

Black Roses

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Tis a Witch Hunter Robin / Read Or Die crossover, that proves ROBIN IS MINE! heh, i'm on sugar.

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Chapter 1 - Chapitre One	2
Chapter 2 - Chapitre Two	7
Chapter 3 - Chapitre Three	11
Chapter 4 - Chapitre Four	16

1 - Chapitre One

Crossover! Yay!

This is a Witch Hunter Robin/ Read Or Die crossover. It's set in the same location as Witch Hunter, but some chara from R.O.D. are either mentioned, or appear.

Disclaimer: I do not own Witch Hunter Robin or Read Or Die. I wish I did, but I don't *weeps*. However, I DO own Isaac, who is a paper master and Craft user. I'm not telling you what his power is yet, but its well worth the wait. I don't own paper mastery, though.

Black Roses: Chapitre 1

"Amon, Robin, come here." Chief Kosaka shouted.

"Yes?" Amon looked up.

"What is it?" Robin asked.

"You two are getting a new partner. His plane is landing in an hour, so I want you two to go and meet him." Kosaka answered. "We can't have another incident like we did with Robin." He said pointedly.

Amon sighed. "I don't see why you can't just send a cab for him. We're in the middle of a difficult case. Even with those books we received from the British Library Special Services, we're having trouble discovering what his powers are."

"Michael, Sakaki, Doujima and Karasuma can handle that until you two get back. Now go." Kosaka ordered.

"Lord, why are we doing this?" Amon demanded. "We're Hunters, not chauffeurs." He ran a red light in his irritation, not noticing how close another car came to running into them.

Robin was clutching the armrests, white knuckled. "Amon, could you maybe slow down? You've run three lights."

Amon just kept ranting. "Thinks I need another partner. Hmph."

Amon screeched into the airport parking lot, double parked his black Mercedes, and kicked the door open. "Let's go." He barked, slamming the door shut.

A slightly green and even paler Robin exited the car, closing the door gingerly. "Amon, should I go and get a baggage cart?" she asked.

"Why not." he snarled.

"Shouldn't we have a sign?" Robin asked, looking around.

"You could just set something on fire." Amon responded sarcastically. "Damn Kosaka. Could have he have just sent you to get the new person in a cab. But no, he needs to send out the welcome wagon. How that moron became chief of STN-J-

"Excuse me, did you say STN-J?" someone asked. Amon and Robin turned towards a tall, thin boy who looked to be around Robin's age. He was holding two black suitcases and a carry-on bag. "I was transferred there by the British Library Special Services."

"Yes, we were sent to get you." Robin jumped in before Amon could snap at this boy. "I'm Robin, and this is my partner, Amon." She extended a hand.

"I'm Isaac Faustus. It's a pleasure to meet you." He dropped a suitcase, and returned the handshake.

"Oh, let me get your luggage." Robin leant down to grab the case, when Isaac brushed her hand away.

"I'd prefer if I carried my things." He said, picking it up.

Amon's bad mood remained for most of the drive back to STN-J. Isaac, however, remained calm, although Robin could have sworn that he reached for his one suitcase at least twice. When they pulled up in front of the building, Amon tersely ordered them to get out, and then drove off to park his car.

"This is where you work?" Isaac asked incredulously.

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, from the reports I read about your work here, I was expecting something different. More like the Library, I guess."

"Well, it's a refurbished apartment. It's been hooked up with satellite surveillance, all sorts of databases, and running water." Robin said.

“Oh, that's good. I was afraid that I'd need to go out to a well to make tea.” Isaac laughed.

“Hey, Chief. Robin's back.” Michael shouted from his rooms.

“Where's Amon?” Kosaka asked Robin.

“He's parking the car. This is our new Hunter, Isaac Faustus.” Robin began the introductions. “That's Michael, that's Karasuma, that's Sakaki, that's Doujima, and this is the Chief, Kosaka.” She pointed to each person in turn.

“It's a pleasure to meet you.” Isaac said.

“Since you used to work with the Library, perhaps you can give us a hand with some of the books that they shipped us.” Kosaka said. “Most of them are in English, so we had to translate them for the database, and I'm worried that we might have missed something when we translated it. Since you already speak English, perhaps you could give Michael a hand with them?”

“Certainly. Might I inquire as to their location?” Isaac asked.

“Oh, they've been scattered all over the workroom. You might need to dig a few out.” Kosaka said airily.

At this, Isaac glared at him. “Some of those books are over two hundred years old, and irreplaceable, and you just scatter them around the room?” he said, incensed.

“We were very careful with the books. What the chief meant by that is that the books move around the workroom, and they aren't in order.” Karasuma said soothingly. “That's all. Joker told us that he'd kill us personally if anything happened to the books.”

Isaac relaxed. “Well then, I suppose that it's fine. Say, why did you request all of our books on Craft powers?”

“We've been trying to find a witch who has been committing murders and robberies around the city. His victims are always found with a look of terror on their face, but we've run it through our database multiple times, and nothing has matched.” Sakaki said, leaning back in his chair. “We have no idea who it is.”

Isaac stiffened. “I think I may have an idea.” He said. “May I use your computer for a moment?” he asked Michael.

“Sure. What for?”

“I need to get in touch with the Library.” Isaac began typing. The logo of the British Library Special Services formed on the screen, with a password box underneath it. He typed something, and a list of all the workers at the library appeared. He scrolled down until he found one that was online. “Perfect. Paul can find joker for us.” He muttered, and typed something in the box: *Hello Paul. It's Isaac. Is Joker around? I need the files on Titus Anton.*

A reply popped up: *Hello Isaac. But why do you need Titus's files? Isn't he dead?*

Isaac typed back *No. He's moved to Japan. Bodies have been found with a look of terror on their faces. Sounds like our friend, doesn't it?*

“What are you talking about?” Robin asked Isaac.

“The witch you are hunting for is a man by the name of Titus Anton. He broke into the Library one night and tried to steal a rare book about the Craft. When our agents tried to stop him, he killed two of them, and then fled into the Thames. We thought he had died, but it appears that he's come here instead.” Isaac explained.

This is Joker. What do you mean, Titus is still alive? It was January when he jumped into the river, he would have died of hypothermia in ten minutes.

They've found people who have died from the same Craft power that Titus used. I doubt it's a coincidence.

“What's going on?” Amon asked as he entered the room.

“We may have identified our mystery witch.” Kosaka said excitedly.

“I wouldn't talk too soon, if I were you.” Isaac said. “Look.” He pointed at the screen.

Everyone pressed closer so that they had a view of the screen. There, it said *Isaac, Titus can't be in Japan. We found his body today. It was trapped in some flotsam downriver.*

“Dammit.” Isaac muttered. *Can you send us his file, anyway?*

 He typed. *It might be helpful at this end.*

Of course. Transmitting it now. A bar appeared on the screen, and the file started downloading it.

“Well that was disappointing.” Amon stated. “We're back to where we started.”

“Not quite. I've noticed with Craft powers, that relatives of witches seem to have the same, or similar powers. Titus's power was to literally frighten a person to death. That's why all his victims were found with that expression.” Isaac said. “And his file with have listed all his family members, including ones who are suspected to be Craft users.”

The computer beeped *Transmission of file complete*.

“This will be in English, so if you would like, I can translate it into Japanese.” Isaac offered.

“Fine. Once you're finished, Michael will send it to the briefing room. Then, I want to know everything about this Titus.” Kosaka ordered.

“Titus Anton. 40 years old, born in England. Had a wife, two children, and a brother. His parents are both dead, and the only other relatives are his brother's family, his wife and daughter.”

“So it's either one of his children, or his brother who has been on a rampage here.” Amon said. “Are you sure he has no other relatives?”

“They did an extensive check on his background. If there were any other members of his family, we'd know about it.” Isaac replied.

It's not finished, don't worry. There's more to come, with violence, and language! Yay! *Slumps away, chanting*

2 - Chapitre Two

More!

Yes! There's more of it! Yahoo!

Okay: I don't own Witch Hunter Robin, or R.O.D. I wish I did, but I don't.

Black Roses: Chapitre 2;

Robin sighed. The entire STNJ team, now with a new member, Isaac, had been spending all of their time searching for the particular witch. Isaac's friend at the Library had pulled up a list of departures from Heathrow airport that indicated that Titus's two children had departed for Japan after his funeral. Right now, the Library's agents were searching through the medical records. Apparently, Isaac had said, Titus had developed an unusually platelet count when his Craft powers had manifested.

"Miss Sena, could you please pass me that book you were just reading?" Isaac asked, interrupting Robin's daydreams. She started, and saw that he was leaning in front of her.

"Oh, just `Robin' please." Robin said, hoping she didn't flush. Isaac's face was *awfully* close to hers.

"Um, here you go." She dug the book out from under a pile of papers that Michael had dumped on top of it.

"Thank you." He said. Then, he lapsed into fluent Italian. "Umm, I've been meaning to ask you this for a while." He said, his ears glowing red. "Robin, would you like to-"

"Little Robin, Isaac! We found something that you might be interested in." Kosaka barked. Isaac straightened abruptly, his ears beginning to fade.

"We'll be right there." Robin said to the chief, puzzling over why Isaac had spoken in Italian to her. Unless, he was about to say something that he didn't want the other members of STNJ to hear.

"We've been checking through the airports, and it seems that one of Titus's children, his daughter, is in town." Michael typed, and something appeared on the screen. "Boss, maybe you should send Hunters after her? Just to talk to her."

Kosaka looked around the room. "Fine. I want Robin, Amon, and Isaac, since he knows so much about

out mystery witch. And Robin, I know that you don't like it, but I want you to bring an Orbo cross with you.”

Robin looked away. She detested the strange green fluid.

“It's probably for the best.” Isaac said to her later on. Like her, he also sported an Orbo cross around his neck. “I've read about Orbo, I don't like it either, but it's a necessary evil in this case. Titus's power worked automatically. The two agents he attacked didn't have time to do anything against his assault.”

“You're probably right.” Robin replied, gazing out of Amon's car's window.

“We're here.” Amon stated, ending any further conversation attempts. “Isaac, you know how to use a gun?”

“Don't need one. I just need my case.” Isaac answered, as he hoisted his suitcase out of Amon's car.

“Robin, be ready to light anything, if we need a distraction.” Amon said.

“Yes.” She replied. “But what do we do if STNJ can't get here in time?”

“Oh, you're a pyrokinetic?” Isaac asked, interested. “Don't worry. I'll be able to put out any fires.”

Before Robin could question how, Amon knocked on the door of the motel.

“...Yes?” someone, a woman, said sleepily. “What is it?”

“Miss Anton, could we speak to you?” Amon asked. “We're with the local police, and we'd like to talk to you about your father.”

“My father is dead.” Titus Anton's daughter, Cecily, opened the door. Her eyes were slightly puffy and red. “He died several months ago, after he fell into a river.”

“Ma'am, your father was responsible for two deaths in England, and recently bodies have appeared in a similar fashion in the city.” Isaac said. “Now, do you know anything about this?”

Cecily Anton glared at Isaac. “My father was no murderer!” she screamed. Instantly, a cloud of thick black fog appeared, enveloping Amon. “Anyone who says that is lying!”

Amon winced, and fell to one knee. “What's going on?” he said through gritted teeth. “The Orbo isn't working.” He tried to withdraw his gun, but Cecily kicked it away from him.

“It's not a craft power!” Isaac shouted. He kicked his suitcase, and it flew open, revealing-pieces of note paper? Robin opened her mouth to question him when the paper snaked out, as if blown by the wind. Then, they flew towards Cecily, who had knelt down to Amon's level, and was crooning something.

“What is this!” she cried, as she was thrown against the wall. The fog thinned, and Amon collapsed,

panting. Isaac made a gesture with his hand, and more of the sheets flew towards the pinned girl, covering her mouth and eyes. Eventually, only her nose was exposed, she was covered in the paper. The fog vanished.

"Is that your Craft power?" Robin asked. "Amon, lean on my shoulder, please."

"I'm fine." The older Hunter snapped.

"No, you aren't. Even with the Orbo, you'll still be quite weak. It feels like every bone in your body is made of lead, doesn't it?" Isaac asked. "I was afraid of this. There were mentions in one of the books of a power other than the Craft, which affect the mind. Cecily evidently is capable of using them. If you hadn't had your Orbo, it would have probably killed you, by making your mind think that your body was too heavy to support itself. Just accept our help." Isaac and Robin hoisted Amon, supporting him on their shoulders. "You probably won't be able to drive back, though."

"We need to call in, to tell them about this." Amon panted. "Use my communicator."

"Okay then. Michael, I assume that you are listening to this?" Isaac asked.

"Of course. You need transport?"

"That would be nice. Oh, do you have any way of tranquilizing a person, if the Orbo doesn't work?"

"Well, you could withhold breath until they pass out." Michael suggested. "But that's a tad risky."

"True. I don't suppose you have any tranquilizer darts?"

"In my trunk." Amon said. "Robin, can you put me down, just leaning against the wall?"

Robin complied. "Should I go get them?"

"Yeah, here are the keys." Amon replied, handing her the keychain.

After Robin had left, Isaac knelt down in front of Amon. "Do I even want to know why you have a tranquilizer gun and the darts in your trunk?"

"No."

"So this girl, she's immune to Orbo?" Karasuma asked Isaac. "Why?"

"Cecily here isn't a witch. She's, for lack of a better word, a hypnotist. When she attacked Amon, a black cloud appeared around him. It wasn't real; she just made us believe that it was there. Then, while he was distracted, she hypnotized him into thinking that his body was crushing him. If she had maintained eye contact, she would have essentially made his body kill itself. "

"Well she certainly did a number on him. According to our medical team, he's going to be in bed for at

least a week.” Sakaki said. “Not that he'll let that stop him.”

“Just lock up his apartment. He does live in an apartment, right?” Isaac replied half-jokingly.

“Yes.” Kosaka said. “But we have spare rooms at the office, so he could just stay there.”

Karasuma sighed. “I suppose he'll have to. Do you two need rides back to your houses?” she asked Robin and Isaac.

“Yes, please.”

No more! I can't write anymore! NOOOOOO! *weeps*. Ah well. More will come!

3 - Chapitre Three

I'm back! Sound the trumpets! Roll out the carpet! Read the story!

So many options, aren't there?

Disclaimer thingy: I do not in any way, shape or form, own Witch Hunter Robin, or Read Or Die. I do, however, own Isaac Faustus, his soon-to-be-revealed-Craft-power, and all members of the Anton clan, and their powers. There now.

Also, this chapter is a bit sappy. (Chapitre 2 may have hinted the reason for this...evilness for ever!)

I'm sad: I don't know Robin-chan's roommate's name. Poopy.

Black Roses: Chapitre 3

"Robin, there's someone here to see you." Touko sounded muffled from behind the door.

"Who is it?" Robin asked, as she finished fastening her dress, and grabbed the ties that she used for her hair.

"A boy. He said that it's work-related. Problems at the office?"

Robin's brow furrowed. "A boy?"

"Yeah. He said his name is Isaac or something like that."

"I'll be right out." Robin called, hurriedly tying the strip. She exited her room, and turned the corner into their dining area. "Oh, Isaac! I wasn't expecting you to be here."

Isaac nodded. "Good morning, Robin. Sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you."

"That's good. I thought you might prefer some company on the way to work. I brought a cab. It was very nice to meet you." He said to Touko.

"It was very nice to meet you, as well. Oh look at the time, I must be going now. Robin, I'm going to be home late tonight, so can you make dinner?"

“Yes, of course.” Robin said.

“Isaac, you never mentioned my question.” Robin said as they drove to STNJ. “What you did with the paper, is it your Craft power?”

Isaac stared out the window. “No, it's something else. A few agents at the Library are able to do that. They're called paper masters. We can manipulate paper, make it bullet-proof, and even create weapons out of it.”

“Then what is your Craft power?”

“It's difficult to explain. You have to see it, to understand.” He switched into Italian again. “Umm, Robin, what I was going to ask you yesterday. Would you like to have-”

“We're here. Raven Flats.” The driver shouted.

“Thank you. Yes, Isaac?” Robin asked as she exited the cab.

“Nothing.” Isaac replied. He mumbled something angry-sounding in a language that Robin didn't understand.

“Well, we've got the report on Cecily. It seems that, as Isaac said, she doesn't use the Craft. Or at least, not the true Craft.” Michael typed something, and it popped up on the other screens in the briefing room. “Cecily's power is similar to hypnotism, but it works on the entire conscious mind. If, say, you fall unconscious, then it can't affect you. Amon was lucky. It says here that Cecily had put another girl into a coma, and had asphyxiated a boy at her school. She's as bad as her father.”

“But we don't know who's been killing those people.” Amon said. Despite the fact that he'd been ordered to take it easy by the Chief, he was still working at his job.

“Actually, we think it might be the son. He's been out of town for a few days, and is returning to his and Cecily's motel room. Isaac, Robin, Karasuma, Sakaki, and Doujima: I want you to wait at the motel and intercept this-Ellis.” Kosaka ordered. “Amon, you stay here with Michael and work on finding out if Ellis is our witch. And I don't want any protests out of you, Amon. Clear?”

Amon sighed. “...Of course, sir.”

“Okay. Robin and Isaac, I want you two to stay in here. We'll be next door, and if you need anything, we'll hear you.” Karasuma pointed to Cecily's now vacant room.

"Of course." Isaac said. "Say, did anyone see where I put my suitcase?"

"Here, you left it in the car." Robin handed him the case. It was incredibly light, due to the fact that it only contained paper.

"Thanks, Robin."

"Isaac, what have you been trying to ask me?" Robin asked as the two of them sat inside the dark motel room, waiting. Isaac was sitting in a chair next to the door, and Robin was perched on the bed, so that Ellis would assume that she was the only occupant.

"Umm," Isaac stared at the floor. "Robin," he said in Italian. "Would you like to have dinner with me, this Friday?" he blurted out.

Robin's response was cut off by the sound of the lock clicking.

"Cecily, I'm-who are you?" Ellis demanded. "Where's my sister?"

"I'm Robin Sena. Could I ask you a few questions about your father, a Mr. Titus Anton?" Robin asked, being careful not to look at Isaac.

"Yes?" Ellis asked, not moving.

"Did you know anything about what happened to your father, on the night that he died?" Robin asked.

Ellis gazed down. "Yes, I do. He said that he was going to steal the book, the one that would eliminate our powers. That way, he said, we could live like normal people. He didn't come home, and a few days ago, we learned that his body was found in the river. That same day, we found out that the books we needed were being sent here, to Japan."

"Mr. Anton," Isaac asked, standing up. "Could I ask you what your power is?"

Ellis started. "I didn't see you there."

"That was my intent. Now, can you answer my question?"

Ellis sat down on a second chair, and flicked on a lamp. "My Craft power, it lets me change the way that people perceive reality. Like, if I wanted to, I could make it so that you two would think you were in an entirely different place, without actually being there."

"Interesting." Isaac muttered. "So, you aren't capable of what your father was able to do to the agents?"

"What do you mean?"

"Your father, he used his Craft power to frighten two agents of the Library to death."

“That's impossible. My father couldn't do that. His Craft power was to start fires.” Ellis stared up at Isaac.

“Wait, your father was a fire-starter? But I was there. I saw a sphere of black light emerge from his hand, and envelop the two agents. When it cleared, they were dead, with terrified expressions on their faces.”

“No, my father could only start fires. That was it. He used to make jokes about how we saved a fortune on matches, because of him.” Ellis insisted.

Isaac knocked on the wall. “In that case, Mr. Anton, could I ask you to come back with us? We might be able to use your expertise on your family to help us.”

“What?” Karasuma asked as she entered the room, Orbo gun drawn.

“Miss Karasuma, could I ask you to put that away? Ellis here is being quite cooperative.” Isaac motioned for her to put the gun away. “You two as well.”

“Who are you?” Ellis demanded, fearful.

“Mr. Anton, we work for a group called STNJ. Our job is to stop witches from using their powers to harm others.” Robin said. “We just want to ask you some questions. If you would come with us, please?”

Ellis nodded dumbly.

“This is impossible. Even Karasuma proved that Titus was just a fire-starter.” Isaac closed a book and returned it to a shelf.

“Isaac, could I talk to you for a moment, in the hall?” Robin asked.

“Yes?” Isaac asked.

“About the question you asked me earlier. About dinner.” Robin said.

“Yes?”

“I-I'd like that. I'd like to go out to dinner with you.” She replied.

Isaac's face lit up. “Perfect. I found a restaurant downtown awhile ago. Is eight o'clock a good time for me to come and get you?”

“Yes. So, Friday at eight?” Robin asked.

“I’ll be there.” Isaac replied.

Hands...hurting....can't...write...more...fiction. More will come.

4 - Chapitre Four

Fear Me! I have MORE of my crossover stuff! Worship me, for I have a fourth chapter! Urgh, I need my needle. I'm going away to soak my head in a tub, so read the story.

Robin had just stepped out of the shower, dripping wet, when the doorbell rang. She wrapped a towel around herself and went to answer it.

"Hi Ro-um," Isaac promptly rotated 180 degrees.

"What are you doing here?" Robin asked, pushing a strand of hair behind her ear.

"It's eight o'clock, and it's Friday, so here I am." He replied, still facing away from her.

"What?" Robin turned to look at the calendar clock by the front door. It clearly stated that it was in fact Friday, and it was indeed eight o'clock. "I thought it was only seven!" she exclaimed. "Just give me a moment, and I'll be ready to go." She ran back into the bathroom, and Isaac entered the apartment. "Please, have a seat." Robin said from her bedroom.

"Okay." Isaac replied, setting himself down on the couch. "Do you have a vase? I brought some flowers."

"There should be one in the top cupboard, beside the stove." Robin replied, hastily fastening her dress. "And, um, thank you for the flowers."

"You're welcome." Isaac replied. "They're tiger lilies."

When Robin exited her bedroom for the main room, Isaac was just arranging the flowers, which he had placed on the coffee table. "Oh, they're lovely." She said, bending down to smell them. "You really didn't have to."

Isaac grinned ruefully. "It's polite to bring flowers to a lady before a meal." He said in a mock upper-class accent.

"Aren't we going to be late for dinner?" Robin asked inside the cab.

Isaac shook his head. "The restaurant has a twenty minute grace period, and it's only ten after eight."

"I've never been to this place before. What's it like?" Robin inquired.

“Oh, they serve tea and then there are the tea biscuits and scones to serve with the tea. For dinner, they serve pot pies, steak, salads. It's a very nice place.”

After dinner, Robin and Isaac were walking through a park close by to the tea house.

“I have to remember that place. It's very nice.” Robin remarked.

“I think they'll remember you. Our waiter almost had a heart attack when you lit the candle, you know?” Isaac joked. “Say, can you control fire, or just start it?”

Robin looked at the ground. “I can only start fires. It leads to problems, especially if there are flammable things in the vicinity.”

“I see.” Isaac replied. He looked up at the sky. “Oh, look, a full moon. They said that it might be cloudy tonight on the weather report, and I was a bit worried.”

“Why?”

“Because, it would spoil our evening. Especially this part.” Isaac leant down, and gently kissed Robin, who, after recovering from the surprise, kissed him back.

It's short, I know. *Hits self over the head repeatedly with a blunt object.* DON'T FLAME ME FOR IT!
Pulls out fire-retardant clothing.

Robin: You wimp.

Me: I know, but you love me anyway.

Robin: Not according to this story.

Me: Oh you're good. *huggles Robin*. But technically, Isaac is me, so it doesn't matter.

Heheheheh. Evilness fo evah!