

Fight or Flight

Von Sydney

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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 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.

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

Kapitel 2: Unexpected commonalities

Like my first english story, these lines aren't a candidate for Nobel prize. Nevertheless I hope that this fanfiction will entertain the readers.

In the most unlikely case that somebody really has the wish, that I should write him or her an english One Piece One-Shot the person should contact me.

Unexpected commonalities:

It was a clear and warm night. The stars shined brightly and the moon was full. So it wasn't something special, that the young woman stayed awake to observe the evening sky. Only an hour ago, the sun had set with the most beautiful colours a human can imagine. A light wind blew and the ship swung softly on top of the waves. It was one of the rare quiet moments on the Going Merry. No enemies, no monstrous animals and no adventures destroyed the peaceful atmosphere. All crewmembers felt safe and most of them were sleeping deeply.

All, except her, thought Nami. She was sitting within her loved tangerine trees. Nights like this one, made her come out on deck.

She had to think much, when she sat out there in the night. At those evenings she had the time to turn things over in her mind, for which she didn't have time at day.

The navigator had to be strong and self confidently during the days. In the end it was her job to make sure that the ship goes on safely. It was her duty to avoid dangerous reefs and to run into port without problems and it was her mission to hold the group together.

She couldn't be lost in thoughts - so she needed these quiet hours as an offset to her daily routine.

Hidden in the tangerine grove Nami was able to work out her true feelings and wishes.

There was homesickness - she missed her hometown and her sister. There was hidden desire to human closeness, which was more than "only" friendship.

These were the disadvantages of a life on the sea...

Nami really loved her friends. They were a kind of family for the orange-haired girl. The first time, since she was a little child, she felt attraction and trust in somebody apart from Bellemere, Nojiko and a few inhabitants of Cocoyashi village.

But sometimes she wished for more, for a deeper relationship than friendship to somebody.

In her former life had been no place for something like that. Surrounded by criminals of the deepest dye was a romantic relationship not imaginable.

But now, in a more advantageous setting, her inhibited needs came back to her mind and she couldn't disown them anymore.

Some time ago she recognized a certain fascination to one of the crewmembers and this fact confused her. Several nights were spent sleeplessly in order to find a solution to this complicated situation. Loving a crewmember wasn't simple; in most cases it caused a wide array of awkward consequences.

This emotion has caused many downfalls of strong and respected crews.

In the dense surroundings on sea people are not able to keep out of the other's way, if jealousy or disputes take place. It wasn't the perfect milieu to build any kind of romantic relationship.

The worst thing was that she had nobody to talk to. She missed her mother; Bellemere certainly would have known a solution for the situation Nami was in at the moment. Bellemere had to go much too early...

She sighed softly, while she was staring at the nightly sky.

"Why are you so depressed, Miss Navigator?", a voice asked out of the dark.

The orange-haired girl recognized the archaeologist immediately. The spoken words left a tingling sensation on Nami's skin. This fact didn't help her with her puzzled feelings. She was pretty sure that Robin's presence had the contrary effect on her, even when she didn't know whether she felt this because of her ability to feel the slightest vibrations or because of the feelings she had for the older woman.

"Do you have lost your ability of speaking?", the raven-haired woman continued. Without looking at Robin's face Nami was sure that her interlocutor grinned.

The idea the navigator liked most at the moment was the thought to running away.

"Not that I care, but it is extremely impolite to don't react if somebody is talking to you.", she paused. "Maybe it is better if I'm leaving you alone... but I'm interested in what let you act in this strange way, Miss Navigator."

"That's none of your business!" The words were harsher than Nami had intended. The black-haired lifted one eyebrow in surprise. Obviously she hadn't expect such kind of reaction; she knew that the navigator was irritable, but the orange-haired showed this part of her personality mostly when she was dealing with the boys and not with her female crewmate.

"I'm going to bed.", Nami simply continued while she was standing up. Now her tone was friendlier but reserved.

But before she reached the door, she was caught by some hands, which rose out of the nightly air.

"The concept of making me curious at first and leaving afterwards doesn't work.", Robin said. Her voice didn't reveal her emotions.

Nami solidified. With such an action she hadn't reckoned. Petrified, like one who got a look at the legendary Medusa, she didn't move. She felt very uneasy.

Maybe the older one was supposing the feelings Nami had for her. This thought frightened the orange-haired most.

Robin came up to her. Now the hands disappeared in a cloud of petals but immediately they were replaced by the woman's real hands. Her grip was firm but not rough.

"You don't really want go..." It was a statement not a question.

At this moment, Nami found out that it doesn't make sense to run away anymore. It was too late for such behaviour. Robin wouldn't let her go, before she heard the answer she expected.

"It's you.", she came out with the truth. "You are the reason for my depressed mood! I can't spend a single minute without thinking about you! Every time I close my eyes I see you. I'm dreaming of you every night!", she paused a moment. Her eyes were fixed at the floor. "It's not normal, I know that it's very indecorous, nevertheless I haven't found a way to avoid these emotions and I'm afraid my acting had influenced even our crewmates." Nami had the bad suspicion that her life wouldn't be liveable after this

discussion.

"Was it that difficult?"

"Ehm... what?" Nami wasn't sure, what the black-haired meant.

"Was it that difficult to be honest?" With a grin Robin slung her arms around the smaller figure of the orange-haired. "I'm really thinking that we'll have a good time."

The only thing that Nami was able to do was to open her eyes in surprise.

Kapitel 3: Change of mind

Here it is - the new One-Shot. This time it isn't a One Piece - piece (what a laugh ^^). It is a very short Witch Hunter Robin - Story. I really liked the anime and so I made this story.

Change of mind:

From the time when he had first met Robin, he had known, that his life would turn more complicated as it was already.

Amon always had a very shaped opinion about this kind of beings. There was no place on this world for creatures like them, so he thought since his earliest childhood. He had never understood his brother's opinion. Even his family and his daily work hadn't managed to make him overthink.

But Robin was the one, who was able to make him overthink the thought of bad witches.

She looked more like an innocent angel than an evil demon. But it wasn't her harmless appearance, which caused a lot of confusing ideas to show up in the mind of the hunter. Her kind and gentle way of acting caught his attention and guided Amon to his present opinion. At first he had believed, that her manner was only a strategy to endear herself to the STN-J members. But each day of working together with Robin broke down another prejudice. He had a hard time negating this new way of thinking. It wasn't easy to change his mind.

Still, he didn't forget the dangers, that were related to her powers. If one day she wouldn't be able to control these enormous powers, she would cause massive destruction and a lot of pain. People would be hurt or killed by the strong fire-crafts of the young witch. Maybe someday she have to be stopped.

Amon didn't know a case of a craft-user, that didn't end as a drama.

He always tried to see a danger in her. But now he couldn't stop thinking that she must be protected.

The blonde witch laid unconscious his arms. With her last ounce of strength she had saved both of them. It was only her merit that they were still alive instead of laying buried under thousands of tonnes of stone from the Factory building. Robin's powers, the powerful fire-craft, rescued them. By burning a tunnel through the thick concrete, the girl managed to build an escape route.

The hunter wondered whether the others survived or hadn't managed to get out in time. Nevertheless the current situation didn't allow him to check if everybody was alright. The collapse of the Factory building surely was noticed by the guys from Solomon. It was a matter of time, till the first investigators would arrive at the scene. He was working for those people long enough to know, that they would arrive rather soon than later. It was improbable that they would let Robin and him alive. She wasn't in a state in which she was able to defend herself and he too wouldn't be able to gain the upper hand against the well trained superiority.

Amon didn't like the thought of not knowing about the condition of the others, although it was essential that he left this place. It would be easier for him to find out how his former teammates are than it would be for them, to detect his and Robin's state. They had to disappear. Probably it would be the best to leave this country and go to a solitary place, with no branch of the Solomon organisation in the near surroundings.

He looked at the girl in his arms. She looked peaceful, in spite of the many smaller and bigger injuries which adorned her face and her body.

He had taken the responsibility for her welfare.

It was a very strange coincidence that he of all people was the guardian of the Eve of witches.

But with the look at her, he, the adamant witch hunter decided that it wasn't the worst thing that could have happened.

Kapitel 4: Something is different tonight

My first Hellsing-Fanfiction. Very OOC and very strange.

Something is different tonight:

Integra hesitated. Once again she looked at the letters in front of her. It took her three times until she was able to understand the meanings of these goddamn tiny symbols. With a sigh she adjusted her glasses. Was it possible that her eyes turned even worse than they were already? Her sight didn't become better after rearranging her glasses. She stopped overlooking the cost estimates for repairing three damaged cars and the bill for buying a full new set of semi-automatic rifles.

With one swift motion she removed the spectacles from her nose and rubbed her eyes. It was late already. The sun had set before hours. And the light of her computer wasn't comfortable to work. Maybe her eyes were only tired after another bad, exhausting day...

Nevertheless, she found no reason to interrupt her normal rhythm and to shift the remaining work to the next day. If one began with such inattentiveness, he could omit it in principle. Without discipline the organisation would not run.

She suppressed a yawn. Tonight it was not the first. This was unusual for her.

When her gaze met the big, old clock opposite her desk, she noticed that it was almost three o'clock in the morning. This however wasn't unusual. She was used to work during the nights. Her branch of business allowed her to spend the nights working. As a countermove she had the time to sleep until the late morning hours most days. She was still human – even when some people questioned that circumstance – and as a human she had to sleep regularly.

What irritated her more than her bad sight was her feeling of temperature. Did someone turn on the heating in the middle of April? Or was there another reason, why she felt so terrible hot?

Integra loosened her tie and opened the first buttons of her shirt. When these measures brought no relief, she got up and opened one of the big windows behind her desk, throwing a look at the dark night.

She felt a headache starting and decided to make a pause to look at the stars. Away from the town one could observe them almost every evening; however, she seldom took the time for such activities. It wasn't the matter that Integra normally didn't stay outdoors at night, but when she did so, there were normally more advisable directions to look at, if she didn't want to lose her head.

She reached for the bottle of whisky, which stood on the small cupboard beside her, and for a glass to put the drink in.

The alcohol made her tongue tingling and suddenly she felt very dizzy.

"Maybe, in your current state, it isn't a good idea to consume such kind of liquid, my master", a voice from behind said.

"This is not your business." Integra paused. "And by the way, what "state" do you mean?" She swayed, when she turned around to face her servant. Who else would appear at this time? Who else would appear, when she just take a break? When she felt strange and dizzy?

He took a few steps forward, while he answered. "My master is telling me, that she doesn't know, that she has a fever?" He now was very close to her. Too close.

"A fever? Don't make a fool out of yourself Alucard. That doesn't suit you."

Integra couldn't keep herself from taking a step aside. He looked at her with a fixed glare of his crimson eyes above the edge of his sunglasses. Today they seem to glow stronger than normal. It made her feel uneasy. Slowly he lifted a hand and laid it on her forehead. She was too fascinated from his action and felt too muzzy to prevent it.

"You are burning, my Master", he announced with a self-satisfied grin, that exposed his fangs.

Integra didn't protest anymore. It was the first time that the grip of his undead, cold hand didn't feel unpleasant at her skin. He didn't remove his hand. Integra was sure that, in her current state, Alucard didn't need to read her thoughts to recognize that his master liked his touch.

With his free hand he took the glass of whisky out of her warm fingers. She didn't stop him. Her limbs were getting heavier with every breath she took.

"I don't think that you need this anymore tonight", he said with a look at the golden liquid. "After all I'm responsible for my master's well-being."

"Alucard, you are exceeding authority, I think." They both knew that this was a last desperate try to keep command. She tumbled slightly, when she tried to step away from the vampire to get an adequate distance between them.

"We will see... my master", he said, before he seized Integra and disappeared with her in the shades.

Alucard didn't mind to put his master to bed again eventually. It somehow amused him.

By the way, it is really not recommendable to consume alcohol when you have a fever or a cold. (And it is even more unrecommendable to take aspirin after the alcohol in this state. In the best case you will feel like human jelly - in the worst case you get a free ride to the hospital.)