Doctor!Tim

by wintersnight

Summary

It's really just the usual day. Home after a grueling seventy-two hours on the ER rotation. Make a pot of coffee. Find a bleeding vigilante on your fire escape. All pretty standard for Gotham.

Notes

Ah, it WAS just a one-shot...and then things happened.
Chapter 1

To celebrate completing his surgical residency (and doing it at age twenty-three, no small feat for graduating high school at thirteen), Tim decided to reward himself by passing the fuck out for twenty-four hours after the last, grueling seventy-two spent on the ER rotation.

Color him surprised when he discovers a passed-out vigilante slumped on his fire escape, bleeding all over himself and possibly already in shock.

If there is anything that could possibly wake him the hell up (other than a triple espresso), something triggering not only his inner fanboy, but also the needs that pushed him into the Medical field would be just the thing.

“Shit!” is followed by throwing open his damn window and immediately reaching for the obvious bleeders tearing up Nightwing’s well-known, skin-tight suit.

“Ah, okay. Okay. We got this. Don’t wake up and kick my ass or I will stitch your arm to your leg. Just don’t even try me.”

He breathes out and tries to be easy but fast (since anyone on this side of Gotham could probably see the flash of blue against the night in the light from his living room), hauling Nightwing in through the window with his arms around the vigilante’s chest.

So, yes. He might be pretty built from years of self-defense and the gym as his usual stress outlet, but he still struggles dragging the taller man to the couch and lay him out. Something about the man in that suit sprawled against his very normal, overstuffed upholstery jerks him into ‘oh shit’ mode, a tell for when he’s done something so incredibly stupid (but there’s no helping it now—he made a choice here).

Then he’s moving fast through the penthouse, pulling out everything he could think he’d need before coming back to pull his coffee table up close and get to work.

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He wakes up on the floor with a crick in his neck and a gross morning taste in his mouth.

His phone is just under the couch for some reason, a few feet away, and he has no idea how long he’s been out or if he’s missed a shift—

He groans out loud, checks the date and time. So maybe, just maybe, he can make it to his actual bed and sleep another twelve hours and that would be stellar—

The couch shifts right above his head and the logging weight of sleep drops fast, his eyes going wide because holy shit did—did that really happen?

Slowly, so slowly, his arms firm, start raising him enough to look up and over—

At incredible blue eyes staring right back at him and also getting wide.

Of course, Gotham. He’s lived in the city his whole life and just like everyone, he knows about the protectors, the Batman and his people. Just common knowledge.

But knowing and seeing it in action? Two completely different things.
Nightwing leaps off the couch at him without a sound, all muscle and sinew, grace and speed, taking him back down to the floor in an impressive pin and effectively knocking the wind out of him.

“Oh my God!”

That masked face is inches from his, close enough to feel the vigilante breathe against his mouth, and those eyes are so dark, so intense—

“You were on my fire escape,” he blurts out quickly, “you were hurt and I’m a doctor. Well, a surgical resident. Until last night. I mean last night was my last shift and did I mention you were bleeding out all over my fire escape? Because that is an important detail here.”

He might have gotten through the ‘fight’ instinct when Nightwing blinks those eyes down at him.

“I mean, bleeding everywhere is bad. I do this for a living, and I hate to be cliché about it, but trust me, I’m a doctor. I brought you inside and took care of your injuries. I mean, obviously because you’re not dead.” He swallows a little, looking down at aforementioned bandages around Nightwing’s chest and lower abdomen, “but I swear I didn’t look under your mask, okay? I was waaay too concerned since, you know, getting shot a few times is really not conducive for a long and healthy life. At least you can say you’ve had enough lead in your diet today. So…bright side?”

And the bad ass vigilante breaks just a little, a laugh, low and under his breath; it makes his very scary expression change into something more fond. In a move that seems utterly impossible, Nightwing flexes his body and releases the complex pin smoothly, leaning to sit up while straddling Tim’s lap, resting his hands on his thighs.

“You? Are so adorable. You remind me of one of those little kid memes on the Internet.”

The tone of his voice, the slight burr and teasing edge makes Tim go warm, combined with where Nightwing is resting his ass (and yes, he’d noticed the most famous ass in possibly the world, had been too concerned with digging out fragments and shit), well, he’s got fantasy material.

For life.

And why the fuck is he thinking of this right now? Just why?

His mouth, as usual, saves his ass. “I feel I should say thank-you or fuck you. I’m not sure which to go with at this juncture.”

Nightwing just presses a hand to the stitched hole on his left side and leans down a little, actually grinning now (and fuck if that isn’t a smile he’s seen in way too many pictures…you know, just his own), “aw, you’re embarrassed I called you ‘adorable’ aren’t you?”

“I’m a grown man!” He squawks back indignantly, getting his elbows under him now that his hands are free.

“Really? You look about twelve in those scrubs. I’m going to call you Baby Bird. Yeah, that’s fitting.” And Nightwing is grinning down at him with a killer smile, seemingly not bothered by waking up in some civilian’s house and body checking him for shits and giggles.

As a matter of fact, Tim’s pretty sure the vigilante has come to in a numerous places that were probably a hell of a lot worse.

“All right, Baby Bird. You already know who I am,” and the daring, disheveled vigilante leans
down over him again, getting very up close and personal, enough that Tim’s eyes go wide and his mouth goes dry at the dangerously mischief man on top of him.

“So,” Nightwing purrs smooth and calm, “who are you?”

He doesn’t lick his lips, but it really does take some effort. “Tim. Tim Drake. Surgical. At the time, I had been awake for over seventy-two hours. Did I mention that? I probably should have earlier, but well, you were unconscious. Slightly. Well, a lot. And you’re heavy, just so you know. The suit is nice, it almost shocked the shit out of me, but still you should know how lucky you are I could dig a .45 splintered bullet out of you before you bled out because really, I was pretty compromised. I mean, no hallucinations this time, so we’re solid, but it was probably touch-and-go for a few minutes.”

Ah, there’s the smile again. The not-dangerous but amused one.

“Luckily, I have this terrible tendency to not want random crime fighters bleeding out on my fire escape and that trumped the need for immediate unconsciousness.”

“I see. Probably a good habit since it’s Gotham. But…thanks, Doctor Drake, I appreciate the medical attention. It was already a pretty bad night.” Nightwing gives him enough space, just pushing up easily, hands braced on either side of his shoulders, bare arms and smoothly working muscle. “I’ll have to owe you one.”

And it’s stupid really, what falls the fuck out of his mouth instead of some continually snarky reply, but welp, he said it any damn way.

“How about you just take better care of yourself? Try really, really hard not to get that bad again. A lot of us… a lot of us depend on you and the others, you know.”

For a moment, just a blink, there’s a hint of the man under the mask. A flash across his face of something undeniably weary—

But the mask comes back online and Nightwing scratches the back of his neck, looking cheeky and cock-sure. “We do what we can, Baby Bird. I’ll try my best to not get shot, okay?”

Tim flops back on the carpet and runs his hands down his face. “Okay, much appreciated. So, how about we have coffee and breakfast like adults and figure out how to get you,” he raises his hands to gesture, “wherever you need to be in the daytime.”

Nightwing seems to consider the suggestion and finally unbends to stand with an incredibly fluid movement.

“Coffee sounds heavenly. Food would also be nice. It’s not easy to beat-up bad guys.” He holds a hand over his worst injury and offers Tim the other.

And that is how he ended up sitting across from a masked vigilante wearing his biggest t-shirt (that stretches a little tight over the broader span of his chest) and cut-off sweats, drinking coffee and eating bacon, too salty eggs (well, still slightly sleep deprived but who’s really counting?), and toast with the best strawberry jelly in the city.

It’s how they ended up in his living room binge watching The Matrix trilogy to prove his point that Agent Smith is really The One and yes, Nightwing, it’s totally a plausible theory.

It’s how they both ended up passed out on his couch this time while the movie plays on.
It’s how he woke up alone after nightfall with a dry mouth and covered with a blanket. All the medical supplies he’d used were gone out of the trash and any trace of the vigilante’s presence carefully removed, even his stained scrubs. Only a scribble on the notepad stuck to his fridge. It could have been thanks or milk.

He only briefly wonders if he might have had a sleep-deprivation induced hallucination or something (and wouldn’t Steph just cackle her ass off at that? There’s so much ‘I told you so’ in that thought he immediately banishes it), but—but the t-shirt and cut-offs are folded at the foot of his bed when he finally decides ‘fuck it’ and goes to crash in comfort.

He stands and stares at the clothes for way, way too long.

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Who could have possibly known one incident would bring the vigilante back to him time and time again over the ensuing months?

He eased himself into a constant presence in the ER as an Attending instead of a measly Resident and found the transition to be just ‘same old shit, different day.’ Also a bonus, he and Steph get to stay together as Mercy General’s Dream Team—the two of them working fluidly together to do what they did best. Honestly, the staying power in any hospital in Gotham is less than six months. With the influx of deranged, insane, and violent injured people coming through the doors after a fight with the Bats or the police, the statistics of people on their side of the house usually have some scars and a hell of a lot of stories to tell if they last long at all. Not to mention where the victims of the criminal population go for treatment.

It’s the hardest area in the hospital, the most grueling, the most dangerous, the most fast-paced gauntlet in the Medical Field…

At the time, this one needed a surgeon.

So he stayed and ran the gauntlet night after night with everyone else around him, throwing himself into each body on a stretcher coming in through the main doors— he worked long hours and came home with his hands cramping but damn did it feel like they did good things. He felt like he stepped into the right role for the right reasons.

Two months in, when he’d almost passed that first night off as a dream or hallucination, he gets a page. Roof. And something in his head clicked.

He ducked out in the middle of coffee with Steph and two of their nurses on a break, snuck into the back storage room for supplies, and took the stairs two-at-a-time to get to the roof.

From then, the progression seemed to be something natural, something normal. Like vigilantes pick up stray civilians all the time, he’s sure. Some for information, some for places to crash, some to help with the potential sleuthing. It totally makes sense to have a doctor when your favorite hobby involves a boatload of crazies and pointy things set to eviscerate.

And it didn’t happen every night or even every week. He might go a month without word from the vigilante just to have him show up a few hours before dawn, sprawled on Tim’s couch watching Mystery Science Theatre 3000 on Netflix and eating his cereal.

Or bleeding out all over the place.

It could go 50/50 really.
The next step was Nightwing’s careful, concealed voice over his phone (because of course Nightwing could find the number if he really wanted to—it just meant he’d really wanted to), saying he needed help, and—

Tim hadn’t even hesitated to open his window and accept the other bloody vigilante being handed down to him. Before he starts gathering supplies, he makes a remark on how hot the helmet must be but damn does it make a first impression. He gets an extended middle finger in reply and is still laughing about it while making the best butterfly stitches in town.

He’s no longer surprised with how this is his life as the Red Hood makes pancakes in his kitchen at two-thirty in the morning, weaving slightly with blood loss and smoking a cigarette as he babbles about the absolute shit armor he had in that suit anyway, Big Wing, so’s calm it th’ fuck down, yeah?

The spatula waves threateningly and turns abruptly on him, “an’ you? Yer gonna eat whatever the fuck I put in fronta ya, you feel me, Baby Bird?”

Yup. That better not be his vigilante nickname, it does nothing to instill terror in the hearts of bad guys.

Nightwing just grins like an asshole, stretching out yet another one of his shirts with the top-half of his suit flapping around his lower body. The Red Hood is someone that can make apparently anything (including an apron) look good, combine it with the mussed hair and domino outlining the blue-green of his eyes, and Tim is amazed he can even brain right now.

Even better? He gets breakfast.

Bonus.

They leave before dawn after a riotous round of stupid YouTube videos and a game of chess the Red Hood seemed amazed he actually lost.

The step after that is Dr. Jonathan Crane, the Scarecrow, taking Mercy General hostage with an incredible number of thugs and a metric shit-ton of his patented fear gas.

To give himself credit, he’d been holding his own really. Against the odds, he might have even taken out a few more of the thugs if they hadn’t gotten wise to him and pretty much tried to beat him into unconsciousness as a very pointed message to the other hostages.

He played possum while managing to pocket several syringes with the concentrated fear toxin while the thugs backs were turned to the frightened ER patients and staff.

Even sure he’s slightly fucked up and this might a terrible idea, he manages to take them by surprise with only an IV stand and uses only one of the syringes, chest heaving when he spins around with his hips aching from kicks and nails the last guy with an impressive IV stand blow on the left temple, putting the guy right the fuck down.

Good. That’s where he wanted them anyway.

Steph comes out of the crowd while he’s picking up their guns gingerly and glad he’s only slightly beaten up. Unconscious and drooling would be mortifying right now.

She takes a gun from him with more knowledgeable hands and a brief, “hey! I took a class and everything!” to hold the automatic in steady and face down the unconscious bad guys.
It’s good she’s not jumpy about it when vigilantes rain down from the vent in the ceiling, weapons brandished and ready to deliver pain. He really would have hated if she shot one of them because then he’d have to be the one to dig out the bullets and just—he’s tired. It’s been a long ass day.

“Thank fuck,” he breathes out wearily, bracing an elbow on the IV stand, and letting himself slump a little to just hurt.

The Red Hood and Nightwing quickly zip tie the bad guys and move as a unit right to him. gloved hands push his hair back to look at the broken skin while others press gingerly again his abdomen (looking for hematomas).

“Where’s hurt, Baby Bird?” Is low out of Hood’s synthesizers, keeping it between the three of them.

“Do you feel like you’re going to pass out?” Is Nightwing’s obvious concern and he can almost see the blue of those eyes through the white lenses in his mask.

“Hey, hey, I’m okay here. Still standing,” and gestures down the length of his body. “But, there’s more crazy people all over the place—”

“Nothin’ doin’. Ya tryin’ ta say we ain’t doing our jobs, Timmers?”

“It’s fine. We’ve been sweeping from the top floor down. Batman and Robin are taking care of the last thugs.”

The relief is absolutely palpable and the two vigilantes tisk at him and put him up on a gurney to sit down and ache while Hood wrangles in the bad guys and Nightwing is on crowd control, checking with the doctors and patients to make sure no one else was injured during the fight.

Steph hurries over and gloves up, starts taking his vitals and checking his pupils. “Totally a concussion, Ex-Boyfriend. Glad you have a hard head though.”

“Me too,” he mumbles, listing slightly to the side.

“You’re crazy for trying to take them on, Tim. It’s a good thing they didn’t just shoot you!”

He hums something soothing while she dabs the blood away with gloved hand. He’s with it to look over when she pauses.

“Steph—?”

“They know you, like know you, know you,” she puts sutures in the gash on his head. “Tim, is there something you might have failed to mention?”

Oh.

Oh shit.

“Did anyone else notice?” He asks quickly because dammit, he likes it here. Mercy is Gotham’s public hospital, with the least funding and the most traffic, but still with the most need.

Her eyes go wider and she bites down her lower lip looking So. Fucking. Excited. Just utterly giddy about it and that’s a whole lot of nope right there.

“Whatever you’re thinking, the answer is no. An emphatic no. A huge glaring No. No, Steph, I’m not going to—”
“They are so obviously into you,” she mock whispers, “I was the only one in the right position to really see it, but they were all touchy and concerned. They liiiike you.”

He still must have plenty of blood in his body because it goes straight to his face.

Fuck.

“So no one else noticed?”

“Oh no. The crowd was pretty much on the beat-up bad guys and getting all the patients back to their rooms.” The bandages on his knuckles are just for show, and his thoughts log down with the concussion and residual effect of dumb assery.

“But we, Dr. Drake? Are going to have so much to talk about later.”

“It’s going to be memorable, Dr. Brown, I’ll give you all the deets. Promise.”

Then there’s police officers moving through the crowd and Steph steps away with a pat on his arm. Without a reason to stay up, he lists even further down to lay on the gurney because everything is fine. The vigilantes save the day and everyone is okay—

Before he loses consciousness, he sees the dark shadow from the corner of the ER, out of obvious sight and has the sneaking suspicion he’s going to wake up in his own bed with breakfast ready on the table. With daytime guests that suddenly want a movie marathon.

At some point in the next month or so, he starts to lose track of the count, prefers to just enjoy. Their companionship and snark, their details of what they do and why, pieces of the men under the mask, start coming out more and more, and maybe someday soon, he can tell them he already know who they really are.

Someday.

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Someday comes…with added benefits.

It’s not long after the hostage situation when he’s in his penthouse apartment (with almost forty-eight hours off. It’s literally the best concussion he’s ever had), caught between the two vigilantes trying to breathe while they trade off working his mouth.

He writhes in their hands, one leg up to wrap around Nightwing’s hip and a hand behind him to grip the back of the Hood’s thigh to keep them pressed together. And the term vigilante sandwich is suddenly so hot he can barely process anything other than what his senses are giving him. He gets a hand in Nightwing’s hair, turns him so Tim can get a mouthful of skin and tendon to suck on. But, he doesn’t leave Hood behind—decides to work his ass against the cradle of hips and (what he already knows is a) reinforced jock—for just enough of a tease.

“Fuck, Timmy,” the Red Hood breathes out again the back of his neck. When those big hands come back to his hips, the gloves and gauntlets are gone, just bare skin against skin.

He pulls off of Nightwing’s throat long enough to look over his shoulder and lean back enough to lick a line up Hood’s throat, “I hope so. I really, really hope so.” He manages before he bites.

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In a week (a week) of completely giving himself over to these crazy vigilantes and his conscience is utterly killing him—

he can’t take it.

So he sighs hard, wrapped up between Hood and Nightwing, all of them still in their boxers without enough energy to do much but lay in the infinite softness that is his bed and earns both exhausted crime fighters to perk up and look at him.

“’There something…you both should know.’ He starts out haltingly, hiding his face in Hood’s neck like a coward.

“Please tell me it ain’t about no second thoughts, Timmy,” Hood deadpans, but he can feel both of them tense up around him.

“Let me guess, you did look under our masks at some point.” N tries to joke about it, but the edge of seriousness to his tone makes it very not funny-ha-ha.

And this is where he’s going to lose them both or get his ass beat—but waiting any longer to come out with it would be worse. So, so much worse, especially if he’s really going to do this, to give them a chance at moving forward.

“I…I’ve never needed to.” And it’s stupid how that sounds like a question instead of a statement of fact. Still, the two go completely still, that creepy stillness Batman must train all his Robins to do by some ingrained instinct.

He sighs again and pulls out of their limp arms, fumbling out of bed to get his feet on the floor, trying to talk while he makes his way to the overstuffed closet.

“I’ve lived in Gotham my whole life,” and there goes the skateboard followed by a pair of Chuck’s.

There it is, right where he buried it last time nostalgia overtook about the old hobby. He hefts the heavy shoebox up in both hands and walks it back to the bed where both vigilantes are sitting up, eyes narrowed and outlined by the masks; the suspicion hurts. It. Fucking. Hurts, but well, he’d pretty much known that from the time he thought about telling them the truth of it all. Oh yeah, this is going to suck.

But, it could also set them free, couldn’t it?

“And when I was four,” he swallows, gingerly setting the box on the bed between them, catching how both automatically tense with the introduction of an unknown element, “I begged my mom and dad for one thing.”

He takes off the lid, carefully not looking at either of their faces. The first photo on top takes up the empty space, placed face down to protect it.

It’s still sad, more bittersweet that traumatic now, the years worn away all the fear and panic and commiseration from the night he watched the Flying Graysons die. But he still flips over the photo from that same day, one a little larger than an 8x10. The sepia tone is a little darker than the last time he took it out to look, the lettering still vibrant with The Flying Graysons only at Haly’s Circus!

He sees Nightwing’s hand twinge, move to the picture before aborting the action.

“If they took me to see the Flying Graysons perform, I would work hard and be a successful doctor
someday.” And it had been one of the times between extensive trips for his parents when they were travelling all over the world to museums and archeological sites—those times when they wanted to do things with him and remind him they were still there. “So, they did. I um, I wanted to go because I wanted to see Richard Grayson do something only one other person in the entire world could do.”

He drags his computer chair over to the foot of the bed, out of arm’s reach (but not necessarily vigilante leaping space—he’s tested that one) to have something else to do instead of stand awkwardly while the story comes out. But while he’s twisting his agile fingers into knots, leaning to brace his forearms on his knees, he sees Nightwing gingerly pick up the picture in slightly shaky hands and stare down at the image.

And he didn’t mean to cause the kind of pain in the vigilante’s eyes, in the shut-down of his expression to a bland neutral, to hide whatever pain or nostalgia he must be feeling when he looks down at his mother and father smiling and laughing with one another and the boys pose for the photo.

A shift of blanket is Hood’s hand on Nightwing’s thigh, the shift when a thumb makes soothing circles. The sight makes Tim’s chest tight with the possibility they’ll disappear after tonight and never come back. He may have calculated wrong.

“A few years later… I was watching the news while my parents were aw— Uh, you know, and Channel 7 had managed to catch a ten second clip of Batman and Robin. In the clip, Robin did a—a quadruple flip between two buildings, and I…”

His eyes dart up to Nightwing’s face just briefly, finding those blue eyes fixated on him before he has to look away, swallow hard around the lump in his throat, “I put it together then. Who Robin had to be, and if Robin was Richard Grayson, then who the Batman had to be, you know, and—and later…”

His eyes go to the Red Hood, jerking back to find the vigilante leaning closer to him, his blue-green eyes intense and dark, the look he gets when he’s stalking criminals.

“What’s ‘bout ‘later,’ Baby Bird?” The Hood asks in a deep growl, and Tim draws in a hard breath, licking his dry lips when he can’t look away from those eyes.

“There was a…a new Robin. I…and it coincided with news reports of Bruce Wayne taking in another ward. A Jason Peter Todd. And when I compared everything, even the pictures, I could tell there was an obvious difference in—”

“Pictures?” And now those eyes are drawn to the stacks of chronologically arranged 5x7s. He picks out a stack and flips through them quickly, pausing only when he catches the yellow cape against the background of the Wallstone Apartment building (one of the notorious Bat hang-outs).

“Where did you get these?” Is more harsh than he was prepared for, jarring him upright while Nightwing’s eyes fairly glowed around the domino.

The realm of ‘this might have been a bad idea’ is looking pretty close about now. “I took them. Myself. With a shitty Nikon…I—I’ve never shown them to anyone else, I’ve never told anyone about it—” and he hadn’t. Not even Steph knew and she’d been his friend and once-upon-a-time girlfriend.

Well, she knows it all now.
“How the fuck old were you when this started?” Hood snaps at the same time N growls out, “how the hell didn’t your parents find out?!"

Wiping his palms on his boxers, he suddenly wants a shirt and maybe pants and maybe a shield. “I was nine when I started mapping out Batman and Robin’s patrol route. My parents never knew because they were hardly in Gotham. I destroyed all the negatives and this is what’s left.” He gestures to the box, to the photo still in Nightwing’s hands.

Now the both of them are staring at him, dark and intense, like when they’re after criminals and ready to do scary vigilante things.

“So…so I didn’t—I never had to look. I mean, I already pretty much figured it out but it just never mattered,” and he spits it out helplessly, staring down at the floor to get away from the condemning weight. “You all do good things for the city and fight and get fucked up and just—why would I ever tell anyone? Why would I care who you are under the mask? How the hell could I turn any one of you away when you’re hurt and bleeding all over my damn fire escape?”

The words just trail off because he has single-handedly fucked up the best (if not most confusing) relationship he’s probably ever had. Because his damn inner conscience just wouldn’t leave it the fuck alone, and now they were going to tackle him down, threatening him to never tell their secret idents (or just deny everything), and go out of his window to never come back. They would never come back—

“Dick,” Nightwing finally breaks the tense silence, his tone soft and oddly…amused. “I go by Dick.” And those eyes go down to the picture from Haly’s again, a small smile cutting across his face.

Tim watches, shocked into silence, while Nightwing reaches up and peels the domino away from his eyes to look at Tim with something tender and soft. “…I remember you. My number one fan.”

And relief trickles in through the heavy weight pressing down because Nightwing (Dick) is teasing him about it and just maybe—

“Still kind of am? I mean,” he raises a hand to gesture at the two of them still in his bed, “obviously, right?”

Hood chorts, laying his forehead on Dick’s bare shoulder, but his eyes are still dangerous, still deadly, calculating, “Big Wing has that effect on people, you feel me?”

“Well, to be completely honest, the two of you together could make Einstein into a drooling moron, so you make an incredibly effective team. So, Go Team Hot Vigilante or you know, whatever.”

“Aw, I dunno, Timmy. You’re awful pretty ta lookit.” Hood drawls out.

“You just want me for my sweet fire escape, don’t think I don’t know, J—ah…”

“Mosta th’ cape n’ cowls call me Jay or Jace outta the mask,” the Red Hood smirks and peels his domino away as well.

And Tim’s rooted to his chair, staring at them with his heart beating in the back of his throat, and just God, they’re both so fucking beautiful—

There’s a noticeable pause when the two vigilantes turn to one another and seem to have a fast and furious mental conversation. Then (it’s Dick and Jason) turning those smirks right on him.
“So, Timmy.” And Dick’s smile is big and white, “we’re a family of Detectives. Do you have any idea what that means?”

But his mouth is dry and his brain is flickering, power on and off, while the two of them move fluidly, start to crawl over the bed closer to where he’s sitting, graceful and deadly, radiating raw power and sex—

“No clue,” he manages, gripping the seat of his chair until his knuckles go white.

“Means,” Jace fills in, “we think smart guys are fucking sexy, Baby Bird. An’ you? Just turned us both right the hell on.”

He can’t even gasp fast enough before the two of them are on him, pulling him out of his chair to bracket him on both sides, bare faces and real names, hands all over him, a chest pressing against his back, against his front, mouths changing out, movement back to the bed where they can lay him out between them.

He’s shoved to all fours on his bed while Dick is under him, Jace kneeling behind him, gripping him, opening him, and—

“Oh my fucking God,” is forced from his lungs in a gasp when that mouth starts getting him wet and ready.

Dick pulls some incredibly impossible move and turns around under him, slots his face right by Tim’s cock and latches on, both their mouths working him.

And while they take him apart, accept him, decide to keep him, he gives himself over to the men with and without the masks.

So, nope. He regrets nothing because this? This is his life.
Drabble: The car and the Cave

Chapter Summary

It's the nerdgasm to end ALL nerdgasm

Chapter Notes

All because of my lovely Titans_R_Us. Ah, also Yang12 left a comment and I got a cookie, so I did a little research hoping for another ;) Ah, sorry if some of it is inaccurate and terribly edited since I’m running on Tim’s usual sleep-deprivation slowly being worn down by immense amounts of coffee.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Please. He cannot die”

And this? This is going to get him killed eventually.

(But it’s not like that possibility is going to stop him, is it? He’s already too far gone)

His body moves through the dark recesses of the Narrows, Gotham’s notorious underground, and he’s very, very lucky he got Steph’s dark purple scrubs today instead of his usual blue, or he would have stood out ever more than usual against the darkness.

And while he’s trying to breathe, trying to push his body faster, trying to fucking get there, he’s not thinking about the potential slew of criminals that would probably love to take him down for his shoes and wallet; he tries not to think about the hundreds of kids all over this part of town that hadn’t seen a doctor ever. He tries not to think about the drug addicts and petty crooks trying to feed their families.

He tries very hard not to think.

Instead, he focuses on the burn of his calves and thighs and lungs where he feels like he can’t get a full breath and not because he’s running his ass off. He feels the handle of his doctor’s bag probably permanently embedded in his palm from the grip (because he needs it and no one is going to take it, oh fuck no).

He tries to maintain his usual logical progression of thoughts, the next steps in the process, the possible deviations and plans contingencies depending on what he falls into once he fucking gets there.

He’s up in the air, jumping over the bus bench and subsequent homeless patron already asleep, landing it without pausing.

The text still on the main screen of his phone is terrifying, burning in his pocket as much as his calves are.
Three more blocks.

And of course he knew what could happen, what has already happened, what the dangers are, what strains are put on the body. In the last year, he’s learned with real hands-on experience that there are no lines in their world. No one to call time. No one to stop it from happening. He knows the statistics and probabilities, he’s made the calculations himself, given them the numbers because, you know, he needs them to understand. He needs them to know.

And he almost skids past the alleyway, chest heaving, legs trembling slightly with the twelve block sprint.

Robin’s body reacts instinctively to possible danger, arm raised to throw something potentially fatal before he seems to realize who’s already moving into their space.

Tim falls hard to his knees, muscle in his jaw twitching with how hard his teeth are clenched.

“Deets, Rob,” and he can’t pause, he can’t take a second to look at Nightwing’s closed eyes and slack features, he can’t just be the terrified boyfriend that wants to grip the hand and beg for some sign of life.

He’s never been able to be that guy.

No matter how much he secretly wanted to be.

Robin (Damian) eases down slightly when the bag snaps open and gloves are automatic, when hands rip into the skin-tight bodysuit, and the motions are smooth, unhurried, knowledgeable, just like when Robin throws a punch or a kick, when he takes down the wicked.

And even though he feels this man to be an interloper, an intruder, an outsider, to their world, he cannot help but be relieved (grateful) at watching things happen quickly.

“Crane...The Scarecrow—”

“Gas? Some other fear agent?” He cuts in, ripping open antiseptic wipes and cleaning the blood (while for some reason, the ABCDEs— Airway, Breathing, Circulation, Disability, Exposure— keep running over his singed nerves).

“Possibly,” Robin admits low and graveled (because he feels guilty and Tim gets the picture of what probably happened), “he was wearing his re-breather, but Crane had his scythe, he could have—”

Robin pauses abruptly, one gloved hand coming up to his ear, tapping the comm to on.

Tim goes back to it, assessing the deep slice bisecting Nightwing’s thorax (and things like aortic disruption slap him in the face with the bruises of more blunt trauma), but a few seconds with the stethoscope gives him enough to know he’s not going to have to be worried about aortic trauma or pneumothorax. While he’s taking care of the laceration, he’s thinking about the effect of fear toxin and what kind of things N will have to deal with once he regains consciousness and—

“The Doctor,” is Robin’s reply to something, filtering around his running thoughts. “He is prepping N for transport.”

Am I? And with the stitches already started, he guesses he is.

“Do you have an antidote for the toxin?” Is the next thought, turning to Robin briefly. The rancid
The smell of old fish sticks finally filters in now that he’s not in frantic *save my boyfriend* mode. If the Red Hood was here, he would probably be *worse*, but at least Kory and Roy would take good care of him while he was away.

“Administered,” Robin answers shortly, listening to whoever is on the other side of the comm.

As the last necessary stitch is done, Nightwing jerks to awareness (not that he would necessarily be able to tell with the whiteouts but muscles tensing isn’t really something he’d be able to *miss* this close).

“Hey, hey, it’s me okay?” He tries while tying off and pulling out gauze pads, “Nightwing, can you hear me?”

The gloved hand finding his ankle is all the answer he needs.

“You were hurt in a fight with the Scarecrow. Do you remember anything?”

A huff of air, something that ends on a pained noise.

“I know, I know. I’ve got you so far. Robin gave you the antidote, so you just need to relax. We’re out of sight.”

And his fingers tremble just slightly when he pulls one glove off and reaches to touch the spot on the domino to slide the whiteout lenses up so he can see those dazed blue eyes looking right at him.

His smile might be shaky but at least the adrenaline has finally worn the fuck *off* and the hand around his ankle tightens again.

**

If he’d have known Robin was talking to Batman (you know, *the motherfucking* Batman), he would have made more of an effort to get the hell *gone* after making sure Nightwing wasn’t in any immediate peril.

When the rumbling sound of *oh shit, run* hits the mouth of the alley, Dr. Drake has an *oh shit* moment because he realizes who is providing transport tonight (and if he hadn’t been completely focused on Dick and the possible problems fear toxin could cause, he would have already been *ghost*).

Because he hasn’t met the Batman and hadn’t seen Bruce Wayne, his neighbor, since his parents were murdered a few months after he’d turned twelve. Bruce was the first person other than police to show up at his door once word Jack and Janet Drake weren’t coming back from overseas (where he learned a guy name the Obeah Man had poisoned them both) and offer him a place in Wayne Manor until CPS could figure out what to do with him.

He’d spent a night in Wayne Manor, supposedly between Jason and Dami’s run as Robin, and went back to the Drake Estate the next day.

(And maybe he’d secretly hoped Bruce Wayne would have offered him a place since, you know, *orphans* and such, but he always *understood* it was too soon after Jason died…he remembered the down spiral of the Batman, of how *close* he’d come to dying so many times before the JLA got Dick involved).

He’d *known* back then too but hadn’t felt any need to tell the billionaire/vigilante about his mounds of evidence. He’d gone into the system while caretakers kept the Estate and Drake Industries
running.

This time he’d face the Batman who was probably seriously annoyed someone else outside “the family” knew the big secret.

It’s not the meeting he’d been looking forward to. You know, ever. As long as he stayed away from the vigilante, just catered to Nightwing and the Red Hood, kept himself firmly in the role of civilian, he’d hoped maybe Batman could overlook him, ignore him, whatever. But the imposing shadow falls over them while he’s working at the last vestiges of bandages around N’s upper body and checking the dilation of his pupils at intervals.

“Shit,” he manages very, very softly, slowly raising both gloved hands, palm out in the whole I surrender, don’t kick my ass motion he’s got going on. Slowly, he eases away from Nightwing while Robin already crosses the dirty alleyway to put himself right in front of the Dark Knight to apparently take the blame for calling in a civilian.

The two only get about sixty seconds of banter before Nightwing comes to abrupt, terrifying fear-toxined consciousness and takes Tim down to the ground with one leap (not that it isn’t a stretch or anything). His eyes are a wild, insane blue while he wraps both hands around Tim’s throat and proceeds to use all his vigilante experience to strangle him.

Tim gets barely a breath to hold before the hands, those hands, the ones that held him with absurd tenderness, that mapped out his body, that gripped his hips, that gave and took pleasure, that defended Gotham from the worst type of criminal, the hands Tim would stupidly hold on to once Nightwing finally passed out for the night/day, when those hands constricted his airway and show him the real danger behind the exterior.

He only gets a heartbeat or two before the shadow of the Bat was right over Nightwing’s shoulder, moving with incredible speed to catch Nightwing’s shoulder in an unbreakable grip and throw him the hell off Tim.

Robin, for as much as he seriously hates Tim, is still there, gripping the surgeon under the arms while he’s trying to get some air back into his body, pulling him up and away from where the Batman is facing off with Nightwing.

And even dizzy, almost unconscious himself, he can see the fine trembling of Nightwing’s muscles, the glint off his teeth white in the night.

It might be the lack of oxygen, but the two fighting looks like fast and furious swishes taking pieces out of the darkness, or it could be the way Robin is trying to drag him up to the side of the building so he can use the grapple and get Tim the hell out of there.

Either way, Crane’s fear toxin could hit Nightwing’s heart, accelerate it to the point of ventricular fibrillation and…

Woozy, he pulls out of Robin’s hands as the shortest vigilante fires his grapple, and manages to stumble forward on shaky legs, calling out a series of numbers.

Eight numbers.

Nightwing would know. Would know the year, the date, the day. Would know it was the same day he met a small boy who thought he was the world.

Like he’d thrown a switch, Nightwing stops long enough to stare at him, long enough for the flapping suit to still, and the bandage over his chest seem that much more white.
“It seems like everything is wrong and dangerous and scary,” he hurries regardless of the *owfuck* that is his treachea since his heavily compromised significant other pauses, “your brain is telling you these things, but I swear. *Dick,* I swear, it’s just me. It’s me and B and Little D, okay? Whatever you’re seeing is just the fear chemicals in your brain. It’s not real. *I wouldn’t lie to you about this.*”

He barely feels the gloved hand gripping the scrub top, pulling him back a step with real strength, but below the domino, Robin’s face is frozen in a stern scowl, the younger vigilante putting himself in front of Tim without a hitch.

“Grayson,” is the low entreaty, “he does not lie. Crane’s scythe was poisoned. And you...you *fool.* I should have been the one to take that hit. I was the one too slow. I underestimated him and we both *know* it. You should have let me—”

And a shuddering breath, Nightwing closes his eyes, muscles trembling finely while his pants fill up the alleyway.

The Batman, however, doesn’t move, doesn’t even seem to be breathing. “With us?”

“I...*Boss,* the toxin—”

And who *knew* what kind of hallucinations are *right there* in N’s frontal lobe for the toxin to *play with.* Who knew what kind of monsters were right there?

The Batman did apparently.

“Sorry, Dick.”

Tim just blinks and the Batman is just *that fast* because he only sees a blur where the back of the gauntleted hand takes out N’s lower jaw with enough force to topple the struggling vigilante.

**

“Get in,” is the only thing he registers while watching the Batman load Nightwing’s unconscious body into the front seat (and *yes,* he’s staring at it a little dazed because *it’s the fucking Batmobile*) while Robin hops into the back.

“Wh—? I’m sorry?” He manages hoarsely, coming out of his nerdgasm.

The way the cowl turns toward him gives the impression of *impending doom.* He’s pretty sure that Batman does really like to repeat himself.

“Get. *In.*”

Welp, okay. Getting in then.

He manages to maneuver Nightwing’s unconscious body around so they can share the front seat, his significant other pretty much laying on top of him with both Tim’s arms around him to keep them both in the seat when they reach *impossible* speeds. He manages to get one arm high enough to keep two fingers on the meaty beat at N’s jugular.

And the rumble of his thighs, the glass dome overhead, all of it just *amazing* (but would be *life affirming* if his boyfriend wasn’t fear-toxined as *fuck* and could come to and kick his ass easily at any possible second).
Before they reach the outskirts of Gotham, Robin leans forward from the emergency back-seat and starts tying a blindfold around his eyes, taking the nearly imperceptible nod from the Batman as some secret language (who knew, maybe they kidnap civilians all the time?). He doesn’t flinch away, doesn’t try to fight it, just shifts his grip on Nightwing and tries to swallow past the ache in his throat.

Both Bats are silent on the fast and furious ride, and he doesn’t say a word since the pulse under his fingers is steady at sixty-seven beats per minute. (And it’s nice, not hitting tachycardia right about now. Shit, now he jinxed himself).

“I understand you found out,” is the first thing he’s heard when the car finally slows and rolls to a final stop.

“Are we speaking the same language?” He asks, turning his head even with the blindfold, “found out? I mean, he told you, didn’t he?”

There’s a “tt,” loud enough to be obvious before the feel of air and movement behind them. The top has retracted and Robin already out.

Movement from beside him is the Batman leaping out, talking while he comes around the front of the car. Tim tracks him even if the echo might be messing with his equilibrium, “they told me you figured it out when Dick was in the cape.”

Abruptly, the blindfold is jerked off, and it’s literally a bat cave. It’s a bat cave.

A Bat Cave.

His inner fanboy is almost comatose.

He gets it together when Nightwing is pulled out of his arm, and the cowl moves in a subtle “here boy, heel,” motion.

Pet Doctor it is then.

Tim scrambles out over the side of the car, his “vigilante only” doctor’s bag with him as he breathes and tries to take it all in.

There’s a huge dinosaur and a penny the size of a small building. He pretty much drools over the massive supercomputer across the room, and bites down on his lip hard when they pass a massive workbench of microscopes, beakers, and more fun things than he’d had in the last year as an Attending. Still, he has to give them props for having state-of-the-art equipment in their contained medical area.

Once he steps across the curtain, he’s on his game, stepping into the role.

The Batman is laying Nightwing out while Tim does a quick scrub up before re-gloving. He’s turning on devices, ripping the suit further to attach the pads so he’s got a familiar litany of beeping and brightly colored read-outs.

He takes a step to the side, eyes wandering over the wall of containers, guessing at which one had saline IV bags to try flushing the drug out faster.

He’s already got tubing and a labeled clear bag without the Bats bothering to stop him.

Well, since he’s right on the edge of his nerves anyway, the unavoidable word vomit starts up
anyway, “Crane is pretty consistent with the building blocks of his fear toxins. That makes it easier to treat, something to neutralize one of the components is enough to knock out most of the formula. The patient might experience more subtle hallucinations, but that’s about it. The full effects are gone within twenty minutes or so. I mean, if you’ve got a little—”

“How do you know all this?” Is Robin’s voice from the bottom of the gurney. “I believed you to be a surgeon.”

“I have other hobbies,” is his short comeback while focusing on getting the IV home. “Dating vigilantes is one of the more mild ones.”

And yes. Just yes. He sees the smallest quirk to the Batman’s mouth and totally gives himself a gold star.

But it’s just like back in his bedroom when he admitted to the truth, it’s something that has to come out because...because he has to make sure they know. It doesn’t matter if they believe, if he has no other part in their world other than patching up potentially lethal injuries and giving two former Robins a perch free of all this. So he pauses once the IV is taped down, looking up at the cowled crime fighter and then at his sidekick (son) with eyes dark and a straight spine. With his purple scrubs, he looks so utterly badass.

“I’ve never told anyone. I wouldn’t do that, not with all the good you guys do for Gotham.” His gloved hands are braced on the rails by Nightwing’s bicep. “I’ve seen first-hand what these crazy assholes will do to innocent people. I’ve had enough of them on my fucking table to get why you guys are fighting the good fight.” A little softer even with his half-hoarse voice anyway, “Gotham is lucky to have you.”

The creepy Bat-stillness just makes him take in a painful breath, go back to the massive wall-o-medical-supplies to pull out drawers until he finds the right sealed trays he needs. “So. I mean, I won’t tell anyone. Your secret is safe, Mr. Wayne.”

In his peripheral, Robin doesn’t really twitch, but it’s a close thing.

The quirk to the Batman’s mouth gets sharper, and while he’s attaching the tube to the syringe, a gloved hand rises, makes a few presses before the cowl is swept off over the lower half of the face to reveal disheveled dark hair and electric blue eyes, eyes that missed nothing. Eyes that saw it all.

Tim almost drops the syringe when he’s looking at Bruce Wayne in the Batsuit.

Best.

Reveal.

In.

History.

When he realizes his mouth is hanging open in shock (and wow, he’s never getting an invite back to the BAT CAVE. Good job him), his jaw click shut and he goes right back to drawing blood out of the crook of his boyfriend’s arm.

“Bruce,” the crime fighter replies. “It’s nice to see you again, Tim.”

And just like that, Robin pulls off the domino to become Damian Wayne, his expression neutral, but the head nod is really more than he would have ever imagined.
Tim looks from one to another while pressing a cotton ball on the tiny wound, holding up a blood sample in his other hand that he fully intended to take over to that workbench and analyze. He fully intended to talk out the components, to use the very expensive and *handy-as-hell* equipment, give Bat—Bruce—*B*—the full breakdown and give a comparison of possible ways to counter the effects.

And well, yes, he was already moving that way, sliding on a conveniently placed stool, picking out a blank slide from the box caddy-cornered to the microscope, and to putting a sample on a blank slide to study. It wouldn’t take him long to figure out what they needed to know to synthesize another cure more specialized to this strain of toxin and—

Divesting himself of gloves and gauntlets, cape and the body suit somewhere along the way, Bruce is moving into the secondary work space, taking the syringe to get his own sample and start-up with warming the equipment to *get to work*.

Apparently at some point, he his life his *Wonderland* proportions because he’s about to do the legwork on the Scarecrow’s fear toxin *with the real Batman*.

It’s another foot in their world, another step closer to danger and possible horrible death, the stupid things Dick and Jason worry about all the time, their paranoia just another reason his locks are new and suddenly his windows are oddly *reinforced*.

Even though it’s a terrifying thing, to be thrown into their world where the odds will always be stacked against them, where there’s little more than pain and fear and bad guys and hard nights, he’s oddly can’t find anything wrong with sitting his ass right here and picking out the four major building blocks while Bruce is pulling together what they would need to counteract them.

When Dick’s heart picks up abruptly, *quickly*, the phrase ventricular fibrillation, he’s the one across the room like a shot, throwing himself up on the gurney to straddle Dick’s hips and use both palms over his heart to try slowing the fluttering rhythm the hard way the antidote goes through the final few minutes of preparation.

If he babbles stupid things about how *no, you don’t get to do this and you’re not going to lay down and die on me and fight, Dick. Fucking FIGHT!*, neither Bruce or Damian say a word about it, not while Damian grips Dick’s bicep, face furrowed and closed-off and Bruce hurries the process, eyes moving from Tim on Dick’s chest to the final countdown until the antidote is ready.

“*Please, babe,*” he finally breathes out, husky voice catching while his shoulders and arms start feeling the strain. “*Please.*”

Dick’s body jerks once, a sharp spasm that almost throws him off, but Tim hangs on long enough for Bruce to shove the syringe in Dick’s neck and push the plunger.

*Thirty seconds.*

He tastes copper in the back of his mouth.

*One minute.*

The machines are blaring as a side note, but fuck, he can’t *give up*. Bruce is staunch beside him, Damian unconsciously leaning closer.

*Two minutes.*

And the beats even out, slow down to the steady rhythm of his hands.
Dick’s whole body seems to go slack under his thighs.

Even as he eases off with chest compressions, all three of them let out a hard, deep sigh of relief. He unwinds his stethoscope free hand gripping Dick’s shoulder like a lifeline while he presses the disc right over the calming heart. He doesn’t ease up for long, aching minutes, even when Bruce and Damian step away.

“I assume coffee and dinner wouldn’t be remiss at the moment, Master Timothy.”

Blinking because he’d been kind of lost counting Dick’s heartbeat and staring down at his closed eyes, he turns to a slightly older Alfred Pennyworth. The man still striking in his professional suit, a calm eye in the storm.

“Coffee?” He repeats dumbly, almost desperately, several of his vertebrae cracking sharply (and there’s no clock so he has no idea how long he’s been leaning over his vigilante boyfriend/patient, just listening to his heartbeat).

“Indeed,” the butler cajoles with an easy, pleasant air, “perhaps the homemade pizza would also be to your liking, Sir?”

“Coffee and pizza?”

Yup. Count him in.

Free food and caffeine is always a win.

Bruce and Damian sit at a workbench with him and the three of them devour enough to make Alfred Pennyworth look please enough to bring more.

Between the sixth slice and the bottom of his third cup of coffee, he somehow manages to wedge himself under the medical gurney Dick’s laying on to sleep the sleep of the just and highly overworked while the steady beat of the heart monitor lulls him further under. If someone (like Damian) throws a blanket over him before they go upstairs for the night, well, the surveillance footage of the Bat Cave later accessed by the Red Hood would never show it.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to leave me a comment, babes. Thanks for reading :D
Doctor Tim Drabbles (For Arkeadia)

Chapter Summary

Four times the Bats called out to Doctor Drake...and the one time he called out to them

Chapter Notes

Arkeadia is just, you know, so my muse. Lol. So, just a thing. By the way, enjoy all the Easter Eggs I buried in this thing. Geeze. I’ll give a gold star to anyone that picks them out XD And damn this was fun to write (I’m just saying). Ah, the bonus drabble. Yup, that happened, too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*1*

And because, you know, Gotham is a place where watching your ass is a way of life rather than a clever suggestion.

Take for example, the current predicament:

“I...I cannot…”

“Keep talking,” Tim barks while he reaches up, stretching as hard as he can, fingers fumbling at the next hand hold.

The rickety fence wobbles precariously under his weight, shifting enough to make him suck in a panicked breath and almost lose his balance.

“Fuck, and I mean it. Keep. Talking.”

His special vigilante only bag has gone through a rebirth and now has a shoulder strap so he can sling it across his chest. It’s twice as reinforced with who knows what kind of material, zippered pockets on the outside, and is just generally kick ass.

(Take into account he has a Green Arrow and a Flash patch on the inside, unintentionally making his significant others incredibly jealous. “Timmy! I’ll give you one of my insignias--” “C’mon Baby Bird, be sexy ta see ya wearing my mark.” And yes, he loves those idiots, really.)

“F-Father...you cannot...Drake, you cannot--”

“You’re a minor, you know.” He cuts in, using just the strength of his arms to pull him up to the hidden niche where Robin is waiting for him, probably a small pile of owfuck. “I’m usually a law-abiding physician. I could lose my license to practice medicine if the board knew I was helping out underage vigilantes without parental consent. HIPPA rules and shit.”
“He’ll...attempt to...ground me...again.”

And his heart picks up because Robin sounds weaker, obviously slurring, and he can’t find enough of a foothold on the Bryce Montigo Memorial Wall, so his forearms and shoulders are straining with effort. He forces his weight up, forces his muscles to get the fuck with it. We’ve got a bleeder up there somewhere.

“There you can come hang out with me. We’ll play the newest Call of Duty and eat whatever organic shit you call food. Or, well, you can eat that crap and I’ll call for Chinese. No patrol.”

“…” Just a noise, a soft hum of attention, on that could mean the unconsciousness train is on the way, and fuck, there’s a small ledge, just enough for him to brace the very toes of his Chuck’s.

“It’s a video game where you can shoot people in the head for fun. You can take them out with a spleen shot, and the graphics are boss. If you’re nice, I’ll even get Mortal Kombat so you can rip someone’s spine out. That seems like more your style.”

But not even a noise this time, not even a half-assed tt.

Motherfucking shit.

“C’mon Rob,” he says through the comm loudly, “Rob, answer me. How far up are you?”

“F-Fifth...” is just a whisper of sound.

“Listen to me Robin,” he snarls over the comm, “Damian. Dami! Put both hands back over the wound and press hard. I know it hurts, I know, I know it sucks, but you’re losing too much blood.”

And him with no extra bag. Christ.

(Put he has tubing and needles if they absolutely have to do something--O Positive for the win).

“Drake...Tim, I…”

“I’m almost there, Dami. I’m almost fucking there. Keep talking.”

“...I...I have….I have adopted...a...a cow.”

Excuse me?

“Trust you to be unconventional in the pet department. I’m not a vet, you know. At least you two can share meals since healthy is the new fad.”

And there’s a chuff over the line, a soft laugh that makes him feel intensely better about a dying thirteen-year old a few more feet overhead--one that apparently owns a cow.

“Since I’m climbing the hell up this wall on my night off, I’d better not get mugged for a month. I mean, there had better be some badass vigilante ready to defend the honor of my watch and wallet. Seriously.”

“N...and Hood…”

“I don’t mean them,” he sneers viciously when his fingers slip and he’s dangling by one hand. “I mean another, shorter, more impatient badass vigilante!”

“I...I shall...take that...as a...compli--”
“Dami? Dami?!”

Even with his strong hand giving out, Tim swings his legs enough for his reaching hand to find purchase, and now he’s climbing like his ass is on fire.

**

He is never going to give Dick or Jay shit about their apparent window fetish again.

_Ever._

He’d managed to keep Robin from death’s door by the skin of his very capable hands and actually got the youngest bird arranged over his shoulders in a way that wouldn’t put too much pressure on his thoracic injuries. The real _problem_ with treating on the fly is the usual, _you know, a CAT scan or CT would be super helpful right about now_, so it’s usually one hell of a note when he’s got to play the real thing and try to do a half-assed surgery on some rooftop or back alley gutter.

Nothing like the smell of ruptured viscera in the morning.

Robin, however, isn’t showing any distention from internal bleeding. Once he gets them through the window to his apartment, he takes a blood sample to run it through the _magically appearing spectro analysis machine_ conveniently set-up in his spare room to make sure his enzymes are good and no complications could catch him unaware.

Since his spectacular boyfriends are off _fighting the good fight_ out of Gotham for the next few days, he hadn’t thought any differently when he’d been about twenty seconds from passing out over _Metropolis_ and the comm Dick gave him had done the beepy thing it does when shit is about to get real.

Without any of the capes and cowls wandering around Gotham, no one else could get to the hurt sidekick but _him._

Maybe the kid won’t give him the intense _death stare_ after this.

(Heh, as if.)

After Dami is settled on his couch and dressed in too long shorts and a t-shirt, Tim monitors him carefully, still not fully on board the _ta-daa, no internal bleeding_ train, and makes a call to the Manor with more than the normal amount of reluctance.

The cool, cultured voice greets him with, “Wayne Manor,” and Tim settles his ass down on the floor by Dami’s limp figure on his couch.

“It’s me, Alfred. Tim Drake. Hey. Hi there. Ah…well, you know, _sorry_, ‘cause it’s late. I mean, I _know_ it’s late, but um…”

“It is of no importance, Master Timothy. How many I be of assistance to you this evening?”

“Well—” he drawls out, “I kind of have an angry midget passed out on my couch. One that adopted a _cow_? He just--um, Dick and Jason are-are, you know, out of _town_ and I don’t have a way to contact, ah…”

“Of course, Sir,” the butler cuts in through the awkward _how do I say I have a hurt vigilante over an open line_…? Please give me Batman’s celery? We’re cool now? “Please allow me to warm up the Rolls and I shall come forthwith. I suppose you wouldn’t be adverse to vegetable soup? I fear I
have made far too much without Master Dick and Master Jason to eat their share.”

And that? Sounds so much better than vending machine food. “I think you’re the hero of the day, Alfred.”

“Thank-you, Sir. I do strive to care for my charges, regardless of how difficult they often make it.”

Tim’s eyes go do Dami’s rising chest, his free hand automatically checking the pulse in his wrist again.

“’Kay. Ah, Alfred…he’s good right now. If he wakes up, I’ll keep him entertained with video games. But it was…a little closer than I’d like, just so you know.”

The message is there and Alfred will inevitably come with his own special bag of all things needed to keep his family from death’s door. Alfred Pennyworth is the real superhero of the family--

#nothingbutthetruth

“Understood. I shall see you in less than an hour.”

“’Kay.”

“And, thank-you, Master Timothy, for catching our waylaid bird.”

He laughs as he hangs up, relieved. Dami is going to be fine, the night isn’t a wash, and he misses his boyfriends like crazy. But at least, it’s been a good night.

**2**

The number coming across his cell is not the usual messenger of impending doom. It’s not Dick or Jason, not Damian or the Manor phone. It’s not a carefully worded text or email, but the message he’s staring at is still creepily odd.

Instead of replying, he calls the number, tilting his head unconsciously in a what now? When he gets honest to God hold music.

“Watchtower,” is a voice he sure as hell doesn’t know.

“I’m sorry, what tower?” He knows he sounds like moron but really What. The. Great. Fuck is going on right now?

“…who is this?”

“Um. This number sent me a text. Who is this?”

“Vic Stone on behalf of the Justice League. You probably know me as--”

How the hell is this his life?

“Cyborg?!” He blurts out in the middle of the break room, promptly dropping the terrible vending machine burrito (one that was pretty dubious before he decided to give it a shot, but hey, he’s in a hospital in case things don’t pan out for him). “Like, the Cyborg?”

Steph’s eyes are huge.
“Hey man, yeah. Heard of me?”

*Who hasn’t?* “All the bad things. Seriously, you need something better than Linux to maintain your database--”

“Whoa, *what?* How did you--? I thought you were a doctor. I mean, I messaged *you* under the assumption that you? Are a doctor.”

“I have other hobbies.”

“Mnhm. Why do I have questions about that? Heh, well, something tells me you fit right in with the Gotham capes, amirite?”

So, space. He’s literally getting a call from *space*. These are things that would have seemed absurd a year ago. Well, right before he found a random vigilante bleeding out on his fire escape and decided to do the city a solid by making sure they guy didn’t just, you know, die.

How things have apparently changed.

Did he mention *calls from space*?

Because there’s that.

“I’m Tim, yes. Hi. Hi there, nice to ah...nice to make your acquaintance, Cyborg. Glad one of my significant others can just, *you know*, call up to space. But I mean, I don’t know where they are at the moment since I’m not--” *one of them*. Well, not technically.

“Nightwing said you were the guy to call. Look, I need you on the roof in ten, Doc. Big Blue and Lady Stars-n-Stripes have an incoming. Hey, and thanks. We’re glad we’ve got you on this one.”

The connection cuts while his brain is still shorting out and he has *no clue what’s happening here.*

Steph, however, is almost dancing in her seat. “Oh my *God*. What do they have you doing?!” She lowers her voice even though they’re alone and the rickety public hospital barely has enough money for gauze pads let alone surveillance equipment. Besides, after the last time the Bats saved the hospital from random *crazies*, most the ER staff knew he was in with the proverbial nightshift. Even the Head Nurse covers for him occasionally when he has to have a brief disappearing act (reads as *patch someone’s stupid ass up*, last time it was Batgirl and she was silent and nice about the impromptu stitches--Rob could learn a thing or twenty).

“Not sure,” and he sounds exhausted, even to himself. A quick glance assures he’s clocked out for the night anyway, so at least he doesn’t have to come up with yet another excuse. “I gotta--” and he just gives his partner a motion.

Her eyes get even *brighter*.

“Go,” she comes back sternly, her expression just all angsty-serious like one of those actors from *Iron Fist* they binge watch occasionally. “Go take care of your people. I’ll see you on the next shift.”

He hesitates literally *a second* (because really, Steph’s giving him the superhero *fight the good fight* look) and takes off.

**
Note to self: next time, prepare to meet Superman and Wonder Woman. Don’t look like such a fucking noob.

Well, a bloody, beaten Batman between them, however, means it’s time to get to work.

He’s already taken the hidden gurney from the small side building housing ladders and generations old air filters before the supers even touchdown on the roof. Luckily for all of them, they’re obscured in the shadow of a Wayne Tech branch and can’t be seen from the emergency helicopter pad on the next building over. Thus, perfect spot for a little vigilante snatch-and-stitch.

He cracks his neck while the decidedly unhappy Caped Crusader is eased on the gurney by his entourage and Doctor Drake is the one who steps up mid-glove, wagging a finger.

“Seriously, B. I got a call from space. Did you even know people can call you. From, you know, space?"

“I told them it was fine,” the apparently grumpy crime fighter snarks back, almost managing to look his usual gloom and doom.

“Sure you are. Tell me something, how’s the water is this time year?” Under the gurney is the usual array for owfuck. Purchasing equipment with the excuse he’s running research to possibly tackle another boring paper on protein effects his colleagues are usually on his ass about. Having an O2 tank, portable monitor and strapped under the gurney just make the job that much easier.

A slight turn of the cowl, he’s aware B is looking at him head-on instead of in the peripheral.

“You know, De Nile,”

And, it’s an understood thing in Gotham, talking to Batman like that will usually get you an ass beating. Well, if you weren’t 99.9% positive there were several pulled muscles, a legendary lack of blood in his adrenaline system (*snort*), and a whole lot of ‘that’s going to need stitches.’ “But, no really, B, how many faces did you break today? There’s a record out there, you know. I’ve got a bet with Dick.”

The Batman huffs and the part of his face is visible is paler than normal. He’s sweating and in pain, possibly going into shock. A bag of fluids is a good start, the blood he’d managed to snag on the way up would go a little further.

“Wait just a minute there,” and that’s a hand with a whole lot of whoa there, hoss.

Superman has ridiculously blue, blue eyes and word of how fast he can move isn’t exaggerated. At all because just the wind from those super moves is enough to about knock him over when the alien goes from behind B with an arm around his back to brace him sitting up, to just suddenly right in Tim’s face.

“Some of us do delicate work, Superman. Can you keep that in mind next time you want to speed around and jostle me? I don’t have a scalpel at the moment, but for the sake of argument, we’ll just assume I might next time.”

Instead, he gets a lot of narrow eyes and a protective stance in front of the hurt vigilante, “you want to tell me how the heck you know--”

And this shit. “Seriously, do you think he’d even be here if I didn’t know something?” So he’s glaring up at Superman, crossing his arms over his chest while B is probably in a world of hurt and leaking fluids all over everything.
He very much wants to point out, the squishy guy on the team needs more medical attention than the rest of the team. But nope, not going there.

“I was their neighbor for a little over a decade, and FYI? It’s exceptionally hard to hide things like, you know, a Batmobile from the nosy kid next door.” He gives himself all the gold stars for stepping right up into Superman’s face, “and you? Are blocking my patient. Not all of us are lucky enough for a get out of concussion land free card, not to mention possible internal bleeding and a whole lot of broken shit on the horizon. And since he’s a self-sacrificing pain in my ass, I’ve got to do this as fast and neat as possible to keep anyone from knowing he’s up here, capice?” And Superman is just literally staring down at him, head tilted just slightly. The point is just not even getting across. “So you? Need to go find a kitten to get out of a tree, or a nice invading alien army to stop, or just, you know, write another crap article about how Metropolis’ new clean street policy is just as beneficial as the dog park. Whatever, but you will Get. Out. Of. My. Way.” He hitches a thumb over his shoulder for just in case Superman didn’t, you know, get it.

The alien straightens, blinking down at him owlishly, mouth working but nothing coming out. The day you get the drop on Superman? That’s the day you’ve reached the Big Leagues (see what he did there?)

Wonder Woman’s lips are pinched together from over B’s shoulder where her arm around his lower back is probably the only thing keeping him upright (she’s trying not to laugh, seriously?).

“I think he’s got your number, Clark,” she snickers while B might just, you know, be having muscle spasms or something because no, the Batman doesn’t smirk.

“Everyone has to do a puff piece now and then,” and Superman does take a step to the side, eyeing the doctor with pleased surprise.

“Lois never has to,” he snarks back just to rub it in and grips a wrist (careful with the gauntlets so he doesn’t set off some crazy ass security system. It would totally unbecoming if he, you know, knocked himself out in front of the founding members of The Justice League) and pulls the arm full length to test out the extents of damage and tissue trauma before taking in the gash slowly leaking blood all over the Batsuit. He’s quick and without regard to getting up right in B’s personal space, poking and prodding to test the severity before he plots where the hell to start. Welp, priorities.

So, he’s already moving the IV pole attached to the gurney up, locking it in place, hanging both bags (already magically tubed because a certain Head Nurse sometimes prepped things--you know, just in case).

B finally lets out a deep breath, like he’s going to give in to the hurt, and starts pulling the gauntlets off himself since he’s so busted--at least enough for, you know, Superman and Wonder Woman to stay right the hell there to make sure he gets taken care of (and it’s good, the idea of a team to have his back).

A tap to the yellow symbol on his chest deactivates the security protocols and the front zipper is visible enough for Tim to pull and start helping B get the thing down his battered upper body.

He’s got the IVs started and a fresh tray ready, gauze and antiseptics, the usually necessaries.

His special vigilante only bag has had a bit of an overhaul in the ensuing months, so he has his own bat-a-thing to do nifty things like cut through Kevlar and Nomac (and, well, bitching, so really a multi-purpose tool),and gets the usual array ready depending on the factors of stubborn will and contusions.
“Okay, talk to me, B,” he doesn’t look up at the whiteouts, just works as fast as he can, wiggling two fingers in the suit to press against the jugular and holding his stethoscope over one shoulder, listening to the lungs.

“Bad guys. Needed to be taken down.”

Smoke or chemical inhalation.

Wrap the scope around his neck, reach under the gurney for the small O2 tank and mask. He has it on and looped around the cowl before the bitching portion starts.

“Mmhm. They stuck you with pointy things and bullets. I thought we had a talk about how that is not conducive to a long and productive lifetime?”

B might try saying something, but he’s enjoying that air a little more than he was letting on. He didn’t fight being manhandled into lying on the gurney either, cape thrown over the lower half while Tim tests his belly for swelling or sensitive spots.

Fracture. Only one. Lucky day. However, he’s already well aware the Batman has consistent, in-the-process-of-healing fractures--that’s the whole vigilante lifestyle. As much as Tim gets on him about at least keeping those areas more wrapped than normal, he’s completely not shocked to see just one set of wraps around the vigilante’s ribs. He flips out his bat-a-thing, cutting gingerly through the bandages. He works fast and clean, tries to sanitize as much as possible, already talking to Alfred Pennyworth in his head about every single thing he’s looking at. Dick got back from his excursion with the Titans (since he just can’t say no to Kaldur and that’s just his boyfriend saving the world with his team and God, that’s so hot in so many ways) has the next two days off and Jason is on his way back from Argentina after the latest Outlaws escapades (and yes, that selfie with Roy firing flaming arrows at random bad guys was pretty spectacular), so someone could be on point while B took some downtime to deal with whatever he’d gotten into.

He’s moving through the stitches absently, keeping an eye on the bags and trying to gauge B’s level of consciousness while the stitches close up broken skin.

Superman and Wonder Woman fill him in on the deets while he works, giving an account of B doing his usual kicking-ass-and-taking-names kind of thing when Brainiac thought it would be prudent to use some integrated alien tech to take over lower Manhattan (and just why? This is why super villains will always lose--their plans? Always suck.)

He only half-listens because those things, the ones that rock his previously stable little world (even though, you know, Gotham), are still further than the city limits. It means, he’s not so far into their world he can never come back.

And it jars him slightly, when Wonder Woman touches his forearm, smiling faintly while he gives her the usual recommendations for combating blood loss and traumatic injuries while B does his own form of protest by grumbling how they’ve wasted enough time. He’s already standing by the gurney, struggling to get the Bat suit back over his right arm. Wonder Woman helps with a tisk and soft admonishments. Superman knows how the utility belt fits and security reactivated.

Before they’re off to continue saving time/space, B does that thing where he puts a heavy hand on one shoulder and squeezes slightly.

“Thank-you, Tim.”

He quirks just a slight grin and says the usual (hopeful) that comes just after he watches Dick and
Jason became N and Hood, when his heart beats a little harder because all the *what ifs?*

“Be careful. Just...be *careful,* okay?”

It gets him a real smile and a nod from the Batman before the flare of cape brushes against his calves, and B turns to become the strategist of the Justice League.

They’re off in a burst of speed and utter *awesome.*

Like the fanboy he is at heart, Tim stares up at the sky with his heart pounding. The world? It just *got bigger* somehow.

***

“Baby--”

*Uh-oh.* That tone is never good.

Ives, instead of being a complete *douche canoe,* pauses the game and rolls his eyes when Tim goes still the second after he says *hello.*

Since his best bro started being slightly *less* pathetic and has a life outside his work, Ives has been patiently waiting for a meet-and-greet because it’s *long* overdue.

“You okay?” Is Tim’s immediate response, carefully neutral.

“It’s not me, but...I could really use your help here. We’ve got a...situation that might be your specialty. I’m *sorry,* I know it’s your gaming night--”

“It’s okay.” Because a *situation* mean something very not good in vigilante land, “I think I can give in and be a team player this time.”

“I *love* you. So, so much. If you can be on the roof in about ten? I have transport on the way.”

Transport? With Ives looking, he can’t exactly ask what he’s agreeing to (and *dammit,* Dick *knows* it).

“All right. I’ll meet you there.”

“Thanks, Timmy.” Dick coos at him over the line, “I will owe you *days’* worth of cuddles for this. All the cuddles and acrobatic sex you can take, baby, I *promise.*”

He cuts off the call because his face is probably *on fire* and looks over with what he hopes is a very convincing puppy dog look to beg out of their usual weekly vent sessions.

Ives is smirking back at him, “does your boy toy need a visit from...the *Love Doctor*?”

Tim goes completely still.

“Like you think I didn’t *know.* Tim, man, we’ve been best friends for years. Do you think I’d really *care*?”

Now he’s the one looking like a dumb ass.
“I...I just--”

“Dude,” and it’s one of the few serious moments when Ives might whip out the Mom-finger and possibly jab him in the eye. “I don’t care who you date as long as he is good to you. If he’s not, then, well, I’m going to wreck the shit out of his credit. And that, my friend? Not an idle threat.”

And the clutch of anxiety eases, Tim can laugh a little as he stands up, “they’re good to me, man, seriously, I’m...fuck, I’m happy, and--”

“Uh, they?”

“Oh. That-that might be a part of why I didn’t tell you…”

“Dude! And you didn’t tell me this? You dog. You’re dating more than one guy. Is it a chick? Is she hot? Do all three of you do it together? I mean, that’s the most fantastic thing--”

“They’re both dudes actually,” and yes, now his face is heating up and he grabs his backpack so he doesn’t have to look his best friend in the face. “And, yeah...I mean, they’re both pretty hot, so. It’s ah...it’s amazing...with them.”

“You are my new hero,” Ives deadpans, making him laugh again. “I’m serious. If you can juggle two people and make it work, then I have a new goal in life.”

And because, well, they’re both assholes really, he grins back, “always glad to give you something to strive for, man. Same time next week? Come to my place and we’ll go old school Perfect Dark.”

“Already there,” Ives waves him out and goes back to single-player mode before Tim’s even out the door.

**

When Dick said transport, he thought of something safe (like a car, plane, train, you know, whatever).

What he didn’t expect was a young Kryptonian to be pacing on the roof of the building. One that blinks down at him by a few inches, apparently not seeing the appeal.

“This is not the transportation I was looking for,” he deadpans back up at Superboy and gets an arched brow in response.

“Um, Doctor...Drake? Right?”

Tired sigh because really, “I’m Tim. Hi. Thanks for being my superhero Uber for the day.” He zips his hoodie for the wind chill factor. “Nightwing made it sound important?”

“Oh! Yeah, yeah. Anything to help him right now would be stellar.”

Through the course of that sentence, he’s scooped up in a powerful hold, Superboy’s knees bend, and the feeling of pure weightlessness hits him in the stomach (very similar to that time Jay had to jump off the Wallstone to catch him after some ninja--and yes, true story, a ninja--got too close and kicked him off the edge).

He couldn’t get rid of them for even a single night more than two weeks after that little escapade. Something about he might have gotten the attention of the wrong supervillain. Well, that’s the kind of thing he has them for anyway, right?
Right.

But still, he grips Superboy’s shoulder while the miles fall away.

**

His brain is slightly broken.

Because this is Titan’s Tower.

He’s in *Titan’s Tower*.

Superboy takes him straight into a lab, drops him in the middle of a whole lot of superheroes that could probably break him with a snap of their fingers. Just, a whole lot of *badass* in the room.

He manages to get his hood down and somewhat together by the time they’re turning from their prospective stations to take in the new arrival.

Wonder Girl is the first one to him, already holding out a slim tablet, “thanks, Kon. Hi. I’m Cassie. Glad to have you on board, Doctor.”

Ripped jeans and beat-up DCs, a band t-shirt over a long sleeve (because *fuck* it gets cold in Gotham), and he’s *here* in Titan’s Tower, accepting the tablet to look at some...very fucked up results.

“Um, hi. Nice...nice to hang out and make sure people don’t die. I mean, really, superheroes don’t have the best track record, you know.”

From behind him, Kon guffaws and tries to hide it with a cough.

“Okay, so I’m looking at...*wow*.” And how the *hell* is this even *possible*?

“That is why Nightwing elected we contact you,” and with Superboy (*Kon*) over one shoulder, Wonder Girl (*Cassie*) facing him with *game face on*, Raven comes from the side with the air of something *otherworldly*. From Dick and Jay, he already *knows* magic and demons exist, that the reality he knew was slightly...*more*. It’s his first opportunity to really *see* it up close and personal.

She pauses, hood up, and her eyes are solemn, calm, the eye of the storm.

“I...have other hobbies. Bio-chem is just one of them. Which is why I assume you brought me in,” he holds up the table briefly.

“We have no idea what he was hit with, but it’s killing him.”

Apparently he passed some test because Wonder Girl lays it out. His eyes briefly go over the congregation of badass, putting it together, “I’m guessing it’s Kid Flash since he’s very obviously *not here* and these numbers are *astronomical*. Speedsters have an amped metabolism as is, but only someone with the meta gene could have possibly *survived* this necrosis rate--”

The doors open with a soft noise, and Nightwing strides in, full regalia, and just (*mouthwatering*) complete comfortable delegating a team.

Red Tornado follows him in, all swirling cape and his inner fanboy is on the ground, *dying*.

“Doctor,” the android greets him cordially, Nightwing turned just slightly so the team wouldn’t see the telling smile, “we appreciate your time. I’m afraid we are working with a very short deadline--”
“From the numbers, shorter than you think.” And he doesn’t feel a bit bad for interrupting because fuck. “I need samples to test and access to a lab to even start trying to pull a counter agent together-”

“Of course,” Red Tornado turns and gestures to the elevator bank, “you already have a diagnosis, Doctor Drake?”

“Um, Tim. I’m Tim, and yes. If the before test is his average, his metabolism is normally 16 times faster than an average human. The end results mean the death rate of his cells is going faster than even his metabolism. It’s killing him faster with every layer of new cells programming themselves to die faster. Whatever he got doused with caused mitotic catastrophe, like what happens in cancers patients when the cells are programming their own deaths at an accelerated rate.”

“I see,” Red Tornado is the only one of the Titans not staring at him with some sort of shocked awe. “You are already contemplating treatment.”

“A cure,” he corrects absently, typing on the tablet. He realizes there’s a hand on his shoulder, steering him toward the elevator while he works his mental rolodex of autophagy and the necessary proteins that could start to counteract the cellular breakdown—

When he looks up again, he’s already got samples and equipment, the lab next door to Kid Flash’s suffering form, the smaller superhero writhing on the medical table in obvious agony despite the sedatives he’s been fed intravenously.

He hasn’t even said hello to his vigilante boyfriend by the time he’s thrown off his hoodie and the weathered-White Stripes t-shirt and messy hair is the only thing caught around the microscope and sensitive equipment while he works (because, yes, they are on a time limit here).

And again, here he is, a few hours later when the oh shit meter hit 10. He’s straddling the speedster’s chest, arm poised over his shoulder to deliver the syringe full life-saving serum while Kon, Cassie, Dick, and Red Tornado attempt to hold him down.

At the right moment, just when he needs to breathe and plan for the strike, he realizes, at some point, there’s nothing odd about all this. Calls from space, dangerous chemical warfare from bad guys bent on world domination, dying superheroes, and racing against the clock to save a life. It’s how he’s always lived, just much more in your face.

The right moment strikes and he brings the syringe down hard to pierce the breastbone, feeling like ass for having to go this route, but there’s no way they had time for an IV drip or the ability to hold Kid down long enough for a spinal.

Even the slightest bit off, and he would be killing a superhero.

But the frantic nature of the speedster’s struggles eases down in the arms of his team, and Tim carefully pulls the needle out carefully, just trying to breathe around his own heart hammering in the back of his throat.

His gloves are sticking to his hands because his palms are sweating, and he eases up just slightly shaky.

But when the dazed amber eyes open and blink up at him owlishly, when Kon grips his bicep with a face full of oh God, you did it, when Dick slides a gloved hand to the niche in his hip to feel how much he’s shaking, when Cassie bursts into tears because thank Hera, he can’t help but laugh out loud with the rest of the obviously relieved team because damn.
This? Is somehow his life.

**4**

“I am seriously getting pissed the fuck off,” he snarls into his phone, taking the rickety fire escape up, up, up to the top floor (because, well, vigilantes and high perches--natch). “I don’t see anything--”

“You’ll know,” is the Red Arrow’s snarky reply. “His safe houses are a pain in the ass to find, but you’re almost there.”

“It’s fine,” he huffs, “rule number one of Zombieland: Cardio.”

He gets a laugh at that as he’s rounding the next level.

“Tell me again,” he demands, keeping his mind away from the possibility of walking in just a little too late.

Red Arrow is the one huffing this time, annoyance right there in his tone, “he didn’t even tell us anything. But he isn’t answering his phone and I know Jaybird’s tells, Doc. He got hurt in that last one and instead of letting me or Kory know, just a lil’ shit ain’t okay, he goes back like fuck all.”

“Okay, okay. So, possibly contusions. Did you see the suit get breached or--?”

And there it is, the sign, a terrible graffiti Robin in flight among the random tags.

Jackpot.

And just because, you know, Gotham, he’s absurdly careful while Roy grunts in the negative and Kory’s tone is worried in the background, but the window slides up nice and easy for a run-down room on this side of town.

“Jay?” He calls through the crack before he steps foot, “it’s me. Don’t try to kick my ass, okay?”

Maneuvering inside with his vigilante only bag is easy, furniture moved away from this specific window for just such a midnight tenant. Holding his phone down by his leg so his painfully alert senses can detect any kind of movement in the stark darkness, Tim moves carefully through the apartment, hoping to hell he hasn’t accidentally broken into someone’s place and is about to get shot or arrested and asked a few questions down town.

But there’s soft light at the end of the hall, just a sliver under a door. He swallows and starts down, clenching his jaw against the fight-or-flight beating around in his brain pan.

Nope. One of his boyfriends is potentially dying, so it would def be fight at this point.

“Jay?”

He’s surprised to find the door heavy, obviously reinforced, all things screaming Bat, and he works the locks with fast hands, pulling the damn thing to slam open on well-oiled hinges--

Jason is sitting hunched over in the back corner of the empty room, both hand clutching at his hair, and a sick lurch in his chest has Tim half-way across the room before Jay can even look up.

When he does--
His eyes are completely green.

“J--” is as far as he gets before the Red Hood is up and coming for him, a wickedly curved knife already brandished, and the twist to his features, to his normal cocky expression fill in enough of the blanks that Tim can duck and dive before he gets completely gutted. The slice taking a hunk out of his bicep, however, hurts like a mother immediately.

And Jason’s told him about the Pit back when Dick was working and the two of them were lying in a pile of warm satisfaction in his bed, enjoying the afterglow. It was with calm detachment, Jason wanted to warn him about the times when he gets too close to feral, too close to a killer for anyone near him to be safe (reads as: someone without a little ‘super’ in his step). He wanted Tim to know the signs, get his promise to run, call Dick, call B, call Rob, anything other than try to stop him, to talk him out of it.

While holding him just a little too on the tight side, Jason admitted it might kill him to know he’d hurt Tim with his bare hands.

“Ain’t something I wanna live with, Sugar. You feel me?”

Seeing, however, really is believing.

Or, being pinned under your half-crazy significant other while his teammate yells through your phone, is really a case in point.

“Hey,” he starts in a low tone, staring up into those green, green eyes with so much old rage and pain, just the base instinct to lash out in defense, like a kicked animal ready to bite into his jugular. “Hey, babe. It’s me, it’s Tim, okay? It’s just me.”

But Jason’s upper lip curls in a snarl, baring teeth, the knife at his throat pressing just a little harder, just enough that the bite of pain has a wet feeling.

“Okay,” his breath stutters out, and he’s sure his eyes are huge, “okay. It’s so confusing, you said, when the Pit comes on, and you can’t remember anything but-but the last moments, so-so you don’t remember me right now, but Jason, babe--”

His hand might be a little shaky when he brings it up slow, when those eyes track the movement, until he’s palming the side of his lover’s face, running his thumb soothingly against the scratch of stubble.

“But I remember you, and-and us, and I-I remember taking fire escapes just like I did tonight because I might be able to catch a glimpse of Robin...of you. It’s so stupid because Dick was Gotham’s Robin, but you-you were mine. You were my Robin then and you’re my Robin now. Do you get that?”

The blade’s edge only trembles slightly against his already stressed throat, but he swallows and slowly brings the other hand up, framing Jason’s face, trying to rub the tension out of his jaw, to somehow make him at ease.

“So, it’s okay. I’m here. I’m here to help you remember. Look at me, Jay. Look at me. Remember Dick and Dami and B and Alfred and...and remember me.”

His chest hitches slightly, their bodies pressed together where Jason is leaning down into him, those eyes narrowing slightly.

“This isn’t you anymore, okay? You’re the guy that reads Renaissance plays on his off times and
makes the only edible Kale in existence. You’re the Red Hood and you fight against crazy nut jobs because even if you try to bullshit your way out of it, you really do want to save this city.”

And he’s breathing against Jason’s lips, their eyes locked in a moment that could go so very fucking wrong. “And I...I am so fucking in love with you it’s virtually bordering on pathetic. So...so I need you to come back, Jay. Please. I need you to come back.”

Pinned as he is, Tim chances arching his neck, exuding just a little more pressure to bring Jason Todd’s mouth to his.

It’s slow and easy, just kissing that mouth easy until Jason opens his mouth and takes.

It’s feral and wet and incredibly hot, Tim making noises inside Jason’s mouth when the knife finally falls away and he’s pinned under the Red Hood in a much, much more familiar way.

When he can finally get a breath, Jason raises his head to give them a few inches of breathing room, panting like he’d run miles. The green of his eyes are just flecks again, his eyes the same gentle blue from the paintings he’d seen the one time he was in the Manor proper.

“T...Timmy...whadda ya...whadda ya doing here?”

But Jason’s whole body is shaking just as much as Tim’s, and his eyes aren’t wet when he pulls the vigilante down hard the rest of the way and wraps around him as tight as possible.

The only lucid thing in his brain pan is to hold the fuck on.

**

Later, Jay is the one digging in his vigilante bag and holding Tim’s face tilted up in one big hand while the other gingerly presses a cotton ball of antiseptic to the precise cut on his throat. He’s already discarded the scrub top with the bloody sleeve, sporting a band of gauze around his arm and some Red Hood special stitches.

He obliging lets Jason clean up the blood and dab some of Alfred’s patented healing salve (and yes, he’s broken down the compound, but just how Alfred makes it is going to be the real mystery here), lets himself be pampered a little and cared for since now the Bat mother henning is on. He’s just idly watching Jay work and staring into those familiar eyes. It had been easier than he ever could have thought, not letting Jason pull back, pull away. Nuzzling his nose into Jay’s neck while the vigilante got a hold of himself still laying on top of him, shuddering in the aftermath of the Pit’s influence.

Tim had only tightened his arms, wrapped his legs around the back of Jason’s thighs and refused to let go. Until a hand shakily cupped the back of his neck and bare fingers recently holding a deadly weapon slid right into his too-long hair, pulled him in even tighter.

Now, since the adrenaline and previous caffeine binge has finally worn off, he can watch Jason work with a sleepy, fuzzy kind of contentment.

Taking off the sterile gloves, Jason brings him in and presses their foreheads together, but even half-awake, Tim already has a contingency for anything that might spew forth:

--”Baby, baby, ya gotta promise me yer gunna run next time, yeah?”

--“Coulda slit ya wide, Tim. Fuck don’t never do that again.”
-- “Any fucking idea what I coulda done t’ ya? I coulda put ya down, Tim. We hadda talk ‘bout how I ain’t Dick, and I coulda killed ya quick as I’d look.”

But there’s no berating going down at the moment, whether it’s Jason reeling from the Pit’s influence or the decided lack of my bad on Tim’s side. Maybe it’s because he’s already been awake for much longer than he should have been and Jay has learned to recognize. Instead, he’s been held in slightly shaky arms while Jason holds on tight, speaking softly against his ear about how glad he is Tim’s okay, how he doesn’t know what he would have done if something had happened.

And the fear is there, the fear and self-loathing thick enough to drown in, thick enough for Jay to choke.

He doesn’t want Tim to be afraid of him... nope, he’s already plenty afraid of himself, obviously.

So Tim does the only thing his tired brain pan can come up with, he uses Jason’s hold to drag them both to bed, pulls the vigilante on top of him to rest on his chest while sleep finally seems to pull at them both.

He wakes up only briefly to Dick leaning over them with worry pinching his brows together over the domino. Tim blinks up at him blearily while he and Jason are apparently still holding up in in the Red Hood’s out-of-the-way safehouse.

“Mm?” He manages around dry mouth.

“Hey baby,” Dick still in Nightwing’s colors leans down enough to press a kiss to his forehead, “Roy freaked out a little, so he called me. It’s okay, go back to sleep. I’ll be here when you two wake up.”

He makes a pathetic noise and reaches out with a grabby hand, and Dick’s smile is slow and genuine. He’s still so close to drifting back down while the suit comes off and his other ridiculously hot vigilante boyfriend climbs beside him, settling down on his shoulder. Fingers ghost over the bandage on his throat, but he just hums away the concern, holding both of them against them where he knows they’re... safe.

**5** The time Tim called out to the Bats

When the EMTs call it in, he’s standing right by the main desk, sliding a chart in with the row of completed cases.

When he gets the name and description, his heart picks up immediately. The Head Nurse looks over at him while picking up the phone to have a trauma room set-up. She’s holding out a pack with the standard folded gown and gloves. All the usual toys.

He flips out his phone while he heads to the ambulance dock, clutching the gown tight in his other hand.

“Wayne Manor.” Which is fucking amaze-balls. Who answers the phone like that to his own house?

“I need you at Mercy. Now,” he doesn’t elaborate. No need to.

“Tim?” And B sounds like he might have actually gotten some sleep. “What’s happening? Is it one of--”
“Get. Here. Now.” Is all he needs to fill in before disconnecting the call, long strides taking him further down the lit corridors and white walls.

Next call, “Mm. Hey pretty boy. Thinking ‘bout chu--”

“I need you two at Mercy. Right now.”

His no bullshit tone takes the teasing out of Jason. He hears the sounds of sitting up, but the mid-day breaks when he hits the double doors and Gotham’s usual background takes up his immediate attention.

He cuts the call, shoves his phone in his pocket, and is already gowning up, gloves on by the time his team is hitting the doors right behind him.

Steph comes up to his right as the screaming ambulance finally comes tearing around the corner.

The ensuing fight is one to remember. He’s barking orders and moving quickly, Steph and his team keeping up with his fast and furious pace.

The man on the gurney is unresponsive, the EMTs filling in the deets on the car crash that threw this man through the windshield.

Tim’s jaw is clenched while he listens with half his attention, the other on assessing Alfred Pennyworth’s distended abdomen.

“He’s got internal bleeding. I need a room, stat,” Tim barks out, and one of his nurses goes to the phone on the wall.

“Pulsox is dropping.”

“Intubation tube,” he decides immediately.

He doesn’t focus on Alfred’s face while he takes the tube from the nurse and feeds it carefully, attaching the bag, watching the numbers rise slightly.

One of the nurses is wiping the blood off his face and neck, though, and Tim is absurdly grateful.

Went through the windshield. Forearms took some impact.

They're moving toward the elevator after the standard assessment and Surgery calls down to let him know the room is ready, Monahan assisting.

He rides up, still in the ER gown, and goes right in the OR with Alfred, already stepping in to prep with the other surgeon on-call to re-scrub for a completely different type of world.

“Hey, Drake! Long time no see. I hear they’re keeping you busy downstairs.”

“The usual,” he replies shorts, scrubbing his nails hard.

“I get that. I mean, only in Gotham, right? But hey, if you need a breather, it’s okay, I’ve got this one.”

“He’s a friend. That’s why I’m stepping in,” is the no-nonsense reply.

“Gotcha, gotcha. No argument here if you want to take the hard work,” the joke falls flat because an OR nurse is holding a fresh gown for him. Gloves, mask, cap, and booties, just the whole
The first incision is under his scalpel, the ruptured viscera a rank odor that passes right over his head while he finds the source of the bleeder and give no shits to anything other than making sure no one else dies on his watch.

**

Bruce, Dami, Dick, Jason, and Babs are watching through the viewing room as the surgery continues.

It’s been six hours.

B and Dick both have a hand on Dami’s shoulders while Dick grips Jason’s hand with the other. And, well, Bats, they’re watching with narrowed eyes and almost complete faith in the young man moving with fast and efficient hands.

**

In another three hours, Doctor Monahan comes down to talk to the Wayne family about Mr. Pennyworth’s condition. He’s stable and his vitals are looking good. It was touch-and-go there for a minute, but Dr. Drake is one of the best they have.

*(They have no idea how true that statement is)*

Bruce is nodding, shaking the surgeon's hand, thanking him for all his hard work in taking care of their family member. Dick and Jason shake his hand as well while Dami watches through the viewing window as Drake check and re-checks the constantly running machines, stays right by Alfred’s bedside rather than de-gown and take a breather after the grueling operation. He glances up once to see the familiar faces looking back at him and flips a gloved “thumbs-up” to put them at ease.

**

By the time Alfred is resting comfortably in the ICU, Tim is still capped with the mask resting under his chin, leaning back in the only chair in the room to close his eyes for just a few minutes.

**

Batman, however, has very few regards for hospital protocol and the whole no visitors rule in the ICU.

*Natch.*

Tim doesn’t berate him, just gives the low-down of everything until the man in the bed finally comes around enough to say, “good Lord. How on Earth did you miss the prepared suits for that one?”

And no, Batman is not smiling while he gets dressed down for leaving the Cave looking like that, and Tim is definitely not holding a hand over his mouth hard so he doesn’t earn some vigilante beat-down.

But if he does kind of, sort of, maybe lives at the hospital for the next few days, moving from the next catastrophe in the ER up to the ICU just to make sure his patient is on the up-and-up, and if he gets a few texts to please come home and we miss you that he passes off until a certain Bat is out
of the danger time window, well...he’s just doing his job.

(As the new Vigilante Doctor apparently)

And it’s fine because this? This is his life.

**Bonus Drabble: The one time Tim didn’t need to call**

Steph is the first one to make a comment about it. You know, with her usual flare for the dramatics,

“You look like someone vomited you up, ate you, and then threw you up again.”

“I...don’t really like that mental picture,” he mumbles, cheek pressed into the arm of her couch. At some point, she’d laid a soft, fuzzy throw over him because the trembling is making the whole couch vibrate.

She hums a little, threading her hands through his mop and scratching her fingernails against his scalp.

Oh. That feels nice.

He manages to catch the rest of the newest episode of Scandal even if he’s bleary and achy, feeling it all the way to his joints.

The back of her hand against his forehead is all he needs to fill in that statement.

“I know, I’m going, I’m going,” as much as he doesn’t want to even move right now, he’s pulling his legs up, throwing off the blanket with slow, sluggish muscles.

“You don’t have to okay? Hazard of the job. If you stay, I’ll make you soup and hot tea.” She grips his hoodie sleeve, completely sincere.

But the laugh rolling up from his lungs becomes a cough and just fuck. There’s no denying now that he feels like ass.

“I’m a terrible sick person,” he covers up because, well, it’s true. Too many years on his own and he deals with it like he deals with most other things in his life, clinically (and by binge watching terrible TV).

“At least let me drive you home?”

“I’m safer walking actually.”

“Oh, come on. Just that one time--”

“You got out of the ticket by flashing the officer. Don’t think I’m going to forget.”

“At least text me when you get home?”

“Yes, Dr. Brown.”

“And take some antibiotics!”
“Yes, Dr. Brown,” as he waves down the hallway.

“Plenty of fluids!”

“Yes, Dr. Brown.”

His backpack is heavier than when he first got here, he’s sure, but s’okay. He sniffs and coughs into his sleeve while he walks down the mid-day street, trying to focus on something else than the aching in his knees and hips and back.

He checks his phone quickly while walking, assured his vigilante sweethearts are at Dick’s apartment taking a post-patrol nap. Dami should still be in school and Bruce at WE doing the good CEO thing.

Everything in its place.

He shoots the text to Steph early, telling her he’s home, and starts the long climb of stairs up to his apartment in the penthouse.

He’s completely winded and exhausted, bracing his forehead on the door for just a second--

When it opens and it takes him down with the weight of sick is balls.

Luckily, Dick is a just that good, and catches him by the shoulders before he face plants.

“There you are,” his significant other smiles down at him, steering him inside his own apartment before closing the door.

Tim gets an eyeful of Bats milling around and his innate senses take him from his own little world of achy, jelly legs to get it together.

His backpack is dumped on the chair by the door, along with the hoodie. He’s already moving to the bookshelf, reaching for the stashed box of gloves to fumble a pair out.

“All right, who is it? What happened?”

His nice hidey hole comes open for his vigilante bag, but if he has to brace a hand on the wall while he crouches (because the room might tilt dangerously for a second or two), well, no one better say a damn thing.

Dami is the one that hoists him to his feet by the collar, taking the bag from his tingling hands with a sharp, precise movement. He gives Tim a small shake while baring his teeth.

“Drake,” is so much warning right there. Robin ready to break-out some pain train.

He blinks owlishly down at the slightly shorter vigilante, wondering what the great fuck he’s done this time.

Instead the shorter vigilante takes in a deep breath, lets it out like he’s asking a higher power for some patience because of the utter fuckery he deals with.

(And, welp, he knows that feel).

“You two,” Dami abruptly snaps at Dick and Jason, “our physician is running a high temperature. Why the hell didn’t you inform the rest of us?”
Tim freezes because *busted* and his eyes slowly roll over to his vigilante boyfriends, Bruce, and Alfred. There’s a shared look between the group, some kind of secret communication before all those eyes turns slowly...to him.

He actually opens his mouth to say something, sucks in a breath, and has to pull back from Dami to cough against his arm since his lungs are really not helping the stitch at all.

And that is apparently some kind of *Go* sign because, you know, *Bats*.

The whole group of them converge around him in a wave of *mother-henning*. Dick presses a forearm to his forehead while Jay slides an arm around his waist to keep him standing, B is demanding to know when the symptoms started and is mid-pulling something out of the hidden utility belt under his t-shirt. Alfred is humming, moving around the others to check his lymph nodes. Dami manages to heard the group of them into his living room so he can be pushed down on his sofa and wrapped up in a soft blanket from the hall closet.

He doesn’t manage to get much protesting in, not around Dick’s patented Octopus Hug™. Instead, he’s cuddled against a very gentle and easy Red Hood (and he gets full-on Jason Todd accent breathed softly against his ear: “Howza feel, Sugar? Mm. Ain’t gotta be nowhere, jus’ right here wid’ me, yeah?” If he didn’t feel like crap, they might have needed the blanket for completely different reasons) while the smell of something amazing is wafting from his small kitchen and Dick looks torn between going to fill Alfred’s grocery list (ensuring there will be ultimate Alfred food) and leaving his incredibly odd and capable civilian boyfriend down with pneumonia.

Watching Dami come back with a colder cloth and change it out with a barely-there “*tt,*” and Bruce awkwardly pat their doctor’s head, claiming he’s going to go put together the new Da Vinci Surgical System in the Cave this week, so he’s got the prototype control unit to set-up in the Lab (which means shit has apparently gotten real because Bruce named the room) for testing. Alfred is tasting the soup, deeming it acceptable and probably still clucking his tongue over the lack of stuff in Tim’s pathetic pantry.

Dick smiles at the activity and wanders off to press a kiss to the warm forehead while Jay holds a glass of juice for occasional sips and some terrible Sci-Fi *something* is playing from the Dark Side of Netflix.

Then he’s off to the grocery store, ambling out the door because it seems like he’s leaving his overworked boyfriend in very, very capable hands.

Chapter End Notes

So Ives is competely in character (I love him, so much). And ah, the amount references was for real.
Stephanie Brown Drabble

Chapter Summary

Because she didn't really plan on it, but she adopted a vigilante of her own. Somehow, that happened.

Chapter Notes

I couldn't leave this alone, and my lovely Titans jumped right on board. It's just a small thing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steph waves wearily on her way to her car, and he turns to start the trudging walk back to his apartment. It’s been fucking ridiculous and he’s literally dragging a shoulder against each building he passes just to make sure he isn’t weaving--

One second Dr. Stephanie Brown was walking to well-worn Volkswagen, the next she turned around to shout at Tim again, remind him they’re starting Jessica Jones this week when her best friend just Disappeared.

She blinks, started at it enough to flinch.

“Tim?”

Her eyes go automatically to the line of tenement buildings around the hospital and she catches just a hint of dark blue in the night, the white bottoms of the Vans disappearing around the tallest. She’s utterly breathless watching one of Gotham’s vigilantes carry her bestie away like a damsel in distress (she is seriously going on Match.com one of these days if something doesn’t start happening soon).

She turns back again and starts to her car with a shake of coiled blonde curls bobbing gently to the motion.

When she hits the key fob, her lights flicker briefly, but she’s fuzzy with exhaustion, already yawning with the notion to just sit for a while and go home where a bubble bath and delivery pizza and Netflix will be hers dammit--

She doesn’t notice the footsteps behind her.

“Oh baby. Did it hurt when ya fell from heaven?”

**

Batgirl is just amazing.
Cradling her bruised, bloody knuckles, she watches the vigilante take out the last terrible, looming, hulking, asshole that just “wanta party baby.”

Gross.

What they got is an a fucking beatdown. Her immediate hard kick to the first thug’s nuts was enough to stun the rest of them for her to get a few good shots in. So close to her car, she could have put them down long enough to get the .9mm Taurus in the glovebox since three against one are terrible odds in Gotham City.

When the hand fists in her hair and pulls, she has an immediate thrill of fear along with the sharp pain.

That when the shadows come out from the niches of the night, and a booted foot takes the man’s face right the hell out.

And since she’s, you know, a doctor, in between getting her own shots in and her knee to the second man’s face (with a pick-up line like that? No wonder you’re desperate), she sees the automatic way Batgirl is protecting her right side, knows that she’s already been hurt tonight, sees the ripped skin and lacerations bleeding through the suit.

In no time, it’s over, and she’s a panting mess of kick-ass, staring wide-eyed at the vigilante. The vigilante with the mouth in her mask sewn shut (talk about symbolism, much?). And Steph’s heart is thundering in the back of her mouth, her palms sweaty after looking at the dangerous person in front of her, the one slowly straightening in a powerful, graceful move.

This crime fighter could snap her neck without breaking a sweat. Could kill her without really trying, but Steph’s eyes go automatically to the hand putting pressure over her ribcage, and the slightest haunch brings out everything in Stephanie Brown that screams to protect.

In a low voice, being absurdly gentle, she holds out one hand slightly, “thank-you... thank-you for saving me. I’m Steph, Steph Brown. I’m a doctor, a friend of Tim Drake’s? He, um. He helps sometimes. You guys, when you get hurt.”

A slow, imperceptible shift of shadows is a nod, an acknowledgement.

“And I have supplies at my apartment, okay? You’re hurt, and I’m a doctor. My-my car is right here, you can get in and I’ll take care of you. I have supplies at my house, and it’s close by, it’s safe. I promise. Just please...please let me help you.”

Gingerly, slowly, not taking her eyes away in case the vigilante decided to just vanish like they, you know, have a tendency to do, she eases the back door open and waits.

Her heart beats while she holds her breath and hopes, ‘please don’t go back out there like this. Please. You could pass out from blood loss, you could get trapped, you could--’

And it’s a slow, timid step taken in her direction, Batgirl easing forward as if she expects a trap or trick, as if she expects the person she just saved to attack while she’s weak that makes Steph’s chest clench uncomfortably tight.

But she doesn’t move, doesn’t stop the slow smile easing across her face as Batgirl gingerly climbs into the back of her car and lays down across the seat.

**
She helps the vigilante into her two bedroom apartment, talking gently about how she and Tim got through Med School alive, giving all the terrible details so the soft noises, the chuffs that could be laughter, puff the mask out over her mouth.

Putting her charge down in a kitchen chair, Steph takes off in a whirl of activity, completely and totally awake now that someone is in need.

She keeps talking while gloving up and taking the basic supplies from her cabinets, the small suture pack for just-in-case, when she assesses the hard press of bone against skin. She has Batgirl cleaned up and is making grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup while coffee brews and makes her little kitchen smell like home.

They communicate with various bodily signals and soft noises, the vigilante answering her questions with the gloved hands putting slight pressure on her wrist at yes and opening the hold, tapping instead at no. And Dr. Brown has been an ER attending in a city labeled one of the top five most dangerous cities in America. She’s patched up murderers, thieves, psychos, and sociopaths, she’s held their victims while they go shocky with pain and loss, she’s wept until she’s empty at orphaned children and dead parents, at people her hands, her brain, couldn’t save. And none of it has stopped her from running the gauntlet night after night, none of it has made her flinch back, to leave, to find another hospital in a less dangerous part of the city. None of it has made her less determined to make this time the one that counted.

It’s settled deep into her bones, this desire to protect, to save.

She’s smiling faintly while Batgirl eats the soup and sandwich with shaky hands, pulling her mask up just under her nose, gloves and gauntlets pulled off so her knuckles can be gently treated.

The soup is gone and Batgirl is poised by the window, looking back at her with the white eyes, and Steph takes a breath, reaches out to grip an edge of the cape.

“Please...come back. If you ever need me, if you get hurt, come find me. Even if you just text me where you are, I’ll come help you. I promise, okay?”

The vigilante perks a little at the offer, tilts her head to one side just slightly, like there’s a silent question waiting to spill out, but the gloved hand reaches out, squeezes her wrist again, and then Batgirl is just--

Gone.

Stephanie rushes to look out her window, eyes searching the near-dawn while the breeze blows her hair back and makes her nose numb. She bites down on her lip, staring long into the oncoming day before she can leave the window and try to catch some sleep.

**

Layla is her pride and joy. It’s the only other thing in life she takes seriously other than being a doctor.

Being a mom.

At sixteen, she’d been scared out of her mind at the prospect of having a tiny person to care for, to raise, to be a role model for. She’d been utterly petrified. If not for her Tim, she would have given the baby up for adoption and maybe finished high school, but without Layla, without Tim, she never would have gone to college and Med School, she never would have fought so hard to make something of herself.
Without Tim, she probably wouldn’t have made it through any of it, would probably have lost her little girl to CPS and resorted to drugs and alcohol the way her mom did even after promising her huge belly she’d never go that route, that her precious little one would never have to live like that. Tim’s the one that kept her fulfilling that promise.

And Layla loved him to the stars to this day.

When Kyle Redman, the former football star of Gotham High School and now History Professor at the community college, pulls up and waves, Steph sighs still when she has to let her little girl go. It’s only been the last few years that Kyle has started coming into their lives again, and he’s gotten just as enamoured of their daughter as she is. He’s always helped in any way he could, even before he graduated college, but he’d carefully let Steph be the main caretaker of their baby.

When he moved into a nicer part of Gotham, close to the best school, he’d made the offer for Layla to stay with him during the school week so Steph could work her horrendous hours without needing a babysitter.

They’ve ironed out all the awkwardness in the last two years, and Layla is so happy, so smart, so well-adjusted, that Steph keeps allowing it, no matter how much she misses the old days when it was just them (well, them and Tim really).

She holds Layla’s hand while they start down the sidewalk from her apartment.

“Did you remember Pickles the Frog?”

“Yup!”

“Did you remember your tablet?”

“Got it!”

“All of your books for school?”

“Mmhm, even Math,” and the little pouty moue is just so. Incredibly. Adorable.

“That’s my girl,” and before she lets her baby girl get into the car that will take her away for the whole week, she kneels down to grab on, to get one last squeeze.

“I love you, Peanut.”

And even though it might be getting closer to that time when Layla would roll her eyes at such things and whine about being too old, Mom, you’re embarrassing me. The nine-year-old just grips on tighter and giggles into her neck with overflowing affection.

“I love you too, Mommy.”

Kyle gets out of the car, smiling gently in the cool, crisp Autumn day. At ease with one another’s space, Steph gives him a hug and wide smile, glad to see he’s finally wearing something other than NFL t-shirts and worn jeans.

“Hey,” Kyle gives her one last squeeze and leans back so he can grin down at their daughter and thumb her chin, “did you girls have a good weekend?”

“We sure did, Daddy!” Layla beams at him. “Mommy helped me make slime out of Elmer’s glue and food coloring.”
“That is really cool! I hope you brought some?” And just like when they were stupid kids, Kyle has this incredible capability to get just as excited over the little things as Layla.

“You bet I did.”

“We made you your own container,” Steph winks at him, laughing at the peaceful pace, the ebbs and flows, that are her life.

There’s just one thing... one thing she might be missing.

**

And it falls heavily on top her awning, heavier than a bird, which is why she opens the window curiously, peering out into the night with drawn brows and the smell of popcorn flowing out the window with her.

The soft taps above her head draw her immediate eye because there’s a masked face hanging over the edge along with one hand. The lenses in the mask are raised and the black eyes are deep and fathomless, full of old pain and new determinations.

It makes Steph catch her breath and raise up both arms.

**

It had been a stupidly hopeful gesture, grabbing supplies to sneak out of the hospital, going online to get a things instead when she started getting guilty about it. (Come to think of it, there were more stocks of gowns, gloves, suture kits, intubation tubes, gauze and wraps, just more since the Wayne Foundation had seen how much Mercy General did for the people of Gotham and gathered other charities to help the hospitals flailing budget with sizeable donations every quarter or so).

However, she is currently glad with her rockin’ forethought.

Batgirl is too apparently.

This time she’d offered her most comfy pj’s (boy-shorts with Juicy on the ass and a tank top with That’s Not What I Said in a curly font), and Batgirl took her up on it.

The wicked gash in her thigh along with the variable other white bandages bleeding through was probably just to make Steph’s job a little easier.

But like she always had to, she powers through it, multi-tasking like a boss to heat up tonight’s fried chicken and potatoes, vegetables and fruit for dessert for Layla before she went off with her Dad for the week.

She has the plate right beside the vigilante before she sets down to work. She idly thinks this might have been planned for when Batgirl comes out of her bathroom with a small black mask glued somehow around her eyes, shedding the costume and cowl to let herself be treated.

There’s only a brief hesitation to pick-up the fork and start nibbling gingerly while Steph folds herself down on the floor and starts cleaning the bleeder in the vigilante’s thigh.

“I’m glad you came back,” she rambles on, “if you would have let this go or gotten it infected while you were still on patrol, it could have gotten nasty. I mean, just I’m sure some of what you do means you have to go in very unsterile environments, just some parts of Gotham are nasty, let’s be real here--”
Her Justice League mug is full of coffee for the vigilante, and is sipped on delicately, precisely. A soft noise made in the positive. She goes back to the fried chicken and takes a bigger bite.

*Score*. Steph’s fried chicken is *the bomb*.

“I *know*. I got the recipe a few years ago and it’s just gotten better over time. Who knew Chicken and a Biscuit crackers could be so *good*?” She rambles on while the stitches are made and the plate starts to get empty (*no broccoli next time, got it*), and the older injuries are treated, wound with fresh dressings.

Steph is still talking while Batgirl washes her plate and pours herself another cup of coffee. A pad of paper comes out at some point and they’re watching the *Justice League* cartoon on Layla’s profile when Steph gets to see the vigilante’s eyes get wide and she chuckles at the antics.

(“Does Batman *really* have a sense of humor?”

*He’s a troll* is the scrawled reply she’d been secretly hoping for.)

And before dawn, before the edges peek over the city, Batgirl is suited back up at her window again, gripping her hands in a firm but easy hold.

“I’m so glad you came by,” Steph gushes, smiling wide. “Come back sometime when I’m making lasagna casserole, or if you’re, you know, bleeding out or something. Even if I’m not here, you can come in if you just need to chill.” *I’ll protect you* is left hanging there, an offer for consideration.

The masks shifts into a smile, and it’s soft, *so soft*, Steph could believe she imagined it.

“*Thank-you.*”

Her eyes might be a little wet when Batgirl leaps into the oncoming day, moving more fluidly than when Steph manages to get her in through the window in the first place. And she waits again, until she sees daylight until she closes the window to get ready to run the gauntlet again.

And if a imperceptibly camera hidden in the crumbling brick and mortar of the building across from her’s catches that wistful expression crossing her face before she closes the window, well, only the dangerous, data-collecting crime fighter (the one who knows *all*) silently *watching* would be able to tell.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, this is the perfect place to play with the ‘what would have happened if Steph didn't give her baby up for adoption?’ question. I just! So many feels. My kiddo is almost four so Layla is older, but some of her tendancies will probably show up, well and apparently my recipes, lol.

I have this picture of Mom!Steph when Layla is home and Doctor!Steph at Mercy General because I love that dynamic. Even better, Tim totally helped her raise this child so they could both survive Medical School, and those drabbles will eventually come, I swear. But ah, as always, thanks for reading :D Throw down a comment and such. I love to hear from you.
Doctor!Tim "What-if" Drabble: Acrobatic Sex

Chapter Summary

(A possible 'what-if' that could, might, maybe happen in the Doctor!Tim verse. Very, VERY NSFW.

(Because ) Dick is gripping his hip with a free hand to rub soothing circles while things like gravity and kinky vigilante sex configurations literally make him insane.

Chapter Notes

So! ...I've had this conversation. I've had this conversation with some of my peeps on Tumblr, and I still cannot fathom a world without at least some smut using Dick's acrobatic skill. I just! This is a TRAVESTY, people. A travesty. And since I couldn't really find many examples, I decided to write one ;)

Ah, I did this terrible thing (for which I will promptly be delivered to Hellfire for my sins- I regret nothing) in the Doctor!Tim world because I wanted him to be just completely overwhelmed (he is), but...it is a bit OCC for the normal Tim in this world, so it's a maybe, sort of could be, but maybe not 'what-if' chapter. I'm not saying I'll use anything from here in other things later on, but I still had a good (and slightly crazy) time writing it. Just a note for subtle dom/sub undertones.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Scruffing his foot against the stoop is just a sign of nerves.

Because he’s standing outside Dick’s apartment.

Dick’s apartment.

Not N’s safehouse.

Dick’s. Fucking. Apartment.

His face is getting warm even though it’s cold as hell in Gotham this time of year. At least his battered hoodie and worn DC’s make it a little more bearable than scrubs, and it really helps that he might be wearing an old Gotham Knights t-shirt since some possessive assholes like to see him in their things.

(He wore Jay’s jacket once--the last thing he remembers is coming so hard he literally blacked out for ten hours. Best. Cosplay. Ever. Ten out of ten would do again--and again and again...)

But this is different. World’s apart from where they were a few months ago, and the vertigo of the changes is a heady thing to take in.
You know, because he’s a total *fanboy in love* and shit. Sigh. At least he has Steph to moan to.

But this... is the first time he’s been to Dick’s apartment (and it’s an invite, a step into his *real life* outside the mask--all of *that* makes the pressure in his stomach wind *tighter* whenever they came through his window or showed up to walk him home in their real skins).

A rushed apology in the break between the usual catastrophes, a moment for him to crack his neck in the corridor of the old Pediatrics wing when the *smell* finally gets to him all at once and his wonderful boyfriends have been *gone* for over a week.

Dick’s soft, clipped voice when he’s working a hard assignment with the Titans because *scary terrorist organizations want to genetically engineer frogs to infiltrate public offices. Frogs, Tim. You can’t make this stuff up.*

It has the desired effect and leaves him laughing like he’s slightly insane and in the third pair of scrubs of the shift because things like blood and spit and tears and *he saved me, he’s real or oh shit, he beat the crap out of me, he’s real* wept into his chest.

But Dick’s voice got more soothing and fond, more warm the longer he talks about Steph and Ives and his visit to Drake Industries (*ick*) because the same shit every year. Dick’s all sincere about it when he says the first thing he *wants* is cuddles when he gets back.

And they would do that.

At Dick’s apartment.

*Drop the mic.*

Because at the time, he had the next immediate ten steps plotted out. To run a check on all his patients before the next batch came in after the witching hour, so it didn’t really *sink in.* But when it fucking *does,* he caught a breath on, “*oh. Yeah, that’s--that sounds good.*”

“It won’t be much longer, baby. Promise,” and when the serious pet names come out, it’s really Dick instead of Nightwing. “I’m going to give you *all* the cuddles.”

He leans his head back against the cold wall, an arm wrapped around himself, and scruffing his tired feet against the too-shiny floor.

“Looking forward to it. Be careful saving the world.”

It’s not until he hung up, going back to tackle the next one coming through on a gurney, that the realization smacks him.

This is...*keeping him.*

And that aforementioned pressure get that much more *prevalent* when the door opens to Dick grinning wide and white, immediately gripping him in an all-encompassing octopus hold (one that no one, *no one,* is getting away from--and why didn’t Jay at least *warn* him?) to fit them together.

Dick ducks his head to bring their mouths together, catching his little *eep* of surprise, excited and energetic, adjusting an arm down under his ass to lift him completely off his feet (and *this? Will never not be totally hot*--) He manages to wriggle an arm out enough to slide a hand into soft, wavy hair and kiss back while Dick is seemingly trying to overwhelm him with so much *happiness.* He might get a breath while his back is propped up against the doorframe for long moment while Dick eats at his mouth, slow fucking him with his tongue.
“So glad,” between presses of lips and the exchanged heat, “you came over.”

He’s pretty much carried inside by his vigilante boyfriend and the door closes while Dick finally gives him a little bit of a reprieve and hoists him higher, nuzzling into his face affectionately.

He’s completely fine with being held like he weighs practically nothing in the middle of Dick’s living room and wraps his legs around Dick’s hips to help hold himself up—not that he really needs to.

“I made you coffee,” Dick is still grinning while moving lower to nuzzle into his neck and nudge the hood out of his way, “and I’ve got Netflixs ready, and there’s stuff for sandwiches because you probably need to eat real food Timmy, and--”

And it’s so much for him to see this side, to get to have it now that Tim can’t help but grin at the genuine happy radiating even when he’s finally set down on his feet. The three of them hadn’t been at this long enough for everything to lose the quickening of the heart and churning arousal at barely a look. Hell, he’d only told them a few weeks ago he’d always known their secret idents and how much that shit didn’t even matter.

Since then, the shop talk hadn’t been nearly as muted, on the proverbial down-low (because, you know, civilian here). Like some agreement had been made between Dick and Jay that they could talk about the Joker’s next breakout or the strategies to take down the emerging gang showing up in the warehouse district with drugs and weapons.

(“Someone’s been supplyin’ Mask alla those new AKs, Dickie,” Jason had taken off the helmet and dominio while Tim treated the minor lacerations by rote and Dick paced as he thought--the moment had given Tim a hard pause because they didn’t usually do into finite details around him, and this...this means it’s okay for them to now.)

It’s a step further into his world, one that scares the holy bejesus out of him at the same time it makes him absurdly pleased.

And this? Accepting Dick’s invitation to his apartment on a rare night off while Jay is out of town looking into a rash of jewel heists with Red Arrow (Roy)? This is just another step even further in, a variable panic when he realizes how far he is, how much further he would have to be before there’s no way to come back.

But looking up into those blue, blue eyes, the wide, white smile, and his heart gives a thump, the calculations falling to the wayside in the presence of such affection and want (and maybe...maybe once he’s there he might not want to go back anyway. He can keep running the gauntlet at Mercy while making sure his Robins are good enough to keep moving. He’s a spectacular multi-tasker, really).

Broad hands, powerful hands on his face, tilting him up a little more, and oops, he might have got lost there for a second, “hey. Are you all sleep-deprived again? I can cuddle you while you take a nap?”

But the smile is still there, soft and fond, and Tim just-- he just--

He pulls Dick down enough to reach, to bite over the lower lip a little and soothe it with his tongue, to get a low noise out of Dick, to take that necessary step closer so he’s pressing up against the soft t-shirt and sweatpants and can bunch his hands in the worn fabrics.

“No nap,” he manages between sucking on Dick’s mouth, “don’t think that is in the immediate
future. But hey,” another quick, chaste one, “hi there big guy,” and another, “missed the shit out of you,” another for just because, “glad the megalomaniacs of the world tremble at your ass in that suit--”

The chuckle is raspy as hands slide the hood back from his hair and pull the zipper down to get him that much closer to naked.

Dick pulls back a little and sees what shirt he’s wearing, and without looking away, Dick licks his lips in a tantalizingly hot motion.

“So,” and his voice is rougher, more growly like N’s voice, “we’re going to skip most of the tour until later.”

Those eyes roll up from the Gotham Knight’s shirt to his face, and he knows he’s probably blushing like crazy because damn. Those eyes? No one has the kind of will power to resist.

“But, I will give you a first look at the bedroom if you’re interested, Doctor Drake.”

“I’m not-surprisingly good with that,’’ and he’s a little breathless, letting go long enough to drop his hoodie so it’s the shirt and his fists go back to tightening in the soft cotton over Dick’s hip and ribs.

He doesn’t make a squeak this time when he swept off his feet, and his mouth is devoured. He might whimper, he might even yell a little when Dick’s fingers thread in his hair and direct him to the side so the tendon in his neck can be sucked and bitten.

His thighs twitch at the sensitive spot being abused so thoroughly, at the sharp edge of teeth, and all he can do it bite down on his lip to try not to sound like he’s falling apart completely.

He gets brief flashes while Dick just walks him down a long hallway without raising his head from sucking on Tim’s throat. Pictures of good times and good friends, a room with a whiteboard and computer at an old desk, bathroom with the suit hanging up over the shower rod.

The bedroom, however, is extremely comfortable before Dick ever lays him out on the messy sheets and palms his lower abdomen under the shirt. It’s an easy blue (naturally) with thick carpeting and a television in the corner, a small stand, overstuffed chair, and lamp niched in another. The center of the room is completely open, he realizes, dazed with Dick’s hands sliding the shirt up and thumbs circling his nipples and saying such nice things against his skin. When he manages to open his eyes to look up at the ceiling, welp, he gets an answer to why the fuck that it.

Tim gasps in a breath because he sure as shit didn’t expect to see the spiderweb of straps against the high ceiling of Dick’s bedroom (though looking back on it later, the real question is why he didn’t expect it). A complicated array of straps the width of his wrist is secured by rings embedded in the walls in a complicated array. Straps with glinting silver rings of different sizes dispersed throughout in some kind of pattern he’s going to get later when his brain isn’t turning to mush under that mouth and--

“What--what is that,” he manages to get his hands on the hem of Dick’s t-shirt and start to pull it up, eyes for this--this--whatever that is?

Dick makes an inquiring noise against his ribs and sucks, almost making him forget, but he keeps pulling enough to get Dick to lean up so the shirt can come off and the soft light can bathe his body and scars softly, can highlight the dips and grooves, the muscle born of fighting the good fight.

It’s so much and not enough that Tim surges to his knees and grips, running his mouth and tongue over collarbone and shoulder, throat and lower. He gets a hand on the back of Dick’s neck to tilt his
head back in answer and--

“Oh,” is shaky because he’s made it to a vulnerable scar on Dick’s chest and moans while he sucks. “That’s for playtime. When we want a workout while we make love.”

He pulls off and looks up at Dick’s hot gaze, giving the vigilante enough time to get the shirt up and off of him in a swift move.

His brain stutters. “It’s what now?” And now his eyes are huge, darting back up at the configuration high on the ceiling while his face gets very, very pink.

The smile cutting across Dick’s face is utterly dirty, just sinful as hell.

“Y-You mean you and Jay climb around that and--and have sex?” His heart is beating in the back of his mouth, his half-interested cock now straining against his fly because just the mental picture of his boyfriends bare and muscles taunt to climb, balance, wrap and hold while they are literally suspended in mid-air is just--

A noise spills out of him without even being touched because God, that is so unbearably hot.

“Mmhm,” Dick breathes against his throat, and yes Dick, he can feel you smiling like an asshole (because excuse him, it’s not like most people had crazy sex straps dangling from the ceiling or anything). “I’m an acrobat, Tim, and we swing from buildings most nights. You know that.”

“Yup,” he agrees immediately, unable to look away now, “but this is just-- I mean, the mechanics alone...” and now he’s whimpering because just the mental picture of what Dick and Jay could do and the straining muscles while his boyfriends contort themselves, hold themselves while they take each other, and--

Dick’s hand slides down to cup him through his jeans, press against his throbbing erection, making his hips jerk automatically.

“Oh,” Dick says again, purring this time right against his neck while he’s helplessly looking up. “Tim-my, does that make you hot? Thinking about us making love to each other like that?”

His hands have found purchase on Dick’s biceps at some point and tighten. “I want to watch sometime,” he pants out, suddenly breathless. “I want to watch so bad, Dick you have no idea.”

The laugh from the vigilante is low and dirty, full of promise when Dick leans back up, eyes now calculating, “watch? I think we can do better than that.”

Moving so Tim can see every move he makes, Dick leans to the side and opens the top drawer of his nightstand, rifles for less than a second before he pulls out--

A wide leather cuff. One with a silver D-ring attached.

At just the sight, his trapped cock gives a spurt of wetness to soak into his boxers, and his knees tremble just enough for Dick to know.

“Oh my God, you--you--”

But, Dick just grins, quick and wide, tapping a finger on his nose before he’s off the bed and moving across the room, his obvious erection bobbing in his sweats while his hips roll with a very pointed stalk that means so, so many things.
Behind the door, Tim hadn’t even noticed the compact pulley system with the main straps secured. With a touch of a button, the straps slowly start lowering down from the tight tension keeping it out of the way of daily routines.

He’s panting again, braced over on his hands, watching as the black straps get closer to reachable height, noticing now the web is made up of three layers of straps, a bottom layer, a middle layer, and a top layer with rings attached on the inside of the straps, and--

Tim’s eyes go briefly to the cuff Dick left idly on the nightstand (because the cuffs could attach in a few different places and could secure someone to be hanging helpless against whatever they wanted to do). His stomach simultaneously drops with dread and clamps with anticipatory heat.

When Dick steps away from the pulley system, Tim’s eyes go immediately to the motion, of Dick expertly walking, moving, jumping, ducking, dip and spinning, grab and pulling, around and over and through the system of straps, watches him idly run his fingers over them, over the larger rings meant to be hand holds, watches his body move with grace and power without even making it look hard.

He doesn’t swallow his tongue, but it’s a stretch.

Dick moves like water, how he moves when he’s giving a show, his muscles work in a terribly beautiful sync, and it’s incredibly, unbearably hot to feel like he’s being stalked by a very, very dangerous man.

When Dick reaches the center, he pulls at a specific strap and a series of six rise to mid-thigh. It’s at the apex, a set of straps that could support a body, the rings on the cuffs attaching at strategic points to make sure his legs would be kept spread open, and God, he’s throbbing right now just thinking about it.

Like he knows, Dick is smiling as he winds one arm in a strap over his head and pulls himself up effortlessly, abs bunching when his legs lift perfectly straight to fit himself down in the cradle of straps as a very informative preview.

And Tim can’t tear his eyes away while the straps support the perfect curve where thigh meets ass, the lower back and shoulders. He literally stops breathing when Dick shimmies his hips, undulates for him, mock fucking the air right above him and moves both hands to flick at the rings where the cuffs would connect and--

“Both wrists and ankles,” his boyfriend explains while arching his back, “so you don’t fall. There’s other safety measures in case a strap breaks.”

Of course there are because it’s Dick. Dick who had nightmares about people he cares about falling--

Which explains why the bottom layer of straps closest to the floor is under the middle layer with a series of straps meant to cradle, you know, a person. It’s to use to maneuver...and act like a net.

He has to lick his lips, try to get enough air to say something instead of being a proverbial puddle of please fuck me.

“And just what are you going to do while I’m all damsel-in-distress helpless?” And sure he already knows, but he needs to hear Dick say it.

Very calmly, methodically, the vigilante lays it out, “I’m going to fuck you in every conceivable
position I can think of. And, believe me Timmy, I have an extensive repertoire, so we might be at
this for a while.”

And oh God, this is his life right now.

“I’m going to ruin you if you let me have you like this.”

With a twist of his hips, an arch of that powerful body, Dick is suspended above the cradle, right in
the v-ee of the lower thigh straps, and none of it, none of it is helping him do anything but fist his
hands in the messy sheets and want.

“Oh fuck, Dick, the two of you doing this is the hottest thing I could ever think of, are, I mean, are
you sure--?”

“You have no idea,” and those eyes have him locked in, sucking any doubts he might have had,
“how much I want to do this to you. Timmy, baby, I’ll make you feel so good. So good you’ll be
screaming for me.”

He leans back, hands on the bed, unconsciously baring his upper body, offering himself up. “Wow,
wow that is...holy shit, Dick. If you tell me I’m on Candid Camera or this is some Bat rite of
passage where you leave me suspended for a few hours until I crack--”

It gets him a low chuckle while his muscles trembled minutely and his cock is quickly becoming a
point of pain here.

“Nothing like that. You safeword out and I’m getting you down immediately.” With another agile
move, spreading his legs for momentum, Dick flips around the straps and lands it just outside the
complex configuration.

He’s already leaping on the bed to take Tim down to his back and surge up to take his mouth, so
much so fast that Tim’s hips twitch up hard with Dick between his legs and some kinky fun times
just waiting to be a perfect distraction for the next few hours.

Barely leaving his mouth, Dick licks over the line of his jaw, and a hand is working the button and
fly to get access, “wanna play first, Timmy. Missed you, wanna touch you. If we make it there, we
do--”

“We totally are,” because who in their right mind would pass this up. “If you don’t fuck me soon
in that thing I might turn into a supervillain and try to take over the world. Don’t try me, I’m very
serious.”

It’s with a the sensuous slide between his legs, gripping him, feeling how fucking wet he already is
so Dick can palm him and groan against his neck. Tim catches a breath because his brain is
misfiring to his synapsis, his body taking over in the decision-making process. He’s at least with it
enough to start shoving at Dick’s sweats because he needs skin, he needs to touch, and be opened
up, and be strapped down, and all of it. He needs all of it.

And just be the feel of his boyfriend’s dirty laugh, he’s going to get exactly what he wants.

**

He just doesn’t count on Dick being such an asshole and make him almost crazy before they ever
get there.

Excuses like, “I need to make sure you’re nice and open for me, baby,” really means “I’m going to
suck you and finger you until you can’t form words, but no, no, you can’t come until I let you.”

He is literally going to die.

The single most arousing thing: Dick licking over his thundering pulse before fitting a cuff on each wrist; then swirling his tongue and sucking on the bone before each ankle is cuffed next. Pink from his cheeks down to his chest, his boyfriend takes a necessary moment to lean up and stare at him with that predatory glint, finally, finally getting to the main event.

Dick picks him up effortlessly, sliding their bare bodies together, the friction making his thighs lock down, stutter to get more. And just like the badass he is, Dick maneuvers them through the web without pulling away from his mouth or getting tangled up even once.

The vigilante throws a leg over the cradle of straps, slowly lowering him down to sit in the cradle; the first strap supports the back of his thighs, the next series of three up his back to his shoulders, and Dick makes minute adjustments to each without letting him go. His hips twitch when Dick eases his weight down fully, allowing him to test the suspension and stares down, hungry, at him again, laid out and panting, muscles tight with anticipation, slowly relaxing once he realizes how stabilized he actually is.

The first cuff is attached to an embedded hoop by the D ring, Dick fingers running down his forearm as he tests the give.

The second one makes a noise work up from his chest, making his wet hole clench.

And yes, Dick is already well fucking aware this is a thing. To be perfectly frank, they’re really the ones that made him realize he had a kink for it--in giving up control, to let the decisions be made for him sometimes. Not while he’s in the field, not while there’s someone hurt and in need--never while he’s the doctor with people depending on him, when he has to plan out his moves with every contingency his brain could spit out at any random change in vital functions.

When he’s that guy with someone on his table, he can’t give in.

The first time Jason zip tied him to the headboard and the two of them started to work, he came closer and closer to the realization of how much he could crave something.

He didn’t even realize what it was that made him fuzzy and half-aware until the ensuing talk when his two boyfriends figured it out for him.

(“Timmy? Hey Sugar, you were so good for us, but s’time ta’ come back.”

“He’s really deep isn’t he?” Fingers in his hair and fuzzy warmth.

“Blacked out pretty hard, Big Wing. But howz ‘bout we throw downa bet, yeah? I call it, you bring home donuts.”

“Done and done,” nails against his scalp and lazy massage of his hips, gentle, easy touches.

“He one that’s gotta give in sometimes, Baby Boy. Gotta give it up, you feel me? S’why the ties were a nice lil’ surprise.”)

Sure, he was slightly mortifying, but he picked the color system as his safeword just so he could leave that convo with an array of excuses before his face caught fire.

But, well. Vigilantes and such.
Dick blocked the bedroom door casually while Jay gripped the back of his neck and said in no uncertain terms how not a problem that is for them, something they can play with if he wanted. It isn’t something they have to do all the time, but when it’s been a hard row of nights, when mortality is just that much closer than the peripheral, when any of them get itchy in their own skin, it’s perfect for all three of them. Dick and Jason have the need to protect, to have absolutely control instead of contingencies while Tim can be pliant, let the responsibilities go to just be.

This is their first time without Jay’s smooth baritone, but he’s already such a fucking mess, he might literally explode with both of them.

“What color, baby?” Dick hums at him, working his hands down Tim’s arms, to his chest, leans down to flick his tongue over one pink nipple, working it taunt.

“Green,” wheezed out, “so green. Like Christmas over here. Please, please, you loveable, sadistic, pain-in-my-ass--”

“I have gags, Tim. I’m not afraid to use them.”

Oh...God. How is he not coming right now?!

He jerks to slide his cock against Dick’s, bucks up helplessly.

“Really? Tim, baby, we really need to explore so much more, but another time, okay? I want to be able to hear you when I can’t see your face.” And yes, he whimpers when Dick leans up and away, leaving him to rut up in the air with trembling thighs and pre-come painting his stomach.

One leg is raised up and the D-ring attached, his calf petted affectionately.

“The whole apartment is sound-proof by the way,” as the next leg is lifted and attached. The cradle is more taunt than the upper and lower layers, obviously with almost no give, keep him spread obscenely wide.

Tim lets his head fall back, panting with it.

Dick maneuvers effortlessly, gorgeous naked, to grab onto a ring over his head and reach into a hidden pouch to pull a two buttoned remote (what no Nightwing symbol?). “I’m right here, baby. Look at me the whole time, okay? It’s going to get...intense your first time, but I’m right here with you,” the hand with the remote smoothes over his thigh, and Tim manages to tilt his head back up to look, and see the easy smile. A tiny beep and he forces himself to keep watching while his stomach drops and they rise.

His brain knows they’re in a condensed space, knows he’s not that high off the ground that a fall could kill him. The lower layer of straps is only a few feet from the carpet and taunt enough to catch him if something breaks, but his body only gets tighter with the anticipation and the distance seems like miles. The sheer weightlessness, the thin points of support, the slight pull to his wrists and ankles has his head falling back, panting.

Dick just rubs his thigh again with his free hand, supported only by his one-handed grip on a single ring. He slides the remote away, and like he demonstrated before, just an easy twist of hips and the vigilante’s legs rise over his head in an upside-down split with perfectly straight lines to loops his ankles in the top layer of straps over them, arching his spine in an incredibly flexible move to put his face right over the secured doctor.

“Talk to me, baby. Tell me where you’re at,” and because Dick can do that, he’s only holding himself up with his calves and knees easily, palming the side of Tim’s face to look closer at his
pink cheeks and blown pupils.

*It’s not that far, it’s not that far, it’s not that far— don’t think about the possible fractures and contusions.*

“You could always distract me,” he rasps out, trying to get enough purchase to lift his hips, trying to find friction for his painfully hard cock. “That sounds nice right about now, I mean, it would be a shame to waste all the time well-spent torturing me—”

But he’s only babbling because Dick’s smile is downright *sinful* (even upside down), and he moves with that careless power, like he could do this all day, flipping around Tim’s inert body, grabbing other straps to set them swaying lazily and slot himself right against Tim’s back, pressing the front of his body against his smaller lover, grips the restraining cradle above bound wrists, and slides his cock wetly in the cleft of Tim’s ass with a groan, lining up so the head catches at the place where it needs to *be*. Now, *right fucking now.*

“You’re killing me, *killing me,*” he moans out, his body swaying gently as he tries to work his hips, lets his head fall back against Dick’s shoulder. And pressed so *close* to Tim, with this incredible *trust* making his chest tight, only the thin bands between them, only held up by his own strength and the straps, he presses his mouth gently to the spot right between shoulder and neck, biting just slightly. So he can give the *deep,* hard thrusts Tim needs, Dick threads his legs into the straps right alongside Tim’s, arching a little so he can work. Tim’s mouth drops open automatically with the feel of all that strength, the tight muscles against his back and ass and thighs; he’s helpless to do anything but work his hips as best he can, to try to get the angle right, try to get what his body is *desperate* for.

Wet and sharp against the nape of his neck, a laugh followed by a lick. Dick uses his leverage, pulling to create a terribly tight tension, holding Tim’s body still against movement, to finally start sliding inside him, filling him *up* until his body just fucking *unlocks* and he sinks further into the supporting straps and Dick’s unending strength.

It’s too much and not enough, helpless and weightless, his body on fire with it, and he bites down hard enough on his lower lip that doesn’t come just from the feel of Dick filling him up, but his thighs shake with the effort.

“Oh God, *oh God,* you feel so big inside me,” a stupid thing babbled out, his fingers, always precise, always steady, fumbling at the strap so he can just *hold on.* “Dick! Dick—*fuck.*”

“I’m right here, Tim. Right here with you,” breathed gently across his neck, ending on a groan. But it’s just so *Dick,* slow and easy, making his body open, Dick taking his *time* no matter how *desperate* the noises are starting to sound. It’s with leverage and gentle swaying, lazy short thrusts until Dick is buried inside him to the *root.*

The only thing grounding him is the precarious skin and scars below him, held by a few straps, his eyes wet with the intensity of it all. His moan is helplessly aroused when he feels just the right kind of *full.*

“So *good,* baby. Damn, you’re so *tight* for me. Oh, God, I wanna fill you up so *bad,* but not yet, okay?” and it’s that lower register, the cock throbbing inside his body, doing *this* makes him bite down hard on his lower lip so he doesn’t start *begging.* Just a little shifting, giving Tim time to adjust to the rush to his senses, his vertigo, to let him ease down enough to move.

“I think you’ll have to take a week off and just stay here with me. Oh, Jay is going to *love this.*”
...a week? He bites down on his lip harder (but the noises spill out anyway--he can’t hold it in).

And with his incredible strength, Dick adjusts to grip another strap for a strategic pull, the strap holding him under his thighs releases enough for gravity to take over and pound Tim down hard to grind perfectly on the vigilante’s thick, hard cock. A surprised noise and his body undulates as the momentum starts--a sweet drag out, with just the tip keeping the panting doctor open, Dick pulls easily on the straps to move Tim’s body so he can push back in.

When he gets a low, shaky groan, he gets validation he has Timmy in the perfect place, right where he needs his ridiculously smart, hot little boyfriend to be. He has to make Tim mindless to completely let go of his rigid control, the doctor always ready for the next emergency, to let Dick take him without holding back.

From the arch of that spine against his chest, the abrupt cry, he’d say he’s succeeding, and isn’t Jay going to be so fricking jealous.

The rhythm is slow and erotic, the glide getting wetter, and Dick flexes his thighs to bury himself as deep as he can, to open Tim up even more. He only needs one hand (not really, he could keep fucking Tim just with his thighs in the right place, but yes, soon) so the other can turn his baby’s face enough to see the open-mouthed panting, the glazed eyes hazy with pleasure. Dick groans and takes his mouth hard and wet, speeds up his thrusts because perfect, their boy is absolutely perfect.

In between thrusting tongues and the slick, quickening motions, he’s moaning after every thrust, a minute shift here and there until the tip of Dick’s cock hits his spot on the rolling glide back in, and he almost screams with it. His cock is throbbing and pleasure shoots up his spine, he’s weightless and helpless, and it’s Dick, so it’s so fucking good, his brain is frying because he can’t take anymore--he just needs to come.

“P-Please Dick, please.”

Fuck, here he is begging anyway.

Nuzzling below his ear to place absurdly gentle kisses while the rolling rhythm fills him up until the straps tremble in time with his thighs.

“Not yet, baby. Oh...oh, not yet. Ah, you’re so tight and hot around me, feels so good. I need more, just--ah, damn!--just a little more. You can hold out for me, can’t you Timmy? Just a little bit more?”

He’s turning into a keening mess, almost sobbing, but still, “fuck...fuck, yes. I’ll try, but, oh, oh God--”

Something evil, the sound of a smirk against his jugular, “oh baby, I know, it feels so good, doesn’t it? Shh, shh, it’s okay. It’s okay, I’ll help you,” with a hard, deep, seating thrust making him see stars, and just breathing? Who really needs to anyway?

The glide out is slow and complete, making him literally keen when the heavy, hot tip pulls out of him wetly, leaving him unfathomably empty when the only thing he needs right the fuck now--

Strategic pulls on straps and incredible feats of flexibility--Dick grinning wide, suddenly climbing between his restrained legs to share the cradle with him. One of those hands kneads his inner thigh, grounding him, bringing him back from the brink.

Tim’s too dazed, his brain a syrupy mess to put together the physics how Dick’s manages to get their hips aligned by bracing his feet on the shoulder strap much less get enough control to pull on
another above his head and get Tim’s hips to tilt up. But the tip slides over him, wet and teasing, making his head fall back on his shoulders, and the rest is all about need.

He grips the straps he’s chained to, with it enough to shove his hips down on the next pass, earning a noise from both of them.

They move in some psychic agreement and meet on the next thrust. Dick is gripping his hip with a free hand to rub soothing circles while things like gravity and kinky vigilante sex configurations literally make him insane.

He knows there is soothing words during the easy, rolling rhythm, knows Dick is asking if he’s okay (and really, how do you expect him to answer that while this is a THING?), but his brain is taken up with the feel of his body being filled over and over, of moving his hips to try and keep Dick buried deep enough that he forgets where he ends and Dick begins.

When the glide becomes too much again, and he’s going to come or break down and fucking cry or some shit, his chest is a shaking enough with panting breath that the straps at his back move, and he’s almost bitten a hole in his lip. Dick’s hand slides down his hip and leg without a hitch in the fluid, driving rhythm, fingers slide across the inside of his thigh to hold him, ground him.

“I can’t-- I can’t--” and fuck his eyes are wet, but Dick buries himself deep right against Tim’s spot and he rears back to scream.

“Doing so well, Timmy, fuck you’re being so good, so good for me.”

A hard draw back, almost completely out, making Tim wail because please, please, so close--

“Now, baby. Now.”

And on the slide back in, so fucking full, he comes with his head back and his synapsis exploding. He’s a shaking, sweaty mess of a man, taking a series of slow, deep thrusts with tears running down his face, and meaningless noises spilling out of his chest until Dick buries himself deep a final time and fills him to the brim.

Dick’s ceiling fuzzes out and his eyes flutter, his pulse throbbing in the back of his throat, and the trembles of pleasure keep shooting up his spine, keeping him under where things are soft and fuzzy and warm. He’s not with it enough to feel the shift, the gentle sway of his body, Dick wet, thick cock slowly easing out. Everything sounds far away while his body comes down and he’s a mass of useless as fuck.

It’s fine though because Dick’s maneuvered to be literally hanging over him by his calf wrapped around a strap overhead. Warm hand on his face, tinny sound and moving lips, those blue eyes sparkling and happy, sated.

“Oh baby, I wore you out, didn’t I? Poor thing. I’m sorry, that was a lot so fast, wasn’t it?” And the furrow between Dick’s brows is a signal that mother-henning is about to start. “How about we get down and have cuddles for a while, hm?”

He thinks he probably hummed and didn’t even twitch at the clench of his stomach as they started to lower and Dick hangs over him, palming his face and cooing stupidly cute things about how brave he is for trying this, how much Dick enjoyed making love to him, how good he felt and how beautiful he was when he came so hard.

He stares up at those eyes, dazed and pliant and about as fucked out as you could possibly get. Which is why he completely lets Dick unclip the cuffs, pick him up like a fainting damsel, and
take them both to the big inviting bed in the corner so he can just stay under and let himself float.

He briefly remembers drinking cool water from a straw and something tasty being fed to him so all he had to do was open and chew. There’s a warm wet cleaning him up at some point, but he finally goes completely under to the soft noise of the television, and the steady rhythm of Dick’s heart under his ear.

The only time he wakes up is when another warm body slides into bed with them, and the familiar scent of cigarettes and brimstone makes him sigh in contentment and tolerate the low, amused chuckle against his forehead, deciding on retribution for another night. Because now he’s bracketed between two large vigilantes and nothing short of an emergency is going to make him move an inch.

Chapter End Notes

If you made it to the end, get on the train, we're outta here XD
Doctor Tim Drabble: The Joker

Chapter Summary

While he’s frozen in terror, staring at the face of Gotham’s most dangerous criminal, the arrant thought flitting across his brain pan is something to the effect that he hopes like fuck Hood and N figure out he’s missing a hell of a lot sooner rather than later.

Chapter Notes

And back to your regularly scheduled Dr. Tim program. But well, since Gotham and such, it’s really just a matter of time before he runs into some very dangerous criminals isn’t it?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As he’s come to learn in the last year of being the go-to physician for a series of scary, self-sacrificing vigilantes, trouble can strike from all possible directions. Really, it’s literally Bat-credo.

Of course, it doesn’t apply to the helpful civilians that might just want to make Gotham’s protectors stay above the game (well, unless you count scaling tall buildings with literally a doctor’s bag and a prayer since some people just have to be ten stories up with massive internal bleeding—Hood), and since he’s the guy that comes in after all the dangerous crime fighting goes down for some very necessary snatch-and-stitch, the criminals are normally pretty well underway to unconscious city when he hits the scene. It’s nice he’s not trying to keep either one of them from bleeding out while dealing with a terrible bad guy monologue-- he’s pretty sure none of them would appreciate his brand of heckling while the details of this week master plan are laid out.

Scarecrow probably wouldn’t appreciate his version of ‘Name that Chemical.’

But since his luck runs about 60/40 most days, he really shouldn’t be shocked when he finally gets out of Mercy for the night, earbuds in so he can calm down from the rigorous pace set by the slew of second-rate thugs baring very distinctive injuries (obviously corresponding from a run-in with one or multiple aforementioned vigilantes), and a jarring amount of victims come through the ER doors with a well-known condition recognizable at first-glance by anyone that’s ever spent time in Gotham. A condition that shakes apart even his calm, cool, and collected when it becomes very obvious what he’s looking at:

Leukoderma: loss of pigmentation in the skin

Myoparalysis of the orbicularis oris: paralysis of the mouth muscles

Symptoms of Pseudobulbar Effect because the only sounds the patients can make are laughing or sobbing.

Everyone in the ER knows it’s time for shit to get real once more than one patient comes in
displaying the same characteristics like this. It’s one of the few times he goes *balls to the wall* in the cramped lab with blood samples and trying to make his hands stop shaking long enough to starting working on a counter-agent to the chemical cocktail making ordinary, perfectly healthy people start showing signs just like *these*.

It means the Joker is back in Gotham.

Subsequently, it also means he’s running the path between the lab and ER like his ass is on fire to help strap down the most out-of-control victims, treat the injured, run tests on this version of toxin, synthesize a cure as fast as he possibly *can* with shitty, outdated equipment and a computer system slower than Steph getting out of bed in the morning. On nights like these, he and the rest of the staff at Mercy General’s ER do the best damn job they can to keep themselves sane enough to be the ones taking care of both sides of the equation.

The GCPD usually meandering around watching the fast-and-furious pace with tired eyes and hollow expressions talk loud enough between themselves to give updates so the staff *know* how the night could possibly end for them:

“That fucking clown managed to get away from the capes.”

“Yeah, but you know ‘em. He won’t be on the run for long. The Bat has it out for the asshole’s blood.”

*Great. There’s probably going to be some vigilante owfuck on his fire escape later tonight.*

He tries soothing a terrified child who is staring at his mom strapped down to a gurney and laughing while tears roll down her face and the husband is gripping her hand. He’s reeling from the unintended back-hand when one of the thugs gets a hand free and flails. He’s yelling obscenities in the cramped lab when his first try at the antidote completely fucking *fails*. He’s moving with the new one rolling in through the double doors already in cardiac arrest, the toxin mixing with a pre-existing condition. He’s talking it out with a haggard Steph when the composition finally, *finally* breaks down the sample of toxin and they’ve hit the fucking *jackpot*.

By the time the wave is over and the catastrophe calmed as much as possible, the next shift is in and briefed on what they’ve got, which patients have a positive prognosis, which patients are still in distress, what resources they have, and Doctor Drake is almost unconscious on his feet. He might register a few back-slaps on his way out while he’s shrugging into his hoodie, and he probably slurred something acceptable in response since no one is making him take at least a nap in one of the storage rooms before he goes home.

He’s tired enough to be surprised it’s daylight and pulls out his phone just to double-check no messages from bleeding, busted-up vigilantes or anything (but *really*, if either of them are *that bad*, they’re probably already on his couch eating cereal and watching *The Ranch* because Hood has terrible taste in TV shows).

He doesn’t have the wherewithal to put together the sound of the humming engine until the sound of a door to an inconspicuous van sliding back jars him enough to look up--

At plastic clown masks covering faces, faces inside a van, faces with grabbing hands that pull him right the hell in.

**

The hard fact is, as much as he followed the Dynamic Duo back before his parents died, as much
as he believed (and still does) in what they were doing, as much as he wanted to help them even as a kid, as much as he could see how he could lend his skills to their mission, he’s never been or going to be one of them.

He’s never going to be Robin.

It’s a fact that exists in the very back of his brain pan and comes to the fore in instances like, well, this.

Because the owfuck right now, is real, and someday, someday, he’s going to learn that not everyone can appreciate his own brand of witty comebacks. Or the fact that, while he is pretty badass in his own right as a civilian, he’s never going to be able to take down five heavily muscled goons without taking a serious beating.

Which, he obviously has since the right side of his jaw and cheekbone are a hot, searing agony from the first few blows. His knee feels like someone kicked it (oh wait, someone did); his lower back is protesting the fact he still has kidneys because damn, right now he could be missing a semi-crucial body part and not feel at all bad about it.

But, at least the clown thugs are smart enough to realize he would need his hands for whatever reason they picked him up off the street. That knowledge doesn’t help the rest of his body when he finally comes to on cold, unforgiving cement, blinking blood out of his eyes and taking stock of what kind of injuries are in this little package of surprise.

His shoulder throbs when his muscles tighten only minutely before he forces himself to relax, to look like he’s still out cold. If he plays possum long enough, maybe some random vigilantes will figure out he isn’t at the hospital or his penthouse. Vigilantes with detective skills would really be nice right about--

“Well, well, well. What do we have here, boys?”

Oh...fuck...

“It’s a little birdy.”

--now. Holy shit, now, now. Right now would be a GREAT TIME--

Footsteps, sharp-looking spats enter his line of sight, and the hard intake of breath makes his everything hurt even more, but it’s not important, it’s not--it’s not-- Oh God. Oh God, it’s him.

Bending at the waist, a face comes in his line of sight, so close, too close.

“Trying to put one over on me, eh? That’s not very smart, kiddo, since I have a tendency to be a little, well, impatient.”

And the mouth twists more, sharp upward curves as the splitting sound of a sharp chuckle makes his blood run fucking cold.

“Get it, Doc? Impatient! Ahaa Ha ha ha, ha. Ah-haaa, ha, ha, ha, ha. Oohwah, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HAA.”

While he’s frozen in terror, staring at the face of Gotham’s most dangerous criminal, the arrant thought flitting across his brain pan is something to the effect that he hopes like fuck Hood and N figure out he’s missing a hell of a lot sooner rather than later.
Sometimes
You’ve gotta roll with the punches, see?
Can’t let a few bumps in the road stop ya from trying to make the perfect joke.
It’s aaaaallllll about the
Punch
Line
Baby
Gets ‘em every time.
And the good people of Gotham know how to take a joke. That’s why he loves this dirty, rat-infested shithole of a city. It’s why he started his career in petty larceny only to take a little dip in the toxic sludge bath to become his
new
and
Improved
(Ha-ha-heh-ha-ha)
And, well, since he’s all shiny, he needed a new gimmic. A new image. Something so dastardly evil it would scare the pants off any inmate in Arkham. Something to get him some respect around this dump.
(hu-hu-hu-hooo)
And that’s when the Joker was born.
It was easy getting the thugs to fall in line when he needed bodies to carry out a little poisoning of Gotham’s water supply--because everyone should wake up with a smile. All he had to do was rip out a few vital organs of their last boss with his bare hands to make sure they all
Got
The
Joke
(A-ha-a-ha-aha-ha)
But that meddling caped crime fighter came right in and ruined the
Punch
Line
right as the water tanks were ready for his special little toxin.

The most beautiful moment of his grand plan ruined by a man dressed like a flying rodent.

Since then, he’s been playing such a game, matching wits and fists off and on for years. Pushing and pulling at everything that makes the Bat tick.

*Tock.*

*Tick*

*Tock*

Wouldn’t it be funny to see the Bat finally break? Oh. Oh. To see him finally snap. (He-he-ha-ha)

To see him lose everything in his little arsenal of trick and traps, to see him get what he deserves.

Killing that little fucking brat was supposed to be enough.

Was supposed to drive ole’ Bats right into the next belfrey, put him next to all his buddies in Arkham, to drive him to the brink. Push him right over the edge of sanity with that little double-whammy.

Poor Batsy. Where’s your little Robin now?

(A-ha-a-ha-ha-ha over there, and a piece over there, ooh, there’s an arm! Isn’t that handy. AH-HA-HA-HA-HA)

It was back to their old fun and games again without the Brat-Wonder pulling Batsy back from the brink. If that new little brat hadn’t come on the scene, he might just have succeeded in having the

Very

Last

*Laugh*

But there’s always next time, isn’t there Batsy? The game just keeps going and they’ll get on and off this little merry-go-round until it’s all

Broken

*Down*

**

*Leukoderma*

*Myoparalysis of the orbicularis oris*

He gets more of an up close and personal look than he definitely would have liked.

The thugs on either side of him are half-restraining, half-carrying him because a bucket full of hurt, and showing off the hideout of the night is pretty standard protocol for bad guys (or so he’s heard Hood and N bitch about). Between limping steps, memorizing the layout, and hoping the psychopath leading them isn’t going to randomly turn around and beat him with a crowbar.
“That sick son-u-va-bitch, Timmy. You don’t want no piece of ‘im.”"

Since, you know, that’s one of his things.

Instead, they’re lead to what seems to be an impromptu emergency set-up with a blonde woman laying on a makeshift gurney, pale and obviously in distress.

Shit.

Now the bad guys want him to play Pet Doctor.

(Oh right. This is his life.)

“My poor, widdle Harl, here had an accident—”

But Tim is already pulling out of the hold and walking his ass right past the talking villain, unzipping his hoody and tossing it in one of the broken chairs in the corner. He’s still in scrubs, so the irony isn’t lost here. Just, can they get him a name tag or something?

Before he even starts with the ABCDEs, he takes in a deep, deep breath and feverently hopes he’s not going to get himself killed in a horrific way.

“Hi,” he starts out and moves, “it’s okay, I’m a doctor. Can you tell me where it hurts?”

He focuses on assessing her belly, pulling the dirty blanket off her costumed abdomen and sees the gunshot wound gushing blood. The next steps are running through his head in a calm collection of needs.

“S-shot me. The p-police.” And she’s obviously pale, in pain, maybe even scared (though with the company she keeps, he’s really not sure about that).

“Okay, okay. I’m going to help you. I just need to scrub my hands and get supplies. I want you to let me know if you feel like you’re losing consciousness.”

Sharply, he turns to the thugs and mad man over his shoulder (and he knows it’s a bad thing that the clown masks really aren’t that odd), faces them determined she isn’t going to bleed out, “I need a sink to scrub up. I need gloves, sterile gloves…” and the list isn’t extensive, things they could find at Walgreens or Rite-Aid.

The thugs turn to the silently smiling villain, his back straight, with hands clasps behind him and narrow, assessing eyes.

Tim very, very much doesn’t want to know what’s going through that twisted mind right this moment.

The small lean forward, the tiny movement, makes his heart beat painfully hard in fear.

“A new nurse was doing rounds and overheard the surgeon yelling, ‘Typhoid! Tetanus! Measles!’ Curious, she asks another nurse, ‘Why does Doctor So-and-so he keep doing that?’ The colleague replies, ‘Doctor So-and-so likes to call the shots around here.’ Hu-hu-hu, get it, Doc?”

He doesn’t laugh, doesn’t crack a smile because, honestly, that was worse than Superman’s travelling salesman jokes.

But whatever the Joker had been waiting for must have happened because the villain leans back,
grinning horribly, “you heard the nice Doctor, boy! Get him what he needs.”

The woman, Harly Quinn, behind him on the gurney sighs in relief, but Tim is the only one that hears.

**

“What did the Doctor say when he removed the patient’s appendix?”

“What?”

“That’s enough outta you!”

His eyes roll up to that maniacally grinning face and back down to the forceps, gingerly pulling another piece of bullet fragment out of the patient’s side.

“What do you call a diseased criminal?”

“A good start?” He tries absently while working.

“A leper-con!”

The wound looks good, clean, no sign of infection.

With a shitty mask and his hair still hanging in his face, the conditions are *not* ideal. It’s fine. He’s worked in a hell of a lot worse (don’t think of Hood in Crime Alley with a few stab wounds), just with, you know, a little less *crazy*.

“The patient tells the doctor, ‘I think it’s curtains for me!’ The doctor says, ‘pull yourself together.’”

He sighs a little and starts to close, feeling better about Dr. Quinn’s chances. The two thugs immediately beside him haven’t budged in the last two hours, so some serious dedication there.

The Joker remains directly across from him, leaning over the unconscious patient with his never-ending slew of terrible *jokes*.

“What do you do for a poor, sick, little *bird*?”

And that? Is utterly *terrifying*.

“Give him proper tweet-meant. Aha-ah-hahaha.”

Tim suppress the shudder of fear working up his spine, refusing to think about the Red Hood and the Robin he was before this, refuses to think about the next second that could be horrendously painful torture or death.

When he finally tapes on gauze pads, the thugs beside him seems to ease down as well. When he moves to check the IVs, thug number one moves without comment, letting him check the bags and pull the cheap stethoscope from around his neck to take her vitals again.

“A kid is in an accident, gets brought to the Emergency Room. The doc says, ‘I can’t work on him, he’s my son!’ The doctor *wasn’t* the boy’s father, how could that *be*?”

Tim’s eyes narrow on the Joker’s grinning face, “wait a minute, I thought the other guy told the riddles.”
He doesn’t jump when the Joker’s open hands slam down on the makeshift gurney around the patient’s inert form, the sound snapping off walls. He doesn’t jump, but damn it’s a stretch.

His hand steady regardless of how fucking terrified he is, Tim pulls the mask down under his chin, and leans forward this time to sneer, “the doctor was the boy’s mother. Satisfied?”

But he gets a string of that bone-chilling laughter, catching hints of a very, very big gun holstered in the purple jacket.

“Oh,” the Joker leans in to meet him, those eyes wide and full of unpredictable crazy, “oh, I think I like you, kiddo. You’re good for a laugh, hu-hu-hu.”

He opens his mouth, just about to say something probably unerringly stupid to a mad man with guns and thugs—

When the skyline crashes in on itself to rain glittering glass all over the place, and dark shadows drop down from the sky.

The Batman end up crouching on the gurney, feet braced around the patient, and looking like a whole lot of doom come to call. The thugs are immediately taken down by Nightwing and Robin (and even though they don’t know he knows, he gets why the Red Hood is missing on this little ride), who have no qualms pulling him back from the fast and furious fight about to take place.

When it’s Nightwing’s hands on his biceps, pulling him away from danger, out of that big room and into the fallen night, he lets himself shake in the vigilante’s hold, staring up wide-eyed at the domino and whiteouts.

“Oh...oh my God, N--”

“Are you hurt? Timmy, did he hurt you?” Is the immediate question cutting into his breathless babbling. Then hands are moving over him, Nightwing moving slightly to make sure there’s no visible wounds on him. His face is held between gloved hands, the bruises and busted lip probably terribly purple and black.

“I’m...I’m o...I’m okay,” he manages to rasp, both hands coming up to grip Nightwing’s arms tight while he is definitely not shaking like a leaf. Nope, all good. Nothing to see here.

Which is totally believable until his knees give out and Nightwing is basically holding him up in a stupid princess carry like he’s four or something, and the grip around him is just as tight, Nightwing blowing out a deep breath against his hair.

“You scared the crap out of us. We’ve been tracking you the moment you didn’t make it back to your place.”

What? The hope they might have noticed him missing was really induced by a whole lot of fear and possible I really don’t want this guy to be the one to kill me. There’s better villains out there.

“O-oh, I see. H-hey there, N. Hi. Seriously, thanks for r-riding to the rescue because that was not on my to-do list for today, and-and,”

“There he is,” the modified voice proves he was apparently wrong about the sitch because landing beside them, the Red Hood is already looking him over, a gloved hand under his chin to tilt his face into the soft street light.

“H-Hood? You too? M-must be a light on crime tonight?”
But his eyes are stupidly getting wet and hot, making him blink rapidly because fuck, is he relieved.

“Don’t get snatched, Timmers. Not ever again. Me and Big Wing gonna rip this fuckin’ ‘Burg ta shreds, you feel me?”

The loud clattering and breaking going on inside the abandoned cat food warehouse is getting louder, meaning the fight with the psycho has moved into the next room. The helmet snaps that way, and Hood’s muscles get obviously tight at the faint sounds of laughter.

“Hood,” N quickly delegates, stepping up to lay Tim in Hood’s arms, “get him out of here. He’s hurt. I’ll go help B and Rob.”

The helmet jerks back to him and whatever damage is done to his face, and the Red Hood takes him in the same hold, hoisting Tim up high against his chest, only needing one arms to keep him secured. He’s already got a grapple in the other hand, ready to fly.

“Kick that fucking clown in the nuts f’ me, Big Wing. Get it?”

But Nightwing just smirks and takes off back inside to join the fight.

And Tim grips the Red Hood’s jacket with both hands, not at all disturbed when the helmet stays pointed right at his face even when the grapple fires and they’re off into the night.

**

The next morning, his door and window are like replaced without him even knowing. The reinforced glass and locks are, well, thoughtful? Maybe?

Even better, he gets an ice pack for his face and another for his swollen knee. He also gets masked vigilantes in sweats and t-shirts making food, watching Netflix with him, and seemingly unwilling to leave him alone.

Hood literally carries him from the couch to the table instead of watch him limp his hurt ass twenty feet away, and N is no better, hoisting him up on the kitchen counter when he makes the best smelling chicken parm on the planet.

By nightfall, they’ve told him how they tracked his movements and had a good friend searching through the traffic cams outside the hospital and his penthouse until they knew what happened and tracked the unmarked van down.

It’s...odd to be taken care of and strangely nice at the same time. He lets Nightwing re-wrap his knee and watches those hands work around the pulled muscle carefully, knowledgeably while the whiteout are up and those blue, blue eyes look at him fondly.

He argues with Hood on how Chaucer was just a poser over a game of chess, already planning out the winning moves.

He still amazed at their duck and dodge skills when Steph practically barrels into his apartment and throws her arms around him, sobbing with relief. His eyes roll up to Nightwing bracing all fours on his ceiling, grinning like an idiot before he swings gracefully, silently behind them to disappear again while the Red Hood hiding behind his couch joins him down the hall.

And when she leaves and night falls, they argue with him and each other about leaving him to his lonesome to patrol the city against other crazies that probably have sharp, pointy things and
chemical bombs for something *different* thrown in.

He leaves the window cracked and gets ready for bed, shivering slightly at the cool sheets and the feel of their hands lingering on him in concern and (what he might call) affection. He thinks he might have to whack himself in the head a few times before he sees them again because, *seriously*, he’s a civilian, not one of them, just an ordinary guy that happens to patch them up from time-to-time. They might even be *friends* at this juncture since they like to crash at his place after bad injuries and hard nights, they like to eat his food and listen to how his day went, they like to talk haltingly about what minor crooks they stopped that night, and general information about their real lives without giving anything away.

They’re…

They’re…

His heart picks up, beating faster when he realizes how screwed he really *is*.

Chapter End Notes

In Fracture, I experimented with Dr. Jonathan Crane’s perspective, and I’ve always wanted to try the Joker. I think he was pretty creepifying, so winning? Well, whatever. As always, thanks for reading, please feel free to tell me how you think it went :D
More Dr. Tim Drabbles

Chapter Summary

Cute things coming from requests

Dr. Tim Drabble: The Mentor

@yangmallow and I talked about Scrubs (because I love that damn show) and how this universe was in need of a Dr. Cox-like figure as ‘the mentor.’ He’s snarky and witty and a big marshmallow when he needs to be. Just, who else could do this?

**

Dr. Stark is an asshole.

About sixty percent of the time he’s an intolerable asshole. The remaining forty, he’s only slightly less intolerable.

To most people.

“I can’t believe you’re actually staying in this shit show,” Tony is at Mercy General in Gotham for a visit (reads as being a pain in the ass), taking a few rotations on the floating shifts upstairs while he (or rather his CEO) tries to convince the trustees that allowing Stark Medical to integrate with the hospital’s current services would be the best of both worlds for Gotham City. The resources alone would make it the merger worth it in the next ten years.

It’s an old argument, one that came around every quarter or so when Tim’s evals inevitably came out (and the board, God bless them, are still old school enough to refuse the offer since bringing Stark Medical to Gotham could spell a whole lot of takeover whether Tony is in on it or not. The board isn’t going to trust their jobs and programs will still be there if Stark Medical starts muscling in on their territory). And even though Tony Stark is a brilliant neurosurgeon, world-renown, a genius, playboy, billionaire, and philanthropist--the guy hates being in on the business side rather than on the save lives and be annoying side. (It’s something they have in common.)

Dr. Drake is well aware of Tony Stark’s eccentricities since, you know, he’s the only student Tony’s taken on to mentor in, well, ever.

(Even though Tim has literally thrown the up-and-coming young surgeon, Peter Parker, in Dr. Stark’s way for the last year. Eventually, Tony is going to cave, Tim can feel it).

It had made his first days at Stark Medical in New York City as close to unbearable as you can probably imagine. The unwanted attention from his colleagues, the interest in his side projects, all of it had been more than he wanted to realistically deal with, but his options had been nil and none at the time. (When was an opportunity like this ever going to present itself again? Learning from the Tony Stark?)

Tony hadn’t even met him while he was an intern at Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx, just happy to start practicing medicine and starting to fall in love with the ER.
When Tony Stark showed up incognito, the young intern had apparently peaked his interest enough (well, the resuscitative thoracotomy he’d been in the middle of--his first one-- might have had something to do with that. Oh, and the fact the patient lived when everyone else was pretty sure she was DOA) to offer him a surgical internship at Stark Medical almost a year later. Dr. Drake hadn’t planned on it, but Steph told him in uncertain terms if he didn’t take it, she was going to shove her foot up his ass, no apologies.

Working for and with Tony had been the most gruelling days of his career. Sure, he learned everything that made it possible for him to do what he now does best (you know, taking care of his vigilantes), but taking over Pepper’s position as the person that made sure Tony didn’t, well, die was gratifying and terrifying at the same time.

Tim approached the job like he did everything else in his life, that everything happens for a reason. He’d pushed himself, pushed Tony (and he did slow down on the drinking and excess for a while), learned everything. He got as close to Tony Stark as the man would realistically allow, and apparently, Tony had gotten maybe fond or something.

Which explained why he hadn’t taken it well when Tim Drake wanted to finish his surgical residency in his hometown. There had been excessive mounds of old newspaper articles (probably gathered by Tony’s assistant, Jarvis) photocopied on his desk with an annoying “This?” written in familiar chicken scratch. Most of the articles features on of the Batman’s Rogue Gallery of criminals running the usual kinds of amok.

Tony hadn’t known what to say when Tim just held up one of the articles and said simply, “yes. This is why I need to go back.”

Parting was such sweet sorrow--or would be if Tony didn’t keep coming to his city every few months in apparent passive-aggressive protest to his life choices.

At least he brought Pepper along, who is the one doing the real meetings while Tony aimlessly wanders the halls, consults, steps in on major surgical procedures, and generally makes a nuisance of himself while helping every patient he comes across. Pepper, literally his keeper some days (along with his very nice boyfriends Steve and Jim) are the only things keeping the genius from destroying the world.

Seriously.

“I think we’ve talked about how much I like it here,” without missing a beat, Dr. Drake is the only one that can stand the guy outside of life-saving procedures (like this one), and isn’t shaken by the Grade III Convexity Meningiomas he’s diagnosed as surgically accessible to mind Tony standing literally over his right shoulder.

“I’m pretty sure what I did was laugh in all actuality. What about the dural attachment--”

“Handled.”

“No, well, yes, Dr. Drake, but no, the last time I was here, I was telling you about the new and improved six-layer hologram system we have now.”

“Mmhm. Keep working on it, you’ll get to the seventh layer eventually.”

“This coming from you? I’m destroyed, Tim, completely destroyed since you have all the experience of working with an MRI from 1996, so of course you could appreciate advancements in the Medical technology--”
“This is why people don’t hang out with you, you know.” His hands are steady, the patient’s vitals good. Everything going according to plan.

“Because I’m smart and sassy?” Tony leans over his shoulder a little further to watch the resection.

“Because you rely too much on tech.” And he swears, even with masks on, he can almost feel Tony’s goatee against the side of his head while the more experienced neurosurgeon watches intently.

“That is a misnomer, Dr. Drake. There’s no such thing as relying too much on tech.”

“There is if the power is cut by drug dealing thugs and you’ve got to finish up a ruptured spleen by flashlight.”

He pretty much feels Tony blink, “please tell me these aren’t the conditions you’re choosing over my beautiful installation, full of non-crazy combatants--”

“I like it here, Tony.”

“Maybe you should see a psychiatrist. The one at my facility is very nice.”

**

Dr. Tim Drabbles: The Suit

This one is all for @satire because she liked the idea of the Bat boys thinking Tim is sexy in a suit.

He needs to stop saying ‘yes’ to doing these things--honestly, it’s more draining than a back-to-back shift at Mercy General with a little vigilante crisis thrown in to spice up his night.

When Tim told his significant others he would be away for a few days, the reaction (and reminder as to what kind of business they’re in) is immediate. Half-out of their armored suits for the night, Jason and Dick had been wrapped around him faster than he could even blink, bounding around the furniture in his penthouse to grabs him from all sides.

“Do you need us to go with you?”

“Who’s gonna be there ta have yer back?”

“Did you pack the pair of escrima sticks I gave you?”

“Tasers, baby. Need ya ta use them if you get in a sticky situation.”

He laughs a little because, well, these two.

Even over protests that he does have a car and occasionally drives it when necessary (in those instances he has to go farther than his work place or is lacking in random superheroes to give him a lift to his fave gym), they ride with him in the back of a very, very nice Rolls Royce piloted by none other than Mr. Alfred Pennyworth on their way to the airport.

The butler holds the door for him over Tim’s protests and quick-fire questions about his very healed injury, Sir, but your concern is much appreciated. Even more, Alfred understands when discretion is the better part of valor and puts up the privacy partition so the two in their daytime usual refuse to take their hands off him the whole ride.

His presentation at the symposium, a paper and PowerPoint for the gathering of doctors and
scientists on the effect of certain toxins (you know, ones from copious amounts of bad guys) on vital organs went better than he expected. The questions were numerous and sparked side-bar conversations covering the range of effects from the criminal element of other cities. A large gathering from Central City had the Speed Force to contend with, and really, he could give them some deets if only he wasn’t sworn to keep Kid Flash’s molecular structure to himself. In the future, he’d talk to Bart about giving some test results to the medical community there if it would help with the greater good.

All in all, he catches a cab home since it’s already after nightfall when his plane finally lands and he’s pretty sure Gotham is being protected by certain very handsome crime fighters.

He plans to get unpacked, make a pot of coffee, and catch-up with Steph, maybe do a load of laundry while the day (well, night) is probably being saved.

Instead, he gets attacked before he even turns the key in the lock.

“Timmy!”

Dick doesn’t bother closing the door, just picks him up by the back of his thighs to kiss him utterly senseless.

Jason, however, has the awareness to close the thing and re-lock it while Dick holds up his weight effortlessly and nips affectionately at his throat.

“So happy you’re back! Are you okay? Did anyone try to mug you? Kidnap you?”

He laughs against the onslaught, wondering if he gave Dick a few pats on the head, he might calm down.

“Whoa! Big Wing, put ‘em down. Take a lookit at what Doc is wearing.”

“You both wear skintight, weaponized body suits. I don’t think I’m going to top that,” he deadpans when Dick puts him back on his feet. He smooths out the wrinkles of the dark blue three piece he wearing, the suit elegantly cut to fit him perfectly.

“Oh.”

Dick and Jay stand side-by-side just staring.

“Timmy, do me a solid and give us a spin here,” Jay’s eyes are intent, taking in the coat framing his upper body, the button-up underneath, and the pants fitted to his waist and thighs. Even though it’s silly, Tim does as requested, making a single turn.

Dick and Jay, however, have only seen their civilian boyfriend in scrubs, baggy jean with nerd t-shirts, and in nothing at all. This is the first time they get a show like this.

By the time Tim’s ass turns by them, the Bats are completely focused and move with stealthy, sly silence to bracket him on both side and take.

Not that Tim’s complaining when gloved hands slide over the material to grope his ass cheeks and thighs, thumb at his nipples through the dress shirt, and follow the lines of his coat from shoulders down his back.

He manages to catch a breath here in there between their mouths and exploring hands, the leg suddenly shoved between his, dark and deep noises against his ear.
“Wanna see ya walk in this Dr. Drake, wanna see that ass when ya move.”

“Not fair, Timmy. You look so hot.”

“We’re gonna take ya ta bed, baby. Peel ya outta this nice n’ slow.”

So, he’s apparently figured out some kind of kink here.

Well, that’s very nice. Surprising but nice. Or so he thinks as they ninja him to his bedroom before he even realizes they’re actually serious about seeing him in a suit, and barely give him enough room the breathe while they work his body over.

Gloves become bare hands and bare faces. The two manage to start peeling their own suits off while he’s still completely dressed, already biting down on his bottom lip, holding back as much as he can.

He only gets to start losing clothes when Dick can’t physically take it and shoves the coat off his shoulders, giving Jason permission to work the shirt front with fast, deft fingers.

“You two are insane,” he pants out, gripping Dick’s hip under the Nightwing suit hanging half off his body and Jason’s bare thigh behind him. “It’s not even a big deal.”

“The hell are you on about, Timmers?”

“Ignore it,” Dick mumbles against his throat, working his hips to rub their obvious erections together. “He doesn’t get it, Jay.”

Dick bites down and Tim’s hips jerk in their hands.

“Getcha, Big Wing. S’allright, Timmy. Just let us do what we do, an’ take care a’ ya.”

With the bed close and his impending orgasm promising to be a thing of beauty, he does just that.

**

It’s apparently more of a thing than he originally imagined.

Because Dick and Jason want more dates. Like, you know, taking him out somewhere as their daytime selves and such. They don’t garner press when they go to restaurants, movies, plays, and shows, but they pick him up in nice cars, wind his arms in theirs, and do stupidly cute things, like hold the doors for him and sneak kisses in when they’re pretty sure no one is watching.

And…they bring him suits they’ve chosen for him to wear while he’s on their arms.

When either of his vigilante boyfriends don’t bring them, he finds hanging garment bags with a note hanging in strategic places in his penthouse.

Since he’s someone that has to investigate things, to make a diagnosis after evidence presents itself, he has to test the boundaries a little.

Thus, wearing one of Dick’s t-shirts and a pair of Jason’s boxers when he’s making coffee one morning after a hard night patrolling and sure they could all use the caffeine, he waits.

Even still sleep-deprived and riding minor blood loss, his boyfriends stumble out of the bedroom, still bleary-eyed but conscious when the scent of coffee wafts down the hall, and stop cold once they get to the kitchen.
Jay’s mouth drops open and Dick licks his lips while their eyes sweep over the doctor wearing their clothes with fading marks from them on his visible skin.

It’s Jay this time, “oh.”

And really, while he’s pinned to the counter with one leg hiked up on Jay’s shoulder and Dick standing on the counter over him, he thinks how good it is when the theory proves right.

**

Dr. Tim Drabbles: Med School

Tim Drake initially met Stephanie Brown in Gotham City. Back then, he was still living in one of the city’s better orphanages, waiting for his court hearing to present his case since being an emancipated minor would be just incredible. Besides, it’s not like he needs to worry about finishing up High School or anything. He blew through those courses faster than he takes down Ives at Tekken. Embarrassingly.

He’s doing this because really, there’s no other reason for him to stay at the boy’s home; he’s been in college classes for two years and started working a part-time job just to prove he’s perfectly capable of handling everything on his own. The institution has never had a problem with him, and his college tuition is really being paid for by Drake Industries.

(He’s going to hate to tell them he has no intention of being a CEO when he turns 21. No, no, you’re doing a fine job, just keep doing it.)

Not to mention the fact he’s pretty close to his BA already, and the court system should have all the evidence needed to find in his favor.

So when he comes in the clinic that afternoon for his usual night-shift (just doing prelims, clean-up, the grunt work really, but someday, he’s going to be the guy in scrubs making all the diagnosis. By then, watch out), he’s already planning his contingencies to argue to his case.

He’s so into it, mopping up the floor of the lobby, that he doesn’t even notice the blonde woman standing a few feet from him with red-rimmed eyes and a ratty coat over her to keep away the cold.

She’s swaying on her feet, pale and exhausted, mumbling out something about seeing one of the PAs in the clinic this late at night.

Tim drops the mop when she collapses, catches her before she hits the ground. He’s not there yet, but still takes note of her vitals, pressing two fingers against the pulse in her wrist while he yells at the night receptionist at the desk behind him.

“Hey, you need to tell me what’s happening so I can help you--”

Her fumbling fingers pull his hand inside her coat and he almost jerks away until his brain catches up with the little lump under his palm.

Oh.

“You’re pregnant,” he blurs out (because she might not have guessed or some shit, really Tim), “is the baby in distress?”

The girl’s big eyes fill up and spill over, “I’m...I’m bleeding. Please. Please, help my baby. Please don’t let her die. Please, please.”
And there’s no thought behind holding her tight while this thin girl shakes apart, gripping him with as much strength as she can muster.

He can hear the on-call doctor coming down the hallway (probably just stirred awake from a well-deserved nap in one of the empty rooms) and stands with the girl in his arms, hefting her and her baby bump without straining hard.

The receptionist is back, hitting the button to open the doors for him to carry the girl out of the waiting room and into the main part of the urgent care facility.

He holds her hand, talks to her gently while she babbles on how the Dad doesn’t care if she loses it, but it’s her baby and even if she’s only eighteen, just graduated from high school, been accepted to the local college, but she still wants to keep her. She wants her baby to come into the world, she wants the precious person growing in her body to stay with her.

Tim Drake introduces himself to Stephanie Brown late the next morning after she’s been assessed, treated, and the baby is moving slightly, perfectly content. The ultrasound looks promising, and the on-call is doubtful anything is seriously wrong. He didn’t prepare himself for how utterly fucking relieved he would feel about it, how he’d held on to her hand tight while the small screen showed the black and white of the baby’s outline and that watery swish of a heartbeat filled the room.

But, Tim has court in a few hours and asks her to stay there until he can come back and walk her home. She needs the rest and he can’t even fathom letting her walk back out those doors yet.

The teen mother agrees, already half-asleep on the gurney.

**

As it turns out, almost sixteen, working, taking college classes, and pretty much laying out his intended path once he gets his Bachelor’s of Science is enough to convince the court he has his shit together enough to be out on his own (besides, the Boy’s Home is overrun and more kids need the care than he ever will).

The lawyer with him is one from Drake Industries, his father’s company, and already has a small apartment set-up for him with the rent to be automatically deducted from his pretty impressive trust fund. It takes an unnecessary amount of time as the lawyer lays out the allotted funds he would be given each month to pay necessary bills and food. He’d get extra this month to furnish the apartment and feed himself.

Tim tries to politely hurry the guy along because he has to get back to the clinic before she disappears.

Which is exactly what happens.

He’s staring dejectedly at the empty bed for a long time, already missing their brief back-and-forth once she knew her baby was fine. Stephanie was snarky and intelligent, smiling indulgently at his nerd references. It struck something in him when she admitted she was terrified of starting college in the Fall with a baby on the way, but when she looked so determined to do it all on her own well, it had hit him hard because, well, they’re in the same boat, aren’t they?

The two of them seemed to click even before they knew she and the baby would be perfectly fine, and he feels like complete ass the whole walk back to check out this new apartment.

Within the first week, karma, destiny, fate, whatever force moves the universe is with him because Stephanie Brown is in the apartment right below his and is the same Stephanie from his clinic.
Imagine his surprise when a pregnant blonde comes barrelling down the steps, tripping on the loose boards so he can catch her before she hits the ground.

“It’s you!” They yell at one another simultaneously.

From there, it’s like this was always meant to be.

He goes to her Financial Aid meetings, advisor appointment, arena scheduling, and first week of classes. She brings casseroles, Pinterest crock pot experiments, and healthier options than take-out to his door while waving a scolding finger. She gets him out and about in public, and he preps her for her first semester of college classes to cover any gaps. He goes to all her prenatal appointments and tears up with her every time they get to see the moving mass on the ultrasound with their hands wrapped around one another. She goes to the graveyard when it’s time to visit his mom and dad, hands still wrapped around one another. And even though they’re only two years apart, Steph still makes jokes about being older and wiser.

They watched terrible television and talked about everything in their lives. They pass out on his couch or in her bed when it gets too late and the television is playing softly in the background.
Dr!Tim drabs from Tumblr

Chapter Summary

A few JayTim drabbles in the Doctor!Tim au. Mentions of the Red Hood breaking shit, meeting Layla, and some nice smut in the end to round it all off :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Anon Asked:  "We've had Dick/Tim one-on-one time in the Doctor!Tim verse. Can we have JayTim nsfw too?"

*Squints* Fluff and then smut? Can we go with that, babe?

**

When his crazy vigilante boyfriends get…concerned, things usually ending up breaking. It’s…it’s a thing.

Case in point:

The Red Hood gives no shits about the property damage he’s doing when he kicks an innocent mugger through a window.

Nope, no shits to be had.

The guy, however, is a trembling pile of please don’t kill me by the time Hood is done with him and striding back to the woozy doctor sitting his ass down on the grungy ground in the Bowery. He looks up, blinking through the blood sliding into his eyes and the concussion train he’s apparently just boarded. Huh, he should start, you know, keeping track.

“Hi honey,” Tim slurs from the ground, “how was your day fighting shitty bad guys?”

The Red Hood chuffs a laugh, a soft noise through the synths and lets his arms fall back a little to let the jacket slide down and off. He wrestles it on to cover Timmy up more effectively against the chill and pulls his civilian significant other up off the ground and into his arms.

It’s an easy thing to reach up and hold on around that broad neck because head injuries are just the worst, but like this he can feel the shifting and bunching of muscle under his arm when Hood fired the grapple in his gauntlet and they’re flying up, up, up over the sleepy Gotham skyline. It doesn’t matter the Hood can hold him up effortlessly in one arm or the fact he’s pressing up against the impressive .45s still holstered. But, since he got to stomp Ives at some sweet COD (and now that victory will be his forever), he’s still counting the night as a win.

(The mugger with a bitching swing + tire iron really notwithstanding)

He’s far into the fuzzy sheen of sleep dep and concussion when Hood straddles the Ducati and sets his ass down in the niche of the taller body. The vibration against his ass, the vigilante holding him tight with one arm is really all that matters.
My kiddo is obsessed with Moana and Sing. Seriously. She turned 4 on August 24th, so just, my LIFE here.

When Hood makes the first step through the window, he gets an eye full of lookie what we have here.

Timmy is snoozing away while the flat screen is still playing Moana, and there’s a bundle of blonde hair peeking out from the blanket over Tim’s chest.

Upon closer inspection, the brat sprawled over his civilian boyfriend is drooling slightly and in Monster High pajamas.

And even though he’s a Bat, and they know the night, know how to dip into the shadows and get ghost, the Red Hood doesn’t even get the chance to inch even a step back before those blue, blue eyes are open and blinking at him sleepily.

“Hi,” the little girls manages around a yawn. “Are you hurt? Want me to wake up Uncle Tim?”

Hood’s eyes go wide behind the helmet, and he absolutely does not move. (Dick, he needs to call Dick and ask what the fuck to do now)

“Hey,” the girl mock-whispers sternly, “tell me the truth, or Uncle Tim will get mad at both of us.” The nine-year-old, slides carefully off her uncle’s chest and covers him back up with the fleece princess blanket. She tiptoes quietly over to the Red Hood, not letting him get away, even with the flailing retreat.

“Whoa, kid, how the he— shit, ah dammit. Ugh!” Hood throws up his hand, and plants them right on his hips when he leans down to mock-whispers back “don’tcha tell Timmy ya heard any o’ that, you feel me, small fry?”

And since he’s been the Red Hood, earned the rep, came back from the darkness to be on the right side again, he’s more accustomed of people being, you know, some kinda pissed, crazy, or dangerous.

Mostly a combination of the three.

The girl, however, crosses her hands over her pjs and arches an unimpressed brow at him, “I’m nine, not a baby. Fuck is a bad word, too.”

A heartbeat of time, and it takes everything in him not to die. (Again, you fuckers)

Kid might just be all right in his book after all.

He does ditch the helmet and the .45s, makes the little shit pancakes in exchange for her keepin’ her yap shut while his poor, exhausted Timmy sleeps on.

They watch Vampire Diaries with the dom still on his face, t-shirt and sweats, eating eggs and letting the kid (Layla) put Hello Kitty bandages on his bruised knuckles. She yammers on in a soft voice about school and the things that matter ta a kid her age.

He makes grunting noises she takes as proof he’s listening.

Later, she stands on a step stool to wash and rinse while he dries and puts the dishes away.
He reads some passages from *Little Women* on the floor beside the chair she’s bundled up in, listening to his deep voice roll over the battered pages:

“I want to do something splendid…something heroic or wonderful that won’t be forgotten after I’m dead. I don’t know what, but I’m on the watch for it and mean to astonish you all someday.”

When he looks back up, she’s snoozing in the chair, and the boy on the sofa is awake and smiling at him.

Laying the book aside, Jay is powerful, sleek muscle on all fours, crawling across a few feet to drop a kiss on that mouth and lean up to tuck him back in, pulling the blanket back up and thinking how this?

Well, this ain’t half bad.

** 3  **

*(Shameless smut warning. Thank @poison-basil for the end and @satire-please for driving it)*

“Fuck, he’s so cute like this, Big Wing, jus’ makes me wanna be a real nasty bastard, yeah?”

The voice from the other end of the phone is soft and fond, a chuckle telling them that yes, he gets it.

“You’re such…ah, aahhh…an asshole.” He bites down on his lip because his voice sounds breathy and pathetic, but considering the things Jason Todd can do with his tongue, well, it’s really not that farfetched.

Things like making him utterly crazy.

Things like ambushing him the second he walked through the door, shoving him against his kitchen counter, and the full-blown visual of Jason smirking just before he sinks down smooth and easy to promptly suck the doctor’s brains out through his cock.

“One of these days,” Dick is saying from somewhere in Titan’s Tower, “we’re going to test the theory you can get him to come just by talking. I really want to see that, Little Wing.”

*Oh…Oh God*

*(He probably could)*

“Or, I could zip tie him ta th’ bed n’ see jus’ how sensitive I can get ‘im,” is the lazy reply from Tim’s waist, and he can’t look away from those blue eyes flecked with green, the sharp, white smile that hints at the possibility he might not be getting any sleep tonight.

The rough palm is still working his half-hard cock, sending jolts of pleasure/pain up his spine, and his eyes get wet with how toomuchtoomuchmoremoremore.

“M-My turn first,” he manages to gasp out at the little squeeze to his base.

One of those brows arches up, and Jay sticks his tongue out to lap at the base of his dick all over again, like he could do this all day.

“I want…Jay, I want to make you come too,” and he should really be embarrassed with how close that is to a whine, or how pink his cheeks are getting with the admission.
The arm around his waist tightens, Jay pulling him closer to get his mouth right along the vein at the underside of his cock, seals his lips, and *sucks*.

Tim has to brace himself on those broad shoulders so his legs don’t give out and break the mood with a terrible faceplant.

Even while he’s panting and his knees wobble, “c’mon. Ugh, *c’mon* let me…oh *fuck*, please I want to—”

“He sounds so sweet, Little Wing,” Dick sighs, “there’s no way you’d Facetime so I can watch is there?”

Jay pulls off long enough to regard the his celly lying up on the counter, “not a fucking *chance*, y’*reprobate*. Y’ already gotcha have ‘im all ta yerself. S’*my turn* now.”

“Don’t tease him until he cries,” Dick warns mock-serious, “*that* I do want to see.”

And here’s the thing about dating vigilantes.

Considering what they do, their sense of humor is just *slightly* out there.

Apparently the complete lack of *shame* is just an added bonus.

(Every channel in Gotham played rare footage of a half-naked Nightwing flipping a peace sign while swinging over the Wallstone. The best comment is still, “apparently the suit isn’t padded after all.” Dick has the newspaper article framed in his office.)

“I have no idea why I put up with your brand of *crazy*,” he groans out.

Giving one last, long lick to Timmy’s cock, Jay rises out of his crouch, and towers over his shorter boyfriend, grinning right down at the soft eyes and wet mouth, leans down to have a little and reaches out with the other hand to pull his phone up so Dick could hear when Timmy moans in his mouth.

Jason pulls back just long enough to give him *those eyes* again, hot and full of *want*, so he can talk against Tim’s mouth.

“My type of crazy is jus’ right for ya, ain’t it baby? Like it when I get my *hands* on ya, when I make ya nice n’ wet, when I can slide right in, fill ya up good n’ deep, yeah?.”

He totally doesn’t have to brace himself on the counter because, *you know*, among Jason’s many, *many* talents (including beating the pants off *everyone* at Battleship) is the switch to turn up his very raw sex appeal to *oh my God where are my clothes*?

“That? Sounds like the perfect end to the perfect day.” and he grabs Jason by the neck to take for himself, to map out the inside of his boyfriend’s mouth, pushing up at him.

“No faaair,” Dick whines ineffectively, “there has to be situations at the worst possible *times*.”

Jay just laughs into his mouth, pulls back enough to turn to his phone, “gotta checklist what needs ta be *addressed*. Talk ta ya when ya get back, Baby Boy.”

“Take video for me!” Is the last hurrah before Jay thumbs the phone off and gives it a toss. He goes right back where he oughta be, sharing a lil’ bit a’ space in the doc’s mouth. He gets his hands nice and solid on the back of those thighs, gives a squeeze and pulls their bodies together, his hips
already working.

He’s agile (Robin) walking Tim backwards down the hall, not lifting his mouth from the doctor’s ‘cause that ain’t necessary ta get them where they need ta be.

His hips might jolt a little when Timmy gets a hand in his jeans to feel how hard he is, the want full and wet at the tip. He doesn’t even get to strip his Baby Bird down to skin. He gets turned and his shirt shoved half-way up, almost off, his pants and boxers pulled down to mid-thigh, and pushed to flop down on the bed, all done in fast, calculating moves.

His Timmy is a smart little shit, working the pants down while Jay’s all up in getting his damn shirt off, still fighting cotton when warm and wet slide up the sensitive underside of his cock.

“Baby,” he groans out finally giving the damn shirt a toss. His abs flex when he undulates under those dexterous hands, and those eyes are watching him, gauging his reactions, making plans and assessments when his fingers find the right spots, make Jay’s cock jump against his mouth.

And the thing about it (when he actually gets a minute to think before they get their hands on him) is, if any of them know the body, strength and weaknesses, nerves and musculature, it’s Dr. Tim Drake. He gets to prove it sometimes when he actually get the opportunity, and he’s pretty shameless himself, using everything he’s got against them.

Because Jay has a bundle of nerves along his rib cage that makes him choke, another above his right ass cheek. Each sensitive scar is catalogued relentlessly in his brainpan, is fully exploited, and the man under him manages to wrap a broad palm around the nape of his neck as all the smooth, lithe muscle moves and writhes under him.

And to have Jason arching up into him, moaning a deep growl, settles into his blood, into his hardening cock, gets his hands moving. Sneakers are tossed and he starts working the jeans and boxers down and out of his way, gets to kneel between those thighs. He knows the femoral, knows how the edge of teeth makes Jay’s nerve endings come alive, and unabashedly sucks. The strength in the hand on his neck, the hold tightening on him, and he gets to move up, to mouth at Jason’s balls and up to his base, tongue sliding out to curve around the base.

“Ah fuck, Timmy, s’at what you wanna do? Wanna suck me until I can’t take it no more? Beg ya t’ lemme come?”

“It’s really hot when you sound desperate, just so you know,” he banters back, grinning a stupid silly smile before he thumbs the indents of Jason’s hips and gives his throbbing cock some serious TLC. His tongue slides around the head, traces the line of shaft, using a hand to work the hard length, bring Jay that much closer.

It makes his face hot, his lower belly tighten when the noises get louder, uncontrolled, when one hand becomes two in his hair, and he takes Jason down as deep as he can, sliding his mouth around, up, and down, moaning when he can, sucking, tonguing when he can’t.

“Tim,” because his name has never sounded so good as from a breathless bad ass, thrusting his hips up in short bursts to fuck Tim’s mouth while holding him still for it. “Fuck, fuck, Timmy.”

Jay’s head falls back, sucking in a deep breath, and trying not to choke his boyfriend, but with how good that mouth feels, how tight Timmy grips his hips, how greedy he is for more, Jay can’t help but get lost in the sensations.

And this kid, this doc that just kept running when they called, that refused to tell ‘em no, the kid...
that followed the Bats for years, that knew their secrets, that never told.

The kid what still sometimes made him feel like Robin.

“Baby, c’mere ta me,” he moans out finally when his balls start getting tight, and Tim is so far into it, just working him like he can’t stand ta stop. “C’mon, Timmy. Lemme have some a’ ya.”

At this juncture, it’s not as scary as it used to be, the speed and skill, fast and furious when one or both of his vigilante boyfriends were still riding the adrenaline rush of the night or watching them in action just before the bad guys would go down and the owfuck got real.

(You know, ninjas and shit.)

So the smooth motion shouldn’t take him by surprise.

(It totally does)

When Jason has him up on his feet, eating at his mouth, snagging the last vestige of clothing for the night.

(Another pair of ripped scrubs…will never not be hot)

“Fuck!” when he gets laid out on his belly, moved by big hands, and a low, rolling laugh breathed right into his back. Jason slides down to his knees and leans in to run the flat of his tongue right up the cheeks of that perfectly pert little ass.

“Oh,” and his voice is shaky with realization and yup. Yes. Onboard this train, all the way.

Tim’s fists wind in the sheets when the warm air across skin makes the shudder slide up spine, but his hips are pulled up, held in hands that knew a .45 like he knew his own heartbeat, gripped tight in things like want and need.

Jason hasn’t even done anything yet, and he’s already panting in anticipation (because he knows how amazing this is going to feel, how it will be toomuchnotenough and that Jay really, really likes to do it, you know, to him).

“Oh?” thumbs ease him open, gently circle the entrance to his body, “don’t wanna hear just oh, you feel me, baby?” Warm and wet right where he needs, wringing the first small ah. Jay nestles his mouth right where it oughta be, working his Sugar so nice ‘n sweet. Using alla his tricks, breaching Timmy’s tightness over and over, getting him ta open up until Baby Bird is flopped over, just holding onto the sheets and pillow while his cock throbs.

And the thing about Jason Peter Todd?

He likes to tease.

He likes to draw it out, slow down easy when the orgasm is right there, and all Tim possibly needs is just a little more—

He can’t stop moaning into the sheets, eyes wet, has to move a hand down to relieve the tension in his belly, the tingling warmth of climax.

And those hands are so fast, gripping the doctor’s wrists, pinning them to his mid-back with hard-earned strength, keeps him from finishing himself off.

The hard plastic closing around his wrists is a zip tie they use for the bad guys, ones that are hard
as fuck to escape—

*(oh God, it makes him even *harder*, trying to fight against it and losing, of being restrained)*

“Safeword, Timmy,” is muffled because Jay pulls back just enough demand it and then dives back in to fuck his tongue into that tight warmth, get his boy nice and *open*, get him right to the *edge*.

Tim growls into the sheets, trapped by the restraints as well as the hands on his hips not letting him get even an inch away.

One hand comes down sharply on his ass. “*Safe. Word.*”

“Red, Yellow, Green,” he spits out fast, wrists twisting and thighs trembling.

“Good boy, that’s what I wanna hear;” and Jay rewards him, sucks at his sensitive rim, makes his mouth fall open around a half-cry, half-sob.

He goes back to what’s doing, stretching Tim only slightly, using his thumb along with his tongue, already planning on how he was gonna make his baby feel nothing but *nice*.

Jay sucks at him again, working his thumb easy and gentle, wanting to keep Tim *tight* for when it was time to fill him *up*. And his cock is ready, wet and leaking for the beautiful, writhing man under him, for the long string of helpless noises, for the twitch of his hips and thighs, for the moment he would finally, *finally* slide so *easy*, so *deep*inside his baby’s tightness, for when he’d feel Timmy come on his cock without being touched.

“You have to *stop,*” is all Tim can choke out, “I can’t…*fuck,* Jay, I can’t—”

“Jus’ a lil’ more, Sweets?”

“No, you *fucker,*” Tim works his legs, pushing against that strength, and his face is on *fire* while his body is still tingling with the *dick* way Jay almost had him— “if you don’t get up here and *fuck me,* I swear to *God* I will booby-trap every pocket in your suit, and make all the bad guys *laugh* at you—”

Like he’d been waiting for it, *waiting* for that *snarl* and *snark,* he smiles sharp and white, hands running up the back of Tim’s thighs and over his ass, lifts both to come back down sharply, giving the jarring slaps with full palm while he kneels on the bed, jeans already discarded, and holds those shaky hips, rubs soothing circles with his thumbs. He made his boy good n’ wet n’ *ready* for it, shifts his hips, lets the tip of his cock catch Timmy’s entrance in a tease.

“All right, baby,” Jay breathes out, entranced with the sight of his cock moving over Tim’s entrance, “be good for me.” He rubs the tip over that pretty pink rim, catching the soft whine coming from the head of the bed.

So he don’t feel any kinda *bad* sliding one hand around to palm Timmy’s hard cock first, work him just a little *more,* just to hear the half-sob being yelled in the sheets again, feel those bound hands twist helplessly.

“That’s right, Baby Bird. Gotcha jus’ where I *want* ya,” and Jason leans down to mouth at the back of his neck, starts to finally, *finally* push in—

But the good doctor is wound *so tight,* quivering and lax at the same time from being drawn out so long that his brain is nothing but sensations and how much he wants, *needs* to *come.*
And the slow slide opening him, the soft noises from the beautiful man above him, the press of their bodies, and the residuals of brimstone and metal, all of it explodes, and he’s helpless against it. He comes hard when Jay give a final nudge of his hips, burrying himself to the root, moving just enough to rub over his spot, gently fucking him through it, not trying to push him hard enough to blackout.

(Yet)

But the first one leaves the good doctor boneless, only Jay’s grip keeping him from sprawling out.

“Fuck, baby, that’s so good. Lookit how pretty ya are, how tight ya got,” Jay pants out followed by a groan as Tim’s inner walls flutter around him, tighten down with the intensity of his second orgasm of the night. “Love it when ya come f’ me, coming right on my cock like a good boy, makin’ alla those noises what makes me wanna keep ya right here, right under me so’s I can listen t’ ya all night long.”

Tim just pants out a low whine, trembling under Jay’s strength, the arcs of pleasure still racing up his spine, making him sensitive to the slow slide out and the easy push back in, all while those words are branded into his skin and down to the bone.

And Jason just leans over him, presses right up against his Baby Bird, his sweet, bound little boyfriend what ran headlong into danger for them, the one that never hesitates, and lays a warm path of soft kisses along the bumps of spine to the side of Tim’s neck, nosing against him while holding those hips to take the smooth, fluid thrusts still slow and easy, working the younger man through the oversensitivity without losing the edges of the next, impending orgasm.

He feels those wrists twisting, hears the soft little cries because Timmy gets so sensitive after he comes.

But while he works his boy in two directions with his pace, he keeps up the running monologue right against the back of Tim’s neck, makes sure he can hear it all. If Dick really wanted to see if he could make their cute boyfriend come just by talking, well, he’s gonna need the practice, yeah?

“God, you’re s’ bee-you-tee-ful like this, baby. So fucking hot, taking alla me in y’ sweet, tight little hole. Fuck, Timmy. Makes me wanna draw it out, make y’ wait ‘til y’ can’t take it no more, fill ya full over n’ over til ya can’t even move.”

But, well, he still can do some things apparently because he’s moaning helplessly in the sheets, eyes wet with how fucking good Jay feels, being so fucking easy about it when they both know he wants to fuck in as hard and as deep as he can, and now that the oversensitive nerves in his body are lighting with heat again, he can groan around the buzzing in his ears, stop fighting against the zip tie holding his wrists behind his back. He can be boneless and pliant, trusting Jay to hold him, to ground him.

“Timmy,” Jay leans down over him again, presses against the back of his neck, “Timmy, baby. What color?”

“Jay,” he slurs back, “c’…c’mon."

“Gotta tell me y’ color, baby.”

And his brain pan clears out enough for him to blurt, “green! So much green over here, it’s like Christmas in July.”

The rough laugh against the back of his neck is soft and low, an arm sliding under his chest, to
brace and pull, lifting him up to his knees. Jason doesn’t give him time to adjust to the new orientation, just sits Baby Bird right down into his lap, bringing him down firm and hard, leaving his back right against Jay’s chest, and pressing even deeper into him, wringing more noises.

“S-Stop playing with me,” he pants at the slow, sensual slide back out, “Jason, I can take it.”

“Ya do take it, baby. You take my cock so well, don’tcha?” And Jason grips the doctor’s hips, moves the bound man in his lap smoothly without even straining hard, picks up the pace a little. He groans, pulling Tim down hard, fucking him open, shifting minutely until he gets a little—

The choked noise is right what he wants.

It makes a savage little smile cut across the vigilante’s face, makes his blood heat even more, and his hands grip hard enough to promise bruises for the next few days. He holds his boy right where he wants him, laying a nice mark right on his throat when he makes it rough, fucking up right against that spot.

“Perfect, oh fuck, baby, that’s so nice, ain’t it?”

But even if Tim had the wind to snark back, he’s too lost in the edges of another orgasm trickling around the edges, of the mesmerizing rhythm, driving their bodies together, making his chest expand with gasping breaths and harsh cries.

“That right, Timmy, so close, aren’t ya? Wanna gimmie me another?”

Oh God, is he fucking serious?

“I—I’m going to die,” because his eyes are wet and he’s trying to move in Jason’s hold, to shove into those punishing thrusts, but the hands on his hips do the work for him, pull him up and back down to meet the next thrust and the next, to work their bodies together, the rhythm speeding up, making his synapsis misfire, making his eyes roll back when all he can do is let go, let Jay move him, fuck him, bring him closer and closer—

“—heaven, baby. You feel like fucking heaven.”

“J—Jay!” Because he’s too sensitive, too gone, his belly tight with the anticipation, “Jason, please.”

Fingers in his hair, sparks of pain when the hand fists, yanks him back so he’s staring up into those eyes, blue and flecked with green.

“Another, Timmy, gimmie alla it.” And the deep growl is all kinds of Red Hood, dominating and demanding, the tingle of it, the depths, rushing down his spine and right into his balls, and all he can possibly do is obey.

The second one knocks the wind out of him, leaving him breathlessly gasping around the scream rising out of his chest, the warmth in his body giving way again to pleasure so intense his spine arches with it.

His vision goes blurry and soft contrasting the sound of Jay’s hips slamming into his ass, but he can’t even plead this time, just get fucked through his orgasm and shake. He vaguely registers the sharp sound in his throat when one last thrust literally makes another take him over, his cock twitching dry, but just as overwhelming in the new pulses throbbing hard in his belly and ass.

Well, multiple orgasms really take it out of you apparently.
Since he’s barely aware of the muffled *whatever* against his throat, “…*so good* fer me, Tim, so fucking perfect…”

He gets maneuvered by those hands until he’s turned and pulled, ends up lying with his face nudged against the smell of brimstone and musk, pressed chest-to-chest with his thighs spread, and Jason is still so fucking *hard*, sliding through the lube, right over his entrance again—

*(Again…* **Wait, again?!)*

A gasp of half-surprise, half-trepidation rolls up and out of his mouth when he’s pushed into, still sensitive and twitching, and Jay eases inside, shushing him when he whines, bracing feet to cock his hips for an easy kind of ride. Those long arms wrap around him, under his bound arms, holding him against gravity so he doesn’t slide down Jay’s body, but stays right where he is…right where Jason wants him.

And with his Timmy sprawled over his chest, too-long hair a mess, mouth red and bitten, eyes the right kinda *hazed*, Jason can’t hold back his own noises while he starts to chase his own end. Panting breaths, soft moans into his neck while he’s taken in by the warm, tight *wet*, by the trust in him, the utter and complete *faith*. *(Never wanna hurtcha baby, never more than ya want, sometimes *need.*) Arching off the bed, he fucks up into his boy easy, testing, wound up enough that it won’t take much more, but if Baby Bird can even take another—

He slides slowly in deep, taking his *time* with it, and the strangled noise is high-pitched, followed by a jerk of hips against him, and Jay laughs low and deep, edged with a moan.

“Fuck, I’ll never *know* what I coulda done ta deserve you,” is a terrible admission while his hips move smoothly, easy, to end their night with soft and sweet. “*So easy* t’ love ya, Timmy, *so easy* t’ just wanna take ya and keep ya all to ourselves. Know that, don’cha? How *good* you are for us?”

The doctor shivers on top of him, voice edged and slurry, “I am…ah, ah, *aahh*, fucking *insane* for keeping my windows unlocked.” His hips twitch, thighs finding enough strength to grip. “But…but what the hell would I *do* without you two? It’s not…I *can’t* even—”

The smile against his mouth when Jason cranes his neck down is so much *always* while the push inside him is easy and slow, drawing them both *out*.

But he *does* have enough in him to arch up out of those arms to sit up on his own steam and drive Jay just that much *deeper*, sinking down on shaky knees with a long sigh. The first roll of his hips is awkward, trying to make his body work in sync with his wrists still tied behind him, but he finds gravity and balance on the next few rises and falls, moaning softly at the rhythms he sets, and big hands on his thighs to ease the trembling.

It’s probably terrible and uncoordinated; he’s red from his face down to his chest, and Jason growling deep at the *sight* of his boy *takin’* what he wants.

“JesusfuckingChrist*saveme,*” because he’s so fucking *hard* and throbbing, pushed to the edges of even *his* endurance by the sweet call of Timmy’s body, mesmerized by the dazed and determined eyes looking down at him while those hips and ass bounced or rolled. He thrusts up at the right time in the ride, making Tim’s mouth drop open and his soft cock twitch *(which should be nothing short of a *fucking miracle* since he’s lost count of how many times he’s come during *this* little vigilante sex game)*, riding his own cresting wave of bliss.

“So *sweet* fer me, baby,” is just barely comprehensible around the low growl as the thrust fucking up into him. “*God*, yer gonna gimme one more. Yeah y’ are, Tim.”
Panting again, the doctor just chokes on a moans as his down thrust is met with Jay’s, the pressure overwhelming in his belly, his eyes wet with it all as he shakes his head in breathless denial.

“Can’t…can’t…” because even the thought is utterly insane.

But Jason, well, he’s a man what knows how to make the impossible possible. His hands grip tighter, a sharp grin cutting over his face when he takes control of the doctor riding him, and starts in on the new mission. He holds Tim’s hips, finger wrapping around his ass to keep him still, and steps up his speed and strength, fucking into his boy with quick, hard thrusts.

The sound of their bodies meeting, of Tim’s choked, shocked cries, of wet, warm heat being taken and owned, of Jason panting and groaning low, broken praises.

He gets a hand free of Timmy’s hips to palm his half-hard cock, to work him from both ends while those eyes blow wide at the stimulation to his spot and his dick while Jason pretty much demands he come again.

It’s only after Jay buries himself to the root, throbs inside him, comes so hard, that Tim’s body gives in, shocking the utter fuck out of him when the tightness in his belly explodes yet again at the warmth filling him, the hand spasming on the base of his cock, of Jason’s eyes rolling back, of that deep cry while the muscled body under his thighs arches up.

And Jay just works himself through his own orgasm as deep in Tim’s body as he can get, moving his hips to get just a little more friction.

When he can actually see again, you know, his eyes uncrossing, the man resting on his hips is looking utterly wrecked— just how Jay likes him (but even he wonders if he mighta just pushed his boy too far this time since Timmy is slumped over on himself, shakin’ like a leaf, and whimpering under his breath).

Jay shifts his hips, groaning when he starts to pull out, and muscles clench around him, almost keeping him in. When he finally slides out, leaving his boy wet and satisfied and owned, all those muscles seem to unlock, and Jason manages to stop him from flopping over on his side, muscles him to collapse right back on the vigilante’s chest, and kisses that wet face gently.

The knife from some hidden sheath sighs softly in their afterglow, angling perfectly to free him so his shoulders won’t be killing him in the morning, and he can lay there and float. He only groans a little when the beautiful naked man in his bed wiggles, settling them deeper in the mattress, nestling him against Jay’s heart, and absently runs a hand up and down his sweat-slick spine.

“Tha’s better,” gently against the sensitive spot under his ear, “like that look on ya, Tim. Just what I wanna see.”

“You wrecked me,” is his own hoarse voice, strained from screaming, every muscle relaxed and pliant, “I’m going to sleep for a week. Holy shit, Jay that was incredible.”

The chest under his rumbles in a soft laugh, and the kisses against his throat answer any questions he might have still have about how good it was for his vigilante boyfriend.

“Alla it’s yer own fault, Timmers,” Jay yawns against the top of his head, “if’n ya weren’t so damn cute when y’ come fer me, I wouldn’t push ya so hard. S’ why I gotta have ya use safewords, baby. More a’cause a’ whatcha do t’ me, yeah?”

Now he’s the one laughing against Jason’s throat because just the thought of him making the Red Hood that out of his mind is ridiculous. Seriously.
“I don’t care how many people you terrify,” he nuzzles his nose against the scent of brimstone and sex, a long sigh of satisfaction escaping, “you’re really just a sap under all that bad ass. You know that, don’t you?”

“Mmm,” the hand in his hair starts scratching at his scalp, and his eyes fall half-mast immediately in response, “sure, sure. Whatever ya wanna think, baby. Truth is? I gotta small circle of people that’re mine. Only ones I give two fucks ‘bout. You and Dickie are the center, you feel me?”

“Oh,” he breathes out gently while his body flutters with the final vestiges of pleasure and a different kind of warmth spreads through his chest. He manages to lift his head, to blink down at the scary man that could probably kill him in a hundred very painful ways (like that would ever happen, Tim already knows his mortal weakness is a good literary classics with a six pack and the tongue thing he does around Jason’s cock).

So the smile spreading on his face is probably sappy at best, but the words don’t even hitch at all, “I love you, too, you know. Must be all those blows to the head, but I wouldn’t give either of you up for anything.”

Jay blinks, looking a little stunned, but those eyes get soft and blurry (it’s probably his imagination when he thinks the blue flecked with green get watery) and the hand in hair tugs him down for the kiss to be sweet and soft with a hint of desperation.

He lets Jason grip him a little too tight, lets him hold on because sometimes, just sometimes, the vulnerable side needs a place to breathe.

**

In the Batplane, on his way back to Gotham after the day has been saved, Nightwing stares at the tablet screen, cheek propped up on his fist and a soft smile on his face. Putting up, you know, a few cameras in Timmy’s apartment (just in case) was a stellar idea and nope, he doesn’t feel even a bit bad about it.

(But in a few days when Tim can walk straight again after that, he’s going to pull out a few plans of his own. Better watch out, baby. They’ve got plans.)

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, babes ;)

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Dr!Tim Drabble: London Bridge is Falling

Chapter Summary

The first car slamming into the side is poor timing, hitting hard enough to throw the ambulance into oncoming traffic in the other lane, supplies flying all over the place. The next hit is enough to break the windshield, which lets in the sound of screaming and shit just breaking on the bridge all around them.

Chapter Notes

From some Asks on Tumblr and Arkaedia's thoughts on things like bad ass Tim and exploding bridges XD You know, it's Gotham, there are those kinds of things.

Ride-alongs are his and now for something completely different.

It’s a chance to get out of the hospital, to ride with the EMTs, to take a chance looking for bolt holes and hidey places where criminals, victims, and nice vigilantes might, you know, hang out. (And if he totally has those spots mapped from his time running the streets of Gotham, well, then there’s that.) Besides, Kerry and Hailey, his partners for the night (and the same EMTs that kind of knew the night company he kept since that one time with Robin almost dying had him flagging down the ambulance for a bag of O pos), were so on to him about having a boyfriend that he’s having fun making them guess all the deets.

(But, he did tell them it's “boyfriends” just to hear Kerry’s mad cackle and get a high-five from Hailey.)

There had been a few instances of need, shortness of breath with a little chest pain and numbness on the side down in the Narrows (yeah, he knows meth when he sees the effects, thanks). A kitchen fire in the Upper East Side neighborhood (his parents had lived here once, lived this life) with a bewildered housewife looking ashamed at leaving the oven on while he bandaged her hand and suggested a trip to the ER for just in case. (Of course not, Harold wouldn’t hear of it).

Even cooler, they’d received a call to swing by Arkham Asylum to check up on Nora Fries (even though he’s been one of the doctors permitted inside the Asylum, and one of the fewer that has taken the weak vitals of Mr. Freeze’s wife, it’s still a creepy place to go) when the power grid blipped for a few seconds. Any time the complex machinery keeping Nora alive in suspended animation has any kind of issues, the administration contacted one of four physicians in the Tri-State area Fries will allow anywhere near her.

Luckily, Dr. Drake is already en route.

Kerry is talking over the radio to the on-call guards at Arkham as they’re half-way across Trigate Bridge, and Hailey is detailing her Princess Serenity Cosplay for this year (and yes, she has the wig because some people do it right. He used to LARP when he had time, so they have plenty to bond about)—
When the first explosion rocks the ambulance, Kerry jerks the wheel hard, the instincts bred from running headlong into typical Gotham catastrophes shown when the ambulance balances precariously on two wheels for long, heart-stopping moments before slamming back down on the pavement, bouncing all three of them around.

The consistent traffic around them, however, not so lucky.

“Hold on!” Kerry turns around to the doctor and second EMT, eyes wide and knuckles white on the wheel.

The first car slamming into the side is poor timing, hitting hard enough to throw the ambulance into oncoming traffic in the other lane, supplies flying all over the place. The next hit is enough to break the windshield, which lets in the sound of screaming and shit just breaking on the bridge all around them.

Even after a toss into some very painful metal cabinets with supplies, Tim is just dazed enough to pick out some very, very not good sounds of heavy iron bending. He sucks in a breath because all the evidence is there.

So many people are going to die (and they might be thrown in that mix). The ambulance is five miles out from Gotham and another three from the island housing Arkham with a whole lot of Atlantic right under them. If supports have been blown, then it’s only a matter of time how long the structure would hold.

They had to get people off as fast as possible; they had to assess as many wounded as they could and get off this fucking bridge.

“Everyone all right?! Kerry! Tim!” Hailey shoves the gurney off her legs, swimming up from a pile of gauze pads. Dazed but functional because he’s the only one in the ambulance that’s come to realize oh shit time has kicked in.

(Then again, he is the pet doctor to a horde of terrifying vigilantes. That just gives him an edge in the ‘blow shit up’ department.)

He climbs up and over the front seat, looking at the blood on Kerry’s face from the glass.

“We need to get out there,” the EMT is saying, hands shaky. “Whatever happened, people are going to be hurt—”

“Explosion,” he fills in both EMTs in while flicking a penlight in her eyes, happy for no concussion and, you know, being alive (for now). “Something exploded on or under the bridge. We need to assess who we can, load up, and get the hell off as soon as possible.”

“I’ll phone Dispatch, but I have no idea how the mainland wouldn’t have heard it already,” Kerry shakes herself, finally lets go of the wheel. The soft burr of accent soothes over the resounds crash and sharp, biting sound of twisting metal. He grins a little and quickly puts a few pieces of tape against the cut high on her forehead, glad there was no concussion to worry about. Once they get outside the ambulance doors, though, all bets are off.

“Supplies,” Hailey mutters to herself, snatches up satchels, stuffing them full so each EMT can carry two-at-a-time. As usual, Doc Drake has his own bag around his shoulders, impressively staying with him through that little shift in gravity. “Okay! We get out and start prelims. What’s our radius? I mean, we can’t cover the whole bridge.”

“As far as we can,” he takes his time to scan outside the broken windshield, already reaching for
the door, “I’m going to take off, get as far as I can, so don’t wait for me. You two take as many as
this rig can hold and get to safety. I’ll hitch a ride with someone before it goes.”

“I don’t like that idea,” Hailey fills in, coming up between the chairs to give her partner a once-
over, handing over supplies.

Kerry seconds that sentiment, “there’s no guarantee you’ll get another ride, Tim!”

“Someone needs to get between both points.” And yes, it’s reasonable considering half the bridge if
pretty much gone and the other half is full of overturned cars, people panicking, broken concrete,
and more chaos than he’s ever seen (and that? Is saying something). “There’s probably another
ambulance somewhere further down anyway, so it’s fine. If not, then there’s plenty of functional
cars already on the road.” His jaw tight, tingling with get ready, Tim eyes the two EMTs also with
game faces on. (Really, all the fuckery that goes on in Gotham bonds people.) “We get out, get
who we can, hit up as much trauma care as possible, and get the hell gone. Agreed?”

Hailey grins at him, heads to the back of the rig, readying the gurney to pull out. Kerry just sighs a
little and gives him a decidedly arched brow, “sorry, Doc, doesn’t look like you’ll be gettin’ that
easy night after all.”

“Believe it or not, I’m okay being busy,” he banters back so they both have a second
of normal before the time to rock, and lets her call in to dispatch.

He takes a breath to prepare himself for whatever he’s going to face, and finally rips open the
passenger side door as Hailey knuckles-down and shoves the damaged back doors open right with
him, throwing themselves into the fray.

As expected, it’s fucking chaos.

The Trigate Bridge is the third longest on the East Coast, spanning from Gotham, breaking off to
have a double-lane highway to the smaller island housing Arkham, and continuing on to the
mainland near Somerset (thus Trigate, three directions). The explosion(s) were apparently meant to
take out key supports and maybe send thousands of people into the water below with a mass of
debris and oncoming death. As far as he can see, spans of the bridge on the north side and east
have felt the burn. (Two sides the bridge were set with explosive charges…) Literally. Hunks of
bridge and probably crucial structure have already been sacrificed to the murky water below, and
the loud, creaking groan is only a punctuation on how close the whole thing is from giving way.
There’s no way to assess how close they were to impending doom.

However, the next layer of oh shit are the vehicular accidents lining the bridge due of the
explosion. On both sides of the ambulance, there’s screaming, burning, crumbling holy fuck going
on.

Tim takes in a deep breath, the smoke starting to fill the air, gauging the areas of most need that he
can immediately see. The plan starts to form even as he’s tapping the special clip on his name tag.
(The one Dick switched out last week and thought he wouldn’t, you know, notice.)

“Okay, Kerry gets to stay close and prep as much room as we’ve got,” the doctor turns in a circle,
trying to place the immediate need during their very critical time window. “Hailey, take north. I’m
going down the east side toward Arkham. Try to get anyone that can drive to start heading back to
Gotham. Take anyone that needs transport, stabilize as you can.”

The two EMTs are wide-eyed, looking at the aftermath with professional assessment since horror
and fear have to be on the backburner. Hailey squeezes his shoulder before she’s off to the blue
SUV turned on its top and a teenagers trying to get out the window.

“Promise me!” Kerry snatches his arm before he even moves, “get off this bloody thing before it goes!”

“Scouts honor,” his vision narrows down, mind working with all the evidence and perceptions.

“All right! See you on the other side,” and Kerry is off too, slinging the satchel securely over her shoulder and moving, already gloving up, fast and efficient even with the owfuck. She’s checking on the driver of the car that hit the ambulance in the first place, taking his vitals and pulling the crushed door open with strength alone. A grim smirk is the last thing he’s got, and Tim takes off in the opposite direction, running full tilt through the wreckage, climbing over busted concrete and overturned, empty cars, checking them out before he moves on.

With the blood pounding in his ears and screams echoing all around them on the open water, he’s trying to keep an eye on the damaged bridge, check structural failure so he know about how much time he’s got before more important pieces would start breaking off. (Far out he sees the line of white ships that could very well be the Coast Guard on the way because a little bit of help here would be just fucking stellar).

He’s already gloved up by the time he gets to the car hanging perilously close to the edge of the damaged bridge, the skid marks telling the story on how that happened. A bigger sedan had knocked into the little car, sending it skittering through the protective barriers and almost over. The thing is only precariously out of the water by sheer willpower and the rusty bumper snagged on a broken support line. The driver is terrified, one hand extended over the back where a small, blonde child (like Layla) is clutching a worn-out teddy.

(Cass is on after school babysitting duty. It’s fine, they’re fine. Dick is probably going to be called in to the Police Station once they hear about this. Jay might have woken up with the explosions. Steph is at Mercy and everyone is fine.)

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” he talks fast, stepping carefully, already reaching the back door. “I’m right here, and I’m going to get you out. I need you to hurry, okay?”

“Mommy!” The child screams out when the car inches forward, tilting down more to the churning waters below.

“Karmen,” the wide-eyed mother puts on the voice, “take his hand and get out of the car. You need to get out Right. Now.”

The kid is panicking, and he completely understands, but, well, impending doom. The wrong move, the wrong breath, and the thing is going over, taking them and him with it. He moves carefully, gingerly, sweat making its way down his back with how he maps out the right way to keep the thing from going over. “It’s okay, Karmen, right? Hi, my name’s Tim.”

“Hi, Doctor Tim,” the child whimpers with tears in her eyes as she’s squishing further back in the leather seat, looking from him to the Atlantic Ocean through the windshield.

“What’s your buddy’s name, Karm?” He gestures to the stuffed animal she’s clutching like a lifeline.

“C-Carl. He’s Carl the Bear.”

“That’s cool. I used to have a Bear I called Robin. Made him a mask and everything.”
She blinks at him and her expressions changes into something like Steph’s right before she calls him the Nerd-Wonder (and yes, he’ll take that title, thank-you very much).

But it’s fine. It’ll be easier to her to jump if she’s laughing at him instead of terrified.

He gingerly pops open both doors on the driver’s side, tries to keep the weight dispersed to the back of the car, “Okay, Karm, time to listen up. I want you, Carl, and your mom to jump out when I give you the signal. I bet you can jump really good, right?”

“Y-Yes. I-I’m a good jumper.”

“Awesome. I need you to jump the very best jump ever, okay? Can you try that for me?”

But her eyes are filling up again, going from her mom to the churning water and back to him. “I-I’m scared, Tim! I’m too scared.”

“I know you are, but it’s okay. As long as you do what I say, you’re going to be fine.” And it’s a crazy balancing act to keep the doors open, try to make sure the weight doesn’t shift enough to send the car plummeting the long and painful way down into the water.

“Please,” the mother gasps out, eyes wet and dazed from fear, “please save my baby girl. Please don’t let her drown.”

“We’re working on saving you both. So when she jumps, so do you. I’m right here, and I’m going to grab you, so just Get. Ready.”

His hands are out, his other eye on the mother’s trembling hands as she gingerly unclicks her seatbelt.

“Mommy,” Karmen whimpers again, a terrified little girl.

“I love you, sweetheart. I love you so much,” and the crack in her voice is enough to make his chest tight, to make sure he’s got them. “Get ready to jump to Tim, okay? Mommy’s so proud of you, my brave girl.”

When those eyes came back to him, wet but resolute, he knew they found the next kick-ass vigilante someday.

“But…” he says, and then, “Okay… Jump!”

He snatches with both hands, fast, pulling, throwing the three of them away. Mother and daughter watch as the car goes over, gripping each other tight, and Tim is absurdly glad for quick thinking and shit like gravity.

A rudimentary line of cars is flowing off the bridge at slow speeds, pausing to let others on foot get in. Carrying Karmen and gripping her mother’s arm, Tim flags down a truck with a few people already in the back. He lowers the tailgate and holds his charges up for waiting hands to pull the small family to safety.

“Tim!” Karmen calls as the truck pulls off, the strangers checking over her and her mother for serious injuries, “Tim! Thank-you! Thank-you!”

But her hero disappears into the smoke from the burning bridge, she only catches his back as he runs further into the crisis, one hand thrown up over a shoulder in a bye-bye, before he’s out of sight.
Four people are trying to push back a car pinning a young woman to concrete debris. He’s one of those people, muscles straining with effort. When she’s free, one of them has a working vehicle ready for transport.

(Gotham never ceases to amaze him. In a city usually overrun with every flavor of psychopath, you have to be resilient and adaptable. The people, however, always seem to come together in times of crisis and crazy assholes trying to demolish the city. It’s amazing when things like kicking bad guy ass brings out the best in people.)

Tim does as much trauma care as he realistically can, talking quickly to one of the people riding with her, giving rapid instructions for her to tell responders off the bridge.

The next breath, he’s pulling up metal and concrete, yelling with the effort, forcing his tired muscles to give more when some relatively unharmed civilians attack him with thank God hugs. The little blonde boy looks dazed, blinking with blood in his eyes from a nasty scalp wound, but remembers his name is Leo and he’s ten, Dr. Tim.

It takes a second to lift the kid up and brace the Father with his other arm, the group making a beeline for an empty vehicle that might still have keys in it. (None of them judge him when he cracks into the steering column and hot wires the damn thing. Because, you know, he has other hobbies.)

In no time, he’s using some pieces off a ‘79 Honda Civic to immobilize a broken leg, splints it like a boss.

Charlie is seven and has a better iPhone than he does. The bus full of first graders on their field trip out of Gotham are calm, but the bus is done for. He manages to rope three transports, checking quickly over the class, and helping their shaky teacher get on the flatbed. Charlie give him a low five and they’re gone while he pulls the first aid kit out of the bus for just in case.

Streams of cars are passing him by, some stragglers helping others, and it’s moving fluidly enough that he can guess emergency crews are on the other end, flagging traffic to get the evacuation moving. He’s caught by the arm a few times, but just puts the usual amount of authority to make people thinks he’s in charge of something before he takes off to the next cry for help.

Climbing over a ten car pile-up is a tricky enough business with things pretty much holy unstable, Batman.

He slices his damn hand open on a broken window, loses his grip for a breathless, heart-pounding second. On the way down, he manages to tape gauze over the bleeder and see that his phone—

The screen is cracked to all hell.

Fuck. He can’t even call for a very nice pick-up right about now.

The bridge gives an abrupt groan, a sound reverberating down his spine, making the oh shit feeling swell in his gut, the hair on the back of his neck stand on end, and every instinct in his body screaming to run. He tries to move (but there’s nowhere to go). The hard twang echoes when a few of the supporting cables lining the bridge snap, iron bending dangerously, concrete on either side starting to crumble and break.

He can’t throw himself out of the way fast enough, gets knocked off his feet, slams into crumbling debris while more falls around and on top him. A hard chunk pins him, agonizing, terrifying. His
leg is wedged by iron, sharp, biting pain from his calf and the torn, jagged bicep trying to lever enough strength to shift something to free him without bringing more down on him. With other frightened screams and groans of almost giving up happening further down the bridge, he doesn’t have time for a whole lot of this bullshit.

He calculates fast and furious, gauging the stability of the pile he’s under and starts kicking at the concrete with his other foot viciously. Sweat and blood makes his gloves slippery, makes him pant with a strike of panic while he pushes harder against the shit blocking out the light.

Tim has to shake himself, yell at the stupid fucking debris (Damian will never let him live it down if this is how he dies. Seriously). One more hard kick and a piece crumbles enough to get his damn calf through, gives him the leverage to shove the piece at his back away, climb up and out, to cough and gasp in a breath of dirty Gotham air.

There’s a few sparse people still running. One stops long enough to help him out, pulling him quickly with both arms locked around Tim’s upper chest. “It’s going to collapse! You’ve got to get out of here!”

“I have to see if there’s anyone else. Get going!” Tim gives him a shove and takes a long moment to assess. He still has time. Dammit, he still has time. So he takes off again, making his leg work, holding the bag to his side, unconsciously fishing out a new pair of gloves.

He hits the halfway point where the bridge bisects, going toward Arkham or toward Somerset, glad he can’t see anyone in the long, damaged span of twisted, falling iron and crumbling supports.

Still, he’s limping, dropping some random blood spots from his shredded calf while he checks abandoned cars and piles of debris for a last, frantic attempt. Even with the leg as it is, he can start back now and make it in less than fifteen minutes, maybe even get one or two more that might have been missed. He can still try, dammit—

But as luck would have it, his calculations are off, and he runs out of time.

His heart takes an abrupt journey to the back of his throat when the heavy twang from earlier echoes again. Faster, heavier as the support cables give way in rapid succession. The tension finally enough to start the unavoidable collapse. Helpless, he’s alone for a far as he can see, watching the cables snap, each one flipping sharply out of control because of the tension, slamming into remaining cars and breaking up more concrete. The echo makes a roll of dread hit him stomach, the things snapping all the way back to main Gotham and the inevitable destruction ensues as sections of the bridge start to crumble at the lack of support. A large section twenty feet in front of him gives a sick, metallic scream before the whole damn thing drops a foot down, and the loud snap catches cottony as all he can do is watch the section break apart and drop down into the ocean.

Can’t go that way.

Swallowing down his thundering pulse, his hearing goes wonky even before he’s spinning, throwing up his arms when the progression keeps going, snapping cables right past him. He’s not fast enough to dodge a mess of concrete from a flying cable, taking the heavy hits to his back, trying to keep his feet under him.

The horror movie moment when he looks over his shoulder and sees the rest of the bridge for the next mile finally give way, the concrete and supports under the thing cracking, crumbling, falling into the ocean (no way for the Coast Guard to make it anywhere near here), puts enough fear that he can keep his feet under him. The only way to go is toward Arkham (the horrible irony, being
safe at the asylum known to house crazies of all flavors), and he makes himself run. He has to try staying ahead of the crumbling concrete quickly gaining on him. And even with the pain in his calf, the agony in his back, the burn in his lungs and thighs, the way his eyes are getting wet, making the way blurry and unfocused, even if it is so pathetically, sadly useless because there’s no way he’s going to outrun this.

He’s going down in the murky Atlantic, buried under cars and shopping bags with milk and eggs, under girders and cables and concrete. He’s going to be down there with anyone else that didn’t make it off, and he couldn’t even say goodbye to Dick or Jay or Steph or Ives because his goddamn phone is busted. He couldn’t say he is so fucking sorry about this. That no matter what, he loves them. They are his family, all he has in the world, and they are the best. And if he could only—

There isn’t time now, and the realization, the fucking agony of it strikes him as the ground under him gives a sick lurch, slamming down abruptly on the weakening lower support beams, giving him some kind of false hope while at the same time, bringing him to his knees.

He holds his breath, shaking, bent over, eyes wet, and just please, please.

He doesn’t want to leave them.

A drop of blood from his cut cheek hits the pavement and groaning metal tells him it’s so far past too late. Gravity falls out from under him as the supports under this section of the bridge finally give way. The immediate weightlessness makes his stomach lurch sharply and fear strikes in his spine, getting him on his feet for the last-ditch attempt from his brain pan has him leaping up on a bumper, breaking the windshield in his mad dash without enough breath to really make it.

But again, he’s got nowhere left to go when the world falls out from under him, and his heart gives a hard, painful beat.

His brain blanks out when he’s hanging suspended in mid-air for terrifyingly still moments caught in time, and everything is in a crazy kind of slow motion; the sounds of the world around and under him are muted and cottony, only his panting breaths echoing in his ears. The only thing he can see is Dick’s face relaxed in sleep, and Jay’s eyes, so blue, when he’s laughing—

The choking sob makes it up out of his throat, spilling out instead of I love you, I love you and I’m sorry.

Because he is. Fuck, he is.

Somewhere along the way, somewhere between a dying vigilante on his fire escape and now, he’d come to believe in them wholeheartedly. Knew they’d never abandon him, never hurt him, never die on him even if they risked their lives every night. He believed in their strength and their convictions, believed they would fight through Hell itself to make it back to him.

They would never leave him the last one left standing.

(And how fucking ironic is it that he’s the one going to leave them? The Joker would really get a kick out of it.)

His chest aches with the revelation (or the fact he literally can’t get enough air), and God, he only wanted to a few minutes, a few seconds even, just so they would know, so he could just tell them—

(Even though they were both his Robins, he’s in love with Jason and Dick, not Robin, not Red Hood, not Nightwing…and now they’ll never know. It’s too fucking late.)
Everything.

The world comes back abruptly when the weight of his body takes over and he starts to drop, his medical bag caught up at his side.

Already grieving for them, for his only family, Tim closes his eyes while the sounds of cars and debris, of shit breaking and falling, of the fucking world ending in the depths of the ocean, all of it infiltrate, give him a sense of how fast it’s going to be over. There’s always a chance, always a plan, but with his leg torn up, he won’t be able to swim with enough strength to get back to the surface before his air runs out, taking into account he doesn’t get crushed by the pressure and debris already down there—

(But…but at least, his brain does him a solid in the seconds before he’s going to die, just a little reminder that he should be grateful he’s had them, to think about all of them, and all the good times, all the love and laughter, all the things they gave him with hearts open. At least….at least he had that much.)

And he’s not sure if his eyes are wet because he’s crying or because of the air, but the pain, the fear, the sensation of falling, it’s Death opening up its’ great maw, ready to chew him up and spit out his slightly damaged soul.

(I love you. I’ve never had anyone to love like this. I’ve never wanted to love like this, but now that I have, you two are all I never knew I needed.)

He hopes they don’t mourn, he hopes they keep moving, he hopes they take care of each other. He hopes they remember him without remorse or regret. He hopes he doesn’t make some imaginary list of things they never finished.

He hopes they know without hearing the words one last time.

(And fuck, now that is him crying, isn’t it?)

The rapid blast, a sonic boom, hits his senses, cutting through the thousand things in his head, even with the air rushing around him dampen everything.

Tim doesn’t open his eyes until the last second (because who really wants his last sight to be of his family), gasping in hard enough to be fucking painful because it’s like he’s a nine-year-old kid again, standing down in alleys or crouched on roof tops clutching his camera. It’s the same awe and amazement because at this very second, he’s watching the Dark Knight in all his fearsome power fly.

The silhouette has dropped out of the dark shadow against the sun, thrown himself out of the plane without a thought, the tracking signal bringing him right here where he feared the young doctor would be in the middle of the mass crisis.

(He didn’t need Dick’s panicking tone to get his ass in gear because Tim’s signal wasn’t moving off the bridge by the time the first sections broke apart.)

Tim’s lungs scream for air he can’t seem to get, his eyes going wide as the Batman swoops down a flawless arch, arms tight at his sides to be even more aerodynamic and forces the speed of the fall, determined Tim isn’t going to hit the damn water. (Hold on, Tim. Hold on.)

He’d yell if he could, tell B it’s too close, there’s no way he could pull up in time, to save himself. (Gotham would always need saved, would always need him.) But no words can escape and his eyes
are blurry enough that the dark shadow is fuzzy, the whiteouts gone for electric blue eyes. He can’t even gasp as the Batman reaches him mid-death drop, catches him with an arm that has to be made of iron.

The abrupt change in direction almost makes him vomit, only strength of will keeping him from painting the vigilante’s back with stomach juice.

Even though his brain pan is fried, he gets handfuls of leather and Kevlar, fists tight his shaky hands into the cape while he tries to get his air back and hides himself, huddled against all that strength.

He might have been more terrified (since, you know, imminent death) than he let on because he has no clue how they’re just suddenly in a plane, sitting his shaky ass down on one of the seats in the back while the vigilante is kneeling down with his leg in both gloved hands. B must have taken his satchel off, laid it down somewhere, and the arm of his scrubs is torn open to the bleeder on his bicep.

His mouth opens, closes wordlessly because he’s trying so hard to say it, “thank-you for coming for me.”

“Calm down,” is a little less the night than in his usual dealings with the Batman, “you’re going into shock.” And B doesn’t wince for the obvious damage done to Tim’s leg, but it’s a close thing. Instead, he is very relieved he’s not going to have to be the one to tell his sons their significant other met his end at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Batman’s (Bruce’s) voice gives him a little bit of air back, just enough to wheeze, “th-thanks…for the save.”

Still, he’s blinking rapidly, shaking too much, hitting the wrong side of adrenaline and fear, wrapping his arms around himself to try and stop it.

“The Coast Guard is already on site, taking care of people. So far, the fatality numbers are incredibly low for an incident of this magnitude. I’m sure you played a hell of a part in that.”

But Tim’s still on the mindblown side of things, woozy and light-headed, still not feeling the real owfuck of the sitch yet to say much. The leg of his scrubs is finally just ripped away so they can both look at the raw hamburger he’d been trying to run with. “Hn. The boys aren’t going to be happy about this, Tim.”

“I…” The boys. Oh God, he’s going to see Dick and Jay and flip the utter fuck out. “I-It’s-it’s okay.”

Inside the cowl, B arches a brow (oddly enough, that’s what Robin might say. Any of them.) “That’s the adrenaline talking. You’ll feel it soon enough.” B turns just slightly, “Bat Computer. Alert Agent A. We need prep for an incoming.”

He gets a little less fuzzy as the whole alive thing sinks in. So, time to make his brain switch gears from perpetual screaming to oh, who’s the bad guy of the week again?

“Anniversary,” he tells the kneeling vigilante, “B, it’s the anniversary.”

The cowl pauses in looking over his injured leg and slowly moves up until those eyes are on him, gears turning.

“Sal Maroni’s trial was ten years ago today.” His voice is hoarse, but dammit, he’s right on this
one, leans forward enough to grip the dangerous gauntlets in one shaking hand. “It’s…it’s too good for Harvey Dent to pass up. He had the bridge set with charges, and there’s another one. He’s going to set a second one because that’s how he **works** with his shitty traps, and you have to **find it**, B. You have to…”

And it’s a crazy thing, seeing the Batman **smile**.

“Dick told me you were good,” is a calmer voice, one laced with **amusement**. “I contacted Gordon hours ago when I suspected Two-Face would have something devastating on the roster for tonight. Police crews have been combing the city and all his old hideouts while I’ve been researching in the Cave. He only sent the clue to GCPD an hour ago, and if Dick hadn’t been on shift, I wouldn’t have gotten it in time to stop the Robinson Bridge from blowing up already.”

Tim blinks, leaning down almost in B’s **face**, staring into those eyes while his brain catches up.

*No other hurt civilians. Damn…the day is starting to look up.* Well, you know, World’s Greatest Detective, of course he would have figured it out in time.

“O…Oh.”

B presses his shoulder, casual strength making him sink back into the chair.

“Again, good work, Tim… I’m not going to stop being surprised about your “hobbies,” am I?”

“I’ll try to keep you riveted.” But he’s sinking down with things like blood loss, trauma, and utter fucking **relief**, tongue getting too thick in his mouth to be especially **witty**.

“Do that. It’s a nice departure from the normal psychos I deal with. And by the way, don’t move. We’re going to do a full assessment once we land. I’m sure Alfred is already wearing a path in my Cave.”

Tim blinks, tries to nod but the motion is a little jerky and uncoordinated. Conversation apparently over because the Doctor is sinking deeper into shock and has lost enough blood (for a civilian) that the vigilante is **concerned**, B stands up and fishes a blanket out of a storage compartment, wraps it around Tim’s shaking form.

“Just relax and try to stay awake. We’ll be home soon.” And the cape swishes with a sigh of sound, being easy while the plane rumbles under his ass.

(He probably imagines a gloved hand resting on the top of his head before B strides back to the controls and takes the plane off autopilot. Not that it matters because his brain is pleasantly all about white noise when he starts to crash from the adrenaline overdose.)

And since he’s very, very safe in the plane, by himself while B’s back is turned, he fades in and out, holding the blanket to his chest tightly, his eyes filling up and clearing out at odd intervals. He’s about forty percent with it, drifting in and out with calculations and diagnosis from the bridge skimming over his thoughts, taking completely by surprise when the cockpit is invaded by whirling tornados of concerned boyfriends.

*(His heart picks up, and Tim tries to shake off lethargy and strain because they’re both so fucking beautiful right now.)*

“Tim! Timmy!!” Dick looks haggard, his eyes astoundingly **blue**.

Jay is right on his ass, jaw tight with obvious worry, “JesusfuckingChrist, Sugar.”
Dick is still in his uniform, tilting Tim’s face up to look in his dazed eyes with such utter relief he
shakes a little with it, those steady hands weak for just a moment in time (I love you. God, I love
you). Jay leans in around that hand and presses a fast, hard kiss to the top of his head, and goes for
the blanket, knows he’s looking for something. He gets jackpot when the scrubs beneath are blood-
stained, torn and dirty, making Jay’s heart beat just a little faster.

“B, what the fuck? Couldn’t cha at least bandage our boy up a lil bit?!” He bites it out sharper than
intended, but his boy ain’t looking good, and the last images O managed to get off the bridge
cameras as they went down is the mound of debris falling right on top a kid in scrubs. He and Dick
had only been reined in by Dami and Alfred with appropriate threats of tying them down should
they even try it. (He can take Demon, but Alf? Nope. That’s a fight he’s always gonna lose.)

“We weren’t far.” B defends lightly, pushing his cowl off and kneeling by Tim’s feet again,
unabashedly gripping an ankle to stretch the leg out of the blanket so the owfuck can air out. “I also
wanted Alfred to look at this before I did anything."

“Oh my God, that’s a lot of blood.” Dick is now even more concerned, latching on tight and
pressing him close.

“Damn right it is.” Jay and B exchange the look.

“It’s okay,” he mumbles against Dick’s hand on his jaw, staring dazedly up, eyes sluggishly sliding
to Jay. “I’m okay.” Because, dammit, looking at them, being absurdly fucking grateful for this,
for them, everything is really just…

Fine.

“Yeah, Timmy, just fine. Right here with us, ain’t cha?” Jay crouches down, and he’s
careful, easy about it when he takes a wrist and gently unwinds the dirty, frayed gauze to the nice
slice taken out of his hand.

“Fuck.” Because that ain’t good. Timmy’s a surgeon, lives by his damn hands. “We need ta getcha
bandaged up. Let Alf gedda lookit that leg.” Jay shoos Dick back so he can wind both arms around
their civilian sweetie and lift him, blanket and all while B holds the leg up and stable, walking
back without a hitch with the doctor between them.

And laying there in Jason’s arms, it gives Tim plenty of time to stare up at his profile, trace the line
of jaw and the crooked line of nose with his eyes.

(I’ll never deserve you, but I’ll never stop trying either.)

Alfred and Damian are monitoring the clean-up from the bridge, leaving the live footage as Jay
and B ease Tim down to the medical gurney. It’s second nature to press his mouth to the top of the
doctor’s head while B just smirks to himself and lets Dick slide around them to be on Tim’s other
side.

Jason steps away to scrub and glove fast while Dick stays holding on a little too desperately and
Alfred begins preliminaries. Dami does his usual, “tt,” and goes back to monitor the sitch (but the
little asshole always looks back when he thinks they don’t know any better.)

Once B is satisfied Timmy is in good hands, he starts up with the search for Harvey himself and
tracks the police reports Dick happened to copy while they were hot off the printer.

Jay is absurdly careful, even by Alfred’s standards as he stitches the slice in that precise hand and
fervently hopes he’s not doing more damage.
Slightly slurry, tired with strain now that the adrenaline and other stimulants in his system have
worn off (chemicals balancing, he thinks slowly, and added opioids because it took a bridge
collapsing to admit he was completely in love with these two. Fuck, is he really that dense?), he
answers Dick’s careful questions as well as he can, rambles on about the car pile-up, the people he
hoped were able to get help, the sound of the cables snapping (that’s a sound he’s never going to
forget), the new iPhone he is going to get. To try staying out of the way without going too far, Dick
lays his head beside Tim’s on the pillow and listens, squeezes his hand at the hard parts.

He vaguely remembers, “need…need to know if my EMTs…made it.”

“B is looking into it. We’ll have an update soon, okay? Just relax, baby.” It’s something soft and
sweet to his muddled brain (Alfred…must have given him something before starting on his leg. It’s
a distant, dull thing.)

“I should…I should go to the hospital—”

Jay pauses in finishing up with his bicep, raises a gloved finger to wag close to his face, “don’t cha
even try it, pal. Steph already said they got the sitch under control.”

“Nu-uh, Timmy. You can’t even stand right now, so you’re going about as far as the main floor.”

“But…”

There’s no use in trying to argue. He’s one against four (and dammit, five because Damian is
standing right by Dick’s hip, arms crossed over his chest and glaring at him for upsetting Grayson.
Dammit, Drake, he’s a Robin that needs Peace and Quiet. Shut these fools up and give in.) Still, he
says he can walk, really it’s fine, but Dick gives no shits getting to be the Bat carrying him this
time, talking low and soothing while taking him upstairs in the Manor and pretty much deposits
him in the utterly comfortable sitting room on the First Floor.

There are blankets and food, intermittent sleep between episodes of some reality show, and one or
the other of his significant others close while the sedatives and antibiotics run their course in the
first few hours post-injury hours.

Night must be falling because at some point, they’re talking about Two-Face and the second stage
of his dastardly plan.

Later, he’ll vaguely remember his leg and other bandages taken off, being held in warm water
while the dirt and dried blood is washed off with careful, patient hands (someone is holding his leg
out of the bathtub and being so absurdly gentle). Hands in his hair to get the worst out, but the
sedatives and painkillers make him useless to do much more than lay there and let it happen.

Time skips and he wakes up in the middle of a massive bed, half-aware enough to know his leg is
on fire and just, fuck it all hurts.

There’s cameras apparently everywhere because Alfred and Jason are through the door before he
even makes it to the edge of the bed. He gets one vigilante boyfriend crawling in with him to keep
him down, pills to swallow and tucked back in (after the butler quickly assesses under the
bandages).

Jay talks low and soothing against his temple, while the pain eases and things are just… good. So,
so good.

**
A few days later, Tim Drake is laid up on his couch with his healing leg wrapped up and elevated on a few pillows (even though the thing is really much better, Alfred, you don’t have to call for an update every day anymore. It’s…it’s really thoughtful though). Since his significant others have that kind of humor, Scrubs is playing on the television and a scattering of things are literally everywhere. A laptop is open on the floor with half a dissertation on the effects of Joker venom on cellular growth, a copy of Catcher in the Rye is stuffed between the cushions, a knitting project poking him from a corner in odd moments, a manila file folder with notes from the recent bout of tainted heroin is dangling just oh so enticingly on the stand closest to him (dammit, Dick. Touché).

Tim gives it ten minutes after his significant others leave for patrol (finally) before he looks around his empty living room with narrowed eyes and gingerly pulls his foot down off the cushions and plants it on the floor for literally the first time in a week.

(The first three days of being carried—even by Damian, believe it or not—were actually kind of nice. By day six, however, the novelty had worn very, very thin.)

So he might be grinning a little to himself since he sounded completely sincere when he promised Jay he was not going to get up while they were on patrol, that he had everything he could possibly want right here, and they had to get going because Gotham needed them. He made sure to catch the shadows falling from his fire escape before he even turned in his seat, gave it an extra few minutes for, you know, just in case.

So he’s got a hand on the arm of the couch, ready to shove himself to his feet and just go into his kitchen to make a damn cup of coffee himself thank-you very fucking much, ready to put weight on the injury.

(Really. He should have known better.)

The abrupt, jarring slam followed by the mini-tornado doesn’t even give him a chance.

The move is too fast for him to counter, but he’s just suddenly held high up against a broad chest, staring up in the blue eyes of Superboy, noting the obvious displeasure by his frown and drawn brows.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” is more deadpan than he imagined, which just makes Superboy frown that much harder.

“Yo! Doc Drake!” Kid Flash is right there, holding a hand out for a serious high-five. “Totally nice digs, man. You? Are so obviously in the mode.”

The annoyed noise comes all the way up from his toes because this? This is just not even necessary.

“I can’t believe they’re wasting your time with this,” Tim groans aloud, doing such an epic facepalm the sound echoes. “It was just…a collapsing bridge, okay? I’m really fine.”

But when he looks up, really looks, something is just off because—

Superboy is in jeans and a plaid shirt, sporting a pair of wire-framed glasses. Kid Flash has no mask or body suit, but huge sneaker and—

They’re not in the masks.

He sucks in an abrupt breath and almost chokes.
“Oh yeah,” Superboy looks at KF all nonchalant. Just, you know, NBD man, here’s our secret idents.

“It’s cool.” KF shoos the shock away. “Dick said you were totally on the level, so we’re good showing you the real faces, you dig?”

“I…Are…are you sure you’re okay with this?” He can’t help but ask, looking from one to the other.

The super clone just shifts his weight to hold him up by one arm and stick the other by his chest, “Conner Kent.”

Dumbly, he shakes the hand, staring up at the blue eyes crinkling with mirth.

“Bart Allen. Time traveler extraordinaire.” Bart completely takes the initiative and shakes his hand super-fast.

“Ah, yeah, wow…this is- this is kick ass. Welcome to my humble abode. Make yourselves comfortable.”

Both Titans give him wide grins and Conner turns to gently put him back down on the couch. Bart fluffs the pillows before his legs goes right back where it was before.

“I’m going to make some coffee,” he hedges, “you know, my leg is just stellar, and I should start putting weight on it—”

“Dick and Jason would probably kill us in horrible ways if we let you do that,” Conner shrugs easily, “so it’s okay, I’ll make you some coffee.”

The loud gasp by his television makes both of them crane around to see Bart going through his X-Box One games with huge eyes.

“I want to play this one right now,” the speedster bellows, swinging Arkham Knights around in one hand.

His inner nerd sparked, Tim grins a little viciously, “I already beat it, so all the cheats are unlocked.”

“Holy shit, man! I totally call Batman!”

“I want Harley Quinn,” Conner calls on his way to the kitchen, “if I’m going to watch someone run for an hour, I want it to be someone with a sweet ass.”

“Totally feel that,” Bart nods while he sets up the game. “How about you, Tim?”

“Robin,” he says quietly, “I’m usually Robin.”

He gives them both a hundred vigilante points because neither of them say a word.
Missing Scene from London Bridge is Falling

Chapter Summary

So when his eyes get hot, it makes Tim even angrier at his own selfish feelings because really he did this to himself.

Chapter Notes

Ah, I had this up on Tumblr before the hiatus, and I did promise an Anon I would try to move some things here, so yeah. Please be warned: angsty cuteness ahead. (It's all Poison-Basil's fault, I swear)

He was pretty sure this was going to be a...thing. But, he could not have predicted it would be this bad.

“C’mon, Tim,” Dick is hanging effortlessly from the light fixture in the bedroom, clutching his scrub top like a lifeline, “they said you could have another week. You don’t...you shouldn’t go in yet. You need more time!”

From the floor, the annoyed doctor is standing shirtless with his arms crossed over his bare chest and his mussed hair all up in his face. The fact he’s frowning like a disapproving Dad should really tip off his vigilante boyfriends on how now is not the time.

“My leg is fine. There’s no need to wait,” he snaps back for what feels like the tenth time today. “Dick, we already talked about this.”

“That ain’t necessarily accurate, Sweetheart,” Jason drawls out from the doorway. His tactic is somewhat more...subtle. He’s mostly awake from a few hours of sleep after a night of vigilante-ing it up, had made sweet love with his boys before passing the fuck out for a few hours of well-deserved unconsciousness. Timmy getting out of the shower woke the both of them immediately because they still aren’t really on board with this, yeah?

So he knows the picture he presents, hair mussed and eyes half-mast with the remnants of sleep, warm and soft from blankets. His chest is bare, dotted with bruises, fine white lines of his scars breaking up the sleek and powerful muscle. The black briefs are heavy in the front while hugging the slight curve of his ass in the back. He knows when he talks, Tim’s eyes come back to him slouching against the frame, takes him all in.

(He sees the way his boy swallows before his cheeks get just a little pink. Such a good look on their Doc.)

So he straightens up, walks in their bedroom with his easy stride, all those muscles working in a terribly effective sync. His eyes are soft and fond when he wraps up their boy from behind, automatically rubbing over the healed bruises on Tim’s ribs and sides from the bridge attack. He
gives no fucks about shit like being a dirty goddamned cheat when he presses against his boy’s bare back, just a reminder of how good it feels to be pressed close.

(Tim can feel the heat of skin and oh God does he feel amazing.)

“Pretty sure ya tol’ us y’ were good ‘nuff ta be on yer game.” Shamelessly, Jay leans down just a little to snuffle at the base of Tim’s neck sleepily.

“You both knew I planned on going back today.” Tim just has to keep his resolve. He absolutely cannot let these idiots think he needs to be (protected) coddled just because he’s a civilian. It’s really a good thing he’s never really told them about the crazy situations he got into long before he found Nightwing on his fire escape bleeding out (a very, very good thing, there’s only so much mother-henning anyone can take).

Dick finally jumps down to the ground, the move smooth and effortless. His hands tighten when Tim goes to take the scrub top from him, those electric blue eyes beseeching. “We’d feel so much better if you didn’t push yourself, Baby. You were right in the middle of a collapsing bridge. You almost died.”

What now? Seriously?

“When is that any different from what you two face every night?” He demands hotly, pulling the top out of Dick’s curiously suddenly-lax grip. “It’s Gotham, Dick. Bad things happen to good people all the time, but it’s people like us that have to keep up the effort.”

“Not at ‘cher expense, Sweetheart,” Jay contradicts softly against his throat while Dick’s eyes get mysteriously shiny.

“I said I’m okay, and I mean it,” he argues soft and firm, “it’s time for me to go back and get to work.”

“There are hundreds of doctors—” Dick tries haltingly.

“I’m not having this argument,” Tim comes back, reluctant but decidedly pulling out of Jay’s mesmerizing hold. “Because there is nothing to argue about.”

He steps away, moves out of the bedroom because it is just too easy for them to convince him there. The t-shirt to go under the top is there, and he throws it on fast in an attempt to save himself from the very hot and pouty vigilantes following him. He’s struggling into the scrub top, pulling it down over his t-shirt (it’s about the computations behind unicorns. Yeah, yeah, it’s a great shirt), picks up his badge off the kitchen table to clip to the pocket, and has the vigilante only medical bag ready for things like just in case.

When he turns around, his boyfriends are blocking the way to the door, giving him the look. Tim keeps himself from sighing, but just barely.

“Sweetheart,” Jay starts out, seeming almost hesitant for a man that usually has no qualms tellin’ it how it is, “ya don’t got nothing ta prove ta us, you feel me?”

He tilts his head, blinking.

Dick picks up before he can deny anything, taking a step forward and reaching out a hand, “it’s fine to take as much time as you need, Timmy. We’re not…we’re not going to judge you, okay?”

So he inhales slowly, counts to ten.
Not helping.

He repeats the process.

“I really appreciate it,” he starts, “how much you care. But—”

“But nothing,” Jay finally raises his voice a little, his arms getting tight, “you ain’t gotta do that shit, Tim. We do what we do ‘cause there ain’t nothing else, but that don’t mean jack-fuckin’-squat that cha gotta keep up with us!”

“That is not what this is about,” he snaps back, starting to feel anger curl up his spine. “This has nothing to do with Nightwing or the Red Hood or any of the night life!”

“The hell it don’t—” Jay comes back heatedly, taking a step closer.

“This is about my life,” Tim interrupts viciously, “it’s about how I do what I have to do, and it’s no less important than the Red Hood or Nightwing or Batman or anyone else!”

He sees Jason gritting his back teeth, but they’re too far into it to stop now.

“Tim,” Dick is firm, resolute, “we push ourselves because if we don’t, then—”

“People die, Dick?” He comes back, turning to the older vigilante, “if Nightwing isn’t in Gotham, people might die? How is that any different than what I—”

“Because it’s you,” both of them yell back at him in an eerie kind of sync, startling him out of the snarling knot in his lower belly.

“God, fuck, Tim,” Jason yells at the ceiling, throwing up his goddamned hands, “don’tcha think we paid enough f’ karma ta just stop fuckin’ wid us? Well, we apparently ain’t.”

Dick’s hand on his shoulder makes Jay ease back, just a bit.

“Being with us is always going to mean you’re in danger, do you understand that, Tim?” And the torture is right there in Dick’s eyes, in the tight draw of muscle and fine tremble of his hand. “And one of these days, just like on that bridge, we’re going to be too far away. We won’t…we won’t be able to make it in time.”

Oh.

Oh.

And because he hadn’t seen this before, hadn’t realized this is why the two of them were so crazy about things, he blames shock for the obvious malfunction in his brain.

“If I wasn’t in love with you two, I’d seriously beat the shit out of you for underestimating me,” but his voice is hoarse with emotion. “And for the shitty double-standard. There have been times when I almost haven’t made it to either of you and if you think for one second—”

But he stops because Dick and Jason are staring at him wide-eyed and slack-jawed.

Jay has a hand out, like he was reaching for Tim and just froze. Dick has a hand splayed over his chest, staring with his mouth hanging open.

And Tim blinks back whatever rigmarole he was going to come out with because—
Oh God. He said it.

The little epiphany he had while the world was crumbling under him, everything falling away, when he thought this is the end, and I didn’t even get to tell them good-bye.

It’s like one of those Hallmark movies where realizing how much you love someone is finally so crystal clear it’s amazing how you ever could have missed it.

And he just threw it out there like a complete dumbass without even thinking because Dick and Jay probably didn’t feel that way, couldn’t right? There was no way they could be as invested, and he’d probably made them extremely uncomfortable, maybe even enough that they—

Please don’t be gone by the time I get back. Please don’t pack up your things and try to let me down easy. Please, please be able to pass that off as a fluke.

“I’m sorry I said that,” he rushes before they can come out of shock, “I shouldn’t have. Put that on you two, I mean. Forget I said it and let’s just keep being us. How we’re—we’re comfortable. I shouldn’t haven’t… That was wrong of me, but a-anything,” he keeps on talking, literally pushing between the two of them, able to move them easily, carefully not thinking about how the fight has just suddenly gone out of them. “It’s…it’s what our lives are. So…so, I’m not going to let it hold me back,” and God, his throat feels scratchy and his tongue too thick, stuttering out. His hands are minutely shaking by the time he manages to get the front door open, ready to just run.

“I’m…I’m going to work and do what I do. Tonight, you guys do the same, and we’ll…we’ll have dinner and everything is going to be fine, okay? It’s—it’s fine. It’s all going to be fine.”

And he can’t even look at them when he darts out, closing the door tightly behind him.

**

The welcome backs are nice. The hustle and bustle is business-as-usual familiar and just enough to keep his brain busy so he doesn’t have to think too hard about other things (like Dick and Jay having a conversation after he left, about them thinking maybe they should pull back a little, give him some space to get a handle on his apparent feelings. God, what if they’re moving their stuff back to Dick’s apartment right now? Don’t think about it, don’t think about it, don’t think about it).

His leg starts aching up halfway through the shift and he manages to duck into one of the supply closets to massage the muscle out for a few minutes before he goes back on the floor for the next round of patients coming into his ER.

The second time a hard shock of pain shoot up into his hip and makes the leg almost give out on him. The Chief of Staff is very not happy about it.

“’I can’t believe you,’” Lucas Trent shoves him down in a chair while the healing muscle twitches and spasms, kneeling down to shove Tim’s scrub pant leg up and look at the injury. “Anyone else and you would have thrown them the hell out the second they came through the door. Seriously Tim, you had another week.”

“I was bored,” he grits out as those hands massage out the painful cramp. “I needed to come back to work.”

Luke looks back up at him with a frown, “the muscle is still traumatized, Tim. It’s not healed enough for you to take the longer shifts. I’m giving you straight eights for a while, so you’re out of here immediately. I’m calling you a cab, you’re going home, and taking care of this leg as soon as possible. Understand?”
Tim closes his eyes a little, shudders when he thinks about going home. “Yeah, yeah, okay.”

Trent stands back up and lays a hand on his shoulder, “Tim are you okay?”

“It hurts a little,” he comes back too quickly, not looking up. He busies himself by rubbing the leg out a little more and pulling his pant leg back down.

The Chief of Staff huffs out a sigh since he really likes Drake, but the guy can be a pain-in-the-ass. While Tim’s head is bent, a flash of something makes Luke look up quickly, catching a hint of white in the window. His eyes narrow at the blurry black and blue, the unmistakable ass just suddenly gone, but he schools his expression into neutral lines while Drake stands up and gives him a half-hearted, watered-down version of his usual grin.

“Thanks, Luke. I’ll take the shifts, try not to kill myself.”

“Everyone would appreciate that, Tim. Now go home! Don’t make me call in Stephanie and Layla or you’ll be in real trouble.”

The effect is immediate, Tim’s hands coming up in a no, no, anything but that. “No need for that. Like, at all, I’m going. See? This is me leaving.”

Nodding in approval, the Chief of Staff’s eyes slide back to the empty window, thoughtful on why one of Gotham’s premiere vigilantes would be outside his hospital at this time of night when it should be close to time for all Bats to turn in for the day. He hums to himself on the way back to his office, wondering if one of his best people might be of interest.

As Luke Trent heads back to the mounds of paperwork sitting on his desk, Tim half-limps into the break room to pull his bag out of his locker. He’s got one earbud in while he waves to everyone and takes a few minutes to update the replacement attending about the night’s activities. He’s numb by the time he gets outside in the crisp air, shivering automatically in his oversized hoody, listening to Imagine Dragons in one ear while the other keeps him from getting snatched into crazy vans (again). The burn in his calf is a secondary owfuck while he takes familiar back alleys and passes by the all-night bakery six blocks from his penthouse.

He gets about two blocks away, just has to make a left and he’ll be home in a few minutes, when his heart gives a hard thump in his chest and his feet won’t carry him any farther. The horrible indecision lingers in his brain pan, the possibilities, the what-ifs he’s tried not to focus on hitting him right where he’s about to make that damn turn and potentially unlock the door to see the familiar sights, Dick’s uniform shirt laid out over a chair, Jason’s holsters beside the couch, the mountain of DVDs, the clothes in his closet that are perpetually too big, the Superman and Wonder Woman toothbrushes on his sink, all of it—

Gone.

(It’ll be him left standing again, won't it?)

Instead of taking the left, Tim lets himself fall back against the brick and mortar of the old Soda Pop stand long out of business, lets his hands splay over the coarse brick, abrading his fingertips as he tries to pull himself out of the quaking fear and nausea low in his belly. But really, it’s his own fault anyway.

He’d gone into this relationship with Dick and Jay knowing they could never commit to anything long-term, not with the lives they lead, the duties that lay heavily on the two of them. He’d always known this thing they had was living on borrowed time.
It was okay because he understood that’s how it had to be, how they had to be. There could be no promises or I love yous because their lives didn’t allow for that (or because the two of them weren’t there. They cared, yes, they were with him as much as they could be, but to love him? That…that’s asking so much when Gotham, the world, already takes so much of them every fucking night). Saying it out loud was just a selfish thing on his part, a stupid, selfish mistake.

A mistake that might have costed him the best thing he’s ever found.

So when his eyes get hot, it makes Tim even angrier at his own selfish feelings because really he did this to himself.

With a hand out for balance, he limps back to the narrow alleyway between the two dilapidated buildings and lets himself sink down to the dirty ground, his other hand slapped over his mouth tight. Deep breaths through his nose, the twitching, twinging muscle in his leg radiating thumping pain in tune to his heartbeat, his chest shuddering when he attempts to just get himself under control again, to steel himself for whatever he might have to go home to face.

(But he could just keep walking straight instead, keep walking until he gets to Ives’ or Steph’s, to be there instead of the crazily empty apartment where the memory of being sat on the counter by big hands, of being sandwiched between two warm bodies on the couch, of stitching up broken skin and wrapping painful muscle damage, of throwing popcorn at the TV screen, and holding on tight enough to make his arms ache when memories were inescapable.)

Instead of standing up, he stays there, head in his hands, and lets himself shake apart for a few long and painful minutes.

The soft sigh in the night, the boots on concrete are lost in his silent self-recriminations, in the berating he gives himself in the deep parts of his brain where he still can’t believe these two ever even considered someone like him worth their time.

(And he fucking ruined it all, didn’t he?)

“Hey, hey, it’s okay, it’s okay. I’m here.”

He jerks before Nightwing ever touches him, lurching to the side, gasping in a breath with his eyes still spilling over.

Staring up into the whiteouts is just another fucking dammit he really doesn’t need.

“What—” he tries hoarsely, quickly looking away to scrub at his face, “why aren’t you on patrol?”

The hands on him, the fingerstripes against his wrist, all so familiar and soothing, torturing him without the intent.

“I stopped by the hospital to check on you,” N admits without a hitch, “I was worried you’d push too hard. You…you always give everything you have no matter what. Timmy, Jay and I—”

“Don’t,” he moves away, out of those hands, manages to get his feet under him, “it’s—I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said anything. If you’re-if you’re leaving, I…I get it. I get it, and it’s fine.”

But his eyes are filling up again because no matter what his mouth might say, it still so fucking painful he feels like his chest is going to close up, going to keep him from getting any air.

“Wait, what?” N follows him, hearing the disgruntled noise over the comm in his ear. “What? Tim, what are you talking about?”
But the doctor is moving toward the mouth of the alley, retreating from this terrible conversation, wondering if he shouldn’t just go right the hell to Ives and stay for a few days.

“Don’t like this, Dickie,” Hood sounds just as disturbed as N feels, “somethin’ ain’t right here.”

With one finger, N taps the comm, “you’re not seeing what I’m seeing. Rendezvous at the nest. ASAP.”

He gets an arm around Tim’s waist before his civilian boyfriend can make good on an escape, already firing a grapple to get them airborne before Tim can try to kick out of his hold.

“Put me down,” is rough, harsh even with the wind whipping back and forth, “I can walk just fine, and Gotham needs you—”

“You need me more right now.” Nightwing replies darkly against his ear. “Stop arguing and hold on.”

And because it’s easier, he actually does, winds an arm around Nightwing’s neck, keeping his face firmly over a broad shoulder so he doesn’t have to look at those whiteouts, so the part that’s apparently coming (“It ain’t that we don’t like ya, Timmers, ain’t that at all—” “It might be best if we take a…a break, okay? Give us all some time to think.” “It ain’t chu, Tim, it’s us, you feel me?”).

All he has to do is keep his calm, to let them say their piece, and…keep himself together when he has to—

(when he has to let them go)

—let them leave.

Once Nightwing lands it on the roof of his perch, Tim pulls out of the vigilante’s hold and limps his hurt ass right to the fire escape, muscles tight with the struggle to keep his shit together. It’s fine, he reminds himself, nothing lasts forever.

He doesn’t fall through the window, but it isn’t for lack of trying.

His leg feels like a burning point of pain shooting lightening up to his hip when he crosses the living room, pulling the scrub top off, laying his vigilante-only bag down. He doesn’t go for coffee or food, doesn’t look up at whatever message might be left on the fridge from the day while he was gone, doesn’t look too closely at anything in case things are already missing.

Instead, he pulls out a chair from his table and sits his weary ass down, throwing his hurt leg up on the chair beside him, turning to it, hunching over himself to look at the spot where he’d taken the stitches out himself the day before yesterday.

A mug is softly set by him on the table by a gloved hand, but he thumbs a trickle of blood away from his calf and tries resolutely to ignore the very nice gesture. (Because he knows what’s coming. Everyone leaves him, even Steph did for a while.)

“I’m home, you can go back to patrol,” he tries a little desperately, jaw tight enough that the muscles twitches.

“Slow night,” Nightwing’s voice changes, becomes Dick as the domino comes off. He pulls out the other chair by Tim’s legs, deactivates the gauntlets, pulls them off with the gloves. “I’ve got
nowhere else to be, baby, but right here with you.” Bare hand on his ankle, thumb moving over the bone.

Tim opens his mouth, almost blurts out, “for how long though? Can’t we just go back to where we were yesterday?” but closes his mouth so fast his teeth clack together.

The hand on his ankle tightens.

Tim busies himself with wrapping gauze around his calf, eyes focused on what he’s doing, refuses to look up at Dick’s face, Dick’s electric blue eyes, Dick’s I’m so sorry expression. So that’s the situation when the Red Hood hits the window, steps in still fresh from patrol with the scent of gunpowder and brimstone following him like cologne.

“Notha best idea, yeah Tim?” The vigilante is already stalking across the room, gloved hands working by his sides.

If anything, his baby boy’s shoulders curve further down into himself, and Hood pulls off the helmet, puts it right on the table as he passes by. He looks up at Dick’s worried expression, a silent exchange back and forth since years of being partners have given them every ability to speak volumes without the need to say a single word.

When Dick’s frown deepens, when his brows draw together, Hood gets that all ain’t right in the world.

He pulls at the dom, gives it a toss, and bend down over their doctor. He doesn’t give a fuck what else is doing, winds still gloved fingers in too-long hair and pulls.

Tim’s head goes with the unexpected move, his eyes wide when his throat is exposed at the odd angle of the hold. He is completely unprepared for the mouth slanting down across his, for the lingering, familiar taste of cigarettes and chewing gum when a tongue is pushed into his mouth, slides over his in one hell of a hiya baby, how’s kicks?

Jay gives himself a few minutes to enjoy it. Sucks a little on Timmy’s lower lip, maps out that mouth until he gets a small noise, one that makes him all kinds of satisfied.

When he pulls back, Tim’s eyes flutter open wetly, and just the sight makes Jay straighten with a little dread rolling through his abdomen.

“Aw shit, s’at bad, ain’t it, Sweets?” His gaze goes to the leg Tim’s got propped up on a chair, notes the few splotches of blood on pristine bandages.

“It kind of…hurts. The Chief sent me home,” admitting it doesn’t make him feel bad because, you know, pending truth bombs and such.

“Coulda called,” Jay points out, picks up the mug and puts it in his palm.

Dick follows up, sliding his chair closer so both hands can take over the bandage job.

He sips his coffee since it’s already right there and gives him a convenient excuse to do something in the ruminating awkward.

Still, it doesn’t take much to roll his eyes up and smirk, “nah. Figured you were busy beating the shit out of the Penguin for his bad life choices. Who wants to break up that?”

It’s enough for Jay to bark out an abrupt laugh, but the follow-up is the younger vigilante leaning
down for more, being easy to make it nice n’ sweet.

(Timmy can have certain...tendencies. Running from things that could physically hurt him? Naw. Something vaguely emotion-shaped? The whole story gets left out, makes you have to read between the lines.)

He keeps up with some slow, drugged kissing until Tim sighs against his mouth and his shoulders ease down. It might be a terrible thing that he keeps their boy distracted so Dick can lift his leg carefully in both hands and slither over the seat, hold the injured leg over his thigh the two of them closing in.

When he finally leans up, gives Timmy a little space, Dick is right there to supplement, nosing behind Tim’s ear before coming back for his turn. And it’s just like Dick to want to give proof with his body, to want to be close and hold on, to have one hand on his jaw, the other gripping his thigh while he drags his mouth over Tim’s until he sneaks inside.

(Apparently they had some things to talk about here, Timmy.)

“That’s better,” Dick finally sighs against his mouth and sits back to rub circles in his calf knowledgeably (well, acrobat that is experienced with muscle strains and such).

Tim very pointedly brings up his coffee to hide how stupidly he’s smiling because ugh, boyfriends (yeah, yeah, so sometimes he’s a dumbass, but honestly, they’re going to be nice about it is all, so at least they aren’t going to just up and go. That...that’s fine, he can handle that).

“So, good night? You know, before you might have had to rescue a totally metaphorical damsel in distress?” He sits back too, easing down from the gnawing, yawning pit of fear that they (that everyone) would just—

Disappear.

(Trust him to get the most stubborn, and capable significant others pretty much on Earth.)

Jay hums and goes to the coffee pot with a kiss to the top of his head while Dick continues to work, eyes half-mast and rubbing those soothing little circles rhythmically.

“A few purse snatchers. Maybe a bank robbery if Demon wasn’t such a kiss ass,” Jay’s World’s Best Zombie mug is just the right look.

“Stop calling him Demon Spawn and he might be nice enough to let you in on it next time,” Dick points out serenely, “he’s a good kid once you get to know him.”

“Unfortunately, avoiding sharp, pointy things to the face is the first step to that,” Tim volunteers.

He gets a hum and a laugh, watching Jay pull a chair out and flip it around effortlessly so he and Dick are facing the good doctor.

Shit. Here it comes. The let-down.

Jay takes a sip from his mug, but those eyes never leave him, the green flecks barely visible, and Dick sobers, the little circles moving up to his knee.

“About...about ah, earlier—” he scratches the back of his neck while his face gets hot, damn his pale skin.
“I want to hear it again,” Dick interrupts softly, “That wasn’t really fair, Timmy. So, you have to say it for us again.”

And if he breathes in too fast, that must be why his chest is suddenly achy and his heart picks up just a little faster.

“Yeah,” Jay echoes, “yeah, Dickie, I feel that. I think maybe ya owe us that much, Baby Bird.”

He swallows a little, mouth suddenly dry, and looks from one to the other, “I’m in love with you two. It’s…it’s not new, but yeah. Without the masks, without the gadgets and the world-saving, that— that wouldn’t change. Robin, not Robin, vigilantes or the guys that lay with me on the couch and Netflix, either way, that’s going to be my answer.”

He blinks abruptly, realizing how fucking stupid that must sound, straightens up and works his hands around his mug.

“It’s…I don’t expect anything back, okay? I mean, that’s not why I…I shouldn’t have just dropped it like that, so I mean, things aren’t going to change or—or—it’s…You two were together before, you know, this, so if that’s how it is, I’m okay with—”

But the hand floats into his peripheral and takes the mug out of his hands. Stupidly, he watches it happen, head moving with the motion to put it on the table. Dick is already standing, grips his biceps to pull him up on his feet, compensating for Tim’s hurt leg, and lifts him up to sit his butt down on the table top. With his thighs spread to accommodate Dick’s hips wrapped up in Nightwing, his face is tilted up with those hands so thumbs can move over his jaw.

“I am completely and crazily in love with you,” and Dick’s eyes are so fucking blue, darkening with the easily given admission. “The minute I woke up on your couch with my injuries wrapped and you asleep on the floor, I knew I was in trouble. It was…it was so hard on me to stay away in those early days, Tim, but I tried for you. I’m not sorry that it brought us here. I’m sorry every time you get involved in our messes, when you have to patch us up and get all worried. I’m sorry I can’t promise for one hundred percent I’m always going to come home to you. But I can promise that while I’m still breathing, I’m always going to come back. You’re mine, Tim. For as long as you’ll have me, you’re mine.”

“Dick…” and dammit, now his eyes are all hot and full again, his voice cracking slightly.

The slow and soft move of their mouths together is that promise burned into his skin, and he’s helpless to do anything other than grip Dick’s wrists and open for his ownership.

An arm sneaks around his waist and he’s held closer, right up against the Kevlar and Nomac weave, his eyes fluttering shut when the kiss deepens and he can let Dick take over.

“It never becomes too overwhelming, stays this perfect intensity.

“I’m sorry,” is breathed against his mouth, “I’m sorry I didn’t say so sooner.”

Whatever he might have said is groaned into Dick’s mouth.

It slacks off to just slow, drugged kisses and assurances in between, on how much Dick needs him, how much he makes their lives better, how he fills in this gap they never knew was there. And by the time Dick pulls back to rest their foreheads together and let his fingers ease the muscles in the back of Tim’s neck, the doctor’s mouth is red and wet, lips puffy and eyes soft with something utterly fond.
Those hands finally let him go so Dick can do that thing where his body is literally able to move in any direction at any moment, and slide across the table to bracket him from behind. He gets Jay next, fingers in his hair and the familiar smirk softer than the usual.

“Ain’t all that good with words, Sweets,” and he might breathe out a little harder at the low, syrupy quality of Jason’s baritone sliding across his spine like fingers, “but what I know’s real simple. Real easy ta understand.”

The hand tightens a little in his hair, holding him still so he can get the full view of Jay’s eyes, “me n’ Dickie ain’t right wi’out cha. It ain’t me n’ him, it’s us, baby, you feel me? There ain’t no Dick ‘n Jay without Timmy. There ain’t no baddie out there hard enough, mean enough, fucked-up enough ta keep me from comin’ back here ta ya. Not yet. Someday, maybe. Someday, when it’s my goddamned time, and they put me back ina ground f’ good this time, at least I’m gonna be able ta say…” Jay pauses, staring hard, throat bobbing as he swallows, “I’ma gonna be able ta say I fucking loved this little pain in my left nut more n’ anything. That I was good ‘n’ enough ta earn a place wid him. That he made alla hard fights n’ long nights worth every goddamned second. Little shit what don’t know how ta run, one that’s gotta keep tryin’ ta fucking save me.”

And the volumes behind it, behind Jason’s weary eyes, when the old pain and hurts, when the fears and indecisions, when the Pit and its’ temptations rise out of his soul to devour all the things he fights to keep, when the world should just move the fuck on and leave him where he belongs, it’s all there, laid open, bare to the world.

Tim Drake is one of the few that’s ever been able to see it.

So it’s him, that grips and pulls, that brings Jason closer, wraps his arms around the body suit, uses his leverage to pull so breath on his throat is heavy and wet-sounding, so the warm on his jugular sliding down is just that much evidence on what spectacular dumb assery it is to even think they might just—

Leave.

“Too long ta figure it out, baby” is so soft he could almost imagine it’s not even there in his skin. “Never gonna give up on me, are ya?”

The laugh bubbles up, spills out of his mouth, cracks just around the edges, “no, you asshole, I’m not.”

“Must be martyrs, you n’ Dickie then, yeah?”

Arms wrap around him from behind, Dick sliding a little closer to bracket his body between powerful thighs while Jay finally tilts him back enough to make the kiss just as easy as before, barely any pressure, an invitation that will never be a no.

And it’s crazy how Jason is laughing in his mouth while Dick’s arms tighten slightly and his forehead is pressed into the base of Tim’s neck, how the doctor gets sandwiched between them with the lines of their bodies fitting in this perfectly unperfect kind of puzzle, making a whole picture without the need to slide to the side to make it the right fit.

They’re going to keep him there and trade lazy kisses and easy touches, talking into skin and against lips, laughing and bantering, wallowing in something very comfortably warm.

His leg is eventually unwrapped, held in gentle hands, gets photographed and sent to Alfred because, you know, Bats, rewrapped while something delicious cooks and fills the kitchen with the
usual smells of home.

It’s just one of those things when he gets carried to the couch (damn, back to this again?) and they lay all over each other while *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow* runs as white noise.

The chemistry probably changes a few minutes in and a hand might sneak down below the waist to start a little something *nice*.

It progresses to hands running up sides, taking away covering so scars can be traced and sensitive skin brought to life with palms and mouths.

The eventuality is *so good, not enough, more, and not yet*. It’s how he could possible let this, any of this, any of *them*, go. It’s the fight to keep them up and moving whenever he can, to be the eye of the storm when the lives they lead come crumbling down but he can still do something even if it is just *holding on*. And while his body is brought to the peak, when he can’t *think* in full sentences, when he’s crying out and arching up or back or down because there has to be *more*, then he can say it without a moment of hesitation.

He can *scream* it when he explodes and whisper it hoarsely while they’re coming down.

He can say it because he just *has to*, because they need to hear it as much as he needs to say it.

He whimper it against skin with his eyes wet.

He can say it because he *means* it.

“I love you…fuck, I *love* you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading ;) Hit me with a comment or whatnot, I love to hear what you've got to say.
Dr!Tim: Post London Bridge Ask

Chapter Summary

A What-If from Anon on Tumblr. Just a little, what-if Dr.Tim had been noticed for his part on the bridge (you know, from footage on the national news) and started getting job offers from all over.

Chapter Notes

Anon Asked:

I can't stop thinking about your Dr!Tim verse (This isn't a prompt btw, I just wanted you to know that I've been thinking about your writing and how much it's inspired me. Sorry for how long this is). I keep imagining the man on the bridge being the hot topic on every news station and paper, even more than Batman and Robin. Everyone wants to know who he is. Is he ok? Did he give his life saving his fellow Gotham citizens? There are a lot of questions and few answers. Those in the loop are more than content to leave it that way, but somehow it gets leaked that Gotham's new hero is a young prodigy doctor at Gotham General. Tim is not made aware of this until he gets mobbed by reporters as he’s leaving his 36 hour shift and getting asked a lot of inappropriate personal questions. And it's not nearly as funny as you seem to think it is, Jason.

Of course his boyfriends quickly stop finding the situation funny once the job offers from all over the world start rolling in. Dozens of them, all offering things like millions of dollars in salary, positions like chief of surgery, all in state of the art hospitals that are properly funded and don’t reside in cities with crazy clown attacks. And it hurts because, how could they ask him to stay? How could they ask their genius sugar to tie himself down to a city that chews everyone in it up and spits them out, to be a doctor in a hospital barely scraping by, how could they ask their genius boy to refuse a once in a lifetime opportunity to escape this shithole of a city and make something big of himself, all to stay with two vigilantes who can guarantee they’ll make it home each night. They couldn’t do it, they want what's best for their boy, even if it means he leaves them. They can’t ask him to stay.

Damian of course has no such qualms about blackmailing, er requesting Drake stay in the city, and subsequently with his older brothers (Because if he hurts them, Damian will hurt Tim twice as bad). Which leads to a very awkward conversation in which Damian threatens Tim not to leave, Tim is confused because “who said anything about leaving?” And then they have a heart to heart about how Tim isn’t stuck at Gotham general, he chose that hospital. And that he’s not going anywhere anytime soon.
Tony showed up a few weeks early for his quarterly “visit” to Gotham.

It’s disconcerting because Tony Stark goes between creating new innovations to privately consulting around the US on the most dire of cases in need of a precise hand and large enough ego to make miracles happen. He might have to do some bookkeeping even though Pepper is his CEO and runs his company with iron heels. When he’s not working, he has a nice relationship waiting for him at home.

All of it didn’t leave Tony much time to be running to Gotham before schedule to do some ridiculous amount of pouting.

And yet?

Here they are.

When Tim actually gets to turn away from the stack of charts he’s updating, he has an oh shit moment because Tony…isn’t immediately talking. No white coat, just a snazzy three-piece, arms crossed over his chest, and utterly Silent.

Tim automatically stands, taking in his old mentor from head to foot, looking for clues to add to the inevitable diagnosis hovering in his brain pan.

(Because, you know, that time when he was still a lowly bachelor and could take a month off of Mercy to pretty much live in Tony’s facility while things like brain tumors threatened his Tony Stark’s life. His hands didn’t shake the whole time he was rooting around that famous mound of grey matter—that’s when he knew he’d hit the big leagues.)

“If you even think,” Tony starts, low and angry, “of taking the offer from UCLA over mine, I will be an even bigger asshole about your terrible life choices.”

Oh.

Oh shit.

Word has apparently gotten around.

It started out with a quick blurb on the news, blurry camera phone picture of emergency workers and plain clothes civilians jumping to action in the middle of a crisis, a human interest story and all that. A glimmer of goodness among the chaos.

More picture with better quality once the shock and aftermath died down, started to flood Social Media, even various videos of cables snapping and people running, trying not to get trampled. One the media latched onto just happened to be of him carrying the little girl from the car and helping her mother up in the back of a truck to send them to safety.

The one with him breaking through the fallen debris made Dick gasp from the table where he was patching his suit and Jay wrap a big hand around his ankle to squeeze.

The one where he almost lost his grip climbing the wall of broken shit and flaming car remains is
probably where someone saw the connection because the class of kids went on the news, holding up colorful signs with Thank-You, Dr. Drake!

He was happy they all seemed fine and after an uncomfortable call from Channel 11 Gotham (how they found out his name is still a mystery even though he suspects B is an even bigger troll than he’d already surmised), in which he stipulated no cameras this time, went by the elementary school for a visit. They gripped his nerd shirt with excited hands, and his arms are long enough for a lot of hugs.

But while Channel 11 agreed to his term of no cameras, no interviews, that didn’t really pan out when it came to the story later on that night.

His picture flashed all over the damn place, the resident angel on the bridge as one Dr. Drake from Mercy General trying to save as many lives as he could. More video clips and interviews after the fact (he’s so glad to see that Karmen and her mom are okay), and dammit, he’s being literally attacked outside the double doors to his ER after a very long shift without Steph. He might have been a little mean when he told them in no specific terms that he was only trying to make sure people didn’t, you know, die horribly, as is his normal, every-day job, and please let him go home where he can pass out for a day or he’s going to lie down on someone’s shoes and take a nap.

Jay was predictably entertained at the whole of it. Dick merely told him his kick-ass doctor instincts deserved appropriate accolades.

Both of them are assholes, but still, they’re his assholes.

But eventually, like everything in Gotham, those videos became old news and the next wave of inevitable oh shit became front and center. Which, should have meant his fifteen seconds of fame was pretty much over (thankfully)–if he hadn’t started getting other interest.

Several offers started coming first by mail to the Penthouse, more by phone and email. Unassuming proper stationary with silver and gold lettering, bright voicemails about his “heroism” and obvious skill in emergency situations, emails from high-ranking doctors or board members extending an invitation to visit their campus and see if his career might be going in a new direction.

(Gag)

It was pretty easy at first, chucking those finely detailed introduction letters in the trash discreetly, sending back appreciative declines without Dick or Jason getting wise as to how many there actually were.

(John Hopkins though…that one he had to think about)

A month later and things slacked off (or might be routed through Drake Industries so they stop coming to the Penthouse). Apparently, though, the attention had been somewhat noticeable.

“I don’t know what you may have heard, Tony, but–” he starts out calmly, putting the pen pointedly down.

“Let me start with the short list,” it’s the usual sarcasm laying the mood, mimicking an imaginary checklist, “John Hopkins, Department Head of Emergency Medicine. Mayo, General Surgery Residency Program Director. Massachusetts General, Chief of Surgery. UCSF, Chief of Residents. UCLA, Chief of Staff. Cedars-Sinai, Neuroscience research grants out the ass. Sound more familiar?”

Well, there’s only one way to get this conversation started.
Bonding over coffee.

Gathering up his charts with a sigh, Tim shakes his head a little and grabs the cane he’s been using since his leg is finally starting to get with it (and no Steph, the House MD jokes were funny a week ago, now you need new material). He shoos Tony out of the room and down the corridor to the chaos that is his ER.

“Notice I didn’t mention the very generous and consistent offer from Stark Medical, Tim,” because Tony really has nothing to be mad about per say and falls in step beside him anyway, slowing down his unusually fast strides to account for the limp. “Because I’m not here to smooze.”

He pauses at the main desk to arrange the charts in order, gets the approving nod from his favorite Head Nurse.

“There’s story behind this,” he fills in casually, “it’s more complicated than just–”

“You almost died,” Tony interrupts smoothly, “on a bridge. You ran around on a crumbling bridge instead of getting people the hell off while you got the hell off. Half the nation saw that guy with the crazy bat fetish catch someone out in open water wearing purple scrubs, Tim.”

Well, none of that is a lie really.

Hands free, Tim grips Tony’s elbow and steers them pointedly into the break room, closes the door. With Dr. Stark roaming around Mercy, most everyone would stay clear unless some catastrophe hits anyway.

He lets Tony stew for a few minutes while he makes a fresh pot of coffee and thinks very, very hard about how this is going to go.

“You were worried about me,” Tim finally gives a half-grin in the face of Tony’s nope, and puts a fresh paper cup in his hand, “you can bluster all you want, but you were worried, and I appreciate it.”

“That is absolute crap and you know it. I’m here to make sure no other hospitals or research facilities snatch you up, Drake. Not after all the effort I put into you over the last few years.”

Sure, Tony. “The bridge. I survived. A lot of other people survived, so you can ignore whatever crap the news stations are saying–”

“All of it is true. You stupidly risked your life when the structural integrity was compromised, and since it just happened to involve that wing-nut in the cape, the nation is going to pay the fuck attention.”

Which is probably why he’s suddenly Mr. Popular in his field. Well, that does answer some questions.

“You’re taking this out of proportion,” even if it’s fruitless, he’s still going to try, “there really haven’t been that many–”

“Twenty of the top facilities in the world have made offers that would put this place to shame. Three of your last publications have shown up in recent journals. The next symposium you’re supposed to be at is already sold out.”

And well, shit. He…he didn’t know all of that.
“Besides, if I was blowing it out of proportion, we wouldn’t be talking about it in the deserted break room, Drake.”

Tim groans out loud, rubbing a tired hand down his face. How is he going to explain without sounding like a complete moron?

“Tony, the offers are…nice, okay? I’m not going to say it isn’t cool to be wanted by some of these places. I mean Cedars… they have equipment and research facilities most places couldn’t even dream of. Just the possibilities—”

A very pointed clearing of the throat makes him take a pause to breathe, count to ten because he has to get in the mindset to deal with Tony like this again (it’s been a minute) when he’s being incredibly stubborn.

Neither of them notice the dark blue against black right at the side of the building, but the presence under the open window narrows white eyes and stays hidden in the Gotham shadow. Who even knew how long he’d been there.

“Excuse me, Cedars has equipment most facilities–aside from Stark Medical of course–couldn’t even dream of.”

The look he gets back is unimpressed at most, but Tim can see past the usual Tony Stark mask. The exuding confidence is there like the nice, expensive suits he wears, but underneath the brilliance and the snark, Tony’s eyes are bloodshot and the dark circles underneath look like bruises. He keeps his dominant hand in the pocket of his pants, probably to hide the slight tremble (which is why he isn’t wearing a coat, right? If Tony’s riding the sleep dep train, he won’t operate if his hands are starting to shake).

Tim eases back a little, sips on his terrible sludge while idly thumbing his phone open.

“I’m very well aware of the opportunities right in front of you, Tim,” Tony starts moving, a short whirlwind of movement, activity, and energy. “I’m just saying—”

“What I told you a year ago is still true,” Tim comes back, finishing up the quick text to one of Tony’s significant others, (just a little knowledge drop on how exhausted his mentor really is). He puts his phone away and crosses his arms over his chest in a firm sign of ‘this is how the discussion is going to go.’

“You can’t be serious.” And yes, that’s Tony Stark without all the touchy-feely, I care if you die kind of thing. “I’m outraged. I’m outraged on your behalf, Tim.”

“You can’t be,” he deadpans.

“The hell I can’t. You’re going to stay here, in this death trap of a city and practice medicine in this ill-equipped, dilapidated chop-shop hold-over from the second World War—”

“Tony, c’mon.”

“While half the goddamned world is out for you?! Do you have any idea what kind of direction your career could go if you accepted even one of those offers?”

“I—”

“Anything else is literally going to be professional suicide.”
“When you put it like that–” he snarks back, getting a little closer to his patience. It had taken longer than usual because Tony, like Layla, needed to adults to lay it out for them once and awhile.

“It’s time to listen to reason, Tim. You’ve had plenty of time to try, I don’t know, winning the Nobel for putting up with terrible conditions and homicidal maniacs with bomb fetishes. Isn’t it time you started challenging yourself again, and not by trying to die in this trash-dump city?”

And the shadow soundlessly slides away in the night, leaving the conversation to finish up a necessary patrol. The rushing wind doesn’t take away anything he’s already learned.

Dr. Drake, blissfully unaware of the company, narrows his eyes dangerously, straightens up because dammit, he thought he handled this.

“I. Am. Not. Interested.” He tries, wondering if the emphasis counts. “As appealing as the research capabilities are, I’m not taking any of the offers. At all, at all. I’m staying right the fuck here where I choose to be.”

And he sees Tony start to open his mouth to start-up with another fast and furious argument on why Gotham is a cesspool of death and more death, but Tim walks right over anything he might have started in on by just getting right up in Tony’s face and laying it all out.

“I appreciate the fuck out of the interest, Dr. Stark. Thanks but no thanks.”

“I need someone to check you out obviously.”

“I like it here.”

“Oh? And what’s her name Mister I-Like-It-Here?”

“His name, Tony, and their names for your information.”

That has the intended effect and makes his old mentor pretty much pause on the next syllable.

“But just so you know, they aren’t the only reasons why I’m staying in Gotham City. It’s more than being close to my parents’ graves or close to my best friend and my niece. It’s more than just finally coming home, Tony. I belong here. I’m needed here. It’s dirty and dangerous and so fucking what if there’s a guy in a Bat suit running around kicking the shit out of criminals? It’s my city, so no. I’m not going anywhere.”

And Tony just blinks down at him for long moments, this scene so painfully familiar from their days of arguing back and forth during his “internship” with Stark Medical. It hadn’t taken him long to understand what needed to be done to make someone like Tony Stark change his mind.

Get all up in his face and drop some truth bombs.

“I really, really hate this,” Tony finally replies flatly, but his eyes are scrunched in amusement.

“I know. If I ever do want to leave it behind, then you know the first place I’m going to go,” Tim comes back more gently, giving Tony a smirk.

Even though he’s obvious not happy about it, some of the pissed off tudes out of Tony’s stiff posture. “Promise me, Drake. No one gets to kill you before I pick your brain about the neuro-stimulation device we’re working on.”

And with the obvious pun, he leans over laughing until his damn leg starts to ache and Tony has to
hold him up by the arm so he doesn’t fall over.

**

The very impressive Rolls Royce greets Dr. Stark when he finally makes his way out the front doors to attempt finding some palatable coffee.

The older man waiting by the passenger-side door is familiar enough that a smile cuts across Tony’s face.

“Alfred! Long time, no see.” He smirks at the irony since his “visits” to Gotham didn’t always coordinate with Pepper’s insistence he at least be in the city for SM business.

“Master Stark, a pleasure to see you again, Sir.”

“Always. Let me guess. You have some incredible coffee in there waiting for me?”

“Of course, Sir. Flavored just how you prefer.”

“You are a master of all things, Alfred. Don’t even let Bruce tell you any differently.”

“I shall remind him at every opportunity. However, you may do me a service and tell him yourself,” Alfred opened the back door with a slight flourish to show the billionaire himself sitting in the back, drinking from a thick, glass tumbler.

“Aw, Bruce, is that a utility belt under your shirt or are you just happy to see me?”

The surgeon folds himself down to get in, eyes sparkling for the slight scowl on his old friend’s face. He pays little attention to Alfred getting back in the driver’s seat and starting the car. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you didn’t trust me in your city.”

Tony stick up his pointer fingers at the side of his head, wiggling them to mimic the ears on the side of the cowl.

He’s smiling like crazy when B just rolls his eyes and takes a deep pull from the tumbler. “You’re early, even after you’ve been running the gambit at your facility and Stark Industries for the past few weeks. Forgive me for being curious.”

“I had to see another doctor about a job prospect.”

“The doctor we have a mutual interest in?”

“That would be the one. Next time he needs to be saved, leave the tights at home. Don’t you have a WE helicopter for a reason?”

“And exactly how would I explain that one away?”

“You have PR people, Bruce, let them have a field day with ‘rich socialite accidentally saves people on a crumbling bridge.’”

“That would make more work for me as Bruce Wayne. Batman is a better figurehead for that kind of thing.”

“Figurehead? Oh, you mean the persona you’ve gone to great lengths to hide as some kind of myth or urban legend all these years? That guy just suddenly shows up in the daytime?”
“He’s been photographed before, Tony. Sometimes even with other superheroes, like Superman and Wonder Woman. All drawback of being on a team.”

“Teams are wonderful things, Bruce.

“Says you.”

And from a pocket in the door, Bruce finally has a little bit of mercy on the overworked genius by pulling out a warm travel mug with the Batman logo on the front.

Tony laughs maniacally for long, painful moments, earning another eye-roll. The contents, however, are just as Alfred promised: full of caffeine and just as tasty.

After a long moment of satisfaction, Tony lays his head back on the cushy seat and just sighs.

“You’re pushing yourself too hard,” Bruce admonishes gently. “I’m going to send the WE chopper to pick up Jim and Steve instead.”

That wakes him up.

“Don’t you even dare, B. I’ll never forgive you.”

“I’ve made worse enemies.”

Tony doesn’t snort coffee up his nose, but really, it’s a close thing.

“You obviously can’t take care of yourself,” Bruce is his usual brusk, no-nonsense about it, but Tony can see there’s already some kind of plan in the making. “I can see why the two of them have such a hard time with you.”

“Says the guy that needed an emergency arthroscopy for meniscus tears.”

“Then I guess I’m very lucky you were in town.”

Tony hums, but his eyes are sparkling. “How is the knee doing by the way?”

“It hurts when I break someone’s jaw. Other than that, it’s fine.” And because it’s Bruce, he waves it away without a second thought.

Tony hums again, but his eyes go down to the knee in question.

Bruce sips his drink again while Alfred continues driving and Tony makes him wait for it.

Finally, once they’re passing the old Mylar building, B looks at him head-on, “all right. What did he have to say?”

Trying not to grin, Tony shrugs a shoulder, “you’ve got nothing to worry about. Drake is staying in Gotham, even with the more-than-generous offer I’ve made him. Believe me, B, I’m not happy about it, but he doesn’t seem too keen on leaving Mercy General.”

And as Tony is well-aware in their long and industrious friendship, the real Bruce Wayne is like a closed book, doesn’t let even the smallest twitch break his facade (well, except in front of his boys, which is when BatDad makes an appearance), but the signs of relief are really hard to miss for someone that literally kept B’s right arm moving after that rotator cuff injury.

“Dick and Jay will be happy to hear that, I suppose.” Tony observes with false cheer because
honestly, who wouldn’t put two and two together at this juncture.

(Bruce isn’t the only detective. As a surgeon, Tony has to deduce with little evidence, so it’s not really a shocker to find out the vigilantes have a doctor for a sweetie. Smart move all around.)

“...yes, they will. Tim...?”

“He didn’t have to. You just told me yourself, Mr. Wayne.”

At the frown, Tony gives himself a mental point. The day he can get one up on the Batman is really a day he needs to remember.

“All right, fine. Jay and Dick might have mentioned he’s been getting attention outside Gotham. I’ve already taken some steps to try making it seem like staying in the city might be a better deal.”

And Tony’s jaw drops, “you’ve been trying to get Mercy to partner with WE! That’s why they aren’t playing nice with Pepper! Bruce, you devil.”

“Demon, actually, if you believe the stories,” and now it’s Bruce smirking into his tumbler. “We’ll talk more about it over dinner. Besides, the Batcomputer is on the fritz again. You can dazzle me over filet mignon.”

“Flatterer. How can I possibly say no?”

Bruce taps the intercom to tell Alfred they’re ready to go back to the Manor and Dr. Stark will be joining them for the evening. Alfred gives him an affirmative and the plan is set into motion. If there just happens to be a comfortable surface for Tony to pass out on during the visit, well, the pictures for Jim and Steve would be well-worth the effort.

**

The conversation with Tony didn’t end well, leaving him with a mental hangover by the time his shift is finally over.

Night hadn’t started breaking away into dawn yet, so he’s still walking by dark alleys where the street lights are flickering.

He gets out a, “what the fuck–!?” before he’s just suddenly swept up off his feet by a strong arm holding him up hundreds of feet in the air.

Really, he should be used to things like this by now.

Robin undoubtedly gives no shits about how tight he’s holding onto the doctor or, the obvious differences in their height as punctuated by the botched landing, putting him literally on his ass.

“Wow, thanks for the warning, Rob. I really didn’t need legs anyway.”

In some way that might actually show he’s sorry, Robin bends down to pick up the cane and hands it over so Tim can get back on his feet.

“Allright, what’s going on? Where are you hurt?” He doesn’t bother with niceties, just grips Robin by the bicep and turns him, uses the cane to hold the cape out of the way. “Please tell me no one stabbed you because wouldn’t that just be ironic?”

He sees no blood or torn suit. Takes a second look just to make sure.
Robin, in a creepy parody of his conversation with Tony earlier in the evening, is silent.

“Rob? Robin, what is it?”

A litany of oh shit runs through his brain pain in the form of toxins, mind control, and blood borne pathogens (oh my).

“I have been informed,” the youngest vigilante starts slowly, “you are considering other opportunities outside of Gotham, Drake.”

He blinks once. Does it again while staring down at the whiteouts.

“Opportunities? Rob–Dami, what are you talking about?”

“Facilities are vying for you, offering you more advantages than any in Gotham possibly could. I understand the temptation of such offers–”


“However,” Robin goes on, his tone low in the night, “I am here to offer you a bargain.”

And that in no way whatsoever sound anything less than ominous. Like, ‘I’ll promise not to take out your spleen’ kind ominous.

He leans down a little so the crime fighter doesn’t have to look up at him, “First: yes, I’ve gotten some job offers. It’s nice they’re thinking of me, really, but those offers are based off a one-time emergency incident, not because they’ve seen me in action or know anything about my… hobbies. They’re not offering a job to me, Dami. Do you get that?”

The ensuing silence and Bat-stillness are signs of the younger processing.

“Besides, I chose to come back to Gotham when I could have gone pretty much anywhere after my internship with Stark Medical. You have no idea how many places wanted me on staff after I survived Tony Stark. If I wanted a job outside of the city, I could have had it in spades. The point is I chose to be here. I wanted to stay, and that? Isn’t going to change, okay? No bargains, no threats, nothing. I’m not leaving–”

He stops himself before saying I’m not leaving Dick and Jay because really, he is not, repeat Not talking to Dami about his relationship. Poor kid might be traumatized for life, so nope, not happening.

(Their last little convo to the vibe of ‘harm my brother and I shall eviscerate you per one of your textbooks. I shall do it slowly and methodically. Your screams would not trouble me’ turned into a pretty good discussion on the best possible scenario in effectively ripping someone’s spine out. His argument against the logistics of it had spurned Robin out of the killing mood).

The obvious relief in the small crime fighter is right there in how his shoulders sag just slightly.

“So, you’re going to have to put up with me saving your ass when you do stupid shit like take on an army of zombified Jokers without backup.”

“Then… I shall have no other option but to deal with your meddling when necessary,” the younger waves off his concern, but a corner of his mouth is tilted up just enough to notice.

**
It’s really nice of Dami to drop him off on his fire escape. Walking would have been fine, but when you can travel Air-Robin, well, why not?

He pushes his window up and gingerly eases in, maneuvering the cane to steady his leg. Hands are on him before his head is inside and he wacks himself a good one in surprise.

Dick is smiling gently down at him, still gripping his elbow to steady him.

“That sounded like it hurt,” is a failed attempt at a joke because the mirth doesn’t reach the dark blue of Dick’s eyes.

Oh. OH. Welp, that’s where Dami got this nonsense from, is it?

His stern lecture is going to have to wait for at least one cup of half-way decent coffee because he really need to wind it up so the message hits home.

Jay is already there, his chair pulled out from the kitchen table and the pot filled with something darker than the night.

“Hi honey,” he tiredly calls, “did my boys have a good time kicking the shit out of bad guys tonight?”

Making grabby hand at him, Dick is one of his hugging moods, and pretty much lifts him off his feet to nuzzle/carry him to the table where blessed coffee awaited. Fine. Lecture pending.

He gets a last good nuzzle to the face before the smell of pizza hits and a plate appears in front of him. Jason leans down to blow a breath across his jugular before his mouth presses just enough to be a kiss, the usual effect takes his nerve endings up a notch or two before the tease pulls away.

The three of them eat in sluggish silence, the strain of their night jobs hitting a little close to home. The call of a communal shower and their large, comfortable bed a siren’s song to the over-worked, sleep-deprived do-gooders.

But Tim knows them by now, knows what’s already running them further down.

Through the last year of their relationship, they’d already been through the whole we’re putting you in danger just by being with you argument.

Yes, yes it possibly was.

Yes, he is fully aware.

Yes, he can make his own choices fuck you very much. Apparently, his no, not changing my mind is going to come out for a second time tonight.

“Robin picked me up on the way home,” he starts out while the two of them are finishing up and looking less likely to start up arguing before he’s made his point.

“Dami was still out?”

“What? Baby Bat ain’t get enough in that warehouse down on 23rd?”

Tim finishes off his coffee and finally sets his eyes on first Jason and then Dick. “Going to ask me what he wanted?”

Both crime fighters go still, doing that eye slide thing they can still pull off with a domino and
“Lay it on us, Timmers.”

“He pretty much asked what offer I was accepting for some mystery job half a continent away,” and now he’s glaring, eyes narrowing when Dick looks quickly away and Jason sits back with a tense jaw jutting out.

“Which is absolutely fucking ridiculous considering I like right where the hell I am. Where could he have heard such a thing, I wonder?”

Oh yeah, that’s Dick’s guilty expression.

“It’s fine if they want to offer me a position, but the nice thing about it is that I can politely decline, you know.”

“Top twenty facilities in the world, Timmy?” Dick’s voice is softer than he’d like, shakingly unsure for a vigilante that literally risks his life every night to keep people he doesn’t even know safe. “That’s not something to take…lightly.”

His mouth drops open with an are you even kidding me?

“‘Sides,” Jay interjects without really looking at him, “ain’t like this is the fucking center o’ the world fer a fella like you, Sweets. Smart, sassy, moves like yer ass is on fucking fire when someone’s on the line. Ya got more guts than anyone outta the cape I ever met.”

“Gotham doesn’t have to be the hill you die on,” Dick picks up, looking down into the sludge left at the bottom of his coffee mug, “we would absolutely understand and support you if you even wanted to look into any of these places—”

“Even go ta see whatcha might be lookin’ at,” Jay shrugs indifferently, “make sure ya’d find somewhere safe ta build a nest.”

“The kind of technology they could offer you would be, like, ground-breaking stuff and…and Gotham just can’t give you that, Tim.”

“No motherfuckers gonna break inta yer shit, I guaran-fucking-tee ya on that.”

“It’s not just being in the ER or in surgery, it’s moving up to management or teaching or being a full-time researcher with grants and—and everything.”

“Make a safe route there n’ back, you feel me? Me n’ Dickie’ll scope it out a few days, check the scene.”

“We would never want to hold you back, baby. Not when the only thing Gotham has to offer you is exploding bridges and insane mad men that kidnap you and ninjas that are ready to attack at any second, and…and Timmy, you could never be safe, not really, not here. Not even with us and B and Dami and everyone else, it’ll never be completely safe for you.”

“But fucking believe it, Timmers, we’ll make any place ya wanna lay yer head down as safe as we can, yeah?”

“We…we love you, and we want the best for you.”

“If leavin’ is what’s best, Sweets, then we’ll make it fucking happen.”
It’s Diick’s voice cracking and Jay’s shiny, averted eyes that end it for him right then and there.

He shoves himself up from the table abruptly, a jarring motion. The sound of the chair falling backwards a loud clatter against the softness of their voices. He keeps a hand on the table top to walk around the damn thing and almost strangle Jason by looping an arm around the base of his throat and pull the Red Hood into his chest. He holds out his other hand to Dick, glaring with the best of his abilities.

It’s a tremulous thing when Dick rises tiredly out of his seat and takes that hand, lets Tim pull him over and secure the both of them to him.

“I’m going to say this because it’s obvious the two of you are too tired to use your detective skills for anything more than superficial clues.”

Slowly, Jay’s face is in his stomach, arms wrapping around his waist while Dick secures his chest, the two of them almost holding him up.

“After all the fighting I’ve had to do to get here, to get this far, I’m not giving up jack shit. I run the gauntlet because that exactly where I want to be. I stay with my people because that’s my fucking team and no, I don’t want or need another. I can watch Layla grow up into this kick ass little person and make sure Steph has someone to Netflix and chill with while we kill a pint of Ben & Jerry’s. But what matters the most, what I can’t fucking give up is being here with the two of you in whatever capacity I can. As your boyfriend, as your surgeon, as the guy that is totally, you know, in love with you. As someone that can share your lives like this. All of it is exactly what I want and what I get to choose. You two? Don’t get to tell me what’s best for me. I decide that. Got it?”

The quiet, still men attached to him give half-shuffling nods where they’re buried in him.

“I don’t want to hear anything else about leaving Gotham, like at all, okay? The answer is no. I’m not going anywhere to tour the facilities or listen to stupid speeches about what they have to offer or how good the benefits package is. None of that shit. They can’t offer me my ER, they can’t offer me time doing research in the BatCave, they can’t let me play around with alien DNA for a minute, and they can’t give me you two. So? No. Case closed.”

Dick lets up just enough for him to tilt Jay’s head back and lean down to slide their lips together, giving the Red Hood a little something to seal the deal. Those eyes are bluer when he pulls back, making him smirk before he straightens up to give Dick the same treatment.

(Because they’re both tall, he has to pull them down to effectively fuck his tongue in their mouths. Such a pain in the ass.)

When he pulls back, Dick gasps in a little, tightens his hold around Tim’s chest.

But the relief pervades the air between them, giving him a reason to go a little more lax, just to feel them pretty much ready to hold him up completely.

“So the plan is,” he continues easily, one hand on the back of Jay’s neck to rub the tension away, and the other gripping Dick’s wrist tight enough to bruise tomorrow, “we get a nice, hot shower with plenty of scrubbing and maybe a little play time. Then, we climb in bed and pass the fuck out. You can fix your suits tomorrow, and we’ll all feel up to having dangerous acrobatic vigilante sex after about eight hours. If you’re both good, I’ll…I’ll wear that thing you got me for my birthday. Deal?”
He knows he’s already got their acquiescence when both his boyfriends noticeably perk.

“That sounds like a deal to me,” Dick tries to be mock-grave, but he’s laughing in the back of Tim’s neck, running his nose over the knob of bone.

“Fucking righteous, Sweetheart. I been waiting ta see that.” Jay is grinning up at him with that look– all kinds of anticipation without any of the previous hesitation.

“Good. Peel yourselves off of me and lets get naked. For mostly clean purposes. Or not. Really, I’m pretty beyond compromised, so I’d probably like to make you both come at least once before I’m unconscious.”

“Sweet-talker,” Dick teases and steps to the side so he can be the first to lift their civilian boyfriend up in a princess hold that has become way too reminiscent in the past two months.

“He’s just talkin’ my language, ‘at’s all, Baby Boy,” Jay stands to give him a fast n’ dirty before he gets their mugs to the sink and fills them with water to wash tomorrow. He hits the lights and follows his boys down the hallway where slippery skin and things like I’m not giving up are waiting.
From the 400 Follower Post: Dr!Tim, The Birthday Present

Chapter Summary

Tim promised he would try on Dick and Jay's...present. He just didn't specify when.

Chapter Notes

For some reason I had a crazy suit kink on the last Follower Post >.< Dr.Tim was just an innocent victim (I regret nothing). Warnings for mentions of naughty things.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The things about it is:

He made a promise, and he is going to fucking keep it.

But this? This is… this is wow.

Now that his leg is good as new and his significant others have toned down the usual paranoia, he can move around (make a damn pot of coffee, go to work without the vigilante express showing up) by himself. He’s even good enough that Jay has finally given in to Roy’s pathetic whining and gone off to take some time with the Outlaws. Amazingly enough, Dick is also out of Gotham, hanging out with the Titans since things like “international bad guys” are really issues they should be handling.

Which means?

Tim has his place all to himself for the first time since the bridge blew up.

And well, it provides the opportunity he’s been waiting for to um…try on the costume Dick and Jay got him for his birthday.

(He calls it a “costume” but he’s been the guy ripping apart Kevlar and Nomac bodysuits long enough to know the real fucking deal.)

He throws on a tank top and shorts, sits down, and takes a breath because this is something he’s only thought about in the worst possible times, when he just needed strength to keep going. Having it right here, having the opportunity, all of it makes his chest so, so tight because God, what if? What the fuck if?.

His eyes shift over to the yards of specialty cloth hanging up idly on the back of the door, and very pointedly tries not to think about how that symbol, how that name got him through the worst possible times. First during the years he was alone in an empty house while his parents did the best possible job pretending he didn’t exist. (Work was and always would have been more important than their own son, wouldn’t it? Even if they would have lived to see him become this kick ass person, it wouldn’t have really mattered, right?). And then later on when his life, the absent but
existing support was dying around him, when he was the only one left standing (“We’re so sorry Timothy,” “Our condolences for your loss, son.”).

During those dark times, he could still cling to his faith, his belief in things like heroes.

(And Robin)

So this?

Has more meaning for him than Jay or Dick really understood, and in his struggle to keep it from being weird, he didn’t talk much about those early days, not with them.

Some things are better left lying in the silent mausoleum of the past, things like his childhood, things like grave site services and conflicted feelings on how much he really should be mourning people he never really knew in anything other than abstract names (Mom and Dad).

All of it was too far away to hurt him anymore, and whenever it did, he didn’t have to talk it out, didn’t have to give in. He had two loveable, injury-prone vigilantes to shake him out of it.

Vigilantes that somehow knew this, this, means more to him than flowers or new stuff. The thing hanging on the back of his door is terribly, pointedly authentic.

The green tights are stiff, but he manages to shimmy them up his legs without too much of a struggle. When he pulls out the red tunic, palm laying over the insignia, the R on the left shoulder, he gives himself the necessary time to have his fucking fanboy moment, and then move it right along.

Stepping into it, pulling it up his legs, over his chest, sliding his arms in the sleeves, lacing up the front is a reverent thing (and he might imagine a younger Dick, a younger Jason doing the same thing the first time they put on the tunic; he might imagine a world where things were different, better, a world where he stepped into their game much younger, at a time when Batman needed a Robin, a world where he could wear this like it was meant to be worn, a world where he really was one of them, a world where this is his…).

With a deep breath, Dr. Drake finally turns to look in the floor length mirror and get a load of himself in this get-up. It’s crazy how he laughs at himself but still pulls on the black boots, the green gloves, shaking his head to himself when he fits the cape in the right place so it hangs down his back and brushes heavy down his back and against his ankles. When he holds the gleaming belt in both gloved hands, the weight is enough for the heavy realization of how much he means to Dick and Jay since they easily, readily gave him a real Robin suit.

What’s more, they gave him a Robin suit that’s different from any design he’s ever seen. It’s not Dick’s with those terrible scaly panties, it’s not Jason’s with the awkward shorts, it’s not Dami’s with the gray boots and hooded cape.

It’s a Robin suit made especially for him.

(Best. Boyfriends. Ever)

The utility belt is sadly empty, but still snaps together without a hitch, weighing his hips down, but fuck does it feel–

Natural.

He tousles his hair so he doesn’t look like Tim, so he can stare at himself in the mirror and
The black dom is in one hand when his phone buzzes from the bathroom counter, and of course Dick would pick the most inopportune time to call.

Still, Tim (Robin) worries since, you know, they deal with psychopaths and murderers on their best days.

“Hey babe,” he answers gently, his pulse already picking up in the hundreds of possibilities that could be on the other end of the line. “You okay?”

“Timmy,” N whines through the phone, “I miss you so much.”

He laughs because really, “I miss you, too. It’s a hard life being a badass vigilante, you know?”

A sigh through the earpiece and he hears Dick flop down on something soft, “It really is, baby. Such a hard, hard life.”

He hums and fits on the domino while standing in front of the mirror, his hands just a little shaky because (Robin) now the suit is—

Complete.

“But seriously, are you okay, though?” He can ask again while staring at himself, tapping one finger against the domino so the whiteouts lower.

(Part of him is always afraid of the answer)

He can hear the smile across the line, “Aw. You’re worried. I love you too, Timmy. But really, I’m fine, promise, and we got the intel we needed. It took Superboy and Wonder Girl more… effort than I would have liked, but it’s a good thing I always have a plan.”

A soft sigh in the Tower and Nightwing perks up enough from his bed to watch the door to the adjoining bathroom open, and a still damp Red Hood comes sauntering out with a towel around his lean hips and his eyes blue outlined by the red domino.

“Just for the record, sometimes your plans are terrible. Throwing an angry midget at bad guys is not a very good diversion.”

N grins and puts his phone on speaker, sitting up to watch a long line of muscle stalk closer to him, steam trailing those powerful shoulders through the doorway.

“It is only if he’s an angry midget with sharp, pointy things and a nasty tendency to bite,” Dick replies while, bracing his palms on the bed, spreads his thighs a little.

“How do you not bein’ bad while we’re gone, yeah?”

Gloved hands are at the back of his knees sliding up slowly, firm and grounding.
“...I probably shouldn’t answer that, right?”

Both vigilantes laugh, soft and fond, even when Jason moves nice n’ easy, straddling Dick’s thighs and leans down a little, meets his mouth in something slow, something with relief and affection. It’s nothing for N to become Dick with the insanely effective octopus hold and wrap both arms around his weary partner, nuzzling Jay down into the visible part of his neck above the collar. Pulling them both down to lay on his bed and let their bones sink in while they listen to Tim’s breathing over the line, happy to know he’s okay. Dick can ease Jay down by pulling him in and just breathing against the top of his head.

“I kinda hope yer breaking the rules, Timmy.” Jay smirks against Dick’s collar bone, “gimmie a reason ta be a nasty bastard the minute we getcha in the sheets, you feel me?”

“Since when do you need a reason? Oh, and hi, Jay. I miss you, too. Have a good time stomping bad guys? Please tell me you gave Roy the ‘I’m with dumbass’ hat.”

The soft rambles makes Dickie’s chest quake with the giggles against his nose, and Jay’s laughing, too, getting nice and warm and hazy. And since damn, he’s one tired sumbitch, s’ a relief ta hear fuckery like that goddamned Clown ain’t nowhere near their danger-prone boy.

“Wore the damn thing the whole time, that motherfucker.”

In addition to the fist pump Tim makes in the mirror (score), he can hear the heavy, syrupy quality of Jay’s voice over the line, catches what could be a yawn.

Almost home free.

“Going to cuddle the hell out of you,” and yup, he can confirm crime fighting time is over since it sounds like his boys are a step away from dream land since Dick sounds more relaxed and soft.

“I trust it will be moderately suffocating. Still, I’ll be glad when I see you aren’t toting around potentially life-threatening injuries with my own eyes.”

“Aw, Timmers!” Is more whine than anything else from the second Robin.

“That?... is usually kind of accurate, but not this time, I swear.”

And nope, he’s completely not facepalming in front of the mirror while he snorts like an asshole (dressed as Robin).

Not. At. All.

“M’ not feeling the love here, Dickie. He’s laughing at us.”

“That’s not unusual, Jay. We? Are hilarious.”

“Witty banter is also not a prime weapon of choice,” Tim reprimands half-jokingly, turning sideways so the cape falls around him and he sighs a little to himself.

(So many old daydreams, right?)

“I’ll have you know my mouth has saved my ass more than once, Tim.”

“Yer mouth can do alotta things, Dickie.”

Uh-oh. That tone? Makes him shudder from his boots to his mussed hair.
“Hm. Am I sensing a sudden Facetime session, Jay?”

“Ooh, maybe we can watch Timmy jerking off for us, yeah? Mm. Sounds right nice, perfect way to end the day.”

Shit. Busted. “Uh, I… I can’t… at the moment,” and yup. His face gets bright red at the image of his phone lighting up with their faces while he dressed like (Robin) this, and something low in his abdomen starts to get tight.

But the hesitation makes the vigilantes perk up from Dick’s bed in Titans’ Tower. The look they exchange is incredibly knowing, and Jason’s former exhaustion seems to take a back seat when he rolls up to his knees and slides one hand up Dick’s abdomen to find the main catch in his suit.

“What if Jay’s already naked, Timmy?” Dick breathes out, low and raspy, “what if he’s ready to tear this suit off so he can touch me, kiss me, open me up nice and slow while you watch?”

The groan they get in reply is just absolute victory.

Grinning, Jason reaches up to palm the phone, throwing a leg back over Dick’s thighs again, and starts pulling at the familiar releases in the Titan-mission Nightwing suit.

Knowing what kind of picture they make, Jay in only the towel with muscles and scars and skin on display, the wide v-ee of Dick’s chest visible, their eyes outlined by dominos. The towel barely laying in his lap, leaving the rest of him bare. He’s pretty damn confident one look and they’ll have Timmy panting for them, lock, stock, and barrel.

The first Facetime request, however, is denied.

“I… I need to change first. Give me a few minutes, okay?”

What now?

“Uh-hu!” Dick leans up on his elbows to talk into the phone, “don’t even think about it, Timmy. What exactly are you wearing?”

Yup, busted it is.

So Tim bites down on his lower lip, and stalks across the bathroom to pick up his phone.

“If you laugh at this—” he threatens mildly, but snaps a pic, thinks for a second and angles his phone perfectly to snap another, and sends them anyway.

The happy booping sound of a picture message and Jay is leaning down so they can both look at the phone when he opens it and–

Dick’s mouth makes a little o of surprise, his gloved hands automatically tightening down on Jay’s thighs while the Red Hood’s jaw drops. The first picture is a span of chest and invitingly arched throat above very familiar yellow laces. The second is a body shot from above, just enough jaw line and too-long hair, a peek of black domino, and the rest of that body filling out–

The suit.

“Oh my God,” is from one of them, which, they aren’t even sure.

The way Tim’s chest fills it out all kinds of right, the R gleaming gold on his shoulder, his pert ass gripped in red, his thighs in green, the belt sitting right on his hips, and just–
“Not fair,” Dick growls low, “that is completely, totally unfair, Tim!”

Jason makes a choked noise that might be a groan.

Back in Gotham, he’s grinning smugly because, well, gotcha.

“I said I’d wear it for you,” he shrugs in the mirror, “I just didn’t say when.”

“I call alla the bullshit—”

“Oh, Timmy. Timmy. The retribution will be swift and thorough.” It would normally be tinged in humor, Dick making light of it, but the voice vibrating over the phone is very not fucking around.

“Are you sure, absolutely positive you want to pay the price for this?”

And yup, he knows it’s going to be epic.

Why not go out with a bang?

“I don’t know. I think I’m kind of counting on it, N,” and yeah, yes, his voice drops a little, gets a little breathy, “but, well, I’ve got shift in an hour, so be careful out there, get some sleep, and I’ll see you home in a few days. Love you both,” still smirking, he hangs up immediately without letting them get in a word and puts his phone down so he can get out of the costume and change into his scrubs for the oncoming night.

But while he’s still laughing, when he unties the laces and the tunic is open halfway down his chest, the cape is off and his body outlined in Nomac and Kevlar, when he’s not wearing anything to hide the fact he’s aroused and straining, he holds up his phone for the last selfie, pulling the tunic open with one hand, jutting his hips out, biting down on his lower lip with just the edge of the domino in the shot.

The return text, a single boop, comes about a minute later while he’s mentally going through the Periodic Table of Elements to calm down enough to get pants on.

He’s grinning smugly, unlocking his phone idly, and the smile falls off his face.

Bad boys get punished, Baby Bird. And you are going to get such a lesson when we get home.

His face goes immediately hot at the same time heat and anticipation pool low in his belly because that?

That has so many, many implications–

(and he’d be lying if he said he was thinking of every last one).

Chapter End Notes

Heh. Tim? Really does have superpowers. Thanks for reading :D
Anon Asks from Tumblr about Dr! Tim

Chapter Summary

World-building Asks and Dr!Tim scenarios

Chapter Notes

I've never done anything like this on AO3, but ah, I usually answer questions and write tiny drabs on Tumblr and those things don't really make it here, so *gestures.* This chapter has eight or nine asks, observations, scenarios, what-have-you from Tumblr, and it's fun to help build the world.

1.

Anonymous asked: Hi so i had a dream where a LOT of wild comic book shit went down but i remember at some point in the dream fracture!tim was in a face off against the bats bc he was hiding a bad injury but suddenly dr!tim shows up and fracture!tim is like 'yes a multiverse me, he will so totes be ok my side' and dr!tim just straight up slaps the injury to make red stop faking and basically forces him into being treated and hes just 'w o w. In my own house. by my own self. betrayed'

Babe.

I love, LOVE, that you’re dreaming about Fracture!Tim because I’m fucking dying here. YAAASSSSSS.

But it just gets so much better because Dr!Tim will literally take no shit even from himself and just pull out his bat-a-thing and go to town sewing his mulit-verse self up because if there’s one thing he hates, it’s bleeding vigilantes.

“So when the hell did you intend to tell everyone you are, you know, lacking a spleen?”

Red has a moment of oh shit when a still-cowled head visibly perks.

“Keep it down,” he hisses, already divested of his cape, dom, boots and glove/gauntlet combo, “it’s not—”

“It is,” his shorter counterpart sneers out, giving absolutely no shits about the members of the Batfamily scattered around the Cave suddenly very attentive, “you’re not a dumbass, so you know the complication you’re risking with asplenia. I don’t have to tell you about shit like septic shock that can very easily fucking kill you—”

“You are not helping. At all.”
“Who the fuck is stitching you up right now, asshole?”

Red grits his teeth a little and finally reaches out for the sleeve of Dr. Drake’s scrub top, pulling enough to move the physician closer and lean up so some nosy fuckers can tell this is an A, B conversation, C your way out.

He keeps it low, drawing the doctor’s eyes, a brow quirking up and a mask covering the lower half of his face. “However it is in your world…that isn’t the way it is here, okay? I don’t…this isn’t my place anymore. It’s been two years and it’s fine, okay? I’m good. I just need to get the fuck out of here. The faster, the better.”

The doctor gives him a long, slow blink. The same dark eyes he sees in the mirror every morning slide over to where N and Hood are working on the big computer and then the other side where B is running an analysis on the evidence found on site when Dr. Drake suddenly appeared.

The tension in the Cave is at an all-time high, and the good doctor is pretty sure it has nothing to do with him.

Which makes him sigh down at his vigilante (Robin…fuck, he was the real Robin…) multi-verse self and shake his head before he goes back to the gnarly gash that ripped open Red Robin’s suit at the abdomen.

“I thought you were a detective?”

“So are you, apparently, nice job spotting the residue left behind from the time portal.”

“…I have other hobbies.”

“Interesting. So sleuthing is one of them?”

“I wouldn’t say that. I’m more into the investigative research.” You know, like three Batfam members completely eavesdropping. “And for the record, I think you’re a dumb ass.”

“Thanks, I’ll take that as a compliment coming from a neurosurgeon with hobbies.”

“Dating hot vigilantes is only one of them. If you’ve never tried acrobatic BDSM sex, then I highly recommend it. My Nightwing is entirely flexible enough to make that shit incredible.”

And it’s possible he suddenly goes light-headed because the rest of the blood still in his body goes right to his face.

Behind his surgical mask, Dr. Drake is grinning maniacally. “I mean, not that my Hood is a slouch. Not by any stretch of the imagination–”

“Please, please stop talking,” Red groans and the burn of the stitches finally, finally eases down.

“I’m just saying, that you? Are looking right at the evidence and you still don’t see it.” Dr. Drake slathers some of Alfred’s healing goop over the neat stitches and tapes a gauze pad securely down before pulling down his mask to below his chin and peeling the bloody gloves off.

Red grits his teeth again, forcing himself to sit up and prod gingerly at the gauze pad. “I’ll let you know when I’m presented with other evidence. Thanks for patching me up. How about we do something constructive with our time and get a portal built?” Because Red is already moving to snap on his discarded utility belt, fish a dom out and slap it in place so he can be looking out through the whiteouts and completely ignore N’s slack-jawed stare and Hood’s abrupt stillness.
The rest of his suit is on *in a flash* because really, it’s time to GTFO.

“Lucky for *you*, mechanical engineering is just–” And Dr. Drake follows Red Robin away from the medical bay and down to the lower lot where the Ducati is waiting.

“Let me venture a guess…”

The two laugh a little as Red takes a spare helmet and hands it off.

“I’m going to need your expertise to program the portal,” B is already starting after them, cape a mesmerising swish as he moves.

“I can do that at the Perch,” Red throws his leg quickly over the Ducati, grabbing the doctor’s wrist to tug him on, “and really, B, I appreciate the pick-up, but I’ve got this.”

“Timmy!” Because Dick already feels the ache in his chest from Tim walking away from them (*again*) and is up from the computer to move across the floor while Hood paces him, “don’t go! Just–! Stay.”

But the engine purrs to life and Dr. Drake throws himself on the back of the bike, shuffling around the cape to get a firm grip. Red Robin throws up a departing hand before they take off down the ramp and out into the night, on their way to the Perch to calculate traversing time/space.

(And if the doctor gives him more *details*, well…that wouldn’t be so bad, would it?)

**

2

*Anonymous* asked:

*Tbh I would love to see Damian getting super protective of Dr Tim in that stabby hedgehog kind of way when he realizes just how not self preserving Dr. Tim is. Like if Jay or Dick aren't around on a mission or something I could see Damian just showing up at Tim's home/work/etc under all kinds of ridiculous excuses.*

So. Dami getting a little *protective* of Dr. Drake? You know, babe. I really like this.

**

He doesn’t jump out of his skin, but it’s a *close thing*.
The hand coming through the window of Mercy Hospital’s ER lounge is literally shoving a sandwich, you know, in his face.

“Eat,” and Robin’s whiteouts are all kind of narrow, his snarl at least not hitting that *sharp things to the spleen* kind of mood.

Tim is going to call it a win.

“I’m going to assume it’s not a broken glass sandwich,” he deadpans, rubbing a hand through his too-long hair. “I mean really, Rob, it’s not the gift that keeps on giving.”

“You are an idiot. Honestly, I do not understand how you are able to keep Grayson and Todd from certain death.”

The sandwich shakes in his face again, so Tim does give in and takes it. When he notices there’s no crusts.

“Alfred guilted you into bringing me a sandwich?” Ah, now it’s making sense.

“Tt. I *requested* Pennyworth make you a sandwich.” Sticking his head inside the window, Robin gives a left and a right to be sure they’re alone, he slides in through the sill and crosses his arms over the tunic. Tim is betting he’s glaring behind the whiteout.

“That’s…really nice, Rob. Thanks, man.” With his terrible vending machine coffee, he sits down at his and Steph’s usual table, the one with the dents from endless nights of frustration when the supplies weren’t enough, when their efforts failed, when the family sobbed in their arms–

With a flick of his cape, Robin lifts a foot and sits across from him, apparently fine just chilling out instead of patrolling the city.

“You have been on a fourty-eight hour shift, Drake. And you have yet to consume food. Hood and N are out of town, and as I have discovered, your sense of self-preservation is disgustingly *lacking*.” One green glove gestures a *there you go*.

The sandwich is a mouthful of *awesome* (Alfred FTW).

A click of something in the vicinity of Robin’s utility belt and a metal thermos thunks down on the table.

Oh… Alfred remembered how much he liked the chicken soup.

(Well, family of detectives and all.)

But it’s fine to spend his thirty minutes hanging out with Robin, listening to the latest escapades of the Super Sons ( “I could not believe John would be so foolish as to dive into a vat with kryptonite so near.” “He knew you would be there to get him out, Little D. He trusts you, you know.”), and the latest gossip in the superhero world.

It’s…nice really. He didn’t realize hw much he missed Dick and Jay while they’d been gone for the week. Sure, he hung out with Steph and Ives, but still, when his break is over and it’s time to go back and run the gauntlet, Robin is preparing to go back into the night and fight the good fight, and Tim promises to bring the thermos back to the Manor when he finishes the soup, Robin points a finger in his face and makes him promise to do it immediately after his shift is over.

(Since he must be certain Drake sleeps an appropriate amount after a long shift, and he can only
verify it if the doctor is in the Manor. Perhaps Pennyworth could be swayed to assist him in this endeavor.)

As Robin is almost out the window, perched on the sill, he glances back at the doctor starting to move out into the hallway, back to his own fight of the night, and calls him back.

“Drake.”

“Yeah, Little D?”

“Should anything...happen, there is a locator on the bottom of the thermos. Press it once and I shall come for you.”

And like a breath, Robin is--

gone.

But Tim looks up into the night for a few long minutes, a stupid smile on his face, and the world feels just a little less lonely.

**

3.

anonymous asked:

*snorts* "Tim?! We got a ping from Babs about an Arkham riot?! Are you okay?!" "Yeah, actually, it's fine. I mean, yeah there is a riot but it's cool. Mike and the guys have my back" "What? Who the fuck is Mike?" "We play card games on Tuesdays" "?" "I'm reigning Uno champion"

**

In the Cave, getting ready for a night of breaking faces, the four vigilantes slowly turn to one another with expressions of did you know this is a thing?

The spike is background noise around their resident doc is full of meaty thumps, yelling, and just breaking everything echoing around the cave to startle the bats perched in the nooks. Utility belts thrown on, grease paint smeared around eyes, and the doms go on.

B, who is stalking more quickly than usual, has the Batplane warmed up and ready to rock, choosing to take the faster route so the four of them can drop in on the reported riot. As he deduced, finding out the tracker in Tim’s stethoscope is right in the heart of it, is making Nightwing and Hood that much more antsy.
But really, it’s kind of chaotic, but in that randomly flying chairs kind of way.

Tim just moves at the right time to dodge a flying fist and an Arkham guard that made it through his little defense squad in the cafeteria in the belly of the Asylum. The amount of wasted pasta salad is really the crime here.

“As much as I expect you to make friends with those animals,” is Robin’s slight disdain coming over the Bluetooth in his ear, “attempt not to die. I have no desire to deal with N and Hood’s whining. Am I being clear, Drake?”

The metal clatter is someone using a tray to take out the Mad Hatter’s face (which he manages to get a quick pic of because later, when he’s not terrified of being horribly maimed during this little skirmish, it’s going to be fucking hilarious), so he uploads a selfie with the background fighting to Twitter before ducking around Mike’s meaty arm and dragging an injured guard inside the ring to kneel down and start assessing.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were concerned,” he does a quick check and yup, that? Is one nasal fracture.

He manages to get gauze out and shove it against the bleeder, looking out over the fighting, trying to see if any serious injuries are going down.

“Hold this,” he says to the guard, bringing the guy’s hand up to hold the gauze to his face.

It’s a second, a heart beat of fear, and his mental fuck-it kicks in, giving him the push to dart out between the circle of protectors to get to one of the inmates holding an obvious puncture wound while another stands over him with a dull knife blade.

Since, well, one crisis at a time, Tim stops to a halt in front of the terrifying inmate with a stabbing fetish, drops to a knee and punches him right in the balls.

One threat down, Tim turns to the injured guy, huffing, grabbing him under the arms to drag him to relative safety.

Jim Newman once helped out the Penguin on an easy jewel heist and pretty much gave up before the Batman could beat the crap out of him. He’s a thug that’s smart about his life choices.

Still, Jim helps haul the injured inmate to relative safety and gives Tim the opportunity to get into his ordinary doctor’s bag to start with the fast diagnostic.

“Timmy, you okay? Talk to us,” is N’s hard tone while the echo of the Cave abruptly ends and the slight rumbling sound is probably not the big car driving into the night.

Ripping open the standard issue jumpsuit, Tim swear hotly and digs hand sanitizer out of his bag, along with sterile gloves.

“I’m not going to say some back-up wouldn’t be totally stellar at this juncture,” he has a suture kit, a few necessaries, and his mind is reeling with how he’s going to make this work so far from the infirmary.

“Ona way, Baby,” is still more synth than Jay’s normal tone, but a shudder runs down his spine anyway, “jus’ hold on n’ getcha ass ghost, you feel me?”

And really. They all knew better.
“We’re five minutes out,” B’s tone picks up, “the Birds of Prey are riding in with us as well. Hang on a few more minutes, Tim.”

Biting down on his lower lip, he can see how far the knife made it, not getting to the ribs, so this one gets just a little more doable.

He’s about to try another witty retort, something to ease the panic and fear riding the edges of his awareness while he’s frantically trying to save the guy gasping up at him, gripping his wrist with a bloody hand, and looking utterly terrified.

But the words choke off in his throat when the double doors, previous in lock-down to attempt keeping the riot contained, burst open, and everything, everything incredibly, amazingly just stops.

Coming into the heart of the fight, the Joker, the Scarecrow, Mr. Freeze, Poison-Ivy, Two-Face, the Clock King, and the Ventriliquist, some of the baddies from the Rogue Galley just stroll right the hell in.

“Oh,” he breathes out softly, heart thumping painfully in his chest, “I really hope this doesn’t mean what I think it means.”

But apparently it’s not a good day to be visiting since the Warden of Arkham is bloody yet alive and very much tied up over Two-Face’s shoulder.

“Well, well, well boys and girls,” the Joker grins madly, looking around at the stunned inmates, “looks like Daddy left us the keys to the castle. So why don’t we play?”

**

anonymous asked:

1/ So one thing about being in a relationship, is that if you don’t communicate, you fight. And even healthy, happy couples can slip up and stop communicating. And I was thinking about your Dr!tim verse. And then I thought about Dick, Tim, and Jays first (and probably only) really big fight. Maybe its all three arguing against each other. Or its Tim vs one while the other is out of town. Or Dick and Jay while Tim stands to the side with wide eyes trying in vain to mediate.

2/ Either way It starts out as something small. A tiny unimportant thing. However sleep dep, stress, and the burden of mortality that they face day in and day out causes it to snowball. It builds until every slight, every small annoyance, every perceived injustice is being brought up and amplified to be used as ammunition. They’ve had spats and little arguments before, every couple (trio?) does,
but this is by far the worst. And as it builds and grows they start going for the jugular.

3/ Cause these boys? They know how to make someone bleed with just their words. Lips that drip honey become scalpels meant to cut to the core. Their anger carrying them from one hurtful point to another. But regardless of who is arguing or what is said, it ends the same way: with Tim, his face cold and blank, telling them to get the fuck out of his apartment. Which they do, their exit punctuated by the slam of the door.

4/ And Tim spends the night on his couch, in the dark, staring blankly at a wall. trying to out think the pain in his chest. Jay and Dick show up the next morning with flowers and breakfast. Slowly letting themselves in, cause they don't want to disrespect their sugars space. But he doesn't send them away, they're all to tired and guilty to be angry anymore. And then they sit down and talk about it, despite the awkwardness lingering in the air.

5/ They talk about what was REALLY going on. Their fears and uncertainties. How jealous and unworthy of the others they feel sometimes. All of the deep dark things they keep hidden away: the anger and disgust and bitterness that they try to hide. Every insecurity and sadness, and childhood trauma that makes them feel unlovable. They just talk about it. Hey talk, and the other listen, and they comfort each other. Then they kiss and have wild make up sex.

**

This hits all my buttons. All of them.

It’s been a bad fucking night. The Pit is riding Jay harder than usual, and Dick’s last Titans mission went to absolute shit, so they come back to Gotham already on edge. Tim’s been dealing with an outbreak of some kind that even he is having problems cracking. B has been dropping off new samples, trying to come up with an antidote to whatever random criminal infected half of the city.

They managed to pull off a miracle, but still some casualties. Tim is fucked up over it, but trying to just be happy his boys are coming home.

And they’re arguing before they even get in the door.

The downward spiral is something out of a horror movie, how it all just spins out of their control. How they all start lashing out, breaking into each other.

Jay calls Dick the fucking Golden Child, Bruce’s little bitch.

At least one of them survived his tenure as Robin. If that makes him a bitch, then so fucking be it.

And it’s on.

Tim’s too tired, too guilty, too something to try mediating for long. Instead, he snaps back how they’re both being fucking idiots and really. He expected better from his Robins.

When Jay sneers out something about a pathetic fanboy, Tim is grinding his back teeth, snarling at Dick to stay out of this.

Shit just gets worse from there.

When Tim kicks them out, when the door slams, Dick and Jay take opposite sides of the hallway to leave. Dick hits his apartment and Jay a safehouse close to the docks.

Dick’s phone boops mid-afternoon after they’ve all gotten some sleep, and it’s a very
pointed, you're an asshole, but I was an asshole too.

Twenty minutes later, Dick is running at high speeds out of his apartment, jumping and dodging all over the place in his civilian dayware, his heart pounding.

Out of nowhere, Jay pulls up on the Ducati and just grabs him off the street with one arm to sit him on the back of the bike.

They hit Tim’s apartment together and catch some of the convo while they’re hovering outside his door.

The outbreak has been contained. Only fifteen casualties in all, so not what they were estimating. They hear Tim’s voice crack only once.

He’s already got coffee going, a box of donuts from the bakery a few blocks down, looking like hell. They’re all a little misty-eyed during the talk. But God is it good to be held.

(Oh and the sexy times. Just all the gentle, hot, wet sex all over the place.)

**

5.

anonymous asked:

HEY SO IM BACK AGAIN AND IVE BEEN THINKING! But this time its dr!tim! A l r i g h t so it’s been established that Tim’s a self sacrificing shit in this au, as he always is, and this low key spawned from the whole bridge incident; but like, WHAT IF, Tim gets into a bit of Trouble again. Maybe a mash-up of the bridge incident and the hospital incident where someone tries to take the hospital again, and Timmers does the self-sacrificing schtick like at the bridge, -(1/?)

But like, no one gets hurt tho! Like, Tim’s not even a little given the crap he’s gone through lmao, but ofc his boys are still Worried To All Hell be DAMNIT UR A CIVVIE TIM NOT A ROOF CRAWLER LIKE THE REST OF US YOURE F R A G I L E! (I read that in the Jason accent u write so well- haa). So, after Tim’s got the whole hospital figured out again, he’s off the clock and Can relax, his boys think a little Punishment is in order for his lack of self-preservation instincts (2/?)

So just imagine the gloriousness,,, Jason and Dick dragging Tim’s beautiful tush home, Maybe (depending on mode of transport tbh) Jason warms Tim up a lil’ using only his voice, telling Tim how much trouble he’s in for putting himself in danger, detailing Exactly what they’re gonna do to him, and just o o f Tim’s already slipping into that Very Special mindset. They get their boy home,
and get him strapped down somewhere, I’m thinking classically tbh, spread eagle on a bed for what (3/?)

They’re gonna be doing to their boy lmao. Gotta have all the sensitive bits and Access Points (lmao) put on display for them to get to and turn to raw, sensitive nerves. They torture Tim with overstimulation (all consenting ofc- Timmy’s got his safe words), they get him crying, drooling adorably around his ball gag as they take turns fucking him relentlessly as punishment for worrying them so bad. Cock ring around his cute little drooling cock, squirming in his bonds, (4/?)

They finally let him go when he’s pink all the way down his chest, little nipples sucked raw with bite marks and bruising all over him (to press his fingers into later) and begging for forgiveness from his Sirs. Finally, finally they let him come, and maybe make him come a couple times over just to send the point home fully. But, oh, then comes the aftercare, a warm bath and cuddles and a thousand gentle, reassuring words to boot to assure Timmy that he’s okay, he’s fine, they’re all okay (5/?)

And for some reason I think of Timbo as the type that likes to be laid on?? Like physical-type comfort? So he’ll damn near pull Dick or Jason fully on top of him to smush him between their big-ass selves and the mattress and just curl up there, or bury himself between them tightly. Just. Yes. Haahah. Anyway, yep, rant over, I’ve killed my own self, RIP I love jaydicktim too much and your AOB+Dr! Au’s waaay too much yikes. Anyway hope ya liked my random ramblings byee (6/6)

**

OMG, babe.

“Godmotherfuckin’dammit, Timmy! Ya ain’t a fucking roof rat like the rest a’ us. Can’t be fucking around with guns n’ ‘tranqu darts!’”

And let’s just say maybe it’s the first time they see him after the little photo session with that gift they got him for his birthday, so that is a double-whammy right there, Timmers.

It’s probably going to be Hood carrying him through the night, helmet attached to his belt so he can talk nice n’ low.

The new addition in the bedroom is a massive trunk, and wouldn’t know it has the Nightwing symbol on it. Just a little this might be a long night kind of thing.

Turns out to be just that. Tim has a bell literally clenched in his fist. Once it drops, the game stops since he’s only getting muffled screams and moans out while his boys give him all the punishment he deserves.

But after they’re a hot, sweaty puddle of sweet satisfaction, the aftercare is going to be adorable and fluffy. They’re all sore and tired, maybe ordered take-out to fill their bellies before a bath and it’s off to sleep the sleep of the just and well-fucked.

**
anonymous asked:

On Dr. Tim's Hobbies: oh god, the thoughts about Dr. Stark (yup, THAT kind of doctor) cultivating Tim not as a surgeon but also adding a touch of his own crazy and influencing his 'hobbies'? Gold. I can see Tim as an intern getting to know Stark like "Wow, he's nuts. I'm going to die. Kinda awesome?" Please please please, I need to know what Tony Stark, MD does in his 'off time'. I'm sure it's super relaxing.

You know, I hadn't really thought about Tony’s hobbies tbh. I mean, it’s really a temptation to say something like nano-technology because he’s a brain surgeon so he could realistically develop a form of Extremis if he so wanted >.<

(I also want to say part-time super hero, but like Tim, I like him better as a civilian in this au.)

I think he rubbed off on Tim in good and crazy ways (the coffee addiction is mostly Tony’s fault, true story). But Tim’s little biochemical engineering? Probably influenced by Tony. Most the equipment he has (before the vigilante shows up on his fire escape bleeding out) probably also from Tony. Once and a while Tim does the thing where he writes a paper and goes to conferences, probably also Tony’s influence.

But what does Dr. Stark do in his off time? Probably takes on the most impossible cases and plays a little House MD to the staff at his hospital. It wouldn’t shock me if he managed to meet up with a brilliant scientists named Dr. Banner and possibly does some studies in the effects of gamma radiation on brain cells or something XD

**

7.

wam-bam asked:

Do you think dr Tim would lose his spleen in a similar way to red robin? Like, he’s helping the bats on a case but he gets separated and stabbed. He tries desperately to patch himself up in some alley so he doesn’t bleed out and somehow makes it back to their apartment before passing out, only to have his boys find him later, bloody and near death.

I’ll be honest @wam-bam, I could do that in a ‘what-if’ thing for Dr. Tim maybe? But really, I like
him not missing a crucial body part in this au.

I dunno, I like to write him as more emotionally and mentally injured? Like I have this great ask about him suffering through a form of PTSD and JUST! His two boys seeing him through it like the bomb-ass boyfriends they are.

(I will eventually get to that ask when I’m not terribly sleep-deprived >.<)

**

8.

So I love your characterize Dr Tim. He’s just. So loveable? Like I was re-reading the falling bridge chapter and I was like ’Damn, if something really did happen to Tim, everyone would probably lose their minds, myself included.” I can imagine how fond everyone gets of this nerd-- Can see The JL or the titans or the outlaws or the birds of prey or whoever the hell else hearing a single word about something happening to/someone attacking tim and being like "Excuse me? Not in my fucking house?"

You know, babe, I think Dr. Drake would be like the superhero pet project in a way. Like, now that he’s pretty much been integrated into their circle because of things like impending fucking death by insane bad guy chemical bombs, it’s probably safe to say they’re all invested in keeping tabs on him. So, that’s how it started in the beginning, okay? He’s a neural surgeon with talents in genetics, biochem, and mechanical engineering. He’s one hell of a resource.

But once an event happens to put him in mortal danger, you know, things like falling fucking bridges, they kind of get it together and realize the guy is completely human and gives very few shits about his own safety when facing terrible odds.

It’s even worse when rounds of ninjas keep coming into Gotham trying to get a mere glimpse of this rumored new addition to the Bat roster, but certain groups of superheroes are absolutely not having that shit. I imagine Diana vigorously whoomping the shit out of ninjas with like, her pinkie or something, and sending back a message to Ra’s al Ghul that there’s nothing to see in Gotham. Move along.

Like the Titans are just as invested in making sure the Demon’s Head doesn’t find out who Tim is or anything about him (maybe because Robin might have told them a little bit about how much his grandfather is obsessed with brilliance and wit--now the mother-hen instincts are on), so they have around the clock monitoring to make sure they catch as many ninjas at city limits as they can.

**
Out of curiosity, would Dr. Tim ever like to be into doctor/nurse roleplay? Or would it be entirely too weird for him? Or would he just start laughing his ass off in the middle? Enquiring minds wanna know.
Chapter Summary

“Been a real pain in my left nut, Robin.” Is more dangerous behind the synths, more casual when the Red Hood, notorious enforcer for the Black Mask, straightens up and starts to move forward. “Gettin’ in my fucking business means I gotta make an example outta ya, so’s no one else thinks they can stop the trade, you feel me?” Robin’s eyes narrow but his pulse is picking up, his muscles tighten against the ropes.

“Or,” he tries with a bravado he doesn’t necessarily feel, “you could cut this chase short and let me take you in so you don’t make it worse for yourself.”

Chapter Notes

After The Suit, people, ah, asked that I put it into practice, so Dr.Tim is having a bit of a roleplay with his vigilante (villain) boyfriends.

Be prepared for bad ass civilian!Tim, Enforcer!Red Hood, and Renegade!Dick. This is probably VERY nsfw but with some good action along the way.

Also, I’d like to mention an incredible artist @kaciart did a thing a wonderful thing here. Which helped the muse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
The Robin in Gotham that night is just a little bit taller. Not by much. He’s hesitant, a newbie to the vigilante game, and even if he’s got a grapple on his belt, he only uses it once. Only a drunk or two catch him strafing across rooftops, the flicker of yellow, red, and green against the lamplight.

The rest of the city is asleep. As luck would have it, he stumbles on some baddies with a leg up on him, tossing a pellet in the right spot with knockout gas to make carrying him through the night that much easier. When Robin comes to, the blurry residual clears and behind the whiteouts, his vision is sharp. Being handcuffed in a crummy warehouse in the Narrows is not really the way he’d hoped to spend his first real experience in the tunic.

(And if he embarrasses the name, a certain little demon will probably eviscerate him.

“I allow you one night–”

“To my credit, I really thought those ninjas would go down easier.”

“May I remind you–”

“I know, I know. It’s not one of my hobbies. No more almost getting killed under your name, I promise.”)

But a single dim bulb hangs with enough away to reveal the long, lean line of muscle still half in shadows watching him from behind whiteouts.

“Been a real pain in my left nut, Robin.” Is more dangerous behind the synths, more casual when the Red Hood, notorious enforcer for the Black Mask, straightens up and starts to move forward. “Gettin’ in my fucking business means I gotta make an example outta ya, so’s no one else thinks they can stop the trade, you feel me?” Robin’s eyes narrow but his pulse is picking up, his muscles tighten against the ropes.

“Or,” he tries with a bravado he doesn’t necessarily feel, “you could cut this chase short and let me take you in so you don’t make it worse for yourself.”

The sound is probably a snort but the synths make it hard to decipher.

“Mmhm, an’ any other damn day, ya might be right. But I know the Bat is outta town, and the rest a’ yer little cape n’ cowl crew are busy. That means yer own yer own, little birdy. Too bad for you, an old friend is in Gotham t’night, and I gotta say–” the way Hood moves, hips swaying, something of a swagger, all indications the villain has a plan, makes Robin catch a breath with what the hell else?

“Ya might be in over yer head.”

And oh God.

He’s in for it.

(The teasing his boyfriends can have some interesting results, so even with the plan they’d had for him tonight, there were so many things they hadn’t told him.)

Because the shift in the shadows and the crimson slash is just what the bad guy ordered, and the man coming out of the shadows to stand beside Hood is nothing short of mouth-
dangerously— all done in sharp black and red.

Something in Robin’s abdomen goes unbearably tight when Renegade folds his arms over his chest, his tongue darts out to lick his lips, and puts the intense focus of those whiteouts right on the R gleaming from his chest. The vigilante swallows when the eyes move slowly down, pausing on his spread legs tied to the chair.

Even while he might be melting into a puddle of oh God, please, please, I’ve been a bad Robin, he can maneuver his hands well enough to get into the green gloves for the small lockpick set he’d completely kyped out of B’s utility belt the last time they’d had a little snatch n’ stitch. Since he’s completely used to working with fine instruments wearing gloves, maneuvering the small end into the handcuffs is easier than he’d originally calculated.

(So much win going on right now.)

“So nice to know you’ve got friends in town, Hood. I hope you have an itinerary to show him the sights. Robinson Park is really nice this time of year.” He tries to keep the banter, give himself time he needs to work the cuffs.

(Still, watching them walk toward him like a fucking bad ass wet dream is really making the night look up regardless of how things are going to go from here.)

“Too much mouth on ya, Robin,” and the flex of hips and thighs, the glint off the gun in Hood’s hand, the feral-looking smirk on Renegade’s face make him take a pause to work his fingers into the back of the utility belt, bite down on his lower lip to try and get–

Yes.

“Looks like we need to shut him up, Hood,” is Renegade’s deep response, rolling darkly around them in the abandoned warehouse, makes a shiver work up his spine.

Which causes him to drop the pellet he’d been holding, giving his heart a lurch as the little ball rolls right under his chair.

Fuck. That’s bad.

He tries to think fast, using his weight to throw his chair back, out of the way of the mini blast and following plumes of smoke. It’s really nothing more than dumb luck that the chair is probably older than all of them and pretty much breaks into kindling on impact.

It’s even luckier that the small blast is inconsequential but the smoke screen gives him the opportunity to wiggle enough to get his cuffed wrists down far enough to get his feet over them so at least his hands are in the front of him.

Rolling to his feet, he tries ducks away from the chair in the thick smoke, cape hitting him in the back of the ankles, and fucking right, he didn’t even lose the lockpick.

(“Damn. Good one, Baby Bird. Didn’t see that shit coming.”

“This is going to be much better than we thought.”

“Fuck right, Dickie, now we gedda chase.”

And with that little revelation, Robin is thinking, looking around at the high windows, making plans.)
He flips one of the few bat-a-rangs in his utility belt, awkwardly holding it up to throw with both, bound hands. He manages throw far enough to knock it into an empty crate further down than where he’s hiding, but it does the trick and draws the attention of the “baddies” coming through the dissipating smoke after him.

The outline of Hood and Renegade change course, closer to the sound.

“You’re only making it harder on yourself, Robin,” Renegade purrs low, his footsteps not even making a sound when he shares a side-eye with Hood and moves around to take the back for the element of surprise.

“When we catch ya,” Hood is cooing through the synths, popping the clip out of his .45 to make sure again he’s toting blanks (the one in his boot has the rubber rounds should things get dicey and they need to make with the real crime fighting) before he circles around the smoky pile of old pallets and crates laying in dusty ruin, “we ain’t gonna be nice ‘bout it, you feel me? Gonna make ya one sorry lil’ bird.”

(But he totally hears, “gonna fuck ya until ya scream for it, Baby. Gonna make ya come ‘til ya can’t even stand up no more.”)

The handcuffs finally pop as the two bad guys jump in their planned strike, coming down on a whole lot of empty pallets and only a bat-a-rang there for them to stare at.

“Little motherfucker,” is all he needs to hear, shoves the handcuffs in his belt (in case he needs to have a plan) and pulls the grapple while his pulse throbs in his mouth and his adrenaline kicks up a notch. He’s got to shoot and reel himself in before they get to him, got to get out the upper windows and climb to the roof, got to at least get a few buildings over before they catch him.

(And he completely has a new appreciation for the reinforced jocks they wear under the suits because the things is literally killing him right now.)

The bang makes him flinch regardless, and with that, the jig is completely up. Two heads swivel toward the sound, trace the line up to the window sill where the hook sinks deep, and the shadow of the cape flares out like wings as the grapple pulls Robin from the ground away.

“Fuck this is gettin’ good,” Hood breathes out, already pulling his own, watching the flex of Timmy’s thighs in those fucking tights and his ass outlined in Robin Red.

The window breaks with his momentum, and Robin pauses on the broken sill long enough to grin widely down at them, “I really need to be on my way, but we should do this again sometime!”

The cap flaps around the green tights and black boots as Robin scales the ancient fire escape and disappears out of sight.

Renegade puts a hand on his wrist, stills Hood from raising the grapple for the ole’ point-n-shoot. “Let him get a little bit of distance, Jay. He’s putting a hell of a lot into this.”

“Big Wing,” and even with the whiteouts up on both sides, he knows how dark Dickies eyes are, is pretty sure his are just as dark. “we’re gonna destroy that ass, you feel me?”

“You know we are. Damn, he looks cute in that suit.”
“Cute? Nah, ain’t where I’m at right now, yeah? Motherfucking sexy is ‘bout what I’m feelin’.”

“Fuckable, sure, but wow, he wears it so well.”

“Don’t tell Demon. That little shit won’t never let this happen again.”

“Right. We play this out with our boyfriend, fuck him on a safe rooftop, then take him home for a soak in the tub and cuddle-palooza.”

“You better fuckin’ add pancakes ta that list, Dickie. I like seein’ ‘im all full n’ sleepy after we fucked ‘im but good.”

“Done and done.”

In a smooth move, Hood raises the grapple again and loops his free arm around Renegade’s waist, pulling his Baby Boy right into his body.

The two vigilantes pause in the moment, and Renegade raises both hands quick, hits the right spot on the back of the helmet to release the catch, pulls the damn thing off so they can have just a second–

And anyone looking in the dilapidated warehouse down by Dixon Docks in that exact moment would be scandalized to see the Red Hood and Renegade writhing against one another, caught up in the taste of one another, just a tease before the grapple starts to reel.

**

Robin is panting with the effort, tries not to get tangled in his cape, tries to keep his eyes open to everything around him with the sharp vision he gets from behind the whiteouts.

Luckily for him, he’s shaking off the residual of the sedative and this area of the city is one so absolutely familiar, he already knows he’s got an edge.

The same spots from those days when he was a kid with a camera, hiding while he followed the flying vigilantes are obviously still there, could still give him a place to duck if he thinks his pursuers are getting too close. If Dick and Jay had really been paying those old photographs in the shoebox enough attention, they’d probably be able to pick out the majority of his hidey-holes and make this game come to a quick and abrupt end (he’s hoping they don’t because he’s really, really enjoying this).

But, he’s already evaded them once times and he’s still too damn far from his apartment to believe he’s anywhere near home free.

Which is why he’s wasting time ducked down between two massive air conditioning units on the Mylar building instead of in Renegade and Hood’s path. A few feet away is an old bridge the maintenance crew used to get up to the next roof. Score.

He waits until the shadows recede and he can’t see either of them across the buildings before he darts out and takes the bridge at a run, making a leap that immediately gets his adrenaline back up.

His chest is heaving a little because the climb is about a bitch.

A hard jerk on the suspension bridge takes him by surprise as both “villains” land it on either
side of him, effectively boxing him in.

(Well, fuck.)

He pulls the grapple since, you know, the jig is up, but an escrima stick knocks the damn thing from his hand, and no amount of time he’s spent in the gym or hard-core parkour is going to get him out of this little sitch.

(Dammit. Trapped.)

Renegade clicks his tongue, “tsk, tsk, Robin. Nice try, but you should have tried to stay ahead of us. That might have gotten you home free.” And the two start advancing on him, getting closer. Robin looks from one to the other, bites down on his lower lip—

And the plan pops into his head. Panting, Robin tries to make the move subtle enough to miss, back up just a step, tries to make it look like he’s searching for a way out when he looks over the bridge and all the way down.

The action works because both villains jump for him at the same time, trying to keep him from throwing himself over, and it gives Robin just enough of a chance to let his knees give out from under him and fake fall to the wobbly bridge so Renegade can careen over his head at the same time Hood smacks into him, landing the two in a heap right at Robin’s feet.

The knock of Hood’s helmet against Renegade’s forehead gives him a crucial moment to slam the handcuffs he’d kept down on the Red Hood’s left wrist and Renegade’s right one, pushing the sides closed to cuff the two together.

(Oh fuck is he winning here.)

He’s already moving back while they untangle themselves and stare at their cuffed wrists before slowly, ever so slowly, turning to him.

“Well, damn.” And if he didn’t know better, he’d say Hood was, well, impressed.

(I have other hobbies, asshole, remember?)

“The surprises keep coming.” Renegade already climbing to his feet is grinning widely, Hood following in a smooth motion. “Too bad it isn’t going to save you, you know.”

“I just need to keep you two on—”

When he would have finished off the banter portion of the evening with on your toes, what he gets is the terrible sighing sound breaking across the night, followed right by a sharp twang that is all too fucking familiar.

(Why do bridges have a tendency to break while he’s on them? Seriously now?)

His whole body jerks up, head turning to the sight of the bridge coming apart and falling from under him, making him gasp in hard enough to hurt, making his knees knock, making a hard reality of Oh God, not again.

But cuffed arms brace under his and the bang of grapples firing shakes him out of breath-stealing panic, Hood and Renegade working in a smooth, seamless tandem to send the three of them flying through the night while the bridge crumbles to Gotham’s dirty sidewalk below.
Effortlessly, the villains land them on the Mylar, setting the three of them down in the shadows where one side of the building keeps it absolutely hidden away.

“Holy shit,” Robin pants out, held up between Hood and Renegade, his chest heaving under the tunic. “That…that was not part of the plan.”

“Good to know,” Renegade lays his forehead against the base of Robin’s neck, exhaling slowly, moving his free hand down to push the cape out from between their bodies, to twist it around his hand for the next step.

“I’ll fuckin’ say,” Hood deactivates the helmet and tosses it down, moves a step closer to sandwich Robin between the two of them. With just a dom, his eyes are dark blue without the flecks of jade, which means he’s probably still riding a little bit of the adrenaline from the almost oops.

Robin looks over when Hood holds up his cuffed hand and arches a brow. “Still,” and Hood leans in a little for it, making sure to give Robin nowhere to run, ”ya gonna have ta work on them plans, if ya wanna get the better of us, yeah? This ain’t bad, but that sure as hell don’t mean–”

And Robin gasps when his gloves wrists are gathered up by the cuffed hands, pulled over his head to stretch his body taunt.

Renegade is leaning down to talk against his ear, growling low and so fucking dangerous, “–you’re going to get away this time. Sorry, little bird. Looks like we win.”

**

Apparently things like capes are weapons and should not be used against him.

Or…well, maybe he’s going to re-think that since his wrists are bound together tight before they even worked the tunic open.

Renegade is keeping Robin’s bound arms down with a knee and a gloved hand over his mouth to make sure the noises are nice and quiet, kept between just the three of them. Hood had picked the cuffs in approximately two seconds since it's time to teach the young vigilante that he was fucking around with the real deal.

The utility belt is tossed carelessly, lying just out of reach, and Robin’s thighs spread open around Hood's hips.

The struggling, the writhing against the reinforced jock, the straining muscle and taunt hold is just this side of perfect. For a little show, Hood pulls out a wickedly sharp knife, the glint dull in the night, leans down over Robin’s writhing body and slides the sharp end of the blade right over the base of his throat, bare now that his cape is gone.

(But even though Timmy’s is half-assed struggling, he ain’t scared. No fear in those eyes, yeah?)

“Better be a good little bird, Rob. I like ta keep m’ implements nice n’ sharp. Don’t wanna make me slip by accident.”

Renegade’s hand on the younger vigilante’s mouth pulls so the head tilts back, eyes looking up. “I’ve known Hood for a long time, kid. You don’t want to see the master at work.”
When the struggling stops and the only thing Robin is doing is panting against Renegade’s hand, the sharp edge eases up slightly, slides down his chest, the tip fitting right under the tunic’s laces.

“Atta boy. Make it easier on yerself. Ain’t nobody gonna find ya, so don’t gotta have it rough unless ya wanna.”

“He might like it that way, Hood.” The first lace gives without hesitation. “Maybe we should go a little hard on him to find out.”

The second lace.

“But lookit how cute he is, Baby Boy. Gonna show ‘im just how things gotta go down on our side a’ the law, ain’t we? That don’t mean we gotta get nasty ‘bout it long as he behaves himself.”

The third.

Finally, the two villains are finally getting a little skin, and gloved hands runs down Robin’s collar bone, move to thumb and tweak until the little nubs, and the hand on Robin’s mouth tightens down when the moan cuts through the stillness.

“He needs to learn, Hood. He can’t mess with business and get away with it.” The thumb on Robin’s face moves over the domino and the whiteouts slide down, showing Robin’s half-mast eyes, darkening by degrees.

“Mmhm. That’s the thing ‘bout Gotham, ain’t it?” And the hands moving down, pull hard, rip the tunic until there’s nothing in Hood's path except the tights and reinforced jock. “Always got consequences, Rob, and you? You ain’t any different.”

The telltale tremble in his thighs makes the Red Hood grin wide and white, and he’s nothing but a nasty bastard when he runs both hands up the inside of those thighs, grips tight to make sure there’s gonna be bruises there tomorrow.

Since he and Dickie pretty much engineered this whole thing (and made a suit with strategized weaknesses), the tights give under his hands, ripping open from the waist to the knee. He hands a sizeable strip to Renegade and leans down over Robin’s body, giving a little bit of distraction while his partner in crime moves fast to tie the strip in their little vigilante’s mouth.

“Much better.” Renegade palms the grapple in his freed hand and pulls out the line; he gives the hook a few whirls and throws to catch on the lip of the roof, secure. He gives a few test tugs and wraps the slack around the wrists to keep Robin from going anywhere. Renegade pulls off the head piece, is in just a domino so he can flick the catch of his suit and pull it down to bare a tantalizing v-ee of his chest.

With the suit ripped away, helpless to whatever they planned to do to him on a roof in the middle of Gotham, Robin is gagged and panting, his chest stuttering with it, going pink down his collarbone and upper chest.

(Fingers slide into one of his bound hand, and the metal ball gives a soft jingle. All he has to do is drop it if he needs to stop, all he has to do is give the signal. He’s in control, he’s in control–)

And the feel of Hood’s gloves on his hip bone, tearing the strap on the reinforced jock makes
his hips twitch, makes him unconsciously arch into the touch even while his hard cock springs up into the cool Gotham air.

“That’s a smart kid. This’ll go easier for you if you try to enjoy it.” Renegade palms the vial in his suit and holds it up where the can both see it, smirks at the muffled noise right beside his thigh.

Hood grins back at him and pops the lid, dribbles lube on his fingers and lifts one of Robin’s calves for Renegade to hold. He hoists the other, runs his slick fingers over Robin’s balls, tugs a little, slides his forefinger up the underside of the vigilante’s straining cock, just a tease.

Getting his suit down far enough with one hand, Renegade shakes Robin’s leg, palms the side of his face to turn him, gets a load of those eyes, “My partner here is going to give you the fuck of a lifetime. And you? Are going to suck me while he does it.”

The jock is gone, and Robin gasps in hard through his nose, those eyes rolling over Renegade thick, flushed cock, teeth biting down on the gag in his mouth. He watches, mesmerized, as the gloved hand strokes lazily, languishly, makes himself harder, gives Robin a preview of what he’s about to get.

When Hood spreads him open even wider, slick, blunt finger sliding in, moving fast and hard, making Robin’s spine arch while he watches Renegade jerk off right in front of his face, mouth watering for it, his cock aching, his body clenching when one finger becomes two, and the desperation for more is starting to take over.

“Gonna enjoy this, little bird,” Hood drawls out, “after the run ya gave us.”

Pulling against the zip line isn’t doing anything for him because he can’t move, is caught between them, is already making noises with his body anticipating Hood (Jay) making him utterly senseless while he sucks Renegade’s thick cock to the fucking base.

(This is the best thing to ever happen.)

A jerk of his hips and a third finger slides in, gives him only a few thrusts against his spot, just enough for Hood to smirk and finally pull out.

“That’ll keep ya nice n’ tight fer me,” and while he’s been prepping the vigilante, he’d pulled himself out, lubed himself up to press right against the prize waiting for him. “But don’t worry. Since yer being a good, we’ll make sure you get yers.”

Robin throws his head back, body arching in a clean line as well as he can with his legs caught and hands restrained. His fist tightens on the bell, keening through his gag as Hood pushes in, gives a few slow back-and-forths until he’s balls deep.

And fuck ain’t it amazing.

“Look at you, Robin. Taking all of his dick on the first go,” Renegade purrs down at him, and thumbs the gag out of his mouth, puts a finger over his lips. “Not bad, little bird. Now you’re going to give me mine. Don’t make me have to tell you to be very good.”

Renegade pulls his mouth open with fingers on his jaw, and Robin opens up without a fight, taking the wide tip in, and moaning around it. Hood finally gets the point that he’s sure he isn’t going to come immediately when he moves, changing his hold to fit the bend of Robin’s knee and hoist his hips up higher, makes sure he’s in as far as he can possibly go (just the way Timmy likes it), then pulls back, starts up a few slow-n’-easies before he picks up the pace.
And Robin’s eyes are fluttering behind the domino, sliding his tongue around Renegade’s cock, leaning closer when he can take more, when he can take it deeper–

And suck.

“Holy–” and the villain’s hips twitch, a gloved hand threading into his hair, holds him still as hips twitch and fuck his mouth in shallow thrusts. “Fuck, know what you’re doing, don’t you Robin? Ah, you’re going to love my cock by the time we’re done with you.”

“Ya kiddin’ me, Baby Boy? Fuck ‘im and you’ll be in love with his ass. Like a fucking vice.” And Hood leans over Robin’s body to get a better view of Renegade’s hips twitching, cock sliding in and out of that pink, wet mouth, of Robin’s cheeks hollowing, of his jaw moving, of the tight nubs they’re both absently working.

In a calculated move, Renegade gives Hood a wink, and they both draw back, leave just the tips in him, gets a low noise for the effort, and fuck back into him with a vengeance.

“That’s right, little birdie. Found yer sweet spot, yeah?”

And the strokes inside him are long and firm and fast, his spot abused by each one, making the pressure in his belly start to burn.

Renegade keeps up with a smooth, steady pace, sliding over his tongue, spilling pre-come in his throat, staring down as he pants, watching Robin take every fucking inch.

He’s moaning around the width in his mouth, in his throat, trying to suck, trying to scream while his cock throbs and the R still partly on his chest gleams in the night.

Hood’s balls slapping against his ass, and Renegade panting, groaning out above him, and a gloved hands fists him at the base, starts stroking him in time with the hits to his spot.

And the rhythm is driving, pound, rushing, his pulse racing in his ears, struggling to get a breath, but it’s all too much more more more that he can’t think past the need to come, whimpering in his throat when he can, trying to move his hips up into the fist pumping him and down into the pound thrusts driving him closer and closer to the edge.

“That’s right, give it up, Robin,” Renegade pants, groans down at him, working his hips, fucking into that throat, “you’re gonna take everything we give you.”

Hood draws back to fuck in hard, tightening his hand down, "an' when ya go back ta the Bat, fucked outta yer mind n' full a' our come, yer gonna remember just what cha get when ya stick yer nose where it don't belong.”

Renegade bites down on his lower lip, hips moving, his cock giving a hard throb in Robin's mouth. “You know we’re going to make sure this lessons sticks, make sure you know what happens to bad little birdies.”

Robin screams around Renegade’s cock when the fist working him speeds up, and hips ground into deep. He tries to move, to get more, but he’s helplessly caught.

When Renegade leans down over him, talks low and feral, fucking into his mouth with fast, hard jerks, getting harder against his tongue, when it’s those blue eyes with the haze of need and want, (when it’s Dick talking to him), when the words, “come for us, baby,” are breathed so soft and fond, his body lets go, the knot of tension exploding, sending tingling pleasure from his ass to his cock to his nipples and spreads out until his eyes are rolling back
in his head and all he can do is suck Renegade’s come down his throat.

“Fuck, baby,” (Is Jay instead of–) Hood yells to the night sky, Robin’s body milking him, tightening down so hard, so fast, so wet, that he comes with a jolt, burying himself deep to fill the vigilante up.

And while Gotham remains completely serene at this time of night, three (two, technically) caped crusaders are laying out on the roof of the Mylar building in a tangle of limbs, panting and weak, and so amazingly sated.

Boneless and content not to move another inch in his life, Tim manages to slide a gloved hand out of the knot made from the cape, and wipe his mouth, absently keeping track of his heart rate.

Dick is curled around his upper body, idly running fingers through his hair, the Renegade costume zipped half-way up his chest so he doesn’t get a whole lot of roof rash. On his other side, Jay has a heavy arm over his bare hips, a leg thrown over his and the Kevlar feels just as good on bare skin as it always does.

“That? Was fucking amazing,” he murmurs, drowsy, shivering slightly now that he realizes he’s pretty much naked on a roof in the middle of the city after being fucked out of his mind, and somehow–

This is his life.

So, it’s good when his vigilante boyfriends recover enough to maybe get them the hell off this roof before people like, office staff start coming into the Mylar’s upper floors for work.

Dawn is riding the horizon when he’s pulled to his feet and wrapped in Robin’s cape, rocking a toga to cover the torn suit and tunic, and carried off by his vigilante boyfriends so he can be absolutely lazy and just lay back while Dick then Jay take him flying.

He has to make his body work when maneuvering through the window on shaky legs because things like serotonin are leaving the building. Jay gives the helmet a toss in pretty much the direction of the kitchen table before he unabashedly picks Tim up by the back of the thighs, and lets their doctor squawk but still flops his upper body over Jay’s shoulder.

Dick has the Renegade suit hanging off his hips, moving around the kitchen bare-chested, blue eyes outlined by the domino, making coffee that is desperately, desperately needed.

“I’ll be there in a sec! I was promised cuddles, Jay, and I expect you two to deliver.”

“Bath first, Big Wing. Gotta let Timmy take a soak. Getcha ass in here so’s we can wash ‘im but good.” The abrupt smack and corresponding yelp from the direction of the bathroom makes Dick smirk and quickly scoop the grounds in while trying to get a glove off with his teeth.

“‘Sides, might need ta give Sweets one more go ‘round, you feel me here, Dickie?”

“Wh-what?! How do you even expect me to get hard right now?!”

The water is running in Tim’s massive tub (the real benefit to the apartment after all), and the sounds of Kevlar and Nomac sliding off of skin a soft sigh when Dick comes to join them. He takes a very long, beautiful moment to appreciate Jay's back and ass before focusing on their adorable civilian boyfriend lazily laying back to wait for them.
“You know, Timmy,” is followed up by a very Dick Grayson smile, all full of bedroom eyes and promise, “we do have our ways.”

So if the tub sloshes over, and the neighbors complain about the noise this time of day (again), none of it really matters. If maybe there might be...another suit buried in the back of their closet a few days later, if maybe he takes more detours when his boys are on the job and he can have time to scout hiding places and perfectly sized niches, when he can calculate more routes and moves.

He’s going to say, it’s always good to have a plan because of things like bleeding vigilantes—you know, on my fire escape. But in reality, it’s because now that he’s worn the tunic, flown through Gotham, he’s pretty damn sure he’s got enough skill to make them work a hell of a lot harder for it—

*Next time.*

Chapter End Notes

I am absurdly proud of this. So let me know what you think ;)}
Ask! Dr.Stark, Captain America, and the Winter Soldier

Chapter Summary

The real Steve Rogers and James Barnes are one hundred times more everything than Howard ever described, their loyalty, bravery, strength, and sass, all of it (and wow is Tony in trouble). They were human and silly and nerdy and terrible at disguises. They bleed for the safety of the world, have survived impossible odds, and Tony is such a goner, it’s truly and utterly pathetic.

Chapter Notes

A cute little swerve in the Dr!Tim universe. Anon wanted to know a little more about how Tony, Steve, and Bucky became a thing in this world, so I’m just saying to hell with the rules and mixing the two worlds a bit. There may not be an Avengers per say, but there def *is* Captain America with his bestie and boyfriend, the Winter Soldier. Ah, so cuteness and smut alert.

Anonymous said:

1) Winter, anyone ever tell you that you’re a gem? I’ve recently TUMBLED into the rabbit hole that is Stuckony, and found your Dr!Tony spinoff from your Dr!Tim verse (which is just beautiful btw). And? Winter? It KILLS me I LOVE me a good badass civilian Tony. I breathe it like air. After Steve’s little recovery post-surgery, I just need to know- do we get super soldiers finding any and all excuses to wind up on Tony’s exam table, or is Tony just suddenly the routine Super Soldier Doc, or

2) is the next time they meet bc Tony needs a super soldier or two? What roles do the other Avengers play in this verse? Does Tony find himself rounding random corners and finding bleeding super spies and shit just lying around? Sorry for so many questions, I’m just a sucker for civilian!Tony

So much love to bad ass civilian Tony, just *so much*. I’m right there with you! Ah, a while ago, I was writing a Stuckony thing called ‘Forward Momentum’ just to get back to writing again, you know, just feeling things out before I jumped to the Batfam, and well, there’s a chapter from it that Tony is just *so* kick ass without the suit that made me so damn *proud*, lol. Old fics I haven’t updated in too long >.< (coughcoughFracture –Iknowtheguiltyisreal–
ANYWAY. So the little Dr. Stark thing and how he the heck he worked his way back into what is essentially my take on the MCU’s Avengers without being Iron Man.

So, I don’t think Tony could realistically spend the whole week with Bucky and Steve, not so soon after meeting them, but I think he would agree to several dinner/lunch/coffee dates, and spend insane amounts of time looking at the two of them across the table in a terrible 24-hour diner they both swear by. He’s with them until two in the morning the first night, and it’s going to be a pattern until they have to go back to the compound in DC.

Just international terrorists organizations to stomp. The usual.

And you know, I’ve thought a bit about this because it would make all kinds of sense if SHIELD decided to ask Dr. Stark to be a consultant on their Medical Team for the strangest cases (Super Soldier DNA and such since Fury promised him the data they have on the Serum, or well, alien saliva burns are a bitch and how do we treat this? Ah, Tony Stark is here, crisis averted), and general brain traumas that the Avengers could possibly have.

(Clint has a concussion every other Mission. Seriously.)

When Fury learns Tony had been in the city when a massive battle was going down against terrible invading bad guys, and had pretty much thrown himself out into the streets of New York to get people out of the way and run his ass through the destruction looking for anyone injured, helping emergency response crews, throwing down diagnoses, because it’s utter fucking chaos.

(Tim gets it honest. Falling bridge? Fuck that. New York was almost decimated. Yet again.)

When Fury sees the footage of Tony running almost into the middle of the main fight, tracking him when he dodges back and goes for some civilians hiding behind a fighting Captain America and Falcon, throws a kid on his back, and gets them the hell away, he gets a little better about Stark being the physician for the Avengers Initiative.

He and Banner are the only ones that can touch Barnes’ arm and walk away without permanent damage. Tony, while he is a genius and is a mechanical engineering prodigy, chooses medicine because it is his passion rather than his best skill I think, so when he and Bruce Banner work together, Tony gives opinions on not only the neural net connections and nerve reconstructions, the biological functions the arm is trying to mimic, but he also picks up a screwdriver and gently nudges Bruce out of the way to go to work.

Widow keeps getting burns from her current Bites, but he treats the injuries first, and then looks at her tech to see why it keeps doing that to her.

Clint likes to banter and bullshit with him while he’s seeing to the others or, well, while Tony’s patching him up with absolutely beautiful stitches.

Wanda likes his bedside manner, probably, and just rolls her eyes when her brother Pietro outrageously flirts with the surgeon right in front of the Captain and Winter Soldier.

“You have a death wish.”

“I like to live dangerously, and he’s very hot, Sister. Tell me you haven’t noticed?”

I think in the next battle, Tony will be the one to calm down the Hulk by holding up a small,
single strip and offer it up.

It’s a Hello Kitty band-aid, and the deadly rage monster calmly extends his pinkie finger with a slight scratch for Dr. Stark to fix the band-aid to while he talks softly, affectionately, and effectively calms the beast. He’s grinning up, and asking if the Hulk had any other owies because he has more. Not a problem. He has a few Minnie Mouse in his pocket, too.

It makes Bruce Banner blink at him in the dazed aftermath, the Hulk calm enough to let go of control.

(Bruce left the band-aid on until the next day. He shakes his head when he sees it, but the Big Guy really likes it.)

I think somewhere between these little emergencies in which the team could just really use his help (because these mutated wasps hurt like a bitch. Ow, ow. Tell me I’m not going to die, Tony.), he can still do his thing as a premiere brain surgeon and work on medical technology in his lab.

But babe. Babe. His office is in the New York branch of Stark Medical, and since SI built Stark Tower in the epicenter with the top ten floors empty (except for his Penthouse at the very top), he can absolutely make the offer of those floors for the Avengers’ use.

(coughcoughMarvel616referencecoughcough)

It would bring them right in the heart of criminal bad guy/alien/monsters attack areas instead of them out in DC. And in the Tower, I don’t know, however many floors are all Stark Medical with so many empty, it would really be a win-win for everyone (or so he tells Pepper when he mentions it). There were also several floors available for SHIELD agents to set-up shop with the team.

Before he offers the space to Fury, he gets a nice surprise when two Super Soldiers show up from DC to take him out for a night on the town. Just by looking at the dark circles under his eyes, the strain in his tense shoulders, they both push a few of those physical boundaries. Bucky lays a hand on the back of his neck and Steve gives him the most effective puppy dog eyes in existence in order to get a hug. They tell him he needs to rest and relax and they can all go out another time. Tony smirks a little, gets pink in the cheeks when he offers an alternative. Maybe a movie night instead? …At his place? You know he lives in an architectural masterpiece at the center of the city. They haven’t been in the Tower before, so they can come…check it out.

Since Bucky is already half in-love with this unrepentant smart ass, and Steve gets more pink in the cheeks whenever Tony looks at them and smiles, gives them his complete attention, the two soldiers absolutely agree a movie night would be incredible and walk him out of New York General Hospital with terrible disguises and stars in their eyes.

(They have the best of intentions. Well, maybe Steve does.)

Movie night is such a win. Popcorn, comfy sweats, Star Wars, and more talking, eating, throwing food, laughing, and just living than he’s done in a while. It’s amazing and incredible and Tony is living some kind of dream. His childhood heroes are so much more than he ever could have realized when he was reading comic books and listening to Howard drone on with the same stories year after year after year while he got thinner, angrier, more grey, and more stressed.
The real Steve Rogers and James Barnes are one hundred times more everything than Howard ever described, their loyalty, bravery, strength, and sass, all of it (and wow is Tony in trouble). They were human and silly and nerdy and terrible at disguises. They bleed for the safety of the world, have survived impossible odds, and Tony is such a goner, it’s truly and utterly pathetic.

Cue wrestling for popcorn, and Tony lands right on top of Bucky, smacking into his chest, faces inches apart, eyes wide while his brain scrambles on whether he should move, quickly, or just sink down and relax right into the curve of Bucky’s body, see how well they could fit together.

A split second before he knows what’s going to happen, those grey eyes slide down to his mouth and back up just once. From there, he’s flipped over on his back before he can catch a breath and Bucky is laying between his legs on the floor, lowering his head for the first kiss—and Tony makes a noise that could be yes or finally.

He’s so completely out of his element here (because face it, his last threesome was probably with models during his hazy days or something and the last time he’d been with a man more than ten years ago), but Bucky and Steve don’t overwhelm him, just, you know, take turns.

It’s probably in this scene, in his Penthouse with the lights softly casting the room in half-shadows and the TV playing the rolling credits on low, that he really gets an idea of how much they want.

“I’m really not a cheap date,” he gasps while Steve is sucking at his throat from behind, “but I am absolutely easy when it comes to Super Soldiers apparently.”

“Tell us t’ stop an’ we will,” Bucky swears against his mouth, “not gonna do something ya ain’t ready fer, Doll. We can just do this,” hands slide up his back, splayed wide, “clothes on, being easy ‘bout it.”

“I was about to say the same thing to you two,” he counters, sliding his hand further up Bucky’s shirt, the other gripping Steve’s thigh right beside his ass.

Steve groans against his throat when Tony’s hand tightens.

“I know it hasn’t been very long,” the captain mutters against his throat, “but this…Tony, this feels so right.” And his big hands span Tony’s waist right under his shirt, stilling, not going as far as he’s desperate to go.

With a last kiss to Bucky’s pink mouth, Tony turns so he can have Steve, kissing him soft and slow, trying to ease the captain into it. It’s so hot when Steve presses against his lips, opens his mouth, that Tony is having a hard time keeping his hips still (pun definitely intended).

They get a little lost in the kiss, deep and wet and God, more that Tony is dazed when Steve finally pulls back, panting against his mouth, and uses a hand in his hair to turn him back to Bucky for another.

“We’re going to be careful, I promise,” is breathed into his skin when shirts come off first, and they’ve made it halfway across his living room floor on the way to the bedroom.

He’s straddling Steve’s lap, rolling his hips so he can rub his ass against the obvious erection while sucking marks into Bucky’s collar bone, one arm around the soldier’s back to keep him close.
(The metal hand in his hair is literally the *hottest thing* he’s ever felt, but there’s a sneaking suspicion he’s going to be in for the ride of his life.)

Tony pulls back from Bucky, smirking at his handiwork (but honestly, those marks will fade in less than an hour. He’s their *doctor*, so he’s already calculated the rate of healing for them), and gives Steve a mocking glare.

“Hey, hey, hey. I may not be a superhero, but I’m not made of glass, Captain! I like being roughed up a little,” his wink is totally sexy enough for Steve to get even *more* pink, and a free hand wanders over Steve’s hard dick straining against his zipper, gives it a brief squeeze.

Bucky turns him back for a quick kiss, shoves his tongue in Tony’s mouth just for a taste of the doctor before he pulls back. “Ain’t…ain’t what Stevie’s tryin’ t’ say. We…you know we’re strong, Baby. Don’t wanna getcha hurt when all’s we wanna do is make ya feel nice.”

“I’ve seen you lift a *tank*, you know.”

“‘At’s the point.”

“I’ll, *fuck*!” He pants, eyes fluttering when Steve’s big palm rubs over him, works against him.

Bucky laughs, eyes light with mirth, “sure hope so.”

“I-I mean I’ll say something if it gets too rough, okay? Can we *please* take off the pants now?!”

Bucky groans against his throat and Steve grips his thigh to start a rhythm to make Tony just *that* much more insane.

And they’re going to be fucking *beautiful*, babe. Down to Tony worshipping the scars on Bucky’s shoulder with his mouth while running the fingers of one hand down the forearm of this technological *masterpiece*.

Down to Steve lifting him up like he weighs nothing, spreading his thighs with both hands to lift his entire body up, legs over those massive shoulders, so Steve could bury his face right in–

It’s *impossibly* sexy that Steve can hold him that high up without effort while Tony’s squirming and moaning because *that* feels *fantastic*.

(*Never in his wildest imagination did he ever think he’d be naked and panting while Captain America moans against his ass and rimmed him like he was protecting American values – with pride. “If you’re going to do something, do it well.” God, please give him the Eating Ass Medal because Steve is earning it.*)

Tony’s thighs are tight, but he can lay back because Steve’s braces him with one hand as the other holds him *open*.

He absolutely misses the part where Bucky drops to his knees and sucks Steve’s cock like *dessert*, too lost in the movement of Steve’s mouth to notice much more than *not falling*.

Next thing he knows, he’s sprawled over Steve’s legs on his massive bed big enough for three, sucking him down with enthusiasm while Bucky takes enough time to work him open, being so absurdly *careful* about it.
Tony’s mouth is full or he’d be sternly telling the Winter Soldier to hurry it up and more, give me more.

But Steve’s big hand on the back of his neck is almost too much to take, and Tony can’t help but wind his arms under the Captain’s thighs and pull him further into his mouth, hips working against Bucky’s fingers. His moans are muffled by Steve’s cock, but he really doesn’t think it’s a problem.

He gets thrown on his back abruptly, Steve making a high-pitched noise when he’s pretty much pulled off him, and Bucky is holding him under the knees, pulling him close enough.

“Yes, yes, yes, please!” The surgeon moans, letting himself be controlled, arching into the hold.

It takes less time than he’s comfortable admitting for Bucky to get him close. To distract himself, he reaches out for Steve’s hand, pulls the soldier over his body to straddle his chest, lean over him so he can get his mouth full again, taking the short, stuttered thrust of Steve’s hips.

And while they work him at both ends, while Steve braces on one hand so the other can cup the back of Tony’s head, while Bucky buries himself to the hilt and tries not to come, while Tony wiggles his hips and clutches down, hollows his cheeks and uses his tongue, the heat, the want, the need between the three of them just climbs higher, hotter, more.

He has one soldier wrecking his ass and another fucking his mouth.

(He wants them so much. Want to take care of them, hold them, love them, call them his own – but it’s too soon for that isn’t it? Their lives are too unpredictable for anything but just having fun. It’s not something that can realistically last.)

A hand wraps around his straining dick, makes him almost scream against Steve’s cock fucking his throat, one hand leaves Steve’s hip to grip the forearm attached to the hand working him, holds on to ground himself.

“So good, so good, Baby Doll,” he faintly hears Bucky moan, “gettin’ too close. M’ gonna fill ya up, make ya come on my dick.”

“Me too, Tony,” Steve pants out, hips working, “so close. God, your mouth–” so Tony gives him flicks of his tongue to make it that much better.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, c’mon, gotta come–”

“Come for us, Tones. Come on–”

“So pretty, baby, so tight ‘round m’ cock. Gonna give it ta ya but good.”

“Tony, Tony!”

His hips jerk, his body tightening down when he does come, the sharp spikes of pleasure running over his nerve endings, helpless noises against the cock in his mouth because Bucky just fucks him through his orgasm before burying deep and filling him up, just as advertised.

Steve’s hips stutter, spilling down his throat, the cry beautifully hoarse when he finally finishes. Considering both super soldiers look just as fucked-out as he does boosts his already sizable ego right into outer space somewhere.
He manages to get enough strength in his knees to wobble upright, pulling out of weak hands to start the water in his giant bathtub.

It’s really saying something that he’s the one cajoling them up off the bed, smiling down at dazed eyes, pulling an arm over his shoulder to get first Bucky in and then Steve. The two super soldiers let out similar moans when he helps them slide down into the warm water and argue who gets to help wash him. The whole thing ends with him between the two of them so Bucky can wash his front and Steve his back. The tentative touch to his ass makes him bite down on his lower lip.

Bucky’s metal hand pauses, those eyes narrow, “Baby Doll…”

“I’m fine,” Tony rushes, gasping when fingers play along the span between his balls and ass, “just feels good. Really good.”

“Oh?” Steve leans in to breathe against the back of his neck. Those fingers move back to tease. “Maybe time for my turn, Tony?”

Hands on his hips (because he’s not sure who is touching him) tighten down, another finding him under the water, and the prominent, world-renown surgeon shakes.

“As long as Bucky Bear in my mouth is part of the plan, I’m on board,” he turns to look at Steve over his shoulder, gets a hot kiss in return.

“Better call ya office, Tony,” Bucky laughs, working him back to hardness, leaning up to lick the water from his chest, “tell ‘em ya need some time off since we’re gonna wreck that ass.”

Tony’s laugh gets smothered by more kisses while water sloshes around him and the only sounds are water lazily lapping and soft moans. And in between the wonderful when he’s blissed out, talking low to his super soldiers in his bed big enough for all three of them, when they finally drop off to sleep spooned around him, Dr. Stark can run his fingers idly through blonde and brown hair and wonder how this amazing turn of events has become his life.
Chapter Summary

They need a night off because the vigilante life is *killing* them.

So, he makes a plan.

Chapter Notes

Ah, I think I headcanon for this ‘verse that the beginning of their relationship, Dick and Jay kind of retreated to their respective places when the stress and fuckery of being a crime fighter gets overwhelming. When it’s a bad night, Dick goes to his apartment and cleans like mad or stares emptily at the television. For hours. Jay hits up his favorite and most secret safe house. A place with his books so he can lose himself and try to fight the Pit back without putting anyone else in harm’s way, you feel me?

With the surge in crime over the past month, Tim starts seeing the signs immediately and on the down-low. Dick’s bad knee gives him more fits than usual, even if he tries to play it off. Jay’s eyes are showing more green than blue some nights, even snuggled up to them in bed.

The nightmares are progressing, Dick moaning softly in his sleep, Jay trying to wait it out until he’s exhausted enough to pass out cold without dreaming.

*(He made the mistake of lightly touching Dick on the arm and got backhanded as a result, the hit waking both of them immediately.)*

*It’s hot fire along his jaw, but he grabs Dick to stop the babbled apologies, keeps him from getting out of bed and backing away. For the rest of the night, he clenches both of them against his chest tightly, refuses to let go.*

*It only helps wipe the guilty look on Dick’s face marginally.*)
They need a night off because the vigilante life is *killing* them.

So, he makes a *plan*.

Looking in the bathroom mirror, Tim adjusts a stupid piece of hair that keeps getting in his eyes and fiddles with the cuff links again. He picks an imaginary piece of lint off the sharp suit lapels and gives himself one last critical glance before turning off the light.

He’s already double-checked the reservations, sent the two very carefully chosen garment bags to Dick’s apartment, and has the promise of Superman himself no one is going to bother them tonight.

*(It was easy, he’s got leverage against the Kryptonian after he removed those shards of terrible green rock and got to study a little alien microbiology. It comes in handy when he needs the world to leave his boyfriends the fuck alone. Also handy if he’s running late and a little super in his step gets him to Mercy General in a blink.)*

Whistling, he goes to the lower level of the building where his hardly-ever used car is covered. *(He told them he had one, they’d just never seen it.)* The engine purrs low when he fires it up and pulls out of the space, taking to Gotham’s streets with shades covering his eyes and a grin on his face while the Red Bird darts in and out of traffic like a champ.

When he sees Jay and Dick waiting for him on the corner by Dick’s apartment, he gets a thrill of arousal at the sharp suits outlining his very sexy vigilante boyfriends.

*(Not the only ones that appreciate a fine suit.)*

The first few buttons are undone at Jay’s throat, making him want to lick the enticing span of skin, and Dick has the tie perfect enough that he wants to use it to pull his taller significant other in for a deep kiss. Restraint is really not his strong point right now, but he manages to get out of the car and open the doors for his boys with a flourish.

“My chariot, gentlemen.”

Jay whistles at the Lotus and gives him a long, sultry look, keeps the kiss chaste by the smallest margin. He slides in the back, splays his big body all over the leather seat, that small smirk too much *inviting*. Dick’s eyes are beautifully warm, and the kiss is sweet with a hand on his jaw, thumbing where the bruise has already faded, the other palming his ass. Almost in Jay’s face.

Both of them watch him shift through the gears smoothly, commenting on how sweet the car is, how much they like the suits, how cute he looks in his own.

*(How they needed this.)*

He laughs and drives faster when Jay eggs him on, taking the Crusoe Bridge out of town like they’re flying.

He talks and banters with Dick’s hand on his thigh and Jay’s reaching between the seats to run fingers up the sensitive underside of his wrist.

When they Metropolis, he stops at the amazing restaurant, gives the valet his keys, and offers each an arm.

He knows he’s playing it right when Jay slides a hand in the crook of his elbow and squeezes
while Dick does the absolute same.

The table is secluded, candles and wine, high-class and secluded without being stiff or stuffy, the perfect place for both his boyfriends to be at least somewhat at ease. (He fervently hopes Superman won’t get word they’re in town. He will seriously break someone’s face if anyone take them away from him tonight.)

The food is amazing and they’re all sitting close enough to feed one another. It turns into the kind of play that leads to smoldering arousal and half-mast bedroom eyes, specifically when he sucks the cream off Dick’s fingers and bites down lightly on Jay’s thumb.

He drinks water all night to make sure they don’t have any reservations about him driving, flying through the night on the open road. Jay’s in the front with him now while Dick leans between the seats, slurry and affectionate.

Both of them are buzzing a little with the wine and good food, both of them laughing and relaxed, it makes him satisfied and warm. He laughs with them, flirts outrageously, and rubs his thumb over Jay’s knuckles, just holding his hand.

Dr. Drake gives himself all the kudos for managing a romantic dinner successfully. It’s even more important he’s gotten them out of the masks for the night, given them a much-needed break.

He walks them up to Dick’s apartment, giving the illusion he’s doing it for the goodnight kisses instead of supporting them both to make sure they don’t end up falling all over their own feet.

He gets sloppy kisses while undressing them, maneuvering soft pajamas over scarred, broken skin and bandages, gently touches dark bruises while he smiles at them with soft, affectionate eyes. Glass of water for each and wrestling them down to the blankets, The Good Doctor playing on television.

When he leans down to get his last kisses of the night, Dick whines at him and makes grabby hands, but Jay just wraps both arms around his thighs and looks up with hopeful blue eyes.

His suit is probably going to get wrinkled, hung haphazardly on the back of the bathroom door, but Jay’s shirt and Dick’s sweats are more comfortable than his own clothes any night.

He distracts them from going below the waist by taking the hand and kissing each knuckle, or moving another around his neck so the body drifts more solidly against him. It’s an easy thing to shift his fingers softly through thick hair and nuzzle against a cheek. It’s easy to whisper sweet nothings while cuddled close, to tell them how proud he is to be theirs, how proud he is of their hard work, how much good they do for the city, how much he admires them, how much better they make him just by being them.

He can shake off the numb, tingly feeling in his arms the next morning more easily when both of them are still huddled against him, no nightmares driving them out of bed or in a corner where the fetal position is the only thing that can make them feel safe. He can ignore the way his heart pounds harder in his chest when he looks at their sleeping faces, and something so wonderfully precious swirls around in him until he aches.

It’s easy to gives them sleepy kisses and lingering caresses to hair and backs and faces before sliding out of bed to start coffee and make the attempt to put on something good for breakfast—
–and has a mug ready for when they stumble out of the bedroom, bleary-eyed and yawning. After this experiment, he’s planning a weekend get-away. Some nice tropical island where Drake Industries has a condo he’s only used like twice and communications are spotty so those calls from Oracle, Batman, the Titans, the Outlaws, and whoever the hell else can wait until they get back.

He’s humming to himself happily while setting out plates and adding syrup, cutting pancakes into bite-sized pieces so maybe he can, you know, feed them again. 

*(He might have discovered a new kink…)*

And he’s standing at the sink, humming to himself while cutting up strawberries to rinse off and put on top with a little whip cream, sinking into the comfortable silence and motion.

Which is how Jay comes upon him, still rocking a notorious bed-head, all kinds of dressed in their clothes, cutting strawberries by the sink with a soft, sleepy smile on his face. On their table behind him, he’s got a nice looking spread, coffee, milk, and juice ready to pour. 

It’s an instinct close to the one that’s all vigilante. An instinct to protect that hits Jason the moment he sees that smile and knows what’s making his boy happy.

*(Any fuckin’ one ever lays a hand on ya, and I’ll make ‘im scream ta die.)*

“Hey, good morning,” he puts the strawberries on the table and picks up Jay’s ‘Zombies Do It Better’ mug. He tilts his chin up for the kiss, sighing gently against Jay’s mouth when he gets it.

Dick is more clingy than normal when he’s finally drawn by the smell of breakfast, and hangs on him like a blanket to accept bites in between sips of coffee.

It’s too soon when he has to put his suit back on to leave them with the dishes washed and a nap in their immediate future. He’s got to stop at his penthouse, grab a shower and scrubs, be off on his own mission.

None of that means he wouldn’t rather climb back in bed with them and sleep off a good breakfast like a boss.

It’s no surprise when he gets a page deep into the night and leaves Steph to the crickets chirping around their ER, taking off for the roof, heart racing with what he might be coming into. He comes out in doctor mode, ready to drop to his knees and handle anything from burns to toxins to bleeding out.

The sigh of relief is caught up with the gasp of surprise when the rooftop picnic is complete with candles and a small Bluetooth speaker playing something soft and perfect for the scene. He drops his vigilante-only bag and laughs loud enough for the whole damn city to hear.
Dr!Tim: Arkham Breakout

Chapter Summary

It should have been a standard visit to Arkham Asylum. A few games of Uno with the inmates, a consultation with Dr. Fries, a few rounds of back-and-forth with Mr. Nygma. It all goes downhill when a few more members of the Rogue Gallery decide to stage a breakout.

Chapter Notes

So, there was once upon a time there was this Ask aaaaand then this Ask. Then babe asked how things are going for a certain Dr. Drake, so...you know, it’s really a standard Wednesday when he’s literally caught in the middle of a massive Arkham breakout :D

Some day, he’s really going to have to reevaluate his life choices.

Volunteering for rounds at Arkham Asylum is definitely going to be on the list for review.

Sure, at the time, no one else from Mercy General was stepping up to volunteer (honestly, you’d have to be a patient here to willingly step up for this assignment. It’s fine, he’s been called worse).

Sure, he might have gotten friendly with some of the less insanely deranged inmates because really, considering how many times some of them had come through his ER to be patched up after a confrontation with one of the Bats, it was only a matter of time before they knew him by name.

Sure, he actually started to like wandering around the halls, talking with the inmates when they weren’t clutching stab wounds, contusions, and broken everything.

Sure, he might have been doing some side research on MacGregor's Syndrome (just some fun with genetics and incurable diseases), so the guards let him talk with Victor Fries a few times. And though short, their conversations were amazing, giving him a second thought about cryogenics.

Sure, maybe he enjoyed sitting outside Poison Ivy’s cell to ask her questions about her publication on cellular regeneration in plant hybrids.

(He brought her a sad, droopy orchid in thanks. She was actually smiling when he left, so he’s already got a resource when he needs it.)

Sure, he didn’t think it was dangerous enough to mention it to Dick or Jay.
The sounds through the Bluetooth in his ear, the lowly muttered curses from the Red Hood, the muffled boot falls, the rev of a massive engine, all of it is soothing in the fact they’re on the way to help him out here. Ass-kicking vigilantes for the win. But, still.

He’s well aware there’s going to be some conversations about why the hell he’s in Arkham in the first place once this is all over.

None if it makes him feel any better about the current sitch, not when the Joker, Scarecrow, Mr. Freeze, the Clock King, and Poison Ivy are moving through Arkham Asylum’s cafeteria, looking like a whole lot of shit has hit the proverbial fan in the works.

*How do I keep getting myself in these situations?* Is the real question here.

But Dr. Drake just focuses on the emergency at hand, fumbling through his doctor’s bag for more gauze with one bloody glove since what he’s pressing against the awkward stab in Jim Newman’s belly is already saturated, and his other hand is in mid-stitch.

He gives a customary glance to where the Mad Hatter is rolling around on the floor after someone took out his face with one of the trays.

The mashed potato mess is going to be such a pain in the ass to clean up later. Tim is pretty sure the perpetrator is one of the Hatter’s previously employed thugs, probably pissed off his 401-K got cancelled when the last heist didn’t really pan out.

Really, bad guys don’t have good medical insurance. Shouldn’t that just be, you know, a requirement?

He stays hiding behind his circle of protectors with the snatch-and-stich, most of whom are still tensely watching the progression of the Rogue Gallery through the general population, probably wondering if even one of those crazy fucks has some kind of mind-altering drug, high-test explosive, or some other painful way to die hiding in their jumpsuits.

Tim tries to make it fast, feels the pressure of the situation just by glancing down at Jim’s terrified eyes rolling back while he gets his side sewn back together without general anesthesia. It probably beats bleeding out all over the floor, but Tim knows that’s little consolation. At least the scar won’t be too bad.

(Probably.)

The guard with the nasal fracture in the circle with them is crouching low, fingering his side arm, looking pretty on the edge of terrified himself at the group of other guards with their hands up, prodded in the back with their own guns by some inmates that have obviously chosen crazy to side with.

Perfect.

They’re probably all going to die.

“Well, *well*, boys. We have a golden opportunity here,” the Clown Prince of Crime chorts with his sickening smile, makes Tim literally cringe with two more to go.

Even if his hands are shaking and the comm in his ear blanks out because they must be on the way (*please, God, let them be on the way*), Tim is quiet about it when he presses a fresh gauze pad from the already opened package and tapes that sucker in place without drawing too much attention to himself.
Mike Monohan, an inmate in his circle of protectors, plays a mean game of Uno, and flicks his fist open to a flat hand, the international sign for *stay back and shut up*.

Staying back and shutting the hell up it is.

“We could have so much fun now that we have the Warden here with us,” the Joker is saying, gesturing to the narrow-eyed Warden thrown down on the floor, right on top that wasted pasta salad.

While the rest of the formerly-fighting, raging inmates are wary and listening, Tim crab-walks back, finger over his mouth aimed at Jim. Sliding his arms under the inmate’s, he slowly, quietly, starts pulling his patient back in short bursts, trying to get them under a table without catching anyone’s eyes.

Dr. Crane has found his mask, is pacing around the frozen inmates and guards with the creepy mask, and the Clock King is standing behind the Joker like some kind of Enforcer.

Dr. Fries is leaning against the wall in his suit, the freeze gun holstered.

Dr. Isley is close to him, the two of them talking low whenever the Joker’s back is turned.

Harvey Dent shoves the Warden down on the floor, gives him a very pointed *No moving, or it’s curtains* for you.

Shauna Belzer waits serenely behind the Joker, the sock puppet on her hand snickering, eyeing the inmates over his shoulder.

Temple Fugate is tapping his foot impatiently, the glint by his right side is a pocket watch.

The inmate’s face is almost white with the effort to slide under the heavy table, even with Tim to help push him under.

“Fun, boss?” One of the inmates eagerly pushes through the frozen crowd, “is it the kinda fun what might break us outta here?”

“Chucko!” The Clown seems happy to see his previous henchmen, and from his point crouching by the edge of the table, Tim can see that sick smile gets wider. “If you aren’t a sight for sore eyes.”

“Hiya, boss,” the orange-clad henchmen seems just as happy to see the villain, “M’ sorry Mister Joker, but the cops took away my mask.”

“That’s all right, Chucko! The Gotham City Police never did have much of a sense of humor, but we’re all going to have a little fun before we break out of here anyway, huh huh huh.” It’s kind of sick how the Joker pats the henchmen on top the head like a dog, even worse considering the henchmen grins dopily back.

“As long as we stay on our time table,” Fugate interjects, “we have approximately one hour and thirty-seven minutes before the next shift arrives. Less if anyone makes it to the control room and radios for help. The, we will have Police and Special Forces descend upon us. Not to mention the Bat and his brats.”

“Hu-hu-hu, I guess you’ll have to keep an eye on the time, then, won’t you, Tempy?”

The Ventriloquists’ sock scrunches up, “we need to be out of here as soon as possible, Clown.
I have a very important person to pick-up out of a locker in the bus station.” Which explains the sock instead of the creepy puppet, Ferdie.

Two-Face sneers at the circle of inmates effectively shielding the shaky doctor from first glance, turns to look at the gathering of other super villains, “I want out of this shit-show, Joker. I don’t get out, you are gonna have a bad fucking time on the inside. Any questions?”

But unruffled as ever, the Clown Prince of Crime just smiles at the group, eyes taking in the terror from half of the inmates, “of course, of course, Harv. We all want out, don’t we? And we’re going to do just that!...After we have play a little game with the Warden and his numbskull guards. Won’t that be worth sticking around?”

A hand tugs at Dr. Drake’s scrubs, and he glances down at the injured inmate, his eyes probably wide and terrified as he feels hearing the Joker talk about shit like games—(Not fun for the whole family. Really, just your faces getting cut off, no big deal.)

“– gotta get to the infirmary and hide,” Jim hisses up at him, “who knows what they’ll do to ya. All of ‘em are nuts.”

“I can’t just leave,” he whispers back, eyes for the real problems here.

“Doc, there’s nothin’ you can do against these guys. They’re the real deal, and they will straight up murder you. I work for Two-Face, and you don’t wanna dick around with him.”

He’s listening, but his eyes are all for Fugate helping Jervis Tetch to his feet, trying to see if he’d broken his face in the first round of rioting–

And the idea, the plan, on how he could get everyone in this cafeteria out of this alive is right in his brain pan. Risky, but really the only shot he can think of.

“Stay down no matter what,” he tells Jim, pats the inmate’s hand gripping the hem of his scrub top, “I think I’ve got a way out of this.”

His legs shaking, knees knocking, Tim pulls away from Jim’s grip and takes a few steps closer to the inmates hiding him. He pockets the comm in his ear, leaving it on for when his vigilante boyfriends might actually make an appearance.

He takes a deep, trembly breath, watches intently as Fries walks over to look at what is obviously a very broken face.

“He probably has a nasal fracture,” Tim says loudly, cringing internally when everyone, everyone turns and stares right at him. “I’m a doctor. I can help.”

Mike is glaring at him, eyes narrowing in displeasure that he gave himself away, but, you know, thwarting break-out attempts means he needs to be able to move around the baddies.

None of that stops the painful lurch in his chest when that sick grin is absurdly delighted.

“Oh! I guess that answers that question, doesn’t it?” The Joker throws his head back to start laughing.

“What question?” One of the inmates interrupts the maniacal peals of laughter, looking around confused.
The shiny barrel, one of the guard’s side pieces, goes off like a bomb exploding, and the body drops with a hard thud in the sudden silence.

“That’ll teach you. Never ruin the punchline!”

And that sickeningly delighted grin turns on him, the barrel with a whisp of smoke still curling from the barrel.

“And as for you, well, I suppose there is a doctor in the house!” The laughter is loud and manic, echoing off the walls, a cacophony of insanity.

But.

Tim sees Victor Fries straighten noticeably, and hopes that maybe he can play his cards right to avoid getting himself killed.

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“This is really going to hurt. There might be pain meds in the Infirmary, but I have no idea. I’m not permanent staff here,” he tells Jervis Tetch and Temple Fugate, gloved up at, looking critically at the mess that is currently the Mad Hatter’s face. “We can also check if they have a portable X-Ray because you are seriously going to need it.”

Tim clicks off the penlight and palpates the swollen area gently, “from what I can tell without any secondary evidence to support it, is you have a crack in the maxillary, which is why your eye is almost swollen shut. Yes, the swelling will go down, but cracking a bone this close to your eye could mean shards are going to cause more problems than you would want to deal with if you like being able to see.”

And even if the Mad Hatter is–


– his squashed face is obviously panicked.

“If you are a doctor as you say, then you will fix it – or you shall pay.”

“Mr. Tetch, I don’t know if Arkham is even equipped to do major surgery. Without the right tools, I could run the risk of permanently blinding you.”

He finally releases the swollen area, completely bullshitting with a straight face and intense eyes (he’s done more complex surgeries in a few back alleys and rooftops, but no one really needs to know those details), pointedly takes the villain’s pulse while glancing at his watch.

“But not to even mention your risk of infection here. Considering the number of organic material that could get into an incision on your face, it’s too much of a risk here at Arkham. There’s a reason why the Warden stopped allowing major surgery on inmates twenty years ago. One of them being nearly impossible to keep a sterile enough room in tact after the many escape attempts.”

Temple Fugate makes a strangled noise he covers up with a cough.

“Next issue is appropriate staffing. You’ve got RN’s, psychiatrists, one other medical doctor. But to be honest with you, Dr. Isley would be the best choice to keep you under during general anesthesia, taking her knowledge of chemicals into account, I mean. But, we run the
risk of infection since her current state was caused by a combination of pesticides. That is not enough people to assist during major surgery and monitor your vitals while you’re under. If you code while you’re on my table, I don’t have enough qualified people to bring you back.”

While the Mad Hatter goes pale, blinking his good eye, Tim folds his arms over his chest and gives the villain his most sincere look.

“Your best bet to save vision in that eye is to take two inmates in an Ambulance and have them drop you at the hospital. They can say you got in a fight and the on-call here told them to get you to Gotham General immediately. Their OR has more state-of-the-art equipment than Mercy, and they could reconstruct your ethmoid flawlessly.”

He breaks a disposable ice pack and works it with his gloved hands, gently applies it to the area, and picks up the villain’s limp hand to hold it himself.

Jervis tries to slouch his eyebrows down, but flinches at the pain radiating from his injury, holds the ice pack tighter.

“After all those fights with the Bats, this certainly won’t be my last.” The neuroscientist mutters to himself, “Very well, Doctor, I’ll take my business into the city as you suggest, but don’t think this gets you any immunity from that pest.” And well meaning head nod to the Joker, gun still at his side while the Warden of Arkham is tied to a support pole in the center of the cafeteria.

“Perish the thought,” he closes up his doctor’s bag, giving the villain a wave before going back to where the inmates injured in the dinnertime scuffle were laid out on tables waiting for him. He figures it’s fine because he’s pretty sure he know how to handle that guy. (Again.)

He leaves Fugate and Tetch to talk out the details, relieved neither of them realizing he dropped the tiny tracking device from his stethoscope in the band of Tetch’s hat when he turned the villain’s face to look closely at his injury.

He’s on his way to his next emergency because Jim is breathing hard and rapidly losing color, surrounded by four other inmates, but the dangerous gangster slash lawyer hovering by Jim’s hand is the real danger, not the muck they call potato salad still painting the walls.

“All right, let me through,” while he’s sliding between Rodney the Hammer (for obvious reasons) and poker-playing macrame enthusiast, Big Earl McCalister (a name from Jay’s life in the Narrows).

He re-gloves, puts his Arkham-specific bag down by Jim’s shoulder and unwinds the steth to check the usuals.

“Doc,” is the deep rasp of Two-Face’s I’m not happy tone. “This is one of my guys, you get me?”

“Read you like a book,” he replies without looking up, checking the skin around his stitches, “none of that changes the fact I don’t have what I need to help him.”

Tim curses softly, eyes going to Jim’s, noting the profuse sweating. The blade went in at least two inches, so they could be looking at intestinal perforation, which he is no way equipped to handle in the fucking cafeteria of Arkham Asylum. He could possibly do a peritoneal
lavage verify fluid out of his bowel is spilling into his abdominal cavity, but the slight swelling and discoloration are sure signs Jim needs laparoscopic surgery.

*Now.*

“I need you to listen to me,” he starts haltingly, but a hand on his forearm stops Dr. Drake *cold.*

Like he’s in a horror movie, his eyes go to where Two-Face has leaned over the injured thug on the table, and the ruined side of his face is prominent enough for him to see the excessive scarring.

“Yer gonna tell us what you need to take care of my man here,” is a *not-fucking-around* kind of dangerous, making Tim suck in a deep, deep breath just to try and keep himself calm. *(They’re on their way. They’re coming for him. They wouldn’t leave him here.)*

“He needs an actual hospital with medical staff,” falls out of his mouth firmly, “I don’t have the people or equipment or the surgical staff I need to operate on him here. What I can tell you is that his lower intestines have probably been punctured, and he’s going to die of sepsis shock in less than an hour if we can’t get him into an OR.”

The sickly yellow eye narrows on him, assessing, and the pilfered gun in the gangster’s other hand makes a soft *click.*

“There’s an ambulance here somewhere. Arkham has one for emergencies. Your guys can take it to Gotham General and no one would be the wiser,” Tim shrugs and looks back down at his patient. “As is, you can threaten me all you want, but attempting surgery *here,* is only going to end up in infection and probably death. I have no supplies of blood, IV fluids, antibiotics, or qualified staff. The nurses and MDs you do have here are good, but not trained at all for major abdominal surgery. There’s no way I can open him up and repair the perforation without killing him.”

And it’s a tense moment when Tim finally looks up at the gangster’s face, his own jaw set

“That’s gonna get ‘im out,” and Two-Face looks down at Jim Newman’s face.

Jim, eyes glassy with pain, reaches out a bloody hand, “‘Face?”

“Yeah, yeah. No worries, Jimmy. We’re gonna take care a’ ya.” And in what is an *impossible*-to-predict move, the burned side of the gangster’s face tries to lift up in a half-smile.

“M-My little Tracey, ‘Face. If I don’t—”

“Hey,” and it’s Tim drawing the sluggish eyes, “we’re going to get you taken care of, right?” And he glances up at Two-Face, swallowing hard, but keeping his gaze steady.

“Yeah,” the mass murderer looks back at him, an assessing *something* in his bulging eye, “yeah, we are. You, Doc, you gonna tell my man Vinnie what ‘cha need, and he’s gonna get it.”

The hulking thug still in his orange jumpsuit steps up to Jim’s side while Two-Face makes his exit, going straight for the laughing mad man gleefully shoving pies in the Warden’s face.

“Is your real name Vinnie?” Because *honestly,* his mouth is going to get him every damn
time.

The thug just smiles.

Welp, okay then. “I need a gurney to transport him to the ambulance. I’m going to check his wound and re-wrap it.”

He’s already reaching in the bag for more gauze pads, pulling back the layers he’d already applied, checks the skin around the stitches, wishes he had a cuff to get Jim’s systolic pressure but estimates it’s down to 80 and dropping.

All it takes is for Vinnie to nod and two lackeys are scrambling to get down to the infirmary.

“Thought...thought I told ya ta get gone, Doc,” Jim wheezes, gritting his teeth as Tim gentle presses just his fingertips against the slight swell.

“Couldn’t leave you,” he replies without looking away.

After long seconds when he hurriedly pulls a syringe and antibiotic, hoping to give them some time then scrambles for a notepad and pen, scribbles instructions quickly while muttering aloud, “administered augmentin...probable perforation of intestine or bowel…”

He scribbles something at the very bottom and tears the paper off his notepad, slides it in Jim’s jumpsuit pocket.

“Make sure the ER doctors get that. It tells them what I’ve already given you so they don’t mix other antibiotics or painkillers.”

He pointedly ignores the fight breaking out between Two-Face and the Joker, but notices Vinnie turns completely away to watch the proceeding shouting match ending in guns pointed at other another.

“Fuckin’ stand down Clown, or I’m gonna make ya a stain.”

“C’mon Harve! Where’s your sense of humor? Ha ha ha haaa!”

“He’s going to get us out of here you ass!” Crane shoves his creepy mask right in Two-Faces peripheral, something probably dangerous clenched in the fist behind his leg.

“We can get ourselves out,” Belzer replies serenely, “we’ve all done it before after all.”

“That means we need to get going,” Fugate is pulling Tetch along with an arm over his shoulder, the other holding the ice pack against his face. The pocket watch makes an appearance, and Tim tapes fresh gauze pads down, mentally preparing to roll Jim off the table and shove it over if bullets start flying.

(Please, please, please hurry.)

Vinnie seems to get the tension suddenly in the room, milling inmates all freezing in place, eyes for the boatload of crazy in the center of the cafeteria by the salad bar.

“But we were just starting to have some fun!” The Joker almost screams, gesturing wildly with the gun to the hacking Warden.

“As usual,” Dr. Isley sighs, calmly walking in the middle of the two villains in the middle of the showdown, “you aren’t using your brain.”
“C’mon Red! I know you want to get out and visit our little Harl, but we have a golden opportunity here!”

Tim sucks in a hard breath when Dr. Isley’s eyes narrow dangerously, and oh God, oh God, oh God.

His eyes dart to the corner of the salad bar where Dr. Fries is leaning, the goggles over his eyes not showing at all what he’s thinking. But, but, Tim notices the ice gun is not longer in the holster at the side of his leg, instead it’s in hand with the doctor’s finger on the trigger.

A subtle shift, upper body moving because that suit has got to be heavy, and Tim isn’t imagining Dr. Fries is looking right at him around the Joker’s back.

Tim’s eyes shift down to his patient, muscles tightening in preparation for something.

“That’s enough,” is robotic through the suit’s speakers, kind of like Jay’s syths Tim thinks crazily when his heart starts to pick up when the Joker tilts his chin down and narrows his eyes right back at Poison Ivy and Two-Face.

If he wasn’t suddenly terrified about a Rogue Gallery Throw-Down, he would be fanboying right through the mashed potatoes.

“Stay out of it, Freeze Pop,” the Joker’s voice is low and utterly fucking terrifying.

“This accomplishes nothing but waste precious time,” Freeze deadpans, “it gives us less time to get far enough away from the Batman.”

“Oh, that’s easy enough to remedy!” And the Joker straightens, easily lowers the gun, smiling right at Two-Face’s shiny .45. “We just take some hostages along for the ride.”

Because, of fucking course, the Joker’s head swings over to stare him right the fuck down.

“Especially Gotham’s little darling, here! Why my stars and garters! I believe it’s the indomitable Doctor Drake! AH HA HA HA HA HAAA!”

And his heart jumps right up into his throat, choking him on his next breath.

Leaning to talk out of the corner of his mouth, the Joker’s eyes are all for the frozen civilian, “He was on the news, Harve, remember? The little do-gooder on the bridge.” The low drop of the Joker’s tone on that word, on bridge, hits Two-Face in the right way, making the gangster’s attention shift.

(Oh shit. This is bad, getting more bad, getting so, so, so bad.)

“That was you?” The other gun falls and Two-Face turns on him while the Joker is doing that cliche steeple-fingers-and-look-insane kind of thing, and that just really makes him want to take a step back. He should probably run, but it’s more likely Two-Face would shoot him in the back if he tried, so he’s got no other choice but to improvise.

With the copper taste in the back of his mouth, with the possibility he’s about to die horribly depending on the level of utter crazy in the room right now, Tim Drake straightens his spine, crosses his shaky arms to hide the fact.

“There were children, Mr. Dent. Children that didn’t deserve to die on a collapsing bridge.”
Jim Newman tenses on the table under him, still going pale, still on a ticking clock, and some of the other inmates are cowering back. The Ventriloquist looks eager to see what happens, her sock puppet whispering in her ear; Scarecrow, the Mad Hatter, and Clock King are looking at him intently, uncomfortably so. Poison Ivy sighs and arches a put-upon brow.

“I patched people up and put them in cars to get off the bridge. Your bombs did what they were supposed to do,” is more accusatory than he feels. “I just tried to keep the victim count down.”

“The other one didn’t go off. You have something to do with that, Doc?” The question suddenly very, very important to how the next six seconds are going to go.

So Tim calculates what he’s going to say for a split second, “I was being hit with debris and pulling little girls out of cars,” which is true, “I only saw the Batman for a few minutes, and I didn’t have anything to do with another bomb.” Mostly true. B already knew it was Two-Face before Tim ever got a surprise ride on the Batplane courtesy of the blood-loss-and-shock express.

The new train leaving the station is I-might-die-in-Arkham-Asylum.

All Aboard

“Now Harve,” the Joker starts, tisking.

“Shut-up, Clown,” because the glint is the famous coin appearing in Dent’s unblemished hand.

Some crazy instinct makes him step away from the gurney, eyes all for the inevitable flip, hoping, praying his luck is going to hold out long enough to get a message out to the ER staff and stall long enough to keep them here until the vigilantes make a dashing, in-the-nick-of-time entrance, and really just save the day.

(Please please please save the day.)

“Got a fifty-fifty chance, Doc. I’m hoping ya got some extra luck.”

His breath gets caught in his chest at the *twing* when the coin rolls off Two-Face’s thumb into the air, is hyper-focused in the moment, doesn’t even notice Victor Fries straightening from his slouch to watch the proceedings. Fixes his eyes on the palm of that ruined hand–

–and the arm holding the gun slowly, surely rising.

The coin doesn’t make it back to that hand, gets slapped out of the air instead, and the gangster actually chokes.

“You-you son of a–!”

“Harve, Harve,” and for the first time, Dr. Drake can say he’s seen the Joker actually *frowning*, miffed that his plan is going sideways, anger simmering under the insanity, but it just goes to show he’s special kind of psychopath when he stretches his neck out to put his face less than an inch from the ruin side of Two-Face’s, and *smile*.

It’s telling how the Joker doesn’t even flinch at the cold rage across from him.

“He has more potential in the ‘hostage’ category, than the ‘dead’ category, Harve, and we
need a nice little nest egg.” One white finger carelessly, comically pushes the barrel of the gun down to the ground with that sickening grin in place. “You and I both know—”

The *he-he-he* literally makes Tim’s skin crawl.

“—those caped do-gooders roll over for a nice hostage.”

The stare-down is like something you read about– the Joker is *intense* while Two-Face glares silently back, that yellow eye fixed.

The inmates around the Rogue Gallery are shifting, trying to stay out of the way in case the guns come back into play, and everything Dr. Drake has been trying to do seems to go immediately, irrevocably sideways.

The stand-off is interrupted when one of the inmates hurriedly scoops up the coin and brings it back, holding the scratched surface up, presenting it like a gift.

Two-Face doesn’t bother looking at the inmate, just snatches the coin, eyes narrowing on the Joker’s grin.

“As much as I fucking hate you, Clown, you got a point. We’re gonna need some leverage.”

“Oh, you *flatterer*. You don’t have to hate so much that I’m *right*, hu hu hu. Good! Now we can get this show back on the road and execute the Warden, right?”

The childish stomp jars Tim out of panicky brain-freeze, lets him suck in a choking breath at the crazily entertaining back-and-forth, and his knees wobble a little in weakening relief.

(He keeps himself calm by running through the last year of crazy shit he’s gotten his hands into since he’s been dating certain adorable, entertaining, and very, very *late*, vigilantes. He’s been up against some of these psychopaths, ninjas, and is the go-to guy for every kind of strange alien bacteria Booster Gold could possibly pick-up during his travels.)

Out of his peripheral, he sees Dr. Fries slouch back, head turned and looking at him, utterly unreadable with the goggles and glass dome.

The Ventriloquist, however, is pouting like she’s missing out on a good show. Great. At least someone wants to see him dead in the next few minutes.

“You have approximately forty-five minutes before the next shift will begin showing up for work,” Temple Fugate inserts, “and we need people to drive our Hatter friend to the hospital along with Dent’s right-hand man. It’s a perfect cover to get us through the gates without alerting authorities. Thus, whatever you intend to do, do it now.”

The impatience draws the Scarecrow’s attention, “expediency is preferable, ladies and gentlemen. I still have reserves hidden in Gotham, and I don’t need Bats on me before I get to them.”

“*Fantastic!*” The Joker laughs loudly, back arched, “then we get to—” and he spins on the heel of his spat, finger out to point at the Warden still tied up in the center of the cafeteria, pie remnants dripping off him.

But the Joker trails off with a “eww,” when the Warden is obviously gasping for air, his lips turning an unnatural shade of blue.
Like his life wasn’t hanging in the balance a few seconds ago, Tim snatches up his bag without looking away from the distressed Warden and takes off around the table while the guys waiting for Vinnie’s signal with the gurney move in to load up Jim Newman.

He skirts around the inmates, and already has his stethoscope in his ears, listening to the sickening sound of arrhythmia.

“He’s going into cardiac arrest!” Tim turns to shout at the gathered criminals, and his eyes slide up to the panicked Warden.

“...heart attack...last year,” the Warden gasps weakly, leaning into the ropes.

The Joker sputters, “I can’t kill him if he’s already dying! Where’s the fun in that??”

And it’s a terrifying moment when the villain stalks up next to him to glare in the distressed Warden’s face, pointing a finger like he’s berating a naughty child.

“You’d better not shuffle off this mortal coil until I have the perfect joke to send you out!”

Tim ignores the villain fairly vibrating with anger, and keeps calculating, rooting around in his bag for a similar medication to the one he gave Nightwing back when the fear gas almost killed him, one that will help thin the blood and hopefully make sure the Warden survive the night.

He fills the syringe and quickly injects the Warden in the side of the throat, not bothering to waste time untying him to look for a vein.

“This medication is hopefully going to put him back to a normal rhythm,” Tim fills in as Dr. Crane, Dr. Isley, and Dr. Fries join their little pow-wow. “I don’t know any of his history to know if this is going to even work—”

Dr. Fries gets closer to the Warden, goggles seemingly fixed on his face, “do you have a history of arrhythmia, or a family history of heart problems?”

Still gasping for air, the Warden just nods.

“Give me a few details,” the villain demands. “Start with your parents.”

To Tim’s surprise, Dr. Isley and Dr. Crane listen intently to the Warden’s details about his family medical history while Tim keeps two fingers on the Warden’s pulse and listens closely, hoping the uneven pitter-patter evens out to at least under 100 beats per minute.

“I doubt they have an echocardiogram here,” Crane snarks to Isley when the Warden is gasping and Fries turns to a random inmate, demanding water and aspirin immediately.

“Oh course not,” Dr. Isley sighs with a shake of her head, “anything more involved than a bandage is too much for these nitwits to handle.”

Multitasking like a boss, Tim looks at the biologist, psychologist, and geneticist over his shoulder, “there’s not even an electrocardiogram here to monitor his sinus rhythm. There might be defibs in the infirmary if we hit worst case scenario—”

“That were removed the last time we broke out,” Scarecrow shrugs nonchalantly. “I think someone used it on a guard.”
Ivy steps up, fingers moving in a *gimmie* motion until Tim hands over his stethoscope. “It’s still faster than 100 per minute. What was that you injected? Beta blockers?”

“Yes, Dr. Isley,” he accepts his stethoscope back, not mentioning how there was a little *more* than just Beta blockers in that syringe.

“Good,” and she turns back to her fellow non-medical doctors that seem to have opinions on treatments. “If they get him to Gotham General in time, they can perform—”

“For now, we must get him down and elevate his feet. The staff can take necessary measures from there,” Fries is already behind the Warden, untying the ropes. “It will give them time to escape without impeding treatment.”

“Agreed,” Crane and Isley turn together and very pointedly stalk toward the mass of inmates still standing around the cafeteria waiting for how this little sitch is going to pan out.

The Joker and Two-Face flank them, making it an utterly *terrifying* meeting of bad guys.

“Listen up,” Crane makes a terrifying figure even still in his orange jumpsuit. “You are going to let the medical staff treat the Warden. If any of us find out he died, then there is going to be a *reckoning*.”

The Joker’s laugh punctuates the severity of the message.

“We’re the ones that get to kill him, understand? And once he’s back to his normal, healthy self, we’ll give this another go!”

“Until then,” Poison Ivy’s eyes glint dangerously, “we expect everyone to *behave.*”

Tim is helping Dr. Fries lay the Warden on his back, “since when has everyone been moonlighting as MDs?” He asks breathlessly while Ivy hears the full-time medical staff away from the general population and closer to the panting Warden.

“You would be surprised how much time one has for reading in here,” Fries fills in. “On a different note, I am impressed with your latest article on McGregor’s Syndrome.” Fries holds a hand down to help him stand, “Nora’s case is too far advanced, but your preliminary findings are exciting nonetheless.”

Shaky, Tim allows the medical staff he’s familiar with take over with the Warden and accepts Dr. Fries’ hand. “Everything is based off your research, so really, I’m the one that should be grateful for your help.”

The supervillain makes a humming noise and squeezes his hand, “whatever you do,” is low, just between the two of them, “do not antagonize any of them. You will make it out of this alive if you are careful, Dr. Drake.”

The hysterical laughter bubbling up in his chest really has nothing to do with things that are hilarious.

“Staying alive is my top goal tonight,” but the bravado doesn’t cover up how badly his hands are shaking.

“We shall see if you manage to accomplish it,” Fries deadpans as the huddle of supervillains breaks up.
While he’d been assessing the Warden, Jim Newman has been loaded onto the gurney, already prepped for the ambulance ride, and the Mad Hatter’s ice pack finally melted, so he’s really feeling the need to be in a hospital with plenty of nice narcotics.

“We are out of time,” Fugate flips his watch closed, facing the rest of the escaping Rogue Gallery, “we leave now or risk getting caught.”

“Well, when you put it that way—” and the Joker turns on him, reaches out to wrap bony fingers around Tim’s wrist, clenching down tight. “I suppose you’re out of time too, right Doc?”

Two-Face has no problem getting close enough that Tim can see the residual scarring, can trace the deep grooves, wonder if a second try at plastic surgery would be helpful or destructive at this juncture in the supervillain’s life. “You don’t make trouble, you’ll see tomorrow. We have an understanding here?”

“Yes,” he replies breathlessly in the face of two utterly terrifying murderers. “I’m going to do what you say.”

“Stay smart and I’m not gonna have to flip for you again.”

And as Tim manages to snatch his doctor’s bag while he’s pulled behind members of the Rogue Gallery, he closes his eyes and takes a shaky breath, hopes Dick and Jay can follow wherever in the hell the villains are taking him.

**

Which is to the ambulance bay where two rigs and a car with Arkham Asylum on it are housed. He almost facepalms when the keys are hanging up on a wall hook.

Temple Fugate is already dressed in EMT clothing while Crane takes off his mask to put on another set as Jervis Tetch and Jim Newman are loaded in the back.

Shuna Belzer hops in the driver’s seat of the other ambulance while Tim is shoved up into the rear by Joker and Two-Face. Dr. Isley and Dr. Fries join him, sitting on the opposite bench with the empty gurney between them.

“Now, now, good Doctor,” the Joker’s manic grin is even creepier in the lighting, the madman holding the doors almost closed. “If you try to misbehave, our Plant Queen and Freezy Pop are going to have to spank you for being naughty. And trust me, kid. You don’t want that kind of spanking.”

Tim’s eyes are wide as the doors close, his chest getting tight when the Joker locks him in, and for the first time since this whole mess started, his eyes feel heavy and hot without an emergency to focus on (but he still has a plan). All he can do is blink rapidly, try to stop it before it starts, before he gets a little hysterical about everything.

(What if they just leave you here?)

At this juncture, he has no idea what their plans are for him, if he’s riding along just to get shot in the head and left in a ditch somewhere outside Gotham City limits, or if the nice psychopaths really might let him go.

With all of them, it’s a 50/50 really.
So he doesn’t feel bad leaning over, bracing his forearms on his knees, one hand over his eyes to keep Dr. Fries and Dr. Isley from seeing it while the ambulance roars to life and jerks forward.

“You did well back there,” Poison Ivy’s voice floats over his head, makes him look up with his nose still pink and eyes still watery. “Most doctors are intimidated around criminals like us. You are...a refreshing change.”

“Everyone is a person when they’re sick or injured,” he replies lightly, scrubbing at his face.

He doesn’t see her mouth curl up in a smile. “Criminal or not doesn’t matter in my line of work.”

“He is quite accomplished,” Fries isn’t looking at either of them, idly staring out the windows in the ambulance doors. “Anyone taking on genetics would have to be.”

“Hm,” Dr. Isley hums, “a simple medical doctor also taking on genetics—”

“Botany isn’t that much different,” he defends lightly, eyes narrowed.

It’s telling when the terrifying criminal leans forward, one fist braced on her knee, and draws him in with the history of Physiology and the mind-blowing chlorokinesis.

She pauses when he calls her Dr. Isley respectfully when he disagrees, and eventually even Dr. Fries joins them on the discussion when they move to microbiology.

It’s close enough to talking with colleagues that he almost forgets about the whole hostage thing for a few minutes while the ambulance rolls down from the mountains and splits ways with the other rig going toward Gotham General while their rig is heading toward Midtown, probably to pick up that puppet the Ventriloquist was yelling about.

He’s in the middle of arguing mitosis with Dr. Fries when the obvious sirens cut through the air. The ambulance jerks forward, accelerating.

Tim doesn’t hit the floor, but only just.

Dr. Fries opens the small window to the front, “what is going on?”

“We’ve been made, Tasty Freeze,” the Joker snarls with the EMT cap pulled over his forehead. “Someone ratted us out!”

“Step on it, Bells. Get us gone,” Tim hears Two-Face saying.

The sock puppet on her hand turns to look back at Fries. “Might wanna buckle up, kids! It’s going to be a bumpy ride.”

In a creepy movement, Fries and Isley turn to him.

“Sit down down and hold on,” Isley tells him, wiggling her fingers. Something up her sleeve moves, worms down her hand and fingers while Tim watches with clinical curiosity.

Tim gasps, watching the small plant growing under her mental coaxing, the long stem dividing, wrapping around the bolted legs of the bench he’s sitting on and form a makeshift harness around his shoulders and chest.
When he expects the vines to be thorny and coarse, terrifyingly restrictive, it’s actually kind of okay. The plant is warm and alive almost a heartbeat against his chest and arms, securing him to the bench.

The sirens on their ambulance start to wail and the Ventriloquist shoves her foot on the gas to make the rig lurch and speed faster, dodging around traffic.

“Where are you going?!” He can hear the Joker shriek, “the docks are that way!”

“I told you,” is the nasally voice of the sock puppet. “We’re going to get Ferdie first!”

“Oh no,” Dr. Isley mutters a second too late.

Because the Joker reaches over and jerks the wheel out of the Ventriloquists hands, yelling “getting away from the cops first, idiot!” and the ambulance careens sideways, skittering across the busy highway and smashing into a sedan minding its own business, and a tire on the rig blows while the villains in the front are fighting over control.

So Tim expects the rig to to smash into something, maybe even flip over and skitter across the pavement while the plants keep him from being thrown all over the back. He doesn’t expect Poison Ivy to lunge across the empty gurney just before the ambulance is airborne, throwing her arms around him, and shoving his face in her shoulder to protect him from the next few minutes of grinding metal and breaking glass.

The side of the ambulance splits on impact, twisting metal cuts through the vines holding him, severing the makeshift harness, and not even the remaining tendril could keep him and Dr. Isley from being thrown out of the rig onto the hot Gotham street.

The jolt of the landing drives the breath out of him, is when he slams his head hard enough that moving immediately is a real bad idea. The road rash is going to be shitty, but the blood in his eyes and woozy quality to life once he can raise his head probably means he’s just hit concussion city.

“D-Dr. Isley? Dr. Fries?” Sounds rough from his throat, sounds choked.

He’s dizzy when he pushes himself up, trying to keep from vomiting at the abrupt turn his stomach takes when he sits up, blinks at the too-bright street lights.

Dr. Isley is laying a few feet from him on her side, breathing but not moving.

“No! No, no, no,” but his limbs feel heavy and sluggish when he tries to stand up and fails. He settles on hands and knees because at least he’s not going to throw up now, so he’s already winning for the night.

“Dr. Isley!” But he’s already assessing before he even touched her shoulder to roll her over, shaky hands assessing her neck, cracking open her eye lids, and by some miracle, he’d been wearing his Arkham-Only medical bag when they were thrown from the ambulance in the first place.

It proves to be moot when Pamela’s eyes flutter over while he’s taking her pulse and blinking rapidly to keep his vision clear, trying to be gentle but firm when he presses on her belly, and looks over every inch of her jumpsuit to make sure he hasn’t missed any indications of injuries.

“Oh thank God,” he whispers when her eyes dart up to him, and Tim leans back just a little to
swipe his forearm over his eyes to make sure he doesn’t, you know, cry all over a patient.

“Dr. Isley, are you able to sit up? Do you feel dizzy? Nauseous?” He doesn’t realize he’s gone from taking her pulse to holding her hand.

“No,” she replies faintly, pushing herself up, “I believe I’m all right.”

“Okay...okay, that’s good. That’s so good, but I’ve got to check on Dr. Fries and the others. Just-just call for me if you start to feel worse, or sleepy or anything! I’ll be right back.”

Standing the second time is really a win when adrenaline hits him somewhere in the spine, and that small secret smile of hers convinces him she doesn’t have any serious injuries. But the vines flattened and slightly writhing under her makes him hope they cushioned her fall.

He uses all the strength in his weak arms to pull at the ambulance doors until they damn things open, and he can see Dr. Fries laying in a sprawl of metal suit and limbs, weakly gasping since the glass dome of his helmet has been broken.

“Dr. Fries!”

And the concussion has to take a back seat for the moment because time really isn’t on their side.

His brain starts working while he makes his way back into the ambulance, stumbling before righting himself, and gripping the villain under both arms, straining to drag him out of the ambulance and lay on the Gotham street.

The dome has a broken piece with frigid air escaping, and with the goggles askew, he can see the pupils are almost blown.

“Hold on, hold on,” he’s chanting and pulling everything out of his bag, searching for–

Duct tape and a Bolin Chest Seal.

Without any idea if the seal can stand-up to the frigid temperature of Dr. Fries’ suit, Tim makes his hand stop shaking to peel the backing off and apply it around the broken area, ripping the duct tape with his teeth to help reinforce the cracks.

Dr. Isley falls to her knees beside him abruptly, watching him apply a final strip. Together, they hold their breath while his breathing evens out and the visible eye flutters.

Luckily for them, police cars and a legit ambulance are quickly closing in on the carnage, so he can finally, finally, rest.

—or would have, but Two-Face kicks the door to the front of the wrecked rig open and stands out with the gun still in hand.

“It was you,” the gangster is dragging one foot, snarling wildly, “you got us caught. I shoulda gutted ya back at the nut house while I had a chance!”

The Joker woozily climbs out after him and just face plants into the street, something slurry like “anyone get the number of that bus?” while Shauna Belzer is already running away from the scene with the sock puppet leading her way.

“Harvey,” is a warning in Dr. Isley’s tone.
“Shut up, Pam. You know it was him!” The gun is wavery, but Tim is still one hundred percent sure the shot is going to be accurate enough to be bad news for him. “There ain’t no other way!”

“I was in the back the whole time,” he tries, subtly sliding an arm up in front of Dr. Isley, and the other over Dr. Fries. “There’s no way I could have alerted anyone about anything.”

“I ain’t taking anymore chances on you, no more flips, no more hiding, just curtains,” and the hammer goes back–

The next second, a blast of light takes over the sight of the gun barrel pointed at his chest, and the gangster’s hand and weapon are instantly encased in a block of ice.

“What the hell!?”

Dr. Fries pushes himself up, his freeze gun in hand, the seal around his domed helmet still working to keep him breathing. “It would be in poor taste to allow you to kill the young man that saved my life, Dent.”

Wearily, Dr. Fries drops the freeze gun while Two-Face falls to his knees with the heavy block encasing his fist and the gun.

Tim automatically winds his arm around the shoulders of Dr. Fries’ suit, helping the villain stay upright while the slamming of brakes and opening of doors signal the GCPD to the rescue.

Commissioner Gordon himself questions the young doctor, eyeing him critically when he insists Dr. Fries and Dr. Isley weren’t really trying to escape, but went along with the Joker’s plan to make sure he, the civilian, didn’t wind up dead.

“I’ve worked with Dr. Fries before,” and even though he told the young uniform no about the blanket and ride to Gotham General, he’s regretting it now because he’s starting to get cold his head is aching, “I published a paper about McGregor’s syndrome a few months ago. Early stage treatment. He helped me with the background, so yeah, he didn’t want me to get hurt. And Dr. Isley protected me when the ambulance flipped over. If there were trying to escape, they wouldn’t have saved me, or stopped Two-Face from killing me.”

“All right then, Doctor,” Gordon eyes him while he closes his little notebook, “I’ll have a word with the judge and the Warden. He’s fine by the way, and asked me to thank-you. He’s in Gotham General, about to go into surgery.”

“What about Jim Newman?” He asks quickly, rubbing his arms when a light dusting of rain makes him even colder.

“They were still working on him last time I checked, but everything looks good from what they said.”

And since the Commissioner is taller than him by at least a few inches, he can look over Tim’s head to signal another officer to their little pow-wow on the back of the intact ambulance.

Tim had immediately waved the gaping EMTs off to pick up Two-Face and Joker, had slapped a bandage on his own head and did a quick saline wash of his road rash.

He’d personally helped Dr. Fries and Dr. Isley into another ambulance, his expression
troubled when the double-doors closed on them, and the rig took off through Gotham. It had been enough for him to seek out the Commissioner and tell him exactly what had gone down tonight so Poison Ivy and Dr. Freeze wouldn’t face further jail time.

*(The flutter in the night, gold and black of Robin's cape, or well, maybe he’d just imagined it. He’s got a pretty rocking concussion after all.)*

Detective Renee Montoya is someone he’d worked with on more than one occasion. When she whistles low at the obvious damage, he knows the bruises are probably going to be beautiful tomorrow.

“Montoya, Dr. Drake doesn’t want to go to the hospital. Can you give him a lift when you head back to the station?”

“Absolutely, Sir–”

“To Arkham,” he interrupts blearily, “my car is still there. I need to pick it up.”

Both cops arch a brow at him, but Tim just stares back without further comment.

“All right. To Arkham it is.” Montoya grins at him and crooks a finger, leads him to her car sitting on the outskirts of the accident.

And really, Detective Montoya is a kind soul, stops long enough to get awful drive-thru coffee for him to sip on while they drive back to the Asylum, and she listens intently as he tells the story with a little more depth the second time.

“I’m glad you aren’t badly hurt, but you still should consider going to the hospital, Tim–”

“That’s not necessary, Detective.” *Concussions not withstanding,* he thinks as he sips his coffee. “I would probably go to work instead of rest anyway, so moot point even I went to Gotham General instead. But, I mean, *how* did the GCPD get control of Arkham and come after us so fast? I didn’t expect anyone to come after us.”

*Except certain masked vigilantes, but, you know, prison breaks are really time consuming.*

Montoya side-eyes him again. In her career, she’d brought more than one perp into Mercy Hospital’s ER, guarding handcuffed suspects, usually sporting a variety of injuries tangling with the Bats of Gotham. More than once, it was her or Bullock or another cop on one of Dr. Drake’s gurneys bleeding out, and the guy was absolutely unshakeable, pulling miracles out of his ass.

So yeah, she knows the Doc and his odd tendencies to get tangled up in too many...situations. Many of which lead right back to the city’s resident vigilantes.

*(As a detective, she put together at least seven incidents in the last 24 months connecting their good doctor with the Bats. Crane taking over the hospital, kidnapped by the Joker, the bridge. Reported sightings of JLA members in Gotham hovering over Mercy General, and she would bet her badge it was the superheroes bringing their Batman to see Drake. Then the question as to why else would the Batman come out during the day and save what appeared to be one person? Unless that person was his personal physician. Not to mention that time someone got a few pieces of security footage with a Robin that was...taller, not as smooth jumping from rooftops. Oddly enough, some unknown masked crusader running with the Red Hood chasing this, what, fourth kid wearing the tunic? Given the evidence, Renee has theories.)*
She might smirk a little at his very obvious deflection, but it also triggers every instinct she’s cultivated as a cop in Gotham City.

“Well, I’ll be honest with you, Doc, but it looks like the night crew had a hand in settling down things at the Asylum. Not to mention we got a call from the Head Nurse of the ER at Gotham General about a note you apparently left. That was probably after an anonymous tip to the station made us aware the Clock King, Mad Hatter, and Scarecrow were on their way to the hospital in disguise.”

He smiles into his coffee and appreciates the blasting heat all the way back up to the madhouse on the hill. She notices he doesn’t ask who the night crew is, and just adds it to the list of evidence.

It nice when Montoya walks him back inside, apparently not trusting him to get through to the infirmary at the back of the Asylum and get the keys to his car without another incident.

(She probably has a good reason.)

He makes an effort to keep it together in front of the detective when they make their way through the throng of police officers, extra guards, and personnel filling the hallways. The itch on the back of his neck could be the events of the night catching up to him, the anxiety on the edges of his consciousness that looks a lot like smeared cream corn and stab wounds, aching palms and exhaustion in every bone of his body.

It could also be how closely Montoya is watching him while they walk further into the compound.

His keys are on the same hook by the keycard access door, and it’s finally a spark of luck when a uniform on the premises catches her on their way in, pulls her aside to talk about something. (“They were here from what the inmates say,” the uniforms tells her low, “Red Hood and Nightwing were pretty brutal this time. The Bat had a hard time wrangling them in.”)

He gives a small wave with keys in hand to let her know he’s on the way out.

She puts a hand on the uniform’s shoulder to pause their conversation and give him another long look. “You should get some sleep, Doc. Take a few days off. I’ll bet you’ve got some… people looking out for you that will agree with me.”

For absolutely no reason, his face starts to get warm. “Thanks again for the ride, Detective.”

With her card in his pocket (not that he doesn’t have a collection of them from GCPD back on his desk at Mercy), he calmly adjusts his bag over the blood stains on the side of his scrubs and makes sure his badge is visible.

He keeps it the fuck together when he walks out of Arkham through the thinning throng like nothing is out of place, like he hasn’t just gone through half of the Rogue Gallery and lived to tell about it.

He absolutely doesn’t notice the vigilantes going through a particular vent as he starts down the maze of hallways to get the fuck out.

His battered Civic (because the nice car is only for special occasions, why chance getting it blown up?) looks more like safety than he’s ever associated with it before. Maybe that’s why his knees abruptly go out on him when he’s at the driver’s door, but it’s fine, fine to just take
some time to sit, get his lungs full of air for the first time since this shit-show started.

(They had to take care of things like good saviors of the city and he survived, he’s good. He’s good. He’s going to go home, make coffee, get a shower, and wait up for them to ask how the night went on their end. Just as soon as his knees get strength again–)

The crunch of gravel somewhere behind the car is what shakes him up from the blank time since he sat (fell) down to now. Before he can be up and moving, it’s Jason, his boyfriend, kneeling there beside him instead of the dangerous vigilante, the Red Hood.

He barely registers when Jay reaches for him, wraps him up in a tight embrace, talks gently against his hair

("S’all right, Baby. Gotcha all caught up now, don’t I? Time ta go home, yeah?”

“J-Jay, what-what are you...?”

“Sorry, Timmy. They already gotcha out by the time we got here, n’ by the time we got those fuckers back in their cells, we gotch word there was an accident and GCPD was on the scene! Dick lost his fucking mind when we heard it over the radio.”

“O-Oh. It’s...it’s okay. I’m okay. I-I’m okay.”

“Mmhm. We’ll be the judge a’ that, won’t we, Baby?”)

It’s so easy to slot himself against the front of Jay’s body, the leather against his cheek is cool and worn and the smell of brimstone, gives him a reason for another deep breath.

It’s so easy for Jay to slide the driver’s seat back to make room for longer legs, to maneuver Tim in the passenger seat and buckle him in without complaints, stupidly lifting him instead of helping him stand.

E - we’ll go with Edmund, he thinks lazily when exhaustion sets in and the movement of the car keeps him aware enough to know Edmund isn’t going to be the worst concussions he’s ever had, so the night ends on a high note after all.

It’s better because Jay drives with one hand while the other has a grip on his wrist that is just this side of a little too tight, just what he needs to be able to drift because that hold is safe. At some point he’s burrowed down in the Red Hood’s famous leather jacket with the belt over his chest, and it smells like Gotham and brimstone enough to keep him grounded, so all he has to do is stare at the comm in Jay’s ear and drift.

“I got ‘em, Dick. He’s movin’ but he needs one hell of an aftercare hour if ya know what I mean.” Pause.

“Get the fuck off this wave, Demon. Ain’t nobody asked yer ass nothing anyhow.”

Another pause and a side-eye.

“There’s blood on ‘im, Alf, don’t look life-threatening, bruises n’ scrapes more n’ likely. Prob’ly a concussion ‘cause he ain’t trackin’ well, are ya Baby?”

He’s down in a soft, sleepy place, doesn’t feel like he really has to answer if it brings him closer to the surface. He manages to wiggle his fingers up to rub at Jay’s wrist, checks in as well as can really be expected.
Seriously, it’s been a rough fucking night.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought. S’okay, baby, ya done good t’night, yeah? Me n’ all the Bats are proud as fuck, you feel me? Some a’ the worst of the worst n’ ya kept the body count low. Whazat? Naw, Dickie, we’re almost there. Gonna be waitin’ on us? Not you, Rob, got school inna morning, ain’t cha? Time fer little birdies ta go back ta the nest.”

Tim cracks his eyes open when the soothing roll of movement finally stops, but Dick is already there opening his door, barefoot with sweats and a hastily thrown-on t-shirt, bodily lifting him even though he’s all kinds of awake now.

“Oh my God,” and those arms get so, so tight.

(It feels so nice.)

“C’mon, put me down,” is huffed more by habit than conviction because really, he’s good with the damsel in distress act this time.

“You’re taking years off my life, Tim, and I’m a seasoned vigilante,” is about as deadpan as mother-hen Dick Grayson can get.

“If I ain’t a’ died already, ya’d be getting me close t’ it,” a soft kiss to his forehead, “no more gettin’ caught up with murderin’ psychos.”

“I think we’ve already had this conversation.”

“Apparently, it ain’t been stickin’.”

He hums a little and lets his eyes flutter closed again, lets them talk over his head while they take the fire escape up just to slide in his window.

He rouses enough to get a shower, tries pushing them bodily out the door to stop hovering, but it’s not like that’s going to happen.

It’s still feels really nice when they’re absolutely gentle with him, sliding his clothes off, touching the bruises and road rash with soft, hurt noises. It gets worse because he takes the time to really wash in case there’s residual debris, finally gets pulled under the hot water with a wall of muscle and security bracketing him in.

Jay washes his hair while Dick holds him by the hips, the two of them talking gently about what happened after they left the Cave and headed to the Asylum for pound the baddies into pudding time.

They had just worked their way to the cafeteria when they get word some of the Rogues escaped in ambulances, alerting the GCPD while they wrangled inmates back to their cells and took care of the captive staff.

B himself took the Warden to Gotham General once they had things well in hand, and the bats monitored the police radio when mentions of the accident heading toward Dixon with Gordon on scene. Rob jumped outta the big car fast enough to intercept GCPD to see Tim moving. It’s more hilarious than it should have been when Jay clucks his tongue and tells him to stop making friends with bad guys.

“I ain’t saying Pam n’ Vic are bad ta have on yer side,” a wet kiss to the top of his head, “but why don’t cha stick wid’ Ives and leave ‘em ta us?”
Dick is kneeling down gently washing his battered knees, “not to mention the conversation we’ll be having tomorrow about why we didn’t know you were moonlighting at Arkham and working with Victor Fries.” The warning in his tone makes Tim just sighs and lean back against Jay’s chest to let the two of them hold him up.

“Demon brat’s got something ta say ‘bout it, too,” said in his ear, “little asshole was worried as fuck. Don’t let ‘im tell ya any different.”

“I’ll call him tomorrow, let him know I’m okay,” and he absolutely will, if anything, to avoid Robin showing up at Mercy with another sandwich and soup to shove at him.

“Good idea, Baby. He was fighting like hell until we found out you weren’t even there.”

He doesn’t laugh at the insinuation, but he might just snicker a little.

He manages to step out on him own, but Jay takes the towel from his hands to get his back and Dick lifts him by the hips to set him on the sink so they can put salve and gauze on his injuries themselves.

They keep him distracted through the process with easy kisses and updates on Jim Newman, Hatter’s face, and Fugate’s excuses of coercion because, “I’m clinically insane. Of course I went along for the ride.”

They tell him they’re sending Pam a nice fern and Victor some data sets from B’s own trials with McGregor’s since it’s just good manners to thank supervillains for saving innocent civilians. He mumbles back about pasta salad and guns in his face. How playing Uno with some of the inmates has somehow made him cool enough not to die during a breakout, which they should take as a win considering the circumstances.

He must look about as bad as he feels because they get more gentle when he finally gives them what they desperately want, details about what went down. It’s woozy ramblings more than his usual high-level short and sweet because Shauna Bellzer is probably still out there looking for Ferdie, because the Joker apparently remembers him and is actively checking out shit like YouTube, and because now Two-Face is probably going to want him dead since that whole bridge fiasco is a point of contention.

He might wobble enough or sound shitty enough for Jay to take it as a reason to steer him toward the couch and cuddle the hell out of him, do that thing where he kisses the back of Tim’s neck in the right spots to make him shiver.

Dick runs a hand through his hair while he answers B’s wave with the last tag-up of the night, listens to the Dark Knight ranting about the clean-up at Arkham and going over the damn place yet again to check how the crazies keep escaping. But whatever Dick says in reply is lost on him when the world around him gets fuzzy at the edges again. He doesn’t realize how tight his hands are fisted in Jay’s shirt until fingers are trying to massage them open.

He might mumble something payment in kind because really? He did the job for them this time. One less shit show for them to fight (you’re welcome), so he really does deserve cuddles and warm showers dammit.

He totally earned it this time.

Dick eventually hangs up and unapologetically smushes him further down against Jay and coos softly, so he might have said it out loud, but can’t be bothered to care when he finally
sinks down, comfortable and safe with that he’s just suddenly–

—out.

When he blinks again, arms over his hip and warm bodies bracket him in. It’s still early enough for him to sigh and sink back down for a few more hours, the ache in his bruised muscles secondary when his bed is full. It’s enough for him to sleep without nightmares of guns in his face and echoing laughter.

And if they wake him up with kisses to his stomach and chest, with bare hands sliding under his pajamas, with oh so gentle lovemaking, with talking against his throat and hip about how relieved they are, how brave he is, how strong he is, how he really oughtta have a Kevlar suit all his own and a domino on his face just on principle.

If they coddle and cuddle him, demand he tell them everything again from the beginning, take him back to the bedroom when his chest stutters at the most frightening parts, if they make him stay close until nightfall when they have to move into the shadows and be the protectors Gotham City needed. If they argue with him about resting instead of leaving to run the Gauntlet at Mercy with Steph and his team. If they check in on him half-way through the night and maybe just kidnap him for an hour to check his knees and the road rash. If they make him take two aspirin and drink a bottle of water, claim mid-patrol sandwiches for the win.

If they tell him they love him before they go back to it and leave him on the roof of the hospital with a fully belly and stars in his eyes, mouth still swollen from their kisses–

–then he’s going to to back to work with a stupid smile on his face and fight harder to save lives, to beat back the darkness of Gotham in his own way. He’s going to run until his lungs are on fire and his legs are wobbly. He’s going to answer calls from fucking space, and race the clock when the heroes of their world are facing mortality and need a doctor with hobbies. He’s going to keep track of the ninjas spying on them and be a safe place when the night life is killing his most important people. He’s going to do everything he can to keep moving. He’s going to fucking fight the good fight and it’s going to be by his choice every time.

Because this?

This is his life.

Chapter End Notes

I am so proud of this I can't even tell you. Like, I pulled out so many villains for it and just! Yeah. Just, yeah. I had a time writing it with all the voices, but I think it comes across nicely. Terrifying that the Joker knows him now and Two-Face is probably going to be gunning for him, but still, Pam and Victor on his side? At least that's winning.
Feel free to drop me a note if you liked it!
The knock on his window at three a.m. is jarring, shocking because the city has been silent for hours at this point.

Anon asked what our favorite threesome would be up to this holiday season. Welp, be warned there is a bit of hurt/comfort and vigilante shenanigans.

You know, after a bit of thought, I think Tim’s first Christmas after finding a vigilante on his fire escape bleeding out would have probably started out awful.

Let’s say he’s usually the one to work Christmas Eve and into Christmas Day whenever he could during his time learning under Tony Stark before he started his Residency in Gotham.

He didn’t have Stephanie and Layla or anyone else but Tony, really, so it was fine for him to take shifts so people with families could be off with the ones they loved.

Once he got to Gotham and met back up with Steph and pretty much became Uncle Timmy to Layla, he only took Christmas Eve or Christmas Day off when they weren’t out of town visiting with Steph’s mom. The years Layla’s dad has her, they run the Gauntlet together, and work until they’re sleep-deprived and delirious, laughing at crazy things while they stumble to Steph’s house to pass the fuck out for twelve hours or Tim’s penthouse to binge some boring nature show.

But last year Layla’s dad had her, so this year, his girls are off to Metropolis, waving at him out the back window. Steph offered a place for him, but he knows her mom’s place will be cramped as is, so he just watches them go with his heart in his throat, and no shift at Mercy General to keep him up and moving.

I think he spends Christmas Eve wearing the ugly sweater Layla got him, something crazy playing on Netflix completely un-Christmas related because he doesn’t really have good memories of the holiday, not even from when his parents were alive.

(One year, Mrs. Mac stopped by to check on him and bring him cookies, gave him a hug and a pat on the head before she left to be with her daughter and grandchildren. When he was really young, he can remember laying on his mother’s lap with the tree glowing gently, opening presents with them there, watching and laughing. The next year, they were on a dig somewhere exotic, just like the year after and the year after that until they were just gone, never coming back this time…)

So, he plans to keep himself busy and ignore all the movies and decorations, ignore the warmth and family and togetherness. He’s going to bury himself in research and tech articles,
write on one of his articles for a medical journal, maybe hang out in his lab down the hall for a few hours, just let Christmas–

—go on without him.

The knock on his window at three a.m. is jarring, shocking because the city has been silent for hours at this point.

The second round is enough to make him stand up off the couch, wander closer to the window with squished brows, probably bleary eyed from staring at the screen for too long (probably also from those old memories rearing up).

When he moves the curtains, and those whiteouts are right there, he lets out a high-pitched eep! and falls right on his ass.

The window is nudged up by a gloved hand, Nightwing hanging upside down with a Santa cap somehow staying on his head when he swings in without hesitation.

“Timmy! Are you okay?! Geeze, I’m sorry. I didn’t even think you’d be awake at this time of night.”

“Wazzat, Big Wing? Got Timmers with that old trick?” Hood is right on his heels, calves wrapped around the wrought iron fire escape, the Elf hat probably on the helmet with double-sided sticky tape.

“Wh–?” Wide-eyed, looking from Nightwing to the Red Hood peeking in at him, he’s pretty much at a loss.

“We came to see if you were home! You weren’t working at Mercy tonight.”

“Sides, it’s Christmas, ya feel me, Baby Bird?”

Hood tosses a small sack inside before he’s through the window just that fast, he and Big Wing offering hands down to their sometimes personal physician.

“Oh, I mean, I tried to sign up for a shift, but the Chief of Staff said I couldn’t work another double,” he shrugs and wearily lays his hands in gloved ones, imagining the warmth of palms against his, lets them pull him to his feet.

“Mmhm,” Hood hums as he and N pull their doc to his feet, looks him over critically. “Looks like ya been up long enough,” the free hand thumbs the dark circles under his eyes.

The doctor quirks a brow at them, “well, let me at least make you some coffee before you have to go back out in the cold. Does anyone in the class have any potentially fatal injuries you’d like to tell me about now before I have a whole lot of unconscious vigilante on my couch?”

Both crime fighters obligingly hold up their hands and turn in small circles to show off no punctures in the suits or injuries he can see. Nightwing is grinning softly at him and Hood gives him a thumbs up in an all good here.

They follow him to the kitchen, exchanging a glance after his back is turned, wondering where the Christmas Tree is, or decorations, at least. There’s only one sad little construction paper wreath on the end table by the door made by Layla, but that’s…it.
Gauntlets and gloves come off, helmet and holsters on the back of a chair while the coffee perks and Tim moves around his kitchen, talking idly about doing some research before bed, fervently hoping they don’t ask him the hard questions.

But, of course, Tim doesn’t talk much about his past with anyone, not even Ives and Steph, prefers to just keep moving forward instead of looking back. He might be a little more compromised tonight than usual, and pours coffee with a slightly trembling hand.

It might be the night Nightwing and Hood start taking more of a shine to their doctor than they should, considering how close to danger he is just by helping them when the injuries are bad and they’re in a bind. It might be how he obviously has no one to be with on Christmas, how he doesn’t have anyone to celebrate with, to decorate for, to have presents wrapped up, or leftovers from a good dinner in his fridge.

They’re detectives and the story is right there in every inch of the penthouse, in Tim’s awful sweater and pj pants, his slightly red eyes, the way he won’t really meet their eyes when they talk about the quiet night in the city because of the holiday.

They stay with him until dawn, drinking coffee and juice, watching awful fails on YouTube, waiting until Tim’s finally tired enough to pass out on the couch between them.

And dawn is just peeking on the horizon when Nightwing gently carries the doctor to bed, Hood pulling the sheets back, maybe lightly touching Tim’s hair before covering him back up.

The two ease out of the room and close the door behind them.

When Tim wakes up the next night, Christmas Day will be over in a few hours, and he’s grateful because the world can finally go back to normal. Steph and Layla will be back, and the Gauntlet will be waiting for them to try saving Gotham in their own way. Nightwing and Hood will get beat-up fighting the good fight and at least come to him when they need to. Robin will still tt at him, Tony will visit soon to just remind Tim he’s making awful life choices. Lucas will ride his ass about how much he works and Ives will be his safe haven. The world will somehow balance out again.

He won’t get stuck like this next year, just make sure he’s always on the schedule when his people have other places to go.

But when he finally pulls himself out of bed, gets his feet under him to stumble in and try finding something to eat in his kitchen, his gaze falls on something sparkly sitting on his bedside table. Something vaguely square and wrapped in crazy black and yellow paper with little bat signals on them, the ribbons Robin red and green.

He’ll gasp softly, his heart leaping into his throat, blink once, and then blink again. The package is still there.

He tentatively touch the box with trembling fingertips, pull it against his chest, hold on a little too tightly with his eyes wet and a laugh on his face at the utter absurdity of it.

But damn if it doesn’t give him the strength to get his legs under him, and fucking stand.

(Jay and Dick don’t find out until that Tim never opened the present, wanted to keep it just like that since he hadn’t gotten gifts from anyone but Steph, Layla, and Ives. It comes out the next year when they drag him to the Manor for a few hours before riding back to the
penthouse to meet up with Steph and Layla, when there’s a massive tree decorated with stacks of presents underneath. When his place has lights strung up all around and cut-out snowflakes from Batgirl, when the ornaments are Nightwing blue and Robin red. Jay and Dick absolutely drag him to Hobby Lobby to pick them out. When the special one with three snowmen labeled Dick, Jay, Tim is right in the middle surrounded by Layla’s nutcracker, Dami’s picture from school in a Santa frame, and Lian’s perfectly pink ballerina. Steph managed to get a few picture of the three of them together wearing Santa hats and the best shot is proudly framed on the wall by the cute It's Humbug before coffee sign.

When they get home that night, cuddling on the sofa a year later, watching It's a Wonderful Life and drinking eggnog Alfred sent with them, Jay will ask why he never used the little gift they left him last year. And Tim will get a little pink in the face when he admits he never opened it. He just put it away with his other good memories, not wanting to spoil the magic.

That earns him soft kisses and more cuddles since Dick is literally a cuddle machine, and Jay finds it so easy to fit their little boyfriend under his chin.

They’re on either side of him when he finally brings the box after some digging, and pulls out the bow.

The small device fits in the palm of his hand, easily fits in his doctor’s bag.

“A comm, in case you ever needed to contact us,” Dick tells him with a kiss to his temple.

“We started takin' a shine ta ya, Baby. Thought ya might use it when we don’t come ta ya, you feel me?”

“Oh,” and he has to clear his throat, his voice a little wavery, his eyes a little hot. “That’s… even back then?”

“Merry Christmas, Timmy,” Dick replies gently in answer, palming the back of his neck.

“Merry Christmas, Sweets,” Jay’s deft fingers move the comm to thread their fingers together and hold on.

“Merry Christmas,” he chokes, face buried in Jay’s neck, squished between them while the lights from the tree glow and the warmth in his chest is so beautifully, perfectly fragile.

It’s certainly the best Christmas ever.)

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