

# Raven and Blackhawk- Love For Black Hearts

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*Raven's powers render her unable to show emotion. Thus leaving her alone in the shadows. But when they arrest an Azerathian teenage boy for committing a ghastly crime she feels things she never has before. Is Raven... in love? Find out.*

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# 1 - Raven Meets Blackhawk

Raven and all other characters are the property of their respected owners. I give all credit to the original creators. I do not own Teen Titans but like many others I wish I did. So here's my love story part 1, enjoy.

Raven's eyes weaved into the cracks on her ceiling. One interconnecting with the other. Like stars in the constellations. Raven rolled over in bed as she checked the clock beside her.

"2:30..." she muttered.

Raven had a terrible case of insomnia that had been going on well over a month now. Her trouble sleeping made her think of everyone else's ease when they slept. Robin and Starfire cuddling in their bed. Terra and Beastboy warm in each other's arms. Raven's bed was cold even though her purple and blue sheets meant to keep her warm. Just like her heart. It was created to love. And she was cold, bare and desolate. Raven pulled the covers up to her chin and adjusted her legs. She choked back tears violently.

"I can't afford to feel anything..." she muttered to herself, "I can't cry..." Raven sobbed as a little tear ran down her cheek. She wiped away the tear with one of her fingers. Wishing that she had someone to wipe the tears from her face. Raven's tear seemed enough to put her to sleep. Her eyes slowly began to flutter closed.

KAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRROOOOOM!!!!!!

The alarm in the tower blared on and Raven sat bolt upright.

"Damn..." she cursed.

She could hear the pitter patter of everyone's feet as they left their rooms. Raven quickly threw on her cape and yanked on her boots in an irritable rush. As her door slid open she caught a glimpse of what may have been Starfire pulling up her skirt.

"Ew... not what I needed to see."

"DUUUUDE!" Beastboy bellowed, "Crime on a Friday night! That is so not cool!"

"Beastboy, shut up..." Raven whispered roughly.

They all gathered around the monitor and looked upon the scene of the city's small island prison being attacked. A lot of it was up in flames.

"TITANS MOVE!" Robin ordered.

They all made their way to the roof and Raven lifted Robin up and flew toward the blazing inferno in the middle of the blanket of water. Starfire carried Cyborg and a look of worry played across her face. The island tremored and shook as they got closer. All landed just as the prison shook violently yet again. Chunks of concrete flew into the air and Robin rolled away just in time as a chunk of concrete slammed onto the ground where he once stood.

"OH!" Starfire yelped as she helped him to his feet.

"Thanks, Star."

Terra had taken control of several of the flying debris and tossed it harmlessly into the bay.

"Search for survivors, find whoever did this, split up. TITANS GO!" Robin ordered.

Raven once again lifted Robin off the trembling beast and into the blazing inferno. Going from one danger to another. As soon as everyone had gone their separate ways Raven trudged off on her own. She lifted her hand and it glowed the deadly black and the steel door wrenched free and clattered to the floor in a hail of dust. She slowly walked inside and down the narrow concrete hallway. Large, deep

cracks lined the walls and chunks were missing from them as well. She could feel the heat of the flames she was about to encounter. She came across the first body, a man in an orange jumpsuit. Facedown, obviously dead. She looked about cautiously at the half open cells. Some had random bodies of convicts and dead armored prison guards. The prison tremored once again as some stone fell from the ceiling and Raven summoned the psychic shield around herself. Dissolving any stone as it touched.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"

Blood curling screams invaded her ears along with the sound of erupting gunfire. Soon her ears were filled with the lonely sound of the licking flames. Raven's eyes slammed shut and she began to have a premonition; black waves of light, screams, falling bodies... warden's office. It ended... Raven shook her head slowly. She began to carefully choose her hallways, searching for signs. Finally she got some gold. A steel sign that listed locations in the prison read "PAROLL OFFICE: FLOOR THREE, OFFICERS QUARTERS: FLOOR FOUR, WARDEN'S OFFICE: FLOOR FIVE.

Raven climbed a few staircases until she came across a sign that read: FLOOR FIVE. The prison tremored violently as smoke poured in from downstairs. Raven's heart skipped a beat as she opened the oak doors to the fifth floor. This floor was clean. The marble floor was polished and the oak staircases and trimming looked as if it had just been laquered. Raven was not fooled by the tranquility. She readied herself.

"AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

More screams rocketed into her ears.

She heard the steps of the staircase creak as someone slowly made an agonizing journey down them. Raven raised her hands and they glowed that lethal black again, ready to defend herself. A half armored prison guard fell the next few steps. Raven lowered her arms and stepped over. She took him up and slipped off his helmet.

"Get... out of... he...re," he stammered.

"Who did this?" Raven asked.

"I'm sorry... he...s a psycho.... go..." he whispered hoarsely.

Raven watched as he died in her arms.

She set him down respectfully gently on the floor.

She walked cautiously up the stairs as she readied herself again. She came to a long narrow hallway that stretched onto a single door at the end. The building tremored again and some pictures of the prisons past wardens fell from the wall and shattered. Finally she reached the wooden oak door labeled, "WARDEN ANTHONY MANCINI." Raven took a breath and turned the knob slowly on the door and eased it open. She came to look upon another fancy office. One with leather chairs and fancy desk lamps and degrees on the wall. She heard the sound of breathing somewhere... She turned toward the sound and...

"OH!" Raven said in shock.

There was a young boy huddled against the wall in front of the body of the former warden. Blood seeping out from underneath.

He looked up at her slowly.

He was Azerathian, looking a bit older than Raven... maybe a year. He had random navy blue streaks in his raven black hair that went down to his shoulders. His red asna chakra gleaming in his forehead. His hollow empty black eyes burned into hers. Random blood streaks ran across his face and his black robes and cape. His long fingers clenched and he wore black gloves with the fingers cut off. She could see laceless black boots poking out from under his robes.

Raven could not explain it but her heart began to race and she began to blush.

"I killed them all..." he muttered.

"You did this?" she asked kneeling down next to him.

"I... lost control... I..."

"What's your name?" Raven asked with sudden interest.

The young Azerathian boy looked at her with no expression to his face and whispered; "Blackhawk."

"Raven..." she managed to stammer out.

Raven fell into his deep black eyes and the color rose in her cheeks. "Damn he's cute." she thought to herself.

Raven caught herself and made up for the awkward silence by saying in the most business-like voice she could muster.

"You... should come with me."

Her heart raced faster and nervous little beads of sweat ran down her face as he took her hand to steady himself as he got up. The building tremored again and Raven caught him as he half fell.

"Why?" she asked.

"Bianca..."

"Bianca?"

"My sister, one of them killed her... I couldn't foresee who it was... I had no choice."

He looked into her eyes.

"I had to kill them all."

"I only know one thing, his name was Slade."

## 2 - Love...

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Titans or any of its trademarks. Credit to Edgar Allan Poe, Stephen King, Anne Rice and Invader Zim (all praise Jhonen Vasquez) So there's my disclaimer. But I do own Blackhawk and the story line.

"What?" I asked in shock.

Blackhawk slunk his head down to look down at the floor. No words were uttered from his mouth. Soon he went limp.

I caught him just as he began to fall. He was sort of heavy, maybe a few pounds heavier than me. I had to use my powers to levitate him and place. I pointed my other hand in a fist toward the ceiling.

"AZARATH METRION ZINTHOS!"

A section of the ceiling blew away in jagged chunks. I could see Terra overhead harnessing them with her power and breaking them into smaller chunks. As I flew to my exit I could see Terra using the smaller pieces of stone to clobber any survivors who were resisting recapture.

"Stay the frack down!" Terra grunted as she showered a mullet headed con with pieces of earth.

"Terra, chill-" Cyborg began to say as a con attempted to overtake him from behind and Cyborg coralled his arms and plowed him into the ground in front of him.

"You should both talk," I said snidely.

"I got him," I said to Robin as soon as I found him standing over seven cons handcuffed by the Coast Guard. Men in white uniforms and black coats ran about here and there. The men in white bore red crosses on their coats and the black coats carried assault rifles and wore basic riot gear. More boats began to arrive.

"Who?" he rounded around asking me with sudden interest.

I lowered Blackhawk steadily to the cold black stone and he collapsed into a a half fetal position. He ceased to glow and his eyes opened halfway. I stood there worried as my heart raced, desperately nervous about what Robin would do with him. As Robin donned his military expression and began to kneel down to him I said suddenly;

"Robin..."

He looked up at me.

"He's pretty bad... " I said slowly "take it easy on him... please."

He began to lean down closer and Starfire's hand fell on his shoulder. He looked up at her.

"Star..."

She nodded.

Robin shook Blackhawk gently. Slowly but surely his eyes began to open. As soon as his eyes opened to reveal the gothic beauty beneath our eyes met. Burned into each other. Marked each other. Danced. Caressed. Kissed. Red raven red raven why don't you fly. Do you wish to lose your wings? *Do you wish to die?*

My father's mocking tone ran through my head. He only came when I was under periods of high emotion. One of the laundry list of reasons I can't afford to feel anything.

"Eh..." Blackhawk shoved out unevenly.

"I'm sorry to do this but you're urr... under arrest," Robin addressed him as calmly as possible.

"Do you want us to take him or will you take him for now?" A black coat asked butting in.

Robin looked down at the battered boy.

"We'll take him... for now," Robin finished.

"Right," the black coat said walking off.

"OKAY LADIES PACK THIS shoot UP LET'S GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!" he ordered to the others.

"We'll take him back with us, I promise," Robin said looking up at me.

"Whose going to carry him home?" Beastboy asked popping his head over my shoulder, scaring the HELL out of me.

"Never do that AGAIN!" I said grinding my teeth and flames flaring up in my eyes.

Beastboy became a kitten and scampered away mewling and screeching.

"Who'll do it?" Robin asked finally, looking around.

"I will!" I said with a sudden eagerness making everyone jump.

"Okay, Rae..." Cyborg said holding up his metal hands as if in defense.

As we made our way home over the bay I held Blackhawk in my arms. I had this weird feeling overtake me from the moment I lay eyes on him... tingling in my stomach... warmth in my chest... blushing, sweating at times... he was handsome... beautiful even. Seemingly too perfect to be real. Pale gray skin... flawless... strong jaw... masculine strong hands, long and thin as well... Black shiny hair... such beautiful blue going through it. I simply adored him... I could feel my heart race as my eyes ran to his lips...

"Oh good God..." I muttered to myself as I felt my right cheek tingle.

He had kissed me psychically. He was at least strong enough to do that. I heard a few faint words of a monotonous flat voice run into my ears.

*"Thank you."*

I smiled slightly.

Shocked.

I smiled...

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My eyes snapped open to a silver ceiling. I let them travel around the room and my eyes fell upon a girl in a blue cloak and a black bodysuit sitting on a chair beside me. She had purple hair down to her jawbone and she had the most captivating purple eyes I had ever seen. My eyes traveled down to her large perky breasts, small waist and her long pale gray legs. She was Azerathian too. She looked up at me from her Edgar Allan Poe book. She dropped it and moved closer to me.

"Are you okay?"

I remembered.

"Raven," I said in my hopeless even voice.

"At least you can remember," Raven said half laughing gently.

I smiled slightly at her in return.

"Where am I?" I asked, for the first time unaware of where I was... shoot that's not too good...

"Titans Tower," she responded.

"I'm under arrest aren't I." I stated.

"Not anymore," I said trying to hold back a full blown beaming smile.

"He?" I asked almost dumbfounded.

"I told Robin what you told me, he pulled a few strings and you're fine."

"He's the type of person who normally doesn't cut the bad guys a break. I should now I read his mind when I opened my eyes outside the prison," I said casually.

"Once he heard the story he decided you're not a bad guy but a victim," Raven said placing her hand over mine.

My hand rested on top of my bare strong chest. I could see her eyes trail down to the just visible six pac

I had received when I was drafted in the Azerathin military when the Tamaranian-Azerathian War was declared. Drafted at thirteen. Went MIA at sixteen. Never could find the right spells or the right powders to bring me home.

All I had on now was my black pants and my black leather army edition boots.

"You've been lying in the infirmary for the past six hours. You heal rather fast," Raven said.

"Edgar Allan Poe," I said.

"He?" she said interested.

*"Once upon a midnight dreary whilst I wondered weak and weary over a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore. As I nodded nearly napping there came a gentle tapping upon my chamber door,"* I recited, my eyes searching hers.

"Reason one of two why it's my favorite name," I continued.

"What's the other reason?" Raven asked.

"Because it's *your* name," I said. It was only a few seconds later that I realized I was flirting with her. I immediately silenced. Then once I saw her blushed, I blushed. When we looked at each other and saw the other was blushing we blushed even deeper.

"Anyway," I said suddenly breaking the silence, "Can you get my clothes, where are they?"

"On the keyboard over your head," she said, "I'll get them."

She got on the table on which I lay with a leg on each side of me. Leaning forward to grab my clothes. I looked up at her precious eyes. Lovers eyes. Tortured eyes. Thousand mile stare. I could see myself in her eyes and see my eyes. Myself. My soul. My heartbreak. My passion. My sorrow. My want. My loss. All ours.

Just then the door opened and a tall tanned girl with red hair and big green eyes stepped through.

"Raven and new friend there-" she stopped short as we looked over and took note of the position we were currently in.

We took a glance at each other and then as quick as lightning we we up and at it. I pulled on my clothes roughly and managed to get them all on with some dignity.

"Breakfast... yeah that's nice, Starfire," Raven said pulling her hood up and walking by blushing.

"New friend!" Starfire exclaimed throwing her arms around in a variable death hug.

I grunted with strain and trying to reserve my air.

"You must come and meet everyone else!!" she PULLED me down the hall and I trailed behind her like a windsock.

SCREEEEEEEEEEEECH!!!!

I came to a stop and saw the dust trail behind me. Everyone turned to face us and Starfire said.

"THIS IS OUR FORMER CLORBAG VARBLANELK AND OUR NEW FRIEND!!!"

"Hi..." I said nervously.

Everyone looked as though I had three heads.

Soon everyone was bunched together in front of me "VIDEO GAMES? MUSIC? GYM? DUDE?!" The silence came as I lurched back in the most awkward situation possible as Raven parted everyone just like a boat cuts through water. She pulled me out of the crowd, saying;

"He's mine, leave him alone."

As soon as we sat down in a small dim corner as everyone continued their nonsense. Soon I had herbal tea in my hand.

"I love herbal tea," I said.

As she sat down our gazes fell to each other. She broke the silence.

"Don't worry about them they're just TOO social," she said smiling slightly.

"I'm not anti-social I just hate a lot of people," I said she giggled even harder holding her hand over her mouth.

"That's funny, you're funny," she stifled through laughter.

We looked at each other again and this time we both spoke at once.

"What's your fa-"

We giggled.

"Authors."

"Stephen King," we both said at once again.

"Anne Rice." again bot at once.

Blushing took over our face, then we sipped our tea.

"Do you want to watch Invader Zim tonight?" I asked, hoping she liked the show too.

"Sure," she said looking up at me as if I had asked her to marry me... something that was nipping at the back of my mind... what? He?

That night she and I sat on the sofa watching our favorite TV show. We... laughed... And I felt happy. For the first time in my hopeless existence. I realized then... I didn't wish to be dead...

There we fell asleep. Together with the night.