

# Fight or Flight

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## Kapitel 1: Fight or Flight

This is my first english fanfiction and I'm sure there is an amount of mistakes in it. I'm sorry about this circumstance.

It started as a simple exercise to improve my vocabulary-knowledge. (This is bitterly necessary if I want to write my school-leaving exam with excellent results.)

In process of time it became at first a very bad and mistake-contaminated piece of work. The spelling- and time-mistake situation became better and better and though it isn't a great piece of art and literature I thought it would be nice to upload it.

Maybe there will be more (with higher quality) english storys in the future. It depends on your respected opinion, whether I'm good enough in the english language to write english fanfictions or not.

So constructive criticism is always welcome.

### Fight or Flight:

She ran. She ran as fast as she could into the dark.

Darkness was familiar to the black-haired woman; darkness had often protected her in the last 20 years.

Nobody should detect her. She would have to bear far-reaching consequences, if somebody found and caught her - consequences, which she couldn't bear. She had to protect her secrets. The information, that she hid, were too important to get lost. Nico Robin was the only person in the whole world, who knew the secret of the Poneglyph's language and was able to read it.

The World Government was trying to catch her ever since she was eight; since the cruel attack on Ohara.

It was now twenty long years since this terrible massacre had taken place and countless people died on this little island somewhere in the Westblue. The only reason for killing these innocent people was their knowledge. They hadn't committed any kind of real crime, but in the eyes of the World Government only this lore was an outrage.

A shoot sounded through the silence of the warm night. The marines were near - far too near. Nico Robin was a realist. She knew that she needed some kind of wonder, if

she liked to escape from this place. Desperation, hurtful like pain, came to her mind. Not only the true history was in danger, the whole world was endangered if the marines would be able to torture the secrets out of her. The ancient weapons would be rebuilt and the world would decline.

Again and again, the black-haired woman cursed the fact that she had been separated from her comrades. It was just a stupid accident which triggered this disaster and now she hadn't the slightest idea where her crewmates were at the moment. They could be everywhere on this goddamned island. She did not dedicate herself to the illusion to hope that they would find her timely. Even if this case should enter – on this place were better qualified troops as normally.

It would be very difficult to gain the upper hand against these fighters, even for the strawhat-pirates.

She ran on and on, though she knew that she couldn't escape.

Suddenly marines appeared all over the street. There was no way out. Numerous shotgun barrels were aimed at her body.

Robin found herself helplessly staring across the lines of marines.

"Someday we'll catch every criminal. Today we get you, Nico Robin.", she heard the voice of the admiral, long before she saw him. It took a few moments till he found his way through the groups of other warriors, standing around in this dark alley.

There he was, the famous Aka Inu. She turned around. His eyes looked self-satisfied at the woman in front of him. It seemed that he had waited for this moment a very long time. "Give up! You can not escape anymore.", he said, while he was walking over to her.

"Never!", she answered.

"It was purely rhetorical. You won't have the chance to decide." He grinned devilish. He stopped a few steps in front of her and looked straight into the eyes of the archaeologist. Robin stood up to his gaze. To give up was no option for the black-haired woman. She had experienced too much in her life to simply give up now. Robin knew the benefits of living since the day on which she had been rescued by Luffy.

She took all her courage. Showing fear was only an invitation for being exploited. The archaeologist would fight until the end – Nobody would stop her before her dead body would fall to the ground.

Now it was her time to grin devilish. Nobody could get information from corpses and she would rather die than hand out the welfare of mankind. This thought fulfilled her with a real, deep satisfaction. It helped her to look calmly to her further destiny.

The Admiral went on to until only a few centimetres were between them. Without a chance to prevent she was forced to tolerate that he took her chin and pressed her face upward.

"You will be my greatest triumph.", he hissed so that only she was able to hear his words.

"Triumph and downfall lie near together.", she replied as quietly as he had spoken seconds ago while she released her face from his clutch.

Only one moment later she felt a strong fist hit her face. A quiet moan escaped her and blood dripped from her lips. Helplessly she fell to the ground without the slightest chance to prevent it. While the seastone-handcuffs were put on her arms her suspicion became certainty. She would not be able to escape from them in this bad fettle. Without her forces and weakly from the seastone, Nico Robin was now not in the position to overpower a schoolboy anymore. Her power dwindled with every

breath. Just when her look started to flicker she perceived the probably nicest noise that she ever heard. Even in this situation she recognized presently the typical sound. Somewhere in the closer surroundings her friends had to be - at least one of them - and he had moved his three swords from the scabbard, this had been the noise that she had heard before.

Maybe her position was not completely desperate...

Maybe there was one more chance to flee.

Maybe ... and only maybe.

Ordinarily Nico Robin didn't like "maybes", however, now she was in a situation in which she was willing to rethink her former opinion.

A little hope flamed up in her heart when her eyes shut.

Irritated the admiral looked up. Obviously he also had heard the noise. With an incredibly fast move he was at Robin's side and tore her upwards. He took his gun and aimed the barrel at her head.

The other marines looked confused at their superior. Apparently none of the other fighters had noticed that they weren't alone anymore. While they were still unnerved by the strange behaviour of the admiral, the first were attacked. A large part of them fell, before they still knew what had attacked.

"A move and I'll kill her!", the admiral shouted, unable to find his opponent.

With a click he released the safety catch to give his words more power. Within a second the admiral himself had a weapon aimed at his throat. When the attacker began to speak, the archaeologist opened her eyes weakly. Her formerly racing pulse calmed down when she saw her crewmate how he had directed his Wado-Ichi-Monji upon Aka Inu.

None of the soldiers ventured to move. They could not decide between the will to fight against the pirate, or their sense of duty not to endanger their leader.

"We can solve this situation bloody or without bloodshed - the decision lies with you.", growled Zorro.

Aka Inu hesitated only a moment before he dropped the shotgun. Apparently his life was more important to him than his success. Cowardice - a revolting trait which was own to most marines in leadership positions.

The admiral removed Nico Robin from his grip with a deathly expression on his face. Before she was able to fell to the ground she was caught by the strong arms of the green-haired pirate.

Aka Inu only had waited for this moment. With in inhumanly quick movement he directed the weapon upon the swordfighter and fired. However, he had not counted on the abilities of the sword fighter - the bullet banged in the blade of the Kitetsu without causing any other damage.

"You have not wanted it differently.", Zorro said simply. With a small movement of his wrist he turned the Wado-Ichi-Monji. Immediately there ran an amount of blood from the neck of the naval admiral, who went straight to his knees. The cut wasn't deep enough that he could die if he came on time to a capable doctor - but it would be an apprenticeship.

"And you have not earned it differently..."

Horried the other marines observed the events, unable to intervene.

"You better take care of him.", he said to them, while he strengthened his grip around the weak woman and took the key for the handcuffs out of the amiral's pocket. He

removed the seastone device from her wrists and was happy to see that she opened her blue eyes. At least a bit of her power came back.

The black-haired woman wrapped her arms around his neck and felt secure for the first time in a long period. Now she wasn't in danger anymore. Zorro would bring her back to her friends - to her secure home. She was finally safe.

She hadn't to run anymore.

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I dedicate these lines to those which can not look out far enough beyond their noses to respect punctuation marks of other languages.