

A Hidden Lie about a Lie

By WhooGo_Sanji

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This is a story that happens right after Movie Three. The Mugiwaras are resting up on a strange island; when they meet an interesting young woman named Kikilo. Kikilo has a dark, despicable secret; can the pirates find it out? Or will it be hidden forev

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1 - Tabasco Star of Kicking um...Doom?

Zoro slowly strode, fists in pockets, along the coast of the green island. His boots made a soft squish sound as they came in contact with the wet sand. Soon a high-pitched and amused squeal was heard and Zoro sighed.

“Hey! Zoro! Watcha doin’?!” A young man in a red vest bounded over to the swordsman, hand clasped securely over the straw hat over his head. “Huh? Huh? HUH?!?!”

Zoro plainly blinked, turning his back to the young man running towards him. He didn't dare answer. Too risky. In what way? Many ways.

“Luffy! Wait for me!!!” Another young man scampered after the other, a pack at his right hip and an olive-colored bandana topping his head. “I told you to wait up!!!”

Zoro seemed ignorant at first, but soon turned around and widened his eyes. “Luffy! Stop!” He darted to the side, the young rubber-man flinging right past him into the water.

“Luffy!” The other young man screamed, and dove into the rippling waves. Zoro simply stared and shrugged. He greeted the other young man with a devilish smirk as he returned from the water with Luffy propped over his shoulder.

“How ya doin', Usopp?” He chuckled quietly to himself, obviously trying to show his amusement as much as possible.

“Wet.”

Zoro once again smiled and straightened the swords at his side. “The `Great Captain Usopp', wet? Hehe...”

“Do not mock the Great Captain Usopp!” The young man bellowed, and dropped Luffy onto the sand so he could reach into his pack. Luffy wiped the sand from his face and sat, letting the waves soak his pants. “Tabasco Star!” Usopp yelled, and Zoro's eyes widened. Not with fear, but in surprise at the anger that Usopp staged. Usopp was about to fire when a rustle was heard in the green bushes and *another* young man came tumbling out, grasping the hand of the infamous navigator.

“Hey Nami! I found the most romantic spot in the world! It's right over here!” The blonde squealed, eyes filled with love-sick emotion. He suddenly stopped, noticing the fight, and dropped his hand from the red-head's. “Huh?” He saw the fury in Usopp's eyes, the blankness in Zoro's, and heard the amused laughter of Luffy. Soon Usopp let go of the slingshot, sending a flying ball of um...hot sauce...flying toward Zoro's head. Zoro merely had to step to his left and the shot propelled towards Sanji and Nami. And guess what Sanji, the lovesick idiot, did?

"I'll save you Nami!" The Tabasco star splat and spread out on his face, sending thousand of burning pricks throughout his face. "Usopp you idiot!" He screamed, and ran around the sand, clutching at his burning face. Nami didn't seem even the least bit fazed.

"I'll see you in a couple minutes, Sanji," she merely commented, and skipped delightfully over to the childish trio. "Have you guys seen Chopper? I've been looking for him. There's someone in need of him."

Luffy stopped bellowing out laughter and stood up on the soft, white sand. "Who is it?" He asked; a worried look spread across his still damp face.

"Duh," Zoro punched the rubber-man on the side of his head. "An animal. This place doesn't have any humans."

Luffy pulled his hat from his mop of black hair and wiped the inside with his index finger. "What about Shorty?"

Usopp blinked a few times and inserted his slingshot back into his case. "You mean Mobambi?"

"Yeah!" Luffy exclaimed, and didn't flinch when Zoro hit him once again.

"You idiot! That was another island in the Crowned Island's Crown!"

"Oh..." Luffy stated, and plopped the straw hat back onto his head. "Cool!"

By this time the Tabasco star had worn off, so Sanji wiped his face with his jacket sleeve and stood up. He stomped angrily over to Usopp and kicked him in the stomach. Usopp clenched his belly, groaning out just a few words. "WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT FOR?!?!?!?"

Sanji growled between his teeth and nudged Usopp in the shin. "Three words. Ta-bas-co."

"That's one word, dartboard-eyebrow." Zoro stated, and spat on the sand to clear a metallic taste from his mouth. He soon realized what the taste was. "I taste blood," he said, and put his finger in the back of his mouth. When he pulled it out it was covered in blood. Zoro gasped along with the rest of the crew.

"Z-Zoro?" Nami cringed, but stopped when she felt something dripping from her mouth. She soon realized Luffy, Sanji, and Usopp also had the same mesmerizing condition. She wiped the liquid from below her lower lip, thinking it was saliva, but cringed just slightly when her arm had wiped off blood. "W-w-we need Chopper!" She cried, and Zoro's teeth gritted as he fell onto his knees.

"What the hell it happening to me..." He asked, and lost consciousness. There was no doubt that the others would, too.

2 - Missing?!

Zoro blinked steadily as his consciousness returned. He was surprised to see he was in a bed, a nice soft mattress. He scratched his emerald hair with his fingernails and sat up. The bed made an antique creaking noise as it shifted under Zoro's weight.

The young swordsman looked down, noticing someone had taken off his shirt. He muttered a few curses, thinking the worst, but was silently relieved when he found out he still had his pants on. "Where's my shirt?!" He whispered, looking to all his sides and even above him. But that particular piece of clothing was nowhere to be seen. "Oh well," he said, and shrugged his bare shoulders as he hopped off the bed. "Now...where's Luffy..." Zoro peeked his head out of a doorway, making sure it was safe, and continued his exploration through what seemed to be a household. His ears caught the distant sound of sizzling, as if on a range. He followed the sound into a kitchen, where he saw a girl standing next to...guess who. A blonde man in black slacks.

The girl giggled, amused by Sanji's cooking talents. She muttered something to him and he turned his head and smiled, then continued on stirring something that smelled delicious. "That looks tasty, Sanji-Kun!" The girl complimented, and pulled something out of a cupboard. "Here, put this...in there."

Sanji ceased the cooking for just a second to peer confusingly at a bottle. "Is this a spice?" He asked, and pulled the cork.

"Yes," the girl replied happily. "I preserved it in a wine bottle to give it extra flavor!"

Sanji sniffed the cork, inhaling all the gentle smells of the antique wine. "Wow. I hope whoever enjoyed this wine had good taste."

"Yes, they did," the girl's happy disposition suddenly transformed into an almost sad look. Zoro eavesdropped quietly as the pair conversed in the small kitchen. Sanji blinked, unsure of why the girl's attitude had changed. "My parents had great taste for wine. They knew just what to drink it with, too."

It finally dawned on Sanji what the girl was talking about. He didn't dare bring up the subject again, so he simply changed it. "So, how much should I put i-"

"Two tablespoons."

Sanji was surprised by the girl's rapidity of answer. "Okay then, two tablespoons. What is in the spice, anyway?"

Zoro's eyes widened as his mind put together the puzzled. "It's a secret spice," answered the girl, but shushed Sanji him by laying her finger gently over her mouth. "I can't tell you, heehee!"

Sanji laughed at the girl's giggly personality and inserted what he estimated was two tablespoons of the

spice. "Okay, it's all ready. Say, when do you think the others will wake up?"

The girl cocked an eyebrow and spread a perplexed look across her face. "The swordsman should have woken up five minutes ago..." she scoffed, and started to walk from the kitchen with a dainty step. "I'll go see if he's still in bed."

Zoro flinched as he saw her coming nearer, each of her steps seeming like an echo as they hit the tiled floor. Zoro rushed back to the room where he had come from and jumped onto the bed. It wasn't long after when the girl had reached the room, and she saw Zoro sitting up with his legs folded. "Hi," He stated. "Who the heck are you?"

"I'm Kikilo! I live here by myself, and when I found you guys lying on the beach, I thought you looked like you were in a terrible condition. So...I took you back to my house. I hope you're feeling better."

Zoro was just fine with her kindness, but was puzzled by one thing. "How'd you get us all back here?"

"Easy!" Kikilo replied, and sat herself on the empty bed next to Zoro's. "I had some help."

"By...?"

"My cat."

"Your...cat?"

"Yes! My cat."

"How the heck could a cat help?"

"Hm? Oh. I'll spare the details until later. At least until the rest of your friends wake up. Considering the math, the one with the straw hat should be waking up in about three seconds..."

Zoro blinked. "Hat! Where's hat!" A voice cried, and a clang was heard in the kitchen. "Darn it, Luffy, you startled me!!!!" Yelled Sanji, and suddenly a sizzling sound was heard. "Youch! Hot pan! Hot pan! Hot pan!"

Zoro and Kikilo heard echoing footsteps as Luffy sniffed his way into the kitchen. "How big is this house?" Zoro asked; hands behind his head. Kikilo chuckled and smoothed the sheets from under her as she stood up.

"Humongous. Sanji-Kun told me that Straw Hat-Chan liked to eat, so it's no wonder why he found his way to the kitchen so fast. But he didn't tell me your name, even though I begged. All he did was reply, 'just forget about him.' Is there a reason why?"

"No," Zoro shrugged lazily, eyes involuntarily drooping as the softness of the bed soothed him. "He's just an idiot."

"I see..." Kikilo smoothed her skirt and began to trot out the door to greet Luffy, yet stopped as she

asked a question. "Once again, what is your name?"

"Roronoa Zoro."

Kikilo gasped as she leaned against the doorway, taking it all in. Zoro was cautious, thinking she might attack. But instead a widespread grin came about on her face and her eyes grew wide. "Wow! Really?!?! In person?!?!?"

Zoro cocked an eyebrow as Kikilo put her nose up to his. "Yes...have you heard of me?"

"What do you mean?!?" Kikilo threw her hands up in the air, startling the entering Sanji. "Of course I've heard of you! Who hasn't?!"

Sanji leaned to the right and put his face next to Kikilo's. "Hi!"

Kikilo blinked and politely `shoved' Sanji face away from her own. "Here you guys are! I didn't even notice it! Roronoa Zoro, master swordsman; Sanji, kicking cook; Luffy, rubber man; and The Great Captain Usopp! You guys are the Straw Hat Crew!"

Sanji cocked his only visible eyebrow and looked Kikilo square in the eye. "But, you left Nami out..."

"Nami?"

"Yeah, our navigator."

"I'm sorry, but there were only four of you on the shore. There wasn't any Nami."

3 - Zoro...A Cat Person?

"B-B-But," Sanji spat out, knees trembling inside his suit pants. He was also missing a shirt, similar to Zoro's condition. "Then where could she be?!?!"

Zoro's eyes drooped and he slowly drifted into sleep. Kikilo snapped her fingers in his face. "Wake up! It's rude to fall asleep when others are talking you should know that!"

"Huh?" Zoro glared angrily at Kikilo. She looked about sixteen, three years younger than Zoro. "You can't boss me around."

"No," Kikilo replied, "But I can advise you to do something."

Zoro, for the first time, actually obeyed someone. It was something about how she worded her sentence (plus the fact that he actually had a fan...) that caught his attention. "Fine. Sorry. Beats me where Nami is."

"What about Nami?" Luffy panted in, followed by his right hand man, Usopp. "Where is she by the way?"

"SHE'S MISSING!!!!" Sanji burst in tears, basically freaking everybody out. Kikilo stepped aside and continued on her explanation. After all, she would be the first suspect.

"When I reached the shore, there was only Zoro, Sanji, Luffy, and Usopp. There wasn't any woman there. I was suspicious, though, when I discovered body imprints in the sand and drag marks when there was no one there. But you guys didn't look too well, so I had Chrissy and I pick you up and bring you back to my house."

Zoro had politely forced himself to stay awake, so he was curious about the situation. "Is that your cat?"

"Yes."

"Once again, how could a cat help you?"

Kikilo put her hand on her chin and thought for a moment. "Okay. I wanted to show all of you at once, so come on into the backyard since you all are healthy. Now, you don't need to be afraid when you see her..." She led the four curious Straw-Hats into her backyard, but a curtain was covered over the doorway. "She's as tame as a regular little kitten. She's kind to strangers, too, and she loves her belly rubbed." Kikilo pulled the rich purple curtain back harshly, but there was nothing behind it.

"Chrissy-Girl!" She cried, and invited the young men into the lush green grass. Nothing came, so she called again. "Chwishy-Goiwl!" She shouted in a baby-talk voice, and rapidly repeating footsteps were heard. "There you are!"

"A...Cat?" Zoro blinked. "It's awfully big for a cat..." his puzzled face was opposite Luffy's.

"Wow! That's awesome! It's huge!"

Usopp gritted his teeth and ran back into the house. Kikilo looked up and laughed a hardy sort of laughter, praising Chrissy each breath with a scratch on the head. "What, are you scared? I told you she's as tame as any other regular kitten!"

"Me? Scared?" Usopp stepped `boldly' out of the peaceful home and put his fists at his hips. "I've encountered foul beats much worse than that!"

"Chrissy is no beast, Usopp-San. She's quite friendly."

Sanji was really impressed, though he didn't look it. He wasn't with the Straw-Hats when they encountered Gaimon on the strange island. "What's that sound?"

"Hm?" Kikilo looked up confusingly, softly stroking Chrissy's thick fur with her fingertips. "Oh! She's purring."

"She must be real happy," The swordsman commented, and joined in with Kikilo by stroking Chrissy's gleaming coat with his large hands. "You said she likes to be patted on the stomach?"

"Yeah..."

"How do I get her to roll over?"

Kikilo smiled, discovering that Zoro must have a soft spot for her cat. "You just reach under and she'll plop over. You know she likes it when her tongue lolls out and her purring slows."

Zoro slowly started to smile as he reached under Chrissy and stroked her belly. Chrissy fell over onto her side and purred profusely as Zoro petted from her neck to the end of her stomach.

Sanji was now much less than impressed; mostly because Zoro was getting Kikilo's attention. "What is she, anyway?"

Kikilo smiled, knowing this question would come up soon. She had heard it so many times that it was no more offending, but actually it was expected. "She's a Northern Giant Kineko. They actually originated from the most northern part of the world. But now they dwell in the Grand Line."

"Oh..."

"Awesome!"

"Ah! A Grand Line Creature!"

"Good Kitty..."

Everyone stared. That was the last thing that they expected Zoro to say. Kikilo didn't know his personality much, but she could tell he wasn't the one to say that. "Okay...no comment..." she said in the silence, but a crash was heard in her house and everyone turned their heads.

"What the heck was that?!" Sanji jumped, startled, and pulled the luscious purple curtain aside. "What the...?"

There were five men who had broken down the splintery door, even though it wasn't locked at all. "Men! Attack!"

Kikilo quickly jumped in front of everyone, reaching into a pocket in the side of her shirt. "Stand back," she said.

"What are you doing?" Usopp questioned, worried about himself and the girl. Kikilo snatched something blue out of her pack. "A...watch face?"

Kikilo wielded it like a miniature Frisbee, one between her index and middle finger. She shouted "Time To Go!" and the watch face sliced through the air as if it were a knife. The sharp face cut the man's arm, just barely damaging him.

"That's all you got?" He roared, but in his state of laughter Kikilo reached once again into her pocket. This time she pulled out not one, but three dozen faces. All different colors, all different sizes. But they all had one thing in common; they were now flying through the air. Kikilo glared at the man as the watch faces flew through the air.

4 - Tears of Ririshi

The surprise is that every one of the watch faces missed. Nobody knew if Kikilo did it on purpose, but for whatever reason, the men were afraid of her hidden talent and they rapidly bulleted back to their boat on the shore.

The whole group was in awe as Kikilo retreated calmly back to them. Sanji glared at her with surprised eyes. "Why did you miss?"

Kikilo just smiled politely, her lips catching the sun and glittering like her personality. "Why hurt them when they could just leave on their own?"

"She's got a good point..."

"Shut up, sword-boy!"

"Hey Sanji! Don't say that to Zoro!"

"I can say whatever I da-"

"STOP!" Kikilo kicked Sanji in the stomach, smacked Usopp on the head, and bashed her head under Zoro's neck. "STOP FIGHTING!"

Sanji was surprised to see such a small girl get so angry. "YOU GUYS JUST NEED TO STRAIGHTEN UP AND SHUT UP! WHY DO YOU HAVE TO FIGHT????????!!!" An emotional outbreak occurred, and Kikilo burst into tears. Nobody even knew what was happening, but it was better just to leave her alone while she let herself loose. Soon her wild bawling calmed to soft sobbing and she lifted her palms from her face. "Why do you have to fight?"

Zoro started to speak, but Usopp interrupted him. "What's wrong?" Asked the timid long nose.

Kikilo looked up at him and clutched his overalls. "I need a shoulder to cry on," she merely answered, and it seemed Sanji was the man for the job. But Zoro walked over and let her lean on him and he patted her gently, almost like a brother.

"It's okay. Now why don't you tell us why that happened?" He asked, pulling off her hat and helping her sit on the ground. All the crying she staged had worn her out.

"Where is Luffy?" She asked, holding her shoulders and rubbing them slowly. "I want him to hear, too."

A shadow was seen going `round the corner. Kikilo seemed tense, but when she discovered it was just Luffy with a piece of meat she calmed down quite a bit. "You really shouldn't run off like that, you know. You had me worried. But please, help yourself to anything in the icebox."

Sanji was stunned, as well as Luffy, by the kindness she displayed. "Wow! Thanks, lady!" Luffy gave her a friendly thumbs-up and retreated back to the kitchen for seconds, thirds, fourths, fifths, and sixths. Soon he returned with an armful of deliciously cooked meat. He was steadily chewing and swallowing, noticing that Kikilo was staring at him. "What?" He inquired, a mouthful of meat.

"Do you like it?"

Luffy wanted to give her a clear answer, so he gulped it down and grinned. "Yep! This is even better than Sanji's!"

Sanji put his foot up under Luffy's chin. "Watch it, buster, or you won't be able to eat it anymore..."

The girl chuckled to herself as she viewed this entertaining band of pirates. Luffy, protecting most of his meat, acted smart in this sentence: "Fine, then. You try it!"

Sanji hesitantly pulled a chunk of meat from the bone and slowly chewed it in his jaws. When he swallowed it his eyes opened wide and he sat forward. "You cooked this?"

Kikilo answered with a rapid nod.

"Wow."

"If it's really that good, let me have some!" Usopp cried, stepped over Sanji, and stole a piece from Luffy's private stock.

"Hey! Give that back!"

"No way!"

"Needle-nose!"

"Rubber-boy!"

"Stop it, guys," Zoro tapped the wooden floor with his boot, ceasing the commotion. "Just look at her."

Sure enough, Kikilo was sobbing again and she hid her face with her palms. Sanji looked tenderly at her and seemed to be sad, too. "What's wrong?"

"I've put it off long enough. I know I have to tell you, so without further ado, I will." Kikilo sighed and wiped her face with the hat that had been squeezed between her fingers. "Okay. I need to get it out of me, so here goes."

The four young men listened attentively as Kikilo began her story. "I was born and raised here, on this island. My parents, Janika and Rober were also raised on this island. This was our home. But soon a ship was seen in the distance and we tried to make friends, and the inhabitants of the ship were nice to us. Little did we know that they had a huge plan to unravel.

I was fiddling with a watch I had gotten for my sixth birthday. Mom and Dad had come home after their walk, the same exact time as always. But this time they had news. "Kiki, get your things."

I blinked while holding a small gear in my hand and protested, maturely for my age. "Why? I'm not doing anything without a reason."

Dad just sighed and held my hand. "Okay. First, grab five things that you want to keep. Then follow us and we'll show you."

I nodded rapidly and began to grab the five things that I treasured most. 1) My watch collection, 2) My pencils, 3) Some paper, 4) My treasured jewel, and 5) My stuffed kitten. I followed my mother and father out the door into the sunset sky, but because I wasn't quite old enough, I didn't notice Mom and Dad's nervousness. Mom grabbed me by the hand and dragged me out of the house. Dad ran another way.

Mom and I had been walking fast for some long time, then a rustle in the bushes and a man jumped out. Mom squealed. "Where do you think you're going?" The man asked, and reached down to grab Mom.

Mom whispered to me, "He doesn't see you. Now run away quietly!"

I was taught to obey my parents, so I trotted off back to the house. I was just starting to get tired when a tall, slender man with silver hair greeted me. "Now, what are you doing here all by your lonesome?" he asked. I couldn't really see his face, but I could tell it was kind and gentle.

"I need to go home," I answered. I had started to walk past him when I noticed he was following me. His face had turned from kind and gentle to nervous in just a few seconds. "What's the matter, mister?" I asked, holding the bag of belongings over my shoulder. The young man cupped his hand over my mouth and leaned down to my level.

"I was supposed to do something really mean and naughty to you, little one. I can't bring myself to do that. What I will do is hide you, okay?"

"Why hide me?" I asked.

"There are bad people who are doing bad things to everyone on this island. Now you have to be quiet and follow me, right?"

I nodded. He picked me up and held me like a baby, rocking me slowly while he jumped over bushes as he ran. It wasn't long until he stopped. "Here. You hide in this hole. Now I'll be right back. You stay here, okay?"

I didn't trust this man, even at the gullible age I was. Plus I was dangerously curious. I followed him, wanting badly to speak up and ask him his name, but I didn't dare alert him. I just clutched the bag of belongings over my chest and continued to walk. But, little did I know; I was entering a place of evil.

I had followed the young man out to the shoreline. It was dark out, so I couldn't tell what was making me so uncomfortable. I suddenly jumped when I felt something soaking through my tennis shoes. I wiped my finger on the soaked soles and smelled it. Blood. The shoreline was soaked with it. As I discovered what it was, I noticed that the blood's sheen was reflecting and that the man, too, was staring at the ground. He started to speak. `Why would someone so young have to witness so much violence?' He turned around. I soon noticed that he was talking to me. `Why?'

I didn't know the answer. But I did realize that the smell of blood had made me sick and I fell into it, unconscious. When I woke up I was dazed and the Silver-Haired young man was sitting in a chair next to me. `Are you feeling better?'

I sat up in the soft, familiar bed and rubbed my eyes. `What'cha mean?'

He looked up. He had dark circles under his eyes, they were bloodshot, and his eyebrows were curved up. `I, Ririshi, am truly sorry.'

I didn't understand it then. But when I grew older I started to develop this sense of life, and how important it is. That night everyone except Ririshi and I had been brutally murdered on that shore. And Ririshi would have been one of the murderers if he hadn't seen me."

Sanji, Usopp, Luffy, Zoro, and even Chrissie had stopped moving. Zoro's head was tilted down and he seemed like he was thinking. "I feel sorry for you," he said.

"But," Luffy leaned forward, putting his nose up to Kikilo's. "Where's that Ririshi guy?"

"The men who had killed all of the townspeople had come back, knowing Ririshi had stayed behind and betrayed the captain. I was taking a walk, only five years ago, when I saw a trail of blood. That trail led me to-" Kikilo covered her face with her soft, warm knit hat, and started once again to bawl out words. "RIRISHI'S BODY!"

Everyone was still. Zoro grasped the floor with his hands and squeezed, as if he were trying to pull the life from it. "That's terrible. So everyone you loved is...gone."

"And...you don't even know who did it, Kiki-San?"

Kikilo shook her head and sobbed like a small girl. "I only have one hint, and that's a series of wanted posters that were left in Ririshi's dresser. I had found them only a few weeks ago. They had all your names on them, including Nami's and an odd reindeer's. That's how I've heard of you. Otherwise I keep myself isolated from everything else. All I have are my memories and Chrissie."

Chrissie, knowing her name, rubbed up against Kikilo. Kikilo attempted to smile. All the guys seemed sad for Kikilo except Luffy. "Couldn't you have done somethin' about it?"

Sanji was stunned at Luffy's behavior. "Shut up. She's lost everything and that's all you say?"

"Wait," Kikilo stood up and cease stroking her lovely pet. "T-There was one more clue!" Petting Chrissie must have sparked her memory. "I remember something that I hadn't ever remembered before...two things, to be exact."

"Well...?" Zoro stood up with her, eager to find out who they could pin revenge on.

"Ririshi owned a cat mask. I don't know how that's important, but there is one other thing. I remember a man...with a swinging ring...and a striped beard."

Usopp and every one of the Straw Hats Froze. "We know who killed your parents..."

~----- Part 5 Coming Soon! -----~