looked down to the ground, sadness showing in his face.

When Nami didn't move, he looked up, surprised.

"Nami-san?"

"Well.. I could stay a little while longer..." Nami cursed herself for blushing again. She just had pity for him, that was all. *Wasn't it?*

"You..." Sanji couldn't believe it. Nami was so different from how she usually was. Was she... blushing?

"D-don't get me wrong! I just stay, because I'd feel bad leaving you all alone after you had such a... *hard night*." A vein popped up on Nami's temple. "Forget what I said and just enjoy my company."

"I definitely will!", Sanji exclaimed with a happy look on his face. He hugged her again.

"You don't mind, do you?"

"Since when do you care, Sanji-kun?" Nami sighed.

"I do care very much, Nami-san! And I mean it when I say I love you!"

"Don't you tell every beautiful woman that you love her?"

"No, I..." Sanji paused.

"See?"

"It's different! It's true that I adore every woman. I'm a gentleman! Every woman deserves to be treated in an affectionate way and this I do. But I don't love them as I love you!"

"Then how do you love me, Sanji-kun?"

"Like this." And Sanji slowly moved his face towards Nami's and gently touched her lips with his. Now, Nami couldn't hide her blushing face anymore. When Sanji moved away, he saw a blushing Nami, with eyes wide open and her fingers touching her lips. 'She really is blushing', Sanji thought, smiling inwardly. 'She looks cute.'

"Do you believe me now?" Sanji looked at her, hope reflecting in his eyes.

"I, ummm.... wh-why should I believe you just because you kissed me??"

"But I put all my feelings into this kiss! Didn't you *feel* it??"

"But wouldn't you willingly kiss any other girl??" Nami felt anger grow inside her.

"I-I'm not what you think I am, Nami-san! It's true that I love women, it's true that I get weak in front of them, but I would never, *ever* hurt the woman I truly love!"

"What do you mean by 'true love', anyway?"

Nami couldn't take it anymore. He just made excuses to get out of this argument. Never hurt her? Pah, as if she'd believe in fairy-tales.

"True love means that this woman is the most important for me. I place her over everyone else and she's always first priority. I fulfil her every wish and being with her makes me the happiest I could ever be!"

"You said you'd fulfil her every wish."

"Of course!"

"Then what if she told you to stop looking at other women, to stop flirting with them, to stop getting weak before them and to stop fulfilling all of **THEIR** wishes?"

"Nami-san, you know I can't take off my character. I was taught to respect (and love) all women. It's my way of life. I told you before, didn't I?"

"... .. you mean when you fought against this woman from the CP9?"

But... you also said that you would never hurt the woman you truly love... well, what if this hurts her?"

Now Sanji was devastated. Desperate, he took hold of Nami's shoulders and looked into her eyes. "I would never forgive myself if I hurt you, Nami-san! I would do anything to make you happy, anything to make you smile! I-" Sanji looked like he would burst into tears any moment.

But to his surprise, Nami gently took his face into her hands and looked at him, smiling.

"You can stop whining now, baka. I know that you'd do anything for me, you've proven that more than enough. And I also know that I can't rid you of your womanizing behaviour. I just... thought you should know that I don't really like it. That means if we were ever to..."

"N...Nami-san, you don't mean..."

"*WHAT* do I mean?", Nami asked with a grin, moving her face closer to his. "*Hmmmm?*"

"Nami-" But the cook was interrupted by a pair of warm lips that was suddenly placed on his own. After a moment of shock, he began to enjoy the feeling of her soft and warm lips on his, before returning the favour.

He leaned into the kiss and gently rubbed Nami's bare arms with his hands. She was cold.

The kiss soon grew deeper and more passionate. Sanji gently nipped on Nami's lower lip. The girl opened her mouth slightly and allowed Sanji's tongue to slip in and touch her own. She had to smile slightly at the foreign touch, but answered immediately. Their tongues played with each other as Nami buried her hands in Sanji's hair. Sanji's hands (them again...) wandered along Nami's sides and stopped to rest on her hips.

"Nami", he breathed.

"Don't talk now, Sanji-kun." Nami locked his lips with hers again. Had she known how good it feels to kiss the ship's cook, she would've definitely done so much sooner!

"N...Nami-san...!" Sanji broke the kiss and breathed heavily. His face was lava-red and surely as hot as a volcano. He looked at the woman in his arms. "...air.", he gasped out.

"Your face... it looks like it's burning." Nami placed her hand on Sanji's cheek and

stroke it.

"You have no idea, Nami-san..." He buried his face in the crevice of Nami's neck to calm his pulse. She could feel his hot breath at her cold skin; it was a nice feeling.

"Seems like you're really enjoying my company."

Nami smiled and leaned her head on his shoulder. 'I'm tired'

"I definitely do."

And they stayed like this until the first rays of light broke out of the horizon and painted the sea a lighting red and Zoro stepped out of the boys' room to make his way to the toilets. He stood before them and wondered about the weird scene in front of him. Saying nothing, he slurred past them and thought that this would be great stuff to annoy the ero-cook with later. "Or... maybe it isn't... ah, whatever, couldn't care less...need to pee!" And Zoro hurried to the bathroom, having already forgotten what he just saw.

"Sanji-kun, don't you need to prepare breakfast now?", Nami asked.

"Just a little while longer, Nami-swan... It's so comfortable right now..."

"But you know... Luffy..."

"That glutton can wait... I'm with Nami-san. That's way more important to me."

And he snuggled his face into her neck and placed a light kiss on her skin in order to emphasize his words.

"You should really get into the kitchen now. It's already past five. Who knows when Luffy'll get up to proclaim that he's starving?" Tiredness still weighed heavily on Nami's eyes, but she really started to feel the cold now, although it was starting to fade with the rising sun.

"I'm actually really cold, Sanji-kun. My bed sheets would be a great help against this."

"Oh no! Why didn't you say anything, Nami-san?? You'll get a cold!" Sanji jumped up and helped Nami on her feet. Her skin had a slight blue-ish tone.

"You're freezing, Nami-san! Hurry and go to your bed! *It's all my fault!* How could I have allowed you to stay out in the cold with me? I'm such a selfish bastard..."

"No, you're not, Sanji-kun." And Nami kissed the yet again desperate cook sluggishly.

"I enjoyed it.

Good night."

And she left the now blushing cook in front of the shut door of the girls' room.

'Mellorine... <3'

With a grin on his face, he made his way to the galley. His spirits were up now and he was all ready to face a hungry captain.

~Owari~