

Russian Roulette

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Russian Roulette

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Summary

Kaitou Kid encounters the CLAMP Campus Detectives.

One of the reasons why Kaitou Kid was such a successful thief was he knew how to do his research. Before sending notice of his intended theft at CLAMP Campus, he studied up on the famed CLAMP Campus Detectives.

There was a surprising amount of fan sites devoted to their antics, and it only took him a few hours to put together an accurate picture of their talents. They were an impressive group – three geniuses that lived to better the lives of women. All of them had unique skills – even he'd heard of the Takamura clan – though he was a bit taken by the young "chef." Seeing Injuin Akira's face jogged his memory of an earlier heist where he'd been challenged by three other thieves.

A detective who was a thief. The oxymoron nearly made his head split, but 20 Masks had always been a bit of an oddity. Besides, Kaitou Kid had won their prior match, although 20 Masks had stolen the jewel right after it'd been returned, heightened security and all.

Going up against them would be a challenge, but Kaitou Kid was up for it. He was the only criminal that had *ever* gotten the better of the Detective of the East, Kudo Shinichi. Using that to boost his confidence, he attacked the problem of stealing the Diamond of Seven Stars from the Campus Museum.

Not surprisingly, the campus had elected to use its own defenses. After managing to short circuit the famed Duklyon combo with the creative use of gum and rubber bands, he taunted the security force by making their electronic equipment produce twenty different Kaitou Kid "sightings" at the same time throughout the star-shaped campus. Of course none of those were real, which gave Kid the perfect opening to go to the museum.

Disguised as the Campus Chairman, who thankfully dressed in a form-concealing kimono that didn't require curvaceous padding, he made his way to the display room where the piece was supposed to be. One large dose of sleeping gas later, and the guards were knocked out.

On opening the door, somehow he wasn't surprised to see that the interior had been rearranged. The heroes – aka those detectives – always confronted the villain at the climatic scene. Three doors, likely with a single detective behind each, and the gem in only one.

Sighing, he decided to use a time-honored technique of kaitou methodology to make the choice. "Eeny, meeny, miny, moe!" he said, his finger landed on the door furthest to the right. As he cracked open the door, he held his breath. Would he find the ninja, the thief, or the prodigy?

A blond teenager sat on a red-plush chair, holding a fan in one hand and toying with a brilliant pink diamond in the other. Kid almost crowed – he'd gotten the right door, complete with blond klutz. The heir to the campus wore a pleasant smile, and the Kid went for broke.

"Hello, Nokoru-san," he said, his voice a perfect imitation of the chairman's. "I was just checking to see if that kaitou's managed to get here yet."

"He just arrived," Imonoyama Nokoru replied, his fan suddenly emblazoned with the kanji for "Not an Idiot."

Kid considered trying to bluster his way through, but dismissed the idea almost instantly. Rumor had it that the youngest of the Imonoyama Clan was brilliant. With a puff of pink smoke, he resumed his normal mien. "Let me start again. I'm here for that jewel," said Kid. He pulled his card gun out and shot out the ceiling lights.

Well, tried to. His cards, able to cut through steel, just embedded themselves into the plastic covering. He blinked up at it for a moment, trying to figure out what had happened.

"It's a new synthetic that the Imonoyama manufacturing division is developing," said Nokoru. The fan now said "Always Prepared!"

Kid glanced back over his shoulder, wondering how long he had before the other two detectives burst through the door. "I see," he said, surreptitiously looking for an exit.

"Why don't you just tell me about why you want this?" Nokoru said. "I'm sure you have a good reason for it, and maybe I can help you."

Looking into the sparkling blue eyes that shone with a passion for "doing the right thing," Kid felt his stomach drop to the vicinity of his shoes. On second thought, he would've preferred the ninja.

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