A Fateful Night
by GinAndCats

Summary

At the annual My Parents Are Dead Convention Batman meets the love of his life.

It was the third annual “My Parents Are Dead” convention, or just MyPAD for short. Batman had almost decided not to come this year, but when it came down to it, the choice wasn’t his. Every character that has even one dead parent has to come, if they don’t they will die a very painful and slow death and thusly be erased from everyone’s minds. The event was really inconvenient and unreasonable, but it was a thing that happened. And it was a thing that Batman went to.

So where were we, oh yes, Batman had almost decided not to come, but as we already know that would result in a horrific death, and it would be stupid to throw his life away just to avoid this rather strange gathering. Anyway Batman walked down the valiantly lit street (all streets are valiantly lit when he walks down them, especially if he is alone and brooding) with his hands stuffed deep into the silk lined pockets of his suit jacket. He sighs dejectedly; this is not a thing that he wants to be doing, it just so happens that MyPAD is scheduled on the exact date of both of his parents deaths, what a convenient coincidence, surely he’ll need some comforting…So Batman continues his well-lit walk down the apparently long street to the club. Long enough for some personal reflection.

Batman spends all of his time pushing others away; he is just too broken for most people to deal with. The death of his parents consumes him and defines him, you could almost call it an identification point in his character….Batman was never good at connecting with people, maybe it was his obsession with his parents and his obvious depression, or maybe his billions of dollars are too intimidating, maybe even the fact that he dresses up like a bat and beats the living daylights out of people….No, it is obviously not any of those reasons that he does not connect with people, he is most certainly not a brooding man child who lacks social skills. Batman ponders this as he continues walking down the street; by the way, the street is empty. For whatever reason he and people just don’t get along….but for other North American mammals the case is different. Batman loves bats, cats….even DEER.
Personal reflection done Batman realizes that he has run out of street to walk on, or rather, he has arrived at the club. He looks at the building with a certain level of contempt that quickly eases away. Maybe this year he’ll find someone as broken as him here. He boldly walks up to the bouncer, showing off how manly and superior he is. The bouncer is not impressed, he just let Superman in.

“Name and Number?” Number refers to the Number of parents you have dead.

“Batman, Two.” He responds, the bouncer glances down at his sheet to verify his identity and then waves him in. Batman saunters into the room; a fan is placed perfectly to blow his hair back as he slowly and dramatically looks around the area.

For a dead parents convention the place is really lively. Harry Potter is in the corner, telling a rapt audience how every father figure he’s ever had is dead. Edward Elric is sharing a drink and memories of their mothers with Tohru Honda. Haruhi, Naruto, and Ciel rave together on the dance floor. Batman catches Superman’s eye as he tries to pick up some chicks at the bar and gives a respectful nod. Batman also notices pretty much every Homestuck character milling about, drinking sodas or dancing or singing. Alright MyPAD might not exactly be a convention, it’s more of a great big party, but whatever, the pamphlets say convention, so convention it shall be called.

Batman cannot decide what to do first, should he brood in a corner, or on the dance floor? Maybe He’ll brood by the karaoke machine. So many different places to brood at, however will he choose. By a pure stroke of luck he decides to go brood right next to a rather dashing deer.

He orders the only beverage that the convention offers, Faygo. It always struck him as odd that this lavish event only buys one brand of crappy soda to distribute. Batman sighs, he doesn’t even like Faygo. Batman scowls his best scowl, the one he practiced in the mirror before he came here.

“Excuse me.” A small, sweet voice says, Batman pointedly looks the other way, he is brooding right now, a man needs to brood alone. “Excuse me” the voice says a bit more pointedly.

Batman dramatically swings his head around to stare the owner of the voice in the eye

The deer is lost for words for a second, the man’s glare seems to see right through him, but it also seems to see him. His eyes widen, and a blush creeps up his neck. The world seems to go in slow motion, a pink haze descends. Who is this mysteriously handsome black clad man?

The owner of the voice is an innocent looking deer, with wide, pensive eyes. The deer holds his glare for a moment that seems to last an eternity, then quickly looks down, flustered.

“It’s just, you’re standing on my hoof, sorry for interrupting your brooding.” Batman’s heart leaps, is it possible for a deer to be this cute? He blinks and looks down, he is indeed standing on the deer’s hoof, how did he even get into that awkward position? Batman doesn’t say sorry because that is not what Batman does.

The two return to silence, but it is not a comfortable as it was before, how could one moment change so much? Batman sneaks a glance at the deer and finds it already looking at him, studying him, their eyes meet and both look away quickly. Batman feels his masked face flush, who is this deer? Batman clears his throat in a manly matter.

“So…what brings you here?” He starts lamely, wondering what force makes him want to converse with this deer. It certainly is not some relationship loving goddess, no, no, nothing like that. There is no divine hand in this decision, no; this would work under any of the circumstances, all of them. So anyway, Batman asks that really stupid question all tsundere like.
The deer looks at him with those huge eyes of his, the color of honey. That was the most poetic thought Batman had ever had. The deer smiles a bit and Batman finds himself calming within, not in so much of a brooding mood anymore. This deer is already changing him for the better.

“My parents are dead, that’s why everyone’s here.” The deer says in its soft, soft voice. Batman straightens

“Right, of course I knew that.” Batman looks ahead, not allowing the deer to see his blush. The deer looks at him almost fondly and he knows right there that that deer owns him. As his dear friend Superman would say, that deer was his kryptonite. But how, how? He’d only known the deer for maybe five minutes, why is his heart pounding? Why is he thinking overly clichéd thoughts?

“What’s your name?” The deer asks, “Mine’s Bambi.” Bambi, the name runs like a mantra through his head, has any word ever sounded so beautiful? Batman shakes his head, no, he was made to fight crime, not love. He’s a fighter…..but the deer gave him a name, it’s only polite to return the favor.

“Batman.” He says somewhat bluntly, looking straight ahead. He feels a pressure in his foot and looks down, a hoof rests on top of it. He knows that it’s on purpose. He lets himself look Bambi, noticing that it’s blushing nearly as much as he is.

“My mother says that it’s polite to look at someone when you speak.” The expression that Bambi makes when saying that extremely adorable is just too much for Batman; he has a nose bleed right there. It’s a little known fact about Batman, but while he isn’t good with people, he has a huge soft spot for charming animals.

“S-sorry.” He stutters, staring deep into Bambi’s honey colored orbs.

The man, Batman, finally looks at me, and I get that same feeling. I know he sees me, I know he does. Isn’t this what I was told to wait for, “Wait until you find someone who can really see you, Bambi.” His mother used to say. Bambi never understood that, everyone could see him, he wasn’t invisible. But now he understands, Batman sees him. Not to mention he is incredibly handsome. There is absolutely no way that he is going to let this one get away. This is what I’ve been looking for.

Bambi stares back with such an intensity that he is taken back for a moment. His fawn colored fur, soft voice, and delicate features do not match the look in this deer’s eyes. Bambi looks desperate, his eyes are pleading for him never to look away, and Batman finds himself not wanting to. Looking into those beautiful eyes he feels good, he feels happy.

He feels at home.

They realize that they’ve just been staring into each other’s eyes for quite a while and their blushes go deeper.

“I’m sorry, you just remind me of my parents…” Both of them mumble at the same time. How wonderfully clichéd, how beautifully perfect! They both quickly look back into one another’s eyes, getting that same safe feeling they got before. Batman’s heart does flips, this is what he needs.

Bambi is sweet and innocent, and adorable. He reminds him of home. That’s what Batman needs in a relationship, not someone who can fight, or who has super powers. But someone who does just
the opposite, Batman spends all of his life fighting and hating, but with Bambi he can just be a kid again.

Batman is perfect, he is handsome and gallant and dark, everything that Bambi is not. He has the smell of justice on him, Bambi knows without a doubt that He’lI keep him safe. He reminds him of his parents, both just and strong. With Batman, Bambi could be a kid again.

“Bambi…” Batman strokes one of his ears, sending a shiver down the deer’s spine. “I don’t know what it is about you…but will you go with me?” Batman is bold, he wants this deer, and he’s going to get him. Bambi stares for a moment before breaking into a smile

“Yes, Batman.” He likes the feel of the word in his mouth. Some around them watch the odd couple, but deep down they know this makes perfect sense.

Bambi notices the people looking at them with “Aww, that’s so cute!” looks on their faces. “Let’s go somewhere more private. Batman hastily agrees, keeping one hand on Bambi’s back he follows him to the back of the room, they settle into a booth, warm and happy. A slow song plays:

Siobhan and Jaime were wroooong,
This pairing is ador-a-ble!
Ginny was right!
Ginny was right!
Now bow down and kiss her feeeeeeet
Their love is pure and perfect!!!!
Siobhan and Jaime were W-R-O-N-G, wroooooooooooong!!!

Bambi laughs a bit.

“What is it?” Batman asks, still staring into the deer’s eyes.

“Nothing, it’s just that this song is now our song.”

“Heh, I suppose you’re right.” And with that the conversation stops, and they spend the rest of the night looking into one another’s eyes, falling more in love with each passing second.

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