Building in Momentum

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Building in Momentum

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Summary

What if a tragedy never occurs, and the life that was planned unfolds? Bruce and the Graysons build a life for themselves and their family.

Notes

This is an Alternate story line that follows the events of Balancing Acts, where the train accident that sets Bodies in Motion forward never happens. Mary and Jon Grayson do not die and they are able to move forward in their plans of building a life together with Bruce and their family.

John's/Blake POV by Icalynn.
Dick's POV by Ischa

Beta'd by denelian.
The Zero Chapter sets up this fic and contains POV from John, Mary, Bruce, and Jon

WARNING: The zero chapter contains child abuse and non-con situations with John that has been mentioned in Bodies in Motion and Downfall.
It was the middle of the week and John was excited that the weekend was coming up. It meant that he’d be able to do what he wanted and Kevin said that he’d drop by after his classes… that he’d come and see him, just to see him!

No one has ever treated him like he was an equal and he was pretty sure it was love or something. John just knew it. That’s what Kevin said and he wouldn’t have lied to him. Their love was special.

“John?” A voice called out to him as he entered the house. He groaned, wondering what Mrs. Lind wanted from him. She usually let him be until it was time for family dinner… which was kinda weird, but it was growing on him.

John turned to her, frowning when he noticed that Mrs. Lind had been crying. Her eyes were puffy and red. John dropped his bookbag to the floor and shrugged out of his jacket. “Yeah?”

She gave him a weak smile, gesturing for him to come to her. He took a step forward and she pulled him into a tight hug. He tensed slightly, his heart skipping a beat… something was wrong. He just knew it.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Blake.”

John’s breathing hitched, recognizing the voice and he was immediately filled with dread. He glanced over at the man from the social services department, confirming his suspicions. “Did I do something wrong?” John questioned, looking up at Mrs. Lind. “Are you sending me away?”

“Oh, no, sweetie.” She whispered, cupping his face. “You’ve been an angel.”

John snorted, he’s been far from it. But he liked it here, he had his own room and new clothes and Kevin. “Then why is he here?!”

“You’re going to a new home.” Mrs. Lind forced a ridiculous smile on her face, it looked horrid and John just blinked at her.

“This is my home,” John protested, glancing between them. “Isn’t it? You said I wouldn’t have to go anywhere else!”

“This isn’t your home anymore, John. The Grayson’s are adopting you.”

“What?” John gasped, eyes widening in shock. “Who are they? Where are they? What the fuck?!”

“Language, young man.” The social worker hissed and John scowled.

John felt like he was going to cry, this was too much… he was just getting used to this family and they wanted him, didn’t they? “Why don’t you adopt me?” He asked looking to Mrs. Lind. “Don’t you love me?”

“Oh, John, you’re a joy to have and since Kevin has been away at school… there has been a hole in this family and you have filled that.” She inhaled as she wrapped her arms around him in a tight hug. “But it’s no longer in my hands.”
John hugged her back, blinking back tears as he glared at the man. “When?”

“Next week, this is the pre interview. Mary had insisted that she’d come but the judge wouldn’t allow it.”

John’s eyes widened. “Mary?” His heart skipped a beat… that name was familiar to him. It couldn’t be the same Mary from the orphanage… “From Haly’s Circus?”

The man nodded, “So you do remember.”

“I’m going to be living at the circus?” John questioned, not sure what to think about that. It seemed so odd. He really liked Mary, but he wished that they had tried to adopt him before he came here. He didn’t want to leave the Linds… he didn’t want to leave Kevin. His heart squeezed tight and he didn’t know what to do.

~+~

The rest of the week passed in a blur. There was packing and arrangements to be made. John still couldn’t wrap his mind around it.

He was going to be fucking adopted! He never imagined that this would ever happen to him… he was always so angry and he fought his foster placements. The Linds had been different, nicer. John had wondered once if they were getting a fat check to keep him, cause he really acted out the first few months and then he eventually settled in and he kinda liked it. He really started to act more like a real boy once he met Kevin.

“How’s my guy?”

John flushed, jumping off the bed and running into Kevin’s arms. “You came.” He practically melted into the warm embrace, Kevin’s stronger arms felt so good around him. John had hoped he’d still come to see him, he needed to see Kevin before he had to leave… and he kinda hoped that they’d still stay in touch. John would miss him so much.

“Of course I did. Ma told me that you’ll be leaving us soon.”

John nodded, “I don’t want to go.”

“You don’t really have a choice,” Kevin sneered in a way that John had never heard before. It sent a shiver down his spine and not in a good way.

John looked up at him, pulling away as he noted a sinister gleam in Kevin’s eyes, it scared him… he’s never seen this side of Kevin before and he wondered what had changed. “Kevin?”

“They had to go and fuck up my plan.”

John blinked, dread washing over him as he took another step back. “What?”

Kevin was suddenly hovering over him, pinching his chin in his hands as he looked him over with a leer. “Let’s put those pretty lips to some good use.”

John tensed, trying to pull away from Kevin’s hold… but he couldn’t. “No!” He cried out, trembling as he attempted to get free from him. But Kevin just pushed John against the bed.

John’s heart raced, this was… he didn’t know what this was. John punched at Kevin, panic setting in as Kevin started to undress. He felt tears burn his eyes and his vision blurred. “No, no, please. Not
like this… I thought—"

“Stop being a baby.” Kevin hissed as he smacked him against his ass and John jerked.

“I’m not.” John insisted, but this felt all wrong. “What are you doing?” He gasped as Kevin continued to smirk at him, running his fingers down John’s side, yanking off his pjs and underwear. John had wanted this, craved this… but not like this, in this way. He wasn’t ready for this… it was too much.

“I’m going to fuck that pretty little mouth of yours and then maybe tap that virgin little ass too.”

John felt sick, he thought Kevin had loved him… but he suddenly felt like it was all a lie. That he meant nothing to Kevin. “Not like this!” He pushed at Kevin’s chest, trembling with anger and fear. He hated this.

“No more of that lovey dovey shit, I’m going to take what I’ve been wanting all this time.”

John blinked and fought him off as much as he could, but he was helpless… this was the boy he kissed for the first time. John had touched his cock… Kevin had made him feel so special, but now. Now he felt used and dirty and hurt.

~+~

John blinked, he felt numb and angry… “How could I be so stupid?” He chided himself as he rubbed at his eyes, wiping away the few tears he couldn’t hold back. He tugged the shirt down over the bruises on his wrists… he looked ridiculous. It was summer and he was wearing a long sleeved shirt. But he didn’t want anyone to see. He didn’t want anyone to know. He just let the anger simmer inside him… he was used to that.

He was suddenly glad that the Grayson’s wanted to adopt him, he wanted out of this house. He felt like he was screaming at the top of his lungs, but no one noticed anything amiss. Kevin disappeared after… well, after.

John shuddered at the thought and he wanted nothing more than to get out of this house and never see them again. Ever.

~+~

Mary waved at him as he entered the courtroom and John forced a smile… he was used to this, wearing the mask. It took him awhile, but he figured out how to play the game. But John never thought that they’d buy it, let alone that he’d be adopted. He was too old, he figured he’d have to age out of the system.

Mary looked just as pretty as he remembered her… she was practically glowing. His eyes widened slightly as he noticed the man beside her and he vaguely recognized him as the man that had given him that money earlier at the circus. He gave John a bright smile… he seemed nice enough. He still couldn’t believe that this was the couple that would be his adoptive parents soon, the thought was mind blowing.

John inhaled sharply as Wayne entered and he fought every urge to run to him, to have him protect him from everything that had happened to him. He needed the Batman to save him.

John sat beside the social worker and just waited, his gaze lingered over Wayne. He just couldn’t help it. Mary caught his gaze and winked at him… he felt his cheeks flush and he looked away. She was the first person he ever told. He knew he could be himself with her and in a way it was freeing.
“Mr. Blake, will you please stand.” John startled slightly, snapping his attention back to the judge and he stood up quickly. “Do you have any thoughts or objections to this adoption?”

John shook his head, clenching his fists together.

“Very well, your appointed social worker will be in contact,” the Judge stated. He glanced over at the Grayson’s. “Mr. Wayne has written an affidavit stating his support in this adoption...”

John’s eyes widened and he snuck another glance at him… and this time Wayne smiled at him. His heart skipped a beat and he totally lost his concentration, startling when the Judge tapped his gavel and everyone rose to their feet.

He felt the social worker squeeze his shoulder and John glanced up at him, “Did you want me to escort you to meet the Graysons?”

“Nah, I’m good.” He pulled away, not wanting to be touched by him and he crossed over to the Graysons.

“John, it’s so good to see you again.” Mary grinned as she made a movement to hug him, but held back.

John nodded, fiddling with his sleeves, he didn’t know what to even say. He felt so overwhelmed… “Yeah.”

Mary squeezed the man’s hand… the ringmaster or something. He had on a ridiculous outfit when he first saw him. “And this is Jon, my husband.”

John blinked, another Jon? That was just too problematic, this wasn’t going to end well. “Well fuck that.”

Jon raised a brow in amusement. “Don’t let Alfred hear you.” He winked at him and John just stared at him.

“Who’s Alfred?”

“The butler.” John shuddered at Wayne’s voice and his gaze immediately snapped to Wayne and he offered them a warm smile. “He’s waiting at the manor, we should hurry. I’m sure Dick is eager to meet John.”


Mary finally broke and wrapped her arms around him in a hug. He tensed at first, but then he relaxed and hugged her back… this was nice. “I’m sorry it took us so long, I’ve been eager for you to join our family.” She whispered into his ear.

He practically jumped when Jon touched his shoulder and he pulled away. “Well let’s get going then.” He tried to downplay it, but he really didn’t want to be touched, by anyone. The pain was just too fresh.

Wayne nodded and led the way.

This was going to be interesting, but John thought at least these people seemed to care about him and now he’ll be near Wayne. He’ll just have to see where the momentum would take him.

Mary
She was practically vibrating on the way to the manor. John was looking out of the window and holding back, but she figured it was understandable. They had taken him away, and on short notice too, and they hadn’t even asked. She suddenly felt guilty and Jon squeezed her hand. She smiled at him, gratefully.

She would make this work. And she knew that Jon and Bruce would help her. Dick too. She knew he had wanted to come as well, but it was better for him to stay at the manor and bake the special cake for John with Alfred. It would turn out alright. She knew that John liked her. He had opened up to her before. He would do it again.

She took a shallow breath and John looked at her. She smiled at him. He smiled back, but it wasn’t the cocky grin, or even…he was holding back. He was different than that one day on the rooftop. She wanted to hug him close, but his body language told her that he didn’t want to be touched right now. She respected that boundary and hoped Dick would too. At least for the first five minutes.

“So, is Dick the son you were talking about?” John asked. He was playing with the hem of his shirt and then he was staring at her rounded belly, she was starting to show more- there was no denying that she was pregnant now. John raised an eyebrow.

“Yes, he is the son I was talking about.”

“Why in all hell did you name him Dick?” John asked.

Her husband laughed into her shoulder. Bruce made a sound, rumbly and deep from the front seat. John’s gaze snapped to him for a second before he looked back down at his hands. Oh boy, she thought. He was so in love with Bruce and it would hurt him to discover that Bruce was with her and Jon and that Mary had lied to him that first time about this fact. She knew deep in her bones, that she had to tell him soon, because John was a boy who didn’t like lies. She could tell right away. He probably didn’t like secrets either, but he was keeping some of his own.

“He named himself Dick,” Jon said. “We named him Richard.”

“Okay…why would he do that?”

Mary smiled. “He thinks it’s bold.”

“Sure as hell is,” John said.

“Language,” Bruce said from the front seat.

“Like really?” John asked.

“You’ll get used to it.” Jon said.

“Did you?” John challenged.

“I am still getting used to it,” Jon answered.

“I- how is this going to work? I mean, you are having a child, right?”

“Violet, she will be your baby sister,” Mary said, and stroked her belly.

“Won’t you have enough on your plate with a baby? And what about the circus?”

“Mary and Jon won’t perform until after the baby is born and that means we’re all going to stay in the manor for the summer and then the winter break too,” Bruce answered.
John wanted to say something, but then Bruce pulled up and said, “We’re here.”

“Prepare to be molested,” Jon joked, but Mary could see John flinch.

“What?” He asked.

“Our son has no concept of personal space. He crawls into our bed all the time.”

“Okay?”

“You’ll get used to it,” Mary said. “Bruce did too.”

“Okay…” John repeated and bit his lip. She had to tell him soon, but she really wanted him to like them, so…she would wait for the right moment. Which meant more sneaking around. Just…great.

~+~

Dick was bouncing, while holding a cake in his small hands. He was nervous, but grinning.

“Welcome home!” He yelled just as Alfred opened the door. “I’m Dick!”

John looked at him and then the cake. “Blake,” he said.

Dick smiled brighter. “Sounds like a girl’s name. I like it. It’s-”

“Bold?” John smirked.

Dick nodded. He had heart-eyes already. Yes, Mary thought, but then she had known it. “I made you a cake.”

“You, hmm?” Bruce asked and Dick blushed a bit.

“Alfred helped,” he handed the cake to Alfred and looked at Bruce expectantly. “I missed you.” The big eyes again.

Bruce smiled, it was gentle and his eyes looked soft. He picked Dick up and cuddled him close, kissed his forehead and Dick giggled. Dick kissed Bruce’s nose.

“No kisses for your father?” Jon teased.

Dick licked Bruce’s cheek and Bruce handed him over to Jon. Mary was watching them and also John, who just stated he wanted to be called Blake. Well, they indulged their children. And John, Blake, was theirs to love and indulge and protect.

“Is this a thing?” Blake asked.

“Well, yes. It is for Dick, but you don’t have to do anything you don’t feel comfortable with Blake,” Mary said and stepped a bit closer to him.

He smiled at her. “Thanks.”

“You are very welcome, also you don’t have to thank us at all. We are grateful that you want to be part of our family,” Mary said and let her eyes sweep over all of them. Her sons, her men, her Alfred.

“I was thinking,” Dick said as Jon put him down.

“Thinking?” Mary asked.
“Now that I have siblings, well a brother and soon a sister. I thought, maybe a dog or cat?”

“You already have pets,” Mary pointed out.

“Not here,” Dick said. “And we spend half the year here.”

She couldn’t argue with that.

“We don’t even know if John likes pets,” Bruce threw in.

“It’s Blake, Bruce,” Jon said lightly and touched his arm.

“Sorry,” Bruce smiled at Blake.

“It’s fine…” Blake mumbled. “I like pets alright…”

Dick beamed at him. “Cats, or dogs?”

“A big dog would be cool, we didn’t have any pets at the orphanage and Misses Lind was allergic—”

he stopped.

“We can talk about it later. Now dinner and a very special cake for dessert,” Bruce said.

“I hope you didn’t have Alfred set the formal dining room,” Jon groaned.

“He insisted…I’m powerless,” Bruce teased.

Mary sighed. “Men…”

Blake smiled.

“And after dinner, I’ll show you the house,” Dick said. “And your room, it’s close to mine, and the pool and garden and gym!”

Blake seemed a bit overwhelmed. Well. He would get used to it soon.

“Gentlemen, lady,” Alfred said. “Dinner is served.”

“Lead the way,” Blake said.

She wanted to kiss his cheek so badly now. She only bumped him with her hip.

He smiled at her and offered her his arm. “You are perfect,” she said.

Something passed over his face, but she couldn’t pin it down and then he was smiling and let her lead him to the dining room.

~+~

Dinner was a short, but loud affair, because Dick was talking all the time and wanted to know everything there was to know about Blake and then he wanted to show Blake the whole house. He grabbed two pieces of cake, handed one to Blake on a plate and asked to be excused. Jon nodded.

“No running around with the plate. No showing off Dick,” Jon warned.

“Okay, Daddy!” Dick grinned and grabbed Blake’s hand and they were off.
“He seems…overwhelmed,” Bruce said. He had his thinking face on. Like he needed to figure out what was wrong with Blake.

Nothing was wrong with Blake. They took him away from a good place, but…he could have said no to them. On the other hand. He was in love with Bruce.

“You would be too,” Jon said reasonably. “This is big. The house, the new parents, the new siblings. Mary is pregnant…he only saw us once and we-”

“Pretty much whisked him away to a manor and the good life. What is he supposed to think?” Mary cut in. “It’s his first day. He will be fine, because we love him already.”

Bruce nodded and then he leaned over and kissed her, soft and sensual and she wanted him to deepen that kiss and take her to the bedroom and – She pulled away. “We need to watch that. No so much that Dick starts to wonder if we’re fighting, but enough so Blake doesn’t get suspicious.”

“He seems like a smart kid,” Jon said.

“He is smart and he is…special.”

Bruce gave her a look. “Special?”

“I can’t tell you his secrets,” she said smiling.

“You’re smart, Bruce. You’ll figure it out,” Jon whispered and kissed Bruce’s cheek.

“Once Blake is comfortable here, we need to tell him, but before that we could maybe have dinner and skip it next weekend in favor of-”

“Hot, sweaty sex?” Jon teased.

“Yes,” Bruce said.

“You have such great ideas,” Mary replied smiling.

Bruce

Bruce wasn’t really afraid, he was excited and the fond way Alfred looked at Mary and her belly sometimes made Bruce wonder, and then there was of course Blake. The boy was hiding things. Bruce knew it in his bones. He was wearing a mask more often than not.

“Master Bruce,” Alfred said, pouring him coffee.

“Yes?”

“It’s about Master Blake,” Alfred answered.

“Is this about the dog again?” Bruce asked. Dick and Blake had closed ranks on that one. He was sure Jon was conspiring with them that traitor and soon Mary would follow and he would be the big bad-

Alfred looked amused. Bruce sighed. “You will see the wisdom of having a pet around soon, I am sure, but – or maybe yes, it is partly about the dog,” Alfred said. “I think it would be good for Master Blake to have someone he could confide in.”
“He has Mary,” Bruce said. Blake was okay with Mary. Bruce could see that he was opening up to her. He let her touch him and Dick too, but he never even breached the threshold of their bedroom, his bedroom or Dick’s. He never let Jon or Bruce touch him, not even Alfred…it was strange, but then Bruce had been untouchable after his parents had died too.

And sometimes when Bruce caught Blake looking at him – it seemed. He shook it off. Blake was a kid. Thirteen, a mean voice at the back of his head supplied. Thirteen wasn’t really a kid anymore.

“Indeed, Master Bruce.”

“And Dick,” Bruce said. “And soon Violet.”

“Are you-” Alfred stopped like he didn’t know how to ask that question.

“Happy?”

“No, I know you are. I’ve known for a long time now. The Graysons and Master Dick make you happy. The new baby, Lady Violet, she will make you happy to, no I was thinking-”

“Freaked out?” Bruce said softly. “Because she is my daughter by blood?”

“Maybe freaked out is too strong,” Alfred replied.

“No, it’s just strong enough,” Bruce admitted. Mary had had a miscarriage before. And Bruce wasn’t sure he could’ve dealt with that kind of loss. He had seen her tiny heartbeat at the last ultrasound appointment. She was a real person in his mind. He imagined her, wondered what would be her favorite cake, ice cream flavor? Subject in school? Will she like boys? Or girls or both? Like her dads? Will she have his eyes and Mary’s lips? He didn't want to lose her. He was terrified of losing her and Jon and Mary, Dick, even Blake. And that boy was a challenge. Dick obviously adored him. It had to work out. It just had to, because it would break Dick’s heart and Mary’s if it didn’t, if Blake couldn’t love them back like they loved him.

“Maybe calming walks with a dog, would suit you too, master Bruce,” Alfred said.

Bruce laughed. “Right.”

Alfred just looked at him. Bruce nodded. He would try and talk to Blake.

~++~

“Blake,” Bruce said after breakfast as Dick was ready to grab Blake’s hand again and drag him, God only knew where. They were alone, because Jon and Mary were meeting with Haly to discuss the pregnancy and how to arrange a new show without the Graysons for a while. Bruce suspected Mary only wanted to meet their temporary replacements.

“Yeah?”

“I would like to speak with you,” Bruce said and smiled a bit, so the boy would know that he wasn’t in any trouble. The long sleeved shirts were gone, but there was still this nagging feeling at the back of Bruce’s head that he wasn’t seeing something very obvious. But it couldn’t be that the Linds had abused him. He had spoken to Mister and Misses Lind. Misses Lind had been heartbroken. She loved Blake. She didn’t care about the money. Bruce wanted to help them. They would make a good home for another boy or two. And Blake could visit her. Bruce was sure he would like that. After all the social worker stated as well that Blake had been angry that he had to leave the Linds. It had been selfish of Bruce to give in, but – Mary would love him like no other woman could, of that Bruce was
“Sure.”

Dick was hovering, his fingers brushing Blake’s.

“I’ll be alright,” Blake said.

Dick gave Bruce a look. “Bruce?”

“He’s not in trouble, Dick. You aren’t either, even if I know you’ve been hanging from the big candelabra again,” Bruce winked.

“Shit,” Dick said.

Bruce sighed. “Language.”

Dick giggled. “Catch you later, Blake?”

“Sure,” Blake answered. Dick grabbed and squeezed his hand before he dashed off. “So?” Blake asked.

“Let’s go to the study,” Bruce replied. Blake seemed unsure for a moment. Something still wasn’t right. “Or we can stay here.”

“No, the…maybe the library?” Blake asked.

“Yes, that will be fine,” Bruce answered. Mary loved the library as well. Blake led the way. He knew the house by now as well as Dick did.

Blake took a seat at the window and Bruce closed the door. The boy was tense. Bruce needed to make it clear that he wasn’t in trouble and that he wouldn’t be send away. “You can relax, Blake. I meant it, it’s nothing bad. I just wanted to know how you like it here and—I” he stopped, because Blake looked at him.

“I like it here. It’s nice. Mary is nice and Dick too.”

“He adores you,” Bruce said.

“He knows,” Blake replied. “And I will do right by him.”

There was something else in that statement, but Bruce couldn’t put his finger on it. And he couldn’t ask Blake if there had been any kind of abuse in the other families. Blake didn’t trust him. Not yet. “I know,” Bruce said. He was keeping his distance, because Blake was so very obviously uncomfortable in his presence. In Jon’s too, when they were alone, but Blake didn’t like to be with Bruce alone at all.

“So what else is this about?” Blake said and licked his lip.

Oh, Bruce thought. “Blake, do you like boys?”

Blake reared back mentally and physically. He was pressed against the back of the armchair and trying to keep his breathing steady and then he got angry, so fast that Bruce took a step back. “And what if I am?!” He challenged. “You think I will contaminate Dick?”

“There is nothing wrong with liking boys,” Bruce said.

“Do you like boys?” Blake asked. There was a nasty emphasis on boys.
“No, not boys. I don’t like children in that way at all, Blake,” Bruce answered calmly.

“I’m not a child!” Blake snapped and then he closed his eyes and willed himself to be calm. Bruce could see it happen. “Is that all then? I have shit stuff to do.”

“You don’t have to be someone you’re not with us, Blake,” Bruce said gently. He wanted to touch Blake, to hug him, make sure he was okay and knew that it was okay to want to be close to someone in that way too. He just – wasn’t good at it at all.

“I’m trying to be good for you,” Blake said.

“Mary loves you, Dick loves you and—”

“What about you?” Blake said and looked at him. And it was all there: Robin John Blake was in love with him. Mary had known for sure, that’s why she was insisting on sitting the boys down and tell them before Violet was born. Bruce was speechless. Blake laughed softly, but it sounded more like sobbing. “It’s alright, Bruce—”

“You’re too young, Blake. Besides I’m in love with someone else.”

“Oh,” Blake said. “Can I go now?” He asked after a moment of silence.

“Yes,” Bruce said. “Of course.” Blake stood up and Bruce felt like – “Blake.”

“Yes?”

“I do love you,” he said, because it was true and he cared about the boy, more than he thought possible.

Blake nodded. “Thanks.”

And then he was gone and Bruce felt like maybe fucked this one up anyway. Mary was right, they needed to sit the boys down soon and explain their relationship dynamics. Blake would be hurt, of course, but it seemed that Blake would be more hurt by lies and half-truths and to be honest Jon and Mary and Bruce himself too, were getting tired of sneaking around. Bruce had to keep too many secrets. And this one would not bring their world crashing down.

He would talk to Mary and Jon about it as soon as they came back from Haly’s.

**Jon**

Jon sighed, leaning back against the wall. “Just perfect.” He rubbed his face. This was getting to be too much… it seemed like he couldn’t do anything right for Blake. He seemed so withdrawn from them and Jon ached to help him in some way.

At least Blake had Mary and Dick. There was something off, but he just couldn’t place it… and he was usually good at reading people.

“How?”

Jon smiled, taking Mary’s hand and pulling her closer to him. “Never,” he wrapped his arms around her, his hand automatically going down to her bulging belly. He loved watching their child grow inside her… he’s missed this. It had been one of the highlights as Dick grew within her… and even though this child wasn’t his biologically, he still considered Violet his daughter.
“Pouting?” Mary teased as she covered his hand with hers and brushed her lips against his neck.

“Maybe.” He glanced over to the door. “Has Blake opened up to you anymore?”

“No,” there was disappointment laced in her voice.

“He will, you’ll see.” Jon had no doubts about that… if anyone, Blake would open up to her.

She smiled, leaning up to kiss him and then pulled away. “Don’t lurk too long. Dick and I will be waiting in bed for you.”

Jon nodded, maybe a swim would help him clear his mind before bed.

~+~

Jon stripped off his clothes and then dove into the water. He surfaced, sighing as he let the water just lull him into a state of contentment. There was always something about the water, since he was a little boy he has always loved the water. And he never tired of swimming, he craved the water and he almost loved it more than flying through the air.

Almost.

He closed his eyes and floated on his back, letting the water caress his skin for a moment before he ducked back under. He swam a few laps and then surfaced once more, near the edge. Jon grinned, surging up onto the edge as he noticed Bruce standing before him. “Come to join me?”

Bruce’s eyes danced with mischief, glancing over to the entrance. “Perhaps.”

Jon tugged on Bruce’s pants. “I want to feel your lips on every inch of my body.”

“Jon,” he groaned and glanced once more at the door.

“It’ll be fine…” he leaned up, balancing his weight on his hands as he brushed his lips against the crotch of Bruce’s pants. Jon could smell his arousal and need. It mirrored his own.

It had been so long since they have given into their needs, Mary had insisted… they needed to wait until they told the boys.

“You’re beautiful,” Bruce stated as his gaze trailed over his body and Jon groaned, his body flushing with desire.

“Then come and love me.”

Bruce dropped to his knees and wrapped his arms around him, pulling him up even more from the water and kissing him deeply. “The things you do to me.”

“Ditto.” Jon chuckled breathlessly against his lips and then pushed back on Bruce’s chest, flipping back into the water.

Bruce discarded his clothes and joined him in the pool, grabbing onto Jon and pulling him close. “Dick?”

“Tucked in bed with Mary,” he whispered as he brushed a kiss against Bruce’s neck.

“Blake?”
“Went to bed after crossing paths with me in the hallway.” Jon groaned as he attempted to pull away from him, but Bruce only pulled him closer and Jon tucked his head against Bruce’s chest. “I wish he would open up to us.”

“He will,” Bruce stated with utter confidence. “He just needs more time.”

Jon knew this, but he was impatient. He’s never met a child that didn’t warm up to him within minutes, he was a performer after all. “I know.”

“I love you.”

Jon smiled, each time Bruce said those three little words, it came easier and easier. “Love you more.”

“Show me,” Bruce smirked and Jon grinned at him, kissing him deeply and a little bit dirty, just like Jon liked it.

“God, I’ve missed this,” he inhaled as they parted to breathe and Jon trailed his fingers down Bruce’s slick body… it’s only been a few weeks but it has felt like a lifetime since he’s touched him, tasted him, fucked him. “Need you.”

“What do you want?”

Jon moaned, nipping at his lips as Bruce ran his blunt fingernails down his side, a stark contrast from the silky smooth water. Jon shuddered, “Your mouth… then I want you to fuck me until I can’t see straight.”

Bruce groaned, his eyes closing briefly and then nodded. “Yes.”

Jon moved them closer to the edge of the pool and he lifted himself up, spreading his legs as Bruce kissed his inner thigh. Jon groaned, tilting his hips up as Bruce tentatively licked at the head of his cock. Teasing him.

“Please,” Jon breathed, his hips bucking up as Bruce took him into his mouth. Jon moaned as he lost himself in the pleasure that Bruce was giving him. He leaned back, thrusting up into Bruce’s mouth.

Jon teetered on the edge, it had been far too long. And the way Bruce knew him so well… He knew this wouldn’t last long, but it was only the first round. Jon planned to enjoy much more under Bruce’s strong hands, mouth, tongue…

He cried out suddenly as his orgasm washed over him. Jon shuddered through his orgasm, his fingers clutching Bruce’s hair. Jon was in pure bliss, his body flushing from head to toe. He pulled Bruce up to him, kissing him and loving the taste of himself on Bruce’s lips.

There was a sharp intake of breath and in Jon’s fuzzy thoughts he realized a bit too late that it wasn’t from them. He pulled away from Bruce, glancing over and tensing as his gaze locked onto Blake’s.

Blake.

The boy was staring at him, the mask he tended to wear was no longer in place. His face was open and his emotions were unguarded. Blake looked at him, at them, with amazement and awe, which quickly changed to shock… and then it simmered into anger a second later. Blake clenched his fists, face scrunching up in outrage. “Fuck. How could you cheat on Mary, like that!??” He gasped and before Jon could correct him, Blake ran off.

Jon’s blissful feeling turned to dread and he quickly got up. His breathing hitched in anticipation, his
heart racing with fear... this wasn’t going to end well. Blake would be hurting, but he had faith that everything would work out. He had hoped they’d be able to take things slowly and ease him into the idea, but that chance went flying out the window.

“You said he was in bed!” Bruce growled as he tugged on his clothes beside him.

“He was, I watched him storm off and slam the door in my face.” Jon snipped, dragging his fingers through his hair. “Did you see his face? He’s never going to accept this.”

Bruce crossed his arms, closing himself off from Jon and everything else. Jon hated when he did this. “Did you think he would? I don’t understand what Mary was thinking...he’s in love with me.”

A snort escaped Jon’s lips and he grabbed Bruce into his arms, “How could he not?”

Bruce sighed, shaking his head.

“He idolizes you... you’re his first crush, but he’ll adapt and learn to love us as his parents.”

“How can you be so sure?”

Jon smiled, leaning in and kissing him. There was no reason to hide their feelings anymore and it felt really good. “He’s just like you.”
Chapter 2

~One~

“Mary!”

Dick woke with a start at the sound of the voice. It was Blake. His mom switched on the light and Dick turned to the door.

Blake looked angry and like he was about to cry.

Dick chanced a look at his mom, she seemed confused. He burrowed deeper into the covers, so he was hidden behind his mother.

“Blake, what's wrong?” She said.

“He's cheating on you!”

“What?”

“I just saw it. I saw Bruce and your husband. Jon and Bruce and they were-”

His mom swore. His mom never swore. He sat up.

“What?” Dick asked as he grabbed his mom's arm, Blake looked shocked at seeing him there.

“Shit,” Blake said. “Shit. I didn't see him. I didn't want to-”

“It's okay, Blake. It's okay. Come here?”

Blake shook his head. Mom got out of the bed and gestured to the chair. Blake nodded.

“I'm sorry,” Blake said as he sat down.

Dick didn't know what was going on. He knew what cheating meant and that it was a bad thing because it hurt people, but he also knew that his daddy or Bruce would never do anything like that. He got out of bed too.

“It's okay, Blake,” mom repeated.

“It's not! You are a good person and they – they – I saw it! I'm not making it up. In the pool. Just now. I-” he stopped. “You're going to send me away now, aren't you?”

And mom just broke down and hugged Blake and Dick made it over to the chair and hugged Blake too.

“No,” Dick said. “We are not sending you away. We are not,” he looked to his mom.

“We are not sending you away.”

“But-” Blake began.

Mom took a breath, like when she was about to do something dangerous and Dick tensed, and felt Blake tense in response.
“I need to tell you boys something,” she said and made Dick sit down in the big armchair next to Blake. Dick looked at her and for some reason he grabbed Blake's hand. He could feel it in his bones that this would be something big. “Jon and I are in love with Bruce, and he is in love with us, and we are together.”

Blake stared at her. “What?”

Dick let out a relieved breath. It was alright. Nothing was wrong. Of course Bruce loved mom and daddy. He nodded. “Okay.”

“Okay?” Blake asked. “Are you stupid?”

Dick reared back. There was so much anger and – hate? Dick wasn't sure in Blake's voice.

“Blake,” Mom said.

“He doesn't get it. You let your husband fuck Wayne. For money?”

Mom got up. Her fingers balled into fists. “No. We love Bruce and I don't want you to call it that.”

“Mom?” Dick said. He was confused. So confused. Mom loved Bruce. Dick knew that and daddy loved Bruce and Bruce loved them. So everything was alright. Why was Blake so angry then?

“Everything is fine, Dick,” Mom said and she was smiling at him, but her smile was tight. “It's only a misunderstanding.”

“It's not. Dick doesn't get that Wayne is in it for the dirty sex with bendy artists.”

“It's not like that!” Mom said.

“Sex isn't dirty,” Dick said, because daddy had sat him down the previous summer and explained all about sex and besides it didn't look dirty. When the circus animals had babies, it didn't look dirty at all.

Blake stared at him. “You have no fucking idea what you're talking about! It is dirty. He was sucking your husband’s dick!” Blake spat, turning to look at mom.

Dick didn't know what that meant. “What does that mean?”

“I'll explain later, Dick, okay?” Mom said.

Dick nodded, rubbing his eyes. Blake looked at mom and then at her belly. “What about the baby?” He asked.

“It's ours,” Mom answered.

“Who is the father?!”

“Jon and Bruce will raise her with me, they are both her daddies,” Mom said.

“You know what I mean! Who is the biological father of the baby?”

“Bruce,” Mom said.

“You make love to Bruce?” Dick asked.
"Yes, my little monkey."

"But..." Dick stopped. He was trying to wrap his head around this. Daddy had explained that people who loved each other very much had sex to make a baby and that that was how they got Dick, so...Mom said she loved Bruce and daddy too, but-

"It's so we can be connected with Bruce by blood too, and because Jon can't make other babies, Dick," Mom said.

"Oh...okay?"

"I know it's a lot to take in. And we wanted to wait for Blake to be more comfortable with us to tell you, but now..." she trailed off.

"All this time, you've lied to me. You lied to me. I told you my biggest secret and you lied to me!" Blake said and stormed off.

"Did you lie to him? Is he going to run away? Doesn't he love us anymore?" Dick asked. His side where Blake had been sitting suddenly felt cold and empty.

"Yes, Dick. I lied to him, but I've always wanted to tell you about how much daddy and I love Bruce and that we have a special relationship that is like no other. And that we don't want strangers to know about it, but that we also don't want to sneak around the house to steal kisses-"

"I saw you kiss Bruce. Daddy too. I kiss Bruce, maybe if Blake can kiss Bruce too?"

Mom laughed, but it still sounded a bit pained. Dick grabbed her hand and they sat on the floor together. She warped her arms around him and he cuddled close to her warmth.

"Mary?" Daddy asked and Dick looked up.

Mom sighed. Dick could feel it. "He saw you, because you couldn't keep it in your pants."

"I'm sorry. We thought everyone was asleep and-"

"You couldn't keep it in your pants," she didn't sound angry, just sad. Dick hugged her tighter.

"I'm sorry. Bruce is devastated. He's blaming himself and he knows that Blake is in love with him-" he stopped, looked at Dick.

"Well, now we don't have to keep any secrets anymore, do we?" Mom asked.

Daddy shook his head. "Guess not. How is Blake doing?"

"How do you think? He's angry and he thinks that Bruce is only in it for the, and I quote, 'dirty sex'."

"Should I talk to him?" Daddy asked.

"No, I think he needs to cool down. Get Bruce? I think we should sleep together."

Dick nodded. "I think so too."

"You would, little monkey. So you can get even more cuddles," Daddy said.

"Can't blame a boy for trying," Dick replied.
Mom kissed his head and daddy crossed over to them and picked Dick up. Dick gave him an Eskimo kiss. He looked like he needed it.

“I think you should get Bruce. He was all broody and tried to shut me off,” Daddy said. Mom nodded. “Be right back. Warm the bed up for us?”

“Sure,” Dick said.

~+~

Once Dick got settled in with Daddy, or half on top of him, he frowned. He just couldn’t imagine what sucking dick meant. Like how can you even do that and why?

“I can feel you thinking, little monkey,” Daddy said, and looked at him.

“It’s Blake,” he stopped and bit his lip. “Mom explained to him how much you and her love Bruce and that Bruce loves you too. And Blake said that Bruce is only in it for the dirty sex. I mean – it isn’t dirty, right?”

Daddy sighed. “No, it’s not. I told you, remember?”

Dick nodded against his shoulder. “I do and I told Blake and Blake said that Bruce sucked your dick and – what does that mean and when you love Bruce then it’s not something bad or wrong is it? But Blake made it sound like it is,” Dick explained as best he could. “So what does it mean, Daddy?”

“You know how I explained to you that sometimes girls fall in love with girls and boys fall in love with boys and sometimes you can fall in love with both?”

Dick nodded. “Like you did with Bruce and Mom.”

“Yes, exactly and sometimes when people are in love, they just like to take care of each other and make each other feel good. Like kissing and touching in special ways. And sucking dick,” he stumbled a bit over the words and Dick giggled, “It’s just another way for grown-ups to make each other feel good. Boys like to do it to other boys when they’re in love.”

“Okay, so it’s a good thing?”

“Yes, Dick. When you’re older and have someone you love, that someone will probably do that to you too and you will see for yourself.”

“Okay,” Dick said and snuggled closer.

~+~

Breakfast the next day was a silent affair. Blake was scowling into his tea and Bruce – well, Dick thought, was doing pretty much the same, except that he had coffee.

He sighed and Mom grabbed his hand and Dick smiled at her. She smiled back. It was her ‘it will be alright’ smile. Dick believed her, because mom didn't lie to him.

Bruce had slept in their bed that night, but he had felt all wrong and tense and Dick had a hard time finding the perfect spot to snuggle in. He sighed again.

“What is it little monkey?” Bruce asked, looking up from his coffee.
“You felt all wrong last night,” Dick said.

Blake choked on his tea. Dick gave him a look. It was so weird how Blake sometimes reacted to the most natural things. Oh, he thought, maybe - “Did you miss Blake in our bed?”

“Our?” Daddy asked, teasing.

Dick felt himself blush. “Yeah...I-”

“It's alright, your daddy is being a terrible man,” Mom said.

Daddy spread his arms wide and winked at him. “Can't help it.”

Dick giggled. His parents were alright and Bruce was smiling behind his coffee, probably thinking Dick couldn't see it.

Blake stood up suddenly, the chair made a horrible noise on the hardwood floor. “I need – to go,” he said and just ran out of the kitchen.

Alfred sighed, looking at Bruce like mom looked sometimes at Dick when Dick had been naughty. Disappointed. Dick frowned.

“I'm gonna talk to him. Explain how this is okay. I think you did it wrong somehow,” Dick said, grabbing two rolls and a bowl of strawberries and got up.

“No running with the bowl!” Daddy yelled after him.

Dick grumbled, but slowed down.

He could hear them talking, but then he was at the staircase and up the stairs, and then standing in front of Blake's room. He knocked.

“Go away,” Blake said.

Dick knocked again. “It's me, Dick.”

“I know it's you when you say it's you. It's not like there are other kids here,” Blake replied.

“I have breakfast and strawberries and I was thinking. Because they kinda messed it up for you yesterday, right?”

“Yeah,” Blake said.

Dick could hear him coming closer to the door. “Maybe a dog would ease your pain?”

Blake opened the door. “You're a sneaky bastard, aren't you?”

Dick frowned. “I'm not a bastard. Mom and dad are my mom and dad.”

Blake snagged a strawberry from the bowl. “I need to teach you the fine art of slang, Dick, because for a boy who has been raised in a circus you're suspiciously naïve.”

“I guess that's what big brothers are for?” Dick said hopefully. “You're staying right? Even after you saw our dad and Bruce having sex?”

“Don't remind me of that,” Blake groaned. He was blushing. Dick wondered about that too. What
was there to be blushing about? People were naked around Dick for as long as he could remember. Well, on the other hand: Dick didn't want to see people having sex either, but - yeah, okay. He would've been blushing too. “And he is your dad.”

“No, he isn’t just my dad. Not anymore. He is your dad too, and soon Violet's,” Dick said firmly. He wondered if Blake had felt her move inside mom's belly. Probably not. They needed to fix that soon. But first things first. The dog Dick really wanted to have.

“Dick-”

“You probably need time, but they are your parents too and they love you. Mom told me. I’m sure she told you too,” Dick interrupted, holding out the bowl again.

Blake took a strawberry absentmindedly. “She did,” Blake admitted.

“Okay...so, since it's summer and all, and there is no school. I'm gonna ask Alfred to drive us into town and we can go to the park and do stuff?”

“Stuff? Like what?” Blake asked.

“I have no idea. You are my first big brother,” Dick said, looking at his feet.

“Do you play any ball-games?”

“Soccer?” Dick answered.

“That's – who plays soccer in America?”

“Alfred showed me how to play,” Dick said.

“Okay...he's British, they are big on soccer over there. I meant like American ball-games. Baseball? Basketball, football?”

“Basketball, but I'm not good, because I'm small,” Dick replied.

Blake sighed, mock exasperated. “Let's just find a Frisbee, okay?”

“Okay! I'm gonna ask Alfred. You tell our parents we're going to the park,” Dick said and dashed off.

“You set me up!” Blake yelled, but he didn't seem angry.

Dick laughed.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Warning: Child abuse is seen and discussed in this part.

~Two~

Blake stood outside the kitchen, listening to them... his ‘parents’ and Wayne talking. They seemed concerned, like they really wanted the best for him. He just wasn’t sure anymore. They had lied to him and he was still hurt.

Blake chewed on his lip, wondering just how much they were willing to give to him and show Blake how much they truly cared for him. And Dick really wanted to have a pet dog... and so did he.

He took a deep breath and then he stormed back into the kitchen, “Dick and I are going to go to the park and then we’re going to go get a puppy.”

For a moment there was nothing but silence and then Mary smiled brightly at him, nodding her head. “That sounds like a good plan.” She smacked Jon’s arm and he nodded as well.

“Yes, it does. Did you want me to take you?”

Blake shook his head. “No, Dick’s asking Alfred... this is brother stuff.” He explained, still not wanting to be near Jon or Wayne... he felt his cheeks flush as he remembered the night before. “That’s what you wanted, right?”

“Don’t stay out too late,” Mary stated as she got up from her seat and pulled him into a hug. He stiffened slightly before he relaxed and hugged her back. She kissed his brow and for just a moment he really felt loved.

“Yeah, yeah,” he began as he suddenly felt another pair of arms around him and he glanced down to see Dick grinning up at him.

“Alfred said he’d take us!” He bounced on his feet and then he pulled away, jumping onto Wayne’s lap. “And he said we could swing by the pound and check on all the puppies needing homes and maybe we can bring one home too?”

Dick’s big blue eyes, were wide and pleading with Wayne’s and hell, Blake would say yes in a heartbeat. He was good.

“You really want a dog?” Wayne asked, looking between them.

“Yep! And it’ll make Blake happier too.” Dick winked at him and Blake couldn’t help but laugh. “Sеееее!”

Wayne sighed with what sounded like a bit of defeat. “Very well, but it’ll be your responsibility to take care of it.”

Dick beamed at him, kissing his nose and then jumped off his lap, “Come on, Blake, we have to get
our puppy!” Dick grabbed his hand and waved at his parents, their parents he mentally corrected himself, and tugged him to the door.

“You’re such a brat.” Blake teased as they made their way to the garage where Alfred was waiting for them.

“I dunno what you’re talking about,” Dick grinned as he headed to the town car and got in.

Blake laughed, following after him. “Yeah, yeah.”

~+~

Blake stood in front of one of the cages and he wished he could adopt all of them. His heart tugged painfully as he knelt down to pet one of the puppies that was wagging its tail happily.

“There are just so many!” Dick gasped as he plopped down beside him. “How are we gonna chose?”

“Maybe he’ll chose us.” Blake reasoned as he got up and looked at another puppy, but that one just didn’t feel right.

“Maybe.” Dick repeated and they tensed as one of the employees passed by them, grumbling about some damn pup. “That’s mean.”

Blake nodded in agreement and he darted back to where the guy had come from. “Hey, there.” He smiled as he attempted to pet the dog. It wasn’t quite a puppy, he was a slightly older dog… and he had such sad eyes. “What’s your name?”

“Ace,” Dick read from the tag on the door and he reached out to him. The dog barked at him, wagging his tail at them. He wasn’t much to look at either… some sort of mutt, but that made Blake like him even more. “Want to come home with us?”

The dog stood up, barking again. He was a talented dog too. “I think he does.” Blake grinned and looked back at Alfred who was waiting for them. “We want Ace!”

Alfred crossed over to them and glanced at the dog. “And you’re in agreement, Master Dick?”

“Yep!” Dick nodded as he tugged on the metal cage separating them. “He needs a good home too.”

“Very well,” Alfred smiled and he nodded… and there was something else in his eyes. Pride.

Blake’s heart warmed at the thought. He couldn't remember the last time someone looked at him like that. “Did you hear that, Ace? You’re gonna come home with us!”

“We have to get a collar and a leash and some toys and do you think he’ll want one of those fancy bed thingies?” Dick rambled on as one of the lady workers came over and opened the dog’s pen. “Ace!”

The dog jumped up, giving Dick a lick on the face. Dick giggled and Blake smiled. He reached out, petting him and he licked at his hand too. “Hey, Ace… let’s go to the park!”

“Yay!” Dick cheered and they looked to Alfred who smiled and nodded his head.

~+~

Blake closed his eyes, stretching out in the grass. Dick was bedside him and Ace sandwiched himself
between them. It was really nice out, not too hot and there was a nice breeze.

He felt good, happy.

Ace suddenly growled and he sat up, barking toward the bushes.

Blake frowned, “What is it boy?”

Dick wrapped his arm around Ace’s neck, leaning into him and Ace seemed to settle. But Blake was curious.

“I’m gonna check it out.” He stated as he got up. “Stay here.”

Dick nodded. “Kay.”

Blake heard voices as he neared the bushes and he paused. He felt a sudden rush of anger when he heard something that sent him straight back to that night. Kevin.

He stormed into the small clearing, hidden by the bushes and he yanked at the older boy that was abusing a boy not older than Blake himself. “You fucking, dirty bastard!” He cried out, hitting the boy that still had his pants undone and Blake kicked at his crotch. “Don’t you ever touch another boy again!”

Blake seethed with anger and he kept hitting the monster that was abusing the poor kid, unable to stop until someone grabbed onto him. “Hey, hey,” Blake growled, ignoring whomever had pulled him away and he attempted to kick once more at the guy. “He’s not worth it.”

“He’ll do it again!” Blake argued, trying to pull away from his hold. The kid was about his age, but he was broader in the chest, stronger. “Let me go!”

“I’m telling ya, let the cops deal with it.” He nodded toward the clearing and Blake sighed, glancing over to see a cop, picking up the monster.

Blake sighed, “Where did they come from?”

“I called them,” he shrugged, taking a cigarette out of his pocket and lighting it. “Finally caught him in the act, the fucking bastard.” He smirked, blowing out a puff of smoke. “You really let him have it.” There was a tinge of awe in his voice and Blake couldn’t help but stare at him.

Blake nodded, “He was hurting him... he was so young.”

“He likes them young, he tried it with me once, but I kicked him in the nuts... but he still comes around, sniffing around.” He sneered, offering the cigarette to him and Blake took it. “It ain’t gonna bite you.”

He put it to his lips and attempted to smoke it, but he immediately started coughing. “Fuck.”

“You get used to it,” he smirked, taking it back. “Haven’t seen you around. What’s your name?”

“Blake.”

“Jason.”

Blake smiled, he felt some sort of kindred spirit with him. “We-” he began, inhaling sharply as he realized he left Dick alone with Ace. “Fuck.”
“What’s wrong?” Jason asked as Blake turned back to see Dick with Ace watching him. His eyes were wide and he looked a little lost.

“Hey, kiddo, you okay?” Blake asked as he rushed forward. Dick shook his head, his fingers clutching onto Ace’s collar.

Ace barked at him and Blake felt horrible for deserting them… even more because he wasn’t sure what Dick saw.

“What was that guy doing to that boy?” Dick questioned and Blake paled slightly.

“Nothing for you to worry about,” Jason cut in, but Blake knew he had a lot of explaining to do and he didn’t want to. “Gotta go, not really up to talking to the cops. Catch ya later.”

Before Blake could protest, Jason disappeared and the cop pulled him aside.

“I believe you’re not able to talk to the boy without his parents.” Alfred interceded and Blake sighed with relief. He didn’t want to talk to the cop… he glanced down at his hands and they were cut up and bruised and it hurt like hell.

Blake immediately hid his hands behind his back and he stepped closer to Alfred. The cop bristled and nodded. He gave Alfred a number for his parents to call and set up an interview.

Alfred tucked the card into his pocket and he turned to them. “I believe it’s time to go home.”

Blake nodded, not wanting to go back to the manor and all the questions… he just wanted to disappear. They followed Alfred to the car and climbed in the back.

Dick sat close to him and grabbed his hand. He kissed one of his cuts. “Mom will make it all better.”

Blake smiled, but he wasn’t sure. Their nice summer day didn’t end quite as nice. Ace seemed to sense his distress and he rubbed up against him, resting his head on Blake’s lap as they rode back the manor.

~~+

Blake wanted to dart up to his room, but they were all waiting for them. Blake shot a dirty look at Alfred. Traitor.

He balled up his fists, “I didn’t do anything wrong!” He stated first. “The bastard deserved it.”

Wayne’s gaze was focused on him and he felt himself unravel under it… it was the Batman’s gaze. “Tell us what happened.”

He shook his head, his body shaking with anger. “He made the kid suck his dick, it was dirty and wrong. And I stopped him, like no one stopped him!”

There was silence and he just looked between them, before he darted up to his room. To his salvation and he locked the door.

His heart raced and he felt sick at the thought. They’ll send him away. He just knew it.
Dick stared after Blake, until mom touched his arm and then he jumped and looked at her. “He's angry,” Dick said.

“Yes, my little monkey he is angry,” mom replied and hugged him. Dick let her envelope him in her arms. She had strong arms and he felt safe with her. He could feel his mom's belly and a kick as he pressed a bit closer to it.

“He thinks we're going to send him away,” Dick whispered.

“We're not-”

“Mary.” That was Bruce. When Dick looked at him he was concerned. “He beat up a boy in the park.”

“The boy deserved it!” Dick said and let go of mom. She sighed, kissing his head. Dick stood up. He was not going to let them send Blake away. Blake was his brother. Dick loved him.

“Dick, what happened?” Daddy asked. His voice was gentle. He wasn't angry, not like Bruce.

“I don't know. I mean I wasn't there the whole time. Ace growled at the bushes a bit away and Blake said he would check it out. Guess he was curious. I stayed behind with Ace, because I was lazy...I'm sorry I should have gone with him, but-”

“It's alright Dick,” Daddy said. “What happened then?”

“I waited and got bored and then there was screaming, but I couldn't understand, but knew it was Blake, so me and Ace went to check it out and that big boy that Blake beat up, he was doing something to the other boy. He was maybe twelve or so?”

Bruce tensed. “Dick what did you see?” He asked and his voice was sharp.

“Not much,” Dick confessed. When he arrived there, the big boy had already been on the ground and - “His pants were around his ankles and I could see his...his cock,” Dick whispered. “And the small boy was crying and Blake was angry,” Dick finished. He didn't know why he didn't tell them about the boy named Jason, maybe because Blake had been smoking and Dick didn't want to get Blake in trouble for that.

“Did you call the police?” Daddy asked.

Dick shook his head. “No.”

“Who then?”

“I don't know,” Dick answered.

“Master Jon, Master Bruce, Miss Mary, the police officer gave me a number to call for an interview. I think they will need witnesses to what happened and Master Blake had been there first,” Alfred handed the card over.

“Blake didn't do anything wrong,” Dick said. He was convinced of that. “The other boy, the big one,
he was scary.”

“Why?” Mom asked.

“I don't know,” Dick said. “He scared me. Something about him wasn’t right.”

“Dick, are you okay?” Daddy asked.

Dick looked at him and then Bruce. “Blake said that big boy made the small one suck his cock...I thought it was okay to do that? You said it was okay.”

Bruce swore and gave daddy a look. “You told him about it?”

Daddy crossed his arms over his chest. “The boys, and Violet. All our children should know that sex isn't dirty, Bruce.”

“But.” Dick bit his lip. “The small boy was crying.”

Daddy uncrossed his arms and crouched down so they were on eye-level. “Sometimes people are cruel and bad and abuse the things that should make us feel good. You understand?”

“No,” Dick said.

“It's alright, I will explain later this evening, okay?”

“Okay,” Dick said, because he knew daddy would come up later and explain it all so Dick would understand.

“Now, grab something to eat and Ace?”

“Yes, isn't he the best dog?” Dick asked, patting his leg and Ace was at his side in a matter of moments.

“He is,” daddy answered. “Go up to Blake and tell him we aren't angry and that we need to talk to him once he has calmed down, okay?”

“Yes,” Dick said. He chanced a glance at Bruce. He still seemed angry and like he wanted to keep Dick there and interrogate him. Like the cops in the movies. Dick shuddered. Alfred put a hand on his shoulder and steered him into the direction of the kitchen.

~+~

Dick had to knock on the door five times before Blake opened it. And Dick suspected it was only because Ace started to scratch on it too.

“What?” Blake asked, crossing his arms over his chest. He still seemed angry.

“I have food. Alfred made it and cookies....and a mission.”

“A mission?” Blake asked.

“To tell you that our parents aren't going to send you away. You are a part of this family. They would never send me away either, Blake.”

“You're their real son!”
“You are their real son too. I was just...” he frowned. “They made me, but they don't love me more for it. They aren't that kind of people, Blake.”

“What about Wayne?”

“Bruce?”

“Yeah...he doesn't seem happy I'm here.”

Dick bit his lip. He had felt that vibe too from time to time, but. “He knows you're in love with him and he is in love with Mom and Daddy, so... Maybe he is sad that he can't be in love with you too?”

“Shit,” Blake said. “He told you that?”

“Daddy told me...I think it slipped out?”

“Shit- no wonder he wants to get rid of me,” Blake said.

“He can't. Even if he would want to, and he doesn't. He can't, because mom and daddy are the ones that adopted you. Can I come in now?”

Blake stepped aside and Dick grinned at him. Blake rolled his eyes. “It's because you brought food.”

“Yeah, sure, keep telling yourself that. But I know it's because you loooooove me,” Dick said and handed Blake the plate with food. “You didn't clean that,” he said, frowning, looking at Blake's hands.

“It's not that bad.”

“I can kiss it better.”

“I'm not a kid, you know?”

Dick gave him a look. “You're only three years older than me, Blake.”

“Four.”

“Three and a half, I'm gonna be ten in autumn.”

“Big party planned?” Blake asked as he grabbed one of the fancy small sandwiches Alfred made.

“I think so. Bruce promised. I think he wants to show mom and dad off a bit.”

“I don't think it's such a good idea. People will talk.”

“That's what people do, mom says.”

Blake sighed and put the plate on a nearby table, he grabbed for Dick and Dick came willingly. He let Blake hug him and hugged him in return. “You just don't get how the world works, yet.”

Dick had the urge to bite Blake's arm. Right there where the fleshy part was. “I don't think it's such a bad thing,” he said instead.

“Well, maybe not. But maybe it will hurt you in the long run,” Blake sighed.

Dick bit his lip. He wasn't sure if he should talk about what happened in the park and then there was what Blake had said: Like no one stopped him. Who was that him?
“I've got you now,” Dick said instead.

“Yeah, you do.” And it sounded final and fierce.

~+~

Dick fell asleep with Blake on the bed and as he woke up they were snuggled together and covered with a blanket. He wondered vaguely who had covered them, but it wasn't as important as the smell coming through the door and Ace breathing on his neck. Ace made a noise and Dick burrowed deeper into Blake's warmth.

“I think he needs to go for a walk—” Blake mumbled.

“He's your responsibility,” Dick said.

“What?”

“You're older and I brought you food,” Dick reasoned.

“That was yesterday. This is a whole new day and it's every man for himself.”

“We need to come up with some plan. And I hope they won't make us walk him before school...” Dick mumbled. The smell was getting stronger. Was Alfred making waffles? He groaned. That was his favorite breakfast food.

“Get up and take him for a walk,” Blake said and then he looked at Dick.

Dick bit his lip. “I have to pee and waffles are my favorite Blake,” he said and he made his eyes really wide-

“Shit,” Blake said and pushed him gently. “I'm not Bruce. That doesn't work on me.”

“Please, Blake?”

“Shit, okay, but only this once.”

“You're the best!” Dick said, kissing him fast and then jumping out of bed. He went straight for the bathroom. He could hear Blake swear and then he and Ace were running down the stairs. Dick washed his hands and went to his room to change clothes before he went down to the kitchen.

~+~

Blake wasn't at the table and neither was mom.

Dick grabbed his usual chair and a waffle. He didn't like to use utensils. Waffles were hands only kind of food.

“You guys alright?” Bruce asked from behind his newspaper.

“Yeah...you aren't mad I slept in Blake's room, are you?”

“No, we're not,” Daddy said. “In fact we think it's a good thing he has someone he can cuddle with.”

“He's kinda weird about it, but he doesn't mind so much when he's sleeping,” Dick said, nodding and taking a big bite from his waffle. “Is mom talking with him?”
“Yes, they went for a walk together,” Bruce said. “How come Blake took over Ace duties this morning?”

“He's my big brother, that's what they do?” Dick tried.

“Sure...” Daddy was trying to look stern. “You used the big eyes on him, didn't you?”

Dick shrugged. “I have no idea what you're talking about, Daddy.”

Daddy laughed.

“You can't keep doing that, Dick. You and Blake are both responsible for the dog,” Bruce replied.

“I really needed to pee, okay?” Dick mumbled.

“Dick-”

“I get it. I will work out a plan or something. Also, what about when we go back to school? We are growing boys, can't miss sleep or breakfast.”

“Alfred will walk him during school days in the mornings and only in the mornings, Dick,” Bruce answered.

“Okay,” Dick said and ducked his head, so they wouldn't see his grin. Another good thing to report once Blake and mom were back from their walk. Day was shaping up to be a good one.

“I want you to put on your good clothes later, because we’re going to talk to the police this afternoon. The sooner we can clear this up the better,” Daddy said.

Dick nodded. He was a bit nervous about the visit to the police, but at least Daddy and Bruce would be there and Blake.

“Is mom coming?”

“No. She has and appointment with her doctor,” Bruce said.

Dick looked at them. “Shouldn't someone go with her?”

“Alfred is going with her,” Bruce said. “I think we are needed with you boys.”

“Okay,” Dick said.

“You just have to tell them the truth as does Blake,” Daddy said.

“Okay,” Dick repeated. “Will that big boy go to jail?”

“We don't know,” Daddy answered.

“Do you think he should?”

“Yes,” Bruce hissed. It was his scary voice.

“What he did was bad then?” Dick asked, daddy never came around to explain last night and he had almost forgotten about it, but now he was thinking about it again.

“Yes, it was bad, Dick.”
“But you said that sucking someone's cock wasn't bad-” Dick said.

Bruce groaned. Dick looked at him.

“Dick. These things, sex, it's only okay if both people really want it and-” he looked a bit helplessly at Bruce.

“Do you think about sex?” Bruce asked.

Dick shook his head. “No, not really.”

“So, that smaller boy, he was maybe a bit older than you, you think he wanted to be touched in that way? Sexually?” Bruce asked.

“He was crying, so no,” Dick said firmly.

“You see if someone touches you when you don't want them to, then it's bad and it's called abuse.” Bruce explained.

“Oh, okay.”

“You really understand that?” Daddy asked.

Dick nodded. “Yes. It's like hitting someone. Like that time we had the new lion tamer that Mister Haly said was abusing the animals and needed to go, right?”

“Yes,” Daddy said. “That was another form of abuse, but basically every touch you don't feel like receiving, and someone forces on you, is abuse and you have to tell me or your mother or Bruce, or Alfred. So we can deal with it.”

“Okay,” Dick said, wondering if someone had abused Blake back in one of the foster homes he had been in.

Like Snow White’s stepmother in the fairy tale. He was glad Blake was with them now.

“What is it, little monkey?” Bruce asked.

Dick shook his head. “Nothing. I was just thinking.”

“You can tell us, you know, right?”

“Yes, I do, daddy,” Dick replied.

“Okay, then. Finish your breakfast,” Bruce said.

Dick did just that. He wasn't so nervous anymore about the police. Bruce and Daddy would be there and Dick knew that he could count on them. That he and Blake could count on them to have their backs.
Chapter 5

Four

Ace wagged his tail as he walked ahead of them, glancing back at them before darting ahead a bit. Blake looked up at Mary, who simply smiled at him as they continued to walk.

She didn’t say a thing, but Blake knew she must have wanted to ask him about the events at the park the other day.

Blake frowned, feeling like he had disappointed her in some way. “It wasn’t my fault,” he stated as he stomped his foot.

“I know.” Mary smiled at him.

Blake sighed.

She grabbed his hand and squeezed it. “We are here for you.”

Blake nodded, he knew that… but he just wasn’t ready yet. “Okay.”

“Okay,” she nodded.

He realized that she was still holding his hand and he kinda liked it… but then he thought he was too old to be holding her hand. He wasn’t a baby anymore. Blake was about to yank his hand away, when Mary gasped, hissing slightly and Blake stared at her. “What?”

She smiled at him and then pressed his hand against her belly.

His eye’s widened when he felt a bump against his hand. “Was that the baby?” He questioned looking up at Mary and then back at her belly in awe.

“Yes, she’s kicking.”

Blake felt a warmth in his chest, his heart skipping a beat… it was unexpected and he felt more connected to Violet. “Hi, baby V.” He whispered and felt a few more kicks against his hand. “Does it hurt?”

“Sometimes, she’s a strong kicker and it takes me by surprise.” She explained as she pressed her hand over his.

Blake smiled. “A ninja kick like her daddy.”

“Yes,” Mary nodded as she lifted his hand and he let her take a closer look at the cuts on his knuckles. “We should clean your hands as well.”

He was about to protest, but he kinda liked the way she fussed over him… like a mother should. “I guess.”

Ace barked at them as if in agreement and he nudged Blake’s leg. “You’re such a good dog, Ace.” Blake petted him with his other hand and then they headed back to the manor.

They had only walked through the gardens, so it didn’t take long. She ushered him through the back door and to the bathroom by the gymnasium. They had all sorts of creams and bandages.
“This might hurt a bit,” she stated as she started to clean the abrasions on his knuckles and it did. He hissed, biting his lip as she finished cleaning his hands and then taped them up. He flexed his fingers, they already looked and felt much better.

“Good as new,” she smiled.

“Thanks.”

~++~

An hour later and after much fuss, they were on their way to the interview. Dick was talking about everything and nothing and Blake was glad, it helped relax his fraying nerves. He didn’t want to do this.

Blake inhaled sharply as the car stopped and they filed out of it. They walked around the block and he stopped as they neared the station, staring up at the police sign. “It’s okay,” Dick reassured him, but John felt a knot settling in his stomach.

Wayne and Jon stood behind them, protecting them. It was kinda nice, but then he was angry that they weren’t there when he needed them most.

Dick took his hand, squeezing it so tightly that it almost hurt. “All you have to do is tell the truth,” Dick added and Blake nodded.

“Yeah, I know.” But that’s what he was afraid of. He glanced back at Jon and Wayne before he took a step forward. His chest felt tight and he couldn’t breathe. The last time he was here was when his father had been killed.

“Blake?”

He sucked in a breath, feeling panicked. “I can’t go in there. I can’t. Don’t make me. Please.”

Wayne and Jon shared a look. “Blake,” Jon began. “You just need to make a statement.”

Blake shook his head. “Not there, not at the station, please… last time I was there my father was… my father…” he hiccupped, his whole body trembling.

Dick wrapped his arms around him and the heat of his embrace made him feel slightly better.

Jon squeezed his shoulder. “I’ll make arrangements to meet at Wayne Towers?” He stated as he glanced at Wayne who simply nodded.

“You okay?” Dick asked and Blake shrugged, not really sure…he didn’t think coming back here would affect him so badly.

“Dick,” Jon began, reaching out to him. “I might need your help.”

Dick looked like he’d refuse and Blake shook his head. “It’s okay. Go put those big puppy dog eyes to good use.”

Dick grinned, leaning up and kissing his cheek before he dashed to his father… their father. He watched as they went into the station, which left Blake alone with Wayne.

“When your father was murdered.”
It wasn’t a question and he was pretty sure Blake didn’t need to clarify the statement. “I’m sure you looked at all my files before my adoption went through… probably even persuaded them not to. I’m an angry boy with a fucked up life.”

“Language.”

Blake groaned, glaring up at Wayne… and he really wanted to hate him. But the look Wayne gave him was caring and he looked, vengeful. Like the Batman.

“The boy will be locked up for what he did,” Wayne stated, his voice was low and like steel. Blake had no doubt that he would… and if not, the Batman would take care of it.

“He’s not the only one that should be,” he scoffed, stuffing his hands into his pockets and staring at the ground.

“Who?” Wayne demanded and Blake’s gaze snapped up to his.

“Blake!” Dick called out as he raced down the stairs to them, breaking the spell that Wayne had created… he almost told him.

He shook his head, focusing on Dick instead. “Dick.”

“Daddy said we can go to lunch first and we can have cheeseburgers and fries and milk shakes.” He grinned. “But we can’t tell Alfred, he wouldn’t approve.”

Blake burst out laughing and then he hugged Dick. “Yeah, that sounds good.” Dick smiled as he returned the hug.

Wayne looked annoyed and he glanced back at the station. “Were you not able to reschedule?”

Jon grabbed Wayne’s wrist, and Blake noticed how Jon brushed his thumb against the inner side and it seemed to calm Wayne. No one else would have noticed the small movement, but Blake knew that it meant something more. It was an intimate moment between them. Blake hated that Jon was able to be like that with him.

Blake knew it was stupid and he darted his gaze away from them and focused back onto Dick who still had his arms wrapped around him. It was kinda nice, but Blake wasn’t used to this.

“Since we’re changing the location, the officer that’s taking the statement needed to push it back a little bit to rearranged his schedule in order to accommodate us.”

Wayne nodded, “I see.”

“So, are we eating or what?” Blake questioned, not wanting to talk about this. He was itching to just leave.

“I believe there’s a diner around the corner.” Jon glanced at his watch. “We have about an hour to kill before we need to head to Wayne Towers.”

“Can we have pie too?” Dick questioned as he pulled away, taking Blake’s hand as they walked toward the diner.

“Where do you put it all?” Jon teased as he picked Dick up and flipped him up in the air.

Blake’s heart stopped and he just stared at them. Dick seemed weightless as he flew and then he stood on Jon’s shoulders. “Show off.” Blake teased, but he knew that they did it to help him deal
with this and they walked toward the diner.

“Come on, slow poke!” Dick called after him and he chuckled. Today would be okay after all.

~+~

Blake woke up with a start, Ace was nudging at him and he knew that it meant that the dog needed to go out. Again.

He grumbled, getting up. Blake put on his shoes and followed the dog down the stairs. He yawned, pausing as he scratched at his belly. He looked around for Ace, but realized he was no longer in sight.

“Ace,” he whispered harshly, hating that the dog ran off. This place was huge, didn’t he know better than to worry him at this time of night?

He wandered into one of the rooms, looking for him and startled when he heard the piano. He looked over, seeing the silhouette of a man… but he knew it was Wayne. He watched in awe as the clock slid open and revealed what appeared to be an elevator?

By the time Blake had dashed over to the hidden door, it had closed. He looked wildly around the room, it only dawned on him then that he was in the music room. Blake crossed over to the piano and attempted to replay the few notes he heard.

He cursed a few times, wishing he had paid more attention to his piano lessons. At the time he thought it was stupid and girly… but now. Fuck.

After the third attempt the door slid open once more. “Score!” He grinned and dashed over in time to catch it before the door closed. Blake could see that it was indeed an elevator car and he quickly got on.

This was it, this was the Batman’s hideout… He knew it! It had to be.

The car stopped and Blake stepped out. His eyes were wide in awe and breathless anticipation. His heart raced as he took a few more steps and then he stopped.

Batman stood before him.

Blake blinked, his heart skipping a beat and he just stared at him. This was all his dreams come true… well almost.

“Alfred, would you tell Fox that the improvements in the neck still need some work and-” Batman stated as he turned to him, his voice was gruff, deep… fucking hot as hell.

Their gazes locked, Wayne’s voice trailing off as he realized that he wasn’t Alfred.

Blake smiled at him, feeling like a dork as he waved at him. A swell of giddy happiness washed over him and he didn’t know what to do or say. He was speechless.

“Blake.”

Fuck.

“I knew it.” He finally managed to say and rushed to him, throwing his arms around Bruce's waist. The smell of the leather and of the man underneath was probably the best thing he’s ever smelled.
Batman tensed and then he placed his gloved hands on Blake’s shoulder. “When?”

Blake shrugged, looking up at him. “Just knew… when you showed up at the orphanage that first time.”

He removed the cowl and Blake reached out and traced the ear with his fingers. Wayne just let him explore his suit and this was probably the longest they’ve been alone, together, where Blake actually felt good around him.

“So awesome.”

“Blake,” he began, but his voice was more like Wayne’s and not Batman’s and Blake immediately ducked his head, staring at the floor.

“Yeah?”

“Did someone hurt you like the boy in the park?”

Blake inhaled sharply, gaze snapping back at him. “What?”

“At the station you alluded to the fact,” he continued, his voice deepening once more and he sounded more like the Batman. “Who hurt you?”

Blake worried his lip, his breathing hitching slightly.

“Was it the Linds?” He demanded and Blake shook his head.

“No, no… they were awesome, it wasn’t their fault.” Blake corrected, he didn’t want Wayne to think that it was them. “They were good to me, even when I was horrible at first.”

“It wasn’t their fault?” He questioned and Blake cursed under his breath. “Who was it then, another student, a teacher?”

Blake closed his eyes, shaking his head. He felt a little light headed and he reached out, grasping onto the Batman’s chest.

“Who was it? What did they do?”

“Kevin.” He confessed and all the emotions that were simmering within him burst forward and he began to sob, unable to push it back anymore. “He, he-”

“What did he do, Blake?” Wayne’s voice was softer and his arms wrapped around him.

Blake buried his face into the chest, letting the scent of the leather and Kevlar soothe him. “He made me suck his dick.” He barely breathed, but he knew that Wayne had heard him, Wayne’s fingers dug into his shoulders. “And then he tried to fuck my ass, but the Linds came home early.”

“He’ll pay for what he did to you, I’ll make sure of it.” The Batman vowed as he pulled away and tugged back on his cowl.

Blake nodded numbly, rubbing at his face. He felt lighter suddenly, his heart calming… Batman was going to avenge him and it felt good. But he still had so much anger simmering in his bones, being at the police station made it feel so much fresher.

“Master Blake, I wasn’t expecting to see you down here.”
He jerked slightly, turning to Alfred and he gave him a small smile. “Hi.”

“I wondered how long it would be for you to figure out where the cave was.” Alfred stated, a hint of pride laced in his voice. “That must be why Ace was laying under the piano.”

“Ace!” Blake gasped, he had forgotten that he was going to take him outside. “I was distracted.”

“I see.”

“Make sure he goes back upstairs,” Batman stated and Blake groaned.

“I want to learn, to help.” Blake stated, now that they knew he knew.

“I’m not sure that’ll be a good idea, Master Blake.”

“But it’ll help,” Blake insisted, looking to Batman. “You know, you understand what it feels like… I need this, too. Please?”

Batman glanced over at the side, deep in thought. “Only if Mary and Jon sign off on it.” He conceded a moment later and Blake smiled.

“Deal.”

“Master Bruce-”

“We’ll discuss it later, I have a boy to see to.” Batman rushed to the Batmobile and flew through the waterfall.

“Wow.” Blake breathed, staring at where he disappeared to and looked to Alfred. “Did you see that?”

“Yes, I did.” Alfred didn’t look pleased.

“Do Mary and Jon come down here?” He questioned as he sat down in the chair and looked at the computer. It was just too cool… and he didn’t want to go up, yet.

“They do not.” He paused. “Come, Master Blake, you should see to Ace and go to bed. It’s been an eventful day.”

“Yeah,” Blake reluctantly agreed and ran his fingers over the desk. “Does Dick know?”

“I don’t believe he does.”

Blake nodded, he figured Jon and Mary did… he just had to play his cards right and then he could be with the Batman and train with him. Be his partner. It was almost just as good.

~++~

Blake rushed down to breakfast, Mary and Jon smiled at him. “Morning!” He grinned as he sat down. “Where’s Dick?”

“He took Ace out-”

Blake didn’t let Mary finish, he just needed to know that Dick wasn’t in earshot. “I want to train with the Batman, he said I could if it was okay with you two.” He looked at them expectantly, he really wanted this.
Mary and Jon shared a look, they seemed mystified and a little shocked that he knew. “Um-”

“I think it’ll help with his anger,” Wayne stated and Blake didn’t even see or hear him. He was good.

“Yes. Please?”

“It may help you, too.” Jon argued, “You won’t be as reckless.”

“I don’t know what you’re referring too.” Wayne snorted as he sat down, taking a sip of his coffee.

“Yeah, that too.” Blake looked between them… his parents. “Please, I’ll be good!”

Mary rubbed her belly. “But you have to promise me you’ll be okay. And you’ll train first with Jon and Dick before you even attempt any of the more complicated ninja moves.”

Blake grinned and he jumped out of his seat, hugging and kissing Mary on the cheek and then to Jon and Wayne before he darted outside to find Dick.

“There you are!” Dick grinned. “I tried to wake you up, but you were snoring and Ace needed to go out.”

“Good, you need to take him out more often!” Blake plopped down on the ground and Ace jumped on top of him. “I took him out twice last night.”

Dick giggled and the crawled over him. “You’re in a good mood.”

“Yeah, feels like a new day, ya know?” He smiled. “And I’m going to train with you and J- our dad.”

Dick beamed at him, throwing his arms around him. “Yay!”

Blake wrapped his arms around him, he felt good… at peace. It was a great feeling. Ace barked at them and Dick pulled him into their embrace.

This was his family. He was home.
Dick was pretty much – there were no words for what he felt, he was sure, because excited didn't even come close.

“You're looking like you're gonna jump right out of your skin, kiddo,” Blake said. “Even Ace is done playing and he’s tired. Look at him. Look what you did? You broke our dog,” Blake laughed.

Blake was different now, Dick thought. Happier, since they started the training and – maybe before that, yes, Dick thought it started just the day after they went to the police. Or the police came to them, because Bruce could even make the police do what he wanted.

“I didn't break him,” Dick protested hanging from a tree branch. Ace did look tired and he wasn't barking and jumping around anymore. In fact he was lying in the grass next to Blake, who was scratching him behind his ears.

Dick did a somersault and landed smoothly in the grass.

“Never gonna get tired of watching you do that. The way you move, fuck, Dick,” Blake said and laughed again.

“Language,” Dick replied and then flopped down next to Blake and put his head in Blake's lap. Blake took the hint and stroked his hair while they were enjoying the last warm days. Soon it would be cold and Dick would be finally, finally ten. The first (baby) step to being a real boy. Ten. Two freaking digits.

“Yeah, right, as if you care.”

“Alfred does and Bruce,” Dick said.

Blake sighed. “I try, but it's hard not to swear after so long, you know?”

“You're a bad influence on me,” Dick teased.

“Right,” Blake said, but his hand stilled.

“Hey, none of that. You're the best big brother and I love you,” Dick said. He said it often to Blake, even though Blake never said it back and got all weird about it. Dick didn't mind.

“So, big freaking party in a few weeks. Ten.”

“I know, right? Ten and soon thirteen and then sixteen. You know, sweet sixteen, so I can have someone like Mom all for myself like Daddy and Bruce.”

“They share,” Blake said.

Dick looked at him. “Nah, they love each other very much. All of them. The same way. They don't share Mom. Because if they did, then Mom would share Bruce with Daddy, and Daddy would share Mom with Bruce, you know?”

“I think you just broke my head, seriously. How the hell did I end up being adopted by a bunch of hippies?”
“Mom says it's what Circus people do. Being different and themselves. You know? And you ended up here, because mom loves you and has loved you from the very first day she met you.”

“She told you about it?”

“Yeah, last time when I was listening to Mom reading to Violet. Mom says you call her weird names.”

“It's not weird. I call her Baby V,” Blake said.

“Sound like a rap-queen,” Dick said thoughtfully.

“You go by Dick,” Blake said.

“You go by Blake.”

“My point is, Baby V, is kinda cool and she's our sister, she needs to be-”

“One of us, yeah, I hear you,” Dick said and closed his eyes. “Keep stroking.”

Blake snorted but resumed stroking Dick's hair. Dick would have to ask about that stroking thing soon. Daddy would explain. Daddy explained things very well. And Mom and Bruce said that Daddy was a dirty man, which Dick suspected had to do with sex and joking about it.

~+~

The party was huge. Like really, really huge. There were all kinds of people and all his friends from the circus made it too.

“Who is that?” Blake asked, pointing to a pretty woman with dark hair. Dick has seen her in a few pictures here and there around the manor.

“That is Rachel. She and Bruce were childhood sweethearts,” Daddy said, and then ate the shrimp ball he had been holding. “Delicious.”

“And the guy beside her is Dent, right?” Blake asked.

“Yes, he is. He's the new district attorney. We have hopes for him. Bruce has hopes for him,” Daddy said.

Politics, Dick thought, was not his world. “I'm gonna mingle, okay?”

“No running,” Daddy said.

Dick grumbled, but nodded. He made his way over to the other side of the big ballroom and when he looked back Blake was in deep conversation with their dad.

He saw his Mom right ahead and slung his arms around her round belly. Baby V was kicking. “I think she's dancing. She will be a great dancer one day, Mom.”

“Dick,” Mom said, putting her hand on his. “How is my birthday boy doing?”

“Good. All these people? It's awesome. Where's Bruce?”

“He and Mister Dent were talking by the table with the desserts,” Mom replied.
“Daddy says the shrimp balls are delicious,” Dick said.

“I kinda don’t feel like seafood right now, but if you go over there, get me one of those French pastries? The one with the white chocolate and strawberries?”

“Baby V also has great taste,” Dick teased.

“That’s your mom,” Mom teased back.

“Gonna get you something, once I found Bruce!”

“What do you want from him anyway?”

“I didn’t get my birthday kiss!” Dick said.

Mom grinned. “Try to not make it a scandal, yes?”

“Who me? I have no idea what you’re talking about, mom,” Dick answered. He was feeling all grown up in his suit.

She bent down and kissed his forehead. “Have fun mingling, my little monkey.”

“Be right back with your pastry!”

Bruce was gone when Dick reached the table with the desserts – he had made a few detours, but Mister Dent had one of those little funny tasting chocolate cakes in hand, Dick had a few earlier, before the shrimp balls. They made him feel all tingly.

“You and Rachel, you’re in love?” Dick asked.

Mister Dent looked down and then around and then down at Dick again. “Yes. We are.”

“Yes, I do,” Mister Dent said. He looked a bit bewildered.

“But now she is in love with you and Bruce is in love with my mom, so...how does love go away?”

“That’s a hard question to answer,” Mister Dent replied. “Who is your mom?”

“Mary Grayson!” Dick said, proudly.

“The acrobat, but isn't she married to Jon Grayson?”

“It's a secret,” Dick said and leaned forward. They were the only two people in this corner of the room and if you couldn’t tell secrets to a lawyer...well. And besides he was in love with Rachel. “So you can't tell anyone, okay?” Dick asked.

“I will not tell a soul,” Mister Dent swore.

“Daddy is in love with Bruce too,” Dick said and beamed at him.

“So if your mom and dad are the Grayson’s you are the birthday boy?”

“Yes! I'm ten now!”

“And you have been drinking,” Mister Dent said.
“I wasn't. I would never. Bruce told me what not to drink,” Dick said earnestly.

“You didn't drink any of the champagne?”

“Nope, I only had shrimp balls and those funny cakes you're eating,” Dick said.

“Ah, that explains a lot, Richard.”

“It's Dick, Mister Dent. Everyone calls me Dick.”

“It's bold for sure,” Mister Dent said.

Dick grinned. “I think so too!”

“You shouldn't eat any more of those cakes, Dick.”

“Okay. I wanted to grab that strawberry thing for mom anyway. She says it's for her, but I think it's for Baby V.”

“Baby V?”

“She lives in mom's belly right now,” Dick explained. He was feeling funny. All tingly and warm again and he used to be better at explaining things. Mister Dent was right. He shouldn't be eating any more of the funny black cakes.

“I think we should find your mom now, Dick.”

Dick nodded. “She's right over there? See? She's talking to-- OH! Bruce!” Dick said and dashed off. He caught Bruce around the middle and climbed his back. He was feeling a bit wobbly and tired. He nearly slipped.

“Dick!” Bruce laughed, catching him. Bruce would always catch him, Dick knew.

“You were gone so early this morning and I didn't get my birthday kiss,” Dick said all pouty.

“And you want it now?” Bruce asked.

Dick nodded. Bruce leaned in and kissed his nose, his chin, his nose again, and then his forehead. Dick giggled. He felt like he was five again.

“Are you alright?” Bruce asked.

“He had some of the rum-cakes, I can't say how many and they didn't skimp on the rum. Even the glaze is made with rum, Mister Wayne,” Harvey Dent said.

“Ah, my little monkey is drunk.”

“Just a bit,” Mister Dent said. “But enough that you should be glad that there is no press at this event.”

Bruce nodded. “Was he-?”

“He only interrogated me about my feelings for Rachel and I must admit that I am glad to know you are happy with someone else now,” Mister Dent interrupted.

“I'm sorry, I told him,” Dick said. He was feeling sleepy and Bruce was warm. He snuggled closer to
Bruce's chest.

“I think you should drink some water and sleep a bit, yes? Dick?”

“Okay,” Dick mumbled and closed his eyes.

~+~

Dick woke in his own bed, but with Ace and Blake snuggled close.

“You got drunk,” Blake said.

“I didn't,” Dick replied.

“You did,” Blake giggled. “Wasn't your fault. The catering messed up and no one could say how many of those cakes you ate.”

“I missed my party,” Dick sighed.

“It's alright. You got all the good parts,” Blake replied and leaned over and then he kissed Dick's nose, his chin, his nose again, and then his forehead. The birthday kiss.

Dick smiled into the dark and then kissed John on the lips. “You learned the birthday kiss for me.”

“Sure, I did,” Blake replied, but he was weird now.

“What?”

“What did you do that for?”

“What?”

“Kissing me on the lips?”

“Dunno, because I wanted to. Because they look soft? Was it bad? Should I not?” It was like Deja vu. He had only been so unsure about kissing Bruce that one time.

“Nah...I was just wondering,” Blake replied.

“You don't like being kissed and stuff, do you?” Dick asked.

“It's alright when you do it or Ma- mom.”

“So it's weird for you when boys, men do it? Daddy explained how sometimes boys fall in love with boys – but you know, don't you? Because you love Bruce, but don't want to be touched by him. It's strange,” Dick said.

“Well, I'm strange then,” Blake said, pulling away.

Dick grabbed his hand. “Are you mad at me?”

“No, not at you,” Blake said.

“Can we cuddle again? I'm still tired, Blake, and I will never eat those cakes again.”

“Let's see how you feel in a few years about rum, okay?”
“I don't think my feelings will change much, Blake,” Dick replied.

“Sleep now, kiddo.”

“I like that,” Dick mumbled.

“What?”

“That you have a nickname for me that is different from our parents', Blake.”

Blake kissed his forehead. “You are strange too.”

“I know. It's why you belong here. With us,” Dick said and then was out like a light.
Six

Blake landed the double somersault, it was a little sloppy, but he did it! He jumped up, grinning as Dick practically tackled him into a hug. “You did it, Blake!” Dick grinned as Blake wrapped his arm around him. “You’re awesome!”

“Not as awesome as you, kiddo.” Blake snorted and Jon chuckled from the sideline. “Not everyone can be as talented as our little monkey.” Jon teased and Dick giggled, pulling away from Blake and dashing over to him and climbing up his back. “You’re getting so big, soon you won’t be able to do that.”

Dick kissed Jon’s nose, “As big as you?” He questioned, jumping up and flying through the air as he grabbed onto the rings. Blake just watched on in amazement, Dick’s movements were so fluid and Blake knew he’d never be as limber or as magical as the Graysons in flight.

“Bigger.”

“As big as Bruce?” Dick dismounted, doing a back flip and landing soundlessly on the mat. Perfect.

“I dunno about that,” Blake chuckled. But then again, in Blake’s mind, no one would ever be bigger than the Batman.

“And how is the training session going today?” Mary asked from the door, rubbing her belly.

“Blake is making excellent progress,” Jon praised him. Blake felt his cheeks flush and he focused his gaze on the ground… he was slowly getting used to it, but most of the time he couldn’t help but think he was in a dream.

“I knew he would be.” Mary began and Blake chanced a glance at her. She winked at him and he flushed more.

“You should see him!” Dick tugged on Blake’s hand. “Come on, show mom!”

Blake nodded and climbed up to the rings. He closed his eyes, concentrating as he built some momentum before he jumped and did a double somersault. His landing was still a little wobbly, but he did it!

“Yay!” Dick tackled him to the ground in a massive hug and Mary and Jon clapped for him. Blake grinned, feeling all giddy inside.

“You have made excellent progress,” Mary agreed and Blake felt so good at the praise. “But I’m afraid it’s bedtime for you, my little monkey.”

Dick slumped against Blake, it was almost comical. “But, I’m ten now!”

“And hence why I let you stay up an hour longer,” she reached out her hand to him. “Come, I’ll read you a story.”

Dick grumbled under his breath, reluctantly getting up and crossing over to her. “And one for Baby V?”
Mary shook her head, giving an exasperated look at the both of them. “And yes, one for Violet.”

“Baby V.” Dick corrected and Blake burst out laughing. Dick winked at him as he took Mary’s hand.

“Say goodnight, Dick.” Mary prompted, squeezing his hand.

“Goodnight, Dick!” Dick giggled and then rubbed Mary’s belly. “Hi, there, Baby V, did you miss me? Mom’s gonna read us a story.”

Mary was practically glowing with love and smiled at her children… which included him and still after all these months felt new and special. Jon crossed over to them, kissing Mary and then Dick. “I’ll be up soon.”

“Goodnight!” Blake called out after them.

Jon watched them and then glanced at him. “You’ve done so well, Blake. I want you to know that.”

Blake nodded, it was easier being around him and Wayne, and he didn’t shy away as much from their affection as well. “Thanks.” He sat down on the mat, tugging on his shoes, pausing when Jon sat down beside him.

“You know you can come to me with anything,” he began softly. “With our training session, you don’t seem to hate me as much.”

Blake’s eyes widened, shaking his head. “I never hated you!”

“But you shy away from me, Blake. You don’t like to be in the same room with me…” Jon sounded so sad. Blake had never realized that he made him feel that way. He didn’t mean to.

“It’s not you-”

“I’m not blaming you, Blake.” He sighed as he got up and Blake quickly followed him. “But one day, I hope you can-”

Blake hugged him, which shocked him probably more than Jon and it took him a moment before Jon hugged him in return. “I think you’re the best dad ever!”

Jon smiled, “I- thank you, Blake.”

“My dad was okay, I guess… but once my mom died he drank more and he didn’t hurt me or anything, but I knew he didn’t want to be bothered by me.” He whispered and Jon squeezed his arms around him a little tighter, kissing his brow before pulling away.

“I can’t imagine.”

Blake shrugged, he’s never really told anyone about that. “But you do alright… and Dick adores you and Baby V will too.”

“That’s good to know.”

“Yeah,” Blake glanced down at his shoes and then back up at Jon. “Did Bruce tell you about Kevin?”

Jon frowned, “No, was he a friend?”
“Not exactly,” his voice was still bitter and he kicked at the ground. “He really didn’t tell you?”

“No, Blake.” He smiled. “You told the Batman in confidence, I would assume?”

Blake nodded, “Yeah.” There was a tinge of awe in his voice, he couldn’t help it. Wayne had kept his secret, even from his lovers.

“It’s okay, you know.”

“What is?”

“Your crush on Bruce,” Jon smiled. “You’ve got good taste.”

Blake felt his whole body flush and he shrugged, trying to downplay the feelings he still felt for Wayne. And being able to train with him made it worse. “But, I want to kiss him and I can’t and is sucking cock really good?” He rushed, before he lost his nerve. Jon did say he could tell him anything and he’s been dying to know.

Jon let out a startled laugh and he pulled Blake into another hug. “You’ll meet another boy that will make you want to kiss him more… I know it must be hard for you, you have all these emotions inside you, part of it is a little hero worship if I’m not mistaken.”

Blake nodded, slumping against Jon.

“And I love sucking cock and I’m sure you’ll love getting your cock sucked when you find the right boy.” He continued and Blake just looked up at him with a mixture of awe and wonder. “It’s not dirty or wrong when you love the person you’re with. It’s a very intimate act when you do…” He paused, glancing away for a moment. “I remember how badly you reacted to Bruce and I being intimate in the pool together. And I just want to make it clear that it was an act of love and you will-”

“It was hot.”

Jon smiled, nodding his head. “Yes, it was… but there was something more, Mary and I thought that you were possibly abused and your feelings were troubled.”

Blake nodded. “I was always curious about touching other boys and I wanted to… but he pushed me too fast and then it felt dirty and wrong and he hurt me and now I dunno anymore.”

Jon’s fingers dug into his arm for a moment and then relaxed. “I hope the Batman took care of the one that hurt you? Kevin?”

Blake nodded again, not really trusting his voice. He still felt raw and angry when he thought about Kevin.

“Good.” Jon practically hissed and Blake couldn’t remember any other time he sounded like that. It reminded him of the deep Batman voice. “And the time in the park only triggered all those emotions… no wonder you were so angry, but I’d never hurt you, Blake. You’re my son now and I’ll do everything in my power to help you.”

“Yeah.”

“And now it’s been a few more months, but you’re still curious.” Jon smiled, reaching out and running his fingers through Blake’s hair… it was nice and reassuring. No wonder Dick liked it when Blake did it to him.
“So, I’ll love it too? Like you and Bruce.”

“Yes. And you will meet someone you like and-” his eyes widened as he studied him. “Is there a boy you like?”

Blake shrugged, there was Wayne but he was starting to have feelings for another, more his age… “Maybe.”

“Maybe?” Jon smiled. “Go slowly, you’re still young… if you wait it’ll mean more. You should ask him over.”

“Jay’s not really the type…”

“Ah, so his name is Jay?” Jon teased and Blake blushed. “I believe Dick has talked about him a few times… the boy you met at the park?”

“He’s cool.”

“I’m glad to hear it.” Jon kissed the top of Blake’s head and to his own surprise he didn’t flinch or pull away… it was nice. “You better go down stairs, you’re late for your training.”

Blake smiled brightly, nodding his head. “Thanks.” He offered Jon a wave and darted down the hall and played the piano to let himself into the cave.

“You’re late.”

Wayne didn’t even turn to him, just stood there looking at the screen. “I was talking, father-son type of talk with feelings and shit.”

“Language,” he corrected and Blake rolled his eyes. “And I’m glad to hear it, we are here for you.”

“I know, that’s what he said.”

Wayne nodded, but didn’t add anything else. He wasn’t really the type of guy to talk about his feelings. “Let’s begin.”

~+~

He’s been training for months… and as Jon said he was making excellent progress on both his gymnastics and his ninja training. He was itching to get out there on the streets, to really put it all together.

Blake ran his fingers over the silky fabric of the cape. “When do I get my suit?”

“You’re training isn’t far-”

“I’m ready!” He insisted, it was the next step.

Wayne looked him over, “I’ll talk with Fox and see about making something to fit you.”

“Maybe something blue, no green. Yeah.” Blake did a ninja kick… it had some fancy name but Blake had a hard enough time remembering every single one, let alone pronouncing them, that he just dubbed them all in his head as ninja.

“I see. Do you want a cape?”
Blake nodded, “Duh. But no cowl, that just looks uncomfortable.”

“It is.”

Blake raised a brow, “Then why do you wear it?”

“It completes the picture, installs fear within my enemies.” Wayne explained. “Anyone can wear the mask, it’s a symbol.”

“But you’re the Batman and I’m…” he paused, frowning in deep concentration. “I need a cool name too.”


Blake nodded, letting out a yawn.

“Go to bed, it’s getting late.” Wayne stated as he finished fastening his suit and put on the cowl.

“When do I get to go out with you?” He was itching to do so. “After I get my suit? It’ll be so cool!”

“Yes, but you need rest and you have school in the morning. You remember the deal?”

Blake groaned. “Yeah, yeah.” He got up, stretching. He was overextending himself a bit… school, homework, off to the park with Dick and Ace, gymnastics training with Dick and Jon, and then to complete the day, sneaky ninja training with Wayne. It was a lot, but he loved every minute of it.

He didn’t feel as angry anymore. In fact he felt like he was opening up to all kinds of awesome things that he never dreamed possible before.

~+~

“Mister Fox is here with a special delivery.”

Blake’s head shot up, his heart skipping a beat at Alfred’s announcement. “Yeah?” He glanced between Jon and Mary. “Can I go, please?”

“Very well, but-”

Blake ran out of the room before Jon finished his sentence. He knew it was his suit and he was so excited. Who needed to eat dinner?

He made his way down to the cave and over to Wayne who was opening up the box. “Is it my suit?” Blake asked. He saw a glimpse of shimmering green and red. “Green and red? What am I, a fucking Christmas tree?”

“Language.” Wayne snipped and Blake snorted. “They’re the prototypes, you’ll try them on and we’ll get an exact fit. Test them to see if they need any modifications.”

“Oh,” he nodded. “Can I try it on now?”

Wayne nodded and Blake stripped out of his clothes and pulled on the dark green pants. They hugged his body like a second skin and they had pockets down the side. It reminded him of camo pants in a way. The shirt was a dark, blood red and had Kevlar interwoven into it, much like the Batsuit.

“And the cape, will attach on the back.” Wayne took the black sleek fabric and Blake loved the way
it billowed as he snapped it out and then attached it to his shoulders.

Blake ran his hand down his chest. “How do I look?”

“Like a Christmas tree,” Wayne teased and Blake laughed, hitting him in the chest and then he tested out his suit doing a few moves… it was exhilarating.

“I need a belt,” he thought out loud as he continued to move around and then stopped and looked at the mirror. “Yeah, a belt.”

Wayne nodded and then pulled out a black utility belt and he fitted it around Blake's waist. “There.”

Blake grinned. “And a mask? Maybe one of those domino ones?”

“I don’t have one of those, but I’ll find one.”

“I need an emblem too, like yours.” Blake touched his chest. “Should it be a bat like yours? Batboy or something?”

Wayne laughed, “I’m not sure about Batboy… we’ll think about it.”

Blake nodded, glancing at himself in the mirror. “Can we go out? Try it out?”

“Maybe after you get that mask, but only for an hour or so.” He stated and Blake nodded, feeling giddy at the news. It would be his first time out on the streets, doing what he felt was right in his bones.

~+~

Ace barked at Blake as he made his way up the stairs. “Hey, there buddy.” Blake smiled as he scratched behind his ear. “It’s time for bed.”

Ace snorted and then led the way back to his room. Blake changed and climbed into bed. He smiled as Ace snuggled in close, resting his head on Blake’s leg. He tried to go to sleep, but he was still too hyped up from trying on his suit… he was so close to being a real vigilante like the Batman.

“Blake?”

He startled slightly, looking over to see Dick. “Hey, kiddo, shouldn’t you be in bed?”

He shrugged. “Where did you go? You didn’t come to practice either!”

“Oh, yeah.” Blake frowned, not wanting to lie to him. “I was helping Bruce.”

Dick pursed his lips in contemplation. “Okay.” He scrambled up on the bed, curling into him and Ace maneuvered himself so he was sandwiched between them. “Night.”

“Night.” He smiled closing his eyes and finally falling asleep in the warmth of his family.

~+~

“Hey.”

“Hey.” Jason returned with a small smirk around his lips. Blake found himself staring more at his lips and wondering what they’d feel like against his skin.
Blake leaned against the tree, his shoulder brushing Jason’s and he felt a sudden warmth in his gut… it was nice and scary and he never really felt like this before. “What’s new?”

“Nothin’ much.” Jason shrugged.

Blake nodded, he wanted to tell Jason all about his training and his new suit… but he couldn’t. Not now, possibly never.

“Did you see the news about the second Batman?” Jason snorted, shaking his head in disbelief and Blake’s eyes widened. He hadn’t heard anything about it.

“What?”

“What the fuck were they even thinking? He even ran into the Scarecrow and then some clowns robbed a bank. What an idiot!” He snorted, taking out a cigarette and lighting it. “Maybe the Batman needs more help, or you know use a gun or something.”

“But carrying a gun goes against everything he believes in,” Blake protested as Dick came running up to them, laughing with Ace hot on his heels.

“Why are you guys just standing over here, it’s so boring,” Dick drawled as he stood beside them.

“It’s hard work,” Blake smirked. “I bet you can’t stand here for five minutes.”

Jason snorted. “Double dog dare you.”

“I can do it!” Dick leaned back against the tree, mimicking their poses. He even grabbed Jason’s cigarette and made a face at the smell and handed it back. “Eww, why do you smoke this?”

“Cause it’s cool.” Jason smirked, inhaling the smoke and then blowing it back at them.

Blake chuckled as Dick began to squirm and Ace barked at them. “Four more minutes.” Blake knew he wouldn’t be able to do it, Dick just wasn’t made to sit still.

“I give!” He jumped up and then did a few back flips, Ace running after him.

Jason laughed, a rare smile curving up his lip. “He’s just full of life.”

“Yeah, he is.”

~+~

That night, Blake darted down to the cave. Wayne was deep in concentration, a hideous looking clown up on the screen. “Why didn’t you tell me about the other Batmans and the Scarecrow… and who the fuck is that?”

“Language.”

“Fuck that, how can I be your partner if you don’t tell me anything? I heard it from Jay in the park.”

Wayne grunted, “He calls himself the Joker.” He glanced at Blake. “Part of your training entails that you are aware of your surroundings, you need to be more aware of what is going on in our city.”

“But I don’t have time! You should have told me.” Blake took a step closer. “Where did he even come from? Have you heard of him before?”
“He’s left a calling card. But I’ve found no records on his whereabouts, he’s an enigma.”

“We should go and check him out.”

Wayne glanced at him and at the monitor. “It’s not safe.”

“That’s why you need me! I’ve been training for this.” He pointed out, frustrated. “Besides, we have to test out my suit.”

“For an hour.”

Blake jumped with excitement and wasted no time in suiting up. He loved the smell of the leather and Kevlar, and he was giddy as Wayne handed him the mask that completed his suit. He grinned, twirling in his cape just to hear it swoosh behind him.

“Ready?”

Blake turned to him, his heart skipping a beat as the Batman stood before him and he nodded. “Yes!” He raced him to the Batmobile and he practically dove into it and sat behind the wheel. “Can I drive?”

“No.”

Blake groaned in disappointment. “I can drive, ya know.”

Batman just looked at him and he shuddered. Damn he was good.

“Oh, it’s not exactly legal, but my one foster dad was always loaded and in order for us to get anywhere I had to learn… I could barely reach the pedals. But I made it work.” Blake found himself babbling on, not really able to shut up. He was too excited. Maybe that was why Dick was constantly talking.

“Hmm.”

The Batmobile flew out of the waterfall and it took Blake’s breath away. He couldn’t look away from the windows as they raced through the city. Batman parked the Batmobile in a dark alleyway and for a moment Blake was petrified, he wasn’t sure if he could do this.

“You’re good.”

Blake jerked his head to the Batman and then he inhaled sharply. “Yeah, I am.”

He gave him a nod and then Blake followed his lead and they made their way up the building. Blake watched in awe as the Batman stood on the ledge and crouched down, gazing over his city. Their city.

“Wow.”

Batman chuckled, which seemed odd coming from him… but it was nice. Blake crouched down beside him and soaked everything up that the Batman was telling him. He told him about every nook of the city and then he gave Blake his first grappling gun.

Blake’s fingers trembled with excitement at being able to use this in the city. They had practiced on the side of the Manor until he was able to do it with ease… but these building were a lot taller. His breath hitched with anticipation and then he shot the gun and soared through the air.
They flew over the city and it was the best feeling ever… the cool wind nipped at his skin, but his suit fit him like a glove and kept him warm. He landed on the roof and twirled his cape. “Did you see that? I totally landed that. Wasn’t it fucking awesome?”

“Language.”

Blake snorted and then glanced up over the skyline. “Look!” Blake pointed to the light in the sky. “The Batsignal.”

He jumped up onto the ledge. “Careful,” Batman stated and Blake rolled his eyes.

“I’m good.” And he felt great, exhilarating, happy. “So are we going to go check out the light?”

“Yes.”

Blake followed after the Batman as they flew across the city, it was the best thing ever. And he briefly wondered if this was how Dick felt when he was flying. He landed on the rooftop after the Batman and peeked around his cape to see the police officer.

“And who is this?” The officer questioned and Blake squinted his eyes and realized that he knew the officer… Gordon. He was the one that told him about his father, but he probably didn’t remember Blake. “A partner?”

“Lieutenant Gordon, this is Robin.”

Blake blinked, eyes widening in surprise. Robin?

“Batman and Robin,” Gordon repeated, “Has a nice ring.”

“I’m learning the ropes!” Blake stated, dropping his voice an octave, trying to mimic the Batman voice.

Gordon raised a brow, but he didn’t question it. He handed a file to Batman and as he glanced over it Blake jumped up on the ledge and tiptoed on it, twirling his cape.

Gordon stepped closer to the Batman, “He’s just a kid.” He whispered, but Blake could hear him.

Batman stood up taller, squaring his shoulders and he looked even more intimidating. He didn’t say a damn thing either. But Gordon didn’t seem the least bit intimidated and Blake just watched their interactions in awe.

“If anything happens to him…” Gordon continued, but Blake couldn’t hear the rest. It was a warning of some kind, which was kinda nice.

“I can hear you, ya know.” Blake stated, hating that he was being treated like a baby. “I have better training than you do.” He challenged him and Gordon chuckled.

“I see. I’m sure you’ll make a believer out of me, son.”

Blake beamed. “Yes, I will.”

Batman just nodded, jumping off the building and Blake followed.

“Robin?” Blake questioned as they landed. “Really?”

“It’s no longer your legal name and you know it. You’ll respond to it in a pitch.” Batman stated,
looking him over. “Do you have any other suggestions?”

Blake shook his head, all he had come up with was Batboy and that kinda sucked. But it made sense to call him Robin, he knew it well and he would respond and damn. “Oh.”

“And it does have a nice ring.” He teased lightly, before he dashed down the street and Blake followed.

On their way home they stopped a mugging and a burglary in process. Blake loved every moment and it felt sooooo good to punch the bad guy and kick some ass.

~++~

Blake felt like he was dreaming through most of the day, all he could do was think about the night to come and what it entailed. He used all the resources at school and he looked up everything he could on the Joker. And he itched to get back out on the street and lock the sick bastard up.

He barely paid attention to Dick and he ate dinner as quickly as possible… he was distracted and he knew it, but they were going to go out earlier today… or so he hoped. They had to go after the Joker!

They flew across the city and he kept quiet as the Batman led the way. He loved every moment of it, it was addicting in a way. The way the adrenaline rushed through him as they soared through the sky. They ended up at the police station. And that’s where the Batman benched him… in front of everyone! Like he was just some baby.

It was too dangerous… blah, blah, blah. What the fuck was he doing this for? Blake was sure the Batman had been in worse danger.

He fumed as he crossed his arms. The Batman was drilling the Joker in the integration room, something big was up. Blake tried to pay attention, but he was still too pissed at being benched and Gordon was babysitting him as they listened on.

“Rachel.”

Blake’s attention snapped to Batman… Rachel was personal. He knew Rachel and Mister Dent. His breathing hitched when he realized what was going on. The Joker was making the Batman chose, he could only save one.

His heart was hammering in his chest and he thought about the bike parked outside. He could do this, he could help. “I’ll get Dent!” He announced to Gordon, not giving Batman the chance to even think about it. He’d over think it and Blake knew that Batman needed to save his childhood sweetheart. Batman would never be able to forgive himself if something happened to her.

Blake jumped onto the bike and it roared to life… he wasn’t of age, but he had driven one of the fancy ones Wayne owned after much begging. Jon had supervised of course and only on the grounds. He had never gotten a chance to ride one on the streets, but he got the knack of it as he raced to the address that Joker said Dent was at. He skidded to a halt and jumped off the bike before it had a chance to fully stop. Every second counted!

“Mister Dent?!” He called out frantically as he entered the building. Blake’s eyes widening as he looked at the bombs strapped to all the barrels. “Fuck.” Blake froze for just second, terror washing over him as he realized just how dangerous this really was. He wasn’t sure if he could do this and he was tempted to run back out…
“Hello?”

And that wasn’t Mister Dent. It was Rachel… Wayne’s Rachel. It was the kick in the ass he needed at the blinding realization that he was the only one that could save her. “Fuck!” Blake rushed over, grabbing the knife from his belt and cutting through Rachel’s bindings. “He tricked us! Fuck. Fuck.”

“Language,” she laughed, but it was a startled happy, crazy… we’re about to die laugh. But her comment reminded him of Wayne and Alfred. She was indeed a childhood friend.

“I’m Robin.” He said as he helped her up. “And we gotta run!” Blake grabbed her hand and they ran to the entrance and kept on running.

The explosion knocked him off his feet and he pushed Rachel in front of him and covered her the best he could with his cape.

He groaned as rubble fell on top of him and he just held Rachel close. He felt a little light headed and the heat of the fire was so close. Too close.

“You okay?” He asked as he got up off the ground. “Sorry for-” his words died on his lips when she kissed him and he grinned at her.

“Thank you, Robin.” She said as she pulled him into a tight hug.

“No, problem.” He managed, returning the hug briefly.

“Bruce must be really proud of you,” Rachel whispered as she cupped his cheek in her hand and then kissed his brow.

Blake just blinked at her… he hadn’t known that she knew. “Well fuck.”

She laughed. “Alfred must always get on you for that. He was always a stickler.”

“And Bruce.” He nodded, still surprised that she knew.

Sirens neared and they stepped apart. It was Gordon and his men… he wanted to run away and hide from all this. But he stayed put.

He was pulled aside buy a medic and he was shocked to see that he had a few cuts and he could feel the bruises too now that the adrenalin rush had faded. “I’m okay.”

The medic attempted to take off his cape and mask. The cape was in tatters, the explosion and fall had ripped it to shreds, but the mask still hid his identity and that was all that mattered.

“No!” He rushed, pushing his hands away. “I’m fine.”

“It’s okay,” Gordon interceded as the medic attempted to try again. And it was a good thing, because Blake didn’t want to break the medic’s hand or something… he couldn’t risk it. It was one of his first nights on the job! “Leave the boy alone.”

Blake was grateful and gave him a weak smile… he was suddenly exhausted. It was almost morning and he still had school. He sighed and was relieved when the Batmobile roared by and stopped a few feet from them.

Batman and Mister Dent got out of the vehicle and Blake smiled at the happy reunion. Dent and Rachel looked good together and he was thrilled that he had help make this possible.
He turned to Batman and he was happy he didn’t have to move and that the Batman scooped him up. “Don’t you ever run off like that again.”

Blake frowned, he thought he had done the right thing… but he guessed it was bad not to wait for orders and to run off on his own. After all the Batman had benched him. “Sorry?” But he wasn’t sorry at all, he did what had to be done. And saved Rachel!

Batman pressed his lips to his neck, holding him close for a moment longer. “You did good, son.”

Pride filled him and he grinned. “Can we go home now?”

“Yes.”
Something was going on, Dick just knew it. He and Ace were still in bed, and Mom hadn't come to fetch them for breakfast yet, and it was a school day.

He got out of bed and looked for his parents.

Mom and Daddy were in the living room. Mom was clutching a pillow and Daddy was on the phone, but he looked frustrated.

“Still nothing,” Daddy said.

“I'll kill him. I'll kill them both!” Mom said, she was grinding her teeth, which meant she was really angry. Dick chanced a look at the TV. He had heard from Jay all kinds of scary stories about the Joker and Batman and – wait a freaking minute. He rushed to the TV.

“Dick!” Daddy said.

“It's Blake!” Dick said, pointing at the figure on the screen. “There behind that medic, that is Blake.” He was sure of it. He would recognize Blake anywhere. He just knew how Blake moved. “What is he doing there? Dressed like that?” He looked back at the screen. “Is that live?”

“No, Dick, it's not live,” Daddy said. Mom was still just vibrating with anger. “It's been repeating for an hour now-”

“As soon as he's back I will kick his bloody ass,” Mom said.

Dick looked at her, the word 'language' was at the tip of his tongue, but he bit it back. Daddy smiled at him like he knew exactly what Dick had been thinking.


“Yes,” Mom said. “And I will kick Bruce's ass for-”

“Mary,” Daddy said gently.

“But why is Blake dressed like that why is-” he stopped. The pieces were coming together. “Holy shit, Bruce is Batman, isn't he?”

“A ten year old has just discovered my secret,” Bruce said from the door. Everyone turned around. Mom got up.

“Are you fucking crazy? To take Blake with you, when that maniac is on the loose? He blew up the police station and two warehouses for god's sake! And you let our son be there?” She slapped him and Dick took a step back. Bruce just stood there. Mom was shaking. “You shouldn't have been there either! What about Violet? Shall I tell her one day how heroic a death her father died?”

“Mary,” Bruce said. “It's what I do and you knew that. Said it was okay.”
“None of them were as bad as this one. He is only living for chaos and – and you. Bruce. He is obsessed with you!”

“Mom,” Blake said gently. She looked at him and then she grabbed him by his neck and hugged the hell out of him. “It wasn't Bruce's fault. He didn't want me there. He benched me. I just needed to be there anyway,” he admitted.

“We had an agreement, you weren't allowed on the streets alone until you're sixteen, Blake and you went behind our back,” Daddy said. He sounded disappointed. “You're grounded.”

“What? NO!”

“This is not a matter we will discuss,” Mom said. “You heard your father.”


“And we are all proud of you for that,” Daddy said, before Bruce could say anything.

“But I'm still grounded,” Blake replied angrily.

“You went against direct orders from Bruce,” Daddy said. “You lied to me and your mother. A punishment is the consequence of your actions.”

“Go to your room,” Mom whispered.

Blake looked unsure. He looked lost in fact. Dick went over to him and grabbed his hand. Blake squeezed it too tightly.

“Mom?” Dick said.

“Yes, my little monkey?”

He didn't know how to ask if she still loved Blake, but she seemed to understand what Dick was worried about.

“Oh, Dick,” she said, and kissed his forehead. “Of course I do. Of course I do. You don't have to worry.”

Dick nodded and watched as Mom kissed Blake too. “I do love you. But you scared the hell out of us, Blake.”

Blake looked down. “I'm sorry. I just wanted to help.”

“You didn't think. You have a family now,” Mom said and she was looking at Bruce too.

They both nodded.

“Go to your room,” Daddy repeated gently.

“Can we stay home today? Skip school?” Dick asked.

“Yes,” Daddy said with a look at Blake who really looked exhausted.

As they were leaving they could hear Bruce and mom arguing again.

~++~
Dick was clutching Blake's hand under the covers. He had seen the bruises and cuts, Blake had waved them away, but Dick understood now why mom was so worried.

“She's really pissed off,” Blake whispered. “She was ripping Bruce a new one. Bet she is still at it.”

“She was scared. I never seen her so scared, Blake. It scared me too,” Dick replied.

“I'm alright.”

“I know, but after all the horrible things Jay told me – and the people in the news too. That Joker, he is dangerous.”

“That's why we have to stop him.”

“Didn't you?” Dick asked.

“He got away,” Blake replied. “We just heard as we were heading home, but Bruce said he had to get to Mom and Dad first. To let them know we were okay.”

“Why are you doing this?” Dick asked. He was really curious.

“Why do you jump from a trapeze without a safety net?”

“It's not the same. I've been doing it since I can remember, and besides I know that Mom and Daddy will always be there to catch me.”

“I know Bruce will be there to catch me and now Bruce knows that I will try to catch him as well,” Blake said.

“You really love him,” Dick said.

“Yeah, I do.”

“What about me?” Dick asked.

“Don't tell,” Blake whispered, “But I love you the most.”

Dick snuggled closer. “What does ripping a new one mean?”

“I'll explain later, okay? I'm really tired.”

“Okay,” Dick said yawning. He could sleep a bit more too.

~+~

The next few days were really tense. Daddy tried to make it all seem okay, but Dick and Blake knew that Bruce and Mom were still fighting.

“They love each other, but they are very stubborn people,” Daddy said. “They’ll figure it out. Don't worry.”

“Meanwhile, I'm still benched,” Blake grumbled.

“Yes, you are. You should be grateful that Mary agreed to let you still continue your training and that you can still help out in the cave.”

“But not on the streets,” Blake said.
Dick stuffed a waffle into his mouth and just listened. It was so surreal. Bruce was Batman and Blake was – “Hey, so what's your vigilante name?” he asked.

“Robin,” Blake said.

“Like the bird?”

“Yeah,” Blake said. “Bruce picked it.”

Dick mulled it over in his head. “It kinda fits you.”

“Thanks,” Blake said. “How long can she hold a grudge?” He asked Daddy.

“A long time,” Daddy said.

Blake sighed. “I'm sorry, I messed it all up for you.”

“Blake, relationships aren't always rainbows and sunshine. You have to work on them. And what you and Bruce did, it was selfish, you understand that, right?”

“Yes,” Blake said, “But I'm still glad I did it.”

“As are Rachel and Mister Dent, I imagine,” Dick threw in.

Blake flashed him a smile. Dick had the best fucking family ever.

“Bruce shouldn’t be out there alone,” Blake said.

“And he won't,” Daddy replied. “He has Gordon and he has you in the cave and he also has Mister Fox. You need to give your mother time to cool down, son.”

Blake nodded. “But for the record? This fucking sucks.”

“Language,” Dick and Daddy said at the same time and then grinned at each other.

Blake rolled his eyes at them, but it was in good humor, Dick could tell.

~+~

Things got better once Bruce and Commissioner Gordon locked the Joker up. Mom was less tense and Bruce seemed happier too. Blake was allowed back in the cave and sometimes even out on patrol, but only on Fridays.

Dick missed him in their bed. He didn’t like to sleep alone. At least he had Ace to keep him company on those nights.

And then before Dick even realized it, it was almost Christmas.

“You’re super excited about this, huh?” Blake asked. Dick threw a stick for Ace to fetch and looked at him.

“It’s Christmas,” Dick said. “It’s days upon days of good food, and sleeping late, and doing all the awesome stuff. No school and presents.”

“Bruce said he’ll have a dinner party. With Dent and Rachel,” Blake said.

“Yeah, after Christmas. I like that, you know? All these little parties before the main event and after.
It’s like a month full of freaking joy. Happy people everywhere,” Dick said.

“You know we aren’t allowed to say anything about Bruce being Batman when Dent is there,” Blake replied.

“I know and I won’t ask him about how much he loves Miss Rachel either. I know he does. I’m glad you saved her life,” Dick said, leaning into Blake.

“How far did you throw that stick?” Blake asked suddenly.

Dick looked around. “Not that far,” he answered. “Let’s look for him. I wonder what he could’ve found on the grounds, you know?”

“ACE?!” Blake shouted and Dick grinned, running in the vague direction he threw the stick in. After a few minutes of shouting, Ace barked and they followed the sound to the thick bushes that fenced the manor grounds. Dick knew that they had neighbors, but he had never seen them, nor did he care.

“I’ve never been in this corner of the garden,” Blake said.

“Me neither,” Dick replied. Ace was lying on the ground near the bushes and wagging his tail.

“He found something alright,” Blake said. “What is it Ace?”

Ace barked again and then they heard a giggle. “Okay?” Dick said, crouching down next to Ace. There was a boy on the other side of the fence. Small and he looked like a pale blue marshmallow with the snow suit he had on. “Hi, there,” Dick said.

The boy just looked at him. Ace licked the boy’s hand and the boy giggled again.

“Oh,” Blake said, as he crouched down too. The boy took a step back. “Hey, don’t be afraid,” Blake said, reaching out his hand and the boy took a step in their direction. The bushes were leafless and Dick thought that he could squeeze through the branches.

“You lost, little man?”

“No,” the boy said.

“You live here then?”

The boy turned to the direction of the house Dick could barely see. His fingers looked cold as he pointed to it. “Up there.”

“Okay, so what’s your name?”

“I’m not supposed to talk to strangers,” the boy said.

“I’m Dick, that’s my brother Blake. We live at the manor.”

“Mister Wayne’s home,” the boy said.

Dick nodded. “Yeah, but we live there anyway. With Mom and Dad and Ace and Alfred and of course Bruce.”

“Timothy Drake,” the boy said, offering his hand. Dick took it, it was cold, so he blew on it. Timothy snatched his hand away. “It’s dirty.”
“Dick doesn’t care, he grew up in a circus,” Blake said.

“Really?”

“Yeah, come here and I’ll show you a few tricks,” Dick said.

Timothy looked uncertain for a moment and then he squeezed through the gap in the bushes. Dick cheered and then did some backflips and somersaults. “I’m better on the trapeze than on the ground,” he said.

Timothy stared in awe until someone yelled his name. He flinched.

“That’s my nanny,” he said. “I have to go.”

They didn’t try to talk him out of it.

~+~

Dick was kicking his feet under the table as he and Blake had hot chocolate in the kitchen.

“So…” Dick said. “Who is living on the other side of the manor?”

“Mister and Misses Drake. I believe they have a five year old son. But they’re rarely home,” Alfred answered.

“Can we invite them to the Christmas dinner too? Is it too late?”

“I will ask Master Bruce,” Alfred said. “Why the sudden interest in our neighbors?”

Dick shrugged.

“We met their son today…seems like a lonely little boy,” Blake said.

Dick nodded.

“I see,” Alfred said with a smile.

“Thanks, Alfred,” Dick said.

“You are very welcome.”

~+~

Dick and Blake were both given some spending money to buy Christmas gifts. And Dick had also been saving up a bit, so he could buy everyone a really nice gift. He was even more excited to go Christmas shopping with Blake.

Dick stared out of the car window as the city rushed by. It was so pretty, with all the lights and decorations. Blake was looking too.

“Do you know what you’re going to get our parents?” Dick asked.

“No clue yet,” Blake replied.

“I’m sure it will come to you, Master Blake,” Alfred said. He parked the town car and they got out. It was freezing. Dick pulled on his gloves and remembered Tim’s cold hands. “I’m gonna buy gloves for Tim,” he said.
“Can we buy them together?” Blake asked, pulling his scarf tighter around his face.

“Yeah,” Dick said.

They walked around aimlessly, window-shopping. Just letting it all sink in. Alfred bought them fried cakes and hot chocolate, but mostly left them to their own devices. Blake was almost fourteen after all, and he has been training with the Batman. They would be fine.

“Next year, we’ll have to get something for baby V, too,” Blake said.

“Yeah, I wonder who she will look like.”

“Pretty, like mom,” Blake said.

Dick liked it when Blake called her mom and he told him too.

“You’re so weird,” Blake said, “But I like saying it too,” he added softly.

Dick grabbed his hand and dragged him to another window.

~++~

When they finally found Alfred, in the bookstore he said he would be waiting in, he gave them and their small bags a look.

Dick smiled at him. “We decided to do some crafting after all.”

“I see,” Alfred replied. He closed the book he had been leafing through. “I’ll be right back, I’ll just pay for this. You can wait by the car.”

They nodded.

Dick was actually really excited about making something for his family and they had enough time. Christmas was in two weeks. They still got gloves for Tim. A nice pair, that would match his blue snowsuit perfectly. And Dick didn’t have a single regret about giving the rest of their money to the homeless people in front of the small bakery on the corner. He would talk to Bruce about it, maybe Bruce could help those people better than Blake and Dick did today.

He leaned into Blake. “I feel really good about this. Will you make a gift for Jay, too?”

“He’s our friend, yeah, I think I will,” Blake said, but his cheeks were a bit pink and Dick wasn’t sure if it was from the cold or not. He decided not to tease. At least not in front of Alfred.

“We can go home now, young Sirs?”

“Yes, Alfred,” Blake said and they climbed into the car.

~++~

Dick was fighting with the ribbons on his presents. There were just so many and he didn’t have the patience to unwrap them carefully.

Blake was watching him, but hadn’t even looked for his own presents under the tree. Dick gave up and tore the paper aside and then he grabbed the cape and slung it around his shoulders. It was warm and soft and yellow. “I’m gonna be a hero too!”
His mom looked at him fondly, while she was stroking her belly. It was really huge now and Bruce said that it was just a matter of days before they would meet their baby sister. Dick was very excited about it. He looked at Blake who grinned at him. “It’s the best cape,” Dick said, snuggling into it.

“There is also a mask somewhere too,” Daddy said.

“Cool,” Dick replied, but he got one of the gifts for Blake out of the pile. The one he made actually. “Come on,” he said, handing it over. “You’ll have to start somewhere.”

“I know I got a bike,” Blake said, nodding in the direction of the new shiny wheels.

“You don’t know the color, because it’s wrapped up,” Dick replied. He took another bite of cake.

Blake rolled his eyes, but opened the present. Dick was pretty nervous about it. He had never done anything like it before and he had Daddy help him too.

“Dick,” Blake said and then nothing.

Dick waited. “You like it? Daddy helped because they’re so tiny and-” Blake tackled him to the ground with his hug.

“I love them.”

“Really?” Dick asked. He had to be sure.

“You made me a tiny Batman and Robin.”

“Yeah…” Dick said. They were only as big as Dick’s hand and Robin was even smaller and they were made of Fimo* but – Dick was kinda proud of them.

“Thank you,” Blake said.

Dick hugged him. “I made a tiny scarecrow too, so you can fight him, but I hid it in my room, so mom doesn’t freak out.”

Blake laughed. Dick could feel it against his body. It felt very good.

Blake seemed to settle after that. He unwrapped gifts and ate cake and joked around with everybody and then Bruce handed him a package and he looked to Mom and Daddy. Mom smiled.

“Come on, your father and I picked it out,” she said.

Blake’s fingers were trembling, Dick noticed. Inside was the new suit. It was still green and dark red, but it had an ‘R’ on the chest, just above the heart and the new mask and cape. Dick reached out and ran a finger over the ‘R’. He was trembling too.

“Thank you,” Blake said and then he hugged Bruce, Mom, and Daddy.

Dick just stayed on the floor with Ace lying beside him and basked in the love of his family.

Chapter End Notes

*Fimo is a brand of polymer clay that you can make figurines with.
Chapter 9

~Eight~

Blake couldn’t stop staring at his new suit, touching the fabric and tracing the ‘R’ emblem with his fingers. He’d have to wait until tonight to try it on… if they were to go out on Christmas. He really hoped they would.

“Why don’t you try it on?” Mary said and Blake’s gaze snapped to hers.

“Yeah? It’s okay?” He looked between Mary and Wayne, needing his approval to wear his suit in the Manor and outside of the cave… Alfred had strict rules about keeping them separate, it made sense. But this was a special occasion!

Wayne nodded and Blake jumped up, grabbing it and darting to the nearest bathroom. He tugged off his clothes and his fingers trembled as he pulled on his Robin suit. It fit him like a glove and it moved with him like a second layer of skin… it was amazing! Blake pulled on his mask, cape, and gloves to finish off his look. Blake punched the air and then did a few kicks to test out his suit a bit more.

His breath caught in his throat as he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and he froze, just staring at his reflection. “Fuck, yeah!”

“Language!” Came Dick’s muffled voice through the door and Blake laughed, opening it… he couldn’t wait to show it off!

Dick parted his mouth in awe, his eyes bright and shiny as he stared at Blake. “Wow.”

Blake grinned, striking a pose similar to the Batman’s. And then he dashed off, running back to the family room to show his parents and Wayne. He did a few flips and then jumped up on one of the sofas.

“Careful,” Wayne warned, but his voice was soft and he couldn’t hide the smile curving up his lips.

“Oh, hush. We’ve taught him well.” Mary smacked Wayne’s hand playfully and then gestured for Blake to come to her. “You look so good, our little Robin.”

“I’m not little!” Blake protested as he struck another pose, standing up a little straighter and trying to intimidate them… but he knew he wasn’t as good as the Batman.

“We’re very proud of you.” Jon added and Blake felt his cheeks flush… a warmth filled his chest and he rushed to him, feeling the need to hug him. It was still such an odd feeling, but he was starting to get used to it.

“Thank you,” Blake whispered to him as Jon wrapped his arms around him in a strong hug and then he felt Dick’s smaller arms wrap around him.

“No fair,” Mary whined as she attempted to get off the sofa to join them.

Jon chuckled, picking up both Dick and Blake and carrying them to Mary’s arms. Dick giggled and Blake couldn’t wipe the smile from his face. This was his family… it was still such a surreal feeling to him.

“Smile,” Wayne called out and Blake glanced over and smiled brightly as he noticed the camera in
his hands. They took a few pictures, laughing and smiling in each other’s arms.

Alfred entered the room and took the camera from Wayne, gesturing for him to join them and he did. Dick jumped onto his back and pulled him in closer and Alfred took another handful of pictures.

“Oh!” Mary inhaled, rubbing her belly.

“Baby V wants some attention too!” Blake chuckled, placing his hand on her stomach and felt a fluttering kick against his hand. “Merry Christmas, Baby V.”

“Merry Christmas, Baby V!!” Dick chimed in as he hugged Mary’s belly.

Blake pulled away, looking to Wayne. “Can we go out now? Please?”

Wayne nodded, “Very well, but only for a few hours. You have a big day tomorrow.”

“So do you!” Blake pointed out and Wayne chuckled.

“We have a party!!” Dick cheered as he curled more into Mary and rested his head against her belly. “And maybe Baby V will show up!”

Mary laughed, “As long as it’s not when all the guest show up.”

Wayne smiled, reaching out and touching Mary’s belly. “They will welcome her into their arms, only close friends will be coming.”

“And Tim?”

Wayne raised a brow. “Yes, the Drakes accepted the invitation. Which will be interesting.”

Blake nodded, but he didn’t care about the Drakes at the moment. “Can we go now?” He glanced outside. “It’s getting dark!”

Wayne laughed, shaking his head. He kissed Mary and then Jon…

“What about me?” Dick questioned and Wayne smiled, leaning in and kissing the top of Dick’s head. “Be safe!”

“Of course,” Wayne nodded and looked to Blake. “Let’s go.”

~+~

Blake soared through the air, loving his new suit. He was hoping something would happen to really test it out. But it was pretty quiet.

“Bummer.” Blake groaned as he leaned against a gargoyle.

“It’s not necessarily a bad thing, Robin.”

“I know, it’s the Christmas Spirit and all that.” He snorted, crossing his arms. But he was really itching for some action.

Batman suddenly jumped down and he quickly followed, smirking as Batman threw a would be mugger against the wall and Blake helped the woman up. It was quick and painless and Blake didn’t even get to throw a punch!
“It’s time to go home.”

Blake sighed, not wanting to go home. “One more hour? Please… it’s Christmas!”

A smile quirked up at the Batman’s lips. “You’ll have to answer to your Mother.”

“Deal!” Blake laughed and then did a few back handsprings, he was itching to move around.

They stayed out another hour and Blake was able to finally kick some ass when they stopped what appeared to be a gang fight. Blake felt good. Now it was time to go home. It was an excellent night!

~+~

Blake yawned, having a hard time fully waking up. They were just finishing a late breakfast… but it was more like a brunch. He sipped at his tea, wishing he could have spent a few more hours in bed. This vigilante life could be hard. He didn’t know how Wayne did it.

He glanced over at him, his arm around Mary… it still hurt, seeing Wayne being intimate with Mary and it was even harder seeing him with Jon. Blake knew he was too young, but there was still this part of him that kinda hoped that maybe, one day. But it would never happen. That life would never be his. He could see how happy they all were. It was almost sickeningly sweet at times, like what you see in the movies.

Blake never thought that really happened, he vaguely remembered his parents like that. But then he lost his mother far too early and yeah. He shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts.

“Can we go outside and play?” Dick asked and Blake’s attention shot to him. Dick had his face plastered against the window.

Blake jumped up, crossing over to him and he noticed all the snow that had fallen. “Yeah, can we?”

Ace pushed his way between them and barked as if in agreement. Dick laughed, wrapping his arms around Ace. “We have to take Ace out anyway!”

“Just be careful,” Mary replied. “And dress warm… we still have the dinner party tonight.”

Blake and Dick raced to put on their winter gear, Ace following behind them, just as eager to go outside to play. They dressed quickly and were running outside a moment later.

They played outside until Alfred called them back in to get ready for the party. They had built snowmen, Batman and Robin style, and made a few snow angels.

“Did you leave any snow outside?” Alfred questioned as they entered the kitchen, his eyes were bright and smiling. “You don’t have much time, young sirs. Our guests will be arriving soon.”

They stripped out of their snowy gear and then headed upstairs to change. They were instructed earlier to wear their tuxes, but Blake had put up a fight and begged to wear jeans and nice sweater instead… saying his guest would feel out of place and eventually they relented.

“Blake!”

Blake dragged his fingers through his hair and joined Dick in the hallway. “Yeah?”

“Mister Dent and Rachel are here, come on!” Dick insisted, grabbing his hand and pulling him down the stairs and into the ballroom.
Blake waved at Rachel and before he could say anything, Rachel had pulled him into her arms and hugged him. “Merry Christmas, my Robin.” She whispered into his ear and he felt a warmth wash over him and he hugged her back.

“Merry Christmas,” he smiled, ducking his head as he felt his cheeks flush. It was kinda weird, but nice to be acknowledged… he hadn’t seen her since that night.

She ran her hand down her stomach and Blake noticed the small bulge…his eyes widened and snapped to hers. “It’s because of you, that we were blessed to have this child.”

“Congratulations,” he grinned, totally floored and he looked over at Mister Dent and Wayne talking across the room.

“Congratulations!!” Dick echoed as he joined them. He paused, looking between them. “For what?”

“Rachel is gonna have a baby like mom,” Blake stated and Dick glanced at her belly, reaching out to touch it.

She smiled, letting him touch. “Baby V will have a friend!” He grinned. “Is it a baby girl or boy?”

“I don’t know, we’re going to wait and be surprised.” Rachel rubbed at her belly as she glanced over at Mister Dent. “I’m hoping for a little girl.”

Blake noticed a ring on her finger. “You’re getting married too?”

“Yes,” Rachel smiled brightly. “You’re very observant, young man.”

Blake grinned.

“And I do hope both of you will be there in attendance.” She added as Mister Dent joined them. “Isn’t that right, Harvey?”

“Yes, it is.” He nodded as he wrapped his arm around her and kissed her cheek. “We should ask the Batman and Robin to attend too.”

“They’ll be watching, no doubt.” Blake replied. “They saved your lives… it was on the news and everything!” Blake added quickly, hoping to not seem too suspicious.

But before he could comment, Mary crossed over to them. “How is everyone tonight?”

“Mom, did you hear? Baby V is gonna have a friend!” Dick grinned as he wrapped his arms around Mary’s belly. “Baby V, meet your bestest friend ever.”

“Shouldn’t your sister have a say in it?” She asked as she winked over at Rachel.

“Nah, it’s a done deal.”

Blake laughed, shaking his head. He glanced at his watch and wondered where Jason was. He put his hand in his pocket, feeling the present he had gotten him.

“The Drakes,” Alfred announced as he let in a stuffy looking couple and Tim.

Blake waved at Tim who gave him a small half smile, before his gaze darted up to his parents and a scowl appeared on his face. Blake instantly hated the Drakes.

Wayne immediately interceded, acting the host and introducing everyone.
Dick rushed forward, putting on a show like he always does. He tugged on Tim’s hand and glanced over at Blake.

Blake nodded and followed Dick into the other room and grabbed Tim’s present from under the tree. “Merry Christmas!!” Dick cheered as he gave the present to the boy.

Tim blinked, looking at them and then to the present. “For me?”

“Yeah, just a little something.” Blake grinned.

Tim’s brow rose, pausing only a moment before he unwrapped the box and pulled out the gloves. “Thank you,” he whispered in awe as he pulled them on.

“They don’t really match your tux,” Blake began as he looked him over. “But they match your snowsuit.”

Tim nodded, admiring the gloves as if it was the only gift he’s ever gotten. Strange. Blake decided then that he’d always get small gifts for Tim. He needed a little extra loving it seemed.

“Master Blake.”

Blake looked toward Alfred. “Yeah?”

“A word.”

Huh. “Yeah, okay.” Blake glanced over at Dick. “Keep an eye on Tim?” He began, before turning toward Alfred, he knew Dick would take care of Tim. “Be right back.” He followed Alfred back to the entryway. “What’s going on?”

“I believe your guest might need to be rescued.” Alfred pointed out the window and Blake’s eyes narrowed on Jason who was staring up at the Manor. He looked miserable out there in the snow, and his jacket looked like it barely held any warmth.

“Fuck.”

“Language.”

Blake rolled his eyes and rushed out the door. It was freezing and he probably should have grabbed his coat on the way out. “Jason.”

Jason blinked, looking at him. “Hey.” He shrugged, glancing over the building. “I knew it was gonna be big, but this is insane.”

“I know,” he grabbed Jason’s hands and hissed at how cold they were. “Fuck, let’s get you warmed up.”

Jason nodded, but he didn’t even attempt to move. Blake squeezed his hand and tugged him forward. “Okay.”

“You’re soaked to the bone, did you walk?” Blake asked as he pulled him inside and into the coat room. “Come on, let’s get you out of this wet stuff.”

Jason shuddered and Blake helped him get out of his wet jacket and hoodie, leaving him in only a threadbare tee and his jeans. Jason toed off his sneakers that were also soaked.

Blake ran his hands down Jason’s arms, trying to warm him up… but it suddenly felt different, being
this close to him. He wrapped his arms around him and they just held each other for a moment as he warmed up.

“Wait, you actually have a room for your coats?” Jason snorted, shaking his head as he pulled away.

“Yeah, we have two pools and a gymnasium too.”

“What, no theater?” Jason scoffed and Blake laughed.

Blake looked Jason over, his thin shirt wouldn’t keep him warm and he suddenly realized they were still holding hands. He felt flushed all over, this was nice, different. “Let’s get you something to wear.”

Jason nodded, but Blake knew he looked uncertain. Blake remembered feeling the same way when he first arrived here, and sometimes he still did.

Blake led the way up to his room, “This is mine.”

“Fuck, this place is huge.” Jason looked around the room and then his eyes stopped on his bed. It was still a little rumpled from this morning, Blake didn’t make it like he was supposed to. “Nice.” Jason jumped onto the bed, stretching out on it. “Shit, Blake. It’s like a fucking cloud.”

Blake nodded, suddenly wanting to stretch out beside him… but he didn’t trust himself. “It’s the best thing.” He quickly turned to his closet and he tried to find something for Jason to wear. Jason was bigger than he was, Blake stole another glance at him on the bed.

“Got anything in there that will fit me?” He got up, stretching as he pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside.

Blake stared at him for a moment and then darted his gaze to the closet. “Yeah, I think this one will.” He pulled out a thick cashmere sweater. It was red and Blake thought Jason would look really good in it. “It was too big on me, but it should be perfect for you.” He tossed him the sweater and Jason caught it, pulling it on over his head.

“This feels so soft,” he gasped as he put it on. “Damn.”

“I know, it’s the finer things in life.” Blake was right, it looked really good on him. “You know, you can keep it, it fits you perfectly.”

Jason gazed down, admiring it. “It feels like heaven, I don’t think I’ve ever worn anything so nice.”

“It won’t be the last time.”

Jason nodded… and then things suddenly felt awkward. Blake didn’t know what to do or say, things were always so much easier when they talked under the trees in the park. Blake had even gone home once with Jason, turned out Jason lived around the block to where he lived as a child before everything went horribly bad… they were practically neighbors. And he wondered if they had ever met before the day at the park.

“Merry Christmas.”

Blake blinked, focusing his attention back to Jason. “Yeah, Merry-” he paused as he realized Jason had a small black jewelry box in his hand. “For me?”

“Yeah, I’m not much of a wrapper, but I didn’t think you’d mind.” He smiled, it was one of those
Blake couldn’t help but smile back, taking the box and opening it. He snorted as he looked at the antique silver locket. “I’m not really a necklace type of guy.” He teased, but then there was something about it, something familiar.

“Dork, just open it up.”

Blake laughed, his fingers suddenly trembling as he opened up the locket and gazed at the pictures within. His breathing hitched and his heart skipped a beat as the realization on what this was dawned on him. “How—” his voice cracked as he clutched the locket in his hand, he’d never let this go. “Where did you find this?”

“A pawn shop a block from your old place, I was hoping it was the right Blake… the timing fit and I thought just maybe it was your mom's.”

Blake nodded. He remember that conversation, he had told Jason in confidence that the only thing that he wished he had was something from his mom. Mary was amazing and he thought more and more of her as his real mom, but there was still that hole in his heart and he ached to have something tangible that was his mom's.

This was it. The locket she always wore, Blake thought it was long gone. It had a picture of his mom and him as a baby, the other side had his grandma and his mom when she was a baby. This was his history.

“You okay?”

Blake leaned up and pressed his lips to Jason’s. It was a chaste first kiss and Blake pulled back quickly… he didn’t know if Jason felt the same for him and he was afraid he fucked things up. “Thanks, it’s the best present I’ve ever gotten.” Well almost. But Blake couldn’t mention his Robin suit, which would probably trump everything for a while.

Jason smiled and then pulled Blake to him for another kiss. It was a bit more hurried with a scrape of teeth and Blake moaned as his tongue brushed against Jason’s.

“Wait,” Blake breathed against Jason’s lips, “I haven’t given you your present yet.”

Jason chuckled and then just kissed him again. “I like this one, don’t you?”

Blake nodded, this was better than what he anticipated. And his heart skipped a beat, this was nothing like his first kiss with Kevin. This, this, made his whole body hum with excitement and Blake wrapped his arms around Jason and returned the kiss, still clutching the necklace in his hand. It was sloppy and uncoordinated, but it made it more real than anything he has ever felt before.

“So, I’m guessing this is Jason.”

Blake startled, jumping away from Jason as he looked over at Jon who was grinning at him from the doorway. “Dad!” He shoved the locket in his pocket as he glared at him, feeling a mixture of embarrassment and anger that Jon caught them.

“Mister Grayson,” Jason began, his cheeks flushing almost the same shade as the sweater.

“Please, call me Jon.” He smiled as he crossed over to them and offered his hand to Jason. “It’s good to finally meet you. I’ve heard so much about you from my boys.”
“Yeah,” Jason nodded as he shook his hand. “Um, hi.”

“Hello.” Jon glanced between them. “Dinner is ready to be served, if you wanted to join us, that is.”

“Dad.” Blake groaned as Jon continued to tease them.

“Do I need to sit you two down and give you the talk about the birds and the bees?”

“DAD!” Blake gasped in outrage and Jason laughed. Blake rolled his eyes, playfully smacking Jason’s arm.

“So, dinner?” Jason smirked and Blake was tempted to smack his arm again. “I’m starving.”

“You’re not being a very good host, Blake. You should feed them before-”

“We’re going!” Blake grabbed Jason’s hand, dragging him past Jon before he could continue… Blake could only imagine what was going to follow to embarrass him more.

Jon squeezed Blake’s shoulder. And surprisingly Blake found it reassuring and he smiled up at him.

“Jason!” Dick called out to them as they entered the dining room. “You’re here!” Dick shot out of his chair and practically pounced on him. “Merry Christmas!!”

“Merry Christmas, kiddo.” Jason smiled as he hugged Dick and then ruffled his hair. “Did you have a good day?”

“The best!” Dick grinned, tugging him toward the table. “You get to sit here, between Blake and I.” Dick then introduced everyone at the table. “And that’s it…” Ace barked, wagging his tail. “And you already know Ace.”

“Hey,” Jason nodded, looking a little bit overwhelmed and he waved at everyone before he took his seat.

Blake sat down beside him, wanting to touch him and reassure him everything was going to be okay. But he didn’t need to, because Dick was suddenly talking a mile away, entertaining everyone as they were served their meal.

It was a lively affair, with Dick and his parents telling stories about their previous Christmas’ all over the world until they settled in Gotham for the last two… because of Wayne. Which everyone at the table knew, except the Drakes. They seemed like elitist, social snobs and he was already planning on sneaking over and breaking Tim out and let the kid have some fun.

Soon the meal and dessert was finished and the guests started to leave… soon it was only Jason left and Blake didn’t want him to leave. It was late and he knew Jason would refuse a ride.

“Did you like your present?” Dick asked as they made their way to the media room to watch a movie.

“Oh, um, I dunno.” He looked over at Blake. “We ran out of time.”

“Blake!”

“Oh, yeah.” Blake reached into his pocket for Jason’s gift. “Here.”

Jason raised his brow and took the small box in his hand, “See you’re not much of a wrapper either.” He teased and Blake chuckled.
“Well, open it.”

He opened it and stared at it for a moment, “A key?”

“Yep!” Dick nodded. “So you always have a safe haven.” He smiled, jumping up on the sofa.

“Wayne needed a little convincing, but our parents were cool with it. Thought it be a nice gesture…” Blake rambled, not sure if it was suddenly a good idea. “I attempted to make you something, but I lack the creative gene.”

Jason suddenly leaned over and gave him a quick kiss and Blake sighed with relief. “It’s perfect.”

“Me too!” Dick grinned and Jason gave him a quick peck on the lips too. “Yay! Now you can come over when the weather is bad and we can’t go to the park… and play in the pool or watch a movie!”

“Yeah,” Jason nodded, his gaze catching Blake’s and they shared a secretive smile. “Or something.”

It made Blake’s heart skip a beat and the innuendo and he bit back a moan. This wasn’t the time or place, not with Dick here.

They settled back on the sofa, watching a Christmas movie. Jason sat between them as they curled up under a blanket.

~+~

Blake blinked, not remembering when he fell asleep. They were still curled up on the couch and his head was resting on Jason’s shoulder. He looked up and saw Jason smiling at him. “Hey.”

“Hey.” Jason yawned. He darted his eyes to Dick who was still sleeping, tucked into Jason’s side.

Blake smiled and leaned up and kissed Jason. He couldn’t help it, it was a slow and lazy kiss, with a little more heat behind it. It was really nice.

“What time is it?” Jason asked a moment later.

Blake shrugged, pulling back to look at the clock. “Damn, it’s six am.”

“Crap, I need to get home.” Jason groaned as he shifted Dick’s sleeping form and got up.

“Yeah, okay.” Blake frowned, not wanting him to go, but he understood. “Alfred can drive you home… he’s probably already making breakfast.”

Jason looked like he wanted to refuse, but he reluctantly nodded. “Okay, but not all the way, ya know?”

Blake chuckled. “Don’t want to tarnish your street cred?”

Jason nodded, trying to hide a smile. This was why they worked so well, Blake knew him, understood him. They were street kids. “Yeah.”

“Want breakfast first?” Blake got up, tucking the blanket around Dick and kissing his brow as he stirred slightly.

“Um, maybe?”

They made their way to the kitchen and Blake’s stomach growled as he smelled the breakfast that
was cooking.

“Hungry?”

Blake jumped at Mary’s voice, not expecting anyone but Alfred to be up. “Duh,” he chuckled as he smiled at her. “Baby V craving something?”

“She’s feisty.” She grinned rubbing her belly. “And craving peanut butter and pickle sandwiches.”

Jason and Blake both groaned at the thought. “Eww.”

Mary laughed. “It’s delish.”

“Think I’ll have the bacon and waffles.” Blake said as he sat down at the table, reaching out and touching Mary’s belly, smiling when he felt a flirty kick against his hand.

“Want to feel?” Mary asked Jason and he shrugged, “I’m sure you’ll be just as protective of her as her brothers.”

Jason smiled and tentatively reached out. Blake took his hand and placed it on the spot where he just felt her move. “Right there.”

“Wow,” Jason gasped, eyes widening and he knew what Jason was feeling in that moment. It was the same way that he had felt the very first time he had felt Violet move.

“Pretty cool, huh?” Mary winked, placing her hand over theirs. “You’re both up early, but then again you three passed out on the sofa pretty early.”

“We’re party animals,” Blake chuckled, shrugging his shoulders. “Jason needs to go home, but we thought maybe we’d get some breakfast first.”

“Good choice, Alfred’s waffles are to die for.” She glanced over lovingly at Alfred who simply nodded.

“Yeah,” Blake smiled. “Oh, Alfred, can you drive Jason back to his neighborhood?”

“It will be a pleasure, Master Blake.”

“Master Blake?” Jason chuckled.

“Is there a problem, Master Jason?” Alfred smiled, his voice teasing and Jason flushed slightly.

“It’s kinda weird, but nice.” Blake grinned, bumping his shoulder against his. “You get used to it.”

They ate their breakfast and Blake pulled Jason into the coat closet to grab his things before he left. His hoodie and jacket looked freshly washed and dried. Alfred.

Jason tugged on his hoodie and then his jacket, “I had a great time.”

Blake smiled, “Me too.” He pulled him close and they shared a kiss. “Don’t be afraid to use that key, you’re always welcome.”

Jason nodded, “Will do.”

Alfred appeared before they could say or do anything else. “Bye.”
“Bye,” Jason waved at him before he followed after Alfred and Blake returned to the kitchen.

“So?” Mary prodded, her eyes twinkling with mischief. “Tell your mother everything.”

“Awww, man, did Dad tell you?”

“About catching you two making out in your room? Definitely not.” She teased and Blake groaned. “He makes you happy and that’s all that matters to me.”

Blake smiled as she opened her arms and he rushed to her, loving the way she wrapped her arms around him protectively. Like a mother should. “Thanks.”

~+~

Dick and Blake waited anxiously for word. Mary had gone into labor earlier that morning and they had been ostracized to the media room until after the birth. It seemed like miles away from the action, but Blake figured it was so they couldn’t hear Mary yelling and crying. Blake has seen movies, he knew what happened.

It was a little different since it was a home birth… Wayne had reluctantly agreed, but it was for the best. There was no way they’d be able to keep this quiet if Mary had given birth in the hospital.

“Is it time yet?” Dick groaned. “It’s been forever.”

Blake snorted, “It’s only been a few hours… they’ll come and get us when Baby V is here.”

“I hate waiting,” he grumbled as he walked on his hands; he hadn’t stopped moving.

“I know,” Blake chuckled. And keeping still, he thought fondly as he watched Dick do a backflip off the sofa.

Jon rushed in, he looked ecstatic. “It’s time, boys… want to meet your sister?”

They darted after him, running through the house to the bedroom they had designated the birthing room. Mary looked tired, but radiant as she held a screaming bundle in her hand. “Violet, meet your big brothers.”

“Baby V!” Dick squealed as he jumped up on the bed and scrambled over to them. He curled into Mary and gazed into their sister’s face. “Hi, baby.”

Blake stood there a moment, wanting Dick to enjoy this first… after all they were blood related and he wasn’t. “Go on,” Jon smiled as he pushed him forward.

Blake smiled up at him and then he bolted to the bed and sat on the other side of Mary. “Hey, V.”

The baby scrunched up her face and then let out a wail.

“She’s saying hello to us!” Dick grinned, running his fingers through her dark curls. “She’s feisty.”

“Yes, she is.” Mary smiled as she looked up to Jon and Wayne, watching them at the end of the bed. “Come on, daddies, we need to have a family picture.”

Blake couldn’t help the bubbling of warmth that filled him, his family. It was still so weird a year ago he had nothing and now he had a loving family… it was the best feeling in the world.
Dick had the sneaking suspicion that he was more excited about Blake's birthday than Blake. It wasn't natural.

“It's because I never had – I mean since my mom died, we never really celebrated my birthday. And besides, I'm only going to be fourteen, Dick. It's not a milestone. Not like yours,” he winked at Dick.

Dick nodded, that he could understand. “You don't want a big party then, like mine?”

“No, I don't want a big party. You think our parents will be disappointed?”

It was stupid how much a of a thrill it was, how happy it made Dick when Blake said things like 'our parents', 'mom' or 'dad'. He hugged Blake around the middle so hard that Blake staggered, laughing.

“What was that for?”

“Nothing. Because I love you, because you love us. Because you're happy,” Dick said and shrugged, still not letting go of Blake.

“I am,” Blake said. “Seems like shit is finally making sense. So, do you think they will be disappointed?”

“Nah, I think they will be thrilled to give you whatever you want. And if you want to have dinner and a movie with family and Jay, then that's what we're going to do.”

“Oh, cool.”

“You have to tell them of course,” Dick said.

“Okay,” Blake said.

Mom and Bruce decided on a restaurant, so Alfred wouldn’t have to cook. Dick was allowed to wear his tux like Bruce. He looked in the mirror and wandered if he would ever be as big as Bruce. He wanted to have arms like Bruce's. Arms that could lift someone up easily. Like he did with Dick and Mom and sometimes Daddy too.

“Dick!” Blake said.

Dick turned around. “What?”

“You've been staring at your reflection for some time now. Are you okay?”

“Just wondering if I'll ever be able to lift up mom like Bruce can. I want his arms!” Dick said.

Blake laughed. “Yeah, they're great arms.”

Dick nodded. Blake wasn't wearing his tux, but then Blake didn't like such things and Daddy didn't either, even if Mom said he looked good enough in his to eat him. Sometimes she bit him too. Into that fleshy part of his arm, sometimes Dick wanted to do that to Blake too, or Jay. He totally got
where Mom was coming from.

“I hope I'll grow up to be as big as Bruce,” Dick said.

“I don’t think you will, and I don't think you should,” Daddy said from the door. “You would lose all your grace, Dick. Bruce can do a lot of things, but he won't ever be as graceful and limber as you are.”

“Oh,” Dick said. “Well, I'll have to wait and see what kind of man I will become then.”

“Yes,” Daddy said. “But I’m sure you will be a good man, Dick.”

Dick beamed at him.

“Let’s go,” Blake said. “Or mom's gonna give us hell again for being tardy.”

“It's a good thing Rachel is babysitting Baby V and Ace,” Daddy said, “So we have more time to be tardy.” He grinned and they grinned back, until Mom's voice was calling for them.

~+~

Dick was really tired once they got home from the restaurant. He was feeling sleepy and was glad that Bruce carried him up the stairs.

“You're such a brat,” Blake said as he was changing into his pj's. Dick just stripped down to his underwear and t-shirt and crawled into bed, after brushing his teeth rather fast.

“You're just jealous,” Dick mumbled.

“Am not,” Blake said finally finishing and crawling into the bed. Dick had no idea why they even had two rooms. They were sleeping in Blake's bed all the time anyway.

“Right,” Dick teased.

“Shut up. I’m not a baby, I don't need anyone to carry me up the stairs and tuck me in.”

“I'm not a baby either, but it's nice, Blake. And Bruce's lips are so soft,” he yawned.

“Shut up, Dick,” Blake said making himself comfortable.

Dick snuggled into his side. “Let him take care of you,” Dick whispered, but he didn't hear Blake's reply, because he was already falling asleep.

~+~

“Blake,” a woman yelled. “Blake Grayson!”

And Dick and Blake turned around to look at her. They were on their way to the record store where Alfred would pick them up, like every Wednesday.

“Do I know you?” Blake asked.

“I'm Vicky Vale, I'm a reporter,” she said.

“What do you want?” Blake asked. He grabbed Dick's hand. The woman was watching them. Dick didn't like how she looked at Blake and they intertwined their fingers.
“That's your younger brother, isn't he? Richard Grayson?”

“What do you want?”

“I want to talk with you about Kevin Lind,” she said.

Blake flinched. “We have to go.”

“I want to hear your side of the story. You were with the Linds for months before the Graysons miraculously adopted you. I hear Mister Wayne was involved in that adoption, did you know he was involved with the Linds too?” She asked. “He basically pushed you at the Linds, Blake.”

“Blake?” Dick asked.

“Did he push you at the Graysons, too?” Vicky Vale asked.

“Go to hell,” Blake sneered and dragged Dick with him. She didn't let up and was following them. Asking questions until Alfred stepped into her path.

“I think that will be all, Miss Vale. Like Mister Wayne and the Graysons said, no comment. And if you persist in speaking with the underage children, we might complain,” he added smoothly.

She nodded, but her eyes were still on Blake and she looked hungry. “I understand.”

“I hope you do,” Alfred replied. “Now, young sirs, why don't we cut it short today and go right home?”

“Yeah,” Blake said.

Dick only nodded.

He had a lot of questions, but he didn't ask them until they were home. Bruce and Mom were waiting for them in the hall. Dick was sure Alfred had called ahead.

“Are you alright?” Mom asked, she was looking at Blake.

Blake nodded. “Is it gonna be that way until he's in jail?”

“Who?” Dick asked.

“Kevin,” Blake spit out and then looked at the floor.

Dick was confused. “I don't understand. Who is Kevin?”

“Did you push me at them?” Blake asked, looking at Bruce.

“I didn't. I-” Bruce crossed his arms over his chest. “I checked them out. They were good people. Kevin wasn't a concern. I wanted you to have a good home, Blake.”

“They wanted me to have a good home!” Blake exploded gesturing to Mom. “She wanted me to be her son since the first time she saw me. But you...you gave me away to the Linds. Why?”

“Blake, maybe this is not the right time to talk about it,” Bruce said.

“Are you going to lie about it? I'm your partner! Did you shove me at the Linds so you wouldn’t have to deal with an adoption?”
Bruce closed his eyes.

Blake took a step back. “It's true you put me there.” His voice was only a whisper.

“I didn't know about Kevin. He doesn't have a record-”

“So, it's okay, because I'm the first one he abused?!” He took another step back as Bruce reached for him.

“Blake, I am sorry. I just didn't know. The Linds are good people. You said it yourself.”

Blake nodded, but he was staring at something only he could see. He startled when Dick grabbed his hand and squeezed tightly. Dick knew what abuse meant, because Daddy and Bruce explained, but he had never thought that someone did such horrible things to Blake. His brother Blake and – he pressed himself against Blake and could feel Blake sigh.

“That Vale woman wants details. I don't want to talk to her,” Blake replied.

“I'll deal with it.”

“I'm going to my room now. I don't – I'm not hungry,” Blake said.

Mom nodded. She looked a bit lost.

“You want me to come with you?” Dick asked, uncertain.

Blake shook his head. “I just need to be alone, okay? You can still sleep in my bed, Dick,” he added and bent down to kiss Dick's hair.

Dick exhaled in relief.

~+~

After dinner Mom and Daddy took him aside to the library. Dick knew that it was about what happened that evening after school.

“That Kevin, he did bad things to Blake, right?” Dick asked. He concluded that much himself.

“Yes, my little monkey,” Mom said gently.

“And he is going to jail for it?”

“We hope so, but he didn't confess to it and now Blake has to make a statement in front of the jury,” Daddy said.

Dick nodded. “Was what he did to Blake very bad?”

“Yes, Dick, it was. You remember the boy in the park?” Daddy asked.

Dick nodded. He didn't think he would ever forget that day.

“Kevin abused Blake sexually as well, it's a very bad thing to happen to anyone, but especially to a child. And what is worse, is that he made Blake believe that he loved him and then betrayed him that way,” Mom said.

Dick crawled into her arms and held onto her tightly. “Oh,” Dick said. “That's why he gets weird
when we tell him we love him. He thinks we don't mean it?"

“I think he is accepting that we do mean it, little monkey,” Daddy said. “But yes, Blake has problems with such things. So we have to be careful.”

Dick nodded. “How?”

“You are doing alright, Dick. You just keep doing what you do,” Mom said.

“Okay. Why is Blake so angry at Bruce now? Is it true that Bruce didn't want you to adopt Blake?”

“He was afraid,” Daddy said.

“Really?” It was hard to believe. Bruce was Batman after all. Batman was scary and gave bad guys nightmares. How could Bruce be afraid?

“Really. Different people are afraid of different things. Like you, daddy is freaked out by spiders and I'm not,” Mom said.

Dick nodded. He knew that. It was still strange to think of Bruce as afraid of something. But Bruce was only human too and he could be afraid. Even if Dick didn't know what was so scary about Blake. About having more people to love.

“Maybe it's because he lost his parents so early? And it was scary to have so many people to love? He had you and Daddy and me already.”

“Yes, and Violet on the way, and we wanted to have Blake too,” Mom said. “I pushed very hard. So he panicked and found a good family for Blake.”

“But it wasn't a good family,” Bruce said from the door. “I messed up.”

“You didn't know about Kevin’s urges. No one could know, if this was the first time,” Daddy said gently.

“I should have looked harder,” Bruce replied. He looked scary and angry and guilty. “And now our son hates me.”

“He doesn't hate you, Bruce,” Daddy said.

Dick though that too. Blake loved Bruce too much to hate him. He was angry of course. Dick thought he would be too. He would blame the bad things Kevin did on Bruce too, but - “It’s Kevin who did these things to Blake, not you. Bruce. It's not your fault and Blake might be angry now, but he’s smart and he will come to the same conclusion,” Dick said.

Bruce smiled at him. “You're getting really smart,” he said and crouched down. It was Bruce’s way of asking for a hug, so Dick jumped from mom's lap and ran to hug Bruce. Bruce picked him up easily and Dick slung his arms around his neck and snuggled close. “It's going to be alright, you'll see.” He whispered into Bruce's ear.

~++~

Dick crawled into bed and grabbed Blake's hand. Blake was tense and Dick sighed.

“Mom and dad told you, didn't they?”

“What Kevin did to you?”
“Yeah,” Blake said.

“They did. I'm sorry we didn't adopt you soon enough,” Dick replied.

“It's not your fault,” Blake sighed.

“But it's Bruce's?” Dick asked, turning on his side to be able to look at Blake.

“He didn't want me to be part of this family,” Blake said.

“Mom and Daddy said it was because he was afraid. He had been alone for so long, Blake. And he did come around. He loves you.”

“I know he does,” Blake bit his lip. “It's hard knowing he looked into these people and thought they were a good match and left it at that, you know?”

“You're angry because he didn't check up on you?” Dick asked.

“I guess...I'm just angry. It would've been different if he hadn't interfered. I would've been at the orphanage. Safe.”

Dick couldn't argue with that. “He's human, Blake,” Dick settled on.

“Yeah, I guess that today drove it home for me,” Blake sighed. He didn't sound happy about it. “He should have told me himself. I – when I told him about Kevin, he should've told me. I shouldn't have found out from a reporter.”

Dick snuggled closer. “I'm sorry.”

Blake turn on his side too, so he was facing Dick. “It's not your fault. You are the best fucking little brother I could've asked for; Dick.”

“You are the best big brother too,” Dick replied and leaned in slowly so Blake could stop him, but he didn't, so Dick kissed him closed lipped and fast. He smiled against Blake's lips. “You still think it's weird that I like to kiss you, don't ya?”

“Yeah,” Blake admitted. “But it's nice, too.”

Dick kissed him again. “Daddy said it's okay as long as both people think it's nice.”

“Our dad is fucking wise,” Blake said.

Dick nodded and slung his arms around Blake. “Yeah, he is.”

“Sleep now.”

“Good night, Blake.”

“Good night, Dick,” Blake replied.
Chapter 11

~ten~

Blake woke up with a start, it had been over a year since the damn trial, but he still had nightmares of it. Kevin smirking at him as he gave his testimony. He shuddered, his heart was racing, and he forced himself to take a deep breath. Dick curled around him, the warmth felt good, but it didn’t calm his heart. He was just so restless.

Blake closed his eyes, willing himself to fall back asleep, but it was useless. He groaned and Ace suddenly shot his head up, yawning wide as he stretched out between them. Ace shook his head and then nuzzled Blake’s leg. “Yeah, yeah.” Blake snorted, knowing exactly what he needed.

Ace barked as he darted off the bed, eager to go outside and Blake reluctantly pulled away from Dick, kissing his brow. Ace whimpered and Blake shook his head. “I’m coming, hold on.”

He dressed quickly and then headed out, with Ace following closely behind him. They walked through the garden and then Blake plopped down, stretching out on the soft grass. Ace barked, grabbing a stick and dropping it before Blake.

“Oh, you want to play already?” Blake teased as he picked up the stick and threw it. He breathed deeply, enjoying the faint spring breeze. It looked like it was going to be a beautiful day.

~+~

“Are you slummin’ tonight?” Jason teased as he opened the door to let Blake in.

“Just needed a break,” he replied, dropping his bag at the door and kicking off his shoes. He always felt more at home here than at the manor. It was small, but clean. “How’s your mom?”

“Eh, okay I guess.” Jason shrugged, Blake knew that his mom has had issues with drugs and alcohol in the past. Blake could relate, he understood the constant fear and worry, his dad had a history too and it got him killed. Blake knew that money was tight, but Blake had slipped Jason money to help with food and other essentials. He remembered this life all too well and he was in a better spot to help, when Jason let him that was. “She seems to be liking her new job.”

“That’s good.” John smiled, glancing around. “Is she here?”

Jason smirked, wrapping an arm around Blake and pulling him into a kiss. “Nope.”

Blake smiled against his lips and returned the kiss. Jason tasted like smoke and chocolate… “Stealing those chocolate bars, I see.” He teased as they stumbled back against the couch.

Jason chuckled, nipping at his lips. “What can I say, I have a sweet tooth.” He pulled back and playfully bit Blake’s neck.

Blake moaned, pulling Jason closer, needing to feel him against his body. He was a healthy teenage boy and just seeing Jason smirk made him hard and horny. They moved frantically together, it was fast and messy and Blake cried out as he came. He grinned against his Jason’s skin, loving when he mirrored the same cry… they were doing this more frequently, dry humping until they were completely spent. Blake preferred it if he was honest… it was safe. And Blake wasn’t sure how long he could push off being even more intimate.
Blake ached for it at times, he wanted to be with Jason, but he was scared. And he didn’t know how to tell Jason… right now he was pretty sure that Jason had just assumed he wanted to go slowly, but that wasn’t the whole truth.

“We gotta try that when we’re naked sometime,” Jason panted, kissing him again, his fingers sneaking into Blake’s pants and Blake tensed.

“Sometime,” he rushed, shifting slightly and pushing back down his shirt before Jason could see the bruises marring his skin. It was a part of the vigilante life and he had to shield Jason’s eyes. Or that’s what he kept telling himself, it was safer too.

Jason’s eyes widened, his eyes staring at Blake’s abdomen as he tried to pull up Blake’s shirt. “Wait, what was that?”

“Nothing,” Blake replied, grabbing Jason’s hand and kissing it, wrapping his tongue around Jason’s finger and sucking on it.

Jason moaned, “Tease.” And Blake knew that Jason wanted more, but Jason hadn’t pushed him… Blake wanted more too, his body wanted more, but he was fucked up. And more than once, Kevin’s image haunted him as they got more physical together, and he’d pull away from Jason.

“You love it,” Blake smirked as he pulled back.

Jason nodded, his eyes dark and hooded. He licked his lips and Blake leaned up and kissed him. “Yeah.”

They settled in, making out a little more as they watched some crappy horror movie and ate stale chips. It was a perfect way to spend a lazy afternoon.

“Hello, boys.”

They jerked apart and readjusted their clothes. Blake glanced at the time. “Shit, I have to go.” He leaned in and gave Jason a quick peck on his lips and jumped off the sofa. “It was nice seeing ya, Misses Todd. But I better head out.”

“It was nice seeing you,” she smiled as she glanced between them. She looked good and Blake was happy… this was good.

“Later.” Jason waved at him.

“Bye.” He nodded, putting his shoes on and grabbing his bag. He rushed out and Blake caught the last bus, barely making it home in time for dinner.

Mary gave him a knowing smile and he blushed.

Dick gave him a dirty look and Blake felt bad for deserting him… but he was horny and he wanted to see Jason. “Hey, kiddo.” It really sucked that he couldn’t go to school with Jason, he’d prefer it over the fancy academy… but only the best for the pseudo Wayne kids.

“Bake,” V grinned, reaching out for him and Blake smiled in return, swinging her up in the air. She still had the hardest time saying his name, but she was so adorable… it was sickening.

“What’s up, V?”

She giggled, curling into him. “Hungry.”
“Me too,” Blake nodded, sitting down in his chair and V practically flew into her own chair beside him. She was just as graceful as Dick, even at her young age.

“How’s Jay?” Dick asked as he grabbed a roll and bit into it.

“Good, we just hung out.” He shrugged as Jon raised a brow in question and he felt his cheeks flush. He turned to Dick as he started talking a mile a minute about everything and nothing...everything back to normal.

It was a nice family dinner.

~+~

They were getting ready for patrol later that night and Blake glanced at the mirror, tracing his fingers over one of his bruises. “Can I tell Jay?”

Wayne stiffened, pausing with the cowl in his hands. “Tell Jay, what?”

Blake snorted, rolling his eyes as he gestured to himself and the cave, “This, who I am... I hate hiding that I’m Robin, I want him to know so I don’t have to hide my bruises and-”

“No.” Wayne cut in, his voice crisp and low.

Blake glared at Wayne. “But-”

“No.” He repeated even more harshly, not letting Blake even finish.

Blake wanted to stomp his foot and throw a fit, but he refrained. He was furious... it wasn’t fair. He trusted Jason and Jason’s been pretty much a part of the family for as long as he’s been Robin.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me. We’ve been together for a while and we-”

“No.” Wayne put the cowl on, transforming himself into the Batman. “You’re not to tell Jason anything, understood?”

Blake clenched his fists and reluctantly nodded. “Understood.”

Batman turned away, heading to the Batmobile and Blake cursed under his breath. Fine. He won’t tell Jason, but he was determined for Jason to know what was going on. There had to be a way.

Blake’s head wasn’t really in the patrol and after an hour or so he was itching to go to Jay... maybe if Jason saw him, he’d know it was him and then he wouldn’t have to tell him. It might just work.

“Robin.”

Blake jerked his head and glared back at him. “Batman.”

Before Batman could say anything or order him home, an alarm blared in the distance. Blake was thankful for the distraction and they headed toward the possible disturbance. It turned out to be a burglary of a pawn shop…

Blake froze as he realized where he was... this was his old neighborhood. Jason’s neighborhood. His heart skipped a beat as he realized that this was his chance and probably his only chance to find Jason in his suit.

With renewed energy, Blake easily took down the bastard, knocking him out cold before he cuffed him. He could hear the sirens in the distance, it wouldn’t be long before they would hand him over to
the authorities.

“Stay here, until the Police arrive.”

Blake blinked, surprised at the order. He was about to question it when he noticed the Batsignal brightening up the sky. “Oh.”

Batman looked him over, studying him intently. Batman has not left him on his own since the Joker incident… but that was years ago.

“I can do it, promise… I’ll stay here until the cops come and then I’ll meet you up on the rooftop.” He pointed up toward the opposite building.

Batman nodded and Blake knew that this was his chance, to prove himself to the Batman and to possibly see Jason too. His heart raced with anticipation and he smiled brightly as he flew up into the air.

Blake glanced at the time, he’d have a few minutes on his own… he just hoped it would be long enough. He tapped his foot, impatiently as he waited for the cops to appear. It felt like hours, but he knew in reality only a minute or two had passed.

“Robin.”

Robin smirked, handing over the guy and with a flourish of his cape he flew up into the sky. He loved doing that! It was such a thrill… especially now on his own. He did a few flips on the rooftop and then stopped when he felt someone watching him. He turned, his gaze locking on a silhouette on the adjacent rooftop.

Jason.

He knew it was him. He jumped across and stood on the ledge, hovering over Jason. It was a surreal feeling being in front of Jason, his heart raced and his breathing hitched in anticipation.

Jason smirked at him, his eyes wide with awe and he blew out a puff of smoke. “Holy fuck, it’s really you! Robin. Damn.” Jason cried out.

Blake jumped down in front of him, plucking the cigarette out of his hands and tossing it away.

“Hey, man that’s-”

Blake pulled him into a kiss, he couldn’t help it. He was so turned on, standing before him in his suit. He felt stronger, more alive, and fuck… this kiss was nothing like the ones they’ve shared before. There was a bit more heat and lust in it. It was perfect.

Blake smiled against his lips as they parted, gasping for air.

Jason blinked at him, touching his lips absentmindedly. There was a flicker of recognition in his eyes and Blake knew he’d figure it out.

Blake smirked at him and then dove off the building, barely making it back to the set rendezvous point to meet the Batman.

“How did it go?”

“Perfectly.” Blake grinned and followed him back to the Batmobile. He kept licking his lips, still tasting the smoky taste of Jason on his lips. It was fucking perfect.
The next day, Jason came by as planned… he looked like he really wanted to talk to Blake in private, but they were all sitting down for lunch and there wasn’t time. Blake was itching to talk to him too.

“So,” Jason began after a lull in the conversation. “If Blake is Robin, does that mean Bruce Wayne is the fucking Batman?”

Everyone froze, silence washing over the room… it was almost comical and Blake couldn’t help but laugh.

“Duh,” Dick grinned, taking another bite of his sandwich. And at that point, there was no use denying it. It was out there and Blake was thrilled.

Bruce glared at Blake. “You told him? After I ordered you not to?”

“No,” Jason rushed to defend him, “He didn’t say anything… but you were in my neighborhood the other night.” Jason pointed out. “And I finally saw a glimpse of him in person. It kinda makes a huge difference and it just clicked.” He added, “I always thought there was something familiar about the way he moved. Man, so cool… Batman and Robin!”

“Robin!” V squealed, giggling as she jumped up on her chair. Blake suspected that she didn’t quite understand what they were talking about, she was just responding to Jason’s excitement.

Blake reached under the table and squeezed Jason’s hand. “Jay’s not going to tell anyone, he’s been pretty much a part of the family for years.” He looked to Mary and Jon, hoping they’d back him up. “It’s only fair he knows too.”

Wayne practically growled under his breath, he obviously wasn’t happy about it, but Blake didn’t fucking care. He was happy that Jason knew… it was almost calming in a way.

“I think it’s wonderful,” Mary smiled, reaching over and placing her hand on Wayne’s arm, rubbing her thumb against him. “Bruce didn’t tell us at first, but we weren’t fooled for a moment.” She winked at Blake. “Even though we pretended not to know for a few months.”

Blake snorted, he wasn’t fucking surprised in the least.

“Dessert?” Alfred announced as he brought in a tray of those little cakes that practically melted in your mouth.

And that seemed to be the end of the conversation as they all grabbed for the sweet dessert and Dick announced that they were going to go swimming… Blake thought it was an excellent idea.

Blake ran up the stairs to his room, Jason following close behind him. They barely made it inside before Jason pulled him into a kiss.

“God, you were so fucking hot in that suit.” Jason breathed against his lips. “I can’t believe I never fucking figured it out before.”

Blake smiled at him, running his fingers down his side. “I’m just that good.”

“Yeah?”
“Yeah.”

They kissed again and this time when Jason went to tug up his shirt, Blake let him. It was freeing and exhilarating to finally let him see.

“Damn.” Jason whispered as he traced one of Blake’s bruises. “Does it hurt?”

“Not really,” Blake shrugged. “At first it hurt like a bitch.”

Jason leaned in and kissed it, brushing his fingers over another. “No wonder you never let me see you… I had always wondered. I thought you didn’t—” he shook his head, cutting himself off.

“No, no… it’s just kinda hard to explain,” Blake rushed. “I—” Blake paused, he wasn’t sure what this was between them… he more than liked Jason, was this what love felt like? It wasn’t the same thing he has always felt for Wayne. But, fuck.

Jason kissed him and relieved him from saying anything else. Blake returned the rushed kisses and they tumbled onto the bed as they hurried to take off their clothes.

Blake’s heart raced, his breathing hitching in anticipation. This was a first for them and it felt amazing, Jason traced ever bruise on his body, first with his fingers and then with his tongue. Blake was hard and he rubbed his erection against Jason. Kissing and touching every inch of Jason’s skin in front of him.

Blake wrapped his hand around Jason’s length, he was bigger than Blake and he stroked him like he knew Jason liked when Jason suddenly pulled away. “Jay?” Blake began as he searched Jason’s face and realized he pulled away because he wanted something more.

“No, I wanna feel your mouth… please.” Jason panted and Blake tensed slightly, he wanted to do this for him… he wanted to make Jason feel good. It felt right… but there was sudden a trigger, a doubt, and it lingered in his thoughts. “Blake?”

Blake nodded his head and he brushed his lips against Jason’s hip bone, digging his fingers into Jason’s hips as he tentatively ran his tongue over his length and then he froze, jerking away as memories of Kevin forcing him surfaced. “We better go down stairs, Dick will be wondering about us.”

Jason just blinked at him, confusion written all over his face. “Huh?”

Blake kissed him hard, hoping it would distract him, and then jerked Jason off with a few quick strokes. “Yeah,” he smiled as Jason came in his hand and Blake shuddered as it triggered his own release.

“Kay,” Jason finally nodded, “Later?”

“Yeah, later.” Blake agreed, but he wasn’t sure. He kissed him softly, running his fingers down his side. “Come on let’s go swimming.”

Jason studied him briefly and Blake knew that he wanted to ask, wanted to push him further, but Jason didn’t. This wasn’t the first time Blake has pulled away… he just needed time, or something. He wasn’t really sure. He fantasized about going further, but every time they got close to anything resembling oral sex he freaked out and pulled away.

But Blake was determined to get through this, he was fucking Robin after all. He just needed some time.
Chapter 12

~eleven~

Dick was holding on to Blake's hand way too tightly, and he knew it. He just couldn’t help it. He was so excited to be at the circus again, and to be able to show off his brand new brother and sister.

“You're crushing my fingers,” Blake joked.

Dick let go of Blake's hand and curled his hands to fists at his sides. He took a deep breath.

“You okay?” Blake asked.

“I've missed this so freaking much. I just realized how much,” Dick answered and breathed in. The scent was home. He liked Bruce's home and he liked the school and the city and he loved to be able to snuggle up with Blake under Blake's covers, but this - this was-

“This is where you grew up,” Blake said. “Between elephants and the smell of popcorn.”

“Doesn't that sound romantic?” Bruce asked from behind them. Dick grinned at him and then he jumped up, because he knew Bruce would catch him. And Bruce did.

“Yes,” Blake said quietly. “It does sound romantic.” Bruce looked at Blake then, his gaze was somewhere between sad and fond. Dick didn’t get it and before he could think on it more, Blake went into a handstand and walked a few steps. “Think I can stay here for a while too?”

Dick grinned. “Yeah, but I think you'll miss Jay.”

Blake went red in the face and Bruce laughed. Dick could feel that laugh against his chest, against his heart. He hugged Bruce even closer and then kissed his cheek.

“What was that for?” Bruce asked.

“Dunno, because I'm happy, because you are.”

“Yes, I am,” Bruce said and then Dick could smell mom behind him. She kissed him and then Bruce. They didn't have to hide here, because the circus was family. Blake sat down on the grass and looked up, and mom bent down and kissed the top of his head.

“You wanna watch us practice?” She asked.

“Yeah,” Blake breathed. “Can I try some things?”

She looked to Bruce for confirmation. “Safety net?” Bruce questioned, looking between them.

“Of course,” Mom said.

Bruce nodded.

“Yay!” Dick and Blake said at the same time.

~++~
It was amazing to be able to fly under the big top again. He felt more like himself in his tight, glittery suit than in any other kind of clothes.

“Uhm...” Blake said and Dick knew he was holding in his laughter.

“You're one to talk. You look like a Christmas tree, more often than not,” Dick said cheekily.

“Hey, Bruce keeps saying it installs fear in-”

“Yeah, yeah, I've heard that one before,” Dick waved it away, and Blake grabbed him lightning fast and had him in a tight headlock in seconds. It wasn't painful at all, but Dick was pinned down. The funny thing was that it felt rather like a hug and he liked it.

“Dick!” Daddy yelled.

“Blake is being mean!”

“Blake stop being mean to your brother, he has a show to perform!” Daddy yelled over, Dick could hear the amusement laced in his voice.

“I’m not! I’m being brotherly!” Blake yelled back.

“Don’t leave any bruises on him!” Daddy said.

Blake let go as if stung. Dick stumbled, off balance without Blake’s hands around him, but Blake caught him so he wouldn’t fall. “Sorry,” Blake said.

“What for?” Dick asked, puzzled. “It had felt good. Not painful at all. Daddy was just joking, you know that, don’t you?” Dick added. Blake nodded, but Dick wasn’t so sure Blake really got it. Dick hugged him tight. “Stop being weird about this,” Dick said. “I love you.”

“Okay,” Blake said and stroked Dick’s hair until Daddy yelled over for them to hurry up.

~+~

Dick was still high from the week they spent at the circus three days later, when they were back home at the manor. He wondered if they would go back to the circus again for the whole summer. He missed his elephant, and he missed his friends from the circus, and he also missed running around in his costume – even if he wasn’t supposed to. He snuggled into his yellow cape and flopped down on the couch in the living room.

Baby V was playing in the corner, but she looked up at him when he sighed.

“You okay?” She asked. He liked her voice and her eyes. They were the same color as Bruce’s, nearly the same as his own and Daddy’s.

“Yeah…just bored,” Dick said.

“Timmy?” She asked.

Dick sat up. That was an excellent idea. Since Blake was with Jay so often, and they did god only knew what, Dick felt a bit lonely, and she was a bit too young to play cops and robbers with Dick. She just wasn’t fast enough to catch him. But, Tim, was seven now, and he should be home about this time. At the circus he always had someone to play with him, here…well, he had Daddy and Bruce and Mom, but sometimes they wanted to do grown up things.
“Yeah, wanna come with?” Dick asked, holding out his hand. She nodded, getting up and grabbing it. Her fingers were soft and warm. He scoped her up and hugged her close. She giggled, grabbing at his cape.

“Robin,” she said.

“Well…no, but I will be a kick-ass vigilante one day, too,” Dick said.

“Language,” Alfred chided, appearing out of thin air.

“You trained with ninjas too, didn’t you?” Dick asked with a grin.

Alfred smiled at him. “Maybe,” he said. “Are you going out, Master Dick?”

“Well, yeah. Blake is at Jay’s doing stuff,” he rolled his eyes and Baby V giggled again. “And our parents are doing…I don’t know. Maybe kissing and stuff.”

Alfred nearly laughed. “Indeed.”

“So, me and Baby V, we’re going to see if Tim is free to play.”

“Shall I call ahead?” Alfred asked.

Dick nodded. “Yeah, tell them we’re coming.” Tim’s parents were strange that way. They didn’t like people to just drop in, not even the neighborhood kids. Not that this neighborhood had that many kids.

“Timmy!” Baby V said.

“Yeah,” Dick replied and then made for the door.

“Master Dick?”

“Yeah?”

“What about the cape?”

“I’m taking it. Tim likes it. We’re gonna play cops and robbers.”

“Robbers!” Baby V said and clapped her hands. She has always loved playing the bad guy. Dick kissed her forehead.

“Yeah, you’re going to be the bad guy.”

“Wolf,” Baby V corrected, because the big bad wolf was her favorite fairy tale character.

“Wolf,” Dick nodded.

She kissed his cheek and then Dick took her outside.

It was warm and only a bit damp from the rain earlier that morning. He sat her down and they made their way to the gap in the bushes where Dick and Blake saw Tim the first time. Tim was seven now, but still on the small side, he was fast though, and fun to play with. By the time they got there, Tim was already waiting for them.

“Hi, Dick, hi Baby V,” he said. His smile was always shy, until Dick got him going. Today was no
exception.

“Timmy!” Baby V said and squeezed through the gap. She had a real thing for Tim. Tim caught her and let her hug him. He was weird about hugging, like Blake used to be and Dick wanted to ask if his parents were abusive too. He had checked Tim out last summer for bruises, all summer long, when they were swimming, but he didn’t see anything.

“Your parents’ home?”

Tim nodded. “But they’re going to Namibia the day after tomorrow,” Tim replied.

“You should come over then. Stay the weekend. Jay is gonna stay too. He…” Dick bit his lip, Jay wasn’t stealing his brother. He and Jay were friends too, but it felt like it at times.

“Play!” Baby V said, grabbing the cape again.

“You got your mask?” Dick asked Tim.

Tim nodded.

“Okay,” Dick said and put on the cape. He was being Flamebird and Tim was his faithful sidekick Red. “Baby V is Wolf, the baddest baddy in town.” He grinned and she grinned too, showing her teeth. And then she laughed, her evil laugh, and Dick knew the game was on.

~+~

Sometimes Dick just wanted to hug the living hell out of Tim, but he only indulged when Tim’s defenses were down, like now. They were lying in the grass and Baby V was sleeping curled up in the cape. Dick grabbed Tim’s hand and heard Tim’s breath hitching ever so slightly, but he didn’t pull his hand away.

“This is nice,” Dick said.

“Yeah,” Tim replied, “It is.” He turned his head, so he could look at Dick. Dick let him as he stared up at the blue sky and the leaves above them. “Did you mean it?”

“What?” Dick asked.

“That I can come over-”

“Spend the weekend at our house?” Dick asked. “Yeah, I mean it. It will be loud and messy. Not like your home,” Dick said, because he and Blake have been there a few times, it always seemed like no one was really living in that house. It was pretty, but Dick wouldn’t want to live there.

“I like your house,” Tim said. “It smells nice – like family.”

“Yeah, it kinda does,” Dick said, he had never thought much about the smell of the manor, but now that Tim had mentioned it, yeah, it smelled like them. Like home. Just like the circus. “You can come over any time, you know? I mean we probably never said it that way, but you can. The door is always open,” Dick added, and turned his head to look at Tim. Tim had really pretty eyes. “You have pretty eyes,” Dick said.

Tim’s cheeks colored. “Thanks.”

“And nose. And lips,” Dick said and then he leaned in and kissed Tim fast and close mouthed.
Tim’s face went beet red.

Dick smiled. “They’re soft. Like Bruce’s.”

“Thanks,” Tim mumbled.

“You alright? Would you I rather not? I mean – I like touching and hugging and kissing, but-”

“It’s alright,” Tim cut in. “I was just surprised.”

“Okay…” Dick said, but vowed that he wouldn’t kiss Tim on the lips anymore. He wouldn’t stop hugging Tim, or giving him presents like Blake was doing all the time. Blake was right, Tim just needed some extra loving.

~+~

Dick was rounding the corner with a glass of juice in one hand and an éclair in the other, when he nearly ran into Jason.

He followed Jason’s gaze to where Bruce and Daddy were kissing in a corner of the pool.

“They’re in love,” Dick said, because it seemed like the thing to say.

Jason startled and looked at him. “Seems like it.”

Dick nodded. “Yeah.”

“I kinda always thought it, they’re so close… your mom and dad and Wayne.” Jason smiled, “A poly relationship… it’s pretty rare, ya know?”

“Poly?” Dick asked.

“When you’re in love and with more than one person,” Jason explained.

Dick thought about it. “Yeah, that’s them. That’s what they do. I guess. They don’t call it anything. They’re in love.”

“How long?” Jason asked.

“Since I was eight I think?” Dick said. “That was when Bruce came to the circus.”

“Holy shit, I didn’t realize they had been together so long.” Jason said and then he looked over at them again. Bruce was trailing slow kisses down Daddy’s neck.

“I don’t think we should be here,” Dick said and felt himself flush.

“Oh,” Jason said. “But…they’re hot. I mean, shit. They’re your parents,” Jason replied and made himself look away. “Do they do this often? This…affection?”

Dick shrugged. “That’s how Blake found out, he walked in on them sucking cock.”

Jason laughed, startled. “Really?”

“Yeah, that’s when mom sat us down and explained.”

“So, he isn’t freaked out about this anymore?”
“Blake?”

“Yeah.”

“No, he isn’t. He’s with you, isn’t he? He likes boys,” Dick said, because that one was pretty obvious.

“Yeah, he is. He does, but I wish…”

“What?”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this, shit you’re only twelve, after all. But you are his brother, and he tells you stuff…” He ran a hand through his wet hair.

“Uhm…Jay?”

“I was just wondering, why he shies away from…when we kiss and do stuff—”

“Sex?” Dick asked. He wasn’t sure why but most people had problems saying the word.

“Yeah, that. When I want him to have sex with me, he shies away. Some things are cool. Like kissing and touching, but others are not and—”

Dick bit his lip. He wasn’t sure he should tell Jason, but he was pretty sure Blake wouldn’t. And Jason was pretty torn up about it and they have been together a long time, and he and Jason were friends too.

Jason looked at him. “You know something, don’t you? Please, just tell me. Fuck. I don’t want to be the asshole boyfriend who pushes, but I really would like to have his mouth—”

“Uhm…no details.” Dick said.

“Okay, sorry. Please Dick, just tell me.”

“When Blake was with his last foster family, the one before Mom and Daddy and Bruce adopted him, Kevin abused him.”

“What?”

“He was the older son, he wasn’t home that much, but he did bad things to Blake and—”

“Shit,” Jason said “That’s why he flipped his shit in the park the day we met. That’s why he’s Robin, right?”

“Yeah, I guess,” Dick said. “Maybe he doesn’t like doing things that Kevin made him do, because Kevin hurt him,” Dick concluded.

“You don’t know what he did, do you?”

Dick shook his head. His parents didn’t give him any details and he was glad for it. “Mom said that Kevin made Blake believe he loved him and then he hurt him.”

“Shit,” Jason said. He looked over the pool and to the corner Dick knew mom and Baby V were.

“Mom says we just have to be careful.”
“Yeah, I guess that is sound advice,” Jason said and ruffled Dick’s hair.

“You coming back to the pool?”

“Not yet. I need to think,” Jason replied. Dick thought he needed a hug. He handed his éclair to Jason instead.

“Eat that. It always makes me feel good,” he said.

“Thanks,” Jason replied with a smile.

“You’re welcome,” Dick said and hugged him around the middle, mindful of his juice.
Chapter 13

Twelve

Blake stuffed an éclair in his mouth, moaning at the taste… Alfred made the best ones and he could never get enough. He grabbed another, dashing back to the pool with his arms full of treats. Blake grinned when he saw Jason sitting off to the side, an éclair in hand. He must have snagged it from Dick, that meant more for him!

“Something to wash it down with?” He handed Jason a can of soda and sat down beside him. He popped open his own can, he took a sip and then practically devoured two more éclairs, before he realized Jason hadn’t even acknowledged him or their treats. “Jay?”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” He asked suddenly and Blake blinked, surprised at the sad tone.

“Huh?” Blake had no idea what he was talking about.

“You were sexually abused. Don’t you think that’s something you should have talked to me about?” Jason questioned and Blake just stared at him, his heart skipped a beat and he felt himself pale… he didn’t know what to say.

And that was why he didn’t want Jason to know, he tensed, his heart aching when he noticed Jason’s gaze… it was somewhere between pity and fuck this. “Because of this!” Blake snapped, standing up. “Who the fuck told you?” He demanded, anger surging in his bones and he glanced wildly around the room at his family. His gaze focused on Dick who looked guilty as hell and suddenly Blake realized why he had given Jason the éclair. “Dick?!”

“Hey, he was just being a supportive brother and friend.” Jason came to his defense, but Blake felt utterly betrayed.

“It wasn’t his fucking secret to tell!” He growled and he wanted to tear them apart… his whole body shook with anger and he did the only thing he could. He ran, before he’d do something he really regretted.

~+~

Blake wasn’t sure how long he had been sitting on the roof of the manor, but he was starting to get a little cold. He was only in his swim trunks and it wasn’t quite warm enough, especially now that his anger had deflated. He dragged his fingers through his hair and tensed slightly as he felt a shift behind him… Jon.

“Thought you might need this,” he stated, his voice was calm and steady. Blake looked back at him and found himself smiling as he spied Dick’s cape in Jon’s hand. Jon draped it over his shoulders and sat down beside him.

Blake instantly felt warmer, both from the offered cape and just his presence. Jon was the rock of the family, calm and steady. Mary and Wayne were another story at times, both strong willed and stubborn as hell, but it all worked out. They made it work.

Blake chewed on his lower lip as emotions started to bubble up inside him… he wanted to have the same type of relationship with Jason. “It was my secret to tell,” he pointed out after a moment.

“Do you feel like Jason doesn’t deserve to know?” Jon countered softly and Blake grumbled. He
wasn’t sure about that, he didn’t want Jason to look at him differently. To hate him.

“Still.” Blake began, but his argument was weak. He should have told Jason by now, but he just hadn’t known how.

“Jason and Dick were pretty upset over your outburst.”

Blake nodded, he would have assumed as much, but he was just so angry… there was no denying it now. It was out there and, and… “I’m broken.”

“What?” Jon gasped, seemingly surprised at his statement.

“I’ve fucked this all up and now Jay won’t like me anymore, and I can’t even be intimate with him without freezing up and jerking away,” Blake babbled, his heart racing and all the feelings he had kept bottled up, suddenly burst open. “I’m broken.”

Jon pulled him into a hug and he didn’t have the energy to fight it. Blake whimpered, letting it all out and he sobbed into Jon’s chest. “You’re only human, my son.” Jon whispered as he rubbed Blake’s back, soothingly.

Blake sniffed, wiping away his tears… he felt better, but he still didn’t know what to do. “I dunno.”

“It may help you, if you talked to a psychiatrist,” Jon offered and Blake shook his head, pulling away from his warm embrace.

“I’m not crazy!”

“I know, Blake. But you’re still healing from a traumatic event and being intimate with Jason has caused these memories to resurface, I’m assuming….” He paused, watching Blake closely. Blake nodded and Jon sighed. “The judge had recommended it, but Mary didn’t want to put you through that until you had worked through some of your anger issues and were willing to open up about it. Being Batman’s sidekick has helped you in so many ways, but you need to talk about this more, if not with a doctor than with Jason or one of us.”

Blake rubbed at his face. “I want what you have with Bruce, I want that… like when I saw you in the pool. But when Jay and I, when we get close to anything like that I tense and I fucking see Kevin’s smug face and I pull away.” He sighed. “I honestly don’t know why Jay even bothers, I’m damaged goods.”

“He loves you.”

Blake startled at that, blinking… he thought Jason did, but they’ve never said anything. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh,” he smiled, he suddenly felt warm and flushed at the very thought of Jason loving him. “What should I do?”

“Talk with Jay, I’m sure he’ll work with you and figure out what you two can do together to help you through this.” Jon cupped his cheek and then kissed his forehead. “You can always talk with us, but if you can’t work this out, you should really think about talking to a doctor who can help you through this. Post-Traumatic stress disorder is very common for children of abuse; you’re not alone in this.”

Blake snorted, raising a brow. “Did you, like, read a book or something about this shit?”
“Something like that,” Jon smiled. “You’re my son and I only want the best for you.”

Blake felt tears once more, but this time they were so full of warmth and happiness. “Yeah.”

“Come on, your mother is probably beside herself with worry. You’ve been up here for a few hours now.”

Blake nodded, climbing up to his feet. “I’m kinda hungry.”

Jon laughed, “Sounds like you’re feeling better.”

Blake’s cheeks flushed and Jon pulled him into a hug and Blake returned it, he felt better talking about this and it gave him the courage to talk to Jason. Jon squeezed his hand and then let go, so that they could climb down and go back inside.

Mary was waiting for them and she immediately pulled him into a hug. “How’s my boy?”

Blake shrugged, “Okay, I guess.” He rubbed at his face, he knew his eyes must still be puffy and red.

She nodded, glancing at Jon before pressing a kiss to his brow. “Dick thinks you hate him now and Jay is worried—”

“Yeah, yeah, I know.” Blake sighed as he pulled away. “Where’s Dick now?”

“He’s in his room, Tim and Violet are with him.” She replied as Jon wrapped an arm around her.

“Fuck, I forgot about Tim…” he groaned, dragging his fingers through his hair. “Did he hear everything too?”

“Just your outburst, he hasn’t left Dick’s side.” She smiled. “I think he might have a little crush on Dick.”

Blake’s eyes widened, “Yeah? That’s pretty adorable really.” He smiled, shaking his head. “Okay, I’ll go talk to them and then talk to Jay.”

Mary nodded, “That will be a start. Alfred is keeping your dinner warm if you wish to eat before you head up.”

“Dinner,” Blake’s stomach growled and he knew he needed to eat before he went to talk to the others. “Yeah, dinner sounds good.”

Mary and Jon pulled him into one last hug and he melted into them, feeling their love washing over him. He still wasn’t sure how he got so lucky to have them as his parents. They stood like that for a moment before they let him go and Blake made his way down to the kitchen.

Blake plopped down at the table, where a hot plate was waiting for him. He took a few bites, tensing when he felt the shadows move and he glanced over to see Wayne suddenly beside him.

“I’m okay,” Blake smiled at him, taking another bite.

Wayne nodded, taking a seat across from him. “We only want the best for you, Blake.” He paused, looking him over. “I’m not really good at this, but I’m here for you too.”

Blake gave him a small smile, “I know. You’ve gotten better at this talking shit.”
Blake snorted, ducking his head as Wayne stood up… he was readying himself for patrol. Fuck.
Blake glanced at the clock and he felt slightly panicked. He wanted to go, but he needed to talk to
Dick and Jason and-

“Take the night off, I think you’re needed here more than on the streets.” Wayne stated almost as if
he sensed Blake’s hesitancy and he wanted to protest, but Wayne was right. He was needed here, but
Blake didn’t want this to set him back.

“Just for the night,” Blake agreed, looking up at Wayne.

Wayne nodded.

“Okay,” Blake breathed, knowing that he needed to be here more. “Okay,” but he suddenly felt
nervous and he worried his lip.

Wayne squeezed Blake’s shoulder. “Jason loves you, let him help you.”

Blake closed his eyes, nodding his head. He wanted that too. “Yeah, thanks.” When he glanced back
to him, Wayne was gone. Sneaky ninja bastard.

~+~

Blake poked his head into Dick’s room, smiling when he saw Dick snuggled up with Tim and V.
She had made a stink earlier in the week, she wanted to be a big girl and sleep with them in Blake’s
bed. She was too adorable to say no to, and since then they have shared his bed…but not tonight.

He crossed over to the bed, tucking the blankets around V, running his fingers through her dark
flowing curls. She was getting so big. He remembered when she was a tiny bundle in his arms.

Tim sighed, curling more into Dick and Blake smiled, his thoughts turning back to what Mary had
said earlier. It was healthy for Tim to have a crush on Dick and who knew, maybe one day it would
be returned. They were thick as thieves as it was.

Dick blinked his eyes open at him and smiled. “Hi.”

“Hi.”

Dick attempted to get up, but Tim and V only curled around him more. Dick tried to look annoyed,
but he failed miserably. He loved it. “Are you still mad at me?” He whispered, not wanting to wake
the others.

Blake shook his head and leaned over, kissing his nose. “I was, but I’m going to be okay.”

“Yeah?” Dick grinned and kissed the tip of Blake’s nose before he pulled back.

“Yeah.”

“And Jay?” Dick wiggled his brows and Blake laughed softly, trying to be quiet.

“Working on it.” He smiled, “Night Dick.”

“Night.”

~+~
“Hey,” Blake smiled as he found Jason in his room, stretched out reading a comic book.

Jason startled slightly, sitting up as Blake neared the bed. “Hey, I-” Blake raised his hand and pressed a finger against Jason’s lips.

“Just let me get this out first,” he interrupted and Jason nodded. “Okay.” He took a deep breath and then he told Jason everything.

“Oh.” Jason blinked, letting it all sink in. “God, Blake…”

Blake was worried about what he’d say next, his chest hurt and he forced himself to take a breath. “And um-”

Jason pressed his fingers against his lips, silencing Blake in the same manner Blake had a moment before. “No, now let me talk.”

Blake nodded, “Okay.”

“I wish you’d have fucking told me, I feel like one of those creeps my mom has dated. I wouldn’t have pushed as much as I did, fuck, Blake. I want to be with you… I’m willing to work-”

Blake couldn’t help the warm flush of feelings that went straight to his groin as Jason spoke of his torment… it meant so much to Blake that Jason cared this much and Blake shut him up with a heated kiss. “Thanks.”

“Yeah,” Jason chuckled against his lips and pulled him into his arms and onto the bed. “So, um, did he, suck your cock?”

Blake shook his head.

“So, in theory, you only have the bad feelings when you go to suck my cock… but not the other way around?” Jason began and Blake shrugged, he really didn’t know.

“I dunno, I guess. I had always shied away before we got to me being on the receiving end. But I’m not so freaked out now,” Blake’s voice deepened, his body fully responding to the thought. He’s imagined Jason doing just that… “Are you sure? Do you wanna?”

Jason nodded, licking his lips. “Yes.”

“Fuck.” Blake pulled him into another kiss, needing to feel his body pressed against his own. “Now?”

“Yes.” Jason's fingers dragged down Blake’s body, dipping into his swim shorts.

“Wait, wait!” Blake inhaled as he swatted Jason’s hands away. “Not here, in the pool. Please?”

Jason stilled, his mouth parting in a silent, ‘Oh’ and Blake had to kiss him again. “Yeah, okay. That would be pretty hot. Like Jon and Wayne.”

“Fuck, did Dick tell you that too?” Blake groaned. “God, I was so pissed off… I didn’t realize at the time that they were together, I mean I kinda thought that something was up, but then I saw them and I was so angry cause I thought Jon was cheating on Mary… it was so fucked up.”

Jason chuckled, nipping at his skin and Blake arched up into him. “But later you thought it was hot. They’re gorgeous men and just seeing them kiss earlier made me all hot and bothered, can’t imagine walking in on them. Jon sucking Wayne’s cock?”
“Wayne sucking Jon’s.”

“No, shit? That’s even hotter somehow.” Jason smirked, rubbing his hips against Blake’s. “And he was your first crush, I bet you got off on it too.”

Blake flushed and he couldn’t deny it. “Yeah.”

“Is it kinda weird ‘cause he’s your dad?” Jason asked and Blake groaned. “I ruined the moment, huh?”

“At that moment, I really didn’t see either as my dad, so it’s still just stuck in my head as a fucking hot porno scene.”

Jason glanced at the time, “You think we could get away with it now?”

“Maybe?” It was late and Blake knew Batman was out on patrol, Dick and the others were in bed, and his parents were most likely in bed as well. “Yeah, let’s do it.” He pulled Jason into another kiss before he tugged him off the bed and they made a mad dash to the pool.

Blake glanced around, making sure no one was there before stripping out of his swim trunks and diving into the pool. It was exhilarating, he’s always wanted to go skinny dipping.

Jason dove in, surfacing beside him and pulling him into a kiss. “I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Me neither,” Blake inhaled as they parted to breathe. He suddenly realized that he had to stand on his tiptoes to be able to kiss Jason. He took a step back, looking Jason over. “Damn, Jason, you’ve gotten so much taller than me.”

Jason smirked.

Blake ran his hands over his chest, he had filled out more too… Jason looked damn good. Blake licked his lips. “I should have noticed sooner.”

“You were distracted and we’re usually sitting or lying down when we make out, ya know?” Jason reasoned as he ran his hands down Blake’s side. “Soon, I’ll be taller than Batman.” He teased, nipping at Blake’s ear.

“Fuck.” He tugged him down into another kiss, loving how the water moved around them, lapping against their skin and only turning Blake on more.

“I wanna taste you.” Jason said and Blake shuddered against him, wanting that too.

“Yeah,” he moved them closer to the edge and he pushed himself up onto the ledge. Blake spread his legs as Jason stepped between them. This was way better than all his fantasies and Blake dragged his fingers through Jason’s damp hair, kissing him as Jason tentatively touched Blake’s inner thighs.

“You’re so beautiful,” Jason breathed as he wrapped his hands around Blake’s cock and stroked him lightly, teasing him.

“Fuck, Jay…” he moaned, arching up into his hand and Blake wanted Jason to taste him, to feel his mouth around his length. “Please.”

“Anything, for you.” Jason smiled and then before Blake could even process it, Jason sucked him into his mouth.
“Fuck!” Blake cried out, practically bucking up into Jason’s hot mouth. He trembled, his heart racing as Jason twirled his tongue around the head of his cock, fucking him with his mouth. He shuddered, it was the most amazing feeling and he knew he wasn’t going to last long. “Oh, god, Jay… I’m gonna come!”

Jason only swallowed him deeper and Blake moaned as he came. He felt blissful, giddy, and he pulled Jason into a kiss. “Shit, Blake, that was so hot.”

Blake returned the kiss, pushing him back to join him in the pool. The water teased his sensitive flesh and he was hard again. “Felt so fucking good.”

“Good,” Jason smirked. “No bad thoughts or images?”

Blake shook his head, it was an even better feeling. He felt closer to Jason than he’s ever felt before… there was nothing separating them. And he wanted to return the favor, but he still wasn’t sure if he could. He rubbed Jason’s thigh, “I’m not- I dunno.”

“It’s okay, this is good for now… we’ll work up to the rest.” Jason stated and Blake had no idea how he got so lucky. “We’ve got time, especially now that I know why you shied away.”

Blake nodded, rubbing himself against Jason and kissing him again. He wrapped his hand around their cocks and smiled at him as Jason’s hand joined in. They’ve done this before… but it was better in the water, more erotic and risqué.

They kissed, moaning as their orgasms washed over them and they stayed wrapped in each other’s arms. Blake felt lighter and so much more at ease with Jason. “We’ll have to do that again soon.”

“Agreed.” Jason chuckled. “This may be my most favorite place ever.”

Blake grinned, nodding his head. “Ditto.” He kissed him once more, he never wanted this night to end. This was beyond his dreams, and now Jason knew the truth… and he stayed. Jason chose to be with him and it was the best fucking feeling ever. He felt safe and loved.
Dick carefully snuck into Blake’s bed. It was the middle of the night, but he needed to…something. He wasn’t sure. Maybe he just needed to be close to Blake. He didn’t want to wake up his brother or Jay. The bed smelled funky and a bit like chlorine. Dick didn’t mind. It was okay to sleep with V and Tim from time to time, but they were so small, he had to protect them and with Blake, he knew that Blake would curl around him and protect him. It was nice.

He exhaled gently and snuggled into the space he made for himself between Jay and Blake. It was warm and safe, and he soon fell asleep.

Dick blinked his eyes open and then smiled up at Blake.

“You’re up,” Blake said.

“You were watching me sleep,” Dick replied, feeling happy inside.

“Creep,” Jay mumbled. Dick laughed and stretched in the warm place between them. “Is this a thing?” Jason asked.

“What?” Blake replied.

“Dick crawling into your bed, no matter that someone else is sleeping there already,” he tugged at Dick’s hair playfully.

“You,” Dick said.

“And what,” Jay asked, “If we want to do grown-up stuff?”

“Like kissing and sex?” Dick asked.

“Yeah,” Jay replied. Blake was suspiciously silent.

“You do that here? Under Batman’s roof?” Dick asked, all innocent, making his eyes real wide.

“Shit,” Jay said and then he laughed.

“We’ll have to hang out at your place more often then,” Blake mumbled. When Dick looked at him he was red in the face.

Dick wondered how good sex felt with someone you really liked. He shrugged it off and kissed Blake’s cheek instead. “You want me to sleep in my bed?”

“I don’t know Dick, would it make you very sad?” Blake asked.

“Yes, but-”

Blake kissed his nose, silencing Dick that way. “Jay doesn’t sleep over every night and on those nights he does, you can share you bed with V, okay?”
Dick wasn’t sold, but he knew it was selfish to want to have Blake only to himself, so he nodded. “Wanna play Superheroes with Tim, V, and me after breakfast?” He asked.

“Yeah,” Blake said.

“Great!” Dick beamed at him.

“You’re such a brat,” Jay said.

“You can play too,” Dick replied.

“I see the fun with the Wayne kids never ends,” Jay said.

“You bet on it,” Dick said, “Wait? Was that sarcasm?”

Jay turned to be able to look at him and then he leaned down and kissed Dick’s lips. It tingled for no reason. “No, I meant it,” Jason said.

Blake pulled Dick against him. “Hands off of my baby-brother,” he mocked sternly.

Dick laughed.

~+~

Amanda Brier was the most beautiful girl Dick has ever laid eyes on – including his mom. He swallowed as she walked by and made himself not sniff her hair. Every time she passed him in the halls (three times so far, not that he was counting) Dick could smell peaches.

She had a funny accent when she spoke, Dick found it adorable.

Tim was looking at him. Since Tim and Dick went to the same school. Dick was hanging out with Tim more. His friends found it weird, but Dick didn’t care. Tim was kinda like a little brother and Blake was hanging out with Tim too. Used to, at least.

“You’re staring at the new girl,” Tim pointed out.

“She’s pretty.”

“What about her?”

“Her eyes, and nose, and lips, and hair, and she smells like peaches. I like how she speaks,” Dick said.

“She could be stupid or mean, for all you know,” Tim said.

Dick blinked and looked at him. It was a valid point. “You’re right. I have no idea if she’s mean.”

Tim nodded. “No, you don’t.”

“I’m gonna find out,” Dick said.

“What?”

“I’m gonna talk to her,” Dick replied. It had been that easy between Blake and Jay. True they were both guys and all, but he figured it had been that easy between mom and daddy too, and mom and Bruce. People talk to each other all the time.
“Dick-” Tim said, grabbing his arm.

Dick looked at him again and then smiled. He loved any kind of touch that Tim initiated. “It’ll be fine. You’ll see. I bet she’s nice.”

“Yeah,” Tim said and let go of Dick’s arm. For a second Dick had the urge to hug Tim, but Tim was already pulling away, and Dick knew that sometimes he got shit from other kids his age.

Dick squared his shoulders and made his way over to Amanda Brier.

~+~

Amanda looked a bit weirded out as Dick walked up to her, but he made her laugh within five minutes, and he thought that was a pretty good start.

She wasn't mean at all and she wasn't stupid either. She was, however, a year older than Dick.

“Really?” Dick asked. “But we’re in the same grade.”

“I was home-schooled when I wasn't in schools abroad,” Amanda said.

“So...where are you from then?”

She laughed. “We just came here from France, but I was born in Germany. So, I guess I am an Army brat, minus the Army.”

“Because your dad is a businessman,” Dick said.

“What does your dad do?”

“He’s an artist.”


“No, he’s an acrobat. He and my mom are aerialists. I’m one too.”

“Like in the circus?”

“Yeah, exactly like that,” Dick said proudly.

“You grew up in a circus?” Amanda asked again.

“Yes.”

“So, how are you here?” She asked.

Dick didn't understand the question. “What?”

“I mean...circus people don't have that much money, do they? And I’d assume that this school doesn’t give out scholarships.”

“Oh,” Dick said. “Bruce pays for the school for my brother and me, and soon for our sister too.”

“Who is Bruce?” Amanda asked.

“He is my-” Dick stopped; he couldn't tell her that Bruce and his parents were in love. “A friend of my parents. We live with him during the winter. I mean, we used to, but now that Baby V is still
small we're staying with Bruce most of the year.”

“You miss the circus?” Amanda asked.

“Yeah, I do. But the city has its perks,” Dick said and smiled at her.

She blushed. Dick wanted to hold her hand, but he put them in his pockets instead.

“Are you-” Amanda stopped.

“You wanna hang out with me?” Dick blurred out.

She looked weirded out again. Damn, maybe this whole making friends thing was a bit more work than he thought.

“Hang out?”

“Yeah...maybe with my brother and his boyfriend?”

“Your brother is gay?” Amanda asked.

“Is that a problem?” Tim asked, sharply. Dick looked at him. He hadn't even heard Tim approach. Tim was really stealthy.

“No, it's not,” Amanda said. Now she was freaked out, Dick could tell.

Tim crossed his arms over his chest. “Good, because there is nothing wrong with homosexuality.”

“I know,” Amanda replied. “I have to go,” she said to Dick. “It was nice to meet you, Richard.”

“Richard?” Tim asked once Amanda was back inside the school building. “No one calls you Richard.”

“Yes, I know. But I don’t mind when she's doing it,” Dick said. He could still smell her shampoo. Peaches. He wondered if she tasted like peaches too.

“Dick?”

“Yeah?”

“Nothing,” Tim sighed.

~+~

Tim didn't seem to like Amanda that much. Dick really couldn't figure out why. She was funny and kind and Dick loved to spend time with her, but he also tried to include everyone else.

Baby V liked her on the spot. Maybe, because she was a girl. Dick had no idea. Amanda liked to brush V’s hair. Dick found that kinda boring, but only if he had to watch. It was a whole other story when she was brushing Dick's hair, or when she was stroking it. It was always nice. Her long, gentle fingers in his hair.

“You hair is really soft,” Amanda said. They were lying on the floor in Dick's room, but the door was open because Dick didn't want for anyone to feel excluded. He liked Amanda and Amanda liked him and they were friends.
He reached up and wrapped a strand of her hair around his finger. Fine and strawberry blond. He loved the freckles around her nose too. He grinned up at her. “Yours too. And I love how it smells.”

She laughed, that goofy laugh, that didn't seem to suite her at all, but that Dick thought made her more real, like the scar at the corner of her lip.

“I like your house, Richard, and your family.”

“Yeah?” Dick asked, he was closing his eyes, letting her do her thing.

“Yeah,” Amanda answered.

“That's good,” Dick said. “My family likes you too.”

~+~

“So,” Blake asked with a grin, “Is Amanda like your girlfriend?”

Dick blinked at him. “No?”

“That doesn't sound very convincing,” Blake teased.

“I-” Dick frowned. “When did you know that you and Jay were boyfriends?”

“I guess when he kissed me back?” Blake replied.

“I guess when he kissed me back?” Blake replied.

“Oh...well, we're not then,” Dick said.

“You are thirteen now, Dick. You can have a girlfriend. And everyone likes Amanda and you like her a lot too, don't you?”

“Yeah,” Dick said. He could feel his stomach do funny things again. It happened when he was thinking of Amanda and how she smelled. “She smells like peaches.”

Blake laughed. “Yeah, she does. You want to kiss her?”

“I want to lick her. Is that weird?”

“No, I guess. You want to make sure she tastes like peaches?” Blake asked.

“Yeah,” Dick said, because he wanted to do exactly that.

“I think you should start with a kiss, before you freak her out with licking her cheek like Ace would do,” Blake said, laughing.

“She likes it when Ace licks her!”

“Yeah, but Ace is adorable, you on the other hand...” Blake trailed off.

Dick threw a pillow at him, but missed, because Blake was just that good. And a pillow was no shuriken.

Dick sighed. He had no idea how to kiss a girl – for real, and he would bet everything he had that Amanda had been kissed before. She was, after all, a year older than him. And besides everyone knew that girls matured faster for some weird reason.

Blake was looking at him.
“I am adorable,” Dick said.

“Sure you are, even the Batman lets you get away with stuff,” Blake teased. “Come on, me and Jay are going out for ice-cream. You should come with.”

“What about Baby V?” Dick asked.

“Yeah, her too.”

“And Tim,” Dick said firmly. Tim was keeping his distance since Dick started to be friends with Amanda as well, and Dick didn't want him to feel abandoned or something. God knew his parents did a great job of it.

“Yeah, Tim too.”

“Hurry up then and ask Alfred to drive us!”

“You know we could take the bikes,” Blake pointed out.

“With Baby V? You wanna give Bruce a heart-attack?”

Blake giggled. “Okay, fine. I'll ask Alfred to drive us.”

“Cool, I'll get the Frisbee, because we're totally going to go to the park as well.”

“It's freezing outside Dick!”

“You're the one who wants to get ice-cream.”

“At the mall where it's warm,” Blake argued.

“Ace hates the mall.”

“You hate the mall,” Blake pointed out.

“Don't make me use the eyes on you,” Dick warned.

Blake threw his hands up. “Fine. I give.”

Dick grinned.

~+~

Mom and Daddy liked Amanda a lot, too. Dick could tell by the way they just took her in and treated her like family.

“Soon you and your brother can go on double dates,” Daddy said.

“Me and Amanda aren't going on dates,” Dick said frowning. Maybe they should. Maybe he should ask her out for real.

“Why not?” Daddy asked.

Dick shrugged. “I dunno. I just like to be with her. How was it with you and mom?”

Daddy smiled and it made Dick happy inside. Warm. “I liked to hang out with her, but it was your mother who knew that we were meant to be. She said once, that she knew the moment she met me. I
tried to go out with other girls,” he said.

“But mom won you over?”

“Well, yes, obviously, son,” Daddy grinned.

“You think she feels the same way about me too?” Dick asked.

“I don't know, but I can tell that she likes you very much, Dick.”

Dick nodded. He knew that Amanda liked him very much and everyone in his family liked her, too. Except - “Tim doesn't seem to like her that much.” It made Dick sad that Tim didn't get along with Amanda. It seemed like he wanted to find something that was wrong with her. Dick just didn't know why. He had tried to include Tim in everything they did. Not like Blake, who had wanted to be alone with Jay a lot. It still stung a bit, that Blake preferred Jay's company, and that Dick had to even share the nights now, too.

“He probably just feels like she's stealing you from him, Dick.”

“But I try to be there for him too,” Dick replied.

Daddy pulled Dick into a hug. “It's normal what you do, Dick. It's part of growing up. Tim is a lot younger than you are and he doesn't get the allure of older women yet.”

Dick could feel Daddy laugh against his chest. It felt good. “He'll be alright?”

“You and Blake are, aren't you?”

“Blake is my brother,” Dick said, because it was different. He and Blake might not have been blood related, but Blake was still family. Tim on the other hand had his own family. He didn't live with them. Dick couldn't just sneak into his bed when he felt like connecting, like giving Tim a hug or just sleep beside him, secure in the knowledge that he would always be there.

“He will be alright, Dick. Don't worry. Tim loves you.”

“Yeah?” Dick asked, because Tim rarely showed it. He was still weird about hugging. And Dick really tried to train him out of it.

“Yeah,” Daddy said. “It will be fine.”

“Okay,” Dick said and cuddled for a bit longer.

~+~

Dick asked Amanda out on a Wednesday, a few days before winter break started. He was officially thirteen and they had known each other since summer. Months, really. He had been nervous as fuck, but unsurprisingly she said yes.

“You finally asked her out for real?” Blake asked. He was sitting with his back against Dick's bed with Ace half on top of his legs. It was late, but it was also a Saturday, and Bruce was out alone on patrol. Mom and Daddy made sure that Blake stayed in at least one weekend every month. Blake had protested, but by now Dick thought he was kinda glad for it too. It was a heavy load. Even if he wasn't allowed to stay out longer than one on weekdays. Sometimes Dick woke up when Blake crawled into bed with him.

“Yeah. She said yes.”
“Of course she did, Dick. She likes you. You are adorable,” Jason threw in.

“You think so? Am I cuter than Blake?” Dick asked cheekily. He liked to have Jay stay over, even if he was stealing Blake away. At least he was allowed to crawl into bed with them in the mornings. It wasn't that bad anyway, because Jay was only allowed to stay over on the weekends.

“Yeah, Jay. Is my baby brother cuter than me?” Blake asked and he was looking at Jason now too, who was lying on the soft carpet. He and Blake had gotten Jay a brand new phone for Christmas that he was endlessly fascinated with.

“I can't win this one, can I? You're both the stuff good wet dreams are made of,” Jason said, grinning.

“Gross,” Dick replied.

Jason laughed. “You can't tell me you aren't touching yourself while you're thinking of Amanda and how she smells.”

Dick could feel his cheeks flush. “Well...she smells nice and her skin is soft.”

“When do you even do that? I mean...we're together all freaking night. Every night. And when I'm with Jay, you're with Baby V,” Blake asked.

“In the shower...” Dick said and buried his face in a pillow.

Jason laughed. “Your baby brother is developing a water kink. I wonder if that runs in the family?”

“What's a kink?” Dick asked.

“Look it up on the internet,” Jason said.

Blake slapped him. “Are you suicidal to suggest that? What if he comes across other stuff while googling that? What if Bruce sees it?”

“Oh...yeah, well. Sorry. Don't google it.”

Dick was staring at them. “Explain then.”

“Yeah, Jason, explain what a kink is to my baby brother.”

“Stop calling him that! It makes me feel like a pervert,” Jason groaned.

“You are a pervert,” Blake said gently. “I love that about you too.”

“Yeah?” Jason asked and he was getting up now and putting his phone aside so he could crawl over to Blake, so they could kiss.

Dick wondered how it would feel once he worked up the nerve to kiss Amanda. Wondered how it was different from the way he kissed people now. The sounds were different. It looked different too.

“How does it feel?” Dick asked.

Blake looked at him, his eyes were dark and – something. “Good.”

Dick frowned. “But how is it different from the way I kiss you?”
“For one you don't kiss Blake on the lips-” Jason began.

“I do,” Dick cut in.

“You do?” Jason asked.

Dick nodded. “Yeah, all the time.”

“That – is kinda hot?” Jay asked.

Blake flushed. “Shut up.”

Dick sat up on the bed and looked between them. And then he looked to Jason. “You’re good at kissing?” It was only a half question.

“Yeah. I think? No one has complained yet,” Jason replied.

Dick got up and sat down next to them. Ace made a noise and Dick patted his head. “Show me.”

“What?”

“How to kiss, so I'll know and can impress Amanda.”

“Dick!” Blake said.

Dick looked at him. “Is it not okay? I won't steal him. I don't – I mean, I think I'm in love with Amanda,” he whispered. “Please?”

“Your call, Blake. I'm game. Your baby brother should have all the freaking advantage.”

Blake sighed. Dick made his eyes really big and pleading. “Fine.”

Dick beamed at him and hugged him over Ace's body.

Dick turned to Jason. “Okay. Let’s do this.”

Jason nodded and licked his lips. “Okay,” he said and then he grabbed Dick's neck gently. His thumb was caressing the soft skin there and it felt really good and then he leaned in and kissed Dick. Just a press of his lips against Dick's. Dick didn't see how that- Jason licked Dick's lips and he gasped. Jason slipped his tongue inside, Dick didn't know what to do. He grabbed at Jason and Jason pulled away. “Too much?”

“I- don't know?” Dick said and licked his lips. It had felt good. Jason's lips against his and his tongue licking inside his mouth gently.

“You liked it?”

“Yeah,” Dick nodded and then looked at Jason's lips. “Is it okay? Can I try that?”

Jason looked to Blake. “I...yeah, just. Shit,” Blake ran a hand over his face. “It's kinda -”

“ Messed up with you watching?” Jason asked.

“Yeah,” Blake said. “But like in a good way?” Jason laughed and Blake went red. “Shut up.”

“Who's the pervert now?”
“You kissed my baby brother,” Blake said.

Dick needed a moment to catch on and then he looked down at Blake's lap. It was still mostly hidden by Ace, but Dick was sure Blake was getting hard over this. Dick looked down at himself. He wasn't. “I think I'm not into guys,” Dick said.

Jason laughed again. “Or you're just too much into Amanda now to get hard over someone else.”

Dick pondered that. Could be true. He just didn't know yet. It wasn't weird to kiss Jason, or let Jason kiss him, but he didn't get the same feeling in his stomach when he was only thinking about kissing Amanda. That had to mean something, right?

“So, it's alright to practice with you, right?” He looked at Blake again and waited until Blake nodded.

“Just this once,” Blake replied.

“I know,” Dick said and pulled Jason in.

~+~

Amanda didn't taste like peaches. She tasted like the hot chocolate she had had earlier when Dick kissed her. The smell of peaches was penetrating Dick's brain anyway. She smelled so good he wanted to eat her.

“Sometimes, I want to bite you,” Dick confessed as they pulled apart for breath.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, just...your arm, that fleshy part of it. Not hard, but-”

“Yeah,” she said. “I want that too, but I always think about your thigh,” she confessed and Dick didn't feel that weird about it anymore. He grinned at her.

“Next time when we're in the pool?”

She grinned back. “I can be a big bad shark or something.”

Dick laughed.

~+~

Dick had a girlfriend now and it wasn't any different from when he and Amanda had only been friends.

“That's how you know,” Mom said.

“What?”

“That you fit with someone,” Mom replied. She was looking at Bruce, who was teaching Blake a new move. Dick liked to watch them in the gym. Mom liked it too. Sometimes they watched them together. Even got popcorn and just watched them move.

“Would you be very freaked out, if I wanted to train with Bruce too? Not only with you and Daddy?” Dick asked. He had been thinking about it. He would like to help. Maybe not every night like Blake, but sometimes. Or down in the cave. He wasn't too bad with computers. He had googled
'kink' on his own and was only mildly freaked out after he was done.

“No. I was waiting for you to ask,” Mom said.

“But you would worry?”

“I worry about Bruce and Blake too, but so far they're fine and Bruce is more careful now that he has Blake at his side. He used to be very reckless before. Me and Daddy were very worried about him,” Mom said gently.

“He's better. He's happier,” Dick said.

“Yes, he is, my little monkey,” Mom replied. She didn't call him that often anymore, but then Dick wasn't that small anymore. He was thirteen going on fourteen and had his first girlfriend. He was ready to take up training with Batman. He was growing up.

“Will you allow Baby V to train too?”

“If she wants to, sure. She has the vigilante name already,” Mom teased.

Dick hugged her just because. He wondered how different Bruce's life would've been if he hadn't come to train with them that summer so long ago. “How did you know you would fit with Bruce?”

“You mean, because I had Daddy already and you?”

“Yeah, I thought...we were family. And we were enough, right?”

“Yes, but sometimes you meet someone so extraordinary that you just know, and I wasn't alone with that. Jon knew too. And you, Dick. You took to Bruce like he had been a part of our family forever. Just lost.” She looked at Bruce again. “He had been a missing piece, not missed, but missing. We just didn't know we could be more before we met him.”

Dick nodded. He got that. He felt the same way about Bruce and Blake and Baby V. He felt similar about Amanda.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Warning- sex drugs and mentions of underage prostitution in

Fourteen

They had been following the leads for weeks, or it felt like weeks. School and the vigilante business really didn’t mix well. Blake went to school in the mornings, then he had to rush back and do his homework before his training with Dick and Jon in order to warm up for patrol… but sometimes if his homework wasn’t too bad, he’d sneak over and go to Jay’s. He loved those afternoons, but they were lucky to get that time together.

And now that Dick was training with them, it seemed to take up even more time. Wayne liked for him to teach Dick the moves he had learned. Wayne claimed that it would make Blake stronger and more precise if he would teach what he knew as well. Not that he had to worry, Dick took to it like a fish to water.

Blake dropped down into the abandoned warehouse, or so it seemed from the outside… it was decked out from the inside. He wanted to check it out more, all the tubes were fascinating, but Batman motioned him to stand down and to be on guard.

Blake ran his gloved hand through his hair and surveyed the room, taking in every small detail. The Batman was looking through the files and gathering samples… he was on lookout.

Which was boring as hell.

“What am I even looking out for?” He questioned, the eyewitnesses were very sketchy with the details. Red hair, leaves… ivy. “I thought the clown outfit was hideous, but ivy?”

“Robin.” Batman hissed, it was the only warning he’d get. He was supposed to be paying attention and Blake turned back to the entrance.

Blake sighed and after a moment, he clicked on his comm link. “Robin to base, any reports?” Blake smiled, he loved that Dick had started training with them… although Blake knew he hated cave duty and would have preferred to be active on the streets. Blake didn’t blame him, once it was in your blood you always had a taste for the streets.

“Flamebird here. The streets are pretty quiet tonight,” Dick replied, he sounded bored too. “Any signs of Ivy?”

“No.” Blake sighed, glancing over at the Batman who was engrossed in his work. “It might spice up our night a bit.”

Dick giggled. “Don’t let the big Bat hear you.”

“I heard that.” The Batman growled into the comm and Blake jumped, not realizing that he was listing to them as well.
“Flamebird, over and out.” Dick replied quickly, shutting off the link and Blake rolled his eyes.

“Are you done yet?” Blake questioned, turning to him… it felt like he had been waiting for hours, even though he knew it had only been a few minutes at the most.

The Batman glanced around as if he was surveying his work and nodded, “Yes.”

“Finally!” He jumped down and that was when he saw the shift in the shadows, and then suddenly there was a green leaf floating from above as if it had appeared out of thin air. “Batman!” Blake yelled as he got ready to strike. He froze when a very shapely woman, dressed in a tight, green, fucking sexy outfit made herself known.

He blinked, unable to do anything else but stare at her… this was a first. He was expecting, Blake didn’t know what he was expecting, but since when did villains become so fucking hot? He may be gay, but he knew a sexy, beautiful woman when he saw one. And she looked like she stepped off the pages of Playboy.

“My, my, my,” she smiled, shifting her hips and running her fingers down her arm. “I wasn’t expecting company.”

“Ivy.” Batman stated from behind Blake and it was enough to snap Blake out of his spell.

“I believe my reputation far proceeds me,” Ivy smirked as she tapped her heel against the concrete. “But, I don’t have time to play hostess, I hope you’ll excuse me.” She smiled brightly and then kissed her hand, blowing it at Blake.

Blake coughed as fine dust was blown into his face and he snorted as it tickled his nose. “What the fuck?” He questioned, wiping at his face in disgust. Blake inhaled sharply, blinking his eyes as he suddenly felt funny… he didn’t know how to even explain it, he felt almost giddy and he suddenly laughed, his skin flushing with desire. “Shit.”

His heart started to race, his breathing hitching slightly, and he wanted more than anything to rip off his clothes and-

“Robin!”

Blake blinked and his eyes focused on the Batman’s lips; every desire he’s ever had for the Batman came rushing back with a vengeance. Blake launched himself at him, wrapping his arms around his neck and kissing him. Blake moaned at the feel of those impossibly soft lips pressed against his. He had always wanted to feel them against his since Dick had mentioned how soft they were.

“Robin!” Batman hissed as he pulled him away and Blake whimpered at the loss, needing to touch him, to taste him. He needed everything, the need burned through him... “Stand down.”

Blake shook his head, his body trembling, and he used every training he had to do as ordered. “Need you… I think I’m going to die if I can’t touch you.”

“Focus.” Batman ordered as he guided Blake out to the Batmobile.

“Can’t.” He climbed in and buckled himself in, not trusting himself. “I need-”

“You’ve been drugged,” Batman stated as he drove back to the Batcave, but that didn’t help how he was feeling.

“Duh, but this, this is different.” Blake rushed, unable to take the confines of his suit anymore and he
started to strip. He managed to get his gloves and mask off, and part of his suit.

“Robin.” Batman’s voice was like steel and fuck, it turned him on more if that was even fucking possible at this time.

Blake undid his seat belt and attempted to kiss the Batman again… all reason had fled his mind and he could only focus on the need that simmered in his bones, and the desperate desire to quench it by touching, kissing, anything to help him through this, whatever the fuck this was.

“God dammit, Blake.” He hissed as the ride came to a sudden stop and he grabbed Blake by his arms and pulled him out of the Batmobile. They were already back at the cave, but Blake barely remembered the full drive.

The sudden coldness of the cave seemed to cool him down slightly and he was able to think for a moment. He shuddered and let the Batman move him. He didn’t seem to have any control over his body and the need that continued to heat his skin seemed to overwhelm him. “Sorry?”

“You’re back early, what happened?” Dick questioned and Blake jumped at the sound of his voice, instantly needing him. Dick would cuddle and he liked to be kissed and-

“DICK!” Blake gasped as he made a grab at him, but Batman forced him back.

“Sit.” Batman was all business and Blake tried his hardest to do as instructed. “I need to draw your blood.”

“Why? What happened?” Dick questioned, looking between them.

“I was drugged or something… it’s hot.” Blake whined and he reached out to Dick again, pursing his lips as if to kiss him when he caught movement out of the corner of his eyes.

Batman was stripping out of his suit and Blake wanted more than anything to touch every inch of his skin, to feel the scars under his fingertips. These were feelings he had blocked off long ago, but now with the flush of whatever drug Ivy had given him, he needed it all.

“Dick can you get the first aid kit, I need to draw some samples.” Wayne stated and he was suddenly in front of Blake, wearing a black robe over his pants… and Blake was compelled to stare at his crotch, licking his lips. “Blake.”

Blake snapped his gaze up to Wayne and then to Dick when he neared with the first aid kit. Blake was hot and hard and Dick was becoming so handsome. He went to reach for Dick again when Wayne grabbed his arm to draw his blood.

Blake closed his eyes, trying to focus, but as soon as Wayne’s fingers touched his skin he lost it and attempted to kiss him once more.

“Blake!” Wayne snapped at him, fingers digging into his shoulders as he tried to keep Blake from kissing him again.

“May I be of assistance?” Alfred’s voice rang out and Blake’s gaze snapped to his, his desires shifting, and Blake needed to kiss him too.

“Alfred!!” Blake grinned as he pulled away from Wayne, wrapping his arms around the older man and kissing him.

“It is good to see you too, Master Blake.” Alfred’s voice was amused and Blake had to kiss him
again, his lips were dry and firm.

“Ouch!” Blake cried out as a needle pierced his arm and Blake made himself stay still as Wayne got the sample he needed. Sneaky bastard.

“Please tell me, Jason is here tonight.” Wayne began, a slight note of desperation in his voice.

Blake perked up at the mention of Jason’s name and he moaned at the thought of having Jason all to himself. Jason would actually kiss him back and make him feel good… And Blake needed that more than air to breathe. “Jay, I need Jay… Where’s Jay?”

“He’s still here I believe, it is Friday night after all.” Alfred replied and Blake immediately let go of him and made a mad dash for the elevator. He just had to get to Jason.

Wayne caught him before he made it to the elevator and Blake groaned, fighting him as he tried to get away. “I think it may be best to have Jason come down to get him.” He began. “He needs to be aware of what’s going on.”

“No, let me go!” Blake groaned. “You’re not a good kisser.” He wailed, wanting something, anything, and Wayne wasn’t giving him anything and Jason would.

Dick giggled and Blake shot him a glare. Dick simply smiled back at him, making a kissy face. “I’ll go get Jay!”

“No fair,” Blake grumbled, crossing his arms in protest as Alfred and Dick made their way upstairs.

“Perhaps you’d like to finish changing,” Wayne offered as he let go of him.

Blake looked down and noticed his state of undress. “Oh,” he shrugged and by the time he had stripped his suit all the way down to his boxers he heard footsteps.

“Wow, this is wow…” Jason gasped in amazement, smirking as his gaze caught Blake’s. “Hey.”

“Jay!” He launched himself at Jason, wrapping his arms around Jason and kissing him. He sighed in contentment as Jason returned the kiss with the same eagerness that only seemed to inflame every desire burning within him.

“Oh, hey,” Jason soothed, his fingers tracing over Blake's back as they parted to breathe. “Shh, I’ve got you… but-” he paused, glancing over at Wayne, who was staring them down. “I’ve never been called down here, it must be important.”

“Blake was drugged by Ivy,” Wayne began, but Blake didn’t care. He just wanted to feel Jason and undress him and kiss him, so he did. Blake kissed his ear, nipping at the lobe and then nibbling on Jason’s neck.

“And he kissed Alfred!!” Dick chimed in and Jason tensed, pulling away slightly to get a better look at Blake.

“What?” Jason gasped, he didn’t look mad… more like shocked, surprised?

“Don’t worry, you’re the best kisser,” Blake smiled, tugging him back to him and kissing him deeply, moaning into Jason's mouth as he rubbed against him.

“Blake,” Jason urged, pulling away slightly. “P.D.A., we talked about this.”

Blake groaned, huffing as he curled into Jason. They’ve had this talk before, no more than just a
peck on the lips in front of the parents… especially in front of the Batman. “Fine, let’s go upstairs-”

“Hold on, is this toxic? Should I look for anything? Should I even be kissing him back-”

“It doesn’t appear to be toxic or transferable. But there is no antidote at the moment, I’m not sure how long this will last.” Wayne stated in his official Batman voice, even though he looked more like Wayne since he had stripped down and part of his chest was showing, and Blake wanted to kiss him again.

This was all too much, and he wanted them all, his skin was flushed and “Fuck this, I can’t do this, I need Jay now.” His voice was deeper than he’s ever heard it and he knew he must look ridiculous.

Wayne nodded. “It’s okay, Jason. I need someone I can trust watching over him and taking care of him.”

Jason smiled at that and deep down Blake knew that Wayne's words meant more to him than he’d ever say… but the desire burning within him was just too much to bear and he pulled Jason toward the elevator. “Come on.”

As soon as the doors closed and the elevator started its ascent, Blake stopped it. He pushed Jason against the side and kissed him, “Fuck, Jay, I need you.”

“I’m here.” Jay nipped playfully at his lip and then he trailed kisses down Blake's heated skin.

“Yeah. Please.”

“Let me take care of you.” Jason dropped to his knees and Blake moaned as his mouth brushed against his cock.

“Oh, Jay.” He tangled his fingers in Jason’s hair and he cried out when Jason swallowed him down. Jason didn’t tease him or draw it out… like Blake usually loved it. Blake was too far gone at the moment to care, he just needed to get off. “Fuck, yeah.” He moaned as he came, but the euphoric haze that usually followed didn’t and he was hard again before Jason pulled away.

“Damn,” Jason breathed. “Do you realize how fucking hot you look?”

Blake inhaled sharply, shaking his head. “Like your best wet dream?”

“And more.” Jason pulled him into a kiss and made him look semi presentable by pulling up his boxers. “Let’s get you into bed.”

Blake moaned, nodding in agreement. That was exactly what he needed and they raced back to his room. He pushed Jason back onto the bed and climbed on top of him, straddling his hips. He started kissing him, running his fingers over every inch of his skin as he helped Jason out of his clothes.

He rocked his hips against Jason’s and then smiled down at him. “I’m gonna make you come.”

“Yeah?” Jason chuckled. “You’ve already got me beat.” He arched up into Blake’s hands and Blake thought he was the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen.

“You’re beautiful.” He smiled as he leaned in and kissed Jason’s neck and then started to trail kisses down his chest.

“You’re not so bad either.” Jason smirked, trailing his fingers through Blake's hair as he continued down.
Blake licked his lips and then he ran his tongue around the base of Jason’s cock. He wanted to taste him, he needed to suck him off... he had reservations and he smiled as he looked up at Jason’s face. All he saw was love in Jason’s eyes.

“It’s okay,” he began as he always had… Jason was so good to him, he hadn’t pushed since he had found out the truth.

And now, all Blake could think about was pleasuring him, making Jason feel what he had felt. Blake needed this and with Ivy’s drug in his system, he felt like he could do anything. He had no more reservations. Blake licked his lips and then he wrapped his mouth around Jason’s cock.

“Oh, fuck,” Jason cried out, thrusting up into his mouth at the sensation.

Blake gagged at the sudden movement, but he pulled back and tried again. It looked so easy, but it was a little trickier than he thought... but Blake was determined to make this good for Jason. He loved the slightly bitter musky taste that was all Jason. And he smelled so fucking good. Blake hummed, moaning around Jason as he took him further into his mouth. He bobbed his head and this time he was ready when Jason thrust up and fucked his mouth.

Jason shuddered, moaning Blake’s name as he tugged on his hair a moment later. “Gonna come.” He inhaled and Blake pulled back, stroking him lightly, teasing him before he sucked him into his mouth once more.

Blake took himself into his hand and jerked himself at the same time and came when Jason did. He pulled back, licking Jason softening cock. “Good?”

“Fuck, yeah.” Jason smiled, he had a dazed off look and Blake leaned up and kissed him, deliriously happy that he was able to give him this after so long. “Are you okay?”

Blake nodded, his hand still wrapped around his cock. He was still so hard, his skin flushed, and he needed, he wasn’t sure anymore. This was so surreal.

Jason kissed him, adding his hand and jerked Blake off. Blake shuddered as his orgasm washed over him once more and he whimpered. Blake was still hard and he felt like he was about to jump out of his skin with the need to come again and again.

Blake was starting to get delirious and it was getting harder to focus. “Shit.”

“Shhh, I’ve got you.” Jason stated as he kissed down Blake’s chest. Blake fell back against the bed. He moaned when Jason licked around his cock and sucked him down once more.

Blake cried out his release. His breath hitching as he tried to control his breathing.

“Damn, Blake,” Jay inhaled in awe. “You’re still so hard and fuck, you’re like a porn star or some shit.”

Blake laughed, his skin was even more sensitive and he couldn’t get enough of Jason. “Let’s fuck.” That was what he really wanted, to bury himself in Jason’s willing body and fuck him until he couldn’t think anymore.

Jason snorted, “Isn’t that what we’re doing?”

“I want to fuck you,” Blake clarified as he rubbed against Jason’s thigh. “Want you.”

“God, Blake.” Jason inhaled and pulled him into a heated kiss. “I want that more than anything, but
not like this… not with this drug in your system.”

Blake groaned and Jason rolled him onto his back. “Want you,” he groaned. “I can’t- I need you.”

“Fuck.”

“Jason,” he wrapped his legs around Jason’s waist and arched up against him. “Please.”

“No,” there was a note of agony in Jason’s voice and part of Blake understood, but he wasn’t really thinking straight anymore.

“But-”

“Let’s do this,” Jason began, rolled Blake over and kissed the back of his neck.

Blake was about to protest when Jason kissed the small of his back and Blake felt Jason’s fingers parting his butt checks. Blake sucked in a breath, arching back against him when Jason licked a strip down the cleft of his ass. “Oh, fuck.” He inhaled and he shuddered as Jason tentatively pressed his tongue against his opening. It was the most amazing feeling and when Jason pushed his tongue into him he thrust back wanting to feel more. “Where did you learn how to do that?”

Jason smiled against his skin, “I googled it.” He blew a puff of air and Blake almost jumped off the bed with the sensations.

“Fuck, do it again.”

Jason did and Blake moaned, grabbing at his cock and stroking himself until he came with a shout… but this time when his orgasm washed over him he finally felt content. “Damn, Jason we gotta do that a lot more.” He twisted back around and pulled Jason into a messy kiss. “Fuck.”

Jason chuckled, returning the kiss, “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Blake smiled, blinking his eyes as he suddenly felt drained. “Yeah, I think-” he began, but he didn’t have the strength to finish his train of thought. He closed his eyes just for a moment.

~+~

“Fuck,” he grumbled as he started to wake up and he turned into the warm body beside him… he knew instantly it was Dick and he wondered where Jason was. Blake reluctantly opened his eyes, everything was hazy and swimming before him.

“Blake?” Dick’s voice sounded off and Blake forced himself to look up at him once more. “He’s up!” He shouted and Blake winced. “Sorry, we were just starting to get worried.”

“Why?” He questioned, rubbing his face and turning slightly as he felt the bed shift and he knew it was Jason joining them.

“You’ve been asleep for almost twenty-four hours.”

Blake’s eyes widened and he attempted to sit up, but instantly regretted it when his head swam and he groaned, leaning into Jason as he pulled him into his arms. “Fuck.”

“Language.”

Wayne, that was Wayne, and he forced himself to glance at the door. He couldn’t remember a time that Wayne had ever entered his room. Fuck, he must have been really bad off. “So, what’s the
“Fox was able to identify the toxin in your blood and isolate it. And once you had succumbed to sleep, we were able to draw a fresh sample to compare it. Your body had produced enough antibodies that Fox was able to formulate an antidote that we can have on hand if we should encounter the drug again.” Wayne explained, his voice soothing. Wayne looked him over, “How do you feel?”

“Like I got hit by a-” Blake began, pausing as he fully realized what Wayne had said. “Wait, you drew my blood while I was out?”

“Yeah,” Jason nodded as he rubbed his fingers down Blake’s side. “I was a little worried, you passed out mid-sentence and then I couldn’t wake you up.”

“It was a smart call,” Wayne nodded. “If we hadn’t, we may not have been able to develop an antidote.”

“Otherwise, you might have started kissing the Batman and Alfred again.” Dick pointed out and then blew him a kiss.

“Brat,” Blake laughed as he tugged Dick to him and he kissed his brow.

Dick smiled, “You love me.”

“I do.” Blake sighed, closing his eyes. He still felt exhausted and it was nice being wrapped up in Jason’s arms... and he drifted off to sleep as Dick curled into him.

~+~

After the much needed nap, Jason finally dragged him down to eat some food. He was starting to feel a little more human after a good meal.

“Feeling better?” Mary asked as she sat down across from them. She had checked on him earlier, being all parental and stuff.

Blake nodded, “Yeah, just peachy.” He took another bite, raising a brow as Jon joined them a moment later... this suddenly felt like some sort of intervention. “So?”

Mary and Jon shared a glance. Mary nodded and Jon looked at the both of them. “We knew you two were becoming more intimate, but after this weekend there is no doubt and we-”

“Are you giving us, ‘The Talk’?” Jason interrupted, snorting “No need, I mean, you can google anything and um, we’ve been careful.”

Blake flushed, he had talked about some of this with Jon, but now there was no denying that they were having sex. “Yeah, we’re good.”

Mary sighed with relief. “I just want you two to be careful and responsible.”

“It’s not like we can get pregnant or anything,” Jason pointed out.

“But you can still get STDs,” Jon countered. “Condoms and lube are essential.”

Blake shrugged, “Nah, I mean we’re exclusive.” He glanced at Jason for confirmation, but Jason refused to meet his gaze. His heart suddenly plummeted, “Right?”
“Yes,” Jason nodded, “I mean, mostly… I’ve kinda.” He chewed his lip and then darted away from the table.

Blake stared after him, confused. “Fuck,” he inhaled and immediately darted after Jason, catching up with him easily in the hall. “What the fuck, Jason? Are you cheating on me?”

Jason turned to him, “No, it’s nothing like that… I didn’t.” He rubbed his face and glanced away.

“Then what is it?”

“I needed the money.”

Blake felt like he’d been hit in the chest and he took a step back. “What?” It couldn’t possibly mean what he thought it meant.

Jason finally looked at him and Blake cursed under his breath, clenching his fists. “Why didn’t you tell me? I would’ve helped. Wayne is fucking loaded.”

“Blake,” he sighed, shaking his head. “I didn’t want a handout. You should understand that. You have it so good here… I just didn’t want to taint this. This is my happy place, ya know?” He whispered, his voice cracking as he wrapped his arms around himself. “I’m pretty sure my mom’s using again and we needed the money.”

Blake felt like shit, he hadn’t realized any of this. He thought things were going well. “Jason,” he inhaled and wrapped his arms around Jason. “Never again, okay? You’re a month shy of being sixteen… who the fuck took you up on that offer?”

Jason snorted, “In the right clothes, I can pass for older… besides the money is better the younger they think you are.”

“That’s sick.” Blake growled, pulling away as he clenched his fists. “They’re so going to pay for touching you. They had no right.”

“I don’t need you to protect me, Blake.” He sighed, “That’s the point, I wanted to do it on my own and I needed some fast cash… I’ll think of something else before the rent is due again.”

Blake was suddenly aware that someone was standing in the shadows and he glanced over to see Wayne… or perhaps it was in that moment that Wayne let himself be known. They were in the hallway, near his office. He probably had heard everything.

“We can talk to Wayne-”

“No, I don’t want a fucking handout.”

“Language,” Wayne stated firmly, announcing his presence.

Jason startled, “Damn.” He glanced between them. “No, Blake.”

“Would you say no to a job, then?” Wayne questioned and Blake’s eyes widened… he hadn’t expected that, and he was pretty sure Jason hadn’t either.

“What?” Jason gasped, “Seriously, what can I do?”

“Keep a secret.” Wayne smiled. “Think about it. You’ve been an asset this weekend and I can use an assistant that wouldn’t stoop to blackmailing me. It would be a desk job, keeping my appointments and covering for me when I need to step away.” As ‘the Batman’ was implied. “You can come in
after school and we’ll go from there.”

“I’ll think about it.”

Wayne nodded, turning to leave. “That’s all I ask.”

Blake’s heart squeezed tight and he hugged Wayne, surprising him. “Thanks.”

Wayne nodded once more, returning the hug. “He’s a part of our family.” He whispered into Blake’s ear. “He makes you happy.”

Blake smiled as he pulled away and he reached over to Jason. He squeezed his hand… he had a feeling they had a lot to talk about, but he hoped that it would all work out.
Chapter 16

~Interlude: Bruce~

Bruce was brooding and he knew he was brooding, and by the way Jon was glancing at him, Jon knew it too.

“It's-” Bruce wanted to say nothing, but Jon gave him his, 'don't bullshit me' look, Bruce smiled. “Blake,” he finished.

Jon nodded. It was an encouragement to bare his soul. Bruce was better at talking now, after all these years with Mary and Jon, but it was still hard. It was always easier to share his needs with Dick, probably because Dick had enough empathy for two people. He just knew when someone, even Bruce, needed a hug.

“You're worried about him,” Jon said.

Bruce nodded. “Yes, I am.” But it wasn't only because Blake had been dosed with some kind of love drug, it was also that he had kissed Bruce and Bruce was very aware that it had been different from the way he had kissed Alfred. Alfred that was the drug in Blake’s system. He was- “Am I reading too much into it? He did kiss Alfred. He tried to kiss Dick,” Bruce added. And would have probably tried to do more. It had been a good thing that Jason had been there to take care of Blake. Jason was bigger and even though Blake was very well trained, Bruce didn't doubt that Jason could've taken him down if Blake should have been too handsy. Bruce ran a hand over his face.

“He still has feelings for you Bruce,” Jon said gently.

“I thought that he would've grown out of it. It has been years. He has been with Jason for years too, Jon.”

“You were his first love, Bruce. He loved you before he even knew what that kind of love was,” Jon replied.

Bruce knew that, the problem was that he had never felt that way about anyone. He didn't know, he couldn't feel what this meant to Blake. “And now you're back to brooding,” Jon sighed.

Bruce looked at him as Jon got up and stood in front of Bruce. “Maybe, you need to help me relax then.” Bruce teased.

“Maybe, I really should do that,” Jon said and stepped a bit closer. His crotch was level with Bruce's face. It wasn't really a subtle hint.
“You want me to suck you?” Bruce asked and licked his lips. They were in the library, but Bruce knew that Dick and Amanda were in the living room with Mary and V. Blake and Jason were in the hall getting ready to go out.

“Yes, I do.”

“The kids are still home,” Bruce said.

“Make it quick then,” Jon replied, opening his pants. He stroked his own cock and then just looked at Bruce until Bruce opened his mouth. “You better make me come, Bruce,” Jon said in a breathy voice, but it was laced with authority and Bruce – to his own surprise – felt himself harden at that. He nodded and sucked Jon down.

~+~

Mary took one look at them and knew. There was something in her eyes that let him know that she knew exactly what they were up to while she was playing Monopoly with the kids.

Violet wasn't really following the rules, but then Amanda wasn't either. She was in fact cheating. Bruce suppressed a smile.

“Go and drink some coffee,” Mary said.

He wanted to kiss her, wanted to share Jon's lingering taste with her, but he knew that if he did, his daughter would want to be kissed too and Bruce just wasn't that careless.

“Daddy!” Violet said and clapped her hands.

“I'll be right with you, Violet,” Bruce said and went to the kitchen to pour some coffee. It would hide the scent well enough.

Dick was glaring in mock anger at Amanda when he came back with two mugs. He set one on the table in front of Mary.

“Thanks, daddy,” she whispered.

“Daddy!” Violet said again and she was making grabby arms at him, so he put his mug down and picked her up. She cuddled like Dick: with her whole heart and body. She kissed his cheek and pressed herself against his chest.

He liked how she said 'daddy', she called him and Jon daddy, and it was fitting. They were both there for her.

“Are you done playing?”

“Amanda was cheating,” Dick said.

“Can you prove that?” Amanda challenged.

“And what if I can?”

She made as if she was thinking it over. “If you can, I'll repay my debts in kisses.

“That is totally a win/win situation for you, Amanda.”

“Well, Richard, that only shows that I'm a clever girl,” she teased.
Bruce liked her. She was smart and funny and could hold her own in a conversation. She also liked to cuddle. Bruce had seen them just lying on the carpet, curled into each other, and napping, or talking quietly more often than he could count.

“But cheating is wrong, isn't it Bruce?” Dick asked.

“Yes,” Bruce said. “And we're trying to raise our baby right.”

Amanda glanced between them. “You're pulling my leg, right? Because everyone cheats at games...it makes it more interesting.”

“When you play poker,” Mary cut in, she was smiling.

Amanda was smiling back at her. “Maybe we should play that next time.”

Mary laughed. Bruce just loved to hear her laugh like that: carefree and with her whole body shaking.

Violet was pulling at Bruce's hair. “Daddy, let me down? I wanna play.”

Bruce turned to kiss her nose and see her eyes cross before she giggled and then he sat her down on the floor again.

“Do you want Alfred to take you and Ace to the park, honey?” Mary asked.

His daughter clapped her hands in excitement. “Yes! And Dick too! And Amanda!”

Dick looked at his girlfriend.

“We could make a picnic,” Amanda said.

“Take the big, checkered blanket,” Mary threw in.

Bruce didn't even know that they had more than one picnic blanket.

“Yes, mom,” Dick said and grabbed Violet’s hand. “Come on, now. Let's fetch Ace and Alfred.”

He watched them leave and then turned to Mary. “That was sneaky,” he said.

“You approve. Don't even try to deny it. Now we have the house all to ourselves. For at least two hours, most likely three.”

“Whatever will we do with all that extra time,” Jon said stepping into the room.

She glanced at him and Jon smiled. “We could talk about Bruce's issues and about how Blake kissed him. We could also talk about how Jason—” she cut herself off and took a deep breath. Bruce had told them about how Jason had gotten the money for last month’s rent. He could tell that she was still angry, not at Jason. Mostly not at Jason, but because Jason had endangered their son by sucking someone off. Bruce had paid for a through medical exam for Jason, and as a result they weren't allowed more than hand jobs, until the results showed that Jason wasn't a danger to Blake.

“Mary,” Jon said. “He was desperate.”

“I know and I don't blame him much. He is a good boy,” she replied and then she grabbed Bruce’s hand. “You were sucking my husband's cock while I was playing with the kids. How is that fair, my love?” She teased.
Bruce looked down at her and then pulled her up, against his chest and ravished her mouth.

“I see,” Jon said. “You want to go down on Mary here or in the bedroom?”

“Bedroom,” Bruce growled.

She laughed and he scooped her up. “The one we don’t use anymore,” she said. Her voice was a bit breathy. Bruce knew that they only used it when Mary needed Jon to take control. He’s never watched it, they had never invited him to join in that little game, and he wasn’t sure he wanted to now.

“Mary-” he began.

“The one with the metal bed, Bruce. You heard my wife,” Jon cut in. It was that voice again. The one he used in the library. It was hard to argue with it. Bruce didn’t want to argue with it.

Mary leaned in, so that she could whisper into his ear. Her breath was hot and damp against his skin. “I won't be the one lying face down on that bed today, Bruce.”

Bruce’s heart was beating a bit faster in his chest. This was turning him on.

“I might wrap that lovely silk-scarf you bought her for Christmas around your cock,” Jon said.

“What about the one that belonged to Mary's grandmother?”

“That will be around your wrists, Bruce,” Jon answered.

They all knew that a silk scarf wouldn't be able to keep him in place if he really wanted to get free, but the idea was arousing: to be at Jon's mercy.

“Let us take care of you,” Mary said and Bruce nodded. He followed Jon to the upstairs bedroom that was rarely used now that Jon and Mary were sleeping in the master-bedroom with Bruce every night.

~+~

Jon made him and Mary strip. It was pretty clear that Jon was in charge for the next few hours and Bruce wasn't as freaked out about it as he thought he might be.

“On your knees, Bruce,” Jon said and Bruce sank to his knees, which brought him level with Mary’s sex. He could never think of it as cunt or pussy. Jon stroked Bruce's hair and Bruce leaned into it. It was nice.

“You see how lovely she is? Can you smell how wet she is already?”

“Yes,” Bruce said.

“You will lick her to orgasm Bruce, and I will watch you do it. How fast can you make her come?” Jon asked.

“I- don't know?”

“If you can make her come in the next five minutes, only with your mouth, Bruce, I'll reward you,” Jon said. His voice was soft, but commanding. Bruce had the urge to please him. Had the urge to ask if Jon would punish him if he couldn’t make Mary come in under five minutes. Jon looked at him, he could feel Jon's gaze on his skin. “No, I wouldn't, Bruce, because that is not the game we play.”
For some reason Bruce felt lighter knowing that and knowing that Jon knew him that well to address his fears even if they weren't spoken out loud.

“You okay, Bruce?” Mary asked gently.

“Yes,” Bruce said, because he was.

“Put your money where your mouth is then,” she teased and Bruce leaned in. She spread her legs. She was already wet and hot. The angle wasn't the best for him. He preferred to do this with her on her back, so he could lick deeper into her, but maybe that was why Jon made him do it like this. It was more challenging. After all these years Jon knew his wife and he knew Bruce. Bruce knew Mary too and he was pretty confident that he could make her come like this. He curled his tongue around her clit and only focused on that tiny bundle of nerves, alternating between sucking, kissing and licking. She was clutching at his shoulders, her short nails biting into his skin.

“You look perfect together,” Jon said.

“Fuck,” Mary said sharply and then Bruce could feel her come. He licked her through it until Jon told him to stop.

“Six minutes, twenty-seven seconds, Bruce,” Jon said.

“It was his first time on the clock,” Mary cut in. Her voice was breathy and he wanted to kiss her, but stayed on the floor instead, leaning his head against her belly.

“Rules are rules, rosebud,” Jon said.

Bruce snorted at that.

“You will do better next time, won't you?” Mary asked.

“Yes,” Bruce answered.

“Good,” Jon said. “Get up and on the bed. Face down. You are mine now to do as I want, Bruce.”

“What would have been my reward?” Bruce asked.

“I told you, we don't do punishment, Bruce. Telling you would be a punishment.”

“But—”

“I know what you're thinking. That knowing would spur you on next time, but the reward won't be the same next time. That's what makes the game interesting,” Jon cut in. “Now on the bed. Face down, hands around the bars. My lovely assistant will tie you up nicely.” Jon handed Mary the silk-scarf and she let it slide down her body and between her legs.

“I love how that feels,” she said.

“I love how that looks,” Jon cut in, he grabbed her by her neck and kissed her hard. The way Bruce rarely dared to kiss her. Mary was panting by the time Jon let go of her. “Still on your knees. I thought you would follow orders better,” Jon teased.

Bruce got up and on the bed. He curled his fingers around the cold metal of the bars and let himself be tied up by Mary. Her scent and naked body were teasing his senses. He was painfully hard and rubbing against the coverlet. Jon's hand at his back stilled his movements.
“Don’t,” he said and it was that commanding voice again. It made Bruce still at once. He took a breath and let it out slowly. “Mary will prep you now, Bruce, and then I will fuck you.”

Bruce would be tight, because they rarely did it this way and because Mary had such small fingers, strong, but slender hands. “And you will tell me if it’s too much, Bruce.”

Bruce nodded.

“Say it,” Jon said.

“Yes, I will tell you if it should be too much,” Bruce said and could feel himself flush. He wasn't a virgin by any means but – Mary spread his cheeks and then he could feel her finger sliding inside him. She wasn't teasing and wasn't playing around either. She was preparing him so her husband could fuck him. The thought made him even harder, but he didn't dare rub his cock against the bed again.

Mary pushed a third finger in and Bruce felt that, it felt full. And good and he wanted to reach down and stroke himself. He pulled at the scarf.

“I love that scarf, Bruce. It's the last thing I have of my grandmother,” Mary whispered. It kept Bruce in place better than any handcuffs or rope-work would. He didn't want to damage it and that was why Jon had chosen it for this occasion, he realized.

Jon's hand was on his shoulder and then his cock was teasing Bruce, between his cheeks. “Lovely assistant, would you be so kind to spread him?” Jon asked, but it wasn't really a question. Mary's fingers pulled at him and he felt more exposed than he had ever felt that way. She was sitting at the small of his back. He could feel her wetness against his skin. He was pinned and pried open and claimed by Jon as he pushed steadily inside Bruce.

Jon fucked him with a steady and maddening rhythm and he couldn't do anything to make him fuck Bruce faster or harder. The only thing he could do was to lie there and take it. Take whatever Jon was willing to give him. He couldn't do anything, anything at all, so Bruce relaxed into the pillows. Gave it all up and Jon moaned as he felt Bruce relax. The thrusts sped up. The only thing Bruce could hear was their harsh breathing and moaning. Mary was watching Jon fuck him and Bruce could feel her getting wetter. He wanted to be inside her. He wanted to come inside her.

Jon was fucking him in earnest now and Bruce let it wash over him in waves. The need inside him was building steadily.

“Don't come, Bruce,” Jon said as he was emptying himself inside Bruce's body.

Bruce groaned with frustration. “Fuck, Jon-”

“Language,” Jon said and smacked Bruce's ass playfully. It didn't hurt, but the sensation shook his whole body and he was moaning against the pillow. Mary was getting off of him and then she was untying the knot. “You should fuck my lovely wife now. She needs it badly.”

Bruce grabbed her and pushed inside as soon as Jon had finished that sentence. Mary laughed and then she was moaning. Bruce really tried to make it good for her, but he was so close. “Better make her come, Bruce,” Jon said, stroking between Bruce's cheeks, spreading the mess he left inside Bruce's hole.

“I want you to come on me, Bruce,” Mary said.

Bruce nodded, doubled his efforts until she cried out with her orgasm and then he let go, pulling out
and painting her stomach with his release.

“Are you feeling better now?” Jon asked, guiding Bruce so he was lying between him and Mary on
the bed.

“Yes,” Bruce said. He was feeling better and he was also feeling exhausted.

“Let's cuddle and nap for a while,” Mary said, kissing Bruce's shoulder. Bruce closed his eyes, he
didn't see why he should protest. They could clean up later.

~+~

Bruce didn't want to have the talk with Blake, but he knew that he would only brood more if they
didn't talk about it.

“Blake,” he said after patrol. It was still early and the streets were relatively quiet tonight, so he
decided to finish up with Robin and go home.

“Knew something was up,” Blake said. He was in his boxers and t-shirt only and he was crossing his
arms over his chest. He was becoming a handsome young man. There was no denying that. “You’ve
been brooding since the Ivy thing.”

“I needed to work it out in my head first,” Bruce said, but it was the Batman voice. Blake gave him a
look. Bruce toned it down. They weren't Batman and Robin now, even if Bruce was still in costume.

“And now that you have?”

“I am not sure if your feelings for me will be a problem.”

“For me or for you?” Blake asked. He was a smart man too.

“Both of us, actually.”

“I'm with Jay and I love him. You're with mom and Jon,” Blake said.

Bruce liked when Blake started calling Mary 'mom'. He saw her as his mom, even if it seemed like
he couldn't really see Bruce as his father. At least he had confined in Jon and Mary; they were
constant figures and Blake came to them with problems and for support. Bruce was grateful for that.

“Yes, but it still felt like there was more to the kiss.” Bruce insisted.

“You don't want me that way. I don't – I wouldn't cheat on Jay. But,” Blake bit his lip and then
looked at Bruce, his eyes were such a dark brown it was always a bit strange to see it. “I do find you
hot. I don't think that will ever change. You and Jon – the way I saw you in the pool, it's one of my
favorite fantasies when I get off.”

Bruce winced. “Blake-”

“It doesn't mean anything, Bruce. Just that I'm a healthy teenage boy and I like to jerk off to hot men.
You probably jerk off to other people too, from time to time.”

Bruce used to do that. Still has done it at sometimes, but lately Jon and Mary were stealing into his
fantasies. Bruce nodded. “Yes.”

“See? I'm not going to jump your bones. Again. Once was enough. Dick’s still mocking me every
opportunity he has,” Blake groaned.
“He loves you,” Bruce said.

“I know. You all do,” he added quietly.

Bruce wasn't good at this, but this right here was one of those moments that called for a hug. He stepped into Blake's personal space and Blake looked up at him.

“I know,” Blake said and then face-planted into Bruce's chest. Bruce put his arms around him. It was nice. It wasn't like hugging Dick or his daughter. But Blake was his son and it felt exactly like it should. “We're cool?” Blake mumbled.

“Yes, Blake, we are.”
Chapter 17

~fifteen~

Now that Dick was spending so much time with Amanda, he could understand why Blake had wanted to spend every moment he had to spare with Jason. Daddy had been right, it was part of growing up. He still felt bad sometimes when he thought about Tim or when he had to decline an offer to spend time with Tim because he already had a date with Amanda. He feared if that happened too often, Tim would just stop asking, stop reaching out. Today wasn't one of those days: Dick was free to spend time with Tim. It was a gorgeous summer day too. Dick called for Ace, because he felt like spending the day outside and because Tim loved the dog and his parents didn't allow any animals at their home. Dick was thinking about getting another dog, actually. And he was sure that once Tim had his own apartment, he would have a dog too.

Tim was waiting at the entrance to the manor with his bike. He looked happy.

“Gonna grab my bike,” Dick said and waited for Tim's nod before he dashed off. Ace would keep Tim company for these short moments.

“Ready?” Tim asked as Dick came back.

Dick nodded. “Yeah, you know what you wanna do?”

“We're taking Ace, so I guess we're going to the park?”

“Thought so, but if you'll like to go to the mall or something-”

“Ace hates the mall, too many people,” Tim cut in, “And you hate the mall too,” he added quietly.

“Yeah, I can move better in the park. I only really like the city around Christmas, because it looks pretty then,” Dick said shrugging and got on his bike.

Tim kept quiet on the way to the park, but Dick got him to race him the last few miles. When he collapsed onto the soft grass, he was sweating and feeling really happy.

Ace flopped down next to Dick. Tim was getting out a small bowl and a bottle of water.

“Good thinking,” Dick said. He had only remembered to grab a bit of cash, so he could buy Tim ice-cream later or a sandwich.

Tim shrugged. “I like to be prepared.”

“You're eight, Tim,” Dick said, rolling his eyes.

“I know. You keep reminding me.”

Dick sat up. “You really shouldn't want to grow up faster, Tim. Being a kid is a freaking gift. A lot of kids don't get to keep it long enough.”

“Are you thinking about Jason?” Tim asked.

Maybe, Dick thought. Maybe he was. Jason was working for Bruce now, because his mom wasn't able to care for him like a mom should and Jason had to care for her instead. And Blake had told Dick that Jay's mom was taking drugs. Dick had felt very helpless and young, and he still felt that
way when he thought about the life Jason had and his and Blake's, even Tim's, in comparison.

“It's hard for him right now.”

“Is that why he's working for Mister Wayne?”

“You know you can call him Bruce,” Dick said. He knew Tim probably would never do that, but he
felt like pointing it out anyway. Tim gave him a look. “Yeah...his family is complicated.”

“Whose isn't?” Tim asked, but he wasn't looking at Dick anymore. He was scratching Ace's head
and looking at something only he could see. Dick really wanted to ask about Tim's parents, but he
knew from Alfred that they weren't home again. They weren't even on the freaking continent. He
understood that they had to travel sometimes and that Tim had school and couldn't always come with
– Bruce had to sometimes go on business trips too – but Tim had been doomed to stay in Gotham
even during summer vacation. Which was coming up again. In a few weeks, they would be going on
vacation to Europe. Bruce was making plans and Dick knew that they were going to take Jason too.
He had asked Amanda, but she had told him that her family was going to visit her grandparents, in
Mexico. Dick had never been to Mexico and he had filed that away for next year. So...her spot was
pretty much open.

“Hey, so this is out of the blue, but Bruce is taking us to Europe this year, over summer vacation and
maybe you can come with, if your parents allow it.”

Tim looked at him then. “You want me, to come with you, to Europe? To spend months with you
and your family?”

“Yeah...you have a passport?”

“I can get one,” Tim said.

“Is that a yes then?”

“I'll have to ask my parents, but I don't think they'll say no. I mean...they like that I am friends with
Mister Wayne's kids.”

“Uhm...” Dick said. “We're Graysons. Legally that is.”

“I don't think it matters that much to them. They are all about the influence.”

“I know you aren't friends with us for that,” Dick said. “I'm on to you, it's the dog.”

“Ace is very dear to me,” Tim replied gravely.

Dick laughed. “You sound way older than you are, Tim.”

“Is that a bad thing?”

“No, I don't think so, but you really should be a boy for as long as you can.”

“I'm going to try,” Tim said.

“Just have fun,” Dick replied.

“This is fun,” Tim said.

“Yeah? Good, come here and lie beside me. I like to feel someone close by when I nap,” Dick said
lying down in the grass and patting the spot close him. He closed his eyes and waited for Tim to stretch out beside him. He blindly grabbed for Tim's hand.

“Dick?”

“Yeah?”

“So you – is anybody fine then?”

“What?” Dick asked, opening his eyes and turning his head so he could look at Tim's profile.

“To lie beside you.”

“No, just people I like and trust, Tim. Not just everybody. People I care about.” He squeezed Tim's hand for good measure and felt Tim relax beside him. Tim had a lot of freaking issues, but he and Blake and Baby V were working on them.

~+~

It wasn't hard to convince Bruce and his parents to take Tim. Tim was trying to give them money, to pay for his own ticket and hotel room, but Bruce wouldn't hear any of it.

“You are our guest and very welcome,” Bruce said and Tim nodded.

Tim always just kinda...did what Bruce told him to. He was a bit like Blake in that regard when Blake was taking orders from Batman. Dick wondered if maybe Tim knew. He didn't ask because he didn't want to know for sure. If he knew he would have to deal with it.

“Of course we're taking the private jet,” Jay said. He looked a bit uncomfortable.

“Your first plane ride?” Dick asked, who had been on a few even before they started to live with Bruce most of the year. His parents were only performing a few weeks during summer and autumn now, and Dick wasn't allowed near a circus when he had school. Which had sucked balls, but now that he had Amanda, and wanted to spend every waking moment with her, it was okay not to be able to perform in front of the crowd. He could still train in the gym and he was learning to be a vigilante too. That took a lot of time away from other things. Even Cave duty.

“Yeah,” Jason said.

“They don't crash as often as cars or bikes, you know? It's just that usually more people die when a plane crashes,” Tim threw in.

“Not helping,” Jason replied.

“Sorry,” Tim said and went to help Mom and Baby V with the bags.

“What's our first stop anyway?” Jason asked.

“Amsterdam,” Dick replied.

“Marijuana is legal there,” Jason said.

“You know you're dating the Batman's son, right?” Dick grinned.

“He's not as scary as your Mom. She did rip me a new one because of the whole-” he waved his hand and Dick nodded. Yeah, Dick knew about the part-time prostitution too. It made Dick want to
hug Jason every time it came up and right now wasn't any different. He grabbed Jason and face-planted into his chest. It felt nice. Jason was always so warm and he smelled a bit like Blake.

“Just don't mess it up. I would miss you a lot,” Dick mumbled.

“I won't. I love Blake and I love you a lot, too, kiddo.”

“Dick! Jason! Hurry up,” Mom yelled and Dick let go of Jason.

“Race you to the plane,” he said as he pushed Jason and started running.

“No fair!”

Dick laughed.

~+~

Dick knew that some people found museums boring as hell, but he, Mom, and Tim had a great time in Amsterdam visiting every single one they could, and later they would meet up with the rest of the family, somewhere nice for lunch or dinner or ice-cream.

Tim knew a lot of stuff, about a lot of things, and Dick was actually impressed. He had known that Tim was smart, smarter than the usual eight year old, but the sheer amount of knowledge was unbelievable. Mom was enjoying talking with Tim a lot too, and Tim lightened up under her attention.

Dick just basked in the happiness.

He missed Amanda especially when he saw how close Jason and Blake were. He wanted to hold her hand too while walking through museums and along the canals. He wanted to pick wild flowers for her in the park and have her press them between pages of books bought in Amsterdam or Paris of Prague. But he texted her every day and wrote her e-mails and sent her pictures of everything. She was doing the same. It had to be enough for now.

Bruce was spending a lot of time with Baby V. Showing her things and buying her stuff. He looked happy too, Dick thought. This was a freaking great vacation, even if Bruce sometimes had to fly back during the night to take care of some Batman business.

Mom was looking forward to their few weeks in Eastern Europe. It was where she came from. And they were Dick's roots too, so he was excited as well.

He knew that a lot of people didn't like gypsies, but he had always thought that it was kinda romantic.

“I think that too,” Tim said one evening as they were going to bed early because Bruce had taken them on the grand tour of all things awesome in Madrid. Dick's feet were feeling tired; even his toes. They have been sharing a room since the first night in Amsterdam. Dick needed to have someone close and Jay and Blake were obviously sharing as well. Alfred was with Baby V, so Mom, Daddy, and Bruce could have sex without anyone walking in on them. Dick was still jerking off in the shower, before he went to bed.

“Yeah? I know that my Mom used to compare herself to other women before,” Dick said. She had told him that once, when he had asked about how she and daddy knew that they needed Bruce in their lives and as their lover as well. He had wanted to know everything about those early years of their relationship when he hadn't been aware what exactly had been going on.
“Your mom is really beautiful. No wonder Mister Wayne fell for her.”

“Yeah, she is,” Dick said proudly.

“And your Dad is good looking too.”

“I guess. That's a good thing, it means I will be handsome as well. Once I grow up.”

“You're already beautiful, Dick,” Tim said quietly.

“Thanks, Tim,” Dick said and hugged him. Tim felt warm too and a bit sweaty and damp and he smelled like strawberry shampoo. It was nice. Dick wanted to kiss his nose, cheek, or soft lips, but he opted for the top of Tim's head instead.

“You're welcome and I mean it,” Tim said. Dick had to hug him just a bit harder.

~+~

“They look so fucking happy,” Blake said. He was holding Baby V's right hand while Dick was holding her left. Tim and Jay were talking about something a few feet away. Blake was watching their parents. All three of them being...couplely.

“Language,” Baby V said. They ignored her

“They are,” Dick said.

“I know. I mean...I know. It's still weird sometimes, you know? Because it's not how it's supposed to be.”

“Because you think that only two people can make a whole?”

Blake looked at Jay over his shoulder. His eyes were soft. “I can't even imagine loving or wanting anyone besides Jay right now.”

“I don't think mom or daddy thought their lives would be like this when they got married. They never expected to fall in love again, but then BAM: Bruce Wayne, hero.”

Blake laughed. “Yeah, I would've fallen for him too.”

“You did and you kissed his soft, soft lips,” Dick teased.

“You will never let this go, will you?”

Dick grinned. “Never. I wish I had a picture.”

“Just shut up brat,” Blake groaned.

“Language,” Baby V said sternly again.

Dick laughed. “You are spending way too much time with your daddy.”

Baby V looked up at him, and then she looked at Bruce and Daddy. “Which one?”

“Bruce,” Dick said.

She nodded and kept silent, swinging her hands. Blake looked at him and Dick nodded and then they were swinging her too and she laughed that cute laugh of hers, her dark curls flying. Their
parents stopped and turned as one to see what made her so happy. They should have known Dick thought. Family of course.
Blake groaned, curling more into Jay as he tried to comprehend the whirlwind that was Dick only a few moments ago. Something about being late and another museum and fuck. “How is waking up early every day considered a vacation?”

Jay chuckled. “Location, location, location.”

Blake snorted, slapping his arm playfully.

“Guys!” Dick gasped as he ran back into their room and jumped onto the bed. “Wake up, it’s time to go! We don’t want to be late!” Dick splayed over them in an exaggerated flop.

Blake laughed, not budging from his spot. “Where are we going that is so urgent?”

“The Louvre.”

“But we spent all day there yesterday,” Blake grumbled, flinging the blankets halfway off and swinging his legs over Dick’s, pinning him in place and wiggling his toes against him. “My feet are still tired.”

Dick squirmed, chuckling. “But there’s still so much to see.”

“I vote we stay right here.” Blake smirked, winking at Jason.

“I agree.”

“Traitors.” Dick sighed, crossing his arms in a pout.

“What’s taking so long?” Tim asked, standing at the door.

“They’re boycotting!” Dick gasped in mock outrage, sitting up, but he couldn’t go much further because Blake refused to let him go… not that Dick was fighting him. “They’re voting to stay in bed all day.”

Tim’s eyes widened. “We can vote?”

“Yep, come join us.” Jay grinned, patting the side of the bed. Tim looked eager to agree, but he also seemed a little hesitant to take a stand and he glanced over at Blake.

“This is a vacation! And I want to spend a lazy day in bed.” Blake added. “We can order some take out and watch some old movies in French.”

“That sounds educational too,” Tim stated far too serious for a kid his age. “And we are on vacation.”

“Exactly!” Blake grinned. “So get your ass over here.”

“Language,” Dick and Tim both said at the same time and Jay burst out laughing, wrapping his arms around Blake under the covers.

“You’re such a bad influence.” Jason teased, running his hand down Blake’s belly, which made
Blake tingle from head to toe.

Tim smiled and then darted onto the bed, “Nah. You’re just right.”

Dick groaned, dropping back limply like this was the worst thing ever. He was such a circus brat. Blake winked at Jason and they tickled Dick until he was crying with laughter. “I give, I give.”

“Good.”

A few minutes later they were all tucked back into bed and half asleep when Mary looked in on them. She raised a brow, “Blake?”

“We voted and we’re gonna sleep in today.” He announced and Mary laughed, shaking her head.

“Very well, I’ll send Alfred in to check on you a little later.” She smiled, she didn’t seem angry at all… and hell, he should have thought of this sooner.

“Try to have fun without us,” Dick called out. “I know it’ll be hard.”

“It will be, but we’ll try our best.” She winked at them and then closed the door, letting them go back to sleep. Now this was turning out to be an amazing day.

~++~

“Happy Birthday,” Blake whispered against Jason’s neck, he was still half asleep, but he’s been looking forward to this day for months now.

Jason smiled, turning to him and brushing his lips against his in a sloppy morning kiss. “Happy-” he paused and snorted. “Thanks.”

“You do realize Dick and Tim will be racing in here any moment to wish you a happy birthday too.” Blake glanced at the clock and wondered how fast he could get Jason off, for a very happy morning.

“Yeah,” Jason yawned, closing his eyes.

Blake smirked and kissed his neck, and then slowly made his way down Jason's chest, hiding under the covers as he tugged down Jason’s boxers far enough to allow access to his cock. Jason was already supporting some nice morning wood and Blake ran his tongue down the length, loving how Jason responded eagerly. “Happy Birthday…” he began singing, his voice deeper and husky. He paused running his tongue around the head of Jason’s cock, humming around him. “To you.”

“Oh, fuck.” Jason moaned, bucking up against him and Blake forced his hips down, scratching lightly at Jason’s hip. He groaned, shuddering under Blake’s touch. “God.”

“Happy Birthday…” he continued, lapping at the precum already leaking at the tip. Teasing him with his tongue. “To you.”

“Blake!”

He chuckled, still humming the song as he swallowed Jason down and let Jason fuck his mouth. He felt Jason tensing, his muscles shuddering against him and Blake knew he was close. Blake sucked him a little harder and stroked him, cupping his balls and the pushed the tip of his finger in his ass.

“Fuck,” Jason cried out as his orgasm washed over him and Blake sputtered slightly, trying to swallow his release down.
Blake smiled around Jason and then licked him clean.

“Happy Birthday!!!” Dick and Tim cried out from the door.

Blake tensed under the covers, well that was close. He tugged Jason’s boxers back up and kissed his hip.

“Thanks,” Jason’s voice was breathy and Blake had to kiss him. Blake pulled up, kissing him deeply, practically ravishing his mouth, wanting Jason to taste himself on his lips and he moaned.

Blake was so fucking hard and he didn’t care that they had an audience.

Dick squeaked and Blake pulled back, breathless and hot. He smirked at the boys that were staring at them with wide eyes, filled with awe and curiosity.

Blake winked at them. “Give us a few minutes.” Blake didn’t even recognize his own voice, it was so deep, and needy.

Dick nodded, his skin flushing slightly and he grabbed Tim’s hand and rushed back out, slamming the door behind them.

Jason groaned, pulling Blake to him in another heated kiss and he grabbed at Blake’s cock, stroking him. “I wanna feel you inside me.”

“But it’s your birthday, I thought you’d want to be inside me.” Blake countered, but both sounded so fucking amazing and he shuddered in anticipation.

“But you’re hard and I’m not there yet.” Jason countered, pulling away and scrambling to the bedside table where they had stashed condoms and lube. They had been planning this, they had decided that their first time would be today. To make it even more special.

“Right now?” Blake questioned, he had originally planned that they’d do this later that night, but he wasn’t going to complain and he moaned. “Okay, yeah. Fuck.”

They quickly ditched their boxers and Jason was already starting to lube up his own fingers and Blake bit back a moan as he watched Jason fuck himself on his fingers. It was the most erotic thing he has ever seen and he almost came at the sight alone.

“God, that’s so fucking hot.” He stroked his cock and used every ounce of self-control not to completely lose it. His fingers trembled as he rushed to put on the condom.

“Okay, I’m good.” Jason inhaled, his body trembling as he pulled Blake closer and coated Blake’s cock with lube.

“You sure?” Blake questioned as he slid between Jason’s legs. He shuddered, his breath hitching with anticipation.

“As best as I can be,” Jason shrugged, “This is kinda my first time,” he teased lightly and he kissed Blake.

“Yeah, me too.” Blake flushed, “Fuck, Jay, this is-” he wasn’t sure. It was amazing, surreal.

“Yeah.” Jason smiled, “Fuck me already.”

Blake almost came as he pushed the head of his cock into Jason’s body and he immediately tensed when he felt Jason clench down around him. “You okay?” He asked, panicking slightly that he may
have hurt him.

“No, it’s weird.” Jason chuckled, kissing him. “I’m a big boy I can take it.”

Blake nodded and he was trying to go slow, but his body seemed to have a mind of its own cause he slammed the rest of the way in. He was in pure fucking heaven. The tight heat surrounding him was just. “Fucking amazing.” He shuddered, feeling the need to move. “I- fuck, you okay?”

Jason nodded, “Yeah, just give me a moment.” His fingers dug into Blake’s hip as he held him in place and then he shifted slightly and Blake slide even deeper. “Oh, fuck, you’re so big.”

Blake had to laugh. “You’re bigger than me.” They had compared their fully erected cocks before… measured and everything. Blake was a little longer, but Jason’s was thicker and in Blake’s mind the most beautiful penis he’s ever seen.

“Okay.” Jason smiled, pulling him into demanding kiss as he thrust his hips against Blake’s.

“Jay,” he moaned as he started to move with him and soon they found a good rhythm, it was pretty awkward at first as they tried to get it just-

“Oh, fuck, right there.” Jason practically vibrated off the bed and urged Blake to go deeper, faster.

Blake nodded, hitting the spot again and again and again. “Jay,” he began but his brain couldn’t comprehend any more than that and he shuddered as his orgasm washed over him and he came. He collapsed on top of Jason and kissed him, “Happy birthday.” He just breathed Jason in, his heart still racing in his ears and he blindly reached down and squeezed Jason’s softening cock. “Oh, good. I wasn’t sure-”

Jason chuckled, kissing him softly. “That was by far the best birthday present.”

“Mine too.” Blake smiled as he pulled out and ditched the condom. “You okay?”

“Better than okay, it kinda hurt at first.”

Blake slapped him on the arm. “You said you were okay.”

“I didn’t want you to stop… it was more than okay. I fucking came, didn’t I? Was it hot?”

Blake nodded. “It was tight and hot and the best thing ever to wrap around my cock… well, besides your mouth that is.” He flushed red and kissed Jason again before he said anything more stupid.

“Do you think we looked as hot as those pornos we saw?” Jason mused and Blake couldn’t help but giggle at that.

“Not at all, I mean it was our first time… it’ll take some practice.”

“Practice does make perfect.” Jason agreed, kissing him again.

~+~

They finally managed to get out of bed, Blake had no idea what time it was. But honestly didn’t care, they were kind of in their own little world. They showered quickly and found their way into the kitchen.

Blake was expecting the whole gang but it was only Jon sitting there waiting for them. “Good morning,” he smirked at them. “Having a good birthday so far?”
Jason flushed bright red and smiled. “Yeah, can’t complain.”

“Where is everyone?” Blake questioned as he grabbed one of the butter croissants on the table.

“Bruce thought it would be a good idea to take the others to breakfast after your impromptu, scandalous show this morning.” Blake felt his own cheeks flush as Jon continued to tease them. “You were pretty vocal and there were children listening...”

“Dad!”

“If you’re trying to be secretive about your sex life, you’ll have to learn to be a bit quieter.” Jon winked at them and Blake groaned. “Reminds me of when I caught you two kissing so many years ago. Aww, memories.”

“Dad,” Blake rolled his eyes, “We got it, it was a special occasion.”

“How was it?”

“DAD!” Blake gasped in outrage and Jason laughed, wrapping his arm around Blake’s shoulder.

“It was good, I’d do it again.” Jason smirked.

Jon smiled, standing up and crossing over to them and giving them a hug. “Happy birthday, Jason.”

“Thanks,” Jason smiled as they parted and Jon pulled away.

“I do hope you two used protection, your mother would be horribly disappointed-”

“Dad!”

“We were careful,” Jason answered as he wrapped his arms around Blake, pulling him closer to him. “We even used the condoms and fancy lube that Mary gave me. I’ll never hurt Blake like that again, you have my word.”

Blake blinked, he didn’t realize that’s where he got them and he felt all warm and fuzzy at his words. “Yeah.”

“Good.” Jon nodded. “Well since you’re finally presentable we can meet the others for brunch.” So they did.

It was a little awkward at first, Mary kept giving them knowing glances and Tim and Dick kept starting at them in a mixture of awe and wonder and Blake knew they wanted to ask questions… but talking about their sex life would be totally weird especially with Tim.

~+~

Later that night, Blake had curled around Jason completely sated. The second time around they were a bit smother and he lasted a little longer. But it still felt like a ten out of ten. He closed his eyes, fully content to drift to sleep.

He startled slightly at the knock at the door and a muffled voice, “Is it safe?”

Blake chuckled, giving Jason a look. “I dunno, maybe?”

Tim stuck his head in and once he surveyed the room he nodded, crossing over to them. “I have a question.”
Blake frowned at how serious he sounded… and sad. “Yeah, buddy?” He patted the side of the bed and Tim climbed on the bed. “What is it?”

“How did you know you were a homosexual?”

Blake blinked, surprised at the question. “Oh, I. well. I had a huge crush on the Batman. I kinda figured it out from there.”

Tim pursed up his face in concentration and then looked to Jason. “You?”

“I like both actually,” Jason smiled and Blake gasped in shock. He had no idea.

“Really?” Blake squeezed Jason’s thigh under the covers. “You’ve never said anything.”

Jason shrugged. “Guess I’m an equal opportunist or something.” He smiled at Tim. “I like both, I had a girlfriend before I started dating Blake.”

Tim looked a little excited at Jason’s comment. “So how did you know?” Tim asked, looking between them.

“Well I spent more time looking for a Christmas present for him than I have ever spent on anyone else before, and that was before I figured out I liked him. And then Blake kissed me.”

Blake just watched them in awe, he never knew any of this, but they weren’t big talkers most of the time.

“And you liked it more than kissing any stupid girl?” Tim questioned.

“Yep, it was like all those stupid love songs, fireworks going off and everything. I never wanted to kiss another girl again.”

Tim smiled brightly at that, “Thanks!” And then he jumped off the bed and shut the door behind him.

“What was that all about?” Jason questioned as they got comfortable again.

“Tim likes Dick, you can totally tell if you’re looking for it…bet he wonders if Dick would ever like him in return? Your guess is good as mine.”

“Oh, huh.”

“What do you think?” Blake wondered, Dick had it bad for Amanda… but then he did kiss Jason so he wasn’t opposed to being with a guy.

“Maybe, he’s a damn good kisser.”

Blake smacked him, “That’s my baby brother.”

Jason chuckled, “Don’t worry, I only have eyes for you.”

“You better. After all this was the first time you mentioned liking girls…any other deep, dark secret you wanted to share?” He teased, not really expecting an answer.

Jason laughed, his lips curving up into a smile. “Well, if you consider that I want into your baby brother’s pants a deep…”

“Hey!” Blake smacked Jason, pulling away from him in mock disgust. “No talking about my baby
brother like that.”

Jason chuckled, pulling Blake closer to him and kissing him. “You’re the only Grayson for me.”

“Much better,” he smiled, returning the kiss. “Did you have a good birthday?”

“Yeah,” Jason replied quickly, but there was something off in his voice.

Blake frowned, “What’s wrong?”

“I just kinda wish my mom was here too.” He whispered and Blake’s heart squeezed tight. “I haven’t even been able to talk to her since we left.”

“Oh.”

“I mean, I’m glad that Wayne was able to set my mom up at the fancy rehab center.” He paused, rubbing Blake’s side. “I don’t think I would have come if he hadn’t… and I think he knew that. He did it mostly for you, but I’m so grateful. Ya know?”

Blake nodded, not knowing what to say. “Yeah.” He leaned up and kissed him. “I’m sure she’s thinking about you.”

“Yeah.” He sighed, “Go to sleep, I’m sure we have at least two museums to go to tomorrow.”

Blake snorted, rolling his eyes. “Good night, birthday boy.”

“Night.”

~+~

“Jason,” Wayne began as he handed him a tablet.

“Ugh, you’ve got to be kidding. You’re making me work on my vacation?” Jason groaned as he took the tablet and then he froze as he glanced at it. His face lit up and he looked at Blake and back at Wayne. “Oh, my god.”

Blake smiled, leaning into him and glanced at the tablet. He had a feeling of what he’d see and he was right. “Hello, Misses Todd.”

“Blake,” she smiled and she looked really good, healthy. Blake really hoped the rehab center would work its magic and it seemed like it was. He just hoped that the drugs didn’t win over in time again. “Can you hear me? How do I work this thing?”

“You’re doing excellent! It’s so good to see you.”

“It’s so good to see you too, Blake. Jason, baby, I’m sorry I wasn’t able to join you, but I wanted to wish you a Happy Birthday! We’ll have to have some cake and ice cream when I get back.”

Jason nodded, “Yeah I’d like that.” He kissed Blake on the cheek and then stood up, “I’m gonna take this in the other room.” Blake nodded and then Jason darted off, talking to his mom about their trip.

Blake jumped up and hugged Wayne. “About time you put one of those fancy gadgets to good use.”

Wayne chuckled, hugging him back. “You’re welcome.”
“Me too!” V scrambled over to them, hugging them around their legs.

“Hey!” Dick gasped as he crossed over, “No group hug allowed without me.”

“Group hug?” Jon repeated and soon everyone, even Ace joined in on the hug.

Blake chuckled, happy that his family was there for him. He loved them and was so happy they adopted him. And he was so glad he could share this with Jason too.
Mary bit her lip and then made her way into the living room.

“Where are the boys?” Jon asked.

“Sleeping. Apparently there was a vote and they're boycotting the museum,” she answered.

“Even Tim?” Bruce asked.

“Even Tim. He looks adorable squeezed between our sons and Jay,” she smiled at them.

“Okay, let's go then,” Jon said.

“Or...” Mary began.

“Or?”

“We could skip the museum and do something else,” she said.

“Like what?” Bruce asked, but she could see the spark of interest in his eyes.

“You could show us your origami collection,” Mary teased. Bruce had told them that he had a small apartment a bit outside of Paris, which he had used for all kinds of things when he had been younger. Mostly to have sex with models. Asking them if they wanted to see his origami collection after he made birds for them out of random pieces of paper. More often than not, out of money.

“Our daughter is looking forward to a day at the museum,” Jon threw in, but he was suppressing a smile.

“Posh,” she said. “Our daughter will look forward to a picnic with Alfred and Ace, so mommy and her daddies can have some.”

“Sexy times?” Jon supplied.

Bruce laughed. It felt so good to hear him laugh. It made her all warm inside and her heart fluttered. All that love that she was feeling for him, Jon, and their children was like a big fat, sunny, yellow ball of warmth inside her stomach.

“Yes, sexy times,” she answered.

“I'll tell Alfred that I'm going to take you two out of town to show you my origami collection. I'm sure the boys can take care of themselves for a bit.”

“They will sleep and they will order in using a dictionary app and then they will cuddle and sleep some more,” Jon said. “Actually, it sounds like something we should do as well.”

“But Bruce doesn't need an app to order food in French,” Mary threw in.

“Jon doesn't need an app either,” Bruce said.

Which was true. Her husband was nearly fluent in French and it was a shame that Dick just wasn't
that much into languages. He knew Romany and English and the odd word in Italian of all things, because he thought it was romantic, but he wasn't too keen on learning more. Maybe now that he had Amanda it would change. She was multilingual.

“You can both whisper sweet nothings in French in my ear, then make love to me the French way,” she said with a wink.

Jon groaned softly.

“I'm going to talk to Alfred,” Bruce said.

“Should I take something with me?”

“I don’t think we need clothes,” Bruce said. “We’ll get food, lube, and condoms on the way.”

~+~

The apartment was a gorgeous two bedroom gem, hidden away from the main streets with a big balcony that had an old-fashioned iron railing. Mary loved it.

It smelled a bit dusty, because it hadn't been in use for some time. But once they had the windows open and the covers taken off the furniture, Mary wanted to pretty much fuck on any surface that could take their weight.

She loved her kids, but this was nice too. It was a bit like back when she and Jon were young and careless and stealing moments whenever, wherever they could, to touch and kiss, and get each other off.

“You don’t have an origami collection, do you Mister Wayne?” Jon asked. He was looking around as if in search of little fragile paper birds.

“I admit, I was just hoping to lure you into my home, Mister Grayson.”

“Are you hitting on me? Because I am a happily married man, and you know that Mister Wayne.”

“Please call me Bruce,” Bruce said. It was fascinating watching them, watching Bruce slipping so easily into a role. “I am sure you heard about my reputation.”

“Yes, everyone has, Bruce, but it was always about gorgeous women-” he stopped and looked at Bruce and then at her. “Or is it that you want to ask permission to kiss my wife?”

“Kissing your lovely wife, Mister Grayson, is only one of the things I would love to do to her, but,” Bruce licked his lips, “I do love male company from time to time.”

“Oh,” Jon said like he hadn’t expected that at all. “You’re proposing a threesome then?”

“Yes,” Bruce said. “And I hope you won’t sell it to the press the morning after-”

“Would you pay for that privilege?” Jon cut in.

“To have you on your knees for me? To be able to fuck your lovely wife? To not have this encounter splashed on the front-page tomorrow?”

Jon smiled. “The last, the sex, I admit would be for free, Mister Wayne, because neither me, nor my wife are whores.”
“I didn’t mean to offend,” Bruce said.

“Are you sure, young man?” Jon teased. “Maybe you did, maybe you need a strong hand to put you in your place,” he added. It was all a game now. Jon was testing the water, Bruce was too.

Mary just watched and felt herself getting wetter by the second.

“I can’t say,” Bruce replied, “That the thought isn’t intruding, but we just met, Mister Grayson, and I don’t think I am ready to let you ‘put me in my place’. I would like to know, however, where you think that would be?”

Jon just smiled, shaking his head, and then he stepped into Bruce’s personal space and reached out to trace a finger over Bruce’s soft lush lips. “I want to see you on your knees, Bruce, putting that pretty mouth to good use. I think you could take whatever I throw at you.” He stepped back then and Bruce closed his eyes and groaned.

“Another time perhaps,” Jon said gently.

Bruce got a grip. “You think I would invite you again?”

“Well, once you’ve tasted an acrobat, Mister Wayne, I don’t think you can let go so easily.”

Bruce’s breath hitched. “You are accepting my proposal then?”

Jon looked at Mary and she nodded. “Was there ever any question, Bruce? You courted us the whole evening.” It didn’t matter that it was broad daylight outside, they were pretending and it was nice.

Mary stepped beside Jon and he kissed her. She could feel Bruce’s gaze on them and then Jon broke the kiss and she looked at Bruce, licked her lips.

“So shy all of a sudden?” She teased.

Bruce was on her in seconds, he was pulling her close, pressing their bodies together, and devouring her mouth as his hands ran over her sides and then there was Jon behind her, his mouth pressing soft kisses into her skin. Her husband’s hands kneading her breasts just the way she loved it, grazing a nipple from time to time. She needed to be naked.

They all needed to be naked. She moaned as Bruce nipped at her lip. He was a bit rougher than he would normally be, but she was a stranger now. He wasn’t in love with her and it made her horny to know how he treated the women that came before her, that they were pretty much meaningless. She loved knowing that she and Jon were different, always had been different. That Bruce had felt a connection from the very beginning.

She let herself fall as he kissed and teased her, as her men undressed her. She was ready to be fucked and used by them. Loved Bruce’s rough hands and hard kisses and Jon’s oh so familiar mouth on her.

~+~

When she woke up a few hours later it was still light outside, but the sun was going down. She felt tender in a good way. She stretched in the bed and then got up, not disturbing Jon who was still sleeping.

She found Bruce on the balcony. She pressed her front to his back and leaned against him.
She could feel him exhale gently and then he turned around and embraced her. She pressed closer.
“You wore Jon out,” she said.

“I know,” Bruce replied, there was something in his voice that made her look up. He was looking at her lips. He had been a bit rough with her overall. With Jon too. Had made her suck him hard as Jon had fucked her.

She got on her tiptoes and kissed him gently. “I liked it.”

“That was how sex had been before,” Bruce said.

“And there is nothing wrong with that, Bruce,” she replied gently. “Do you miss it?”

“No,” Bruce said.

“But you liked it when we played strangers,” she said.

“Yes, I liked it because it was you and I knew you would tell me to stop when I was too rough.”

“You don’t think your other lovers did?”

Bruce shrugged. “I’m not sure. They wanted to fuck Bruce Wayne. I chose them, because of that.”

He felt guilty for it, she realized. But there was nothing to do about it now. “These people could’ve said no to you. You didn’t force them, and you didn’t hurt them.” She was sure of that.

He kissed her. “You are okay, right?”

“Yes, a bit tender, but you can kiss it better,” Mary teased.

He got to his knees gracefully. “I can.”

“God, Bruce, I love your mouth. Your lips are so soft.” she grabbed the railing as Bruce licked her. It was so good. He kissed her folds and then spread her so he could kiss and suck her clit. She knew it wouldn’t take long for her to come.

She shuddered through her orgasm and then pulled him up by his hair, so they could kiss.

“I love you,” Bruce whispered. He rarely said it, so the words always made her heart beat so much faster. She kissed him again just for that. “I’m going to make French toast with strawberries now,” he added.

“You can cook?” It never came up, because they ordered in, or went out, or ate whatever delicious things Alfred made for them.

“I can make French toast and coffee,” Bruce answered.

“Jon loves French toast,” Mary said.

“I know, but I also made it for all the beautiful strangers the day after.”

“You’re giving us the full Bruce Wayne, billionaire child, playboy experience then?” She teased.

“Except that I will take you home. You and Jon, and our children,” Bruce said.

His voice, his eyes, his whole face looked so tender in that moment, that she didn’t know what to
She was of course, as always, saved by her husband.

“I’m starving,” Jon said. He was naked and gorgeous and perfect. “Breakfast and coffee and then back home? Dick has left a million messages on my phone already. Mostly random thoughts and pictures,” he added fondly.

“Let me see,” Bruce said.

“After you made me French toast,” Jon grinned.
Dick stretched in his bed and then buried his face in the pillow again. It was too early to be up, but he was still a bit messed up from the jetlag. They were back in Gotham and school would start in a few days. Dick wasn’t looking forward to it. Another year, and he was nearly fourteen. The only good thing about going back to school was that he would see Amanda again.

“Scoot over,” Blake said and Dick did

“I’m sleeping, aren’t you and Jay-”

“Nah, I missed you, and besides Jay had to go home,” Blake said

“You only come for my body-warmth then,” Dick grumbled.

Blake laughed and slung his arms around Dick to pull him closer. “Yeah, sleep more now?”

“That was my plan,” Dick replied. He had missed having Blake all to himself. He had to share with his sister and Tim more often than not these days, and when they weren’t in Dick’s bed, Jay was in Blake’s. Sometimes he missed the short months when it was only the two of them.

Blake kissed his shoulder and Dick closed his eyes.

~+~

Amanda kissed him like they hadn’t seen each other for years as soon as Dick entered the courtyard. Tim just stood by and tried to – Dick didn’t know. He just couldn’t figure out why Tim didn’t like Amanda.

Tim was back to being Tim, and Dick didn’t like it. He had liked the Tim that had been with them in Europe so much better. He really needed to talk to Tim about this.

“You got a tan and more freckles,” Dick said and he wanted to kiss every single one of them.

She laughed. “It’s hot and sunny in Mexico.”

“Did you have a great time with your grandparents?”

“Yes, and I told them all about you, and they said you should come visit soon,” Amanda replied, grabbing his hand and not letting go. ”I missed you, so fucking much.”

“I missed you too,” Dick said.

She turned to Tim then. “Did you like Europe, Tim?”

“Yeah, I did. It was very educational,” Tim answered.

“Not fun?” Amanda asked. She was teasing just a bit.

Tim glanced at Dick. “Yes, it was fun too.”

“Tell me all about it?”

~seventeen~

Chapter 20
“I know Dick sent you pictures and messages every day. You know all about it,” Tim replied. “Excuse me,” he added and was gone.

Dick sighed. “It must be Gotham.”

“What?” Amanda asked.

“He was a real boy when we were in Europe. Now he is Tim again.”

She took his face in her hands. “He is a real boy here, Dick. Europe was vacation from being Tim Drake.”

“What do you mean?”

She smiled at him. “He is an only child, and his parents aren’t home much. He will be expected to take over the company and it isn’t a small one, one day, Dick. Tim, even if he is only eight, has a world of responsibilities on his thin shoulders. That is why he’s always reading, studding, watching.”

Dick thought about it and came to the conclusion that it wasn’t fair to expect all that from a kid not even ten years old yet. “Hardly seems fair.”

“That’s why it’s a good thing that he has you and your family to take him places and show him things, Dick.” She kissed him gently and then stepped back. “Come on, we’ll be late for class.”

He took her hand and intertwined their fingers. He loved her so much. He kinda got what Blake was feeling for Jay – Dick couldn’t imagine loving anyone as much and intensely as he loved Amanda right now, but he also knew that love sometimes went other places. Bruce and Rachel had been childhood sweethearts and now Bruce was with his mom and Daddy, and Rachel was happily married with a son to Mister Dent. He wondered if Rachel had thought that too, back then, that she would never love anyone else. Probably, like all stupid kids in love, Dick thought wryly.

~+~

“It’s because he kinda has a crush on you,” Blake said between bites of his waffle.

“He’s eight,” Dick said.

“I had a crush on Bruce when I was eight,” Blake replied.

“But you grew out of it, and now you’re with Jay.”

“Yeah,” Blake said smiling.

“And I’m with Amanda, and it’s not like she doesn’t like him, and I don’t spend every minute I can with her, do I? I mean, we are hanging out too and I always try to include other people. Amanda doesn’t mind.”

“Well… I guess he feels just a bit jealous.”

Dick scoffed. “He probably doesn’t even know yet if he likes boys or girls or both. I didn’t know when I was eight. Did you?”

“Crush on the motherfucking Batman, Dick.”

“You know, you shouldn’t say that because…hmmm, he kinda is and it’s our mom.”
“Oh, shit!” Blake said. “True, yeah. That’s so fucking weird.”

“Well. I have one word for you now,” Dick replied, grinning. Blake raised a brow at him. “Language.”

Blake groaned.

~+~

Now that Dick knew, he wasn’t sure he should talk with Tim about it. Tim didn’t seem the type to talk about feelings, especially his own, and besides Tim was only eight, soon to be nine, but still. Dick only discovered he liked girls when he met Amanda.

Tim had years to grow out of this and Dick was confident that he would accept Amanda in Dick’s life sooner or later.

Dick just needed to give Tim time and make it very clear that Amanda was important to him.

~+~

Dick landed on the mat perfectly, he was sweating from the training, but he still felt itchy. Maybe once he was done here and went down to the Cave to train with Blake it would go away, but honestly he didn't think so. He had a lot on his mind lately. His birthday was coming up again, and he wanted to do something special. He had been asked what he wanted for his birthday, but he couldn’t come up with anything. Well, he could, but he wasn’t sure how everybody else would react to it.

“What is it?” Daddy asked.

“Thinking.”

“About?” Daddy wanted to know.

“My birthday. It’s coming up.”

“I know, it surprises me every year too,” Daddy joked.

Dick smiled at him. “I want to spend some time at the circus again, Daddy. I miss it so much. I mean this is great, and I love you and Mom and Bruce and Blake and Amanda and Jay and V, and Alfred, Tim-” he took a deep breath, “But I miss performing. I want to go back.”

“They don’t perform anyway during the winter months, Dick,” Daddy said gently.

“I know, but maybe I can spend more time there next year. It’s what I want for my birthday.”

Daddy sighed. “I will talk to your mother and Bruce, but I’m not making any promises.”

“It’s okay. I know you guys will miss me, but I just feel so restless lately, Daddy. Not even the vigilante training helps with that.” And Dick was training every day with Blake and Bruce, except for the weekends. It was hard work, but fun too.

“It’s your mother’s gypsy blood,” Daddy said.

“Remember when I was little we used to get that ice-cream, Gypsy Magic. I miss that too. Blake hasn’t had it and Baby V neither. We should get it, Daddy.”
“You miss the circus a lot, don’t you?”

“Don’t you?” Dick asked. He was wondering about it.

“Sometimes, but then there is so much here that I love, Dick. So much I didn’t think I would ever have or that I even wanted,” Daddy said and Dick knew he was talking about Bruce and V and Blake.

“This is a good home, Daddy, for me and Blake and V. Even Tim and Jay.”

Daddy smiled. “Come on then, we’re going to call Madame Elza and ask about that secret Gypsy Magic recipe. I’m sure Alfred can help us make it.”

Dick grinned. That was a great idea.

~+~

“So, you want to run away with the circus,” Mom said. She was watching Baby V on the swing and eating an apple that she was sharing with Dick. Dick liked to go with Mom and V to the park. She was nearly four now and a real person.

“You did that, too.”

“I was just a bit older,” Mom teased.

“Daddy said it’s my gypsy blood.” Dick said, looking at V who could sit on the swing for hours.

“He might be on to something there, my little monkey,” Mom said and then sighed. “You boys are growing up so fast. Blake is just shy of seventeen and you will be off to college in a short few years too.”

“You’ll still have Daddy and Bruce and V,” Dick said.

“Yes, but I will miss you and Blake. And Jay too.”

“Make sure that Tim comes over often and James,” Dick said, because he liked Rachel’s boy. And V liked to boss him around. “Don’t you miss the circus, Mom?”

“I do, but I never thought I would grow old there, you know? You can only be an acrobat for so long. I wasn’t sure how long we could stay being the Flying Graysons, Dick.”

“Oh-”

She hugged him close and he leaned into her. “When your Daddy and I were younger, we thought we would have a bunch of bendy kids to take our places once we couldn’t be on the trapeze anymore. But we only had you for a long time, and I am sure even if Violet likes to play around on the trapeze and loves to watch her daddies and brothers do the most amazing things, she just doesn’t have the spark. Oh, she is good and with training she will be amazing, but I don’t think the life of an acrobat is for her. And I am not one of those mothers that makes her children do things that don’t make them happy, Dick.”

Dick watched as V hopped from the swing and landed gracefully on the ground. She turned with a flourish and grinned at them.

“Dick! Play with me!”
“What do you want to play?” Dick asked.

“Heroes!”

“You want to be the bad guy again?”

“Yes! I’m going to be a thief!”

“Hopefully, not when you grow up, V!” Mom teased.

“Daddy would catch me anyway! Or Blake!” She laughed.

Mom and Dick shared a look. It was good the playground was deserted, but they really needed to have the privacy talk with her soon. She would go to Kindergarten next year, and she couldn’t tell people that her daddy was the Batman. It would put her in danger.

“Run then! And I will catch you,” Dick said and she made for the jungle gym. Of course she would, Dick thought fondly. She was a Grayson after all.

~+~

Dick’s birthday this year was a rather small affair. Only close friends and family. Rachel and Mister Dent were there of course, with James. V had whisked James away as soon as they were done with dinner.

Amanda was a new addition to their family.

Tim seemed happy enough. Dick still hadn’t talked to Tim about his crush on him. There seemed no good time for it.

Dick was watching as Blake danced with Amanda, and Bruce with mom.

Tim was sitting close to him while Rachel and Jay were talking about something or other with Daddy.

“You don’t want to dance, Dick?” Tim asked, watching the dancers as well. It was a slow song.

“I do. But I figure I owe Blake one for letting me kiss his boyfriend,” Dick said absentmindedly.

“You kissed a boy?”

“Yeah,” Dick said. “It wasn’t weird. I liked it, but I didn’t get that tingly feeling in my stomach when I think about kissing Amanda, or for that matter, when I’m kissing Amanda.”

“You really love her, don’t you?” Tim asked quietly.

“Yes, I do. I love you too, so don’t be sad, okay?”

Tim nodded.

Dick wasn’t sure if that helped or not, but he had a feeling Tim would try to be nicer to Amanda from now on.

~+~

Winter break came and went, and soon it was February again. Dick was excited. Mom and Bruce
had talked things over with Daddy and Dick was allowed to spend Spring break – except for Easter – with the circus.

“I will miss you,” Blake said.

“You could come with.”

“Jay is here,” Blake said. “And he can’t just go. His mom needs him. They need the money.”

“Yeah, sorry. I will miss you too, but I really need to spend a few weeks on the road again. Mom used to say we would spend half a year here and half on the road, but since V was born we’ve been mostly here.” He flopped down next to Blake on his bed and looked up at the ceiling. “I get it. The school is better and the food and Bruce wants to be close to V.”

“And mom and dad,” Blake said.

“You too,” Dick threw in and turned his head so he could look at Blake. It took him nearly every time by surprise when he locked eyes with Blake. They were such a dark brown color. So different from his and Dad’s and Bruce’s. Mom had brown eyes, but hers were lighter.

“I know he loves me,” Blake said.

“You are less weird about it now. I like the new you.”

“It’s cause Jay is all…I don’t know. He doesn’t let me be weird about the things I like or the people.”

“Cool,” Dick said and bit his lip. He wanted to ask about sex, but Blake liked boys and Dick knew that boys had sex differently than a boy and a girl. He would have to ask mom…damn. Or daddy.

“You should ask dad,” Blake said as Dick mentioned it.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, he explains shit well and he doesn’t judge you for it. I mean mom gave Jay condoms and lube…but it was dad who made me feel okay about myself and my issues, and told me I’m not broken just because I wasn’t ready to suck cock.”

“Does it feel amazing? It looks like it does,” Dick said gently.

“It feels amazing when Jay does it,” Blake said and then grinned at Dick. “Were you snooping on my laptop again?”

“I didn’t watch the porn…I mean only those with girls. The threesome stuff. Is that for Jay?”

“He thinks it’s hot. Doesn’t do much of anything for me, except when the guys are going at it.”

“Not sure Amanda would want to watch porn with me,” Dick mused.

“You can ask her. And chose something tasteful.”

“Really? Tasteful?”

“I bet Bruce has tasteful, educational porn,” Blake grinned.

“Yeah…not going to ask him.”
Blake laughed and Dick curled into him. It was always so good to hear Blake laugh and feeling it against his heart was even better. “I’m so glad you’re my brother.”

“Me too,” Blake replied.
Blake parked the car in front of the Wayne Tower, the car idling as he waited for Jay. They were going on a little road trip. On their own… Blake was pretty excited about it.

“You know, I still can’t believe Wayne gave you this car for your seventeenth birthday.” Jay whistled as he once more admired the sports car. He tossed his bag in the back, jumping in the passenger seat. “It’s such a sweet ride.”

“I know, right?” Blake grinned as he gunned the engine just to hear it purr and then he leaned over and kissed Jason, pulling him closer by his tie. “You look good enough to eat.” Blake licked his lips, he loved seeing Jason in his fancy work suits… Blake had been there when Alfred took his measurements, nothing but the best. And he looked damn good in them.

Jason chuckled. “I’ll keep you to that, but we better get going if we want to catch the show.”

“The things we do for family,” Blake winked as he shifted the car to drive and headed off. He reached over and grabbed Jason’s hand, threading their fingers as they started on their road trip. They were headed to the next state over… where Haly’s was set to perform that evening.

They were going to surprise Dick and catch his show instead of Blake’s normal routine. It was the weekend where he was supposed to stay home anyways, so why not take a little road trip with Jay?

“You know, I’m kinda excited to see everything. I’ve never been to the circus before. And I’m sure Dick is amazing… I’ve seen you guys train.”

“It’s insane, you’ll love it.” Blake smiled, taking his eyes off the road to glance at him. He had wanted Jay to come with the family when they went last time to Haly’s, but the timing wasn’t right. “And watching Dick in a live act is fucking amazing, it’s even more of a treat to see them all. But that’s pretty rare now.”

Jay nodded, squeezing his hand. “How much longer now?”

Blake looked at the GPS, “About two hours, we’ll make it just in time. Dick’s going to be ecstatic when he sees us. He’s called us every night, bubbling with news about everything… I’m sure you’ve gotten a few of the pictures he’s sent.” Blake laughed. “I think he’s addicted to phone pics.”

“Yeah, my fave was the one where he was doing a handstand on the elephant,” Jason chuckled.

“Zitka.” Blake smiled. “He loves her, and it’s so obvious that Zitka loves him too. She was the first one I met out of his circus family, Dick had insisted.”

“That’s kinda cute.”

“Yeah.”

They listened to some music and talked about everything and nothing on their way there. And Blake tried to keep his eyes on the road as Jason stripped out of his suit and changed into his worn jeans and a tee… something a bit more appropriate for a date at the circus. Blake was really tempted to pull over and ravish him.
“Thinking dirty thoughts again?”

Blake laughed. “You know it… I am a very healthy teenage boy after all.”

“Oh, I know.” Jason chuckled and Blake groaned, pulling to the side of the road and kissing him.

They made out for a few minutes, only parting when Blake’s cell phone chimed. He reluctantly grabbed it and laughed when he saw that Dick had sent him another picture. He was dressed up as a clown, and making faces into the camera. “He’s such a circus brat.”

“Let me see,” Jason grabbed it and snorted. “Yeah, he is.”

Blake glanced at the time and gasped. “Oh, shit.” He gunned the car and got back on the road, they were running out of time.

“I replied, who knew you looked better as a clown, miss you, can’t wait until I see you when you get back.” Jason commented as he gave Blake his phone back.

“Perfect.” Blake nodded, speeding a little, they had miles to cover if they wanted to make it on time.

~+~

“About time,” Jason groaned as Blake parked and they got out of the car.

“It wasn’t that bad,” Blake chuckled, but they both needed to stretch out a bit. “Maybe on the way back we should stop somewhere…”

“Some cheap dirty hotel and have some hot sex?”

Blake moaned at the thought and nodded his head. “You know me so well.”

“I do.” Jason grinned, pulling him close and kissing him. “Come on, I want to perv on your baby brother.”

Blake laughed, shaking his head. “Don’t think Zitka would let you.”

Jason joined in his laughter, draping his arm around Blake’s shoulder, steering them toward the entrance. “So since you’re a Grayson, do you get some perks, like free passes and such?”

Blake stopped, “Shit, they’ll recognize me too.” He pulled away and ran back to the car, grabbing his hoodie and pulling it on. It wasn’t really that cold out, but he didn’t want anyone to tell Dick that he was there. He wanted their arrival to be a surprise.

Jason took one look at him and busted out in laughter, “Don’t think that’ll work out.”

“Hey,” he smacked Jason’s arm and then took his hand, dragging him to the ticket booth. He avoided eye contact and handed the guy his passes.

The guy nodded and waved them in without a second glance.

“Passes, huh?” Jason teased, leaning into him and tugging on his hood.

“I am a Grayson,” Blake grinned, squeezing his hand. “Now let’s get some food and check out some of the booths before the show.”

“Now you’re talking.”
And they did just that.

They were just finishing their hotdogs when Blake froze as he heard Zitka’s trumpet call and he suddenly felt her thick trunk wrap around his neck, in a tender hug. Blake chuckled, “Hey, girl.” He patted her skin and turned to her. “No fooling you!” She let out a small rumble of what he assumed was an agreement.

“So this is Zitka, Dick’s elephant?” Jason gasped in amazement, reaching out tentatively.

“Yes.” Zitka let out another trumpet call and Blake smiled, “Don’t tell Dick, it’s a surprise.”

Zitka nodded and headed back to the main tent. The Big Top.

“Wow.” Jason stared after her for a moment and then turned back to him. “She just came up to you and hugged you!”

Blake shrugged, “We’re family… she picks up Dick and plops him on top of her back.”

“No that I’ve got to see.” Jason grinned and Blake nodded.

“Oh, I’m sure you will-” he paused as he heard the cannon shots. “Shit, we’re gonna be late.” Blake grabbed Jason’s hand and dragged him across the grounds and into the Big Top. They barely made it into their seats when the lights went down and the spotlight came on.

The show was fun and he waited in baited anticipation for Dick to take the trapeze. Blake squeezed Jason’s thigh in excitement as Dick stepped out in his sparkly leotard. “He’s such a circus brat.”

Jason chuckled, clapping as Dick started to perform and he flew through the air with ease, “He’s amazing.”

Blake didn’t disagree and he inhaled sharply as they removed the safety net. “Shit.”

“Does he usually perform without one?” Jason looked just as concerned as Blake felt.

“No, fuck… if Mom knew he was doing this she wouldn’t have allowed it.” Blake chewed on his lower lip, watching Dick with baited breath.

“It makes for a fucking amazing show,” Jason pointed out. “I mean, look at him.”

Blake nodded, he hadn’t taken his eyes off Dick. “Yeah.”

The crowd loved him too and everyone shot to their feet as he made his final bow. Blake tugged on Jason’s arm and immediately weaved himself through the crowd and made his way to Dick’s trailer. He knocked on the door, and just watched Dick light up when he saw them. “Hey, kiddo.”

Blake nodded, he hadn’t taken his eyes off Dick. “Yeah.”

“Blake!!” Dick jumped on him, hugging him tight.

Blake returned the hug, “No net?” He questioned as he pulled away and Dick cheeks flushed.

“Don’t tell Mom, or Bruce… they’d drag me back home! But it’s so fun and the crowd loves it!!” Dick tapped on Blake’s chest. “Not like you can talk, you fly around the city with no net!”

Blake rolled his eyes, crossing his arms. “So not the same and you know it…”

“Well, he kinda has a point.” Jason piped in and Blake smacked him on the arm.
“See!” Dick smiled and pulled away to hug Jay. “I can’t believe you guys are here! Did you enjoy the show?”

“Of course we did,” Blake nodded. “I mean, my baby brother is the main attraction!”

“And your outfit is ten times sparklier in person,” Jason teased and Dick laughed. Dick looked really happy and Blake was so happy for him.

“Come on, let’s get some Gypsy Magic and then I’ll give you the grand tour.” Dick grinned, waving them toward the grounds.

“Gypsy Magic?” Jason questioned as he followed after him.

“Apparently it’s the best ice cream ever…and it’s blue.” Blake replied, trying to remember everything Dick has said about it.

“And it has sprinkles!” Dick added, smiling back at them.

“Sprinkles?” Jason smirked. “Sounds interesting.”

“Yeah, we finally got a pint delivered because it’s a secret family recipe and they devoured it before I got done with patrol.” Blake snorted, shaking his head. “And all I heard was V saying how it was the best thing ever and that she wasn’t sorry for eating my bowl.”

“Sneaky, V. I knew I loved her for a reason.” Jason teased as he grabbed Blake’s hand and pulled him into his arms. “Bring on the Gypsy Magic!”

~+~

Blake curled into Jason, trying to catch his breath. They were getting damn good at this and he could barely make a coherent statement. “This has…” he paused, kissing Jason chest. “Been an amazing day.”

“And night,” Jason added, running his fingers through Blake’s hair. “I could really go for some more of that Gypsy Magic…that was some good shit.”

“It was, Alfred is trying to get the recipe to make more.” He smiled, closing his eyes. “Sleep, we have to drive home in the morning.”

“I’m really glad we decided to stop,” Jason murmured as he nuzzled even closer.

“Even if it smells like moth balls.”

“You’re such a spoiled brat.”

“And you love me.” Blake leaned up and kissed him.

“I do.”

~+~

Blake was suiting up as Robin when he felt the air shift and a shadow looming over him. And he knew that it was Wayne. Fuck.

“What are you doing?”
Blake tensed slightly, glancing over at Wayne who was glaring at him. “What does it look like?”

“This is your weekend off, you promised your parents.”

“I know,” Blake sighed as he pulled on his gloves. “Look, I’m just going to see Jay.”

There was a lengthy pause and Blake was pretty sure that Bruce had figured it out on his own, but still he questioned him. “Jay?”

“God, you can’t tell me you’ve never put on your Batsuit and met Mary and Jon on some random rooftop.” He argued. “We’re going to meet on the roof of Wayne Towers and then I’ll be home.”

Wayne looked him over, “It’s not safe.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me!”

“Use the penthouse.”

Blake blinked, his heart skipping a beat. “What?”

“I’m not saying I approve of this, but you’ll be a target and you’ll make Jason one if someone sees you.” Wayne began as he started to don his own suit. “There is a penthouse, you need a card in order to access the top floor of the Wayne Tower. It’s not on the records nor is there a button in the elevator to push to access it.”

Blake nodded and quickly finished suiting up. “So how can we get to it?”

“I’ll put the code in for Jason’s badge to access it for tonight only.” Wayne explained as he headed to the computer.

Blake rushed over, face planting into the Batman’s chest and hugging him. “You’re the best.” He smiled up at him and then he dashed to the bike. “See ya later.”

~+~

Blake’s heart raced as he neared the Wayne Tower and he propelled to the top… there was a window open and he just knew that this was the penthouse. He swung in, glancing around the immense space… it screamed luxury and Blake wondered how many women or men Wayne had brought up here once upon a time.

“Robin.”

Blake shuddered at the deep, husky voice and he turned, his breath catching in his throat as he spied the Batman. “Batman?” He clenched his fists, anger flooding him… was this a fucking set up? How did he even get here before Blake did? “What the fuck?”

“Language.” There was amusement in his voice and there was something different…

“Jason?” Blake gasped as he rushed over to him, it was him. In the fucking Batsuit. “Fuck me.”

“Gladly.”

Blake pulled him into a kiss, running his gloved hands down the thick Kevlar of the Batsuit. “God, how did you even mange this?” He was in complete awe and he was flushed with desire and he was harder than he’s ever been before… and the Batman hadn’t even touched him.
“Fox.”

Blake moaned at the cryptic husky voice, so like the Batman’s. “I fucking love you.”

“Good.” And that’s when the Batman grabbed him, pulling him to him and ravishing him with a heated kiss that he felt down to his toes.

Blake moaned as the Batman slammed him against the wall and Blake wrapped his legs around the Batman’s waist pulling him even closer. Blake was already on the edge. He knew it wouldn’t take much for him to come, this was every fantasy come true and to have Jason share this with him was even better. He felt so loved. They moved frantically together and it was only a moment later that Blake cried out his orgasm and then the Batman smirked at him, kissing him deeply.

“Damn, Blake that was so fucking hot.” Jason breathed as they parted. Blake couldn’t respond, he just wanted more, to feel Jason’s skin against his.

Blake tugged at the fastenings and they frantically discarded their suits. Blake moaned when he wrapped his arms around Jason and pulled him close, finally feeling his heated skin flush against Jason’s. They laughed as they stumbled over the suits in their eagerness to get to the bed.

They sighed with relief as they fell onto the bed. They practically melted into the mattress as they kissed, nipped, and touched every inch of skin. Blake was in complete heaven and groaned with frustration. “Jay…” he wanted, he needed. “Fuck me.”

“Trying to,” Jason chuckled and he grabbed for the lube on the bedside table. Blake wondered briefly if the lube was Wayne’s or if Jason had left it at the bedside in preparation…

Blake groaned, spreading his legs as Jason lubed up his fingers. This wasn’t the first time Jason had fucked him, but this felt so different. The air was charged and he was so turned on by their roleplaying. “Jason,” he whined as he thrust up into the air, moaning when Jason slid a finger into him. “Oh, fuck, more.”

His breathing hitched and he yanked Jason to him, kissing him deeply as Jason’s fingers teased him open. “So impatient, my Robin.”

Blake moaned, shuddering against him as Jason pulled his fingers away and he knew what was coming next. “Yes, my Batman.”

Jason growled, slamming into him in one quick move and it was harder and more aggressive than they’ve ever tried before… but he loved it and he almost lost all semblance of control.

Blake thrust back, needing him deeper and he cried out when Jason hit that spot that sent sparks spiraling throughout his body. He clawed at Jason’s back, kissing him as they found a good rhythm and it wasn’t long before he shuddered as his orgasm washed over him.

Jason stroked him through his orgasm and Blake moaned when he felt Jason come deep within him. Blake felt so complete and they collapsed against the bed. He closed his eyes as he tried to regain his composure.

Jason smiled against his skin and then pulled out, tossing the condom aside. “Fuck.”

Blake smiled, snuggling close to him. “Thank you, for indulging in my fantasies… I know you didn’t have too.”

“Are you fucking kidding me? That was so hot. And wearing the Batsuit was such a heady feeling,
even if it was just a prototype. It felt real enough to me. I’ve been hard since I saw my reflection and I couldn’t wait to ravish you.”

“We definitely have to do this again.”

“Duh.”

Blake chuckled, pulling him into another kiss. “I need to get back, but I don’t want to leave you here… are you going to come back to the manor?”

“Of course,” he smiled. “I need to tuck the suit away and clean up. Then I’ll join you there.”

Blake nodded, but he still didn’t move away. He closed his eyes briefly, curling more into Jason’s arms. He felt so content.

Jason kissed him, “Come on. Your mother would be pissed if she knew you’re breaking your curfew.”

Blake groaned and reluctantly pulled away. He tensed slightly, his muscles protesting his movements. “God, you fucked me good.”

Jason smirked at him. “I know.”

Blake snorted, throwing a pillow at him and then they had a mock pillow fight until they were laughing so hard that they collapsed back on the bed. “You’re such a brat.”

“But you love me.” Jason smiled, pulling him into a kiss. “I don’t know how I got so lucky.”

Blake’s heart warmed. “I do… and ditto.”

“Okay, now we’re being all girly here.” Jason chuckled as they parted.

“We wouldn’t want that.” Blake winked and he got up, cleaning up as much as he could before he pulled back on his suit. “See you back at the manor.”

Jason nodded.

Blake waved at him and then dove out of the window that was still open and flew in the air. He landed on the adjacent rooftop and made his way across the city to where he stashed his bike. He felt like he was floating on air and he briefly thought about Dick. Guess it was totally the same thing… it was amazing and exhilarating, especially knowing that there was no net to catch you.

He flipped onto the next rooftop and he was about to shoot his grappling hook onto the next roof when he felt something off. The air was filled with a static charge that left him almost breathless. He felt watched. Blake glanced around him, but he didn’t see anything.

Blake shook his head, it was nothing. Besides he was off duty and shouldn’t engage in any activity… he tensed when he saw something from the corner of his eye and he turned, ready to strike.

Blake jumped as a masked man lunged for him. He inhaled sharply as knives ghosted over his suit. He had to move quickly, if those cut into him, he wasn’t sure if he’d survive. They glistened in the moonlight and he shuddered.

“Die.” The masked man hissed and Blake countered, using every trick he knew.
“Not tonight!” Blake snapped, landing a kick to his chest. Blake didn’t recognize the mask, it almost resembled some bird, an owl or something.

They exchanged a few blows and Blake hissed as the knife sliced his arm. Blake was exhausted, no one has ever challenged him like this, and he wasn’t sure how much more he could take. He slammed the masked man away and Blake tumbled back.

“Die!”

Blake shuddered, activating his comm link. “I need you.” He hissed into the link, grunting as the man hit him. Blake flew back, hitting the ledge and cried out as the knife sliced his arm again. “Fuck.”

“Die!”

“Not tonight!” He cried out once more as he managed to kick one of the masked man’s knives to the roof and he was rewarded when the Batman suddenly appeared.

Blake fell back, finally able to catch his breath as the Batman fought him in a flurry of movements. The masked man cackled and then dove off the building. The Batman watched him for a moment and paused when he should have followed.

“Go!” Blake demanded as he slumped back against the wall. He was hurting and he just wanted to go home… he cradled his arm close to his chest, feeling worthless that he wasn’t able to hold his own. “I’ll be fine.” He groaned with disappointment as he forced himself up.

The Batman studied him and then nodded, but he didn’t go after the masked man, instead he rushed toward him, wrapping his arms around Blake protectively. Blake broke at the tenderness he displayed and buried his face into the Batman’s chest.

~+~

Blake blinked his eyes open, he felt slightly panicked. He didn’t remember what had happened. He sat up quickly and immediately felt sick to his stomach.

“Careful.”

Blake glanced over at Wayne, but he wasn’t in his suit anymore and as he looked down. Neither was he. “What happened?”

“You passed out and I brought you home.”

Blake felt funny and he wondered briefly if Wayne had given him any drugs. “Fuck.” He rubbed his face, waiting for Wayne to reprimand him but he didn’t say anything. “What was that thing?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never seen the masked man before and there were no fingerprints on the knife he left.” Wayne turned away from him and headed to the computer.

Blake stood up, wincing at the pain. The cuts to his arms looked pretty superficial, but the big one on his forearm was stitched up… by Wayne he assumed. “He came out of nowhere and attacked me, he kept saying die.”

Wayne frowned, “You shouldn’t have engaged him and hailed me immediately.”

“I’m sorry, I thought I could take him.” He ran his fingers over the stitched up cut on his arm. “It
won’t happen again.” He worried his lip. “I failed you.”

Wayne immediately pulled him into his arms and Blake melted against him. “You didn’t fail me, but this is something we haven’t been up against before.” Blake nodded his head and then pulled away. “Go on up, I’m sure Mary and Jon are worried about you.”

“You told them?” He groaned.

“Of course, you’ve been out a few hours and Jason showed up expecting you to be here.” Wayne explained and Blake sighed, not realizing.

“Oh.”

Wayne smiled. “You’re safe and that’s all that matters, we’ll hunt this bastard down.”

Blake nodded, “Together.”

“Yes, but you need to rest.”

Blake nodded once more and headed upstairs. Ace barked as he entered and Blake smiled, scratching his head and Blake didn’t have to wait long as Jason came running in. “Hey.”

“You okay?” Jason asked, immediately pulling him into his embrace and Blake sighed happily.

“Yeah.” He leaned up and kissed him, hissing slightly as Blake attempted to wrap his arms around him.

“Yeah, right,” Jason snorted as he pulled back and glanced at his arms. “Who did this?”

“No, fucking idea. He had knives and kinda looked like an owl.” He sighed, “I’m tired… can we just go to bed.”

“Only after we see your parents.”

Blake groaned, wishing he could skip this part.

“Now is that so bad?” Mary countered and Blake glanced over to see her, standing in the doorway. “I know you’re a big boy now, but you’re still my little boy.”

Blake smiled at that, it did feel good. “It’s not so bad, I guess.”

Mary crossed over to them and wrapped her arms around him in a tight hug, “You worried us and you were supposed to be home this weekend. We were lenient about letting you go out of the state last night, for Dick.”

“I know, it was just…” he began, not really sure how to say that he was only out cause he was horny. Blake paused as he let her look over his cuts and then she kissed his stitches. “See it’s not that bad at all.”

She nodded, “I just wanted to see for myself.” Mary glanced between them. “And no more evenings at the penthouse,” there was a teasing note in her voice and Blake blushed. “No matter how tempting it might be.”

Blake groaned, pulling away. “Night, Mom.” He grabbed Jason’s hand and dragged him to his room.
“Blake!!”

Blake turned as V ran down the hall, throwing herself at him. “That bad guy hurt you!” She hugged his legs, looking up at him with her bright blue eyes.

“Just a little, but I got him just as good.”

She smiled brightly at him. “Yay!”

“Where’s my hug?” Jason teased and V grinned up at him.

“Jay!!” She jumped up, hugging him too. “You take care of Blake too?”

“Yes.”

Blake grinned, “Yeah, he’s my Batman.”

“And you’re his Robin!” V nodded as she climbed up Jason just like Dick used to do when he was younger.

“Yes, he is.” Jason smiled and pulled him closer to them. V wrapped her arm around him too.

“V?”

V giggled as she curled herself closer to them. “Shhh.”

“Violet?” Jon poked his head into their room. “There’s my baby girl.”

She laughed, pulling away from them and flinging herself to Jon. “Hi, daddy.”

Jon caught her with ease, “Say goodnight to the boys, it’s bedtime.”

“Goodnight!”

Jon reached out and squeezed Blake’s shoulder. “Goodnight.” He smiled and Blake nodded, waving at them as they left. Jon shut the door behind them.

“You have the best family,” Jason commented, his voice wistful.

“I got lucky, they picked me.” Blake whispered and then dropped down on the bed. He closed his eyes, sighing happily as Jason joined him a moment later. “It’s been a crazy night.”

Jason’s thumb brushed over his stitches. “Guess I never realized how much this life could hurt you too, ya know? I mean, I knew, I knew, I’ve seen the bruises…”

“But this was a bit more,” Blake finished, looking up into his eyes. “As long as the Batman is watching over me there is nothing to fear. It was a little close, but I’m fine.” He smiled, leaning in and kissing him. “I’ve got you to take care of me.”

Jason smiled. “Always.”

Blake pulled him into another kiss and then curled more into him, passing out as soon as he closed his eyes. He was safe. He was loved… and that’s all he needed.
~nineteen~

Dick was still happy and blissed out the next morning. He even got up early to feed the animals and help with some cleaning. He went into a handstand for some random kids and then went to get some breakfast. His brother was crazy to drive those long hours just to see him. They chatted every day, and sometimes even over skype when Dick could get a good connection.

He had called Amanda after Blake and Jay had gone home last night too, and they had...well, maybe not they, but Dick had totally his first phone sex that night. Just hearing her voice had made him so hard that he had to stroke himself while he was listening to her. He was sure she knew, but she hadn't commented on it.

She was, Dick decided, the best girlfriend a boy could have.

He waved at Elza who was not only their fortune teller, but also their cook and grabbed a mug of tea to go with his breakfast.

It was a good fucking day.

~+~

Things went a bit south once Dick was back in the trailer and saw a million missed calls all from home. He called back at once.

“Dick!” It was V, and she sounded like she had been waiting by the phone.

“Yes, it's me, V. Did-”

“I tried to call you a million times, Dick! Where were you?”

“I-”

“Blake was hurt!” V said and she sounded breathless. Dick grabbed the phone harder. A million possibilities. Maybe they had an accident on the way back, maybe-

“Is he alright?”

“He said he is, but Daddy had to stitch him up and Mommy was crying last night and Jay and Daddy were worried.”

“Can I talk to daddy?”

“Which one?” V asked.

Good question, Dick thought. Mom and Daddy would probably be still sleeping, it was Sunday and - “Bruce,” Dick said. Dick never called Bruce daddy or dad, but Bruce was as much his father as was Jon. And Bruce should be up at least.

“Sure! Let me get him,” she said and hung up the phone. Great, Dick thought, but he couldn't suppress the smile anyway. He called Bruce on his cell.

“Dick,” Bruce said. “You're up early.” It was a tease, because back home, he never got out of bed on
“Well...V called,” Dick said.

“Did she now,” Bruce replied just as Dick could hear V yell for him.

“I assume she found you,” Dick said.

Bruce laughed, it was warm and gentle and happy, and Dick missed feeling it against his chest. He ached for Bruce's arms around him. It was stupid because he wasn't a kid anymore, and it was V's turn to have Bruce's hugs. A moment later he could hear her voice and Ace barking.

“Yes, she did. Hold on,” Bruce said and talked to V. Dick waited. If Bruce was laughing this morning then Blake couldn't be too bad off. “She gave you a scare, didn't she?”

“Yes,” Dick said. “She did. I was so freaking worried. I had eleven, I kid you not, missed calls from home in only half an hour, Bruce. Why didn't you guys call me?”

“We didn't want to worry you and besides, Spring break isn't that long, Dick. You will be home soon.”

“Is Blake hurt? Did mom cry?”

Bruce sighed. “Yes and yes. Blake needed stitches, but he will be fine. It will leave a scar. And your mother was just overwhelmed. It happens sometimes. She loves you all so much.”

“I know,” Dick said. “So, he will be fine and Jay is fine too?”

“Yes, we are all fine, Dick. Don't worry.”

“What happened?”

“He was attacked.”

“Someone wanted to mug him?” Dick asked.

“No, he was attacked as Robin,” Bruce replied.

“But – it was his weekend off,” Dick said.

“He and Jay...indulged in some role-playing,” Bruce answered. He sounded uncomfortable. Dick didn't get the role-play thing, but maybe because he only got off once with his girlfriend and it was over the phone. He was probably too young to find it sexy to pretend she was someone else.

“Okay...” Dick said. He was wondering now. “So, when Blake was Robin in that scenario, who was Jay then? Damsel in distress?” Or maybe, he thought, maybe Jay was – Batman?

“Dick, I didn't ask them what they were doing,” Bruce said, he was amused.

“Sorry...I know it's weird,” Dick replied.

“No. It's not, as long as everyone is into it, I know your Daddy has told you that.”

“He did,” Dick said. He had the sneaking suspicion that Daddy had the same discussion with Bruce at one point too, but he wasn't going to ask or think about what his parents, all three of them, were up to when they were alone.
“Is there something else you want to talk about?”

“Well... I’m not sure, Bruce, because well...”

“Is it about your feelings for Amanda?” Bruce asked.

“Yeah...”

“You want me to wake your dad?”

“I can call him later. He does explain shit well,” Dick said.

“Language,” Bruce sighed.

Dick laughed “Blake is a bad influence.”

“I'll have to watch you two around Violet,” Bruce said. He and mom were pretty much the only two who called her by her real name. Even Alfred called her 'Lady V'. If he didn't, she wouldn't even listen to him.

“You need to have the privacy talk with her soon too, Bruce. She knows you're Batman, but I don’t think she gets that she isn't allowed to tell anyone. And I know that mom wants her to go to kindergarten instead of being home all the time. She needs to be around kids her age.”

“I know. It's just hard,” Bruce said. “To demand her to keep such a big secret, at her tender age.”

“Lying wouldn't have been an option, Bruce, and you know it.”

“You’re growing up to be a very smart young man, Dick. I'm proud of you.”

Dick could feel the warmth in his stomach spread at Bruce's voice. He loved Bruce just as much as he loved his Mom and Daddy.

“Thanks, Bruce,” Dick said. “I'm glad you’re my dad, too.” He added, he didn't think that he has ever said these words, but just now it seemed like the time to finally do it.

“I know, you show that every day, Dick. I'm glad you're my son, too.”

Dick could feel his throat close up a bit. He was feeling so happy, he was ready to cry.

There was a long silence and then Bruce took a breath. “Don't forget to pester Elza about that Gypsy Magic recipe, Dick,” Bruce said lightly.

“I won't. In fact I'm gonna do that now. I'll call again this evening!”

“I know, Dick.”

“By Bruce,” Dick said and waited for Bruce to hang up. He felt lighter, but he still wrote a stern short text to Jay and Blake for not telling him. They both should know better.

~++~

The show was a success, like every night and he was on cloud nine again, because the circus just did that to him. He was high on endorphins as he was walking along the streets of Chicago. He and Mark had snuck out, because Mark's friend was throwing a house-party. They had gotten close, since Dick started to perform again.
Mark was smoking a cigarette, but he didn’t offer one to Dick. Dick wasn’t sure how he felt about that. He knew he couldn’t smoke anyway, because he was an acrobat (and a vigilante in training). He had to watch out for his health, but still. Mark was seventeen, and Dick didn’t want him to think Dick was just a kid.

“I don’t,” Mark said. “I am taking you to a party, am I not? And I won’t tell anyone if you grab a beer or two, just don't get drunk and throw up, okay?” Mark laughed around his cigarette. His eyes were dark like Blake's and a bit almond shaped. He liked that about Mark too.

“I won’t. I do have an older brother who teaches me shit,” Dick said.

“Don't I know it,” Mark said, grinning.

Dick refused to blush. He was proud of his family and what if he was bragging about them all the freaking time? Mark ruffled his hair. “Come on, it's not far.”

~++~

The party was in full swing when they arrived and Dick was soon dancing and drinking, but sticking to light beer only. He wasn't touching any girls in the wrong way either. But he was having fun, he's never been to such a party before. It was kinda wild and random, and kids were smoking, and drinking, and dancing on the table too.

Some people were lying on the lawn, making out or talking, and it made Dick miss Amanda, so he took a picture of the lawn and of a cute couple and sent it to her. 'Wish that was us right now’ he wrote and pocketed his phone.

~++~

Pocketing his phone was the last thing Dick remembered, when he woke up. His head hurt and his arm too. He tried to sit up, but couldn't.

“What?” He groaned. The air smelled funny. Damp and musty. He wasn't outside anymore and he wasn't inside the house or anywhere near the circus. He didn't know where he was and he couldn't move. “What the fuck?” He hissed, tearing at his bindings. They didn't give. “That is not funny. I have a freaking show to perform tomorrow night!”

“I don't think you will make it young man,” a voice said.

Dick held his breath and then when nothing happened, he looked around. It was dark, but not too dark, still he couldn't make out anyone in the shadows. And Bruce had taught him how to make out people in the shadows. He looked around once more with a clear head and spotted the tiny camera.

“Very good, Richard,” the voice said.

“Only my girlfriend is allowed to call me that, and you sure as hell aren't my girlfriend,” Dick snapped. He tried the bindings again. “Is this about money? Because I hate to break it to you, but my parents aren't rich,” Dick added.

“No, but their lover is.”

“I have no fucking clue what you're talking about,” Dick said, trying to distract the voice while he was freeing himself. Bruce had taught him that too. Dick remembered how Blake had joked that it probably could come in handy in other situations too. It had made Dick blush when he got the bondage meaning. Bruce had been suspiciously silent.
“Richard,” the voice said. “Don't play games with us.”

Us, Dick thought, more than one person. Shit. He was sure he could take two or three street-thugs by now, but these guys were stealthy. They had ambushed him and brought him here and he couldn't remember how and when for fuck's sake.

“We know your parents mean a lot to Bruce Wayne. We know you mean a lot to Bruce Wayne and your siblings. That little bird of his-”

“You,” Dick said, because it was suddenly so clear in his mind, “Attacked Blake!”

“It was a test,” the voice replied. “He is good, shame he is so old. You on the other hand and your sister-”

Dick leaned back. “You are in real shit, you know? If you know who Bruce is. You kidnapped me and you hurt Blake and now you're threatening my sister. He will make you pay, because he will come for me.”

“We count on it, Richard,” the voice said. “We count on it.”

Dick sat there in silence, working on freeing himself. He wouldn't sit and wait here to be rescued. He had been trained better than that. He was cold and he was feeling hungry as well, but he ignored it all. He needed to get out and he needed to – he didn't know, but he refused to be scared, refused to let the fear win.

It didn't matter that they were using Dick as bait. Fuck them! What did they know about his parents and his siblings? Nothing.

Bruce alone was a force of nature, with Blake he was nearly invincible, and Dick just knew that they were underestimating his mother.

It was worrisome that they didn't want money, but – no, Dick thought, first things first. The rope, finding a way out, and then taking these bastards down.

His mind set, he went back to work.
Chapter 23

Twenty

Blake groaned, scratching at his stitches… they itched and they were driving him insane.

“Stop it,” Jason warned, slapping his hand away. “You’ve got to let them heal.”

Blake rolled his eyes, curling into Jason. “Easier said than done.”

“Do I need to bind your wrists?” He teased and Blake felt himself flush at the thought… they’ve never tried that.

“Kinky.”

Jason chuckled and then kissed him, taking his mind of his stitches momentarily. “I’ll have to add that to your ever growing list of kinks, water, the Batman, bondage,” Jason paused, nipping at his neck. “The Batman.”

Blake snorted. “You already said that.”

“I think that one is big enough to count as two, don’t you?”

“Maybe?” Blake smiled, dragging his fingers down Jason’s side. “You were so fucking hot.”

“Please, I’m always hot.” Jason smirked, pulling away slightly when their phones vibrated at the same time. Which meant it was Dick.

Blake chuckled, rolling away and grabbing his phone. He read the text and groaned. “V apparently spilled the beans about the attack.” He showed Jay the text and then he wrote him back.

“You didn’t text him?” Jason asked as he rubbed Blake’s side.

“I just didn’t want to worry him, it’s not like he can do anything from the circus, ya know?” Blake shrugged. “And he was so happy, god, he just lives to perform and I didn’t want to put a damper on his happiness. He only gets one more week.”

“Yeah, I know.”

Blake smiled, leaning in and kissing him.

“Blake!”

And that would be V, he pulled away from Jay as she threw the door open and jumped up on the bed. She threw her arms around him in a tight hug. Blake sat up, hugging her back. “Hey, baby girl.”

She tucked her head under his chin, snuggling close. “I was worried.”

“I’m okay, V.”

She looked up at him, her blue eyes boring into him just like her father’s inquisitive gaze. “Okay is not good enough!”

Jason laughed, “She’s so like her daddy.”
V smiled at that and let go of Blake to hug Jason. “Cause my daddies are awesome!”

“Yeah, they are.” Jason grinned, he looked to Blake. “And you’ve got nothing to worry about, V. I’ll always watch over Blake.”

“Always and forever?” She glanced between them, smiling brighter when Jason nodded.

“Always and forever.”

Blake’s heart swelled at his words and he pulled him into a kiss. V squealed with happiness, wrapping her arms around them. He wanted to ravish Jason, but he knew that he had to keep a level head with V so close at hand...

“Hey,” Jason began as they parted, glancing at V. “How about we all go on a picnic in the park?”

“With Ace?”

“Of course,” Blake grinned, loving the idea. It was just something they needed to do and it would help V relax, show her that everything was back to normal.

“And Timmy?” V asked, looking hopeful.

“Yeah, sure.” Jason nodded.

“Good, cause he’s so sad.” V sighed, curling more into Blake.

Blake frowned, he had noticed that Tim wasn’t as open as he had been. Blake knew part of it was because Dick was away, but he knew the bigger part was that Dick was in love with Amanda. “But we won’t let him be sad will we?”

V shook her head, her dark curls bouncing. “Nope.”

“That’s right,” Blake grinned. “Now, why don’t you go ask Alfred if he doesn’t mind-”

“Alfred!” V called out, scrambling off the bed before Blake was able to finish.

Jason chuckled, pulling Blake close. “Didn’t think she’d ever leave.” He breathed against Blake’s lips and then kissed him the way Blake had wanted to earlier.

Blake was breathless, his heart hammering in his chest. “Fuck.”

“We really need to lock the door,” Jason nipped at his lip and then tugged Blake up out of bed. “Come on, you need a shower.”

“I do?” Blake chuckled. “And what do you plan to do?”

“I’ll have to help you wash your back, after all you’re crippled.” Jason teased as he ghosted his fingers over Blake’s stiches and then dragged him into the bathroom.

~+~

They emerged sparkling clean and giddy after their shower. They stumbled back into the room, laughing and they only barely managed to dress for the day before V barged through the door with Tim following close behind her. Ace barked, circling around them and then he dashed over to Blake, bumping his head against his thigh.
“You took forever!”

Jason smirked, winking over at Blake. “Your brother was really dirty.”

Tim glanced between them, his eyes widening as he realized why their shower had taken so long. He was such a smart boy, maybe a little too smart for his age. “It’s okay, V.” Tim said softly, his cheeks flushing. “They’re ready to go now.”

V looked them over, seemingly not convinced and then shrugged. “Then let’s go! Or the special picnic basket Alfred made us will spoil!” Ace barked, wagging his tail and dashed after V as she grabbed Tim’s hand and ran down the hall.

“You heard, V.” Jason grinned as he wrapped an arm around Blake. “We better get going.”

“We wouldn’t want it to spoil,” Blake agreed, kissing him before they followed after V and Tim.

~+~

Blake closed his eyes, he loved just lying in the sun on the soft grass. Ace was draped over his legs and Jason was beside him. He could hear V and Tim playing, laughing… this was perfect. He reached out and grabbed Jason’s hand squeezing it. “This was an excellent idea.”

“I’m good like that.” Jason replied and Blake knew without looking at him that he was smirking.

“Robin!” V cried out plopping down on Blake and Blake’s eyes flew open in alarm.

He sat up, looking around. “V, you can’t use that name when we’re out in public.”

She blinked at him her lips pursing in a pout. “Why?”

“Because it’s a secret.” He tried to explain, but she looked unconvinced.

“But Jay knows,” She pointed out and that was on him. “And Tim!”

Blake glanced over at Tim, he had wondered if Tim had figured it out over time, but this was another complication. “Fuck.”

“Language,” Tim and V both reprimanded him and Blake sighed.

“I know it’s a secret,” Tim said as he sat down beside them. “And Batman.” He whispered, glancing around making sure no one heard him.

Blake rubbed his brow. “V, it’s a family secret and Jay’s my boyfriend, so of course he knows.” He glanced at Tim. “And it’s okay that Tim knows, he is pretty much family too.”

Tim smiled brightly and nodded.

“But why?” V asked, looking between them.

“For your safety and the family, we can’t let anyone know. The bad guys can hurt us.” Blake tried to explain not sure if V understood.

She frowned and then curled into Blake. “I’m sorry, I don’t want you to get hurt!”

“It’s okay, baby girl. But now you know and um, since we’re talking about secrets.” He paused. “You can’t tell anyone that Bruce is your daddy too.”
She huffed at that. “Why?”

“Cause it’s a secret.”

She crossed her arms, “But he’s my daddy and I love him lots.”

“I know, V and he loves you so much,” Blake smiled, wrapping his arms around him and kissing her brow. “But people are mean and they wouldn’t understand.”

“Why?”

“Cause we live in a fucked up world.”

“Language.” Tim and V once more reprimanded him and he groaned.

Blake shook his head. “Just try, V. Okay? Mums the word.”

She giggled. “Mums the word.”

“Okay, now go back and play,” Blake smiled, tapping her leg. “Tim looks like he wants to go play on the swings.”

V jumped up, grabbed Tim’s hand, and dashed away. Blake watched them for a moment and then turned to Jay. “You think she gets it.”

“She’s a smart girl,” Jay nodded. “But only time will tell.”

Blake nodded. “She’s been so protected, I do worry about her starting kindergarten next year. People can be so fucking mean.”

“You’re a good brother,” Jason smiled, leaning in and kissing him.

“And an even better boyfriend, I hope.”

“Oh, yeah.” Jason grinned and Blake chuckled, kissing him once more. “But you also have to remember that Mary is her mom and her dad? Is the Batman… she’s golden.”

“True.” Blake snorted and then turned his attention back to V and Tim. He leaned back against Jay, intent on enjoying the beautiful spring day with his family. And he made sure to take as many pictures as he could and sent them to Dick.

~+~

Blake was bored, Jay went home to check up on his mom, Dick was still away at the circus, V was fast asleep and his parents… no, he didn’t want to even think about that. He headed down to the Cave, itching to get back on the streets. “Can I go out with you for a bit?” Blake asked as he found Wayne suiting up for the night’s patrol.

He raised a brow, glancing over him. “You know the rules.”

“But technically the weekend is over and there’s no school tomorrow.” He sat down at the computer, twirling in the chair.

“I gather Jason has gone home?”

Blake felt his cheeks flush, “Maybe.”
Wayne was suddenly beside him. “Let me see your arm.”

“The stitches are fine, it doesn’t even hurt anymore,” he began as he let Bruce study the stitches. “They itch like crazy, but I can still kick some ass.”

Wayne shook his head, chuckling under his breath. “You are persistent, but I’m afraid your Mother would disagree.”

Blake snorted, “But Mom’s already retired to bed… she won’t even notice!” He argued as his thoughts suddenly turned to his mom and Jon and Wayne. And their very unique relationship. “So, um. You like guys and girls… or was it just Jon, ya know? I mean was it mainly girls before?”

“I preferred girls, if that’s what you’re asking.” Wayne replied softly, seemingly amused as he leaned against the desk. “I experimented with a few guys before. And then I met the Graysons and I couldn’t see my life without them. I tried.”

Blake worried his lip. “If it was just you and Jon, would you need to be with a woman too?”

“Is this about Jason?”

“Yes, no… I dunno.” He sighed. “Threesomes seem so weird to me, but he gets off on it when we watch porn together… and this is way easier with Jon.”

Wayne nodded. “I’m just as experienced as he is. And to be honest, I have more experience in that area.” He paused, “But if you are more comfortable talking to him-”

“I mean, your kinda my dad too. I guess, I just. Fuck.”

“Language.”

Blake groaned. “It’s just weird, cause you are still my first love and I’ll always feel something for you in that sense… even though I know nothing will ever happen, but there’s still that lingering ‘what if’ that I think about every once in a while.” Blake sighed, shaking his head. “But that’s really not the point. I love Jason and the other night he indulged one of my biggest fantasies and ever since he’s known about my abuse, he’s never asked or urged me into anything he may be interested in. He’s indulged me and kept me safe…”

“And you want to indulge in one of his fantasies.” Wayne finished for him and Blake nodded. “A threesome, I’d assume.”

“He gets off on the idea and I don’t, I’ve never been attracted to a girl in that way… even though Selina did try.” Blake smiled, remembering that night. He’s always wondered what happened to her. He hoped she was safe and happy.

“Selina?”

“She was a girl at one of my first foster placement. She was a little older than me, pretty, and she asked if had even kissed a girl to see if I was really gay…. And well, we kinda made out.”

“I see.”

“I don’t even know if he wants that, but I guess I need to know if I want it first too.” Blake suddenly laughed. “Sorry, you were about to go on patrol and I went off on a tangent.”

Wayne smiled. “It’s fine, Blake. I’m happy that you wanted to open up to me.”
Blake smiled, “So does that mean I can go on patrol with you?” He wiggled his brows and Wayne laughed, shaking his head.

“Suit up.”

“Yes!” Blake cheered and immediately stripped out of his clothes and put on his suit. He darted over to Wayne who hadn’t moved from his spot. He hadn’t even finished putting on his own suit.

“Bruce?”

Wayne finally looked at him, his gaze was cold and furious… it was the one he had reserved for the worst of the criminals that they’d encountered. It made Blake’s heart skip a beat and he inhaled sharply as Wayne growled and looked back down at his phone.

“What happened?” He asked, slightly alarmed at the sudden change. “Bruce!”

Wayne’s body was tense as if he was ready to attack. “Dick.”

“Dick?” He repeated, confused. Dick was at the circus, having a blast. Blake grabbed the phone from Wayne’s hand and he felt his heart drop at the picture that was sent to Wayne from Dick’s phone. “What the fuck?!” He inhaled, looking frantically at Wayne. “Is this some joke?”

Wayne grunted, turning to the computer and he typed in Dick’s number. Blake assumed he was tracking his phone and checking his GPS location. Blake curled his hands into fists and he wanted to hurt whomever had Dick. He glanced back at the picture: Dick looked unconscious, tied to a chair… in what appeared to be a dark warehouse.

His location blinked on the computer. “Fuck,” Blake groaned. “He’s nowhere near the circus. They were supposed to be in Chicago!”

“It’s a trap.”

“What?” Blake gasped, trying to wrap his mind around everything. “How do you know-” he began and then he realized he was holding Wayne’s phone in his hand. They sent the picture to his phone… they knew, they were calling him out. “Fuck.” Blake knew it was really bad when Wayne hadn’t once reprimanded him on his language, but that was a fucking moot point at the moment. “We have to go-”

“No.” Wayne quickly dismissed as he turned away from Blake and finished suiting up.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me!” Blake cried out. “We need to get-”

“You are going to stay here.”

“What?”

The Batman turned to him and Blake inhaled sharply, taking a step back. This was the vengeance of the night, this was every man’s waking nightmare. “You are to stay here. Mary will need-” he paused, taking a breath. “I need you to be here.”

Dread washed over Blake as he realized what Wayne was implying, “You think they’ll come here?”

Batman pursed his lips together. “Keep the comm link open.”

Blake nodded, glancing at the phone still in his hand when it vibrated and this time it was a video clip. Dick was waking up… “Go.”
He disappeared into the night and Blake went back upstairs, to check on everyone. He found Alfred making cookies in the kitchen. It smelled heavenly and for a moment he forgot all his troubles.

Alfred raised a brow, looking him over. “Master Blake, you know the rules.”

“I know, it’s um, precautionary.”

“There is no threat here.” Alfred smiled, but Blake wasn’t so sure about that. And it must have been written all over his face, cause Alfred immediately stopped what he was doing and crossed over to him. “What is it, Master Blake?”

“It’s Dick, someone has him… the Batman went after him. But he thinks it’s a trap and that there’s a small chance that they might come here!”

“What?”

Blake spun on his heels, in his distress he hadn’t even heard Mary approach. She was as pale as a ghost, her hands clenched at her side. “Mom-” he breathed and then felt the sudden burn of tears and he rushed over to her, wrapping his arms around her. It suddenly felt all too real.

“Why didn’t Bruce tell us?” She questioned harshly, her body trembling and he only held her closer. She clutched at his suit. “Oh, god. This isn’t happening. I can’t do this again.”

“Again?” He began and then he realized that she was referring to the night the Joker blew up the warehouses. “Look, I’m fine and Bruce will not stop until he brings Dick home.”

She nodded, tears brimming in her eyes. With anger and fear and perhaps helplessness? “Tell me everything.” She demanded, gripping his arm so hard that he could feel her nails through his suit.

He nodded, “Should we get Dad first?”

“I heard my name,” Jon chuckled oblivious to everything going on as he entered the kitchen and immediately tensed when he glanced around them. “Robin? What’s going on?”

Mary trembled, pulling away from Blake and immediately went to Jon. “They have Dick!”

“Who has Dick?” Jon questioned and they both turned to Blake for answers… answers he really didn’t have.

Blake took a deep breath and told them everything he knew and reluctantly showed them the picture on Wayne’s phone, but he didn’t show them the video… that would have been too much and he knew that Mary would lose it.

“And Bruce thinks whoever took Dick may come here?”

Blake nodded, “It’s a possibility. They sent it to Bruce’s phone, they know who the Batman is and if drawing the Batman to Dick is some sort of trap, then anything could happen.”

“And that’s why you’re still in your uniform.” Jon stated as he rubbed his hands soothingly down Mary’s arms.

Mary inhaled sharply, “Where’s Violet?”

“Sleeping,” Jon stated in that soothing voice he used… always the rock. “We’ll go tuck her into our bed.”
“Nothing has shown up on the security footage and I’ll keep an eye out until they get back.” Blake assured them. “Try to get some sleep.”

Mary looked unsure, “I don’t think I can.”

“Dick has training too, he’s probably waiting impatiently for Batman to show up to give him a lift back to the circus.” Blake pointed out, hoping that that’s all it was.

Jon nodded and then whispered something into Mary’s ear. She sniffed and then she forced herself to take a deep breath. “You’ll let us know if anything happens?” Jon questioned, looking to him once more.

“Of course.” Blake assured them and then he rushed to them, hugging them. They stood there for a moment in a warming embrace. “I won’t let you down.”

Mary smiled, squeezing Blake’s shoulder before they left him in the kitchen to go to V.

Blake turned to Alfred, really needing one of those cookies, it was going to be a fucking long night. “Can I steal some cookies?”

Alfred nodded. “Of course, Master Blake. You must keep up your strength.”

~++~

Almost an hour had passed and there was no news. Which he guessed was good news. He made another parameter check, but everything seemed legit. Blake went up to the roof, needing a bit of fresh air and it did give him the best view of the grounds.

He walked the edge of the rooftop for another hour and then he finally sat down, letting his feet dangle over the ledge.

“Flamebird to Robin.”

Blake’s heart skipped at beat and his breath hitched in relief. “Fuck, it’s good to hear your voice.”

“Did you have any doubt?”

Blake could almost see Dick smirking at him and Blake chuckled. “None at all.”

“Is baby bird okay?”

“Yep,” he jumped up, heading back in. This was the best possible outcome and he had to share the news with their parents. He did promise. “Since you’re on the Batman’s comm link, I assume all is well.”

“Yeah, a few cuts and bruises.” Dick sounded a little funny and Blake paused. “You’re sure baby bird is okay?”

Blake frowned, suddenly unsure. “Last I checked, she was snuggled close to Mama and Papa bird.”

Dick laughed. “Are Mama and Papa bird okay?”

“Yes, Mama bird was really upset, but she’s strong”

“Yeah.” There was a pause and some ruffling.
“Do you have eyes on her?” The Batman’s voice was deep and full of concern.

“No, what’s up?” Blake ducked back into the window and tensed when he felt the curtains rustle a bit too much. He turned back to the window. A shadow moved and he cursed under his breath, immediately striking out.

He shared a few heated blows and then a pair of knives glistened in the dim moonlight. Blake’s heart raced, he wasn’t ready to fight him again. “You!”

The mask seemed to laugh at Blake as he stepped closer to the masked man, but Blake learned fast and expected it. He fought harder and it seemed he learned from the last fight, but the masked man didn’t. One blow to the neck and the masked man stumbled back and was out.

“Robin!”

Blake was breathing a little more heavily by the time he was able to answer him back. “It’s okay. He’s down.” He grabbed his zip ties and tied him up. “How far are you out?”

“An hour.”

Blake nodded, taking a deep breath when another masked man emerged from the shadows. “Fuck.” He began to fight the new masked man. Blake quickly realized he fought the same way and Blake was able to take him down as well. He barely tied him up when another showed up.

“Get to, baby bird, now!”

Blake was hurting, he’s never had to fight like this with such intensity. He slammed the third man away, knocking him out and he stumbled down the hall, racing to his parent’s room. “V!” He called out, but she wasn’t there. Mary was attacking another masked man and Jon another.

“Robin!” V cried as she emerged from under the bed in tears, running to Blake.

“Get her out of here,” Mary insisted as she held back the masked man and Blake nodded as he scooped V up in his arms and ran down the hall. He just needed to get to the cave and everything would be okay. They’d be okay. They had to be.

Blake was a few steps away from the piano when someone hit him from behind. He stumbled and he turned to face yet another masked man. He was really starting to hate that fucking mask.

“Robin!” V squealed into his ear and she scrambled from his arms to his back.

He tried to fight back, but V’s additional weight made him slightly off balanced. Blake nailed a kick, but he miscalculated on the swing and hissed as the knife sliced his arm. He stumbled back, V held on tight and he glared at the man.

“Give us the girl.”

“No!” Blake inhaled as V held on even tighter around his neck.

“You’re a very bad man!” V shouted and Blake couldn’t help but chuckle.

“You said it, V.” He smirked, felt slightly renewed. He used that energy to his advantage and manage to slam the man into the piano, kicking the back of his head until the man slumped against the keys.

Blake was trembling with exhaustion, but he had to hold on. For V. He tried to access the door to the
Cave but the piano was damaged and wouldn’t allow for the correct keys. “Robin?” V whispered as she jumped down and clutched at his legs.

“It’s okay, baby girl.” He hit the keys with his fist in anger and then he scooped V up. “Plan b.”

She curled into his arms and he headed back to the hallway… he needed to get to the garage and just get the fuck out of here until the Batman could get here. Blake made it halfway there when he was attacked from behind. He cried out as he fell and V instinctively jumped out of his arms as he smacked into the floor, unable to catch himself.

V screamed as another masked man grabbed her and Blake rushed up, but he tensed when he felt a blade dig into his back. “ROBIN!!”

Blake shuddered, his hands splaying out in front of him as he attempted to catch himself as he fell once more to the floor. He closed his eyes briefly, but he couldn’t stop now, he couldn’t let down his baby sister. “V!” He kicked at the man that had just stabbed him and managed to pick himself up.

“Too bad you’re so old, my little bird.”

Blake blinked, not sure where that voice came from. “Fuck you.” His fingers caught onto V’s outstretched hand and he squeezed them tight. “Don’t worry, V.”

She nodded, her face becoming a mask he knew so well and he hated that she had to be so strong for her age. “Love you.” She whispered as she let go and he growled, fighting against the hold the man had on him.

He twirled around, swinging out at the first masked man he could reach. Blake cried out as he felt another blade pierce his Kevlar. They weren’t fighting fair and this time he tasted blood, his vision became fuzzy.

And then there was only darkness.

~+~

“V,” he murmured as he came to and he tried to get up. He had to get to her.

“She’s not here.”

Mary. “Mom,” he whimpered and he tried to reach for her hand, but he was so tired. “I’m sorry,” he felt the heat of his tears run down his face. “I tried-”

“I know, baby.” She squeezed his hand and he could hear the tears wavering in her voice.

“Dick?” He questioned, needing to know he was safe.

“He’s with Bruce, they’re investigating all the clues they’ve found.” She kissed his hand and he relaxed. “How are you feeling?”

“Funny,” was his first thought. “Can’t move, tongue feels heavy.” He smacked his lips and he smiled when he was finally able to turn his head and see Mary sitting beside him. “Hi.”

“Hi.” She gave him a small smile. “It’s just the sedation, wearing off.”

“Sedation? Fuck.” He frowned as he remembered the sharp blades piercing his skin. “Was it bad?”

“No too bad, but you did freak your mom out with all the blood.” Jon added suddenly appearing
beside them, wrapping his arms around Mary.

“You look like shit,” Blake commented, unable to stop himself. Jon had a black eye and a bandage around his arm, probably because of those fucking men too.

He laughed, “So do you.”

Blake smiled at that and closed his eyes. “We’ll fucking get those bastards, they didn’t fight fair.” He sighed, “We’ll get V.” He vowed, but first he needed... “Need Jay.”

“He’s on his way, Dick called him and filled him in.”

Blake nodded, “Okay… good. Good.” He was just so tired and he felt himself drifting off.

The next thing Blake felt was a brush of lips against his and he sighed with contentment. He opened his eyes and smiled at Jay. Jason looked like shit... worried. Fuck. Blake must be worse off than he thought.

“Hey,” Jason smiled as he squeezed his hand, sitting down at the bedside… bedside? Oh. Blake blinked, realizing he was down in the Cave’s med bay. He looked around, he hadn’t even noticed the first time he woke up when he first woke up. God, this was so fucked up.

“Hey,” Blake replied weakly, attempting to move but he barely managed to turn his head. His limbs felt heavy and weak... “I’m okay.” He tried to reassure him.

“Bullshit,” Jay snorted as his grip tightened. “You look like shit.”

“I’ll live… but V. Fuck. I-” he inhaled sharply, unable to stop the tears from falling as he felt the weight of his actions. “I failed my little sister. They fucking took her!”

“You were fucking outnumbered, and they stabbed you not once, but twice!” Jay practically growled. “This is why you need a fucking gun, they don’t deserve to live. Your parents are a fucking mess. And the Batman almost took my head off for looking at him... and Dick he feels guilty as hell. Even though he didn’t do a damn thing wrong!”

“I love you so fucking much,” Blake confessed, seemingly out of nowhere and Jay’s anger seemed to fade away. The passion and love that Jay had for Blake and his family was the most amazing feeling ever.

“Love you too,” he smiled and Blake tugged on his hand, “What?”

“Lie down with me, I need to feel you beside me.” Alive and well... Blake needed this more than anything else at the moment. He felt like a failure.

“I don’t want to hurt you... and it’s not really that big of a bed.” Jason began, but seemed to sense Blake’s distress and finally relented and joined him. “Is this okay?”

“Yeah, it’s perfect,” Blake managed to turn into him, he felt like shit, but just being able to feel the heat of Jason’s strong body beside him, made him feel a hundred percent better. It was a start at least.

“It’s time for your pain medication, Master Blake.” Alfred announced and Blake glanced over at him.

Blake shook his head. “No, I don’t want any more drugs.”

“I’ve been given strict instructions,” Alfred stated and Blake suddenly realized that the Batman was
behind Alfred. He was in his suit and as Jason had said… looked like he was about to take everyone’s head off, including Blake’s.

“How are you feeling?” Batman asked, his voice warmer than Blake was expecting. He took off his cowl. He looked exhausted. And Blake just knew he was punishing himself for all of this.

“Okay, I guess.” Blake began, his voice wavering with tears. “I’m sorry, I fucked up and I couldn’t save her- I should have.” He was rambling and he knew it. But he felt so guilty for not being able to save his little sister. He closed his eyes and sighed as Jason wrapped his arms around him.

“It was a trap, Blake. But not for me.” Wayne began. “All the intel points to the fact that they wanted Violet… for what I’m not sure yet. But if all the tales are true, they want her to become one of them.”

“But who are they?” Blake questioned, trying to process everything in his sluggish mind.

“Not many can fight against the Talons like you did and come out alive, you were very lucky.” Wayne reached out and squeezed his hand. “We will get her back.”

Blake nodded, he had no doubt. He- he blinked suddenly feeling really sleepy. He looked over at Alfred. Damn him. He had pushed the drugs into him… when did he get an IV? Fuck.

“Language,” Wayne said and Blake snorted, not even realizing he had said it out loud. “You need to get as much rest as you can.”

Blake closed his eyes, unable to focus on anything else. He could hear him talking to Jay… and then was that Dick? Stupid fucking drugs.
Chapter 24

~Twenty-one~

Dick was feeling awful and guilty, and he wasn't sure if he should be down in the cave with Blake and Bruce, because Bruce really needed a fucking hug, or if he should go up to his parents' room. On the other hand, Bruce had pretty much thrown him out of the Cave so Blake could rest. It wasn't fair, because Jason was allowed to stay.

The best thing would be, of course, if they all could stay in one bed, but that wasn't possible at the moment, not with Blake being as badly injured as he was. And then there was Jason to consider too. Ace whined at Dick's feet and Dick leaned down to scratch him behind his ears.

He was feeling the tension too, and the misery.

Dick should have seen them coming, he should have made it out of that warehouse on his own and warn Blake and his parents.

He sighed and Ace looked up, putting his head on Dick's knees. Even Alfred was a mess. Dick could see it. He didn't know what to do with himself. That's why mom told him to go and rest. Dick had been sent to bed as well, but he couldn't sleep.

And that was why he was down in the kitchen with Ace, staring into a bowl of ice-cream that didn't make him feel better. It was in fact melting.

He sighed again and then he felt someone behind him. He turned his head. Of course, Bruce.

"Can't sleep?" Dick asked.

"No," Bruce replied.

"How is Blake?" Dick wanted to know.

"Sleeping, Alfred sedated him. Jason is keeping him company," Bruce sat down heavily on the chair opposite of Dick's.

"Why did they take V?" Dick asked.

"I don't know, Dick. I don't-" Bruce stopped and shook his head. "You should be sleeping."

"I can't. I want to be with Blake and I want to be with mom and dad. You should be with them too," Dick said.

"I can't. I want to get Violet back. They took her because she is my daughter," Bruce replied.

"Maybe, maybe not," Dick said.

"Dick?"

"I don't know. I- the voice, it said that they wanted me too. They are snatching kids at a young age, aren't they? To make them into – what we fought against?"

"Yes, I believe so, Dick."
“So, whoever stabbed Blake, was once a kid snatched away from their parents,” Dick concluded.

“I think so,” Bruce replied, his hands were balled into fists on the table. He looked scary as hell when Dick looked up at his face.

“We need to stop them,” Dick said.

“Dick. There is no way in hell,” Bruce replied, “That I will let you out there again.”

“You can't stop me! She is mine to protect as well.”

“Your brother is lying in the Cave with holes in his body. From knives. He was just lucky we got to him in time, Dick. He could have died! And your sister is- gone.”

“More the reason for me to get out there and show them why it's better not to mess with our family,” Dick said stubbornly. He knew the risks. It wasn't a game at all. It wasn't fun. It was dangerous and deadly. And now they've been targeted.

“Dick, you aren't good enough.”


“Dick-”

“What?” Dick asked turning just enough to look at Bruce over his shoulder. Ace waited patiently.

“You can see Blake tomorrow morning.”

“Okay, thanks.” Dick said and left.

~+~

Dick crawled into his parents’ bed and snuggled into the space between them. Mom was asleep, but she had been crying a lot. Dad was still up. He put his arms around Dick and held him close.

“Are you alright?”

“Dad, V is gone. Blake has been stabbed, Bruce is a mess as is mom – no I'm not. I'm sorry I failed you all. I should have been smarter. Better. Should have paid more attention in training and-”

Dad put his finger on Dick’s lips. “No more of this nonsense, Dick. You are just a kid. There were so many of them. They knew that we would fight and hard. They came prepared. They divided and contoured. These people-” Daddy took a breath, “these people knew what they were doing. They knew our family. They knew everything.”

Dick shivered under the covers. That was such a scary thought. They haven't even been safe in their own house.

“We will get her back, Daddy,” Dick said.

“I know we will. Sleep now,” Daddy said.

“Okay...” Dick would try.

~+~
Dick woke up to pale sunshine and his mom’s arms around him. He blinked the sleep away and looked at her. She was looking right back. Her eyes were still puffy from crying so much.

“Hi,” Dick said.

“Hi,” Mom replied. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m okay, just a few bruises,” Dick said. Because he was okay. He was still fucked up about his kidnapping, but everything else that was going on was so much worse. Blake was down in the Cave and wouldn’t be up for days. V was gone. Shit, he felt his eyes sting with fresh tears and he couldn’t suck them back in.

“It’s alright,” Mom said. “You don’t have to be brave for us.”

“You don’t have to be brave either,” Bruce said from the door. Dick looked up. Bruce looked like shit.

He hadn’t slept at all, it seemed.

“Come here,” Dick said, reaching out to Bruce. For a moment it seemed like Bruce would refuse but Dick looked at him and he relented.

“Those eyes of yours,” Bruce said as he stripped off his clothes and crawled into bed with them in only his underwear. Bruce put his arms around them and Dick felt save again. He knew he was in this moment. He closed his eyes and fell asleep again.

~+~

Dick was staring at Blake’s sleeping face and biting his lip. Jay had gone to school, because they had to at least try to keep up appearances. Dick had refused to go. He brushed Blake’s hair back from his face gently and looked up at Bruce.

“I think we need help on this one,” he said.

“Help?” Bruce asked.

“Yes, help. Like a lot more people covering ground-”

“Dick,” Bruce said, because he was the Batman and he caught on quickly.

“I mean the police, Bruce. I mean Gordon. He is a friend. I mean Harvey Dent, he is a friend too. You saved his life. Blake saved his life. I bet he knows you are Batman anyway. He’s smart.”

“Gordon or Mister Dent?” Bruce asked.

“Both,” Dick said and as he said it he was sure it was the truth.

“They don’t owe me Dick,” Bruce said.

“I know, but I bet they would want to help anyway.” He got up, so he didn’t feel so small in Bruce’s presence. “These people…they are evil and dangerous. Like a cancer that no one knows about. More people need to know, Bruce. Dent could help – he fights corruption on a bigger level. Gordon needs to know, because I bet there are people in his force that also work for the Court too.”

“He’s right, Bruce,” Daddy said gently. He was holding a tray with food and coffee. “This is too big for only the Batman to handle. We are-” Daddy stopped. “It’s about our daughter. And sons. I want
justice and I want V back. Pride has no room here,” he added a bit hard.

Daddy was burned out. The steady rock that everyone has leaned on was crumbling a bit inside. It frightened Dick, but he would not show it. They were all feeling vulnerable right now.

“You think this is about pride?” Bruce asked and he wasn’t yelling, but his tone was sharp. “If I ask them for help they will be in danger!”

“They’re already in danger, Bruce. Dent is doing really good work. It’s a matter of time until the Court will try to get rid of him. And Rachel. James. Gordon has a daughter and son too. Bruce they need to know what they’re up against. They need to know that they are in danger and if the Court attacks us, you, the fucking Batman, what do you think will happen to those that are unaware? You’re leaving them vulnerable. They will be sitting ducks. They need to know.”

Bruce sighed. “I will talk to Rachel and Gordon.”

“As Bruce Wayne or Batman?” Daddy asked.

“What does it matter?”

Daddy nodded. “Will you tell them about Violet?”

“I don’t see how I can avoid it. You are right, Rachel and Harvey need to know that they’re son might be in danger as well. And Gordon-” He stopped and ran a hand over his face. He looked so tired.

“He is your friend, Bruce,” Daddy said. “He has a daughter himself. He will understand.”

Bruce nodded. “I don’t want to leave you alone I don’t want the press to know that Violet has been kidnapped. They would have a field day with this. That Vale woman has been digging on all sides, trying to find something she can sell about us.”

Daddy took Bruce’s hand and kissed his fingers and then palm. “You shut her down when she was on Blake’s case. She might hate you a bit for that.”

“It’s a shame, because as smart as she is, she could have been an asset, instead of an annoyance.”

“That ship has sailed I think,” Daddy said. Bruce smiled and then kissed Daddy. Soft and tender. Like Dick kissed Amanda. He missed her, but there was no way he could tell her about this. “Go wash up and call Rachel and Gordon, Bruce. I think they should come over for lunch.”

Bruce nodded.

~+~

Daddy stayed with Dick in the Cave. He handed a mug of tea and a pastry over. “How are you holding up, my little monkey?”

“I’m okay. It’s good you talked to Bruce about getting help,” he answered.

“It was a good idea to get our friends involved, Dick.”

Dick shrugged. “It’s what people do, isn’t it? Ask their friends for help when they need it?”

“It is. But Bruce has always been~”
“Stubborn,” Blake said. His voice was faint.

“Yes, that.” Daddy said. He smiled down at Blake. “How are you feeling?”

“Groggy. Alfred gave me all the good drugs, didn’t he?” Blake asked, trying to sit up. Daddy helped him. He still looked pale as hell.

“He did,” Dick said.

“So, what’s this I’m hearing about getting help?” Blake asked and Dick filled him in. “You were right to suggest it. People need to know they’re in danger.”

Dick nodded. “I just hope that Commissioner Gordon and Mister Dent can help us find V.”

“We won’t stop looking for her,” Daddy said. He looked very determined. Like he wanted to grab one of Bruce’s spare suits and go out there.

“How is mom holding up?” Blake asked.

“She’s strong,” Daddy said. “She will be fine once we have our daughter back. And I think it will be good for her to have Rachel to talk to. She doesn’t always share her worries with us.”

Blake nodded, taking a sip of tea. “Where’s Jay?”

“School,” Daddy said. “Bruce insisted.”

“We’re trying to act normal.”

“Yeah, what about me and Dick then?”

“You boys have a bad cold and had to stay home,” Daddy said. “Mary called it in, she sounded half choked up herself, from all the crying she did last night. They probably think all of us are lying in bed with a fever.”

“Gives us a few days,” Blake said. “Can’t keep lying around here. Robin needs to be out there.”

“You are too weak,” Dick and Daddy said at the same time.

“I’ll put it on,” Dick said.

“What?”

“One of your old suits should fit me. They all look the same anyway. No one will notice if I stick to the shadows.”

“I don’t think your mother will approve of this,” Daddy said.

“Or Bruce for that matter,” Blake said.

“I know, I’m not as good as you are, but I can help. At least it will keep the scum at bay. Not showing any weakness,” Dick said. “I will be careful. I’m going to talk to mom now, before everyone shows up for lunch.”

~+~

The talk with mom went as Dick had expected it. But in the end, she said she would leave the
decision up to Bruce. Dick didn’t have much hope Bruce would let him.

He wandered the manor aimlessly until he found himself in V’s room. She only used it to play sometimes. When she wanted to be a princess, instead of a villain for a while. He had drunk tea with her and her doll friends too, and Mister Wong, the big ass teddy bear Bruce has gotten her in Paris. He grabbed the bear and dragged it to his room. He didn’t know if he was going to sleep with his parents tonight too. He knew that Bruce needed them too and that they probably needed – how would Jay phrase it? Fuck all the pain away for a while.

He buried his face into the bear and tried not to think.

He must have fallen asleep again, because when he woke up Tim was lying next to him.

“Hey,” Dick said.

“Hey. I heard about V. Mister Dent and the Commissioner are in your kitchen. Looks like they’re holding a war council.”

“They are. The world just got a lot scarier since they took V,” Dick said. He could feel the tears again, but he refused to cry in front of Tim. Tim was too young to worry about other people’s problems.

Especially the vigilante kind.

Tim wrapped his thin arms around Dick and Dick exhaled. He needed a fuck, really bad right now.

“I told my housekeeper that I’m going to stay here tonight,” Tim whispered.

“We can go down and see Blake if you want to.”

“Blake has Jay, Dick. And I’m here for you now, okay?” Tim asked.

Dick nodded against his thin chest. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.”
Chapter 25

~Twenty-Two~

Blake startled awake and he groaned, not realizing that he had fallen asleep yet again. “Fuck this shit,” he grumbled as he attempted to sit up. He was losing track of the days, being stuck down in the Cave was disorientating. And the drugs weren’t helping either.

“Careful.” Jason’s arms were suddenly around him, steadying him and he was once more so fucking thankful to have Jason in his life.

Blake leaned against him, closing his eyes. Now, he just needed to get out of here, he was done with being stuck in limbo. “Help me upstairs?”

“I dunno-”

“Please,” Blake pleaded, he felt so desperate. He didn’t want to be down in the Cave anymore… “I want my bed and a fucking shower.”

“Blake,” Jay began, “It’s not-”

“Safe, got it.” Blake groaned, pushing Jay’s hands away and regretting it a second later when he barely managed to get to his feet. He hissed at the pain and then he was falling forward.

“Goddamnt, Blake.” Jay growled, catching him.

Blake bit back a whimper and just face planted into Jason’s chest. Everything hurt, he was numb and tired and he just needed—

“What do you think you’re doing?” Wayne demanded and Blake tensed, glancing over at him.

“I just want to go to my room,” even to Blake’s ears he sounded pathetic and he could see Wayne’s eyes soften. “Don’t want any more drugs either… and a real shower.”

“You can barely stand on your own.”

“I’ve got him,” Jason stated and Blake’s heart squeezed tight with love. Blake clung onto him even tighter.

“I don’t think this is wise,” Wayne added, looking him over.

“You can barely stand on your own.”

“Please?”

Wayne sighed, he looked just as tired and worn out as Blake felt. Blake couldn’t imagine what he was feeling. V was his sister and he felt guilty as hell for not saving her… But she was Wayne’s daughter.

“I won’t leave his side,” Jason assured him and Wayne reluctantly nodded.

Blake smiled his thanks and then waited until Wayne had turned away before he ripped out his IV, he wasn’t going to need that anymore.

“Shit,” Jason inhaled, grabbing for a bandage and holding pressure down against the IV site. Blake trembled at the sudden movement and closed his eyes, he felt a little dizzy. “You didn’t need to do
“It’s fine.” But he didn’t sound fine and when Blake finally glanced up at him, Jason just gave him a look, it was full of worry and concern… and love. Blake’s heart swelled and he tugged Jason close, kissing him lightly.

“Blake,” he stressed as they parted. “Come on, let’s get you upstairs.”

“That’s all I want,” Blake murmured…. then maybe he’ll feel a little more human again. And with his head more clear he’d be able to help out more. Now everything was too fuzzy. Stupid drugs.

They took the elevator up and then slowly walked toward his room. Blake smiled when Ace rushed up to him, brushing against him. Obviously happy to see him. “Hey, boy.”

“What are you doing?!”

Blake cringed at Dick’s voice and he shifted closer to Jason as Dick ran over to him, he looked furious. “Just going to my room.”

“You shouldn’t be up like this,” Dick snapped, clenching his fists at his side. “You’re gonna rip your stitches and-”

“I’m fine, Dick.” Blake cut in, trying to reassure him, but he was pretty sure he did a very poor job of it.

“Bullshit, if I ever saw it!” He gestured to Blake. “Look at you! You’re pale and you look like shit.”

“Language.”

Blake’s eyes widened and his gaze snapped over to Tim. Tim. Fuck, Blake hadn’t even noticed that he was standing there. God, he was so off his game. “Hey, buddy…” Blake bit his lip, hating the look of utter disbelief in Tim's eyes.

Tim darted to them, wrapping his arms around him. Blake inhaled sharply, surprised that Tim even initiated the hug… Blake must look worse than he thought. He returned the hug as best he could.

And before Blake could comment, Dick joined in the hug.

The feeling of love and support was a little overwhelming and Blake loved them so much… but he didn’t think he could remain standing much longer. “I love you guys, but I really need to fucking sit down now.”

And that’s all he had to say, before they all rushed to help him the rest of the way to his room. Blake was extremely grateful to sit down, he was exhausted… and he was hurting pretty bad too.

“Can we get you something?” Tim asked, eager to help in anyway. He looked between Dick and Jay.

“Some of that special, minty tea Alfred has stashed away would be nice,” Blake whispered as he held his arm close to his side, guarding one of his injuries as it started to throb.

“And some sandwiches would be good, Blake’s not eaten anything in a few hours.” Jay added and Blake made a face, he wasn’t sure if he could eat anything.

“Okay, don’t do anything stupid.” Dick stated firmly, giving Blake a stern look. He grabbed Tim’s
hand and they ran out of the room a moment later.

“Yeah, don’t do anything stupid.” Jay repeated as he sat down beside Blake.

“Too late,” Blake sighed, rubbing his brow. He leaned into Jay, just needing his support. “Help me in the shower?”

“Don’t think it’s gonna be anything like our last shower.” Jason whispered, almost wistfully, and it hurt to think that it wouldn’t be… that shower had started off such a good day and it ended up the worst day of his life. Well almost.

Blake suddenly felt all the anger he felt earlier well up inside him. His mom dying before his eyes, his father...and now this. He wanted to hurt someone. “Fuck,” he inhaled, but there wasn’t anything he could do at the moment. They made sure of that, the fucking bastards.

“Stop.”

Blake growled, glaring at Jason. “I want them dead, every one of them... and I know it’s not the Batman’s way, but they hurt us, they came into our home... they took V.”

“Blake-” Jason began, but Blake already knew what he was going to say… Jason had said as much before.

Blake leaned in and kissed him, letting go of some of that anger and letting his love for Jason calm him. “I know.”

Jason sighed, “You should rest.”

“Not until I shower,” Blake felt disgusting, he could still feel the tackiness of the dried blood on his skin. He hadn't been stable enough before to get more than a sponge bath.

Jason nodded and helped him into the bathroom. Blake leaned against the counter as Jason carefully took off Blake’s shirt. “Fuck, Blake.” Jason's finger traced lightly over the stitches on his back and side. “Shit.”

Blake hissed at the light tough and he strained to glance at his injuries in the mirror. They actually looked better than he thought. They were straight, thin and only an inch or two long…the width of the blades. But it was the paleness of his skin that made him look so much worse.

“Alfred said that your suit prevented the blade from going in as deep as it could have. You were lucky, they didn’t hit any major organs-” Jason explained as he helped Blake step out of his pants and boxers.

“But, I almost bled out,” Blake finished as he glanced once more at the mirror. “I don’t remember anything after they took V from me and stabbed me again.”

“Yeah, I saw it all,” Jay whispered and Blake’s eyes widened, turning his gaze to Jason and searching his face.

“How?”

“The security footage, Bruce watched it a few times...studying everything and trying to learn more about the attackers. You were so fucking amazing, Blake. You fought them with so much grace and determination even when the odds were stacked against you.”
Blake closed his eyes, not feeling like he deserved such praise. “But they took her.”

“God, Blake. You were horribly outnumbered and they had this planned to a fucking T. They attacked your parents and V at the exact same time they attacked you, and even Alfred was cornered in the kitchen with Ace. And you were the only one that got past the initial attack and took more down.”

“Really?” Blake gasped. He didn’t know any of this.

“I had no idea, I mean I knew they were in my parent’s room… because I grabbed V at that time. But I didn’t know that Alfred and Ace were a part of it too.”

“Dude, Ace has some slick moves too and helped Alfred take one down before the rest fled the scene. Ace was actually the first to find you. Alfred was heading upstairs when he heard Ace howling for help.”

Blake’s chest suddenly felt tight at the thought that it was his dog that saved him. “Like Lassie.” He smiled. “I knew I loved that dog for a reason.”

“He’s pretty awesome.” Jason agreed. “Oh, hey, did you know that Alfred was a medic in the British army years ago? No wonder he’s damn good at stitching you up.” Jason added as he stripped off his clothes and turned on the water.

“Really? Huh, he’s a sneaky old bastard.”

“He’s the best.” Jason turned back to him. “Okay, careful now. A quick shower and then you’re going back to bed.”

Blake nodded, “Yeah, yeah.”

~+~

Blake felt a million times better after the shower, but he was even more exhausted, he really shouldn’t have pushed himself. He yawned as Jason helped him back to the bed. Blake didn’t bother with clothes and just pulled on a pair of boxers. Jason tucked him in and as soon as his head hit the pillow he was out.

~+~

“Blake!!”

Blake startled awake, looking up at Dick. “What?” He rubbed at his eyes and groaned as he sat up.

“You have to see this!” He shoved a tablet in front of him and Blake blinked at the moving image. “It’s Mister Dent!”

“Is this live?” Blake questioned as he fully realized what was happening. He turned up the volume.

“Yeah.”

“Holy shit.” He inhaled as he listened to Dent tell the world that Violet Grayson was kidnapped from the safety of her home and he warned the public that this wasn’t the first kidnapping… apparently there had been more.
“Gordon has men searching the city, Batman is with them…”

“I should be out there too!” Blake groaned as his grip tightened on the tablet. “I have to do something.” He felt disgusted with himself…he knew it was beyond his control, but he was so out of the loop. He knew that Wayne was going to get their help and he knew there was no way that Dent and the Commissioner would deny him.

“You’re healing.” Jason stated firmly.

“But-”

“But nothing,” Jason snapped. “How do you expect to do anything if you don’t heal properly?”

Blake sighed, rubbing his face. “Still feel useless.”

“Batman, Gordon, and Dent have everything pretty much covered.” Dick explained, “Believe me, I wanted to put on your old suit and help out too.”

Blake blinked, that was a brilliant idea. “You should… they need to see Robin out there. No one will notice the difference in our statures, the suit is all that matters.”

Dick nodded in agreement. “That’s what I said! Mom said it was okay, but only if Bruce agreed.”

“He’s a stubborn idiot.” Blake groaned. “He’s wrong, you need to be out there. You’ve studied with us… and it’s mainly for show. To show those men they couldn’t keep us down. They think they’ve won.”

“The idea has merit,” Tim chimed in and Blake turned to him. He didn’t look as shell shocked as he did earlier.

“I’m good like that,” Blake smirked and Jason snorted, shaking his head.

“But how can I? Bruce has now banned me from the Cave-”

“Yeah, but I have a spare in my closet. I tucked it away, ‘cause it was my first official suit… it might be a little snug on you. But it’ll work.”

“The one you got for Christmas?”

Blake nodded, “Come back later tonight and we’ll help you suit up.”

Dick grinned, his face lighting up at the prospect. “Will do.”

“So, what else is going on?” Blake questioned, closing his eyes as he leaned back against Jason. Blake hissed slightly as he shifted. He was hurting pretty bad, but Blake refused to take any more meds.

“Rachel’s been here with James since the war council and has been a huge support for mom.”

Blake raised a brow, “War council?” It was kinda fitting, but he would have never thought about it that way.

“That’s what it looked like, they were discussing strategies and what to do.” Tim explained, shrugging his shoulders.

“Yeah. Then Mister Dent held the press conference and Batman and Gordon went to work.” Dick
added. “And Robin will join them later.”

Blake nodded, it seemed like everything was finally coming together. “This is good, we can work with this.”

A phone buzzed and Dick almost looked startled as he realized it was his. He glanced down at the caller ID and a ridiculous goofy grin crossed over his face. “Gotta take this,” he rushed as he darted out of the room.

Tim looked like he wanted to follow, but refrained. Blake could see how much it hurt Tim to do so, Tim had it bad for Dick. “Bet it was Amanda.”

Blake nodded, wanting to hug him and tell him that it was going to be okay, but he didn’t know if it would be. “Probably saw the footage and wanted to check in with him.”

Tim sighed, glancing down at the floor. “Guess I should go home now.”

Blake shared a look with Jason, he didn’t want Tim to go, but he wasn’t sure what to say. “Are you kidding? You’re the brains of Operation Robin!” Jason stated and Blake squeezed his hand in support.

“I am?” Tim’s eyes snapped to theirs, interest piqued.

“Yeah,” Blake nodded. “I’m kinda stuck in the bed, so we need you to do all the leg work and keep our parents from figuring it out.”

Tim smiled, nodding his head. “I can do that.”

“You’re a good man, Tim.” Blake paused as his stomach growled loudly, interrupting his thoughts. He suddenly realized that he was starving, which was a vast improvement. He hasn’t really been able to stomach anything.

“Finally,” Jason snorted, “The tea’s cold, but the sandwiches are still good.” Jason waved to the side table where there was a silver tray with tea and a plate of sandwiches… he’s fave by the looks of it. “Dick and Tim brought up the tray earlier, but you totally passed out after our shower.”

Blake nodded, reaching over and grabbing a sandwich and taking a bite. He moaned, practically devouring the whole plate of food by the time Dick came running back in. “Hey, how was the phone call?”

Dick flushed and Blake just knew how well that conversation went. “Good.” He glanced around them. “So, what’s the plan?”

Blake considered it a moment, taking a sip of the cool tea… it was kinda like drinking ice tea. He liked it. He savored another sip as he concentrated on how it all would go down. This was for V.

“First, Jason’s gonna sneak down to the cave and the rest will be pretty easy to pull off.”

“Oh, I am?” Jason questioned, a little surprised at the request.

Blake glanced back at him. “If you’re not up for the job-”

“I can do it,” Jason smirked. “No problem.”

“Good,” Blake grinned, leaning in and kissing him. He felt exhilarated, finally able to help in some way. “Okay, so under the guise of fetching me some of the good pain meds you’ll grab my mask and
communicator for Dick. Not sure where it is, but I bet it’s still in the med bay from when they took it off of me.” He glanced over at Tim. “And from what I hear you’re a pro with electronics.”

“Yes,” Tim nodded, looking far too serious… but then for this they had to be.

“Perfect, the rest, like I said, will fall into place.” Blake was sure of it. They hashed out the rest of the details until the plan was ready to go. They just needed to wait until nightfall.

Blake felt good for the first time in days…he threaded his fingers with Jason's and loved how Jason curled around him, making him feel protected and love. This was going to work. It had to.
Dick had never been outside as a vigilante, hell he didn't even have his own suit yet. He had figured he wouldn’t officially go out with Bruce or Blake until he was fifteen. Since sixteen was the age their parents had said it was okay to be out alone when wearing the suit.

He ran his hands over the suit slowly and then blushed as he felt everyone watching him. “What?”

“Looks like you want to fuck it into the mattress,” Jason said.

“Language,” Tim threw in, but he too looked a bit flushed and was biting his lip.

“If you touch Amanda that way, I bet you’ll leave her panties all wet,” Jason said.

“Jason!” Dick blushed.

Blake gave Jason a look, too. “Back to the task at hand,” he said. “You,” he pointed at Jason, “Dirty old man, you're going down-”

“I wish,” Jason interrupted.

Blake glared. “Take this seriously. My baby sister is missing for fuck's sake!”

“Sorry,” Jason said.

Blake sighed. “I'm sorry too. I love your dirty mind. Just not now. You have to go down to the Cave and get the comms, so Tim here can hook us up.”

“Be right back.”

“You get changed into that suit,” Blake ordered. Dick nodded and stripped out of his clothes right there. They were all boys anyway.

The suit felt tight and heavy, he did a few kicks and simple katas and then a handstand.

“Show off,” Blake said fondly.

“Just testing it out. Need to know what I can do-”

“Nothing dangerous. You'll just have to be seen at the Batman's side. Bruce will be pissed anyway that we're doing this, but he will also keep up appearances.”

Dick nodded. He knew that much. Bruce was another person when he was Batman. The mission came first when he was wearing the suit.

“I'll stick to the shadows and won't engage in anything, I don't think I can't handle. I won't hinder Bruce either. I promise.”

“He'll be with Gordon anyway,” Tim said. “This is just so no one will think Robin is hurt. Nothing dangerous, Dick.”

“I just said I won't-”
“Promise me,” Tim cut in.

“I promise. It will be fine. Everyone knows how V looks now. There is no way in hell, the Court can just get her out of the city,” Dick said. “It does make venturing out a living hell. There are reporters at every freaking entrance and one even made it over the wall. Alfred and Ace took care of him.”

“What? When did that happen?” Blake asked.

“The first one showed up just after the conference, demanding a statement from mom. Daddy was at the press-conference with Bruce. But I guess neither of them was teary eyed enough,” Dick said and wondered at how hard his voice sounded.

“Fucking vultures,” Blake said.

“The reporters?” Jason asked as he came back with the comms and mask.

“Yeah,” Dick said.

“They're a fucking plague.”

“Why didn't you two tell me?” Blake demanded.

“What would you have done? Show off your awesome new stitches?” Dick asked.

Jason snorted. “And maybe ask one of them to catch you when you pass out?”

“You two are spending way too much time together,” Blake sighed.

“There is nothing to do. They're freaking reporters. That's their job,” Jason shrugged and handed the comms to Tim. “Now what?”

“Now I'll find a frequency that is secure and not the Batman's, so you don't get grounded before we even start,” Tim said.

“Cool,” Jason replied.

~+~

Dick was too fucking excited, for this to go off without a hitch and he knew it, but he tried his best to be a good Robin. It was strange to hear Blake on the comm calling, Dick, Robin. He was used to being stuck in the Cave and being Flamebird.

He had actually started to reply with 'Flamebird' a few times before he heard Tim's sigh. Tim was disappointed and somehow Dick couldn't stand that at all. He wanted to be good for Tim. Wanted Tim to look up to him, to respect who he was, and what he was doing. Seemed it was the time for revelations. He shoved it all aside and concentrated on the here and now. It was so freeing to use the grapple gun. It was like flying in the circus, but better somehow. He could feel the air and night, and there was no one to entertain, but that didn't mean Dick wasn't showing off anyway.

“This is so fucking awesome,” he breathed.

“It is, I wish I could do this with you,” Blake said.

“Soon,” Dick replied. Because there was no way in hell he would give this up now that he had a real taste of it. He would make Bruce take him on patrol, just for this feeling of absolute freedom in the free fall.
“Robin-”

“Wait, I just saw something. Some kids trying to steal a purse. That is my kind of thing, right?” Dick asked, already landing on the fire escape above the robbery in progress. The woman had been shoved back and Dick was torn between helping her, because she seemed hurt, and going after the kids.

“The victim seems hurt, but the guys are getting away-”

“Called the police,” Tim cut in. “There is a patrol car close by that can pick them up. You look after the woman, Robin.”

“Okay,” Dick said and landed a bit away on the pavement, so he wouldn't startle the woman. “Miss, are you okay?”

The woman looked up at him and then started crying. Shit, Dick thought.

“I called an ambulance too,” Tim said. “Just stay with her until they arrive, okay?”

“Yeah, sure.”

Dick never thought that staying with victims was part of the job description, but then he wasn't monitoring everything. It was really weird to be waiting for the ambulance, and holding the woman's hand while she cried. He tried to make her feel better, but he wasn't sure that he was at all successful.

At least when the paramedics got there she looked at him and whispered ‘thank you’ and Dick felt like his heart was going to explode with happiness. Suddenly, he understood what made it worth it. All the aches and pain and missed sleep.

~+~

Dick stopped two robberies in progress, and one attempted rape, and then swung by the police station to be seen. Bruce wasn't there, but Gordon was.

“I see nothing can stop you, son,” he said and then took a closer look. He shook his head. “Does he know you're out?”

“Are you kidding? He would rip me a new one,” Dick said.

Gordon smiled. “He is worried about all of you.”

“I know, but now that he has help he can find my sister,” Dick replied.

“She's your half-sister, isn't she?” Gordon asked.

“I always knew you were smart, Commissioner. But really, what does it matter?”

“To me? Nothing at all. To the people who took her? It might. The reporters that are camping out in front of the manor? They would have a field day,” Gordon said.

Dick nodded. He knew that. Maybe their parents should come out and make it official on their own terms. But right now, they were having other problems.

“How is the search going anyway?”

“Slow,” Gordon said. “We don't know who we can trust.”
“Batman trusts you and Dent,” Dick said. “Rachel too. I'm sure you can find her.”

“The public is looking out for the girl, too.” Gordon said. “It was a good move to go to the press.”

“He wasn't so keen at first, but Dent has a way with words,” Dick said.

Gordon smiled. “He certainly does. How is your brother doing?”

Dick shrugged and then balanced on the edge of the rooftop they were meeting on. He wasn't even showing off. It came naturally to him. “He's angry at himself and he is pissed off because he has to sit this one out. His boyfriend is keeping him company, otherwise -” Dick stopped and flushed. “I'm crap at being a vigilante,” Dick said, looking at Gordon.

“You helped innocent people today. It's just not in your nature to keep secrets from your friends,” Gordon said.

“I guess...” Dick hoped down.

“You need to stop showing off,” Bruce said. Dick winced inwardly. “People – groupies-”

“Robin has groupies?” Dick asked.

“Fans,” Gordon said mildly amused.

“Yes, and they could probably tell that you are a different Robin, especially if you keep doing things your brother can't and probably won’t be able to do.”

“He is listening in, you know?” Dick said.

Bruce grabbed him by the shoulder. His long cape wrapping itself around Dick and kept him concealed from other people or the night. “He knows this,” Bruce said gently. “Now come on. In the car. I'll drive you home-”

“And give me a stern talking to?” Dick asked.

Bruce sighed. With the lenses Dick couldn't see his eyes, but his body language told him that Bruce wasn't mad.

“Would that help?” He asked.

“Probably not,” Dick answered truthfully.

“Get in the car, Robin,” Bruce said and it was the Bat-voice, so Dick obeyed.

“It was nice seeing you, Commissioner Gordon,” Dick said.

“Likewise,” Gordon replied.

~+~

Dick had expected the drive back to be silent, but Bruce had other ideas.

“I told you not to do it.”

“I helped people. Kept to the shadows, didn't go after anyone with a gun either. I had help,” Dick said.
“Blake,” Bruce said.

“Yeah and Jay,” Dick replied. “They took over the comm and also helped coordinate the ambulances and the police. I think I should be doing that for you until I have my own suit,” he added.

“So you want to go out there once we let you?” Bruce asked.

“Yes,” Dick said. He hadn’t been so sure before. He sometimes hated Cave duty, but he also thought that being out there, facing armed, crazy people was scary as hell. After tonight he knew that what they did was worth the risks they took.

“Your mother will be furious,” Bruce said.

“She said to ask you, if you're okay with me being out there pretending to be Robin, she would allow it.”

“I wasn't and you disobeyed me-”

“Your worry made you blind, Bruce,” Dick said. “They need to know that Robin is out there. That nothing happened to him.”

“It's a lie.”

“Is it? You said it yourself: Batman could be anyone. Doesn't the same go for Robin? Isn't he a symbol, too?”

“You know, Bruce, Dick has a point,” Blake said into their ears. Seemed they were on the official Bat-channel again.

“Blake-”

“And I can't be out there, because I got stabbed, so,” Blake cut in. “Dick is the next best thing and you know you need a partner. You're reckless without someone to watch your back. And we need you steady for this.”

“That's probably why mom wasn't as against it as I thought she would be,” Dick said, suddenly realizing it.

“Our mom is smart like that,” Blake said.

Dick could see Bruce smile out of the corner of his eye. It made Bruce happy when Blake called mom 'mom' and it made Dick happy too. “Yes, she is,” Bruce said. “We'll be home soon.”

“Leave the car at the back. Reporters are still here, even mom refused to talk to them and Alfred threatened them with police and Ace. Some are just diligent.”

“Of course,” Bruce replied.

~+~

Dick was allowed to go out as Robin, every night, until Blake was ready to put on the suit again. He was only allowed three to four hours of patrol because he had to go to school too.

School was a nightmare, because everyone wanted to know about his sister now and reporters were waiting for him and Amanda in front of the school for a statement.
A few even tried to talk to Tim because he was their neighbor and didn't he know anything?

Vicky Vale was on their case again. Asking constantly about Blake and then wondering why Bruce even gave a damn about his friend’s daughter.

Dick told her that anyone with a beating heart would care about a missing four year old girl and Amanda dragged him away, before he lost it completely.

~+~

V had been missing for nearly five days now, and even if they knew that she was okay. Which in this case only meant not dead, everyone was still worried and angry, and there was a lot of self-blaming and guilt going around. It was all bullshit. It wasn't their fault V had been taken, but everyone was feeling guilty anyway. Maybe with the exception of Jay, because even Ace seemed down.

Dick couldn't help it. He missed his sister and if he hadn't wanted to go and live with the circus they would've all been together.

"You know that's bullshit, Richard, right?" Amanda said as he told her. "And why are you telling me just now that you were kidnapped too? And that the Batman had to get you!"

"I didn't want to worry you and besides they took my sister instead of me," Dick replied. She let him put his head into her lap and stroked his hair. It was nice. He needed that now. She smelled like peaches and her hands were soft. Dick got a nasty bruise last night when he had prevented another mugging.

"Richard, you know it's not your fault, right? These people, whoever they are, took V because Bruce is her dad," Amanda said gently.

"What?"

"Don't. I get that you have to keep it a secret, but I'm not blind. I can see how much your parents, all of them, love each other. Bruce is kinda your and Blake's dad too, right?"

"Yeah," Dick said and looked up. She was just so beautiful. Those freckles. He reached up and grabbed her neck so he could pull her down and kiss her. "I love you," he said when they needed to breathe.

"Because I'm smart or because you like how I smell? Don't think I didn't notice, Richard." Amanda said smiling.

"Both. And a million other reasons on top of that too," Dick said and she kissed him again.

~+~

Dick was feeling restless and Bruce was following a lead with Gordon, so he was on the streets alone again. With only Blake in his ear for company.

Finding V was the priority, but it seemed like all hell was breaking lose. There was an outbreak at Arkham and they nearly lost the Joker. Batman had to take care of it. Now the Scarecrow was selling drugs again.

"It's the Court," Blake said. "They're helping those criminals. They're distractions."
“I know. Batman knows too, but he has to take care of it anyway. Who knows how many more people at the police and under Mister Dent are involved with the Court? So far they only got five.”

“I imagine the Court doesn't like that Dent and Gordon are cleaning out their departments and are encouraging everyone to do the same thing.”

“It's only a start,” Dick said.

“I know. I miss her too.”

Dick closed his eyes briefly, finished his midnight snack and then got back to work.

~+~

Dick had known, that he wouldn't play a major role in V’s rescue. He just wasn’t good enough to go against the Talons. Blake had been wounded and he was so much better than Dick.

Dick was glad he could sit this one out.

Dick had been on his way back with Bruce when the news came in. There hadn't been any time to waste, so Dick came with. Bruce had left him in the car, but the comm link was open. Dick and Blake could hear everything.

Dick nearly jumped out of his skin when he finally heard V's voice after what felt like hours. “Just get her out of there!” He yelled into the comm. He wanted to get out of the car, but he could still hear fighting in the background.

“I'm on my way,” Bruce replied.

A few minutes later Dick could see him through the car window as he was leaving the building with V in his arms. She looked tiny, but not scared, Dick thought. She knew of course that the Batman would come for her. Dick got out of the car.

“Robin!” She said as Bruce put her in Dick's arms. “Dick?”

“Take care of her until I'm back. I'm locking the car. Do not get out of it, understood?”

“Yes,” Dick said and nodded for emphasis. He got with V in the car and locked the door like Bruce said.

“Where is Blake?” V demanded.

“At home. He’s been hurt,” Dick said.

“I know. He tried to keep me safe,” she went quiet. “I'm sorry he got hurt because of me,” she whispered and then started crying.

Dick hugged her close. “Hey, it's alright. He'll be fine. He is up and talking and stuff already-”

“Don't lie to me. They said he's dead,” she cut in.

“No, he's not. He's not-”

“But you're wearing his costume!”

“Just because he's hurt, V,” Dick said and then took out his comm. “Here, you can talk to him right
now.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” Dick said and put the comm gently in her ear.
Blake clutched the desk as V’s voice rang over the comm link. They found her, she was alive and that was all that fucking mattered! He inhaled sharply, as the fighting continued around the Batman and waited in baited anticipation for word that V was safe and on her way home.

“Thank, fucking, God.” He inhaled, his heart racing as he heard Wayne hand her over to Robin.

He smiled as his sister insisted on speaking to him and Blake wanted nothing more than to reassure her that he was indeed alive and mostly okay. “Just patch her through the link,” Blake encouraged and a moment later he was rewarded by his sister’s incredulous voice.

“Blake?”

“Hey, baby girl.” He smiled and he wanted to wrap his arms around her and hold her close.

“Blake!!” She inhaled sharply and her voice wavered with tears. “They told me you died and that our parents didn’t love me anymore ‘cause I got my brother killed!”

“I’m fucking Robin, no one can keep me down for long.”

“Language.”

He laughed, of course… she was so much like her Daddy. “I’ve missed you, V.”

“Missed you too, Blake.”

Blake nodded, listening to Dick a moment before he realized he should tell everyone the good news. He rushed, cursing too himself as he tried to remember how to hook up the comm link to the tablet. He had to let everyone know and hear that V was safe. “Okay, I think I got this. Hold on a sec, I’ll find our parents.” He explained as Blake stood up, wincing as he quickly made his way to the elevator with the tablet in hand. This was what they’ve been waiting for. “Mom!” He called out as he caught sight of her first. “It’s V.”

“Mommy!!” V’s voice cried out over the comm link.

“I’m here, baby.” His mother’s smile lit up the room and it looked so good to see a real smile on her face. She grabbed onto Blake’s arm. “Where are you? Are you okay? How are you feeling?”

“I’m with Robin, in the Batmobile!” She began, obviously thrilled and Blake strained to hear Dick saying something in the background. “I’m okay, but I’m so hungry. Their food was icky.”

Blake laughed. “We’ll have Alfred make you a feast.”

“Yay!” She cheered and then there was some rustling and the roar of the engine. “We’re coming home!”

“We’ll be home soon,” Wayne announced through the link. “ETA ten minutes. Batman over and out.” The comm link died and Blake hugged the tablet to his chest. He knew that this meant that the Batmobile was racing through the city to get V back safe and sound.

Jon rounded the corner and Mary flung herself at him, hugging him, and crying with pure joy.
“Violet is coming home.”

~+~

The rest was a blur of activities. They welcomed V home, but their family homecoming was very short lived. Tim had shown up, obviously listening on the commlink from his place. Sneaky little bastard. Blake had even more respect for the kid after this. He was going to be a huge asset.

And after a few phone calls, Jay and Amanda, and then Rachel and James. Blake knew Dent was with Gordon and Wayne had disappeared after their initial reunion. There was still work to be done… but soon it would all be over with, at least for now.

Blake sat down on the sofa, watching everyone from afar.

“She looks so good,” Jason whispered as he sat down beside Blake and wrapped his arms around Blake’s waist. “But the real damage may not show right away.”

Blake sighed, he had a sneaky suspicion that Jay was right. V looked amazing and she was tough, you could tell that she took after her parents, strong and stubborn and so fucking smart. But every once in a while, Blake saw it: the fake smile and the anger that simmered.

“At least she has you and god, your parents are fucking awesome.”

“I just hope that it doesn’t haunt her for too long,” he added. “She’s strong.”

“Yeah.” Jay smiled, kissing his neck.

Blake closed his eyes and leaned into him, exhaustion sinking into his bones after the elation of the reunion had started to fade. “Yeah.” He hated that every little thing still seemed to sap his energy. It was going to be a tough recovery.

“Blake!” V ran up to them, jumping onto his lap. “Are you really okay?” She pressed her small hands on his face and then kissed his nose.

“Just tired, V.” He smiled as he wrapped his arms around her.

V touched his side and he flinched slightly as she pressed her hand against the stab wound. “I hated them for hurting you. They told me you were dead.”

“I hated them for taking you.” Blake countered and V’s eyes widened with surprise.

“But I knew Daddy would come and get me.” She shrugged, “I was good and waited, they didn’t even try anything… they were gathering other kids too.”

Blake nodded, that was what they had suspected. “But you were extra special.”

“Cause I have the bestest Mommy and Daddy.” V grinned, wrapping her arms around his neck. “Love you, Blake, I’m glad they didn’t kill you.”

“Me too.” Jason agreed and V nodded, leaning up and kissing Jay on his nose.

“V!” Dick called out and she pulled away, glancing over at her brother.

She laughed and darted off Blake’s lap and rushed over to Amanda and Tim. James joined them and Blake just watched as they played. This was good.
Blake jerked, cursing as he realized he had drifted off. He looked up at Jon and frowned as he noticed that Jay was no longer with him. “Yeah?”

“It’s time for bed. Everyone is going to sleep in the big bed.” He explained. “Do you feel up to joining us?”

He nodded, not wanting to be left out. Blake was still healing, but he needed this as much as they did. “Jay?” He yawned and then he realized that it was quite and there was no one else but them in the family room. “Where did everyone else go?”

“Jay just left, his mom called. And everyone else has gone home, too.” Jon chuckled. “You fell asleep and we didn’t want to disturb you.”

“Shit,” Blake groaned, rubbing his eyes, hoping that everything was okay. Jason had been spending so much time here, while they waited for news, while he healed.

Jon smiled fondly, but didn’t reprimand him. “He said he’d call you later.”

Blake nodded and was grateful as Jon helped him up. He leaned into him and they walked back to Blake’s room. “I got it from here. I’ll be there in a sec.”

Jon squeezed his shoulder and then left him to get ready for bed. Blake must have been taking too long, because the next thing he knew Dick was beside him and helping him into his pjs.

“You look like shit.”

Blake rolled his eyes. “I’m fine, it’s just been a very long day.”

Dick wrapped his arms around him and hugged him. Blake returned the hug and then they walked to their parent’s room. Mary, Jon, and V were already tucked in. From the sound of it Wayne was in the bathroom getting ready for bed.

“Blake!” V smiled, making grabby hands at him and Blake crossed over to the bed, crawling in as well. Soon Blake was in the middle and V was curled around him, being very careful not to touch his wounds.

Blake just smiled happily drifting off once more in the comfort of his family. They really needed this, one night as a family.

Blake grunted as he lifted the weights one last time and finished his reps. He stretched out, his body was finally back in shape after his injuries. It only took a few grueling weeks of training… it was almost like he was retraining his body. But Blake was feeling really good about his progress and was ready to get back on the streets. In fact, he was probably even better than he had been before.

“Blake.”

Blake glanced over at Wayne and nodded. “I’m so ready to kick some ass.”

Wayne nodded, “Suit up.”
Blake grinned, he didn’t need to be told twice. “Is Dick coming out with us?”

“Not tonight, he has a date.”

“Ah, young love.” Blake chuckled as he crossed over to his suit, to get ready for their patrol. He started to strip out of his clothes and then paused as a pit of nerves suddenly formed in his gut. Blake traced the R emblem, his thoughts darting back to the last time he wore it. The night he was stabbed and V was taken from his hands. Blake tensed, his heart racing and his breathing hitching ever so slightly as he stared at the suit he once loved, but now… he swallowed, taking a step back.

“What’s wrong?” Wayne suddenly demanded and Blake’s gaze snapped to him.

Blake shook his head, not understanding the feeling of dread and he looked once more to his suit. “I-” he began as he felt himself start to hyperventilate. “Fuck.”

“Blake.” Wayne stressed, placing his hands on Blake’s shoulders and forcing Blake to look at him. Blake shuddered, unable to catch his breath. “I can’t, I can’t.”

Wayne wrapped his arms around him, “Breathe.”

He forced himself to finally take a breath and curled into Wayne’s chest. “I’m sorry.”

“What for?”

“I can’t be Robin, I don’t think I can put the suit back on…” Blake whispered as he pulled away from Wayne. “I was stabbed as Robin, I failed my sister as Robin. I need…” he glanced around the cave not sure what he needed. His gaze focused on the Batsuit and he realized what he needed. “A new suit, another identity.”

Wayne nodded, watching him closely. “And Robin?”

“Dick has been Robin for weeks now, on a smaller scale, he’s good. And he’s improved so much in such little time. And you still need a Robin, but I need something else. I always thought one day I’d take on the Batsuit, but maybe something else until then. I dunno, but I can’t be Robin.”

Blake turned back to his suit and everything he represented, it was time to let it go. It had been a huge part of his life, but in order to go forward he needed a new identity and suit.

“Are you sure?”

Blake nodded. “Yes. If you’re okay with it? I still need to be out on the streets, that’s in my blood. I need to be out there, but not as Robin.”

“Talk with Fox and design a new suit and we’ll go from there,” Wayne smiled and Blake felt extremely grateful for this chance and he hugged him. “Did you want to tell Dick?” He questioned as Wayne returned the hug.

“Yeah, thanks.” Blake replied.

~+~

Blake knocked on Dick’s door, “Hey.”

Dick grinned at him as he brushed his fingers through his hair, getting ready for his date. “Hey.”
“Looking good.”

Dick flushed, “Thanks. Gonna take Amanda to the movies. It feels really good to finally get back to real life, ya know? No more reporters and looking over our shoulders over every little noise.”

“Yeah, I hear ya.” Blake knew all too well. It was crazy after V’s return, the reporters hounded them and the immediate danger was gone, but the higher ups of the Court were still out there… so they had to be cautious.

Dick stopped, suddenly turning to Blake. “Shouldn’t you be getting ready to head out on patrol? I thought tonight was the night.”

“Not tonight,” Blake began. “And speaking of patrol, how would you like to be Robin, full time?”

Dick’s eyes widened, lighting up at the idea. “Really?”

“Really.”

Dick flashed him one of the brightest smiles and then he jumped into a double back handspring. Always the performer. “Wait, what about you?”

“That’s still up in the air, something badass, of course.”

“Cool! This is so awesome!” Dick grinned, hugging him. Blake returned it, kissing the top of his head. “I can’t wait until I tell Amanda.” Dick gushed as he pulled away. “And Tim.”

Blake smiled, chuckling. “Have fun on your date.”

~+~

Blake frowned when Jay didn’t respond to his text, he was eager to tell him the news. Even though Blake knew that Jason would be by in a few hours after patrol. “Fuck it.” He grabbed his keys and headed out, parking in front of the old apartment building. Blake paused as he went to knock on the door, realizing he hadn’t been there in months.

He immediately felt guilty and vowed to fix that. Blake knocked and waited until Jason opened the door.

“What are you doing here?” Jay snapped as the door swung open and Blake flinched, feeling unwelcomed.

“You didn’t reply to my text-”

“So that means you have to come right over and check up on me like a jealous boyfriend?” Jay questioned sharply, then he sighed, rubbing his brow. “Sorry.”

Blake wasn’t sure what to say, he’s never seen Jason this worked up before. “It’s okay. You weren’t expecting me… had a change of plans and I wanted to talk to you.”

Jay nodded, gesturing for Blake to sit down. “What are you doing here? I thought you were going on patrol.” Jason grabbed for a cigarette, lighting one up, and blowing the smoke out the window.

Jason looked nervous, antsy and Blake had no idea what to say. “I, um, what’s going on Jay, am I interrupting something? Is your mom okay?”

“She’s okay, I guess…” Jason sighed.
Blake crossed over to Jason, taking his hand. “What is it?” He asked softly, “You’ve been acting weird for a while.”

Jay snorted, “You mean you actually noticed?”

Blake frowned, worrying his lip. “What is that supposed to mean? Of course I noticed.”

Jason squeezed his hand and then pulled him into a heated kiss that Blake eagerly responded to. “God, I love you so much.”

“Love you,” Blake breathed, dragging him into another kiss. “Talk to me... please. I feel like we’re falling apart.”

Jay closed his eyes, “You scared me so much. You almost died and that fucked me up so much.”

“How didn’t you say anything to me?”

“Maybe?!” He gasped, “When you were fighting for your life? While your sister was gone? This has been so messed up and do you know what I was doing while I wasn’t at your bedside? Trying to keep Wayne’s business from Hodge’s greedy, fucking hands and in one piece. I’m failing high school, because of all this vigilante bullshit. And my mom’s fucking using again.”

Blake’s heart squeezed tight and he couldn’t believe that Jason never told him any of this… but then he thought Jason might be over exaggerating slightly on the business side, but then he really had no fucking clue because he hadn’t asked. He was a horrible boyfriend. “Jay-”

“No, don’t. Jesus, Blake, I just-” he paused, “I just need a break from all this. I’m only sixteen, and I feel like I’m falling apart.” He let out a sob and Blake couldn’t remember a time when Jason openly cried in front of him. “I can’t ask you to give up being Robin, I know how much it means to you and at first I thought it was so fucking cool... but now, after all this, I just don’t know anymore.”

Blake needed a change as well, but he would never be able to stop being a vigilante and he couldn’t force Jay to want that… Jason was pretty much thrown into this life as well. Fuck. There was no way around this and Blake pulled Jason into his arms and held him close, tears burning his eyes as he let out a strangled sob, clutching at Jason as they cried in each other’s arms. Blake knew there was nothing he could say to fix this, cause there was nothing to technically fix.

Blake was being selfish and if he begged Jason to stay with him, it wouldn’t be fair to Jason or himself.

They were a tangled mess on the floor, Blake pressed his brow against Jay’s. Just breathing him in and then he kissed him, needing to taste him, to feel Jason close to him one last time. “I want you to be happy, Jay, and if that means we need to take a break...” he let out a sob, his heart twisting tight. “Fuck, Jay, I dunno if I can do this without you.”

And that was another reason, Blake had to let him go. Jason has been his rock and Blake hasn’t been able to return the favor...he really was a fucking, horrible boyfriend.

“We can still be friends.”

Blake laughed at that and then he started to cry once more, curling into Jason’s larger frame. “Make love to me one, last time... please. Something to hold onto-”

Jason nodded, kissing him softly. They always said break up sex was the best... or was that make up sex? Blake didn’t care, he probably should have just yelled at Jay and turned away and make it a
clean break. But he couldn’t do that, he loved Jason and he didn’t think that would ever fade away. He would always love Jason.

Blake mapped Jason’s body, kissing every inch and Jason did the same, touching, caressing every inch of his skin. Jason took his time, really exploring his fresh scars… they hadn’t been intimate since the attack. And Blake needed this connection and prove of life more than anything else.

Blake savored every moment and it was over far too soon. Blake kissed him one last time and quickly pulled on his clothes, leaving before he lost his nerve.

But all he wanted to do was curl into Jason’s arms and never leave.

~++~

Blake climbed up on the roof of the manor and sat on the edge. He felt like he left part of his heart with Jay… he felt empty and hollow. “Fuck.”

“Language.”

Blake startled at Wayne’s voice and he wiped angrily at his tears, not even looking back at him. “God, aren’t you supposed to be on patrol or something?”

“You do realize that it’s two am in the morning.”

Blake cursed again, not even realizing he had been sitting up there for that long… he just didn’t care. “Fuck off.”

“Blake.” Wayne stated, softer and concerned, and Blake glanced over at him. “Your mother is frantic, she called me when they couldn’t find you.”

Blake closed his eyes, “I didn’t mean to worry Mom. I just, needed some air.” He jumped up from his spot. “No, what I really need is to kick some ass and make all this pain go away.”

Wayne studied him. “Do you want to-”

“Not really, but I’m sure everyone will find out soon enough. Jason and I broke up.” Blake’s voice wavered and then he realized who he was telling. “You’re not gonna fire him or anything? Just cause we’re not together anymore. Cause he’s really damn good at his job. And he really needs it too.”

Wayne didn’t say anything and pulled him into his arms and Blake was thankful for the hug and he sagged against Wayne. “No, Jason’s an asset and as long as he wants the job it’s his. We discussed this possibility earlier in the week.”

Blake pulled back, “Jason asked you?”

“Yes, he was worried. I thought perhaps you worked through-”

Blake suddenly felt betrayed and he took a step back. “Earlier this week? You’ve known that he wanted to break up with me and you didn’t say a damn thing to me? I’m supposed to be your partner too!”

“Blake.”
“This is so fucked up.” Blake growled and he fled the roof top, he went to his room and started to get ready for bed. But he didn’t want to sleep alone and he crossed over to Dick’s room.

He peaked in and saw that Dick was fast asleep, Ace sleeping at his feet. Ace barked, happily at his presence and Blake scratched his ear as he neared the bed.

“Blake?” Dick yawned, sleepily as he stretched his arms over his head.

“Yeah, mind if I join you?” He asked, they used to do this all the time and he really needed his brother right now.

“Is Jay hogging all the blankets?”

Blake bit his lip, “Something like that.”

“Sure,” he smiled and curled around Blake as he crawled into bed. “Night.”

“Night.” Blake whispered, closing his eyes and eventually drifting off to sleep.
~Twenty-five~

It was plain weird that Jason wasn't spending any time anymore at the manor. Dick hadn't thought that he would miss Jason that badly. And V was even worse. She was just too young to understand that Blake and Jason broke up. Jason had been a part of her family since her birth. He was her brother as much as Blake and Dick.

“But why?” V asked again.

“Because Jason needs to look after his mom,” Dick said.

“But why?”

“Because his mom is sick,” Dick replied. He knew that Jason's mom was using again. He just couldn't understand why she did it. Bruce had paid for her to get clean. He had hired Jason so they would have at least some money. Dick also didn't get why Jason wanted to do this alone.

“Is his mommy very sick?” V asked.

“Yes, V she's very sick,” Dick answered.

“Is she gonna die?” V asked. Lately she had an obsession with death. Bruce thought it was because she had seen Blake getting stabbed and because he had been kidnapped. Mom wanted to get V a therapist, but Bruce was against it. Even if everything V said was confidential, he couldn't be sure that morals would win over greed once V let slip that Bruce was her daddy or worse that her daddy was Batman. Dick knew that mom and Bruce were fighting because of that, too.

The vigilante life sometimes really fucking sucked. Especially for the people who weren't vigilante themselves, but close to one. He wondered how Amanda would feel if Dick told her about his nightly activities. Jason was clearly fucked up by it all – Dick didn't want for Amanda to leave him because she suddenly realized how dangerous of a life Dick and his family were really leading.

“Thinking big thoughts?” Tim asked.

Dick looked up. “You sneaked up on me.”

“And I wasn't even trying,” Tim replied.

Dick smiled. V smiled too.

“Timmy!” She got up from the carpet and flung herself at him. He caught her without any difficulty. He was growing up so fast, Dick thought.

“Hi, V,” Tim said and hugged her. He was better with the touching now. V was hugging him every opportunity she got and Dick always made sure to invade as much of Tim's space as Tim would allow. They were wearing him down.

“You're never gonna leave us, right?” She asked.

“No, what is this about anyway?” Tim asked.

“Blake and Jason broke up,” Dick said. Strange somehow he had been thinking that Tim already
knew. But then Tim wasn't living at the manor permanently.

“Really?” Tim asked. “Why? They seemed so happy.”

“Because what happened to Blake as Robin fucked Jay up, badly,” Dick said.

“Language,” Tim and V said and then looked at each other grinning.

“You two,” Dick sighed.

“V!” Daddy yelled.

“Oh...” V said, letting go of Tim. “Gotta go. Daddy is taking me to the park with Ace! We're meeting Miss Rachel and Jamie there!”


“James, but she calls him Jamie for some reason,” Dick said. She was calling Tim, Timmy too, he only hoped that she wouldn't start to call him Dicky. That would be ridiculous.

“Okay,” Tim replied. “Have fun V!”

“Will do!” She yelled and was out of the room in a flash.

“So, Blake and Jason broke up, and you're down as well. When did it even happen?”

“Three days ago,” Dick said, leaning his head against the back of the armchair. “It's pretty fucked up to be honest. Blake is gloomy as fuck and he spends a lot of time with Bruce in the Cave. Or alone in the Cave.”

Tim sat down on the carpet and looked up at Dick. “Did you visit Jason? Did you speak to him at all?”

“No, I was...Blake is my brother and he is heartbroken because Jay broke up with him. And I feel like I should be on Blake's side, but – to be honest, and I've been thinking about this a lot – Blake had been selfish. We all have been.”

“Yes,” Tim said. “It's hard to wait for you guys when you're out. Maybe Blake should talk to your parents: I mean, they're always waiting for Mister Wayne to get home safely.”

“He doesn't want to talk to anyone right now, but I'll talk to Mom,” Dick said. “Thanks for listening to my crap.”

“It's all about Blake, Dick. You didn't tell me why you were brooding,” Tim replied gently.

That boy was really fucking clever, Dick thought fondly. “I was thinking about telling Amanda about me being Robin. I mean...it didn’t matter before, because I was mostly in the Cave and it hadn't been a big part of my life. I was pretty much a normal kid with the Batman as a dad and Robin as a brother, but I'm not anymore. Bruce is taking me out nearly every night and my time with Amanda is cut short. I don’t want to lie to her, but what if she decides that this isn't for her? Like Jay did? What if she decides that this is too messed up and dangerous? What if something happens to me like it did to Blake? I'm just really scared,” Dick admitted.

“You don't want to be Robin then?” Tim asked.

“I love being Robin. Love it. I can't give it up, but – I think if it came to it, I would choose Amanda
over being Robin. I just hope – I mean Bruce needs someone out there with him and Blake can't be out there just now, because he has – issues.” He took a breath. “He's waiting for the new suit, but I'm not sure a new suit will magically resolve all his problems, you know? And now with Jason gone. I worry about Blake.”

“He'll be fine,” Tim said.

Dick wanted to believe that.

~+~

Dick had met up with Jason in cafes and parks over the last few weeks, but Jason had always refused to come to the manor and Dick hadn't asked to be invited to the Todd's place.

But now his fifteenth birthday was coming up and Jason had been, and still was considered family. Dick wanted to have him there.

He was drumming his fingers against the small wooden table while he was waiting for Jason to show up. It was getting to cold to take one of the tables outside, so Dick chose one at the back of the cafe.

He was nervous about this, but he couldn't say why. Jason had been to his birthday parties before. It shouldn't be a big deal.

“Hey,” Jason said sitting down. He looked good, but Dick knew that he was taking care of his mom and studying hard for his exams. Bruce had offered to get him a private tutor, but Jason had declined. It wasn't that the stuff was too hard for him, the problem had been that Jason had been distracted and worried. Without Blake monopolizing him, he had more time to focus on school and wasn't going to fail high school anymore. Dick may or may not have asked Tim to hack into Jason's school records.

“Hey,” Dick said and then waited because the waitress appeared magically as soon as Jason showed up. She kept doing that. Dick wondered if Jason had noticed that she smiled at him more than at other guests too.

Jason ordered a coffee and Dick got his usual milkshake.

“What is it? You look nervous,” Jason asked.

“My birthday is coming up.”

“I know. Fifteen and still untouched,” Jason whispered the last words, but Dick looked around anyway. It was totally normal to be a virgin at fifteen. Just because Blake and Jay had been all over each other when they were younger -

“Uhm, yeah, but that's not the point. I mean...sure fifteen-” Dick stopped. “You gonna come to my birthday party? It's going to be huge. And Blake will obviously be there too, but as you guys haven't seen each other for months now, maybe you could be around each other as friends?”

“Dick-”

“Everyone misses you, you know?” Dick cut in. “V would really like to see you again and Tim too and Mom and Daddy and Bruce, fuck everyone. Alfred too and Ace misses you. No one can throw a ball like you.”

“You're rambling,” Jay said gently and he wanted to say more, but the waitress brought their orders and she was smiling at Jason again.
“Sorry- did she leave her number on the napkin?” Dick asked and snatched it away. She did. In green pen. “Her name is Steph,” he added. And she was a pretty, busty blonde.

“I think that one is for me, you already have a girlfriend, Dick,” Jason said, holding his hand out for the napkin.

“You want to call her?”

“Why not? I’m free to do whatever I like, with whomever I like, Dick. That is what break-ups mean,” Jason answered.

“I know, just – isn’t it too soon?”

“It's not like after a person died, Dick. There is no grieving period. And Blake and I – we didn’t. We did what was right. You know that, I'm sure he told you.”

“Yeah,” Dick said. Blake did tell him. It took two weeks for him to open up and sleeping in Dick’s bed every night and beating the shit out of the sandbag in the Cave, but Blake had told him.

“I'll come to your party, Dick,” Jason said.

“Really?”

“Yes,” Jason replied. “Really. It's always such a fucking event. How could a sane person miss it?”

Dick smiled at him. That was good.

“Will you bring a date?”

“Don't know. Would it be okay to bring a date?” Jason asked.

Dick nodded. It was hard to say it, but it was true Jason and Blake weren't an item anymore and there was no chance, at least right now, that they would work things out. And not allowing Jason to bring a date wouldn't be okay. It would probably only push Jay away and Dick didn't want that. Jason was family. “Just – tell me before, because I'd like to prepare Blake, okay?”

“Sure thing,” Jason said.

~+~

“You know I used to be jealous of Jay sleeping in your bed-”

“I don't want to talk about Jason anymore,” Blake cut in.

Dick grabbed his arm and pulled him closer. He could do that now because he had grown quite a bit and because the Robin training made him stronger and faster. He and Blake were nearly the same height now. Blake settled on his side facing Dick. They were in Blake's bed again, because Dick had crawled into it. He had agonized about the Jason issue for the last two days. Bed, under the covers was the best way to tell Blake he had decided.

“But we need to. He's coming to my birthday party.”

“I know,” Blake said, smiling. “I knew he would come. It's important to you and he loves you too, ya know.”

“I know,” Dick bit his lip. There was really no easy way to say it. “He's bringing a date.”
“Oh,” Blake said.

“Yeah. I wanted you to know in advance so you—”

“I could be prepared and not kick that guy’s ass?” Blake asked.

“Her name is Steph,” Dick said.

“He’s coming with a girl?”

“Yeah,” Dick said.

Blake was silent for way too long, Dick thought. “Blake?”

“Yeah. I’m in shock or something. I mean he loves to suck cock. Shit,” Blake said and he sounded all choked up. “I knew he got off on the mixed threesome porn, but it was always about two guys and one girl, you know? I just assumed his bi-sexuality was more of a—I don’t know. I just thought he liked boys more.”

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, no. I don’t know.” Blake stared at him in the darkness. “I like boys and I’m pretty sure I won’t ever get hard for a girl, but it seems it’s different for Jay. I thought about a threesome for his birthday or something—it’s stupid, because we’re not together anymore. How is she?”

“Nice. She works at that coffee place we meet up. She’s a busty blonde. Good reflexes. She eats a lot. I mean she constantly has stuff in her mouth when she isn’t working, you know?”

“No, I don’t know.” He teased lightly. “Did you investigate her?” Blake asked, just a bit amused.

“Maybe, but it was easy. She likes to talk too and she knows I’m friends with Jason. He introduced us too. They haven’t been together for that long, you know. It’s pretty fresh, but he asked if he can bring her with and—”

“You said yes.”

“What else would I have said?” Dick asked. “He is like my brother too. Which is kinda weird, because you guys used to have sex—”

“You kissed him too and he used to perv on you all the time,” Blake said.

“Only one time and that was for practice. Amanda was impressed by my skills, just so you know.”

“Yeah, Jay is a fucking great kisser,” Blake said and then softer: “Shit. I still miss him.”

Dick pushed closer to Blake. “Maybe you should go out and date too. I’m sure there are lots of boys who would love to take you out,” he said.

“I’m not ready yet,” Blake sighed.

“That’s fine too, but,” Dick bit his lip.

“What is it?”

“It’s not good for you, to only go to school and then the Cave and then patrol, Blake. We worry.”
“Well, Dick he was the fucking love of my life. What would you do if Amanda finds out and can’t handle it?”

“I thought about it and I would choose her over Robin, every second of every day,” Dick said.

“Oh-” Blake whispered. “Does Bruce know that you don’t take Robin too seriously?”

“Hey, that’s not fair. I take it as seriously as any of you. I just don’t want it to destroy my relationship with Amanda. She means more to me than the suit.”

“I guess that makes you the better person then,” Blake said sharply.

“Are you pissed because you think you should have chosen Jay or because you think I am not worthy of the Robin suit? Because let me tell you, that yes I talked it over with Bruce and he gets it. It wouldn’t have been his decision years ago, but he also admitted that it might be now. He probably would choose his family over the Batman if it ever should come to that. So yeah, he knows and he doesn’t think less of me because I would give it up.”

“You think I should have given it up?” Blake asked. He was still angry.

“No. I think you made the best decision for you two. Everyone is different. I just don’t want you to get obsessed with the vigilante life. I don’t want you to have only that -”

“I have you too and mom and dad and Bruce and V. Alfred, Ace, Tim. Amanda. Shit, Dick, I'm not a loner. I have family and friends. I'm not gonna fall apart just because I don't have Jay anymore and someone else has.”

“Okay,” Dick said and made to get out of the bed.

“Where are you going?”

“Back to bed?”

“Shut up and cuddle close,” Blake said. Dick didn't have to be told twice.
Blake really thought he’d be okay about it, seeing Jay with a date... but he wasn’t. It was even worse, cause Jason looked so good, healthier than the last time Blake saw him. And for just a moment he forgot and the desire to embrace him and kiss him was overwhelming.

But Blake forced all his feelings back and donned the mask of the good son and acted the part, even though he felt like he was dying inside. And he really wanted to fucking hate Steph, but she turned out to be funny and cute and Blake felt even worse.

“You know, you’re not fooling anyone.”

Blake startled at Wayne’s voice and he sighed, rubbing his neck as he looked up at Wayne as they blended back into the shadows together. “I just,” he groaned, his heart squeezing tight as he glanced over at Jason and his date. “Does it get easier?”

There was a long pause and Wayne squeezed his shoulder. “I’m not sure I’m the best person to ask.”

Blake thought so, he just needed some fresh air, something. “I think I’m gonna bail, Dick’s having a blast and big, fancy parties like this aren’t really my thing....” He darted out of the ballroom before anyone noticed and he went upstairs.

Blake ripped off his tie, but that didn’t help. He needed some air. He darted up the stairs and then climbed up on the roof. The cold air nipped at his skin and he shivered. Blake took a few deep breaths and then went back in when he couldn’t feel his fingers anymore.

“What were you doing out there?”

Blake tensed, turning around to see Steph, of course. “Just needed some fresh air.”

“You must be freezing!” She rubbed her hands down his arms, trying to help warm him up.

“What are you doing in this wing?” He asked as he pulled away from her.

She shrugged, “I was trying to find the bathroom, but I got turned around. This place is huge, it must be like a dream to live here.”

“Something like that,” he managed, forcing a smile to his face.

“It really is amazing,” she smiled, glancing around. “So, the bathroom?”

Blake really wanted to tell her to fuck off, but he didn’t... “Yeah, it’s a little tricky.” He gestured for Steph to follow him as he walked her down to the closest bathroom near the ballroom.

She dashed in before he could tell her where to go next, so he was forced to wait.

“Blake.”

Blake closed his eyes as Jason’s voice washed over him. He didn’t want to see Jason, alone like this... he wasn’t sure if he could handle it. “Jay.” Fuck, his voice was needy as hell and he snapped his mouth shut. He turned to Jason, looking him over. “You look really good.” And he did... which made Blake feel even worse. It just showed how much their relationship had fucked Jay up.
Jason glanced over him, studying him. “You look like shit.”

Blake snorted, he already knew that… he hadn’t felt good in months, not since before they broke up. “Well, since you’re here, you can escort your date back to the party.”

Jay frowned, “Why? Where are you going?”

“My room.” He whispered, this was too much. And god, it felt like no time had passed at all. “It was good to see you…” his voice wavered and he hated that his body betrayed him so much.

“Wait,” Jay inhaled, grabbing his arm and Blake’s breathing hitched. “Can we talk?”

Jason’s touch ignited the desire to touch him back, to kiss him, to hold him close and never let him go. “Fuck, Jay-”

And then Jay’s lips were suddenly on his, it took Blake’s breath away and he kissed him back, just as hungrily, unable to pull away. God, this was what he’s desired for months.

“Oh, my God!” Steph cried out as she came out of the bathroom and they flew apart, breathing heavily. “Damn. That was really hot.”

Blake’s eyes widened, not expecting that at all. “I’m-” he began, realizing he wasn’t sorry at all. He’d kiss Jason again in a heartbeat. “Fuck, I need some air.” He turned, knowing he was running away, but he couldn’t deal with this. He was hard and all he wanted to do was drag Jason into the first empty bedroom and have his way with him.

~+~

Blake fled to his bedroom, collapsing onto his bed… well that wasn’t exactly what he had planned for the day… he wasn’t sure what to feel either. He was all hot and bothered, but it didn’t feel wrong, like it should have. “Fuck.”

“You can say that again.”

Blake sat up in the bed, his eyes locking with Jason’s. “Fuck.” Jason smiled at him and Blake’s heart skipped a beat. “Well, guess the friends thing is out of the question.”

“What about friends with benefits?” Jason asked as he neared the bed. “I miss you, Blake, and being here with you… but I don’t know about the rest.”

“I miss you too, so much. And I know Dick and V, hell even Ace and Alfred-”

“You’re rambling,” Jason chuckled as he leaned in and kissed him again. A lazy, sloppy kiss.

Blake pulled Jason onto the bed with him and it was almost like old times as they kissed. “What about Steph?”

“I really like her, Blake. And I forgot how nice it was to be with a girl… and I know it’s not your thing. But I dunno.” Jason kissed him again, straddling him and Blake groaned as he felt Jay’s erection against his. “God, can’t we just try this for a bit?”

“It’s kinda hard to argue when-” he moaned, thrusting up against Jason as they started to move together… like they were never apart. It was so easy to be with Jason again like this. He’d give Jason anything, he’d be a better boyfriend… friend. “Fuck.”

“Is that a yes?”
Blake nodded, “For now, we can try.”

Jason smiled at him and then he ripped at his dress shirt, gasping in surprise as he ran his fingers over Blake’s chest and then down his abdomen. “Damn, Dick told me you were working out more… but fuck, you’re so much more sculpted and hot.”

“Thought I looked like shit?” Blake teased.

“Well that was before I took your shirt off…” Jason grinned, nipping at his lips as they continued to rock against each other. Blake was so close, it had just been so long.

“Blake!”

Blake and Jay froze, their lips parting as their brains tried to process that Dick had just walked in on them. They flew apart as Dick stared at them in shock, happiness?

“Jay?!” Dick gasped, “Does this mean- what does this- aren’t you with Steph?”

“Um, it’s complicated.” Jason replied, kissing Blake once more and then darting off the bed. “See you back at the party.” He winked at Blake as he adjusted his pants and then ran out of the room.

Blake groaned, “You have the worst timing ever, birthday boy.”

Dick scrambled onto the bed, his eyes bright and hopeful. “Does this mean you’re back together?”

“Kinda? I dunno. We’re gonna try friends with benefits.”

Dick frowned, “How does that even work?”

Blake sat up, shrugging his shoulders. “I have no idea, but I’m willing to try… god, I love him and I’ll do anything to make him happy and this is our chance to start over in a way.”

Dick threw his arms around him, hugging Blake. “As long as it doesn’t make you miserable in the long run.”

“I’ve been miserable for months, in cause you haven’t noticed.”

“Oh, I noticed… And V, and Ace, and mom, and daddy, and Bruce, and Alfred.”

“I got it.” Blake snorted, tugging on Dick’s hair. “Why did you come barging in anyways?”

“It’s time for cake and presents,” Dick smiled. “And I wanted my brother to be there to help me celebrate.”

Blake smiled, feeling touched that even though he’s been a grouch for weeks, months, that Dick still wanted him to be by his side. “Yeah, okay. Give me a moment to make myself look a bit more presentable.” Blake ran his hand down his dress shirt… it had a few buttons missing.

Dick laughed, “And here I thought I was supposed to get lucky, since it’s my birthday.”

“Oh, you have all night… and Amanda has been mooning all over you.” Tim too, but Blake kept that to himself. One day, maybe.

“Yeah.” Dick sighed happily.

“Go, I’ll be down in a second.”
Dick nodded, rushing off as Blake tried to wrap his head around what just happened. But he didn’t have time to really think on it. He quickly got dressed and joined the party.

~+~

“Wow.” Dick whispered in awe, looking Blake over. “I want a new suit too!”

Blake chuckled as he ran his hand appreciatively over his chest. His new suit was finally finished, it was black and sleek, and fit him like a glove. It was made of nanomaterial that Wayne Labs had developed earlier in the year. It was bulletproof, which meant that it would also stop a blade from penetrating through, and that gave Blake a freeing sense that had weighed heavily on him since the attack. It made him feel less vulnerable, safe.

“Have you decided on a name?” Wayne smiled as he looked over him and finished suiting up as well.

“I dunno, nothing comes to mind, you came up with Robin after all.” Blake shrugged as he did a few moves, the fabric was lighter and it was practically seamless as it moved with him. He did a few back handsprings and jumped up with a flourish.

“Show off,” Dick teased as he pulled on his own cape.

Blake laughed, feeling so fucking good. He had even opted to go capeless and found that his movements were even more fluid without the cape to get in the way. “You know it!”

“Robin you’re with me,” Batman officially stated, heading to the Batmobile. He glanced over at Blake. “I assume you’ll take the bike?”

Blake blinked, he hadn’t even thought about that. With Robin out on patrol too, he’d be able to use the bike. “Yes.”

“Be safe.”

Blake grinned, he was now officially on his own too. “Naturally.” He waved goodbye to them and then darted to his bike. This was going to be fucking fantastic night.

~+~

Blake stretched after he finished taking out two muggers and tying them up. Blake grinned, he hadn’t even broken a sweat. He felt exhilarated and happy and he suddenly needed to see Jason.

He called the cops and waited until he saw the lights in the distance before he darted up the building and into the night. Blake raced over to Jason’s building and watched for a moment.

Blake watched from the shadows as Jason kissed Steph goodnight and she left. He felt the heat of jealousy, but he stayed hidden, waiting until Jason went out on the roof for a smoke. And that was Blake’s clue.

He landed silently on the rooftop and approached him. “Jay.”

Jason inhaled sharply, making him cough as he turned to Blake. “Jesus, Blake. You scared the crap out of me.”

“Sexy.” Blake teased, taking a step closer.

Jason blinked, eyes widening as he got a better look at him in the dark. “Damn.” He tossed the
smoking butt away and reached out and touched Blake’s suit.

Blake pulled him closer, kissing him deeply and loving how Jason responded in an equally hungry kiss. Blake licked his lips, tasting the remnants of his cigarette and something else. “Strawberry lip gloss?”

Jason chuckled, wrapping his arms around him and just kissed him again.

Blake growled, licking and kissing him, wanting him to only taste Blake on his tongue. “I want you so bad.”

“Good night?” Jason teased as he ran his fingers over every inch of the new suit.

“Very.”

~+~

Blake curled against Jay, resting his head against Jay’s chest and listening to his racing heart. It matched his own as they came down from their orgasms. Blake missed this more, the closeness and intimacy of just being in each other’s arms, than the actual sex. It had been a very long time since they did this in Jason’s small room… but it was fitting. A new start.

Blake traced his fingers over Blake’s scars, it was soothing in a way and Blake knew he must be thinking about his vigilante activities and their break up.

Blake threaded his fingers with Jason’s stilling his hand. “Do you think I chose wrong?”

“Huh?”

“Dick said if Amanda had asked him, that he would have chosen her over being Robin.” Blake explained as he glanced up at Jason.

“But I didn’t make you choose,” Jay protested, squeezing his hand. “I thought a lot about that, I even talked to Bruce about it.”

“I was so pissed about that, you have no idea.”

Jason snorted, “I asked him not to tell you, I was just so confused…” He leaned in, kissing Blake softly. “Thank you for making it easier for me. You didn’t fight me, you let me go.”

“If you love somebody, let them go, for if they return, they were always yours. If they don’t, they never were.” Blake whispered, quoting the line he read long ago. It meant so much more to him now than ever before. “And I had hoped that we’d reunite at some point… I was such a fucking horrible boyfriend.”

“No, you weren’t.”

Blake shook his head. “Yes, I was focused on me and being Robin and everything else. I made you come to me, the manor. I was selfish and-”

Jason kissed him, the rest of Blake’s words dying on his lips as he returned it. “I think we were both to blame, I should have said something sooner.”

Blake nodded, dropping it for the moment, and his thoughts turned to Jay’s new girlfriend. “So, Steph… have you-”
“No, we haven’t, just some intense make out sessions. She doesn’t want to rush into anything, especially with our history and I kinda agree.”

Blake couldn’t help but sigh in relief. “I was so jealous when I saw you kissing earlier.”

“Really? It got her all worked up, seeing us kiss.” Jason chuckled. “It really turned her on.”

“Huh.”

“And she totally has a huge crush on Robin.”

Blake’s eyes widened, surprised. “You’re joking.”

“Nope, did you know there is a huge webpage dedicated to you-?” Jason paused, “Wait, you were in a new suit, so does that mean you’re not Robin anymore?”

“Dick is Robin now,” Blake clarified. “I just couldn’t put the suit back on, I had some major issues with it after the attack. So I’ll adopt a new name to accommodate the new suit.”

“I can see that… and you were fucking hot in the new outfit. People are going to go batshit crazy over you in this one.”

Blake chuckled, “Yeah, a new webpage?”

“Fuck, it’ll be dedicated to your ass. Damn you looked good.” Jason grinned, squeezing his ass and Blake chuckled. “So what’s your new name to match it?”

“I dunno, Wayne came up with Robin… since it was my given name and I’d answer to it without hesitation even though I had gone by John by then. It was still my name. But now Robin is like Batman, a symbol.”

“Oh, yeah. True.” Jason nodded, tugging on Blake’s hair. “I prefer Blake. It’s sexier, in case you were wondering.”

Blake grinned, “Naturally.”

“You’ll have to come up with a name soon, and I love the suit, but you need some splash of color. Ya know?”

“You think so?” Blake had considered it, but he liked the all black. “It was my first night trying it out, which got me all hot and bothered, and then I had to see you… and well. I think you can figure the rest out.”

“Oh, I’m pretty sure.” Jason kissed him, pushing him back onto the bed and straddling him. “Blue, you look good in blue. Over your chest.” He brushed his fingers over his chest, in a wide V. “Like that, and down your arms… so fucking hot.”

Blake liked the idea, even more because of the V shaped over his chest. A symbol for his sister as well, it was fitting. “I’ll talk to Fox, I’m sure it can be arranged.” He pulled Jason down to him, kissing him. “Can I stay the night?”

Jason smiled. “I’d like that, mom’s at work…” he worried his lip and Blake knew something was up.

“How is she doing?”

He shrugged. “She has her good and bad days, I really thought the rehab center would help…”
“Is there anything I can do?” Blake wanted to help, but he knew that they had tried everything in their power so far.

“No, but thanks. It has to be her decision, ya know?” Jason sighed, dragging his fingers through his hair. “She’s a good mom or she tries to be for the most part, but she’s an addict and I just have to face that.”

Blake knew there was nothing he could say, so he just held Jason close, kissing him. They cuddled, kissing lazily until they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

~+~

“You didn’t come home last night!” Dick stated as soon as Blake walked into the manor, with a knowing smirk on his face. Ace barked, wagging his tail and Tim petted his head. A welcoming party of sorts.

Blake snorted, he had hoped that he’d be able to sneak in without anyone noticing. He had called Wayne, so not to worry anyone the night before. “And?”

“You were with, Jay, weren’t you?”

Blake smiled, thinking back on the evening. It was good, being able to reconnect… he still didn’t know where this was going to lead them. But he was willing to try.

“I think that was a yes. He has that lovey dovey look again.”

Blake glanced over at Tim. It still blew Blake’s mind how smart Tim was. “Yes, I did. Now can I go to my room to shower and change?”

“But we were waiting to show you!” Dick grabbed his hand and tugged for him to follow him, so he did.

“See what?”

“You already have a fan page!” Tim explained as they went into the media room and pointed to the laptop.

“Well shit,” Blake gasped, they had joked about it last night, but he didn’t think that they’d have one already out.

“Language,” Tim reprimanded and Blake snorted, rolling his eyes.

“They’re calling you Nightwing.” Dick began as he pushed a few buttons and brought up a fuzzy picture of him last night on patrol.

“Nightwing?” Blake repeated, “Is that even a thing? How did they even give me a name? It’s not like it’s up for a vote or anything.”

Tim coughed, his cheeks flushing. “I gave it to you.”

“What?”

Dick nodded. “Tim was monitoring the sites while we were out on a patrol… did you know there’s a huge Robin website? And there was a whole discussion about your appearance!”

“I just heard about the site from Jay.” Blake began as Dick went through a few pages and there was
a ton of shit. Most of the pictures were of him and Bruce… but there were a few newer pictures of Dick as Robin. And speculation of a new Robin, which were proven true with his appearance last night. “Huh.” He glanced over at Tim. “And you thought of Nightwing?” Blake chuckled. “So does that mean you’re a fanboy of Robin too?”

“Duh,” Tim tried to act nonchalant about it, but Blake could see the pink flush of his cheeks. “Well they were calling you Batboy… and I thought that sucked.”


“Well, Dick was Flamebird for a while before he adopted Robin… and in Kryptonian legend, Flamebird was a God and his partner and mate was Nightwing, so I thought it kinda fit. And it goes with the Batman motif better than Flamebird.”

Blake nodded, “Interesting, but I never heard of Kryptonian before.”

Tim huffed, “Of course not, it’s mostly forgotten. But, I found some old archives and read all about it.”

“Of course you did.” Blake grinned, reaching over and ruffling Tim’s hair. Tim grinned, playfully swatting his hand away. “So, you think I’m Godlike?” Blake puffed out his chest. “Nightwing,” he whispered trying out the name. “I like it.”


“Has a nice ring to it.” Blake nodded. “Nightwing it is, thanks Tim.”

Tim smiled brightly, one of those rare, giving smiles.

“So, show me more about this fan page.”

Dick and Tim showed him all about it and more, it was simply fascinating. He spent the rest of his day with the boys and later V joined them for some board games… he didn’t realize how much he missed this. He had been so angry and hurt, that he focused everything on his training and nothing else. Being back with Jay had opened his mind to so many things.

He’ll just have to take one day at a time.
Chapter 30

~Twenty seven~

Dick had no idea what Jay and Blake were doing, but it seemed to help Blake. He wasn’t so gloomy anymore and he was really fucking kickass, once he was allowed out of the Cave. The new website was of course ridiculous. Half the people tried to guess what the big blue V meant, and the other half of it was dedicated to Blake’s – Nightwing’s ass.

Dick looked at his ass in the mirror.

“It looks good,” Amanda said from the door.

Dick blushed. “What?”

“I know you and your brother were stalking that website again. I get why Blake does it, he’s gay after all, and that Nightwing has a great ass, but you?”

“Is it better than mine?” Dick asked. He wore a cape as Robin, it wasn’t fair. He couldn’t even show anyone his ass. Maybe he should talk to Bruce about the whole cape thing anyway. Not only because his ass looked good in the new uniform, but because the cape was hindering him.

“You have the best ass, Richard,” Amanda said, coming closer.

He felt breathless when she kissed him, and he was even more breathless once she grabbed his ass and pushed him against the wall. It did things for Dick to be pushed around by her a bit, he liked when she was in control. When she got all predatory on him.

She nipped his lip and stepped back. She was breathing heavy too and her cheeks were flushed. “Are your parent’s home?”

Dick shook his head. “No, only Alfred.”

“He doesn’t come up here, does he?”

“No,” Dick said.

“Okay,” Amanda replied and grabbed for his pants. Her hand felt really good on his cock. His head banged against the wall when she slid down to her knees and started licking it, Dick had to stuff his hand into his mouth, so he wouldn’t scream. They hadn’t done this before, but it felt fucking incredible. No wonder everyone was so into it. And then she took his cock in her mouth and sucked gently. He wanted to grab her hair like the guys in Blake’s porn movies, but didn’t, he clenched his free hand into a fist at his side instead and tried not to make any noise. His hips were thrusting on their own, until she grabbed them and pressed his ass into the wall too, and then she just sucked harder.

Dick came with a muffled groan, Amanda was a bit breathless and also choking a bit.

“Sorry-” Dick started.

“It’s alright, I thought I could swallow,” she said. Her voice had a raspy quality to it that he really liked and that made his cock twitch with interest. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and smiled at him.
“Come here,” he said, pulling her up and close, so he could kiss her, tasting himself on her lips. It was strange, but not gross, Dick decided. He let one of his hands slide between her legs and could feel her wet and hot against his fingertips. She wriggled a bit, pressing into him.

“You don’t have to—”

“Are you kidding?” Dick said. He kissed her again and walked her to the bed, where she let herself fall. He pulled her tights down, and then her panties too. He loved that she was wearing dresses and skirts all the time. “Been thinking about this since I saw it the first time in a movie—”

“A movie, hmm?” She teased.

He kissed her pussy and then spread her open, so he could get at her clit. Dick didn’t have the faintest idea what he was doing, but it seemed to work just fine. The noises she was making told Dick volumes about how good he made her feel, and he liked how soft she was and slippery too. He wondered how it would feel to slide into that tight heat and wetness and hoped he would find out soon.

Amanda it seemed didn’t have any qualms about grabbing Dick by the hair and pulling him in. He pressed his lips harder onto her and then sucked her clit like she had sucked his cock. She came suddenly with a muffled cry. He could feel it on his tongue.

“Shit,” she whispered and let go of his hair. “Sorry.”

“It’s alright,” Dick replied, kissing her stomach.

“Was this okay?” She asked.

“Yeah, I kinda want to do it again,” Dick confessed. “Seems, oral is totally awesome.”

She laughed softly and then he kissed her stomach again before he joined her on the bed. His cock was hanging out, but she didn’t have any panties on. They were a mess – and every parent’s nightmare, Dick guessed. He needed to ask Blake for condoms or Jay. Jay for sure as hell had some, because he was with a girl now too.

“We better get cleaned up, before mom has a heart-attack or her hopes up,” Dick grinned.

“Her hopes up?”

“For grandchildren,” Dick said.

“Not sure I’m ready for that.”

“Mom was seventeen when she got pregnant.”

“Really? But you’re only fifteen,” Amanda said, “And your mom is only 36. That doesn’t add up.”

“She lost the baby,” Dick said.

“Oh,” Amanda replied.

“They wanted to call him Jon, like my dad,” Dick said.

She grabbed his hand. “Dick—”

“It’s alright. I have Blake. It was meant to be, you know? His name is John too.”
“What?”

“His birth name was Robin John Blake, but he went by, John, before he became a Grayson.” Dick said. “Now he's Blake Grayson.”

“Robin John Blake,” Amanda said slowly.

“Yeah,” Dick replied. Suddenly he wanted to tell her everything. Especially about his nightly activities. Soon he would be sixteen, and that would mean that he would be allowed to go on patrol alone. Like Nightwing. And besides, he didn't want to lie to her, to keep secrets from the person he loved so much. Everyone else knew about it. Even Miss Rachel and Mister Dent. Jamie probably too. He had to talk to Bruce about it. “My mom used to call me that too, Robin, when we were still living in the circus.”

“I sometimes forget that you grew up in a circus.”

“I'm not sure that is true anymore, you know? I mean we came to live with Bruce when I was eight.”

“Because your parents fell in love,” Amanda said. “And Bruce fell in love with your parents.”

“Is this weird for you?” Dick asked, he had never had that impression, but-

“No, I think it's wonderful that they had so much love in their hearts to be able to include Mister Wayne and later Blake and V and Tim-”

“And you,” Dick said. “You are such a big part of our family.”

She smiled and he kissed her again. Yeah, he really needed to talk to Bruce about it.

“Come on,” she said, pulling him up. “We need to clean up.”

“I can lick you clean-”

“In the shower?” She asked and sounded rather breathless.

Dick grinned. “Yeah.”

~+~

“You know, Bruce wanted to shut down the website,” Blake said.

Dick closed the window and turned in the chair to look at Blake. “Really?”

“He says it focuses on the wrong things.”

“Their focus is on your ass and how lovely it looks in your suit,” Dick replied. “He's probably jealous. No one has ever written anything about his ass.”

Blake laughed. “Possibly. But I doubt that. I mean mom and dad are all over his ass.”

“Urgh. They are our parents!”

Blake shrugged. “Can't help it. Sometimes, I still jerk off to Bruce and Jon. He's Jon then and not dad, okay?”

“I don't get it, but you were an impressive kid back then,” Dick replied.
Blake ruffled his hair. “So why were you stalking the Robin and Nightwing websites?”

“I want to change my suit. I don't want the cape. I feel better without it.”

“I get that. It hinders, but it's also bulletproof and I don't think Bruce or mom for that matter will let you leave it at home.”

“Crap,” Dick sighed.

“You can still try, I guess-”

“Nah...there’s another issue that needs to be solved first. I wanna tell Amanda soon. After my sixteenth birthday.”

“That's still more than half a year away, Dick.”

“Time runs fast when you're happy, Blake.”

“Were you watching, Interview with the Vampire, again?”

“I do that when I feel mortal,” Dick said.

“Dude, you are mortal,” Blake laughed.

“Don't 'dude' me,” Dick replied, but he was smiling too. “It's good that you and Jay are back together. You are way happier and it's a pleasure to be around you again.”

“Gee, thanks.”

“So, double date this Saturday?”

“Can't,” Blake said. “Jay and Steph are going to the movies.”

“So, you and Steph are sharing then?”

“I guess,” Blake replied. “Yeah, it seems like shared custody. I'm kinda jealous when I see them together and she is turned on when she sees us together. It's weird and complicated, but I love Jason, so-” he shrugged.

“This isn't like with our parents, and it won't ever be, right?”

“Yeah. I'm just not into girls. They don't do anything for me,” Blake said.

“Okay. As long as you guys are making it work and you're happy,” Dick said and hugged Blake tightly. Blake hugged back.

~+~

Dick knew that the college talk had been had by everyone, because Bruce was angry and mom was worried.

Blake was kinda pissed, “I just don't want to go, why don't they get it?”

“Because they think that it's important to have a goal, and do things that make one happy and-”

“I like being Nightwing and I am helping people.”
“But you can't be Nightwing by day, Blake,” Dick said gently. “What will you do the whole day, every day for the rest of your Nightwing career? I know Jay is going to college. He's enrolling in business classes. Steph is going too.”

Dick and Steph had become fast friends. He liked her and Amanda liked her too. They went to the fair just last weekend. Blake had been on patrol, but Dick had taken the night off. Bruce got it. Dick thought it was good for Bruce to have Mom and Daddy in his life. They took him to the fair on Sunday and came back late, giggling like teenagers. He liked seeing their parents happy.

“And just because Steph is going, I have to do it too?” Blake snapped. Steph was a touchy subject.

Blake liked her, but he was also jealous. It fucked a bit with him. Especially because everyone else liked Steph too. She was goofy and funny and sometimes mean like a boy. And she had great tits, Dick thought in the privacy of his head.

“No, but your grades are good and Bruce wants you to have all the chances you could possibly have.”

“I just want to help people and continue being Nightwing.”

“Miss Rachel helps people,” Dick pointed out. “As does Mister Dent.”

“Yeah, not seeing myself as a lawyer.”

“What about the police then? Gordon sure as hell needs good people. And you're wearing the black and blue anyway,” Dick winked. He was expecting Blake to shoot him down, but he had his thinky face on instead.

“Police? I could talk to Commissioner Gordon about it, I guess.”

“This is just one option. You could still be a doctor. It would be handy to have one in the family,” Dick said.

“What are you gonna do, once you're done with school?”

“I want to go back to the circus for a while,” Dick replied. He didn’t even have to think about it. He wanted to be on the road again and perform. “Help people in other cities.”

“So, you don't want to go to college or university either, but I have to?”

“I have a plan. You still don't know what you want to do with the rest of your days, Blake. It's not about school, it's about starting something new and doing something meaningful – even if it's only meaningful to you – with your life. And me being on the road and performing, helping people in other cities, that is what I want to do with my life after school. At least for a while.”

Blake sighed. “I guess, you have a point.”

“Obviously,” Dick replied, cheekily. “Just tell Bruce that you are looking into other stuff. He knows that school isn't everything. He did end up in a circus after all.”

Blake laughed. “Yeah, good for everyone involved.”

“Yeah,” Dick said, because it was.

~+~
Dick was a bit nervous about talking to his parents. He knew that Daddy would probably be on his side. Mom too. She had been in favor of Jay knowing the secret after all.

It was all about Bruce really, and Dick got it. A secret identity was only secret if no one knew. And a lot of people did by now. But they were all close. Amanda was Dick's girlfriend of two years now. He loved her. He wanted to have kids with her – in a vague sense and future.

“Mom, Dad, Daddy? Can we talk,” Dick asked after dinner. Blake nodded and took V by the hand to go outside and play with Ace.

“That sounds serious,” Daddy said.

“Well, it is. Kinda. It's nothing bad.”

“We're listening, Dick. Is it about Amanda? Do you have questions about sex? I know that Blake is probably not as much help when it comes to girl-parts,” Mom teased.

“No, I can ask Jay about that. He isn't grossed out by girl-parts,” Dick smiled.

“What is it Dick?” Bruce asked.

“I want to tell Amanda,” Dick said. He didn't need to say what he wanted to tell Amanda.

“No.” Bruce replied and Dick knew he would say that, because that was exactly what he had told Blake all those years ago. “And don't even think about kissing her wearing your Robin suit either,” he added.

“I love her and I don't like lying to her when I have to cancel dates. Or about my bruises and shit like that,” Dick said.

“Language,” Bruce sighed.

“I don't want to lie to her all my life.”

“You're both still very young, Dick,” Bruce said.

“Blake and Jay were younger,” Dick replied.

“That is very true,” Daddy said. “But maybe you can wait a bit longer?”

Dick kinda felt betrayed by his Dad. “I guess, until I'm sixteen. Because then I can go out there alone and beat scum up, I should be able to judge whom I can trust and tell my secret, right?” Dick argued.

Mom smiled at him, pulling him close to her. “Yes. Absolutely.”

And just like that, Dick thought, he had won. Because neither Daddy, nor Bruce would contradict Mom now.

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Don't mention it, Dick. I believe you can make your own decisions in this case. Your arguments were solid.”

He hugged her a bit tighter and she kissed the top of his head.

~++~
"Can't fucking believe you won her over," Blake whispered. V was sleeping in his bed too, so they had to be quiet. Ace was kicking in his sleep, Dick could hear him at the foot of the bed. He was dreaming, it was fucking cute.

Dick grinned in the darkness. "I'm just good like that, and you did pave the way. Like a good big brother should. It will be a freaking breeze for V, once she wants to tell her significant other."

Blake looked down at their sister. She was nearly six now too. She was growing up so fast and making a shitload of friends in kindergarten.

"Guess so," Blake said. "Shit, sweet sixteen, and still untouched?"

"I wouldn't say untouched, you know?" Dick whispered. He checked V's breathing, making sure she was deeply asleep and said: "We do have a shitload of oral sex."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, and it's really good. I mean. I really like to go down on her," Dick could feel himself blush.

"That's good. I knew you wouldn't be selfish about it. If I were into girls, I would have given you pointers," Blake said.

"It's okay. We're figuring it out together, and she does watch porn with me too," Dick replied.

Amanda liked the mixed threesomes as well. Dick had borrowed those from Jay. Seemed it was a thing for some girls to watch two guys kiss. But she also got hot and bothered with one guy and two girls in the mix. Dick didn't know if it was all the teenage hormones or her just being open minded. He hoped for the later.

"Yeah? What kind?"

"Stuff I borrowed from Jay. So, uhm, the threesome stuff does it for both of us. There is just something about it, I don't know."

"Like father like son, then?" Blake teased.

"Maybe?" Dick said. "Maybe it's just because I'm a teenage boy and pretty much anything makes me hard?"

"So, thinking about boys too?"

Dick thought about it. He had never thought about boys when he was jerking off. He was only ever thinking about Amanda, but the mixed threesomes didn't gross him out. He just wasn't sure about it. "I don't know. I'm not jerking off to random guys I've seen at school, but I don't find it gross when I see it in the movies. What does it mean you think?"

"That you're a healthy, open minded teenager, Dick," Blake said. "And that more people should be like you."

Dick grabbed for Blake's hand under the covers. "Did you get shit at school for being with Jay and openly gay and all that?"

"Nah, I didn't," Blake said.

"You think Jay did? I mean...would you have gotten shit when you weren't practically a Wayne?"
“He didn't tell me if he got shit for it,” Blake said. “I never thought to ask. Shit. I was a horrible boyfriend.”

“Nah...you live, you learn. You ask him stuff now, right?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“It's all good then,” Dick said and cuddled closer.

“I guess,” Blake replied.

“Sleep now, Blake.” Dick said, kissing Blake's forehead in the dark.

Blake sighed in contentment.

~+~

“So, you'll be the guy that looks like Lucas,” Dick said, pausing the video.

“He could be Parker for all we know,” Blake said.

“You don't even know Parker,” Dick pointed out. He liked Lucas a lot, though. Jay's new roommate was kinda cool. And also cool with Blake being Jay's boyfriend. They got along just fine.

“They look the same, because they're twins,” Blake said.

“Whatever, so you would be the blond guy that is fucking into the black boy, who is fucking the girl,” Dick said.

“That would mean I can't see Jay's face.”

“Well, you can't be the guy fucking the girl, because you don't get hard for girls,” Dick said. Why was Blake even trying to have a threesome with Jay and Steph? It seemed ridiculously complicated now, because Blake was pretty much shooting down every scenario.

“I know.”

“Okay, wait,” Dick said and clicked another video clip. “Or Jay could be the guy in the middle, eating Steph out while you're fucking him?”

“I would have to look at Steph then the whole time?”

“I thought you liked Steph,” Dick said.

“I do, but still. I kinda want to see Jay's face.”

“Well...this is a bit out there, but I think Steph would be up for it,” Dick said and clicked yet another porn clip. “Jay would be the guy in the middles sucking cock and getting fucked by the girl with the strap-on,” Dick said.

“Where did you even get that one?” Blake asked, leaning closer to the screen. The girl was a pretty, petite Asian woman, but she was fucking that guy like – well hard.

“Steph,” Dick confessed.

“You're trading porn with Steph?”
“She has good taste,” Dick answered.

“I don't know if I'm up for toys in the bedroom.”

“You used to roleplay,” Dick pointed out.

“But not with dildos,” Blake said.

“Well, how about Steph in the middle sucking you off and Jay fucking her? You would be able to see and touch Jay.”

“I don't know-”

“You take all the fun out of watching porn. This is serious work,” Dick complained.

“Maybe we should ask Dad for help on this one.”

“No, if he tells us shit, I'm sure I won't be able to watch threesome porn ever again without imagining our parents. And that kinda kills my hard-on,” Dick said.

“Fine.”

Dick turned to Blake. He didn't think Blake was really ready to share his boyfriend in that way with Steph, but he kept his mouth shut. He didn't want to be the one to point this out. It was cowardly and he knew it, but still. Blake seemed happy and he worked hard on that relationship. “You are welcome to ask Dad for help or Bruce, even. I just don't want to know, okay?”

“I get it,” Blake said, running a hand over his face. “You have anything with only guys?”

“Yeah,” Dick replied. “I think Steph sent it by mistake. It's three guys getting hot and dirty.”

“Maybe she just wanted to tease you,” Blake said.

Dick shrugged. She sometimes did that. “Doesn't do much for me, I mean, it's okay in the beginning – all the oral gets me going, but the rest isn't really me. They are so...”

“Hard?” Blake asked.

“Duh-” Dick grinned.

“I meant aggressive and dominant.”

“Yeah,” Dick replied. He liked it when Amanda took control sometimes, but she was still playful and soft about it, not like the men in the video.

“Can I borrow that?”

“Sure,” Dick said. “You can keep it too,” he added with a smirk.

“It's for education. Maybe it'll give me ideas,” Blake said winking.

“Sure is,” Dick replied and dragged the video on to a USB stick. “Lock your door, V has no freaking concept of private time...”

Blake laughed.
Chapter 31

~Twenty-eight~

Blake stared out at the sunset, wishing he was getting ready for patrol instead… but this was the one weekend a month were he stayed home. The things he did for his Mom, even though he was nineteen.

He had played with the idea about moving out like Jay had, it would have been ideal to move in with him. But with Steph in the picture, he couldn’t really afford her finding out that he spent his nights as Nightwing. So he decided it was better for the moment to stick to the manor and the Cave. And if he was truthful to himself, he kinda liked living at home still. Blake was old enough to live on his own, but he has already spent so many years without a family, that he wanted to keep his family close as long as possible.

But then again, he was stuck at home on a Friday night, because Jay had plans with Steph… dinner and a concert, which just happened to fall on the one weekend he had off. Jay had invited Blake to join them, but Blake felt awkward on a date with them. It made him feel jealous and like the third wheel.

“Thinking deep thoughts?”

Blake smiled, he had wondered when Jon would speak up. His Dad had been watching him for a while now. Blake had felt his presence as soon as he had stepped out on the roof. “Yeah.” Blake glanced over at him, acknowledging him for the first time.

Jon joined him on the ledge, sitting down next to him. “Must be big.”

Blake shrugged. “Jay really wants us to have a threesome with Steph, but I just can’t wrap my mind around it… And I know I could ask you guys, cause you are in a threesome, but yeah.”

“But the big difference is that Bruce and I are both madly in love with Mary.” He reached over, taking Blake’s hand and squeezing it. “I know you like her, but do you have any sexual feelings for Steph?”

“God, I wish.” He sighed. “And I still can’t help but get jealous every time they touch and kiss, and I want Jay to touch and hold me… I’m being a horrible boyfriend.”

“You’re being a very accepting and supportive boyfriend. I assume they’re out tonight and you decided to stay at home instead.”

Blake sighed. “Yeah. Jay’s so happy and it’s Steph that did that, not me… he’s just with me because we have history.”

“He loves you, Blake. You’ve always had a strong bond.” Jon paused, chuckling lightly. “Even before I caught you kissing for the first time.”

Blake felt his cheeks flush. “I love him so much, I can’t imagine being with anyone else.” He rubbed his neck. “I know, I’m young.”

“Mary and I married young, and we are still madly in love. Age is inconsequential. You love, who you love.”
“Yeah,” Blake smiled. “So, I’m gonna do it. I’m sure it’ll be nice… I’ll just focus on Jay and it’ll be okay, right?”

“You don’t like girls, Blake. It may end up really badly.” Jon pointed out and Blake knew that too, it worried him. He really didn’t want to fuck things up, but then he thought that refusing would be even worse.

“I know, but I can’t just say no. I gotta try.” Blake was even more sure of it now. And maybe he’d like it.

Jon nodded, “Just be safe and don’t do anything that makes you feel uncomfortable.”

“I will.” Blake knew that his Mom would kick his ass if they weren’t careful. He bit his lip as he thought about his conversation with Dick and since he had already approached the topic. “If you don’t mind me asking, what would your preferred position be if you wanted to be with Bruce more?”

“I assume you’ve done your research?” There was a teasing note in his voice and Blake felt himself flush even more. Blake nodded. “We’ve tried a little of everything, but one of my favorite is Bruce in the middle of Mary and I.”

Blake raised a brow, considering it. “So, Bruce with Mom and you, fucking him?”

“I don’t really think of it as fucking, but yes.”

“But don’t you prefer to see his face?” Blake questioned, hating how impersonal it felt. He loved watching Jay lose it and look completely fucked.

“Have you seen Bruce’s back, his arms, his neck…” Jon’s voice deepened and Blake’s cock stirred in interest as he pictured Wayne and yeah, he could see it. It mirrored many of his fantasies when he had been younger.

“Yeah.” Blake sounded a little breathless.

“I think my job here is done.”

Blake snorted, jumping up. “Yeah, yeah.” He glanced out over the yard. “I’m gonna head over to Jay’s.”

“Be good.” Jon smiled as he stood. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

Blake grinned as Jon pulled him into an embrace. “I don’t know about that.”

“I’ve taught you well, my son.” Jon smiled and Blake nodded.

“Thanks, Dad.”

~

Blake knocked on the door, frowning when there was no answer. It appeared that no one was home at the moment. He couldn’t remember if Lucas had plans or not.

He was ready to go home when there was a high pitched whistle and then, “Hey, there hot stuff.”

Blake spun at Steph’s voice and smiled when he saw them approaching. “Hey, how was the concert?”
“It was amazing, you should have been there.” Steph mimicked playing a guitar as she sang a song that was vaguely familiar.

Jason chuckled, leaning into Blake and kissing him as he grabbed for his keys. “I didn’t think you’d swing by.”

“I was bored.” Blake shrugged and they entered the apartment. Blake flopped down on the sofa. “So, I thought I’d see what you two were up too.”

“Up to you,” Jay smirked, raising a brow. And Blake knew what he was hinting at. They’ve talked about this for weeks now.

“Yeah.”

Steph stopped her eyes widening as she looked between them. “Tonight?” She practically squeaked in excitement.

“Yeah.” Blake repeated and Jay grinned, tugging Blake up and kissing him.

“Good.”

“This night just got so much fucking better.” Steph dashed toward the bathroom. “Gonna get ready.”

“Ready?” Blake questioned as he glanced at Jason.

Jason shrugged. “It’s a girly thing.”

“Huh.” So weird.

Jason wrapped his arms around Blake, nipping at his neck. “You sure?”

“Yes, I’ve thought a lot about this and even talked to Dick and Dad about it.”

“Dad? Yeah, what he say?”

“Be careful.”

Jason laughed, “I love your family.”

“Me too.” Blake smiled, letting Jason tug him to the bedroom, his eyes widened when he saw a huge poster of Nightwing hanging on the wall. “What the fuck?”

“Steph gave it to me, thought you’d like it…” he squeezed Blake’s ass for emphasize.

“Figured you both get off on it,” Steph grinned as she entered the room. “I’ve seen you two practically drooling over that website… he does have a hot ass.”

Blake snorted. She had no idea.

“So, like we talked about?” Steph asked and Blake looked to her. She had stripped down, wearing a skimpy robe. He had to admit she looked good, but it still didn’t excite him in the way that it should have. Jason looked appreciative and Blake focused on that instead.

Blake nodded. “Yeah.”

“Yeah,” Jay repeated as he practically ripped off his shirt and pulled it over his head, quickly
shedding his clothes.

Blake’s hands trembled as he started to undress as well, he was suddenly so fucking nervous.

“Shh,” Jay smiled stepping closer to him, taking Blake’s hands in his. “You’re fucking amazing, you know that?” He whispered as he squeezed Blake’s hands and leaned in to kiss him.

It was a soft, tentative kiss that grew into something more. Blake breathed him in and he pulled Jason even closer, desperate to feel the heat of Jay’s body against his. “Nah,” Blake grinned against his lips as Jay helped him tug off his shirt.

There was a quick intake of breath and a murmur of appreciation, and Blake’s gaze shot to Steph sitting in the plush chair near the window. She already looked flushed and eager to join in. Blake tensed up, but Jay distracted him by slipping his hand into Blake’s shorts.

“They tumbled onto the bed, moving against each other with practiced ease. Blake spread his legs as Jason started to prepare him. Blake shuddered, arching up into his touch almost forgetting that Steph was there and watching them.

He moaned, tensing slightly as Jason thrust in and held still as Blake adjusted to his length. Blake felt full and so fucking good. Blake wrapped his legs around Jason and pulled him even closer. They kissed until Blake got impatient and urged Jay to start moving.

Jason smirked against his lips, picking up the pace and slamming into him. It was fast and hard and absolutely perfect. And Blake cried out moments later as his orgasm washed over him, he groaned when Jason pulled out far too soon.

Jason was still hard, but that’s how they had planned this… mainly to relax Blake, before Steph would join them. They kissed and Jason groaned as Blake stroked Jason’s length. Jay was so hard and ready to come, but he held back and Blake wanted to suck Jay’s cock into his mouth and make him lose it.

Blake chuckled against his skin and inhaled sharply as another hand brushed against his ass. He growled, grabbing the offensive arm and flinging them over his shoulder, forcing them onto their back. It was a reflex and he immediately braced himself ready to strike, when he realized it was just Steph. Her eyes were wide with surprise, but she seemed to think that this was all part of their sexual escapade… and not what he had intended.

It shocked Blake how easily it was for him to switch into his vigilante role and he jumped off the bed, panicking slightly.

“Blake,” Jason called breathlessly after him and Blake shook his head, darting out of the bedroom and into the living room.

“Fuck.” Blake dragged his fingers through his hair, trying to calm himself and flinching as Jason touched him.

“Hey,” Jay began. He didn’t let the flinching phase him, wrapping his arms around Blake. “It’s okay.”
“I almost hurt her,” Blake whispered, still visibly shaken about it. “Her touch- I just reacted.”

“You were just lost in the moment, it happens… we’re still working out the kinks.” Jason smiled, kissing him. “This doesn’t change anything.”

Blake wasn’t so sure, but he melted against Jason. He returned the kiss and let Jason soothe his soul. “Okay.”

Jason tugged him back into his room, but Steph was no longer on the bed. She was getting dressed. “Steph?”

She sighed, turning to them. “This isn’t going to work out.”

Blake frowned. “I’m sorry, Steph- we can try again.”

“No.” She stated a little more firmly, holding up her hand. “I didn’t know... I thought I did, but this will never work out in the long run.”

Jason tensed, “Wait, are you breaking up with me?”

“Do you realize how many times you told Blake how much you loved him in the last half hour?” She asked, glancing between them. “And do you know how many times you’ve told me since we’ve been dating?”

Jason suddenly looked unsure and a little lost, and Blake felt guilty... this was his fault. “Um-”

“I honestly lost track, but it was more than a handful of times.” She began, reaching out to their clasped hands and taking them in hers. “But I know how many times you’ve told me, Jason. A big fat zero.”

“Steph-”

“No,” she inhaled, squeezing their hands, “You’ll sweet talk me into believing something that I know won’t ever work out. You two love each other… Blake is gay and he was willing to be with me for you. And Jason you’ve never stopped loving him. I don’t know why you guys even broke up.” She leaned in and kissed Jay. “It’s been fun, but I rather leave now, before we end up hurting each other.”

Blake pulled his hand away, feeling in the way. “Steph-”


Before he could say anything else, she left them. “Fuck,” Blake turned to Jason. “I’m so sorry, I fucked this all up and-”

Jason placed a finger to Blake’s lips. “She’s right.”

“Jason.”

“No, she’s right.” He sighed and pulled Blake into his arms and Blake returned the embrace. “I never once told her I loved her, because it would have been a lie. I liked her, a lot, and we’ve had so much fun together so far. But you’re the one I love.”

Blake’s heart squeezed tight and he kissed Jason. “And I never once stopped loving you, even when we weren’t together.”
Jason tugged him back to the bed. “Well, this wasn’t exactly how I had planned the evening to end.”

“And you never got to come either,” Blake pointed out as his hand snaked down between Jason’s thighs. Jason wasn’t as hard as he had been, but Blake knew that it wouldn’t take much.

“Fuck,” Jason moaned, spreading his legs to give Blake better access. “Does it make me a horrible person that I want to stay in bed with you, instead of going after Steph?”

“Steph is a big girl, and besides she told me to take care of you.” Blake hummed against his skin, nipping lightly.

“And you always do,” Jason smiled. “You’ve been so good to me, I know I panicked when things got tough…”

“Shh,” Blake soothed. “It’s in the past and things have changed since then.” He leaned in and kissed Jason. “Love you.”

“Love you.”

~

“You want some pancakes?” Lucas called out as they emerged from the bedroom. “And I have fresh coffee too.” Lucas smiled as his gaze caught Blake’s. “Oh, and I bought some fancy tea just for you.”

Blake grinned, “Thanks.”

“Smells amazing,” Jason muttered as he grabbed a mug and headed straight for the coffee pot.

“Is Steph joining us?” Lucas asked, placing the first platter of pancakes on the table.

“Probably not, we broke it off.” Jason explained as he sipped at his coffee.

“Sweet.” Lucas inhaled, “I mean, fuck.”

Blake raised a brow. “No, wait. Sweet?”

Lucas flushed bright red and shook his head. “Sorry, I was just thinking about Parker.”

“What does Parker have to do with my break up?” Jason questioned, clearly just as confused as Blake was.

“Parker is kinda in love with her.”

Blake blinked, not expecting that at all. “Damn, really? I didn’t even know that they’ve met.”

“They haven’t, not really.” Lucas shrugged. “But Steph was interested in becoming a Marine Biologist and had some questions and I suggested she call him, ‘cause he works with a few of them pretty closely and they really hit it off. He’s head over heels, but he’d never pursue anything, ‘cause well she was spoken for…And I may have sent him a picture or two of her.”

Jason pursed his lips together in deep concentration, “Do you think they’d be a good match? I mean you do know your brother the best.”

“Yeah, I do.” Lucas nodded. “I bet I could talk Parker into coming home sooner, rather than later.” He looked between them. “That’s if you’re okay with them dating?”
Jason smiled. “I didn’t think I would be, but I want to see her happy, she deserves to be loved.”

Blake wrapped his arm around Jason, loving him even more for his answer. “Yeah, she does. And Lucas doesn’t seem to be that bad, so his brother’s probably better!”

“Hey!” Lucas laughed, grabbing the platter of pancakes. “No breakfast for you.”

Blake joined in the laughter and Jason followed. It was going to be a good morning.

~

“Steph and Parker? That’s so weird. Does that mean you’re officially back with Jay?”

“Yeah, it is, but it works out really well. It’s a weird dolphin connection or something. And, um, not exactly.” Blake confirmed, playing with a blade of grass as he watched V and Jamie play with Ace.

“But he’s not with Steph anymore.” Dick stated, turning over to face him.

“Right, but we’re not there just yet.” Blake sighed. “We’re closer now, but I don’t think he’s ready yet to make it official, to me it is.”

“Huh.”

Blake glanced over at him. “Think he just needs some time to adjust and I’m not going to rush it.”

“You think he’ll try and date some other girl?”

Dick’s question sent a chill down his spine and Blake tensed, his heart squeezing tight. “God, I hope not. Fuck.”

“Language!”

Blake almost jumped at the sound of V’s voice, she was definitely her father’s daughter. “Language?!” He gasped, scooping her up and swinging her over his head.

V giggled and Jamie laughed, running around them. “Me too!” Jamie insisted and Blake hoisted V onto his shoulders and picked up Jamie too. “Yay!”

“Me too!” Dick teased and Blake snorted as V jumped from Blake’s shoulders into Dick’s arms.

They played until it was starting to get dark and then they made their way back to the manor. Blake couldn’t help but notice how often V held Jamie’s hand and vice versa. They were really close and Blake wondered once more if one day they would become more.

~

Weeks passed by uneventfully and soon the school year would be starting. Blake still hadn’t made any decisions toward his future and his parents were stressing him out. He just wanted to help people… he had talked to Gordon about a few possibilities, but he wasn’t sold on anything just yet.

He shook his head and focused back on what he was doing. He glanced over at Dick as he entered the Cave, “Are you going to suit up or do you have a hot date?”

Dick flushed. “Amanda won’t be back until next week, when school starts up.”

“Miss her sweet, sweet lips?” He teased and Dick smacked his arm. Blake laughed as he donned his
mask and pulled on his gloves. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

Dick sighed. “Okay, yes. It’s been almost a month!”

“Damn, has it been that long?” He vaguely remembered Dick telling him about their family vacation to Mexico. Blake tied up his boots and jumped up, ready to go. “I bet Tim would help you out.” He whispered under his breath, Tim was still so loyal to Dick and madly in love.

“What?” Dick questioned, pulling on his suit.

“Nothing,” Blake smiled, heading to his bike. “See you out there.” He whispered under his breath, Tim was still so loyal to Dick and madly in love.

It was a quite night for the most part, which left him feeling antsy. He did a few moves and groaned when there was suddenly a camera on him. Fuck. This was getting ridiculous.

He flew up to another rooftop and opened the comm link. “Nightwing to Batman, Paparazzi on fourth.”

The Batman growled. “I’m shutting down those websites.”

Blake flinched, he knew it was mostly an empty threat. But the paparazzi waiting in the shadows for them had increased due to those sites and it made patrol a little more difficult. Blake watched the man that took his picture from afar and it was only a matter of seconds, before the Batman swooped down and the camera was no more.

Blake couldn’t help but snort in perverse satisfaction, he was sure that the man wouldn’t be taking any pictures any time soon. And most likely had peed his pants.

“Robin to all, some shifty stuff is happening on the docks.” There was a pause and Nightwing watched as the Batman flew into the air and landed beside him.

“Stand down, don’t engage until we’re there.”

Blake nodded and they raced across town. Robin was perched on the ledge, cloaked by the shadows of the building. “They’ve been unloading the boat, looked like some sort of stuffed animal… but then the dude in red ripped the head off and then sniffed it.”

Batman nodded, “How many, any weapons?”

“Counted five guys, one with an automatic,” Robin stated as he pointed out the man to the far left, dressed in flannel.

The Batman dove in first and then they followed a moment later. It was quick and efficient. Batman took care of the guy with the gun and the rest were pretty easy. Blake grabbed one of the stuffed animals and ripped off the head. It was filled with drugs.

Lights flickered in the distance and Blake tossed it back into the crate. Batman agreed to wait for the cops and Blake was about to make his escape when there was a flicker of light in the alley that caught his attention.

It was probably nothing he thought, but when he investigated it, he found that someone had dropped their phone. “Odd.” He glanced around, it was a pretty fancy phone… the person who owned it wouldn’t have gone too far and- Blake tensed as his gaze caught a body slumped over in the corner, a needle and syringe in an outstretched hand. “Shit.” Blake rushed over, tucking the phone in his suit
as he quickly checked for a pulse, but didn’t find anything. “Fuck.”

“What is it?” Batman hovered and Blake frowned.

“Better call it in, looks like an OD.” Blake began as he turned the body over and froze. His heart skipped a beat, his lungs burned with the need to breathe. “Oh, god.” He knelt down, cupping the far too pale face. Misses Todd. “Jay.” He pulled her into his arms, cradling the frail body. “Fuck, fuck… fuck.”

“Nightwing.”

His vision blurred with tears and he felt like he wasn’t there. “I have to- oh, god. Why?” Robin was suddenly in front of him, taking her into his arms and Blake blinked as he realized that the ambulance was already there. Robin was doing what he couldn’t.

Batman squeezed his shoulders. “Would you like me to tell him?” He asked and Blake understood what he was asking, but he couldn’t. Not this. He shook his head. “Will you be okay?”

Blake shook his head again, “I dunno, no. I have to go.”

Batman nodded. It was a long moment before Blake started to move and once he did, he ran. He flew over the buildings and landed on the fire escape that lead to Jason’s bedroom. Blake knew the window was already open, they had planned to meet after his patrol.

“Hey, you’re back early.”

Blake pulled off his mask, rubbing his eyes. “Jay-”

Jason paused, studying him for a moment and Blake knew that he’d notice that something was off… that there was something big. “Fuck, what is it? Did you get stabbed, are you okay? I thought this fucking suit was supposed to protect you more.”

“I’m okay,” Blake insisted as he discarded his gloves and started to strip out of his suit. He felt hot and stuffy and he didn’t know how to tell his love that his mother was dead.


Blake shook his head and then pulled Jason into his arms, holding him close. “Your mom, Jay. It was your mom.”

Jason inhaled sharply, pushing him away. “What? No. Fuck.” He grabbed for his phone and dialed his mom’s number. Jason’s eyes widened when her phone started to ring.

Blake startled slightly, because he had forgotten that he had picked it up. He pulled out the phone and answered it. “Jay.”

Jason screamed in anger and fury, and then he dropped to his knees and Blake wrapped his arms around him. He held him as Jason cried it out.

The rest was a fucking blur. The police came and went and then fucking Wayne even showed up. He wanted to check up on them and he vowed to Jason that he’d take care of everything and Jason looked lost and so fucking small.

Blake was glad when everyone was gone and they had curled up in bed. Blake ran his fingers
through Jason’s hair, kissing his neck.

“Does it get easier?” He suddenly asked and Blake frowned.

“What?”

“The loss of your mother?” Jason looked into his eyes and Blake wanted to tell him it would. But he still vividly remembered every detail of the night his mother died… and his father.

“It’s always there, but it does get better.” He kissed Jason softly. “Making a new family helps, finding someone to love is even better.”

Jason nodded, tears in his eyes once more. “Love you.”

“Love you too.”

The funeral was beautiful and tasteful, and The Grayson-Wayne family was there to give Jason everything he needed. Tim and The Dents even came… Steph’s and Amanda’s family too. Lucas and Parker showed their respect, even if they had never met Misses Todd, but they were part of Jason’s makeshift family.

Jason was a fucking mess, but Blake never left his side. He knew that it would be an adjustment, even if he had moved out a few months before. Deep down Jason always knew that his mom would succumb to her addiction. Jason did all he could and she was a good mom, she did what she could. But an addict was always an addict.

“I need a vacation, from everything.” Jason announced and Blake’s heart skipped a beat, not sure if Blake was a part of that. Jason had needed one from Blake before. “I’ve pushed back my enrollment for the fall semester until spring. They were okay with it, considering-” Jason gestured to the air and Blake knew what he meant.

“Okay?”

“I talked with Bruce and he said it would be okay and he also said we could use the jet. And that he’d take care of everything…” Jason continued to ramble and Blake’s heart skipped a beat when he said we. “And you’ve not made any plans for the fall yet… and I kinda promised Bruce that I’d get you to enroll in at least one class for spring-”

Blake laughed, shaking his head as he pulled Jason to him, kissing him softly. “Where?”

“Somewhere warm, maybe a private beach where we can just be?”

Blake nodded, “I’d love that. When?”

“Tonight?”

“Let’s go.” Blake smiled and then they rushed to pack a few things. Jason made a phone call and that was it, they were on their way to the airport.

Wayne met them there, giving them the papers they’d need and an itinerary. Jason headed into the plane and Blake stayed back.

“Be safe.” Wayne stated and Blake nodded. “I think this will be good for both of you.”
“I didn’t have time to tell Dick and V, and Mom and Dad-”

“Everyone was in favor, Dick was a little jealous that he had to start classes and you get to go to some private island.” Wayne smiled, handing him two cards. “One from V and Mary.”

Blake tucked them into his jacket and then he hugged Wayne, “Thank you, for everything.”

Wayne nodded, “You’re welcome.”

“Come on, slow poke. The plane’s been cleared to go.” Jason smiled from the door and Blake nodded, racing up the stairs and pulling Jason into a quick kiss before they buckled in for the flight.
Dick was officially sixteen now, and he was ready to take on the world, his new suit, and to share his secret with Amanda. He didn’t know how to tell her, but he figured the right moment would present itself. Hopefully soon.

“You sure about this?” Tim asked.

“I love her,” Dick replied.

Tim nodded and then looked away. “I know.”

Dick wondered about Tim sometimes. Wondered if he needed more hugs or kisses or just someone to talk to. Jay and Blake were the people for that, because Dick was pretty sure that Tim was gay. He was only twelve, but the signs were all there, Dick thought. He grabbed Tim by the arm and pulled him close, so they could cuddle on the couch.

Since Jay’s mother had died, Blake was over at Jay’s and Lucas’ place more often. Dick got it, Jay still needed him, maybe even more than at the beginning when he wasn’t dealing with his mom’s death. Dick couldn’t imagine how that would feel.

“What is this for?” Tim asked.

“You looked like you needed a hug, a kiss, and a cuddle, so I’m starting with the hug,” Dick replied.

“I’m not a kid anymore, Dick.” Tim said.

“You are only twelve, Tim. You have plenty of time to grow up and take on the world. And time flies so fucking fast-”

“Language,” Tim said, but Dick could hear the smile in his voice.

“I wonder what would make you curse,” Dick mused out loud.

“You are only twelve, Tim. You have plenty of time to grow up and take on the world. And time flies so fucking fast-”

“Language,” Tim said, but Dick could hear the smile in his voice.

“I wonder what would make you curse,” Dick mused out loud.

“I don’t know,” Tim said quietly, Dick hugged him tighter. They stayed that way until Mom called them to dinner.

“I think Tim will need someone to talk to about boys, soon,” Dick said, stroking Ace’s ear.

Jay looked at him. “Okay?”

“You and Blake are friends with him and I have no idea what to tell him, I mean obviously he knows it’s okay to like boys, but-” Dick bit his lip. He had no idea what he was trying to say, but something was nagging at the back of his head about Tim’s behavior. The boy has always held back stuff, especially feelings, but it seemed like he was lying to Dick now. Tim had never once said that he liked boys, or girls for that matter. So Dick really couldn’t be sure, but-

“He’s twelve,” Blake said.

“I know, you guys hooked up when you were thirteen, Blake. You are not making a sound case.”
“You can’t even know for sure that he likes boys, Dick. He hasn’t said anything to anyone yet about any kind of feelings for any gender,” Jason pointed out.

“But-”

“Give it time, Dick,” Blake said. “How are you planning to break the news to Amanda anyway?”

“You’re distracting me, but okay. I have no clue. You took the awesomeness out of that moment when you kissed Jay as Robin.” He sighed.

“Yeah, that was pretty badass and romantic,” Jason said and leaned in to kiss Blake. They were back together alright, Dick thought. They even got matching tattoos that looked really fucking awesome. It was tribal like, stretching over their shoulder and arms… Blake’s on the right shoulder and Jay’s on the left. So when they embraced, they wove together even more. It was pretty kick ass. Bruce of course wasn’t too thrilled about it, but Mom and Dad found it romantic. It was good seeing them like this, knowing they were happy and that they were stronger for it. Dick was pretty sure nothing could shake the foundation now that their relationship was built on.

“So, I can’t do that. And Mom and Dad found out about Bruce on their own. He didn’t tell them anything. No help there.”

“She isn’t stupid, she is in fact very smart, Dick. Maybe she already knows. Maybe she is waiting for you to just say it, so she can admit that she knows. It is your secret to tell after all,” Blake said gently.

Dick had been thinking that too, but maybe it was only wishful thinking or cowardice. He was afraid that if she found out she would leave him. His life was so much more dangerous. And if she stuck with him, it sure as hell would not get less dangerous. He was at a point where it would be hard to give up being Robin. He didn’t want to lose either: Robin or Amanda. It was doable to have both. His parents and Jay and Blake were proof of that.

“Just do it, Dick. Tell her. Don’t make it a production,” Jay said.

“You seemed to like it when I did,” Blake teased.

“You had no other choice,” Jason teased back. “And I always like when you dress up for me-”

“And I’m out,” Dick said, getting up. “Come on Ace, leave the dirty old men to themselves.”

“Hey! We’re not old!” Blake said.

“Shouldn’t that be, we’re not dirty?” Dick asked.

“Oh, but we are,” Jason laughed. “We so are.”

Dick smiled as he left them to whatever they were doing behind closed doors. Ace was hot on his heels. It was Saturday and early, and he could just swing by Amanda’s and tell her. This uncertainty was eating at him.

He grabbed his jacket and the keys to his new shiny hybrid car. He was nearly out the door and then went back to the kitchen to pin a note on the fridge for his parents. They should know that today was the day he would tell Amanda.

~+~

He had been nervous, but once he started to tell her, and he began with how much he loved her, it
was easy to pour it all out. He told her everything about himself his family, and then just waited for her to say something in return.

“To be honest, I kind of suspected,” she said after a while. “But it was just so out there and the only – no forget it.”

“What? What clued you in?”

She blushed a bit. “Blake’s ass. You know, you have these websites, and I’ve seen him in his swim trunks… And-”

Dick burst out laughing.

She slapped his arm. “And it’s not only that, he moves, I mean the way he moves, you all do. Even Mister Wayne when he’s with your parents. There is something predatory about it, but controlled, hard to describe. The way you move, gave you away.”

“And Blake’s ass. I think I should feel offended.”

“Well, I do love yours the best, and with the new uniform, people will write haikus about your behind too.”

“People do that about Nightwing’s ass?” Dick asked.

“You bet they do,” she said and kissed him.

“You’re not freaked out,” Dick said.

“I am. But I love you more and I know you love me and-”

Dick kissed her this time and made it just a little bit dirty. They still haven’t done it, but Dick didn’t feel any rush about it, he loved how Amanda tasted and the noises she made when she was horny and Dick made her feel good using only his mouth or his fingertips on her clit. Sucking at her perfect breast and rosy nipples. He let his hand slide under her shirt. “Are your parents’ home? I didn’t see them-”

“No, they aren’t. Wanna do it Richard?” She asked with a grin.

“Very, very much,” he answered.

She pulled away then and began to strip, touching herself in the process, it was such a turn on for Dick to see her do that, knowing that she liked it, doing it because he liked it. “What are you waiting for?” She teased and Dick got a grip and started to pull off his clothes too.

He grabbed her around the middle and kissed her again, hungry and needy. She rubbed against him her nipples already getting hard and he bend down to suck at them, she pressed his head closer to her chest. Dick wanted to be between her legs, wanted to be inside her too. Whatever she would let him do. He sank to his knees as soon as she let go of his head and parted her folds to get at her clit.

“Dick-” she said breathlessly. “I have condoms- do you want to-”

“Yes,” Dick answered and kissed her tender, wet place, and felt her shudder against his lips.

~+~

“Mom?” Dick said, looking into his parents’ bedroom.
“Yes?”

“Can we talk?”

“Sure,” Mom said and put the sketchbook aside. “What is it?”

“It’s kinda personal,” Dick said, closing the door behind him.

“You know, you can talk about anything with me and your fathers.”

“Yeah, but – it’s a girl thing.”

“Okay?” She was all ears now, looking at him kindly.

Dick sat down and stared at his hands. “I slept with Amanda and before you ask, yes we were careful and used condoms.”

“Did you not like it?” Mom asked.

“I did, she didn’t. She said it was okay, but not like when I – do other things,” Dick answered. He wasn’t going to go into details here. Their sex life was private and mom didn’t need any details.

“That’s perfectly natural. Some girls need to get used to-”

“We tried three times, she doesn’t like it, I can tell,” Dick cut in.

“And are you disappointed?”

“Is it my fault? Am I bad at it?” Dick blurted out. That was the core of his fears. Maybe he was just not good enough to make her feel good.

Mom got up from her chair and sat down next to him on the bed, put her arm around him. “Some girls just don’t like penetrative sex, Dick. It’s a preference, like with everything else. It’s not your fault or hers.”

“Oh, okay. Is there something I can do?”

“Make her not feel weird about it,” Mom said. “The worst thing is when you think the person you’re in love with thinks you’re weird for liking something or not liking something.”

“I would never make her feel that way,” Dick said.

Mom kissed the top of his head. “Good boy. And there are plenty other things you two can do and experiment with. Maybe she will want to do it for you sometimes, then you should let her, and make sure afterwards that she’s fully satisfied too.”

“Okay,” Dick said. He had felt weird asking his mom about sex advice, but she was really the only girl besides Steph he knew, and he didn’t think that Amanda would be okay with him talking with Steph about it.

“Feeling better?” Mom asked.

“Yeah, thanks…that wasn’t as horribly awkward as I thought it would be.”

“I try, my son, I try.” She smiled and he hugged her.
Dick surely had the best parents.

~++~

“I don’t know how I feel about you talking about our sex-life with your mom,” Amanda said, she was pacing Dick’s room. That was a sure sign she was mad.

“You're mad at me.”

“Because you told her I’m not enough for you!”

“I didn't. I just asked if I could maybe do something to make you feel better, I thought it was my fault, that I did something wrong,” Dick could feel himself blush. It was stupid, really. “I want to make you feel good- always.”

“Oh,” she said, stopping in the middle of the room. “Oh. No, it's not you. It's definitely me.” Dick looked up as she started laughing. “I'm sorry. I know it's not funny, but it kinda is. So what did your mom say?”

“That some girls just don't like to have penetrative sex. It's like, not liking pears.”

“You think that too?” Amanda asked.

“Well, yeah. Not all people like the same things. Blake for instance likes boys.”

“And you don't?” Amanda asked.

Dick shrugged. “I like you.”

She smiled at him. “Richard. Do you want to take a step back, so you can try real sex with a girl who likes it?”


“You know what I mean,” Amanda said.

“If you want to know if I liked having my cock in your pussy, yeah, it was great but I'd rather do things we both like and enjoy. You should know that I get off on you getting all hot and bothered and wet for me,” Dick said. She stared at his lips. Dick grinned. “I could demonstrated it by getting on my knees for you right the hell now.”

“Your parents are downstairs.”

“They know we have sex. You know they have sex too. It’s normal to have it. It's normal not to have it,” Dick replied. “Wanna have it now?” He asked, licking his lips.

“Yeah, Richard, yeah, I want to have it now.”

~++~

Dick was on cloud nine. He had a girlfriend who was willing to work around his vigilante duties, even if Dick didn't think of it as a duty, but as something he just had to do, something his family was doing. Sometimes he looked at V, with her nearly seven years, and wondered if she would ever grab the cowl, or a domino and swing from a rooftop to ruin a bad guy's night. He was sure she would be really kickass at it. He had the best family ever and school was going swimmingly too. The only
thing that was getting on his nerves was that Vicky Vail woman again. Dick didn't really know why she was insisting on making their lives harder.

After V had been rescued, she had been the one to ask for an exclusive interview and now she was stalking Dick and Blake, and asking about their parents.

“She is fishing.” Mom said.

“Of course she is, but Mom, why don't you guys come out and be done with it? I mean, it's not like your relationship can ever be called a kinky fling. You guys have been together for forever and three days and are raising three kids – five if you want to count Jay and Tim,” Dick replied.

Mom smiled at him. “And we do count those boys, because they are family.”

“My point is, if you say you're together she will drop it and won't be snooping around anymore. We do have other secrets.” Dick took a spoon from his Gypsy Magic and looked at her. “I don't want to have to look over my shoulder, once I start touring with the circus again.”

“Dick, I know you want to do that, but did you speak with Bruce about it?”

“It's not his decision. Besides, he has Jay already whom he's grooming to take over the company. We all know it. Jay probably doesn't just yet, but he will clue in soon enough. Jay is good at it too and he likes it. I – don't. I always thought we would go back, but you guys haven’t done a show for two years now.”

“Things change,” Mom said.

“And you don't miss it as much anymore. I get it. You have everything you wanted. I don't. Not yet. I want to tour with the circus and fight bad guys at night. I'll be the first wandering vigilante.”

“You just want to meet the Arrow over in Starling City,” Dad threw in from the door. “Oh, Gypsy Magic!” He added, grabbing Dick's bowl.

“Hey! Get your own,” Dick said, halfheartedly.

“Does my boy have a crush on the Arrow?” Mom asked, ruffling his hair.

“Hey, I have a girlfriend!”

“Yes and she is lovely,” Mom said. “There is nothing wrong with a crush.”

“I know. I just – he's kind cool, yeah?”

“Yeah,” Dad said. “He is kinda cool. He seems rather fit too and-”

“But he is not hotter than the Batman,” Mom interrupted.

“He's standing behind me, isn't he?” Dad asked.

Bruce slung his arms around him from behind and his Dad leaned into him. Dad looked small in Bruce’s arms. “You were saying something about that green wearing Robin Hood over in Starling City?” Bruce asked. His voice was teasing and low. It made Dad press into him a bit harder.

“Hey, kids in the room.”

“You're hardly a kid,” Bruce said with a smile. “And you have a crush on another vigilante. I feel
hurt.”

Dick snorted. “Well, it's good I have the hots for the Arrow, because it would be really weird if all your kids ended up falling in love with you,” Dick teased.

Bruce groaned. Dad and Mom laughed. “He has a point,” Dad said.

“I'm gonna leave you to this...and go make out with my girlfriend,” Dick said getting up.

“Dick,” Bruce said.

“Yeah?”

“Are you sure about not going to college?”

“Yeah, I'm a circus brat and want to stay one a bit longer,” Dick said, looking Bruce in the eyes.

Bruce stared back for a few endless moments and then he nodded.

Dick grinned. “Thanks!”

~+~

“So, you will be gone all summer again?” Tim asked.

“Yeah,” Dick said. He still had a bit of a hard time leaving his family behind, but it was no use to stay at home when he wanted to be on the road again and he needed to get into the swing of things slowly if he wanted to tour with the circus full time once he was eighteen and out of school. Which was in less than two years. “And Jay's going to Japan for a few weeks, because Bruce is taking him. For business training,” Dick added.

“So, you're leaving Amanda behind, and Jay is leaving Blake behind.”

Dick looked at him. Tim was drawing random patterns in the grass. “What will you do this summer?”

“I don't know. Study?”

Dick looked at him hard and then he had an idea. “You could come with me. Share a trailer, have a look at the not so glorious behind the scenes,” he said.

“You mean it? Why haven't you asked Amanda about it?”

“She's gonna visit her grandmother in Mexico again. I'm gonna fly over the first week of summer vacation to meet the old lady – her health isn't too great, you know and then I'll join the circus in Starling City. You can do that too. I'm sure it won't be a problem.”

“What would I even do? I'm not an artist, like you.”

“I bet they'll find you some work. The circus always needs people,” Dick shrugged. “You don't have too, but it's a good and cheap way to get around a bit – and we'll be together again,” Dick grinned.

Tim nodded. “Okay. Yeah. I'd like that.”

“Hey! That means we're gonna celebrate your birthday on the road too,” Dick said, sitting up and looking at Tim. “Is that okay?”
“Yeah,” Tim said again. “It is.”

“Cool,” Dick replied, grabbing Tim by the neck and pulling him against his chest. Tim, Dick noted, smelled really good. Like apples.
~Thirty~  

Blake traced Jay’s tattoo with his finger and then kissed his shoulder. “Can you believe it’s been over two years since we got these?” He still loved the interlacing tattoo that mirrored his own. It was part of their new commitment to each other.

“Time flies when you’re having fun.” Jason chuckled, putting the book aside and pulling him into a kiss.

Blake returned the kiss and then grabbed at the book that Jason’s been studying for the last few weeks. “So can you speak dirty things to me in Japanese yet?”

Jason smirked at him and then rattled off something with ease. It sounded so natural and it made Blake all hot and bothered. Jay winked at him and then kissed him deeply.

“Fuck,” Blake moaned against his lips. “What did you even say?”

“Guess you’ll have to figure it out.”

“Bastard,” Blake chuckled, wishing they could stay all day in bed, but they had finals.

“You loved it.” Jason grinned, grabbing the book and pulling away. “My final is supposed to take four hours, but I hope it doesn’t take that fucking long.”

“I have two finals and then I’m done for the semester.” He got up, tugging on a tee and a pair of jeans. “Remember we have dinner with the twins and Steph.”

Jay nodded, “It’s at a pretty fancy place, do you think Parker is gonna pop the question?”

Blake raised a brow, considering it. “They’ve been together for two years now and they are spending all summer on the boat together. Saving the whales or some shit like that.” He sighed, “Man everyone has these awesome plans for summer and I got nothing.”

“We have our week at the circus,” Jason pointed out. “That’s something.”

Blake shrugged. “Yeah, but I would rather go with you to Japan.”

“I know, but it’ll be all business and you have to watch after the city. Bruce wouldn’t have even considered the training if you weren’t capable of taking care of the city in his absence.”

Blake sighed, he knew that too and he felt so honored that Wayne trusted him to watch over the city himself, without Wayne having to fly back often to manage things like his other summer trips. “Yeah.” He smiled when Jay wrapped his arms around him, kissing his neck.

“You’re gonna kick some ass.”

Blake chuckled, “Duh.”

~*~

“Hey,” Blake nodded at Wayne as he started to strip out of his day clothes. He was eager to get ready for patrol.
“Blake.”

Blake tensed at the no nonsense tone of voice, “Yeah?” He turned to Wayne, worrying his lip.

“We need to talk.” He stated and Blake relaxed slightly. Talking was doable.

“Okay, what’s this about?” Blake questioned as he tried to think of what he did wrong.

Wayne smiled, easing Blake’s mind slightly. “You’ve done nothing wrong. But I do have a proposition for you.”

Blake nodded, “What sort of proposition?”

“It concerns the trip to Japan.”

“We’ve talked about this before, I have no problem patrolling on my own-”

“As Nightwing,” Wayne interrupted, “But I’m proposing you patrol as the Batman as well.”

Blake blinked, his mouth dropping in shock. He almost forgot to breathe. “Wait? What?”

“I’ve asked Fox to create a suit with your measurements. The city needs the Batman… but I don’t have to be the man behind the mask.” Wayne reached out, squeezing Blake’s shoulder. “You’re a young man now and more than ready to take on this challenge.”

Blake nodded, speechless. His thoughts raced, his breathing hitched, and he had a hard time wrapping his mind around the fact that Wayne wanted him, him, to be the Batman.

“Blake?”

“I- wow.”

“Would you like to try on your suit?”

Blake nodded once more, “Fuck, yeah. This is so, wow.”

“Language,” Wayne reprimanded as he has always done and Blake snorted, shaking his head.

“I’m over twenty-one. Language is set, no changing me now.” Blake smirked and then gasped in amazement as a case rose from the floor, containing his suit. “Wow.”

“I think you’ve already said that,” Wayne teased and Blake didn’t care, this, this was so fucking amazing.

Blake rushed to the glass container and it opened as he neared it. He reached out, touching the suit. It was identical to Wayne’s except that it wasn’t as broad in the chest and fit to Blake’s measurements. He still couldn’t believe this was his suit… he had assumed that one day that he’d take over the cowl, but he didn’t think that would be now.

“Blake?”

Blake startled at Dick’s voice, he hadn’t even heard him approach, he was just so in awe. “Dick, hey. Look! It’s my suit, my Batsuit…” It hit him like a ton of bricks and he staggered back a few steps, his breathing hitching even more. “Oh, shit. I’ll be the Batman.” Being the sidekick was one thing, but being the man himself, the symbol of Gotham? It suddenly felt like a huge burden he wasn’t ready to take on.
He wasn’t ready.

Dick’s arms wrapped around him, lips kissing his shoulder. They were almost the same height now, Dick was broader in the shoulders and had a slimmer waist. Just like him. “You’ll be awesome.”

Blake nodded, clutching on to Dick for just a moment. He needed this reassurance and he glanced over at Wayne’s watchful gaze. He smiled, nodding his head. Wayne wouldn’t let Blake fuck this up… this was the trial run with him here if anything should go wrong.

Blake took a deep breath, pulling back. “Suit up, Robin.”

Dick grinned and dashed off to put his suit on. It was similar to his Nightwing suit now, except the Robin colors remained. Dick was able to maneuver so much better without the cape, so graceful as he moved over the city.

Blake turned back to the Batsuit and started to dress. The material was heavier and bulkier than what he was used to…. The cowl was heavy and awkward. How the fuck did Wayne make this seem so effortless?

“Wow.”

Blake turned to Dick, the cape billowing with his movements. He gave Dick a half smile… cause Batman rarely smiled.

“You look perfect.” Wayne complimented, smiling at him. “Now you two can’t be seen standing too close, from a distance no one will know the difference, but if you’re standing directly by Robin, the size difference is notable.”

Blake nodded, clenching his fists as he stood up taller. “I got this.”

“I know you do.” Wayne squeezed his arm, “I’ll monitor you from here. Test out the suit, it shouldn’t need any modifications, but let me know if something arises.”

Blake nodded once more.

“And no going over to Jason’s after this in the suit, understood?”

Blake flushed, he was kinda thinking about it.

“Blake.”

“Okay, okay.” He stuttered as he headed toward the bike and then paused, looking back at Wayne. “Does this mean I can take the Batmobile?” He was almost breathless at the thought. He’s wanted to drive it since the beginning.

“Of course.”

He didn’t need to be told twice, dashing to the Batmobile with Dick close behind him. “This is better than sex,” Blake practically moaned as the Batmobile roared to life. It was such a heady moment and he wanted to savor it.

“I’m so telling Jay,” Dick chuckled as he buckled his seatbelt.

“Brat,” he groaned, reaching over to Dick and taking his hand. “Let’s do this.”

“Let’s.” Dick grinned, squeezing his hand as they flew out of the waterfall and raced into the city.
“Can I drive it home?”

“No,” Blake and Wayne’s voice echoed over the comm link.

Dick sighed, “I had to try.”

Blake smiled at that, he so understood. He focused on driving and once they were in the city he parked it in a dark alley. They got out of the car and soared up to the rooftop. It was such a surreal moment.

Blake had to adjust to the cape again and he felt that his movements weren’t as smooth, but as the night went on he was more attuned to the suit and he felt like he has always been the fucking Batman. It was like a dream come true.

~*~

Blake rushed home, slipping into bed with Jay as he always did. But tonight he was so keyed up with exhilaration and the rush of being the Batman. He pushed up Jay’s shirt, peppering his chest with kisses. Jay shuddered against him as Blake rubbed his hand against Jay’s cock.

“Blake?” Jay breathed as he started to fully respond to his teasing touches.

“Well, I hope so,” Blake chuckled, tugging Jay’s briefs down and running his tongue down his length. “Want you so bad.”

Jason groaned, nodding his head. “Good night then?” He dragged his nails down Blake’s side.

“So fucking good,” he breathed against Jay’s cock, stroking him before he wrapped his mouth around him and sucked the head into his mouth.

“Fuck, Blake.” Jay was fully awake now, threading his fingers into Blake’s hair as he moved with him. “This is the best way to wake up ever.”

Blake chuckled, loving the way Jay’s cock grew heavier and harder under his ministrations. He was just getting him ready, Blake wanted Jay to fuck him. Blake popped off, reaching for the lube. He coated Jay’s cock and then straddled him. He bit back a moan as he sunk down on Jay’s cock. Blake shuddered with bliss, tensing slightly as his body fully adjusted to Jay’s length… he always felt so complete and full. Loved.

Jason kissed him, wrapping his arms around Blake as he sat up. They remained completely still for a moment, lazily kissing until they had to move. Blake loved this, loved Jason… he felt so fucking blessed to have this with him.

“So, what got you so worked up?” Jason asked, nipping at Blake’s neck as they continued to move together.

“I have a new suit,” he moaned, just thinking of it made him even harder. His cock was trapped between them, already leaking precum as they rocked together.

Jay dragged his nails down Blake’s back, squeezing his ass as he thrust up. “But you looked fucking amazing in your Nightwing-”

“I’m the fucking Batman.”

Jason gasped and then smirked against his lips. “And that got you all hot and bothered didn’t it,
wearing the suit?”

“You have no idea,” Blake grinned as they continued to rock against each other.

“Oh, I think I do.” He teased as he suddenly flipped them so that Blake was on his back.

Blake grunted, shuddering as Jay shifted and hit that spot deep within him. “Fuck, Jay.” Blake dug his nails into Jay’s hips as he arched against him. “More.”

“My pleasure,” Jay breathed into his ear, his voice deeper and gravely. “Batman.”

Blake moaned in complete bliss, he was so close. In this position, Jason was able to fuck him harder, deeper and with each thrust he neared completions. “Fuck.”

“Language.”

Blake bucked up at the reprimand and it only took one more thrust and Blake’s orgasm ripped through him. He cried out Jason’s name over and over as they continued to move together until Jason’s own orgasm washed through them. Blake moaned as Jay collapsed against him and they breathlessly kissed as their bodies recovered.

“Love you,” Blake smiled.

“Love you more,” Jason smirked, kissing him once more. “Now go to sleep.”

Blake chuckled, curling into him and drifting off to sleep in the safety of his arms.

~*~

“Master Blake,” Alfred smiled, “Would you care for some tea before you’re off?”

Blake nodded, worrying his lip. “Um, yeah. Do you think I can stay here too?” The thought of returning to the empty apartment was unappealing. Jason left with Wayne the day before and even Lucas was off on a whirlwind trip to Europe.

“Of course, your room is still your room.” Alfred nodded, turning to make his tea. “Would you like some breakfast as well?”

“Blake!” V called out to him, before he could reply he felt her arms wrap around him in a tight hug, face planting against his back.

He turned and lifted her up into the air and she squealed in delight. “Hey, baby sis.”

“I’m not a baby!” She grinned, but she still cuddled close as he held her in his arms. She was almost too big to even do this anymore, but she was still petite for her age. And every day she was even more beautiful and graceful.

“You’re not?!” Blake gasped in outrage, tickling her sides. She giggled and then jumped from his arms, racing down the hallway. He chuckled, turning back to Alfred. “I’d love some breakfast, Al.” He dropped down into the seat, yawning. He had stayed out later than he’s ever had before, but then he didn’t really have a reason to go home.

Blake smiled as he heard Ace scampering down the hallway. He wasn’t as fast as he used to be, he was getting older too. Ace barked up at him and Blake reached down to pet him.

“Daddy,” V stressed and Blake knew that she had alerted them to his presence. It has been awhile
since he has stayed here. He was practically living with Jay now, even if it wasn’t technically official. Jay was his home now.

Blake smiled, nodding his head to his father as he entered the kitchen with V in tow. “Morning.”

“I heard my long lost son was here for breakfast.” Jon teased as he crossed over to him and Blake stood to hug him.

“Was thinking on staying here the next few weeks, if that’s okay?” He asked as they pulled away and he turned toward his mom as she entered.

“While Jay is away, the birdie will play?” Mom teased him as well and he blushed.

“Something like that.”

“You’re always welcome,” she hugged him. “We’ve missed you. The house has been pretty quiet.”

“That’s because your biggest performer ran off with the circus.” Blake grinned.

“And Timmy!” V added and Blake grabbed her, sitting down and putting her on his lap.

“Do you have dreams of running away with the circus?” Blake asked and V shook her head.

“Nope.”

“No?” Blake repeated, glancing at his parents as they joined them at the table. “Then what are you gonna be when you grow up?”

“Like Miss Rachel!”

Blake blinked, “Miss Rachel? So you wanna be a lawyer?”

She nodded, smiling brightly. “Yep.”

“We’ll see if that sticks,” Jon smiled as he wrapped an arm around Mary and she leaned into him, still so happy together. “I remember when you wanted to be a dentist too.”

V made a face and scrunched up her nose, Blake laughed, remembering that phase. She was obsessed with looking into his mouth and checking his teeth, especially after his patrol. It lasted only a few months.

“Breakfast is served.” Alfred announced as he placed a pile of waffles and bacon on the table.

V rushed to her own chair and grabbed at a waffle, eating it just like Dick did when he was younger. Blake loved his family and they enjoyed a fabulous breakfast before he retired to bed.

~*~

Weeks flew by and Blake was counting down the days until Jay would return home and they would finally be able to have their vacation. Together.

Blake waited impatiently at the airport and he flung his arms around Jason as soon as he came off the plane. Blake just held him close, “I fucking missed you.”

“I know,” Jay whispered, kissing him softly. “I’m sorry, it was out of my control.”
Blake grunted. He knew it was Wayne’s decision to stay a week longer in Japan and then go to their European offices in London and Paris. Jay arrived a day shy of them having to leave to meet up with Dick and Tim as planned.

“What it really means, is that Wayne trusted you,” Jay began. “You were fucking amazing as the Batman.” Blake sighed at that and curled more into Jason’s arms. “He spoke very highly of you and thus he extended the trip.”

Blake understood that, but it was really nice to hear it too. “Yeah?” He knew that he had made Wayne proud and he was more than capable of being the Batman and take care of the city. He had alternated wearing his Nightwing suit and the Batman… he even wore the Robin suit once, just to keep up appearances.

“Yeah,” Jay smiled, kissing him.

“Promise me that when you take over Wayne Enterprises that you don’t ever leave for that long again.” Blake insisted, knowing that in the future this may happen again and he didn’t think he could survive another long stretch.

“You don’t know for sure that I will be-”

“Bullshit, we both know that Wayne has been grooming you to take his position. This trip alone proves it.” Blake stressed, he knew that Jay did too… he just didn’t want to be disappointed if Wayne should suddenly change his mind.

“I know,” Jay sighed. “I promise.”

Blake smiled, “That’s all I needed.” He glanced back at the plane as Wayne finally emerged.

“Blake,” he acknowledged.

“Hey. Where’s Mom and Dad? I thought for sure they’d be here to greet you. They’ve been missing you too.” He pulled away from Jay and gave him a welcoming hug.

“I wanted to surprise them.”

Blake snorted, shaking his head. “You’re in so much fucking trouble.”

“Language,” he smiled and Blake just laughed. “Have fun on your trip.”

“Will do,” Blake grinned as he grabbed Jay’s hand. “But first we’re off to have a little homecoming.”

Wayne chuckled, nodding his head. “Good night.”

“Night.”

~*~

It was a world wind trip and it was almost coming to an end. “So can you get up there too?” Jay questioned as he pointed to Dick who was soaring through the air.

“Yep.”

“You can?” Tim questioned with awe. It was sorta cute how awestruck Tim was when watching Dick perform.
Blake smirked, “I’ll show you.” He stripped out of his clothes, wearing only a pair of shorts. He tapped up his hands, powdering them as all good performers did. He climbed up with ease, winking at Dick who smiled brightly at him as he joined Dick on the trapeze.

They haven’t practiced together like this in years, but it was just like riding a bike… his body knew this and it was like being out on the rooftops on a smaller scale. They played, just fooling around and they dismounted with a flourish. Blake hugged Dick, feeling pretty damn good.

“What do you think about performing tonight?”

Blake blinked, glancing over at Mister Haly. He had joined the crowd midway through their mock routine. “Me? I dunno.”

“Yes, you two were magnificent and you were just playing around. Think of what you can do if you just think about it. The Flying Graysons under the big top once again.” He smiled, nodding his head. “Let me know.”

“We should totally do it!” Dick cheered, doing a back handspring and jumping up in the air. He really was meant to be here at the circus.

“You’re such a circus brat.” Blake teased and Dick chuckled.

“Does that mean you’re gonna do it?”

“It would be a pretty unique birthday present for Tim,” Jay pointed out and Blake looked to Tim.

“Would you like that Tim?” Blake smiled, knowing that he’d do it for Tim and Dick. It was already a done deal, really.

Tim nodded, “Of course, I would! You guys are awesome.”

“I’ll find us something matching to wear!” Dick winked, rushing off to the trailer with Tim following close behind him.

Blake chuckled, leaning into Jay as he wrapped his arms around him. “I’ve always wanted to see you in something tight and sparkly.” Jay whispered into his ear and Blake groaned.

“My other suit isn’t as good?” He grinned.

“I do love it, but this is something special.”

Blake snorted.

“It’ll be fucking awesome, admit it.” Jay smirked, nibbling on his neck. “So fucking hot too.”

Blake shook his head, turning into Jason and kissing him. “Will it get you all hot and bothered?”

“Fuck, Blake. Just watching you perform makes me fucking hard.” Jay’s breathing hitched as Blake ran his hand down his chest and teased him.

“Good.” Blake grinned, kissing him once more. “Let’s go see what Dick found for us to wear.”

“I so can’t wait to see this.”

~*~
Blake felt fucking ridiculous in the sparkly, blue spandex costume... apparently it was Jon’s at one time. It molded against him like a second layer of skin and it left absolutely nothing to the imagination. He felt naked in it, unlike in his other suit that had some structure to it. “You’ve got to be kidding me, I can’t believe Dad wore this.”

“There’s a picture somewhere,” Dick winked as he adjusted his own matching costume. “Oh! We need one too.”

“Just one,” Blake shook his head and then they posed as Tim took a picture with his camera.

“Wait,” Jason grabbed for his phone. “You guys look so fucking good. All the girls and a few boys will totally fall in love with you.” He snapped a picture, smirking at them.

Blake rolled his eyes. “Too bad we’re taken.”

“Damn right,” Jason tugged Blake too him, kissing him.

It was hard and a little dirty and Blake moaned against his lips before he pushed him away. “Bastard.” He took a deep breath, glancing down at his crotch. It was evident that he was all hot and bothered. “Fuck.”

“Come on, Tim.” Jay grabbed at his hand. “Let’s get some good seats!” Jay winked at them and then they were out of the trailer a moment later.

“Tim has really opened up,” Dick commented as he watched them leave and then he turned to Blake. “But, it still feels like he’s hiding something from me.”

Blake worried his lip, glancing away from him for a moment. He had a pretty good idea what it was. “I’ll talk to him before we hit the road tomorrow.”

Dick nodded and then frowned. “Do you guys have to get back?”

“Yeah, but we’ll see you at the end of the summer. It’s only a few more weeks now.” He wished he could stay a bit longer, but Jay had commitments at Wayne Enterprises and Blake was eager to get back on patrol.

“Graysons, you’re up in five!”

Blake was nervous, he’s never performed before a live audience like this. “I don’t know how you do this every night.”

“I love it!” Dick grinned, wrapping his arm around Blake. “It’ll be awesome. You got this.”

“I got this,” he repeated, but he didn’t feel as sure.

Dick led the way and Blake followed. They were going to perform and make their parents proud. Blake kinda wished that they were here for the performance, but it was so impromptu that they weren’t able to swing it. Tim vowed to tape it for them... as he videotaped all of Dick’s performances.

The lights were blinding and the cheers brought him out of his thoughts. He could do this. He searched the crowd, needing to find Jay and as soon as he did he felt a sense of calm wash over him and he was determined to put on a good show. And they did.

~*~
“Hey, Tim can we talk?”

Tim tensed, eyes immediately fixating on the floor. “About what?”

Blake sat down beside him. “Well, you’re twelve now and your body is swimming with hormones and I’m sure you have questions.” He paused as Tim looked up at him.

“Maybe?”

Blake nodded, glancing over at Jason. “Maybe?” He repeated, pausing as he felt a shift in the air and he knew that Dick was near. “Do you remember what you asked us when we were in Paris?”

“Yes.”

“I’m going to harbor a guess,” Blake began. “You’re gay and in love with Dick.”

Tim inhaled sharply, his eyes wide as he glanced wildly around them. “I- no.”

“It’s pretty obvious to everyone, but Dick. You’ve loved him for a while now.” Blake continued, reaching over and squeezing Tim’s hand. “It’s perfectly natural and I’m here if you have any questions...and Dick’s starting to figure it out too. He thinks you’re hiding something from him and he asked me to talk to you, he’s been worried about you.”

“I’m not hiding anything, not really.” Tim began, not exactly confirming his feelings for Dick. “You can tell?”

“Yep,” Blake smiled. “But I’ve known you since you were five years old...your eyes light up when you look at him and when you talk about him.”

“Oh.”

“And you should talk to Dick-”

“But he’ll hate me!” Tim rushed, shaking his head.

“Dick? There’s no way. He loves you too.” Jay threw in, glancing at his watch. “We better get going if we want to beat the traffic home.”

Blake nodded, “Give me a few minutes, grab the bags, and I’ll meet you out at the car.”

“Catch you later, Tim.” He smiled, squeezing Tim’s shoulder. “And you’ve got good taste... he’s a good kisser too.” He winked at him and darted away.

Tim groaned, sinking back in his seat.

“There’s one more thing I wanted to talk to you about. Um, when I was twelve, I was abused by an older boy...” his voice trailed off as his breathing hitched, his heart aching at the memory. It was so many years ago, but at the moment it felt so fresh. “I just want you to be careful. I know Dick would never do anything to hurt you, but others-”

“I’ll be careful.” Tim interrupted and he threw his arms around Blake, giving him a hug. Blake returned it, kissing his brow.

“And you’ll talk to Dick?” Blake asked as he pulled back.

Tim nodded, “Yes.”
“Good,” he got up. “I have to go, but I’ll see you later, okay? And you can really call me about anything...I know what it’s like to be in love with someone at your age who seems unattainable.”

Tim raised a brow. “Who were you in love with?”

“Ironically, it was Bruce Wayne.”

“Really?” Tim gasped, eyes widening.

“Yeah.” He squeezed Tim’s arm and then walked out, knowing that Dick was waiting for him.

“Hey.”

Dick punched him in the gut and Blake didn’t even evade it, he so had it coming. “How long have you known?”

“Awhile,” Blake smiled, wrapping his arms around Dick. Dick tensed slightly at first and then melted against his chest. “Just talk to him, he loves you and I know you love him too.”

Dick huffed. “How can you just drop this bombshell on me and then just fucking leave?”

“Cause you need this time with Tim,” Blake kissed Dick’s brow. “Call me later, okay?”

“Kay,” Dick nodded, he seemed torn and Blake knew that they really needed to talk about this.

Blake gave him one more hug and they said their goodbyes. He left Dick and headed to the car, where Jay was waiting for him.

“You think they’ll be okay?” Jason asked as he started the engine, glancing over at Blake as he slid into the passenger seat.

“I think so, I know it was kinda a shit move.”

“So you did know Dick was standing out there?” Jason snorted. “He surprised me… he looked sad.”

“They’ll get through this and be stronger. It was time.” He grabbed Jason’s hand. “Tim’s been in love with him since he was five…. he almost has us beat.”

“True.” Jay smiled, rubbing his thumb over Blake’s wrist. “Let’s go home.”

“Let’s.”
Chapter 34

~Interlude: Bruce~

Bruce put his bags on the ground in the hall and stretched. It had been a long flight and then what seemed like an even longer ride back home. The house was quite, because it was the middle of the night. He had planned to be home sooner, but an accident had led to a late drive home.

And it was home. It smelled like his daughter and Ace, his two lovers, Alfred's cooking. He inhaled and then grabbed the bags to put them in the laundry room. Bruce knew that Mary and Jon would be in their bedroom, and he didn't want to wake them, so he passed it and was just about to grab the extra blankets for the room next door when he was grabbed and spun around.

Jon's mouth was on his just a second later and it was warm and familiar, and so good that Bruce ached with it. His whole body was straining, he wanted to devour Jon, or have Jon devour him. It had been so long and Bruce never really got into the phone sex thing. His hand wasn't as good as Jon's or Mary's on his cock, even if he had jerked off to memories of them more often than he liked to admit.

“You're home,” Jon growled, “And you wanted to sneak off to the guest room.”

“I didn't want to wake you up,” Bruce replied, licking his lips. Jon tasted so damn good.

“I'm awake and Mary will be too, soon,” Jon said, pushing his knee between Bruce's legs. Bruce was getting hard and fast. The things his lovers did to him. He still felt like a twenty year old boy when he was with them.

“Jon-”

“We missed you and then you went and extended that trip,” Jon said. He used that voice that made Bruce want to get on his knees or on his back or into whichever position Jon wanted to have him, to take him, to make him his own.

“It wasn't for fun, Jon,” Bruce said, trying to kiss him again. Jon leaned away.

“You think you deserve that? I think you need to be punished for making us wait for so long,” he said.

Bruce's stomach flipped. It always did when Jon took control like this. And he always seemed to know exactly when Bruce needed to hand control over to him or Mary.

“Jon,” Bruce said again.

“Strip, shower, and come to the bedroom. Don't take too long, Bruce,” Jon said. His voice was stern. Bruce shivered with anticipation and arousal. He nodded and then went to the bathroom. He took a quick shower, ignoring the urge to touch his cock and getting himself off before he stepped into the bedroom. He knew that Jon knew he was hard, and he also knew that Jon would be disappointed with him if he touched himself now. It was, after all, a punishment.

Bruce took a deep breath and then opened the door to their bedroom. Mary was sitting in the chair by the window. She was only wearing lace panties and the wifebeater she stole from Bruce years ago to sleep in when it got really hot. Bruce could see dark patches around her hard nipples. Jon had been playing with them. Bruce swallowed. He was so turned on. He wanted to touch her, kiss her, suck
on her nipples, but he waited for Jon to tell him what they wanted from him.

“You've been away a long time and you didn't come to our room straight away,” Mary chided gently. She was playing with one of her breast now. Bruce couldn't look away from it.

“Aren't you going to explain yourself?” She asked.

“I – I'm sorry, I didn't want to wake you up,” Bruce said.

“Silly boy,” she replied, spreading her legs. It was an invitation, but he wasn't sure it was for him. “You are always welcome here and you can always, always wake us up in the middle of the night – for whatever reason. You should know that.” She let her other hand slide between her legs and moaned as she started to pleasure herself. He wondered if the punishment would be to have to watch them and not being allowed to touch. That would really be a punishment and Bruce wasn't sure he could take it, or wanted it.

“I'm sorry,” he said and his voice sounded strange to his own ears.

She looked at him then sharply and he could feel Jon's gaze too. Mary smiled, “You'll have to make it up to us then.” She smoothly changed tactics. Bruce loved her so much, it hurt sometimes.

He wanted to share this love with everyone.

“Yes,” he said.

“Come here then and make me feel good,” Mary replied, opening her legs wider. She was still very bendy as was Jon for that matter.

Bruce sank to his knees in front of her and pushed his face between her legs.

“No hands.” Jon stepped behind Bruce.

Bruce nodded, and let Jon tie his hands behind his back with one of the many silk scarfs Mary owned by now. Bruce let Mary guide his mouth to her clit. Her panties were already wet and smelling of her arousal. It only made Bruce harder. “You're going to lick Mary to orgasm and you're going to take your sweet time, alright Bruce?”

“Yes,” Bruce said.

“You want me to play with your ass, Bruce? Because I really want to put my fingers inside you before I fill you up with my cock,” Jon said.

Bruce shivered. God he loved it when Jon talked dirty.

“Yes, Jon,” Bruce answered.

“Good,” Jon said and kissed Bruce's shoulder and then he was gone and Mary was tugging gently on his hair. He got the hint and went back to licking and sucking at her clit through the flimsy fabric. He loved how she tasted. She was warm and felt like home.

“I missed you so much, Bruce,” she moaned. “Harder?” It wasn't really a question and Bruce got right to it.

He tensed a bit when he sensed Jon behind him again, but then Jon's hands were running down his shoulders and arms. The curve of his ass before the light chemical smell of lube filled the air and Bruce relaxed into Jon's ministrations.
It's been a while since Bruce had anything up his ass and Jon was careful. He was teasing and playing Bruce and Bruce could only moan and try not to tear the scarf in two. He wanted to be inside Mary, he wanted to touch Jon, but he was not in charge.

Mary pushed him away as she neared her climax. Bruce leaned his head against her thigh and panted as Jon pushed another finger inside him and crocked it just so that it hit his sweet spot. He was so close that he feared he would come untouched if Jon kept that relentless pace up.

“Jon-”

“Are you close?” Jon asked, leaning over Bruce's shoulders to kiss his neck and cheek.

“Yes, yes. I don't want to come yet.”

“And if we want you to show us how much you love what we're doing by coming all over yourself untouched?” Mary asked, leaning in, so she was face to face with Bruce.

“Jon, you said you want to fill me up with your cock,” he nearly choked on the last word.

“Whatever makes you think I won't?” Jon asked.

Bruce groaned.

“We don't have to be anywhere tomorrow. We have all night,” Mary said.

“And it's always such a pleasure to see you come for us,” Jon added with a sharp thrust of his fingers.

Bruce cried out as he came untouched all over his stomach and Mary's legs. Jon kept his fingers inside him, but didn't move them, for which Bruce was thankful. Mary tugged his face closer to hers so they could kiss.

“You made a mess out of me, Bruce,” she whispered against his lips.

“I can clean it up?”

“You bad, bad boy,” she teased. “You better make me come now with that pretty mouth of yours.”

Bruce nodded and kissed her once more before he buried his face between her legs again.

He could feel Jon pull out his fingers gently and he felt empty before Mary reminded him of his task. He focused on her pleasure only and was soon rewarded with the feeling of her orgasm against his lips.

Jon grabbed him then and kissed him long and dirty, licking his wife's taste from Bruce's mouth. “I want you now,” Jon said once he gave Bruce's mouth free.

“We should move it to the bed, I don't think I'll stay awake much longer,” Bruce said and it was the absolute truth. He was keyed up and knew that he would crash as soon as he came again.

“I love the fact that we still can wear you out, Bruce,” Mary said, helping him up and walking him to the bed, where he collapsed on his back, spreading his legs in a silent invitation. His arms were staring to hurt a bit, but judging by Jon's leaking and swollen cock it wouldn't take him that long to come.

“Come on,” Bruce said, spreading his legs just that little bit more.
Jon groaned, and was on and in him in a matter of moments. Bruce threw his head back with the
force of Jon's thrusts. Jon was hitting his prostate again and Bruce couldn't help the moans that
spilled from his lips as he was getting hard again.

“Touch him,” Jon said and Mary wrapped her slender, strong fingers around Bruce's cock. It felt so
good, he didn't even try to hold his orgasm back.
Mary licked her fingers and then kissed him, while Jon fucked him through it until Bruce could feel
Jon come inside him.

“Welcome home,” Mary said untying his hands.

Bruce chuckled, couldn't help it. “I love you two and I want everyone to know it.”

“You're orgasm stupid, it's cute,” Jon replied.

Bruce grabbed him and pulled him down. “I mean it. Our son is right.”

“Which one?” Mary teased.

“Dick, this time, but I bet Blake agrees with him too,” Bruce replied, “We should come out and be
done with it.”

“You want to make our relationship public?” Mary asked.

“Yes. It would be good for Violet too. I want to be able to be with my daughter and call her my
daughter in public too.” Bruce looked at them. “I think it's time.”

“We need to talk about it with our kids,” Jon said. “Once all of them are back in the city.”

“Okay,” Bruce replied.

“Sleep now, your daughter will wake you at an unholy hour, probably with waffles in one hand and
a storybook in the other,” Mary said, cuddling closer to him.

Bruce kissed the top of her head. “Shouldn't that be us?”

“No, you're the one who was in Japan where Sailor Moon lives, and in Paris,” Mary answered. “We
are boring compared to that.”

Jon laughed against Bruce’s skin. It felt nice, he had missed this too. “Sleep now,” Jon said gently
and Bruce closed his eyes and gave into exhaustion.
Dick was aware that Tim's revelation was messing with him. He couldn't concentrate on anything, except his routine on the trapeze, but that was probably because he knew it by heart and didn't have to think about it at all.

He was pretty sure that Tim wouldn't talk about it with him. It had been three days since Blake dropped it on him and Tim still hadn't said a word.

Dick had to take things into his own hands. He just didn't know how to say – to be honest, he wasn't even sure what to say. He was in a relationship with Amanda and he loved her, and Tim was only twelve and a boy.

Dick was not in love with Tim. He had been thinking about it, analyzing his feelings from all angles really, on that matter. And he was just not in love with Tim.

He loved Tim, but only like a brother.

Dick dismounted and landed perfectly; when he opened his eyes Tim was there, watching him. Stupid, Dick thought, he should have known. Dick didn't want things to change between them, but that had already happened. There was no going back now.

A lot of things made a lot more sense about Tim's behavior. Why he didn't seem to like Amanda for example. He had been jealous and trying to hide it, suppressing all those feelings. Dick felt bad for not noticing earlier. It must have been really fucking hard for Tim.

Dick just couldn't figure out why Tim thought Dick would hate him. It wasn't like Tim didn't know how Dick felt about gay people, because seriously, he had kissed Jay. And his brother was as gay as they come. He had two dads for fuck's sake. It made no fucking sense.

“Hey,” Dick said.

“Hey,” Tim replied.

“Wanna get some ice-cream?”

“I'm not a kid anymore,” Tim said.

“I like ice-cream, my dad loves ice-cream. He isn’t a kid either. I don’t get why you want to be a grown up so badly, Tim. Being a kid is nice.”

“No one takes you seriously when you're a kid, no one takes your feelings-” he stopped. “Yeah, I would like ice-cream, actually,” he said and smiled. It only looked a bit forced.

“I take you seriously. I think you're brilliant and I take your feelings seriously, Tim,” Dick stopped in front of him and he still had no idea what to say.

“You know,” Tim said quietly, he stared at the ground. He sounded like the unhappiest boy in the whole fucking world, Dick thought.

“Yes, I do. You have a crush on me.”
“It’s not a crush,” Tim said sharply, looking up at him. His eyes were so freaking blue with just a hint of violet. They were really pretty. Dick probably shouldn't have said that out loud.

“Sorry, I didn't mean to degrade how you feel. I just-” he ran a hand through his sweat slick hair. “I don’t know what to say.”

“I know you’re not in love with me,” Tim said. “I’m just a kid after all. I just don’t want you to hate me-”

“Tim,” Dick said, pulling Tim into his arms and hugging the living hell out of him. “No way can I hate you. My brother is gay and my dads are bi, I guess and-”

“That’s not,” Tim said. “I know you don’t hate gay people. I know you kissed Jay.”

“So what is it then?”

“I lied to you and I was mean to your girlfriend and I’m being stupid hoping-”

“Hey, no,” Dick said. “It’s not stupid.”

“But you don’t love me. You love Amanda,” Tim said.

“Yes, I do love Amanda, I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright. I’m thirteen like everyone likes to point out. I’ll get over it.” Tim said, pulling away from Dick. Dick let him, even if every fiber of his being wanted to hug Tim closer and make his pain go away.

“You don’t have to be strong, I know it must hurt.”

“It’s no different than yesterday, Dick,” Tim said and this time his smile was real and really fucking sad.

Dick had no idea what to say.

Tim grabbed his hand. “Come on, buy me ice-cream.”

“Okay,” Dick said.

~+~

There were still a few days left, before Tim and Dick would go home. He missed V and Ace and Blake and even his parents, but he would also miss the circus.

He missed Amanda a fucking lot. He grabbed his phone and called her, because talking about feelings was easier with her than anyone else, except maybe Blake. And he felt like this thing with Tim concerned her too.

“Hey, boyfriend,” she said. She sounded warm and a bit sleepy.

“Did I wake you up?” Dick asked.

“No, was just lying around in the garden. It’s good to hear your voice.”

“How is your grandmother?”
“Better,” she said. “Richard, are you alright?”

“Tim’s in love with me;” Dick said in a rush.

“I know,” Amanda replied.

“Am I the only one who is so fucking stupid?” Dick wanted to know. He felt like the worst person ever.

“No, you’re not. You just only have eyes for me, which I like, Richard, but…yes. It’s been hard for Tim. I tried, but he hasn’t warmed up to me for obvious reasons.”

“He has been in love with me forever. I feel kinda messed up about it, because I want to make him happy, but that is not possible and he is only a kid.”

“He won’t stay a kid much longer, Richard. Do you think you could love him too?”

Dick frowned, digging his toes into the grass. “How should I know? I’m in love with you now.”

“We’re young too, you know? Who can say what will happen in a year or ten?”

“I kinda planned that out,” Dick confessed.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Dick answered. “You do whatever you want, and I will be Robin and a performer by day, and we will see each other as often as we can. And maybe once we have kids and a dog – or a pony, I’ll settle down with you and grow old with you too.”

“You wanna marry me somewhere along the line?”

“Only if you want to,” Dick said. “My parents aren’t married, I mean Bruce isn’t married to Mom and Dad and it doesn’t seem to matter. It doesn’t to us kids either.”

“There is no room for another person in this future,” she said gently.

“It’s how I see it, now,” Dick replied.

“Future changes every day, Richard,” Amanda said.

“I know. I just hope that we can be as happy as my parents are. I hope that for everyone I care about and even the people I don’t care about.”

“That’s what makes you such a great person. So what are you going to do about Tim?”

“What can I do?” Dick asked, but he already knew the answer.

“Nothing. You talked to him already about this, didn’t you?”

“Yeah,” Dick said.

“And you told him you love me and that there is no room for another relationship like this, right?”

“Yeah, kinda…but yeah.”

“And he was heartbroken,” Amanda said gently. “And you felt bad, but you can’t help how you feel and neither can Tim.”
“I crushed his hopes,” Dick said. He felt miserable about it.

“Isn’t that what Bruce did to Blake? And look at him now, he is happy with Jason. They are stupidly in love. Maybe it’s for the best.”

“You think he can move on now?”

“Yes,” Amanda said.

Maybe it was for the best. At least Tim didn’t have to hide it anymore. That had to count for something.

“Thanks Amanda,” Dick said.

“You are welcome, Richard. Now tell me all about the life in a circus, because I want to spend next summer vacation with you there. Can I do some fortune telling? In a long skirt and lots of wooden pearls around my neck?”

Dick laughed. “We’ll see.”

~+~

Dick was excited to be home again. He grabbed V and let her climb on his back. “You’re like a monkey!”

“No, you,” she laughed. “Missed you.” She kissed his cheek loudly and wetly.

“Missed you too, all of you,” he said.

“Everyone is in the garden, Dick. Waiting for you, but I couldn’t wait, so I waited here on the stairs, so I would get the first and bestest kiss.”

“And you did,” Dick said. “Let’s go then.”

Dick carried her into the garden where his family and Miss Rachel and Mister Dent were too. Dick had the feeling it was more than just a simple ‘welcome home kids’ dinner, thingy.

Mom was the first to hug him, and then Bruce and Dad, and the rest.

“Okay, what’s going on?” Blake asked, once they all had something to eat and drink.

“We decided to come out,” Bruce said. Mom was stroking his hand. They were really cute, Dick thought.

“To the press?” Blake asked.

“Yes, but we wanted to talk it over with you and get some advice from our friends on that matter,” Bruce smiled at Rachel and she smiled back.

“About your relationship, right?” Dent asked.

“Yes, about our relationship and about V,” Mom answered.

“Fucking finally!” Dick said.

“Language,” Bruce and V said, and Dick grinned at them.
“Yeah…you have my blessings. I’ve been preaching this for a while now.”

“Blake?” Mom asked.

“Sure, it seems like a good idea. You should give the interview to Vicky Vale,” he replied. “It will make her come in her panties.”

“Blake!” Mom said, but she was giggling as was Miss Rachel.

Dick stared at Blake. “What?” Blake asked. “I just meant that it will make her very happy. I’m sure Miss Rachel will keep her in check, so it won’t be a story about kinks, but about love and family. If you look at it that way, it’s not much of a story, really…” Blake mused.

“You're wrong,” Dick said. “It’s the best story.”

Mom smiled at him.

~+~

Vicky Vale was a pretty woman and she had something predatory about her. It was probably good for the job. Dick knew that Bruce would’ve liked to do the interview with the Planet, but Blake was right, giving it to Vicky Vale was a smart move.

Mom, Dad, and Bruce gave their interview in the study and then the photographer was allowed to snap a few pictures, none of them of the children’s rooms or of the children. There was one of V and Ace with Alfred, but Dick wasn’t sure Miss Rachel would allow her to print that.

Vicky Vale seemed very happy once she left the manor.

“What now?” Blake asked.

“We wait and hope for the best,” Dick replied.

“It will be a shitstorm,” Miss Rachel threw in, “Pardon my French, but it will be, until people start to see it’s really just a boring family story.”

“Well…the news that Bruce Wayne is gay-ish, should be enough to keep the papers going for a while,” Blake said.

“Is she gonna write anything about us?” Dick asked.

“No, I don’t think so. I told her your lives are off limits. She will probably mention that Blake has a boyfriend, but—” she shrugged.

“I don’t care. It’s not like people don’t know.”

“It will be hard for a while. Other reporters might be very tactless about it. They will ask questions, ambush your friends and classmates.”

“Our friends won’t say a damn thing,” Blake said.

“It still might get ugly for a while,” Miss Rachel warned.

“We know ugly,” Dick said.

She looked at him. “Yes, you do. I’m off now. Tell your parents to call if you need me or Harvey to
step on someone’s toes.”

“Thank you.”

“You are so very welcome,” she said.

Sometimes, Dick forgot that Blake saved her life and that she was happy and had a husband and a child because they did what they did, but when she looked at them with such pride and happiness he remembered again. He hugged her tightly. “What’s that for?”

“I’m glad Blake and Bruce saved you, is all,” Dick said.

She laughed, but it sounded a bit choked up. “Yes me too.”

He let go of her and let Blake hug him. “You’re a good kid,” Blake said.

“Well…you are my big brother and our parents are awesome, so yeah.”

Blake hugged him a bit tighter. “Yes, they are.”

~+~

Miss Rachel had been right, it was kinda rough for a while, and some of the reporters were tactless dirt bags, but it all quieted down in the end. By Christmas, everyone just took it in stride that Bruce would come with his lovers to official galas and parties. Some people even wrote on his invitation ‘plus Graysons’ which Dick found endlessly funny, because it kinda included the whole family. And Dick loved a good party.

He took Amanda to every single one he could and he made sure to take Tim too. He didn’t want for things to change much, so it was the best course of action to include Tim in everything like he did before. He had been a bit messed up about hugging and cuddling in the beginning, but they got through that alright. Dick was back to invading Tim’s personal space like before the big confession.

~+~

“So,” Blake said. “Parker made it official, he and Steph are gonna do it.”

“Do what?” Dick asked, distracted. He was so going to win this round of Need for Speed. No way was he losing against Jay. Again.

“Marriage,” Blake said.

“Wait? What?” Dick asked, pausing the game. He didn’t have as much contact with Lucas’ brother, but he was in constant talks with Steph. “Steph didn’t say anything.”

“She doesn’t know yet, but he’s gonna ask her this week.”

Dick knew that she would say yes, they had been together for a long time, and they really seemed happy. And even Steph was always up for a good time, Dick knew that she secretly liked belonging to someone and have someone belong to her as well.

“Thought for sure he would’ve done it last year, actually,” Jason said and trashed Dick in the game.


“It’s called skills,” Jason replied, kissing the controller.
Dick rolled his eyes. “Okay, so a wedding? But they’re still in school.”

“You don’t have to marry, just because you get engaged. I mean not right away at least. I bet Steph will want to finish school first, and then marry, and then go on a crusade to save the dolphins.” Jay said.

“Don’t ridicule it in front of her or she’s gonna have you by the balls,” Dick advised.

“Noted.”

Dick admired what Steph was doing. She was trying to save the world. Everyone knew that everything’s connected in some way, and letting the oceans die would fuck up the whole planet. The planet needed people like Steph and Parker. Unsung fucking heroes, Dick thought.

“Maybe a good wedding gift would be a donation to Green Peace?” He mused.

“Okay…you are way ahead of everyone,” Blake teased.

“It’s good to be prepared,” Dick replied.

“It’s good to improvise too,” Blake countered.

“Steph is going to be done with her studies next year in spring,” Dick said. He would fucking miss her.

“And you will be done with school and eighteen means you can do whatever you want. Still want to go to the circus for a while?” Blake asked.

“Yes.”

“What about Amanda? What about Robin?”

“Amanda is going to go to law school, she wants to be kickass like Miss Rachel. And she said it’s a good way to work the corruption from inside out.”

“Can’t say it will be bad to have a lawyer in the family,” Blake said.

“It will keep us apart for sure,” Dick said. He let his head fall against the back of the couch. Amanda had asked about a break so she could concentrate on school, Dick wasn’t so sold on it all.

“Are you okay?” Jay asked.

“Amanda thinks we need some time apart,” he said. “I’m not sold. She isn’t breaking up with me, but she thinks she needs to concentrate on school more than on me.”

“Law school is hard,” Jay said.

Jason would know about these kinds of things, he was being groomed to take over WE. And no one has asked him if he wanted it. But the papers were picking up on it too and some nasty comments had been made about Jason and Blake and why Wayne took Jay on as his protégée.

“And I will just be performing every evening and fight crime as Robin on the road, so…no Robin in Gotham anymore. Bruce and I need to figure something out.”

“He’s not going to take on a new kid, is he?” Jason asked.
“No, except maybe V, but she’s still too young to be on the streets,” Dick replied.

“We managed fine last summer and Bruce wasn’t even there for half of it,” Blake said. “Go and be awesome somewhere else.” He pulled Dick closer, so they could cuddle on the couch for a while. It was nice. Dick liked to hang out at their place. It felt like home away from home. Like the circus did too.

“Are you going to take Tim with you this year too?” Jason asked.

“If he wants to come, sure. We had fun last year.” And Tim seemed happy again. He wasn’t hiding his feelings and even if Dick wasn’t sure that Amanda was right and Tim was moving on, he still liked to hang out with Tim and in the end it was Tim’s decision to move on or not. Dick just tried to be a good friend. “Amanda is going to come too. She wants to be a fortune teller.” Dick grinned.

“That I need to see,” Jason replied. “Maybe you and Blake could do a show again. That was really hot.”

“Maybe,” Blake said. “Or I’ll just put on that costume for you tonight and do some bedroom acrobatics?”

“That works for me,” Jason said. “I’m not picky.”

Dick rolled his eyes.
Chapter 36

~Extra: Tim~

Tim wasn't sure he was happy or not about Amanda coming with them to the circus. She was nice enough he reasoned and she was really trying. Had been from the beginning. Probably because she knew how it felt to be in love with Dick, but she had the advantage of being loved back by Dick. Tim sighed, leaning against the nearest booth. He loved the circus. Mostly because Dick loved it so much.

Tim wasn't too thrilled about all the caged animals, but that was mostly because he thought that wild animals shouldn't ever be trained and caged for someone's amusement. He kept that opinion to himself now, after he got in a fight with the lion-tamer last year. It was probably because everyone loved Dick, that Tim was even allowed to come back.

“Cotton candy?” A voice asked and Tim opened his eyes. His vision was filled up with a fluffy light pink cloud and it smelled sugary-sweet. He peered around it, just to be met with a black clad chest, muscular and male. “Yo, my eyes are up here,” the voice said. Tim could feel himself blush. He looked up anyway. The grin that greeted him was big and white and- Tim blinked. “Not a fan of cotton candy?” The boy asked.

“Yes,” Tim said.

“Pity,” the boy answered and pulled it away.

“I mean, yes, I do like cotton candy,” Tim said hastily.

“Okay? You're kinda out of it, aren't you?” the boy asked.

“No, not really. I mean usually I'm not,” Tim replied. “I'm Tim.”

“Kon,” the boy said.

Tim stuck his hand out and Kon stared at it for a moment before he took it. “Charmed,” he grinned.

Tim blushed again. “Thank you.”

“So what are you doing here all alone?” Kon asked.

The truth was, that Tim was hiding from Amanda and Dick. It was hard to see them being all happy and stupidly in love. Tim wanted something like that for himself. Something like Blake and Jay had. Dick's parents too. Even V was loved by someone. Jamie wasn't ever leaving her side. He was pretty much heads over heels for her. Tim knew how that felt too.

“You okay?” Kon asked.

“Yes. I was – hiding,” Tim settled on.

Kon stuck the cotton candy in Tim's face again. Tim smiled up at him and took a bite. “Was doing the same, actually. Didn't think I would find someone cute to do it with,” Kon replied.

Tim was wondering if he would ever stop blushing. “Thank you?”

“You are welcome, Tim,” Kon said.
Tim didn’t know much about Kon, except that his dad was a reporter and pretty much never home. And that he had a girlfriend, that kept dragging him into impossible missions that would sell more papers. Tim didn’t think that Kon and his dad were on good terms right now. That was probably why Kon was helping and hiding out at the circus. He was also two years older than Tim.

Tim had fun hanging out with Kon and he was pretty sure they were going on dates. Watching people perform, having meals together and getting their fortunes read, not by Amanda, but by Madame Breska. Who was Russian, Tim thought, even if she never admitted to it. He liked her accent and when he told Kon, Kon spoke with a fake Russian accent for a whole day. It was stupid, but also nice. No one has ever done something like that for him.

“You're not around as much,” Dick commented at breakfast. Tim always had breakfast with Dick in the trailer they were sharing.

“I'm making friends and besides you and Amanda-” he didn't know how to end that sentence, he didn't know if it was necessary to do so. Dick and Amanda were Dick and Amanda.

“You said you were okay with her coming too this year,” Dick said.

“I am. It's just that you are with her a part of Dick and Amanda, and I know it sounds like I'm jealous, but I just don't want to get in the way and,” he looked at his plate, “I don't want to see you being so intimate if I can help it, to be honest.”

“Okay...but you're still having fun, right?”

Tim looked up and into Dick's eyes. So fucking blue. “Yes, I'm still having fun, Dick. It's just different than the last few years. Is all. It's not better or worse,” he added.

“Okay...so, friends?”

“Yes,” Tim said and bit his lip.

“Someone in particular?”

Tim gave him a look. “As if you don't know.”

Dick grinned. “You caught me. It's a small place and news travels fast. I know we picked up a few extra hands in Kansas. And I know there was a boy that somehow convinced Haly to take him on. Kon, right.”

Tim nodded. “He's nice.”

“He's also older than you by two years and I don't,” Dick stopped and ran a hand over his face. “I mean, don't let him pressure you or anything?”

“Are you giving me the Talk?” Tim asked, unbelieving.

“I guess? I mean Blake would be better to talk to about this, but- I'm all you have now, as Blake is busy with other stuff and Jay,” he smiled.

Tim had the urge to grab Dick's hand or kiss him or something. Dick was a fucking amazing person. He had never made Tim feel weird for being in love with Dick. He had made it clear when Tim was thirteen that he didn’t feel the same way for Tim and it had hurt, but Dick had never tried to pull
away. Never made Tim feel like a freak or like he needed to stay away. Tim was grateful for that.

“Call me by my name and I know people in high places,” Tim said.

Dick grinned. “Yeah, I guess you do.”

Tim smiled back and then took a bite of his roll. They finished their breakfast in silence.

~+~

“You're pretty obsessed with the acrobat, aren't you?” Kon asked, leafing through a few of Tim's photos.

“He's amazing and a friend,” Tim said, snatching the photos away from Kon and putting them back in the box. “And you truly have no understanding of 'private' do you?”

“I was just checking out the competition,” Kon answered.

“What?” Tim asked distracted.

“I said, I was checking out the competition. You have a crush on that guy. But he's in love with that girl that does the fortune teller booth with Madame Breska, isn't he?”

“Yes, he is.” Tim replied, sitting down on one of the chairs. Kon was on the bed in a lotus position, looking up at the ceiling. It was hot inside, but he didn't seem to care. Tim was sweating and wishing they could be outside where there was at least a breeze from time to time to cool the sweat on his skin.

“So, why not be my boyfriend then?” Kon asked, he still wasn't looking at Tim.

“I – what?”

“I mean we've been on dates, right?” Kon asked, glancing at Tim.

“I don't know?” Some of them felt like dates, Tim thought, but he wasn't going to rush to conclusions.

“They were dates. When I asked you to the movies last week, that was totally a date, I thought you knew.”

“I've never dated before,” Tim confessed.

“Are people where you live blind or stupid, that no one has asked you out yet?” Kon wanted to know inching closer on the bed to where Tim was sitting on the chair.

“I- neither?”

“Something must be wrong with them, or is it that you don't want to? Because you're crushing on Grayson?” Kon asked, he was so close now that Tim could feel his body heat and if he should turn his head, he would come face to face with Kon and his lips and- his heart was beating faster. This was it, the moment of the first kiss. Tim had always thought, hoped, really it would be with Dick, but that wasn't going to happen and Kon was here, and he wanted it and Tim liked him. He really, really did. He started to turn and then the door was banged open and Dick was sticking his head in.

“Tim we're going for Gypsy Ma- oh, shit, sorry?” He said and was out of the trailer again. But the moment was lost.
Tim sighed. “You want to go for ice-cream?” He asked.

Kon looked at him. “It's the next best thing,” he replied getting up and holding a hand out to Tim. Tim took it and let Kon drag him outside where Dick and Amanda were waiting.

It was a bit like a double date. Amanda was asking all kinds of questions and Kon seemed to like her and Dick alright, even if Tim thought that Dick was a bit off. Not his usual self. He was charming and friendlily enough, but something, maybe because he had seen - nothing really, Tim thought, because he and Kon didn't do anything at all. Yet.

Tim was hopeful that Kon would try to kiss him again soon. And maybe even a bit more than that. Tim had fantasies that involved Kon now, where before there was only Dick. He knew how Kon smelled, and how his laughter sounded. And how good it felt when he took Tim's hand or when his leg brushed Tim's when they sat close together.

Tim had no illusions of Kon being the one and only – he was still in love with Dick after all, but he knew that he could love Kon too. And he wanted his first kiss to be with someone he liked a lot and who liked him in return.

Kon was that person and Tim was ready.

~+~

Somehow the kiss just kept not happening. They were always interrupted or around Dick and Amanda. Tim had (stupid as it was) a suspicion that Dick was...trying to prevent it. But maybe he was getting paranoid after all these years of keeping secrets.

Tim loved spending time with Dick, loved that Dick was more attentive, but at this rate he wasn't going to kiss Kon or let Kon kiss him, not mentioning other things that a kiss could lead to. He was thinking about talking to Amanda about it, but was afraid that he was reading into things. He didn't want her to laugh at him or hate him. They were just starting to be friends. She was a good person and she made Dick happy. And she was sticking around, even Dick had told her about the whole Batman and Robin thing.

There were no secrets left between them anymore, Tim thought sipping his soda as he was suddenly grabbed and pressed against a trailer. He gasped, swallowing hastily.

“It's me,” Kon said, against his neck. It made Tim shiver in a good way, but he was also kinda pissed off that Kon made him spill his soda and that he made Tim's heart beat so fucking fast, he felt like it was going to jump out of his ribcage.

“Don't do that again,” Tim said, shoving him a bit, Kon grinned and pressed him harder into the trailer.

“Scared?”


Kon nuzzled his neck and Tim took a sharp breath. “You smell so good, Tim,” Kon hummed and then licked Tim's neck. “You taste good too.”

Tim was feeling weak in the knees, his breath was coming faster, and he was getting hard over this too. He tried to press harder into the trailer and away from Kon, so he wouldn't notice.

“Kon,” Tim said, clutching his soda with one hand not sure what to do with the other.
Kon pressed closer, so their hips touched. Tim gasped. “And you make the best sounds,” Kon said looking up. He licked his lips and Tim mimicked it. He wanted that kiss. He wanted it badly.

“Kon! I was looking everywhere for you,” a man said. Tim banged his head against the trailer.

“Just a second, Bart!” Kon replied, leaning in again.

“Now!” The tone that bore no argument.

“Fuck. It's like the universe is cock-blocking us,” Kon grumbled.

Tim felt himself flush.

“Come on, you can make out with your boyfriend later!” The man said.

“See you later?” Kon asked.

“In my trailer. Dick will be away with Amanda,” Tim said.

Kon pressed a hot kiss to Tim's neck and pushed away. “Gonna continue that. It's a promise.” And then he was sprinting away and Tim was trying to catch his breath. He was half hard in his pants and he wanted to get off. He groaned and then straightened up, as he turned to go back to his trailer he caught Dick looking at him. He smiled and waved at Dick. Dick smiled back, but it was the performance smile. Which was real enough, but not the one Tim usually got. He made up his mind and crossed over to Dick.

“So, you and Kon are serious?” Dick asked.

“I think so, yes,” Tim said with a smile.

“You're in love with him?” Dick asked.

“I-” he was still in love with Dick. “I'm on my way there,” Tim settled on.

“And does he feel the same or are you only a summer fling for him?” Dick asked, and the way he asked it had something ugly about it that made Tim pause and look at him.

“Did you sent Mister Bart after Kon?” He asked sharply.

Dick looked away which was really all the answer Tim needed.

“Why? Why are you messing this up for me?” Tim asked, getting angry now.

“Tim, I'm not–”

“You are. You are constantly around me, and you ask us to join you and Amanda, and you sent people to fetch Kon. Dick. Interrupting us and–”

“I don't want him to touch you!” Dick said and then took a step back.

“Why?”

“Because he's older and you're a virgin and a kid.”

“I'm not a kid. I'm fifteen.”

“As of two weeks ago,” Dick said.
“Still. Fifteen and on my way to sixteen, Dick. I'm not a kid and you can't,” he stopped and looked at Dick. “Or is it that you need me to be a kid?” He couldn't believe he was even entertaining that thought, but maybe Dick needed him to be a kid because he would never do anything to a child. “Are you jealous?”

“What? No.”

Tim nodded. “Okay. Then please stop interrupting us. I want that first kiss, Dick. I want it badly,” he replied and made to leave. He was done here.

“Tim, wait!” Dick said grabbing his arm and spinning him around.

“What?!” Tim glared.

“I,” and then Dick's lips were on his and he gasped with the surprise and heat of it, and then Dick's tongue was inside his mouth. It felt so good, that Tim couldn't help the moan. This was everything he had wanted since he was old enough to want these things and it was Dick. Dick was kissing him and he should kiss Dick back, he thought dimly, pressing closer and clutching at Dick's worn t-shirt. Tim kissed him back, licking tentatively into Dick's mouth and feeling Dick's fingers clench around his arm. It was getting harder and harder to breathe, so he pulled away a bit, exhaling carefully, watching Dick's shiny lips. Dick pulled him closer. Tim could feel his heart beating and he was aware that so close Dick could feel the hard outline of Tim's cock. He blushed. “Maybe,” Dick said. “Maybe I was jealous. Maybe I didn't want your first kiss to be with Kon.”

“Or someone other than you?” Tim asked, into Dick's chest.

“Yeah, fuck.”

Tim pulled away. “It's okay. It was good, I liked it.”

“Obviously,” Dick said, looking at Tim's lap.

Tim blushed harder. “I'm fifteen.”

“I remember how that was like. It wasn’t that long ago, but Tim-”

“I know. You have a girlfriend and you aren't in love with me.” Tim stepped away then. He didn't know how he felt about this. He didn't know, “Should I tell Kon?”

“I don't know. I will tell Amanda,” Dick said, licking his lips. Tim wanted to kiss him again.

“I'm sure she'll forgive you. She loves you and you only wanted to help me out. Wanted to make my first kiss special.”

“Was it?” Dick asked.

“Dick,” Tim said, looking him in the eyes, “It was with you.”

“You're still in love with me?” Dick asked, but it wasn't a real question.

“Yes,” Tim said. He had to tell Kon. Because even if Kon was only a summer-fling, it still wasn't fair to him.

“Tim,” Dick said.

“I can't help it, every time I think I'm over it, something happens and then I'm back at the beginning.
I'm that five year old boy who just got his first thoughtful present—"

“Present?”

“The gloves you and Blake gave me, because you noticed that I had cold hands, Dick,” Tim said.

“Oh,” Dick replied.

“Yes, and then finding out what you and your family do and – you are amazing in my eyes, Dick.”

“You are amazing too,” Dick said.

“Don't,” Tim replied. He couldn't take false hope. Dick kissing him didn't mean as much to Dick as it meant to Tim and that was fine, but he had to draw a line here. Wasn't allowed to make it into something it wasn't. Dick had Amanda and he wasn't going to break up with her.

Dick grabbed him and hugged him again. “I'm not sorry I kissed you.”

“I'm not sorry you kissed me either,” Tim said.

“Good. We'll figure the rest out.”

Tim had no idea what Dick could possibly mean, but he nodded against Dick's chest anyway.
Blake tossed his book aside and sprawled across Jason, “I’m so fucking done.”

Jason chuckled, wrapping his arms around him and kissing him. “Good thing finals are this week and then we graduate.”

“About time.” Blake huffed. School just wasn’t for him. Sure he’d have a degree in Criminology… but he felt like he was a born detective and just had that gut instinct that helped him out way more than any college degree. He was thrilled that soon he’d be able to dedicate most of his time to patrolling.

Jason chuckled, “It was just so harsh.” He teased, dragging his hand down Blake’s side. “Whatever are you going to do with yourself? Sleep all day and fight the bad guys all night?”

“Something like that,” Blake grinned, leaning into the heated touch. “Are you gonna go back like we talked about?”

“I think so, having my masters would be good… even if Bruce has already made preparations for me to take over.” Jay sighed, pulling away. “The board isn’t too thrilled about it, they think the only reason I’m getting the promotion is because I’m fucking you.”

Blake frowned. “That’s fucking bullshit. It goes way beyond that.”

“I know, but I can’t tell them it’s because of Batman! Sometimes, it amazes me that no one has figured it out… it’s so fucking obvious.”

“If you’re looking for it.” Blake pointed out. “I know you’re getting the raise because you’re smart,” Blake began, shifting so he was able to straddle him in one fluid motion. “Talented.”

Jay snorted, forcing their bodies closer together as his fingers dug possessively into Blake’s hips. “How talented am I?”

“Very,” Blake breathed against his lips, before he claimed him in a heated kiss.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake get a room!” Lucas mumbled as he dropped down beside them and grabbed for the remote. “Did you catch the news?”

Blake laughed, not even bothering to move. “Does it look like we caught it?”

“Something’s big going on with the Batman.” Lucas stated offhandedly and Blake was suddenly on full alert. “Steph texted Parker and then Parker texted- well you get the idea.”

Blake shared a look with Jay and then turned to face the TV as Vicki Vale appeared on screen. Blake’s heart skipped a beat, his mind racing at what was going on. If it was dire, his parents would have fucking called him… and if it was really bad on a crime syndicate level, the fucking Batman would have reached out to him for Nightwing’s assistance.

“You’ve heard it here first! Reports that our masked crusader, the Batman, is homophobic.”

“What?!” Blake screeched, jumping to his feet. “That’s fucking insane… how did they-”
“How do you know?” Lucas asked, glancing at him. “Not everyone is open to your lifestyle Blake. You’re lucky to have parents that are so supportive.”

Blake blinked, realizing he couldn’t say why he knew. “I know that, but the Batman is the fucking Batman! He stands for justice and equality.”

Jay tugged Blake back onto his lap, holding him close. “Let’s hear why they think so.” Jay kissed his neck, calming him slightly.

“Fine.” Blake grunted, his hands curling into fists as he listened to the reporters and so called witnesses. “This is utter bullshit.” He looked over to Lucas. “Do you believe this shit?”

Lucas shrugged. “It could be possible, but I kinda thought he was gay. I mean he’s a grown man in a Batsuit…. and he runs around with boys. Have you seen Robin’s and Nightwing’s asses in their suits? He’s so getting some.”

Blake tensed. “So you think he’s some fucking pedophile?”

“No, no.” Lucas shook his head. “Damn, Blake I didn’t mean anything by it. I know you had a crush on the Batman, but really. Chill.”

But Blake couldn’t just chill. He was furious at Lucas’ comment and everything the news report claimed about the Batman. “I gotta go.” He jumped up, grabbing his keys and fleeing the apartment.

“Hey,” Jason caught up to him as Blake was unlocking his car.

“I can’t fucking believe that Lucas, that anyone could think this of Bruce and my family.” He inhaled as Jay wrapped his arms around him and held him close. Blake curled into him, needing Jason’s strength to calm him.

Jason kissed him softly. “Your family has survived so much worse.”

And Blake knew that he was trying to make him feel better, but it wasn’t helping at all. “But you know, Bruce. He won’t address it… he will fucking let the media say what they want. I can’t just sit on this.”

“I know,” Jay smiled. “And that’s why I love you.”

Blake grinned, tugging him closer and kissing him.

“Just don’t do anything stupid,” Jason added as they parted to breathe. “I’ll see you after patrol.”

“No promises,” he winked and then got into the car. “Later,” he called out to Jason as he started the engine.

~

Blake was fuming and it infuriated him even more that Wayne was so calm and collected. “You can’t be serious.”

“Blake.”

“No, you have to have a press conference. You have to tell them that those fucking idiots are wrong.” Blake argued, wanting to hit something.

“Language.”
Blake growled. “Fuck this, fuck you. You’re bi and I’m gay… and I bet you anything that Dick is leaning to being bi too. I’m not going to stand by and let them smear the Batfamily like this.”

“Dick?” Wayne questioned, voice sounding more curious than anything.

“That’s not the fucking point!” Blake snapped. He turned away from Bruce, grabbing his uniform and putting it on… he really needed to kick some ass before he lost it.

~

“They’re having a rally tomorrow night on campus,” Jason kissed his shoulder. “You should come with.”

“A rally?” He mused as he turned over, his body pleasantly humming with the exertion of their lovemaking… it was the best stress reliever after patrol. Especially, after the talk he had with Wayne.

“A pride rally. Dick and Tim are going to go too. It’ll be good.” Jason shifted, letting Blake curl into his arms to sleep.

“Yeah, maybe.” Blake began, his mind suddenly racing with an idea. “Wayne has that event, so I have to be on patrol.”

Jason groaned, “Oh, yeah. I forgot about that. Your mom and dad are going too aren’t they?”

Blake smiled at that, things have been really nice since they came out. “Yep, Mom’s so excited, she bought the most gorgeous ball gown too.”

Jason nodded, kissing him. “I’m sure she will put all the other socialites to shame.”

“Yeah.” Blake smirked, returning the kiss as he wrapped his arms around Jay. “Love you.”

“Love you, too.”

~

Blake stood on the rooftop, watching the rally below. It was in full swing and he scanned the audience for Jay and his brother. He smiled when he found them… boy would they be surprised. He just needed the right moment.

He was nervous, ever since Jay had asked him to go he had started scheming. He had been tempted to wear the Batsuit, but he knew that Wayne would kick his ass. Nightwing giving a statement would be just as good and squashing the homophobic media frenzy about the Batman without the Batman needing to say anything. They probably wouldn’t believe the Batman anyway – lots of people thought he was shady.

They were about to announce the next speaker when Blake knew it was time. He flew down the building and landed with a flourish. There were gasps of surprise from the audience and then there was a mixture of hateful slurs and acceptance. They seemed torn on why Nightwing was there.

Blake smiled, waving at them as he approached the podium to speak. “Hello.”

Questions were thrown at him from all sides. He felt slightly overwhelmed, not sure what to do now. He’s never actually made a statement like this, His heart started to race and then he saw Jay, pushing through the crowd and trying to get closer to the stage. His gaze locked with Jason’s and it gave him the strength to do what he came here to do.
“In light of the recent accusations,” he began as he stepped closer to the podium. “I wanted to assure the city of Gotham, that they are not true. The Batman is not homophobic… in fact he’s been one of the most supportive people in my life.” He lifted his chin slightly. “I am gay and proud of my sexuality.”

There was a sudden burst of applause, whistling, and well wishes. Blake felt so fucking good and he looked once more at Jay before he darted up the side of the building. He did what he had to do.

Blake soared over the city, feeling free and more alive than he has felt in years. He had accomplished something that many don’t get a chance to do. He hoped that coming out broke some of the most fucking insane stereotypes. Love was love, no matter who you loved. And you could be a kick ass vigilante and still be with another man.

His high diminished as he continued to patrol the city. It was rough and he was dragging by the time he returned to the cave.

“Blake.”

Blake startled at Wayne’s voice, he should have expected this. He sighed, running his fingers through his hair. “I had to do it.”

There was a long pause. “I know.”

“Then what?” Blake questioned, tugging off his mask and looking over at him. “I know as the Batman you won’t or can’t address the public. But it needed to be done. The gay youth of our city needed to have a kick ass role model.”

“I don’t approve of your actions, Blake. But I understand why you did it.” He stated. “Your safety is now compromised.”

Blake frowned. “I don’t see-”

“Now every hate group in this city will try to hunt you down. You have compromised our mission, Blake.” He stated and Blake’s heart sunk.

“Oh-” he closed his eyes, not even considering that as a possibility. He fucked up. Blake sighed as strong arms suddenly wrapped around him and he curled into Wayne’s warmth.

“I am so proud of you, as are your parents. You stuck to your morals, but unfortunately our world isn’t ready for that.” He added, pressing his lips to Blake’s brow. “We will work through this, Blake.”

He nodded, “I don’t regret doing it.”

Wayne smiled, “The boys are waiting for you upstairs.”

Blake’s mood suddenly soared, knowing that Jay and the boys were waiting for him. That they supported him. “Yeah?”

“Yes,” Wayne pulled away. “Clean up and change… I believe there’s even cake.”

Blake grinned. “Now that’s what I’m talking about!” He rushed to changed and followed Wayne up a moment later.

~

“I fucking love you,” Jay announced, practically jumping him as he exited the elevator.
Blake laughed, wrapping his arms around kissing Jason like his life depended on it. “So, you liked my announcement?”

“Fuck yeah.” He grinned as they parted. “You were so amazing… Dick actually noticed you on the rooftop before you jumped down.”

“Of course he did, he’s Robin.” Blake winked as Dick and Tim entered the ballroom with a silver platter full of cake and ice cream… and not just any ice cream, but Gypsy Magic. “For me?”

“Yep, we had to celebrate! You were amazing, swooping down like that, everyone was talking about you!” Dick gushed as they put the platter down and then they rushed over, hugging him.

Blake grinned, wrapping his arms around them and hugging them back. The night was wrapping up nicely.

~

Graduation activities flew by, but Blake didn’t have much time to enjoy them. Wayne was right, the next few weeks were rough. Everyone was out at night to get him…. Some were pretty innocent and snapped a few pictures, others not so much.

“How was patrol?” Jay asked as he pulled him into bed.

“Fucking brutal.” He sighed, curling into Jay. “I jumped down trying to prevent a gang rape and they turned it on me!” He had the bruises to prove it. “Batman and Robin had to intervene.”

“Shit,” Jason inhaled. “Fucking bastards. If I found them in an alley, I wouldn’t be as nice… I’d fucking kill them.”

Blake leaned in and kissed him. “I appreciate the sentiment, but no killing. That goes against everything we stand for.”

Jason grunted, tracing his finger over his bruised skin. “Good thing I went into business instead.”

“Good thing,” Blake smiled, closing his eyes. “Sleep, tomorrow we’re off to Cancun.”

“The break will be good, let the Batman kick some ass.” Jason murmured against his skin.

“It’ll be nice to get away, play on the beach, and fucking relax before the festivities begin.” Blake smiled, he has been looking forward to it for months.

“The bachelor party is going to be fucking epic,” Jay grinned. “Lucas even booked some strippers dressed as mermaids.”

Blake snorted, “Great… I love half naked women.” Blake couldn’t help but roll his eyes. “But, I’m sure Parker will be thrilled.”

Jason laughed, “I can strip down for you.”

Blake flushed at the image, “Dressed as a merman?”

“Turns you on, doesn’t it?” Jay teased as he rubbed Blake’s thigh.

“Yeah-” he breathed, tugging him closer and kissing. “Maybe for our bachelor party.”

“Does that mean you’re proposing?” Jason questioned as he trailed his fingers over Blake’s tattoo.
Blake blinked, gazing into Jason’s eyes. He wanted that more than anything… their tattoos were like a promise ring. A spiritual commitment in a sense. Jason had asked him to marry him, but he didn’t want to rush things at the time. Jay had been hurting so much back then. “Yes.”

Jason flashed him a bright smile and then jumped out of bed. He grabbed a box from his underwear drawer. Blake sat up, his heart racing as Jason returned to him. “Robin John Blake Grayson, will you fucking marry me?”

Blake’s heart skipped a beat, his breath catching in his throat as Jay opened the box to reveal a band… he didn’t know what type of metal it was, but it had their tattoo etched into it. “Yes.” He finally managed and Jason pulled the ring out of the box and placed it on Blake’s finger. “It’s gorgeous.”

“It’s titanium, so you can wear it on patrol.” He grinned, kissing the ring on his finger. “I had them engraved with our tattoos, cause well, it’s our story, ya know?”

Blake nodded, “Where’s yours?”

Jason moved back over to the chest of drawers and grabbed another box, handing it over to Blake.

Blake took it and opened it, “Jason Peter Todd, will you marry me?”

“Fuck, yeah.” He grinned and Blake placed the ring on his finger.

Blake interlaced their fingers, staring at their matching rings. “How long have you had them?”

Jason shrugged, “For a while. I have our wedding bands too…they interlock with these.”

Blake was simply amazed, “You thought of everything.”

“That’s why you keep me around.” He smirked. “You keep us safe and I do all the rest.”

“Something like that,” Blake laughed, pulling him back onto the bed. “Love you.”

“Love you too.”
Dick saw the rings as soon as he saw Blake and Jason the morning of their departure. “Do Mom and our Dads know?” He asked, looking at them.

“Nah, we just kinda did it yesterday,” Blake said.

“Obviously, I would have spotted them. I’m a fine tuned detective after all.”

Blake ruffled his hair. “You are. Where is Tim? Isn’t he coming?”

“He is. He said he would be here, because he’s never been to Cancun and because you know, he’s never been to a bachelor party either. But I’m guessing this won’t be the last, will it?”

Blake groaned. “Shut up, I don’t wanna talk about strippers just yet.”

“No one said anything about strippers,” Dick teased. “Filthy, filthy mind…”

“I for one, like it,” Jason threw in.

Dick grinned. “Of course you would.”

“Ah,” Blake said, “There is Tim, and Lucas is already on board, so let’s hurry.”

“It’s not like they’re gonna fly off without us, it being dad’s private jet and all,” Dick rolled his eyes.

“Yo! Drinks are being served in here, you guys coming?” Lucas wanted to know from the door to the jet.

“Yes!” Jason screamed back.

Cancun was hot and freaking beautiful. Steph was nearly strangling Dick with her hug and Parker looked exactly like Lucas.

“You made it!” Steph said, kissing Dick and then the others.

“Of course,” Dick replied.

“You need to meet all of Parker’s crazy friends, they will love you guys. Especially the girls.”

“I’m gay,” Tim said.

“Taken,” Dick said with a grin.

Steph rolled her eyes. “Of course. I know that about you, Dick. And about your brother and Jay. They don’t want to seduce you.”

“What about the mermaid strippers?” Jay asked.

“They might want to seduce you,” she laughed. “I’m sure they’re all very pretty.”
“But you’re prettier,” Lucas said.

She grinned. “Of course. Come on. Let’s have some lunch before I’m off with the girls.”

They followed her.

~+~

Lunch was a relaxed and funny affair. Dick liked the people Parker called his friends and it seemed that Blake hit it off with one of the bridesmaids. Something about martial arts. Dick left them to it as they compared notes on – things. Jay was in a deep, serious discussion about the financial state of the Japanese market with two guys on his other side. Tim – Dick looked at Tim and Tim looked back. He was just finishing something up with a pretty girl maybe Blake’s age.

“That’s a smart one, you have there,” Steph teased.

“I know. He really is.”

“Barbara doesn’t like stupid people and her being engrossed with Tim for half an hour now? That means something.” She leaned into him and Dick sighed. He liked the softness of her skin. And her shampoo reminded him of Amanda, who wasn’t here, because her parents took her to Spain for the weekend with her grandparents. Dick sometimes wished he had grandparents too. “Missing your girlfriend?”

“Yeah, I do, but it’s all good. She’s gonna go to school and I’m going to the circus for a while, so we won’t see each other over the summer and after as much. This is practice of some sort. But I’ll have Tim this summer to myself again.”

“You know that Tim is in love with you, right?” Steph asked gently.

“I know. For years now.”

Steph nodded and then poured him another drink.

~+~

Dick had never been to a bachelor party before, so he couldn’t compare notes, but this one was definitely a blast. Lucas was teasing Parker mercilessly every opportunity he had and everyone made fish-jokes, that got funnier the more they drank.

The food was good, the fruity drinks even better.

At some point half of the guys were losing their shirts. Dick saw Tim looking and blushing. Parker saw it too and was teasing Tim for it, but in a friendly manner, before Thomas grabbed Tim and kissed him fully on the lips. Tim blinked. “Okay?”

“You’re cute,” Thomas said.

“He’s also sixteen,” Blake cut in.

Thomas smiled sheepishly. “Sorry?”

Tim looked at him, licking his lips. “Don’t be.”

And they were all off again, laughing, and drinking. Dick felt something – something he wasn’t going to analyze yet. It was time for the strippers anyway.
Dick liked the strippers, they were pretty and playful, and he never had the feeling that they weren’t enjoying themselves. Even Blake was looking at their breasts.

Dick winked at him.

Tim was blushing as one of the mermaids kissed his cheek. It was adorable, because he hadn’t been blushing at all when Thomas had kissed him. He wasn’t sure if they were going to take of the fish-parts too, wasn’t sure he wanted to see them either. Breasts were fine, breasts were everywhere. He’s seen other woman’s breasts before, in magazines and on TV, on freaking patrol.

“Are they going to take of the tails as well?” Dick asked.

Lucas nodded. “Yeah.”

Blake groaned.

“What?” Parker asked.

“Not into girly parts,” Blake replied.

Jay got up. “Well, I don’t have any fishparts, but I can totally strip for you-”

The mermaids grabbed Jay and pulled him into their circle. There were three of them and all very pretty with glittery make-up and long candy colored hair.

“Okay,” Dick said and got up.

“Where are you going?”

“Don’t want to see Jay and Blake getting it on, because you know it’s just leading to that when he takes of his clothes,” Dick announced.

One of the mermaids laughed and kissed his cheek. “But he’s hot, they both are.”

“He’s also my brother, have fun guys, beautiful mermaids,” Dick replied and got another kiss for that. He looked at Tim. “Wanna come with?”

“Yes!” Tim said, grabbing his drink, Dick had no idea if there was alcohol in it or not, but really…it was a party and he was with friends.

“You want me to get you a taxi?” Blake asked.

Dick shook his head. “Nah, just gonna go down to the beach and hang a bit, we’ll come back once the show is over.”

Jay grinned at him. “We’ll let you know. Keep your phone close.”

Dick nodded and then grabbed Tim by the hand. “Come on, let’s get out of here.”

Tim followed him. His hand in Dick’s felt small and a bit sweaty. Dick didn’t mind. He liked Tim, he had been thinking about Tim a lot too. Since that kiss last summer, that neither of them had mentioned since. He had told Amanda of course, and she hadn’t been thrilled, but she hadn’t been angry either. She had told him to really think about it the next time, to think what he was doing and why, before he kissed Tim again. He had wondered about it. Because why would he want to kiss Tim again? He had given Tim his first kiss. It was what Tim had wanted and- Dick looked at Tim in the moonlight. The beach wasn’t far away, he could hear the waves crashing on the sand. He was
holding hands with Tim and it was all very romantic; he realized it with start. He nearly let go of
Tim’s hand, but then just tightened his grip.

“You okay?” Tim asked.

“Yes, I’m fine,” Dick said. And he was. He was fine. Just a bit drunk, but that was okay. He had
been thinking about Tim, sometimes his face and the softness of his lips, the small sound he had
made that day in the circus came to him when he was jerking off.

“Dick-”

“I’m fine, really. I was thinking about something Amanda said.”

“Okay.” Tim made to pull his hand away, but Dick grabbed it tighter still. “Dick?”

“She said I should think about it next time, consider what I was doing and why.”

“Okay?” Tim looked confused and Dick found it adorable. He wasn’t a kid anymore. He was
sixteen and he was smart and funny, and generous and gorgeous, Dick thought. He was thinking
about Tim when he was jerking off, it meant something. It-

“I was thinking about it. I was thinking about you and your lips and that noise you made and how
your fingers grabbed my shirt and your scent-”

“Don’t,” Tim cut in.

“I wanna kiss you again. And more,” Dick said, leaning in slowly so Tim could pull away if he
wanted. Tim didn’t and it was stupid to think that Tim would. Tim was in love with Dick, and Dick
was on his way to falling in love with Tim. It didn’t feel as scary as it maybe should.

Tim’s lips were soft and a bit wet, and the kiss wasn’t anything like the one they shared last summer.
Tim pushed his tongue inside Dick’s mouth and Dick grabbed him, to pull him closer as he moaned
against Tim’s lips.

“You’ve been practicing,” Dick said, his voice sounded a bit growly, a bit like Robin when he was
pissed off. It was jealousy, Dick realized. He was a bit jealous that Tim hadn’t been practicing with
him, that he hadn’t introduced his boyfriends to him. Dick wondered what else Tim did with these
other boys.

“Yes,” Tim said, stepping away. But not far. Dick could still feel his body heat.

“I wanna kiss you again and be with you,” Dick said, staring at Tim’s lips.

Tim bit his lip. It was such a freaking sexy thing to do. “What about Amanda?”

“I love Amanda. I don’t want to break up with her. I want to be with you too.” Dick said. Seemed to
him like the perfect solution.

“But – I don’t want to be with her,” Tim said.

“You don’t have to.”

“And what if I want to be exclusive?” Tim asked.

Dick shook his head. “I don’t – I can’t, I love Amanda. I see her and know I want to have kids and a
dog and grow old with her.”
Tim nodded, turning away. “Okay.”

“I see that with you too, sometimes,” Dick said.

Tim’s gaze snapped to Dick’s face again. “Don’t say that. I am already in love with you. Why are you doing this?”

“It works with my parents,” Dick said. He knew that it didn’t work out with Blake, Jay and Steph, but then Jay hadn’t been in love with Steph. They just had to try.

“They are all in love with each other. I’m gay. That means I don’t like girls, don’t find them sexually attractive – can’t get hard for them.”

“I’m sorry.” Dick said. “I wanted to be honest with you. Let you know that there is a chance after all for us, but I understand if you don’t want it that way.”

Tim nodded. “I need to think about it.”

“Of course,” Dick said. “Can I still hold your hand?”

“Yes,” Tim replied.

~+~

That night, Dick let his imagination wander while he was jerking off. It started out with Amanda as it usually did, but then she stepped away and pushed Tim in front of Dick. Dick was kissing Tim’s soft lips and he knew that Amanda was watching and touching herself while she watched them.

He let his hands slide down Tim’s body, and under his shirt, pulled it off gently and kissed every inch of Tim’s skin he could and then he opened Tim’s pants.

His strokes on his own cock were speeding up. His breath hitched, he had never, but he would kiss Tim’s cock, and then take in just the tip and then lick it and let Amanda guide him. She liked sucking him off, maybe – maybe she could be on her knees for Tim, sucking him while Dick kissed him and played with his hair and nipples, Dick groaned and came all over his own hand. He was glad that that Tim was taking a long bath and he had enough time to jerk off in peace. Maybe, Dick thought, Tim was jerking off in the tub as well. His cock took an interest in that thought, but he really needed to talk to Amanda about it all before he went any farther, and Dick really wanted to go farther. He cleaned his sticky hand on the sheets and rolled over on his side. Tomorrow was the wedding, and he wanted to look his best, so he needed to sleep.

~+~

The wedding was a casual affair, but Steph looked really fucking beautiful and she wasn’t wearing any shoes, no one was, really, because they were standing on the beach, toes curling in the warm sand. It was not too hot and everything was just perfect, Dick thought, except that Amanda wasn’t there. Tim was taking pictures and Dick smiled into the camera for him.

After the wedding they went down to a small restaurant close by for food and drinks. Dick danced with a lot of pretty girls and Steph.

Jay danced with Blake and a lot of pretty girls too. While Blake was dancing with a few boys, Lucas was one of them. Dick thought that they looked good together too. He’s never really considered it, but yeah, it was somehow hot.
When Tim asked him for a dance, he said yes.

Tim was small and delicate and so fucking pretty that Dick wanted to kiss him again, but he just pulled Tim closer and let Tim rest his head on his shoulder. It was a slow song and Dick cherished every second of it.

“I love you,” Tim whispered and it made Dick’s heart jump violently.

“Tim—”

“It’s really not fair to offer me half of you,” he cut in.

“I’m offering you all of me, you’ll just have to share,” Dick replied.

Tim sighed and they finished the dance in silence.

Dick really hoped that Tim could accept his offer. Now that he thought about being with Tim his desire was stupidly strong to have Tim to himself. But he also wanted Tim to be happy.

It was really Tim’s decision, because Dick was pretty sure that Amanda had seen that coming and was fully prepared for Dick’s questions and ideas.
Chapter 39

~Thirty-four~

As soon as they had returned from Cancun, Blake insisted on a huge family dinner, including close friends like Tim and the Dents. Blake wanted to have the dinner, so that they could officially announce their engagement.

Alfred had cooked a grand feast and before dessert was served, Blake stood up to address everyone. “Jay and I are getting married!” He grinned as he showed off his ring, knowing that Wayne had noticed, but hadn’t commented on it. Blake didn’t expect anything different, he was the fucking Batman after all.

V shouted with glee and jumped out of her chair to hug him. Blake caught her as she flung herself at him and they hugged. And then she practically tackled Jay to the floor in a huge hug. “Can I be the flower girl?”

“Aren’t you a little old for that?” Jay teased and V shook her head.

“Nope.” She glanced over at James. “And Jamie will be the ring bearer!” James flushed, his eyes lighting up as he gazed lovingly at Blake’s sister. He was so in love with her, it was ridiculously cute.

“Jamie?” Blake smiled. “The jobs yours if you want it. But we’re not going to have a huge fancy wedding or anything.”

“Something in the garden will be lovely.” His mother added as she crossed over to Blake and hugged him close. “My baby boy is getting married,” she smiled as she kissed his brow and Blake laughed.

“Yeah, yeah.” Blake blushed and then his dad and Wayne wrapped their arms around them too. Blake felt so loved and he still couldn’t believe how lucky he was that they adopted him.

Rachel was next to offer him congratulations and a hug. “I wish you all the best,” she whispered into his ear. “My Robin.” Blake hugged her close, god, he could still remember that night so many years ago.

The rest of the night was a whirlwind of activities, well wishes, and congratulatory hugs. But all Blake really wanted was a little time with Jay. He grinned at Jay as he dragged him into an alcove and ravished him with a breathtaking kiss. “I fucking love you.”

“I guess, I kinda love you too.” Jay teased and Blake slapped his arm. “So when do you want to do this?”

Blake’s eyes widened, he hadn’t really considered a date. They had never really celebrated their anniversary like most… Blake glanced down at his ring, tracing the tattoo design with his finger. “The 26th of September.”

Jay raised a brow, then smiled brightly as he realized why Blake picked that date. The day they recommitted to each other with their matching tattoos. “It’s perfect.” Jay leaned in once more, sealing the date with a kiss.

“And,” Blake stressed. “I vote that Mom and Rachel can plan the whole thing… cause we suck at
Jay chuckled. “Deal.” They glanced over at the others mingling in the other room. “But I think we should do Nightwing colors, dontcha think?”

Blake smiled. “Yeah, I’d like that.”

~

Letting his mother and Rachel plan the wedding totally backfired in Blake’s face. They had dragged him everywhere… he never realized what went into planning a wedding. It was fucking insane.

Eloping to a tropical island was sounding better and better. But tonight it was just Jay and Blake for one glorious evening, no meetings, no calls, and Blake even had Robin cover his patrol. He just wanted some time alone with Jay.

“Shit, the pizza’s here!” Blake laughed, kissing Jay one more time before he grabbed his sweat pants and barely tugged them on before he opened the door.

“Hi,” Tim waved at him, his cheeks flushing as he stared at Blake’s chest.

Blake blinked, not expecting him at his doorstep. “Tim?” He glanced over his head, looking to see if Dick was with him. “Is something wrong?” He asked, shifting gears, worried that there was something more going on here.

Tim worried his lip, “No, um. Can we talk?”

“Sure,” he waved Tim in. “Jay, put some fucking pants on, we have company.” Blake chuckled as he heard a muffled curse and Blake could almost picture him fumbling with his pants. “We were um, not expecting anyone.”

Blake laughed, glancing down and sure enough they were on backwards… woops. He flashed Tim a bright smile and winked at him. “Nothing gets by you.” He teased as he headed back into the living room as Jason was pulling on his pants, giving them both a nice view of his ass. Blake whistled.

“Tim, hey.” Jay rubbed his hand over his chest, “Sorry, we were um-

“Making sweet, sweet love.” Tim supplied and Blake nodded, wrapping an arm around Jay.

“We sure were,” he leaned up and kissed Jay, before he turned his attention back to Tim. “So what can we do for you?”

Tim nodded, suddenly looking far too serious for his age. “It’s about Dick.”

“What did he do now?” Jay questioned as he plopped down on the sofa and grabbed for another beer.

“He wants us to be together.”

Blake frowned, “But isn’t that a good thing? You’ve been in love with him since you first saw him.”

Tim shrugged his shoulders, worrying his lip. “He wants me to share with Amanda. And I don’t know if I can do that.” He looked to Blake. “I’m afraid that it’ll end up like what happened with you guys and Steph. Except I’ll be on the losing end.”
“Shit.” Blake inhaled, sharing a glance with Jason. Would they end up the same way? He couldn’t imagine that. Dick loved them both so much. Dick was so much like his parents in that regard.

“But it’s totally different with you guys,” Jay pointed out quickly. “I never loved Steph that way and Dick…”

“Loves us both, he wants to be with us both. But we’re not like your parents, Blake. I can’t. I don’t like girls in any sexual way at all.” He sighed, looking utterly defeated.

Blake pulled him into his arms and held him close. Tim melted into his embrace and buried his head into his chest. Blake kissed the top of his head, startling slightly when the doorbell rang.

“Now, that must be the pizza.” Jay snorted, getting up and heading to the door.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt your evening.” Tim whispered into Blake’s chest.

“Nonsense, we’ll always be here for you, Tim. I’ve always considered you like a brother.” He pressed another kiss to Tim’s brow. “Now have some pizza with us and we’ll talk more about this.”

Tim nodded. “What would you do if you’re in my situation?”

“I’d never forgive myself if I didn’t at least try… I was so fucking jealous of Steph, I hated sharing Jay-”

“You did?” Jay questioned as he returned with the pizza. “I didn’t know that. Well, I take that back. I knew you would get jealous at times. But that was so fucking hot and we’d have the best fucking sex.”

Blake snorted, turning his gaze back to Tim. “I wanted to be with Jay and at the time, well it was complicated and I had to try this thing with Steph. Which may work out better for you guys then it did with us.”

“I don’t know.” Tim shrugged.

“You’re no longer jealous of Amanda and you get along pretty well now,” Blake mused. “I know before you weren’t.”

“I had to learn,” Tim sighed. “She’s like the love of his life and also a nice, generous person. And he only saw me as a kid and I wanted to be near him as much as I could and I just don’t know.” He rambled on, barely taking a breath. “But then I don’t want to be with Dick and then have to lose him. I don’t know what to do.”

“Do you love him?” Jay questioned, grabbing a slice of pizza out the box and licking his fingers.

“Yes,” Tim replied without a moment of hesitation.

“Then that’s your answer, Tim.” Jay smirked, then took a huge bite of the pizza and moaned at the taste.

Blake grinned, loving this man more than life itself and he leaned in, kissing Jay and licking the sauce from his lips. He turned back to Tim. “Give it a shot, if you don’t then you’ll never forgive yourself and you’ll always be asking yourself… what if?”

Tim nodded, pausing as he looked even more conflicted. “And the threesome?”

“Well, that you need to talk to Amanda and Dick about.” Blake mused as he grabbed himself a piece
of pizza. “Cause you may be gay, but you two may want to please Dick together. I know I agreed to the threesome with Steph for Jay. But I totally freaked out and went all Nightwing and tried to body slam Steph into the ground.”

“Oh, my god!” Jason snorted. “That was so fucking epic, Steph loved it of course…”

Blake rolled his eyes, taking a bite of his pizza. “Everything worked out for the best. Steph is married and happy with Parker and she would have never met him if it wasn’t for Jay. So yeah.” He paused, taking another bite of pizza. “So you need to start with the small stuff first, maybe some kissing and touching. You don’t have to get hard for her… as long as you can with Dick, it’s all good. And you can plan date nights where you have Dick all to yourself and visa versa.”

Tim blinked, trying to soak everything in.

“Here, eat.” Blake insisted as he shoved the pizza box over to Tim and he took out a slice. They ate in silence for awhile, Jay and Blake practically devouring the whole large pizza between them.

Jay belched, stretching as he rubbed at his belly.

“Sexy,” Blake teased and then leaned in and kissed him. Jay deepened the kiss and for a moment they forgot that Tim was in the room as they started to make out.

“I want that,” Tim sighed dreamily and Blake pulled away, tugging Tim to them for a group hug.

“You can,” Jason added, kissing Tim’s neck. “Go to Dick. You know you want to.”

Tim nodded, pulling away from them. “I do. I love him so much. I never thought it be like this-”

“It shouldn’t come as a surprise,” Blake smiled. “Look at our parents. Dick was born to love two people with all his heart. And he does, he’s loved you for just as long, if you really think about it.”

Tim raised a brow, “How?”

“Those gloves we got you? Totally Dick’s idea, he spent hours choosing the perfect ones that matched your snowsuit.” Blake began, thinking back over the years. “He made sure you were at all our big family dinners and not so big. Every party and look at your summer vacations!”

Tim smiled, his eyes lighting up. “True.”

“I think you three will do alright.” Jay added. “I mean, Amanda knew Dick loved you before he did and we all knew you loved Dick, so she’s probably seen this coming a mile away and is ready for this.”

“See, you’re all set.” Blake nodded. “Now go get your man!”

Tim laughed, smiling, finally. “Okay.”

Blake hugged him once more. “Welcome to the family.”

“Thanks, Blake.” He glanced over at Jason. “Jay… and sorry for interrupting your evening.”

“No need to be sorry, Tim. Feel free to knock on our door at anytime.”

“We may or may not be wearing clothes, but we’ll be here for you!” Jay added and Blake laughed, shaking his head.
“I’ll keep that in mind.” Tim grinned. “Bye,” he waved and then rushed to the door.

Blake flopped back onto the sofa, curling into Jay. “They’ll be good. It’s Dick after all… if anyone can get it to work it’s him.”

“Yeah.” Jay smiled as he tugged Blake closer and kissed him deeply.

“Yeah,” Blake agreed.
Chapter 40

~thirty-five~

Amanda was looking at him calmly.

Dick was pacing like a caged animal. Tim was due to arrive in – he looked at the clock – ten minutes. Dick was nervous. This was it. If Tim said yes, then – Dick would have a boyfriend as well as a girlfriend and they would have to figure out some kind of arrangement.

“Calm down, Richard,” Amanda said.

“I don’t know how you can be so calm about it? I mean…it’s not like you’re in love with Tim. So-”

“I like him a lot, Richard and he loves you. He makes you happy. He can give you other things-”

“Are we talking about sex?” Dick asked a bit confused.

“Yes, that too, but he will be here for you when I’m at school.”

“He’s sixteen. What are we doing?” Dick said, having doubts suddenly. He was twenty and soon he’ll be off with the circus, and besides he was a vigilante, and Amanda would be a kickass lawyer soon and she was even older than Dick! “Are we seducing a minor?”

She laughed at him. “I think a minor is seducing us.”

He smiled at her. “I’m nervous.”

“Obviously.”

“I don’t want to fuck this up.”

“You won’t,” Amanda said. “I love you. It doesn’t change just because someone else is loving you too.”

Dick ran a hand through his hair and then sat down next to his girlfriend. She kissed his cheek and then his lips and before he knew it they were making out like the teenagers they weren’t anymore.

A discrete cough alerted them to Alfred’s presence. “Master Timothy is here to see you,” he said with that twinkle in his eyes that told Dick volumes.

“Thank you, Alfred,” Amanda said smoothly. Her lips were dark from kissing. There was no denying what they were doing. Maybe that was a good thing.

Dick was still staring at her lips when Tim entered the room. It was one of the smaller libraries, the one with the big French windows that showed the garden.

“Hi,” Tim said.

God, Dick thought, he looked so good, Dick wanted to eat him up. When did his semi-random and acknowledged crush became this? This hunger for Tim.

“Hi, Tim,” Amanda said. “I’m glad you came.”
“This means you wanna be with me, with us, I mean-” Dick rambled.

Tim smiled. “Yeah, I want to try this.”

Dick let out a breath and he patted the place beside him, there was just enough room for Tim. Tim came closer and then sat down.

“And you’ve thought about this, really hard?” Amanda asked.

“Yes,” Tim said. “I even talked it over with Jay and Blake, because they were in a similar situation with Steph.”

“Jason was never as much into Steph as he was into Blake,” Dick said.

“Yeah, I know, that only means, that Amanda is Jay in this scenario,” Tim replied gently.

Shit, Dick thought. Tim was right. “Tim-

Tim held up a hand, so Dick let him speak. “This can never be what your parents have, because I am not into girls. I wish I could, and I’ve tried, but I just can’t get hard looking at them. I do get hard watching heterosexual porn however. So...if I focus on you, I mean-” he stopped, looking at them.

Amanda took his hand in hers. “We don’t have to have threesomes at all,” she said gently.

“But I thought-” Tim said.

“It’s not a requirement for being – polyamorous? I guess Dick is. You and I are both monogamous people. I am only with Dick, you are only with Dick too.”

“Oh,” Tim said. “You want to have sex separately.”

“Yes, or do you wish to have me there? Kissing and touching Dick? Having him kiss and touch me in return?”

Tim shook his head. “No, I mean. Not right now. But I thought that would be selfish, because he was with you first.”

“It’s not ownership we’re talking about Tim, it’s a relationship,” Amanda smiled.

Dick was simply fucking awed by her. She had it all figured out. God only knew how long she had been preparing this little speech. Dick was sure she would win a lot of cases once she was a lawyer.

“And maybe once we’re grown together, we could try a threesome,” she added.

Dick found the idea of a mixed threesome so fucking hot. Especially when the two people he was in love with were involved.

Tim nodded and then looked at Dick. “I can work with that, I mean if you can.”

“Shit, yes I am. Yes. Obviously, whatever makes you two comfortable. I mean, I am the one who wants you both and is being greedy.”

“You really are greedy,” Amanda teased. She let go of Tim's hands and cupped Dick's face, kissing him. Dick got lost in that kiss until she broke it and turned his head to Tim.

Dick blinked at Tim.
Tim took a breath and put his hand on the other side of Dick's face and then he was leaning in and kissing Dick. Dick got lost in that kiss too. It was so different from Amanda's soft kiss. Dick moaned and blushed because of it. He was getting hard too. Amanda's hand slipped to his cock and Dick moaned into Tim's mouth. She let go. “My work here is done,” she said smiling.

Dick pulled away from Tim, panting hard. “What?”

“I'm gonna go home now, and you and Tim can take care of your hard on,” she replied, getting up. “I'll see you tomorrow for movie night, you too Tim,” she added.

“Yes,” Tim said and they watched her leave the library. “What just happened?” Tim asked once the door was closed.

“You were invited to our movie-date night,” Dick said.

“Okay?”

“And Amanda left you in charge of my cock – but you don't have to-”

Tim looked down at Dick's lap. “You got hard kissing me?”

“Yes,” Dick said. “Why is that surprising to you? I told you I want to be with you, and of course I want to touch you and have you touch me in return, but I know you're only sixteen and-”

“I've been with boys before,” Tim cut in.

Dick felt jealous again. “Oh?”

“Yes,” Tim said. “I wanted, I mean – I liked them all, but I wanted the practice.”

“Practice?” Dick asked.

Tim looked at him. “I never gave up on you, and after that kiss last year. I wanted to learn how to please a boy.”

“Please a boy?” Dick asked. He felt stupid, but somehow he still didn't get it.

“Are you disgusted?” Tim asked, backing away.


“Yes, I – it sounds stupid now.”

“No, it doesn't,” Dick said gently. “It was your right to do whatever you wanted. I was stupid to wait for so long, but – shit I don't think I could've touched your cock when you were fifteen or younger. I would've felt like a creep.”

“And now you don't?” Tim teased.

“Sixteen is the age of consent in a lot of states, that means something, okay?” Dick replied, smiling.

“I love you Dick,” Tim said. “Don't feel like a creep. I want it. I want all of it.”

“Okay, you know I'm a boy virgin too. That one time kissing Jay doesn't really count.” That had been practice too, he had wanted to impress Amanda. He smiled at Tim and then leaned in so they could make out some more.
At some point Dick was pushed back into the sofa and Tim was straddling him, kissing, licking and moaning. Rubbing his cock against Dick’s. Dick's hands were kneading Tim’s ass through his pants. He wanted to slip his fingers inside Tim's underwear, but he wasn't sure if that would be too fast, too soon.

“Tim,” Dick said, breaking the kiss and looking at Tim.

“Yeah?” Tim licked his lips.

“I wanna feel your cock against mine,” Dick said.

“Yeah,” Tim said, sitting up and opening his pants. Dick couldn't do more than just stare at him. He was flushed and his lips were red and swollen and his fingers, shit, Dick thought, he really liked Tim's fingers. He wanted to suck on them.

Tim's cock was swollen and leaking precome steadily. The front of his boxers was wet. Dick reached out and touched his fingers to that spot, it made Tim moan.

“You are so fucking hot, Tim,” he whispered, letting his fingers wander up and to Tim's cock. His fingers danced over the shaft until they met the wet tip. Tim bit his lip. “Hey, I wanna hear you, if it's okay?” Dick said.

Tim nodded and let go of his lip. There was a small dent in it, from his teeth. Dick wanted to lick it. He slid his finger over the slick tip and was rewarded with a hiss from Tim. “Is that good?”

“Yes,” Tim said. “Yes, Dick, don't stop touching me.” He sounded so desperate, Dick thought.

“I won't. I love seeing you like this,” Dick replied.

“I wanna touch you too,” Tim said, reaching over to Dick's fly. He had to bend a bit, which pressed his cock into Dick's hand more. Tim fumbled with the fly as Dick was closing his fingers around Tim's cock. It was smaller and thinner than Dick's. Cute, he thought. He could probably fit it into his mouth. The whole thing, without gagging. He wanted to try next time for sure.

Tim made a small triumphant noise once he got the fly open and was pulling Dick's cock out. “It's bigger than-”

“You're used to?” Dick teased.

Tim gave him a look. “I like challenges.”

Dick squeezed his cock and Tim threw his head back. It exposed his throat so beautifully, Dick thought. “Maybe next time, okay? Today, just this?”

“Yeah,” Tim said, grabbing for Dick's cock. Dick sat up, so Tim was in his lap, his legs on either side of Dick's hips and their cocks touching. He wrapped his hand around both of them and Tim did the same. They found a good rhythm fast. This was fantastic, because Dick could shower Tim with kisses and nip at his lips and neck and collar bone.

Tim came first, but Dick wasn't far behind. He kissed Tim hard when he spilled between their fingers. Tim was panting into Dick's shoulder. “You okay?” Dick asked.

“Fantastic,” Tim replied, kissing the curve of Dick's shoulder. It was strangely tender and innocent. He hugged Tim tighter. “We're gonna do this again, right?”
“Yes, Tim,” Dick laughed. That and hopefully more. Even if Dick had to ask Jay embarrassing questions about rimming and safer gay sex, especially with a virgin. It would be worth it.

~+~

Dick was a bit overwhelmed by all the decorations, but he really got into the cake-tasting. Blake just seemed overwhelmed altogether. “You okay?”

“I thought giving this job to mom and Miss Rachel would mean that I wouldn't have to be here for it,” Blake moaned.

Dad patted Blake's shoulder. “Yeah, no.”

Bruce chuckled.

“Isn't there like an emergency? Something big? And dangerous? Hell, I'll even go and rescue kittens all night long,” Blake said.

“Don't I wish,” Bruce mumbled.

Dad kissed his cheek. “Stop whining you two. Miss Rachel and Mary are doing this for you and Jay. It will be the best wedding since-” he looked tenderly at Bruce, “Bruce’s parents were married here.”

That shut them all up.

Bruce pulled dad into a kiss and dad sighed, smiling. “You old softy, you.”

“You love it,” Bruce replied.

“I do,” Dad said.

And then they were interrupted again by Mom and Miss Rachel who came back with – napkins, Dick thought. He shook his head. There was no helping it. As the wedding came closer Mom and Miss Rachel pulled everything together tightly.

“Tomorrow you're going to the tailor to get the suits fitted,” Mom said.

“Harvey and James will pick you boys up,” Miss Rachel added.

“And Tim and Jay,” Mom added.

“Okay,” Dick and Blake said in unison.

Mom looked at Bruce and Dad. “Okay,” they said.

Mom nodded. “This will be perfect,” she kissed Blake on the cheek and was off again. “I want a decision about the flowers, the cake, and the napkins by tomorrow!” She threw over her shoulder.

“Should have done it like Parker and Steph, minus the mermaid strippers and vegetarian buffet.” Blake sighed.

Dick sniggered. “Well. Too late.”

“Who are you bringing to the wedding, Dick?” Bruce asked.

“Amanda and Tim,” Dick said. It was pretty much common knowledge that he was with Tim too,
but the wedding would be the first official event he wanted to go to with both his beloveds.

“Do you think this is a good idea?” Bruce asked.

“He will be seventeen by then,” Dick said. “And I don't wanna hide who I love. It would only hurt Tim.”

Dad nodded. “You are right.”

“You might end up on the gossip sites again,” Bruce warned. “Did you talk it over with Amanda and Tim?”

“Yes,” Dick said. He had in fact done that. They had both agreed with him. It was damn time to be bi and proud, and poly and proud, and all that. Nightwing was doing wonders for gay teenagers in Gotham. Dick was going to do something for those that people were trying to make choose a gender. Like you could choose who you love. Like it was a choice at all, for anyone no matter if they were straight, gay, or bisexual.

“Good,” Bruce said. “I'm proud of you boys.”

Dick had to hug Bruce then and Blake wedged himself in there too. Dad was just watching them.

“I'm glad you took a chance, even you didn't want to,” Blake said.

“I'm glad your mom has such a hard head,” Bruce replied. “I couldn't love you more if you were my flesh and blood, Blake. The same goes for you Dick.”

“I know, Bruce. I've always known,” Dick said and hugged him tighter.

~+~

Tim put his camera down after he had been taking a million photos of the wedding and the party and sat down between Dick and Amanda. Amanda put her head on his shoulder and they watched Jay and Blake feed each other cake.

“That is something we will never have,” she said softly.

“You could. You and Dick could get married,” Tim said just as softly.

Amanda kissed his cheek. “Silly boy, you and Dick could get married too, but why should I get something you won't? Why should you get it when I can't?”

It was hard to argue with that. “I don't need a paper that tells everyone who I am chaining myself to,” Dick said.

“Your choice of words is somewhat lacking,” Tim said.

Amanda sniggered. They were ganging up on him again. Since they had regular dates, that has happened more and more often. Dick didn't mind so much.

“We can get matching tattoos if you guys want, or rings, or whatever,” Dick said.

“No tattoos,” they said as one.

“Then rings?” Dick asked.
“Maybe,” Tim replied, turning so he could kiss Dick.

It earned them a few stares, from a few guests that didn’t know them as well. Dick didn’t care. By tomorrow it would be public knowledge that Dick was a poly-bisexual that had a seventeen year old boyfriend. But Dick also had friends and parents in high fucking places. And since Bruce was relating juicy Batman-crime stories to Vicky Vale, she was writing amazingly good pieces about the Wayne family. She was a good reporter after all. Dick was sure Vicky would take this and make it into a piece about gay-rights or something instead of a small scandal story. It was good having her on their side.

“Wanna dance?” Amanda asked Tim. Tim nodded.

“I’m going to find Barbara,” Dick said, getting up and stretching.

“Stop snatching away Tim’s friends,” Amanda teased.

“But she’s so interesting!” Dick laughed. Barbara really was and he was glad that Tim had stayed in touch with her after Steph and Parker’s wedding. Dick thought she had the potential to be a bird of prey. He was keeping that one to himself for now. Tim, Dick knew, loved Babs’ brain. She was even smarter than Tim. And Tim liked a challenge.

“I’m on to you,” Tim whispered, just before Amanda dragged him out onto the dance-floor. Dick was sure Tim was.

He couldn't wait to have Tim on the road with him during all his vacations. Being a traveling vigilante was more fun with Tim in his ear.

~+~

He didn't find Babs, but he found V and Blake in the small library room after a while.

“Dick!” V said, jumping into his arms.

“Hiding away?” Dick asked. “It's a wedding, your wedding,” he looked at Blake.

Blake smiled. “I know. Isn't it insane? I mean, me, here, with Jay and my family and-” his voice broke and he started rubbing his eyes. “I needed a fucking moment.”

“Language,” V said.

Dick kissed her cheek. She was really getting too big and heavy to carry her around like that. After all, she was ten now.

“You okay?” Dick asked.

“Yeah. I am. Wanna hang out here with your loser siblings?” Blake grinned.

Dick laughed. “Sure.”

“Let's play cards!” V said, jumping out of Dick's arms.

“What game?”

“Poker, for favors,” she grinned.

“Poker?” Blake asked.
“Dad was teaching me,” she answered. Dad always meant Bruce, because she called Jon, Daddy.

“Shit, no,” Blake laughed. “We will lose every game.”

She sighed. “Fine, you wanna play a kid game? Fine. Uno it is. I know we have a deck somewhere that Daddy got in Paris.”

“That sounds more like it,” Blake said.

Once they found the game, they closed the door and sat down on the carpet and started playing until they fell asleep curled around each other. Dick didn't think there was a better way to end a wedding, and he was sure that his siblings agreed with him.
Chapter 41

~Thirty-Six~

“Do we have to go back?” Blake grumbled as he tucked in closer to Jay. Their honeymoon had been complete bliss. Mainly because they were totally disconnected from the world, no tech gadgets for the week… not even a cell phone.

“Afraid so,” Jay sighed, kissing Blake’s shoulder. “Work calls and I know you’ve been itching to get back on the streets.”

“Maybe.”

Jay snorted, “No maybe about it. You’re such an adrenaline junkie. I’m surprised you didn’t sneak some bat gadget to keep tabs on everything.”

“No gadgets.” Blake chuckled. “But if you want to put the Batsuit on again, I won’t complain.”

Jay laughed, shaking his head. “You’re incorrigible.”

“You love it.”

“I do.”

~

Blake hated that Jay had to fly to Japan pretty much as soon as they had landed back in Gotham. Their honeymoon was officially over and Blake hated returning back to the apartment alone. Lucas wasn’t even home. He was in Europe for an internship. Blake had a sneaking suspension that Lucas had fallen in love with someone last summer. Blake had teased him, but Lucas hadn’t confirmed or denied anything… he just turned beet red. There was definitely something going on.

Blake grabbed his keys: he decided to stay at the manor until Jay returned home. He knew his parents wouldn’t object and V would love having her brother around. Besides he would be able to stay out later on patrol as well.

~

Patrol flew by and soon Blake was dropping into bed, practically dead on his feet. He drifted off to sleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

A loud bang, woke Blake up from a dead sleep. He groaned as he glanced at the clock. It was only noon, it was way too fucking early for this. He dragged himself from his bed and headed down the stairs. Where was everyone?

Blake yawned, “Alfred?”

The banging continued and Blake groaned. He wasn’t awake enough for this.

“Mom? Dad?” He sighed as he made his way to the front hall. “Anybody?”

Still nothing, except the insistent banging at the front door. Blake ran his fingers through his hair and glanced down. He was only wearing a pair of sweatpants, not really suitable to greet visitors, but it’ll have to do. Blake opened the door, his gaze narrowing on the young boy glaring at him. “What?”
“Is that any way to greet a guest?” The boy crossed his arms across his chest, glaring at him more… if that was even possible.

“Okay.” Blake grunted as he glanced around, for the boy’s parent or a guardian… he couldn’t have just appeared out of thin air. “How did you get here?”

The boy huffed. “I demand you take me to Bruce Wayne.”

Blake raised a brow, this had to be some fucking ploy or something. “Mister Wayne doesn’t see unscheduled—”

“I demand you take me to my father at once!”

Blake blinked, taking a step back. His father? Now this had to be a joke. There was no way. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me, take me to my father.” He snipped. “I’ll have you fired for your insolence.”

Blake laughed at that, this was fucking ridiculous and he slammed the door in the boy’s face. “The fucking nerve.”

“Language.”

Blake snorted, rolling his eyes at his sister’s reprimand. “Where did you come from?”

“The kitchen,” V grinned as she jumped up and wrapped her arms around his neck. She kissed his cheek then glanced at the door as the banging started up once more. “Who’s at the door?”

“Apparently our long lost sibling.” Blake deadpanned and V squealed with delight.

“A sister?” She jumped down, opening the door and sighed heavily when she caught sight of the boy. They stared at each other for a moment and Blake just watched them in fascination… they had the same eyes. Shit.

The boy cocked his head, something Wayne did all the time. He had the same chin too. Well fuck. He was like a little Bruce Wayne, but his skin was slightly darker.

“What’s your name?” V asked softly and the boy sighed in annoyance.

“Damian Wayne.”

V glanced back at him and Blake shrugged. “How come we’ve never seen you before?”

Damian rolled his eyes. “Where’s my father?”

V huffed, twirling on her heels. “Dad!!!!” She hollered as she ran down the hallway.

Blake shook his head and motioned for the boy to enter. “Might as well come in.”

“Finally,” Damian drawled and he grabbed his bag and swords? Where did this kid come from?

“See!” Blake heard V stress and he glanced over to see her dragging Wayne toward them.

“I see,” Wayne chuckled with amusement, “We have a visitor.”

“Not just any visitor,” Blake snorted, “He claims he’s your son.”
Wayne stopped, his face suddenly the cold mask Blake’s used to from the Batman. “My son?”

“These fools have been detaining me.” Damian muttered. “You are Bruce Wayne, my father.”

“That’s impossible.” Wayne stated.

“Improbable, most likely.” Damian interjected. “My mother is Talia al Ghul.”

Wayne paled and he took a step back, seemingly lost in thought. Blake’s never seen him so off his game before.

“How old are you?” V questioned, curious like they all were.

“Ten.”

“Ten?” Blake repeated, well fuck. “You fucking bastard, did you cheat on mom?”

“No, never.” Wayne hissed. “I’ve been faithful to my partners. I was with Talia, but that was over thirteen years ago. It was before I decided to spend my life with the Graysons.” Wayne glanced at Damian.

V looked like she was about to cry and Damian looked smug. “A DNA test will clarify this up,” Blake announced as he reached over and pulled out a few strands of Damian’s hair.

“Hey!” Damian cried out, grabbing at his hand, but Blake was quicker.

“I’ll check this out,” Blake stated, turning on his heels and heading down to the Batcomputer to run the test.

~

Blake sat impatiently as he waited for the results to spit out of the computer. He tensed slightly as he felt a shift behind him and as he glanced over his shoulder he saw Dick heading towards him.

“Can you believe it?” He grinned, obviously excited at Damian’s sudden appearance.

“Aren’t you supposed to be slumming with the circus?” Blake teased, turning his chair to face him.

“V called me, babbling away about our new little brother.” Dick explained, “And Tim and I jumped in the car to check it out. We were only an hour away.”

Blake raised a brow glancing at the time. It had been more than an hour since he started to run the test. He should have grabbed a blood sample instead. “Did you see the little bastard?”

“Yep.”

“I really don’t need these results to prove anything. Damian looks like Bruce.” Blake stated as he turned back to the computer. “I searched Talia al Ghul and there’s no record of her ever giving birth.”

“What?” Dick gasped, joining him at the computer. “Is this some sort of joke then?”

“I’m not sure. It took me awhile, but I managed to find his birth certificate. It does list Talia as his mother and Bruce as his father. The kicker is that a surrogate was used.” Blake pointed at the screen as he pulled the different documents forward. “See.”
“Damn. Makes sense why Bruce had no idea and the timing of everything.” Dick mused.

Blake sighed, shaking his head. “I accused him of cheating on mom.”

“Mom seemed a little pissed, but give her time. She loves Bruce and will love anything of Bruce. Just like Bruce loves us, even if we aren’t blood related.” Dick grabbed the piece of paper as it printed out. “Damian is legit, there is a 99.95% that Bruce is his father.”

Blake nodded, “Figured as much.” He printed off the other documents and gathered them. “Think Bruce needs to see these.”

“See what?”

Blake startled slightly, he hated that Wayne still could get the drop on him. He didn’t even sense him. “Damian is your son.” Blake stated as he handed over the papers to Bruce. “I don’t know the full story, but it looks like Talia used a surrogate for his birth.”

Wayne frowned as he glanced through the documents. “Explains the timeline.”

“That’s what I said,” Dick crossed over to him, wrapping his arms around Wayne in a much needed hug. “Congrats on your bouncing little boy.”

“Thank you, Dick.” Wayne stated, but there was a note of sadness in his voice. Regret, but not for his birth…for missing out?

“So what’s the plan?” Blake asked. “Damian certainly has an attitude.”

“That’s from his Grandfather.” Wayne sighed. “I wish I had known. I’d have taken him away from there.”

“He’s only ten.” Blake offered. “You still have plenty of time.”

“And V’s already captivated with him, it’ll be good to have someone more her age around here.” Dick pointed out and Blake nodded. “Will his mom come after him?”

“He said he had Talia’s blessing to come here,” Wayne explained. “It’s probably a test of some sort, to see where his loyalties lie. I’ll have to speak to her, I don’t want to miss any more time with him. I want him to have as normal of an upbringing as I can give him.”

“But, there’s nothing normal about the boy,” Blake began. “He was carrying two swords and his reflexes are quick-”

“No.” Wayne stated harshly, cutting him off.

“Why not? V’s not interested in following in our footsteps and once I become Batman who will take my place?” Blake questioned. They had been talking about Wayne finally retiring and Blake taking the reins. They needed new blood and Blake knew that Damian had what it took.

Wayne sighed, looking unsure.

“Besides, he may need this more than anything else at the moment. Remember when I started? I was so angry and look at me now.”

Wayne nodded, “We’ll see.”

~
It only took a week before Damian found the cave, he ambushed Blake as he was taking off his mask, suddenly appearing out of the shadows. “You’re Nightwing!” He gasped in complete awe, his eyes bright.

Blake nodded. “I am.” He laughed, shaking his head. “How did you get down here?”

“Pennyworth is careless.” He snorted, but Blake knew otherwise. That sneaky bastard.

“Is he?” Blake questioned. “You don’t give him enough credit. He did after all groom the Batman.”

Damian’s eyes widened even more, his mouth opening and closing as he worked out everything in his mind. “Ttt-”

Blake smiled. “You’re not supposed to be down here.”

Damian snorted, “This is my birthright. I demand that you teach me!”

Blake raised a brow. “You’ll have to ask your-” he was cut off by the roar of the Bat as it flew into the cave and landed.

Damian turned, watching in complete adoration and awe as the Batman emerged from within and approached. “Father!” He inhaled and Blake knew then, that everything was going to turn out beautifully.
Chapter 42

~Extra: Mary~

Mary wasn't sure she liked the boy. He wasn't like her kids, he wasn't angry like Blake had been. He was a whole other creature and he – he was dangerous and arrogant and – Jon kissed her neck.

“You're brooding, love,” he said gently.

“I'm not. Bruce broods. I'm thinking,” she replied.

“You're brooding, Mary.” He turned her gently and hugged her tightly. It was good to feel his strong arms around her. She felt like she was going to explode.

“He is Bruce's son. I know they're down there doing tests, but you just have to look at that boy. He has the same eyes as our daughter.”

“I know,” Jon said.

“What is he doing here?” Mary asked, pushing away and looking in her husband's eyes.

“Looking for his father, maybe he's also looking for a family.”

“He has a family. With his mother,” Mary said.

“Mary-”

“He -” she wanted to say, doesn't belong here, but that would be wrong and selfish. They had messed up Bruce's life as well, with all their pushing and tugging and it turned out alright. Was Damian doing anything less or different? No. But it still hurt that he was here. It somehow still hurt that another woman could have his child. She knew it was selfish, but Bruce's was theirs. Hers and Jon's and their kid's.

“I know,” Jon said.

She sighed.

~+~

“So, she stole your sperm and then had another woman bear that child and kept him away from you for ten years,” Mary said. She was pacing because there was no way she could sit through this conversation. Damian was upstairs in his room and the kids – were staying out of their way. She loved them all so much. She knew V was endlessly fascinated with Damian.

“Mary, I'm sorry,” Bruce said.

“For what? It's not your fault. He is a part of you, so – maybe I love him already, but that doesn't mean I have to like him right away.”

“He is a difficult child,” Jon said.

“Ha!” She glared at her men. “Difficult? That is very flattering. He tried to make Tim and Dick uncomfortable,” she sighed.
“He seems to like Ace well enough,” Jon said with a smile.

Ace was older than the freaking world, Mary thought and he was half-deaf, but it was true that Damian had taken to the dog. And Ace seemed to like the boy, so he couldn't be all bad.

He couldn't be all bad anyway, she reasoned, he was part Bruce's too.

“Do you want me to send him away?” Bruce asked, and the kicker was, she knew that he would do just that. That he would send away his own kid, for her sake. That was how much he loved them.

She shook her head. “I would never demand something like that.”

“I know,” Bruce replied, getting up from the couch and crossing over to her so they could kiss.

He was so much bigger that Jon, but his arms were gentle and his lips still so soft. “I know this is difficult for you, for all of us, but I want to get to know him,” Bruce said once he gave her lips free.

She kissed his cheek. “Of course.”

“I want you two to be his parents too. As far he will let us,” Bruce added.

“Of course,” Jon said, “We are a family after all.”

Mary nodded, there was nothing else to say about it.

~+~

Breakfast the next morning was an interesting affair.

Damian was looking at them all as if they were crazy. “You have only one servant?”

“Alfred,” Dick said, “Is not a servant.”

“Still touchy I called you out on your too young boyfriend?” Damian asked smoothly.

Dick took a visible breath and Mary just waited for him to explode, but then Tim put his hand on Dick's cheek and Dick relaxed, turning to Tim, so Tim could kiss him. It was a surprisingly hard and demanding kiss.

“Gross,” Damian said.

“If you keep that up,” Blake said, “You're gonna sleep in a tent in the garden,”

“You wouldn't dare!”

“Oh, yeah, we would,” V said. “You wouldn't be allowed any of the good dessert and no cuddling with Ace either.”

Damian bit his lip. Mary found it adorable.

“So, Damian,” Jon said. “What are you going to do now that you have found your father?”

Damian looked from Jon to Bruce and her and then bit his lip again.

He didn't know, she realized. He had no plan whatsoever. “Wasn't this what you expected?”

“I saw the wedding, on TV,” Damian said. “I know father had two lovers and that Blake was gay
and Dick – whatever Dick is.”

“A bisexual polygamous person in a committed relationship,” Dick said smoothly. It sounded a bit like Amanda had coached him.

Mary smiled. Dick winked at her. “You know all this, and still you are surprised. Why?”

“Because we're so normal,” Blake said.

Damian gave him a look.

“Oh,” Mary said. “Well, we are just like any other family I guess. We have our ups and downs.”

“What am I?” Damian asked. There was something sharp and fragile in his tone.

“You are one of the ups,” Bruce said and it surprised her that it was Bruce who said it, but it pleased Damian and he couldn't hide it.

“So what are you going to do now?” Jon asked again, looking at Damian.

“I'd like to stay,” Damian said.

“You are welcome here,” V replied and put another waffle on his plate. She used her fingers which made him eye her like she just put dog food on his plate, but he would get used to it. Between her and Dick, there was really no other choice.

Bruce was looking happy and she felt the knot in her stomach loosen too.

It would be alright, she thought, as Jon squeezed her hand under the table.

They were a family after all and there was always room in their hearts for one more person.
“Where is it?” V grumbled under her breath, looking for her IPad. “DAMIAN!” She rushed out of her room, charging down the hallway into her brother’s room… well, half-brother. “Did you take it?”

Damian rolled his eyes, “Haven’t you heard of knocking?” He crossed his arms over his chest. “Were you raised in a circus or something?” There was a little smirk tugging at his lip and it made her want to scream.

She mimicked his pose and stared back at him. She couldn’t help but notice how much he looked like their Dad in that moment. When he arrived almost five years ago, he was a tiny little boy… but when he hit puberty he shot up like a weed and towered over her. “Brat.”

“Bitch.”

“Language,” she snorted.

“What’s got your panties all in a twist?” He deadpanned and she huffed.

“Did you take my IPad?”

“That ancient thing?”

“Blake gave it to me on my birthday.” She snapped, it was precious to her, even if it was a few years old and not up to the latest technology.

Damian’s eyes widened slightly at Blake’s name… Damian respected the shit out of Blake. He didn’t see him as his older brother as she did. But he saw him as his mentor and soon to be his Batman, his leader. “Oh.” He shrugged, suddenly losing the stick up his ass. Bastard. “I haven’t seen it.”

V narrowed her gaze, studying him. “Fine.” She turned on her heels and rushed down the stairs. “Alfred?” She called out, stopping as she reached the kitchen.

“Yes, Lady V?”

“Yes, Lady V?”

“Have you seen my IPad?” She had everything on that thing. Pictures and music, her whole life!

“I believe you last had it in the library when Master James was here for your study date.”

V blinked, tilting her head as she thought back. “Thanks,” she offered, darting past her Dad as she ran back to the library and practically squealed when she found it. “There you are!”

“Violet.”

V startled at her Dad’s voice, “Dad!” She inhaled, turning to him. “You scared me.” He may be retiring soon, but he hadn’t lost his touch. He was still the silent Bat in the shadows.

He chuckled, smiling at her with that bright loving smile that she loved. “You ran past me in such a panic, I thought best to check it out.”
She held up her IPad, “I thought I lost it.”

“Tragic,” he stated, amusement laced in his voice.

“I know, right?” She smiled instead, wrapping her arms around him in a big hug. She missed being able to climb up his back and sit on his shoulders.

“There’s my two favorite people,” her Mom cooed and joined in their embrace. V felt so special in their arms… she may be fifteen now, but she loved them so much.

“Where’s Daddy?” She asked, giving her Mom a peck on the cheek.

“Went to pick up your brother, apparently he has a flat and his spare was even flatter. Amanda is in court and Tim is in class and of no help.” She shook her head.

“Oh, I’m so going to give him hell. Robin needed his Daddy to pick him up.” She grinned as she pulled away. “Priceless. So, I’m guessing family dinner before the passing on the cowl?”

“Yes,” they smiled.

“Why didn’t Blake pick him up on the way?” V asked, he should be heading over soon, too.

“Apparently he didn’t pick up his phone.” Her mom chuckled, “I’m sure they were celebrating before the big night.”

V rolled her eyes, “Probably.” Blake and Jay were always making out… she shuddered, not really wanting to think about what they did. “Okay, I’m going to finish getting ready.”

She darted up the stairs before they could protest and pulled on one of her new dresses. V smiled as she twirled in front of the mirror. She loved her new curves, all the boys were starting to take notice… even if it made her Dad and Daddy all growly and even grumpier about it. Especially, when she brought her dates home.

“Preening in front of the mirror?” Damian scoffed as he leaned against the doorframe. “Typical.”

“Damian! Ever heard of knocking?” She cried out and was about to throw something at him when she caught sight of her older brother just behind him. “Dick!” She grinned, dashing over and throwing herself at him.

“Hey, baby girl.” He teased and she snorted.

“I’m not a baby anymore,” she huffed, shaking her head. “Besides. Who needed their daddy to come pick them up?”

Dick laughed, shaking his head. “Okay, okay. You got me.” He kissed her brow, then pulled away, wrapping an arm around Damian as well. “How’s my little brother?”

Damian tensed slightly as he always did… but he was getting better about all the touchy, feely things. He had a rough upbringing and V wished that he was able to be with them from the beginning. He spent ten years apart from them and even if he was a pain in her ass, she loved him so much. And it was so nice having a brother closer to her own age… although when he did show up on their doorstep, she had wished her long lost half-sibling would have been a girl. A sister would have been nice. But she wouldn’t have it any other way now.

“I’m bigger than you,” Damian huffed, but his small smile showed he was pleased.
And Damian was bigger than Dick and Blake, even if they were years older than Damian. Damian was almost as tall and broad as their Dad. He was also following in their footsteps. V was pretty proud of her family.

“Ready for tonight?” Dick grinned. “You’ll officially be Nightwing.”

Damian nodded, “Can’t wait.” He had been preparing for this night for years, he already had trained as a ninja, like their Dad. According to Blake, Damian was still head strung and impulsive, but a natural. He was meant to be a bat.

V had never wanted to be trained, she lacked the desire to be a part of the batfamily. She wanted to be a kickass lawyer like Miss Rachel and Amanda. She’d be able to help on the side of the law. They all were.

“Come, let’s go eat.” Dick tugged them to the door. “I’m starving.”

~

Dinner was a loud affair as it always was with the full family. And everyone was there. Blake and Jay. Dick, Amanda, and Tim. Her parents. Damian. Even the Dents were there, including her best friend Jamie.

“We have an announcement,” Jay stood up from his seat, tapping his glass. “You all know we’ve been married now for five years-” he paused as everyone cheered around them. “We’re pregnant!”

“What?” V gasped, “Last I checked, neither of you had girly parts.”

Blake snorted, “Ha, ha. We’re using a surrogate. Our baby will be born in the fall and then we’ll be adopting a few more down the line.”

“So who’s the daddy?” Tim asked, everyone wondering the same thing.

“We don’t know,” Jay shrugged as he sat back down, squeezing Blake’s hand and leaning in for a kiss.

“How’s that even possible?” V questioned.

“We both donated our sperm, so it’s really a luck of the draw.” Blake smiled, “Doesn’t really matter, our family proves that blood relations don’t make a family.”

“Well, I guess our announcement is kinda mute compared to theirs,” Dick snorted and Amanda smacked his arm. “Hey.” Dick laughed, smiling. “We are going to have a commitment ceremony a month from tonight. The three of us will exchange rings and naturally, you’re all invited.”

“About fucking time,” Blake grinned.

“Language,” V and her Dad automatically responded and everyone laughed. Then it was a whirlwind of congratulations to both parties. V couldn’t believe it, she’d be an aunt and well, “Can I be the flower girl?”

“I was thinking more of a Maid of Honor,” Amanda smiled and V beamed.

“Me?” V gasped, practically jumping out of her seat. “Of course.”

This was the best night ever.
Her dad stood up a moment later. “Boys, it’s time.” He stated in that no nonsense Batman voice that always sent thrills down her spine.

Blake immediately stood up as well as Dick and Damian.

V’s heart skipped a beat. This was it. The big night. Where Bruce Wayne passed the mantle of the Batman to Blake. He was going to be the Batman. And Damian was taking Blake’s spot as Nightwing… and one day, he’d be the Batman.

Her family was the best. No other family could compare. She was the luckiest girl ever.

~

“Hey.”

V smiled as she glanced over at Jamie. He looked pretty pale as he glimpsed over the side and she laughed, beckoning him forward. “Come on,” she patted the ledge beside her as she pulled her knees to her chest. This was her favorite place, sitting on the roof when the moon was high and the stars twinkled. It had been such a great night, that she wanted to end it with the stars.

Jamie joined her, “You and your brothers are such thrill seekers.”

V laughed, shaking her head. “I wouldn’t quite say that. I have no desire to free fall from the tallest building in Gotham.” She sighed as she leaned into him, soaking in his warmth as the night cooled even more.

He wrapped his arm around her. “Um, V?”

“Yeah?” She sighed, gazing at the stars.

“I fucking love you.” He blurted out and she pulled back slightly, turning to better look at him.


Jamie frowned and her heart ached at the sight. “No, V. I love you. God, for so long… and I’ve sat back while you’ve dated half our class.”

She blinked, her mind racing. “What?” V couldn’t really grasp onto what he was saying. He loved her, like really loved her?

“God, V.” He dragged his fingers through his hair. “I’ve loved you for so long and now, even more so. You’re the girl of my dreams.”

“But you’re my best friend.” She whispered and she had to suck in a breath when Jamie closed his eyes, suddenly looking so defeated.

“Yeah,” he nodded and got up. “I’ll catch you at school or something.”

He rushed off and V jumped up following after him. “James.”

He stopped, but didn’t turn to her. “I get it, you don’t see me like that. Blake told me to just tell you-”

“Blake?” V gasped. “You’ve talked to my brother about this?”

“Brothers,” Jamie corrected as he finally glanced back at her. “Your brothers dragged me into a room, asking what my intentions were and if I was ever going to fucking tell you.”
“Language,” She corrected out of habit then groaned. “All my brothers know?”

“Even Damian… Tim and Jay too. Even Amanda. They all know, guess you’re the only one that hasn’t noticed that I’m in love with you.”

V worried her lip, “But how do you know? We’ve been best friends for like ever.”

“I just do, I dunno. It really hit hard when you were kidnapped. God, V. I thought I lost you.”

V breathed in sharply, she had never thought about what it meant for him. She was never really afraid for herself. She knew the Batman would save her… she was more worried about Blake. V still had nightmares about that, seeing her brother stabbed. “Oh.”

Jamie sighed, rubbing his neck. “Can you ever love me like that?”

V shrugged, “I’ve never thought about you like that. You’re my-”

“Best friend, I know. I get it.” He snorted, “Guess there’s nothing left to say. Goodnight, V.” Jamie turned once more to leave, but V grabbed onto his wrist, not wanting him to go, not yet.

“Prove it.”

“What?” He gasped, studying her. “How?”

“Kiss me.” She demanded, her heart skipping a beat at the sudden idea. She’s made out with a few boys… even one of the girls just to see if she liked it. After all her brothers and her fathers were gay and bi. It was a possibility, but she really didn’t care for it.

He raised a brow and then he pulled her tight against him and kissed her. It was a simple brush of his lips against hers… tentative and so hot. It sent a thrill inside her, something she’s never felt and she whimpered. Actually whimpered! She’s read about kisses like this, but never had she felt something like it.

Jamie smiled against her lips and then he deepened the kiss, stealing her breath away. It was everything she had ever dreamed of.

She was breathing harshly, her heart racing as they parted. “Fuck.”

“Language,” he teased, his voice so much deeper and so hot.

V laughed, slapping his arm and then stood on her tiptoes, wrapping her arms around his neck as she kissed him. She could definitely get used to this.

This was the best fucking night ever.

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