Small Miracles
by AuthorCarnation

Summary

Nightwing panicked.

Dick Grayson, Batman's protege, panicked.

What Nightwing should have done. What Nightwing would have done was jab his eskrima into the side of the building and catch anyone who fell with him before chucking them back up the roof.

Instead, he wrapped his arms tightly around his stomach, tuck in his knees and head, and waited for impact.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
6:42 PM - Location Unknown

Tim knew.

He had to have figured it out after that botched surveillance mission. The mission was simple. All Tim had to do was sneak into the facility, figure out why so many kids have been disappearing in this area specifically, and get out.

So, of course, it went lateral the minute Robin broke in.

All the doors bolted shut before more metal slabs fell through slits in the ceilings. Alarms started blaring from every corner of the building. Lights blinked out of existence only leaving darkness. Thanks to Robins night vision mask he was still able to keep moving forward and thanks to the surveillance tech in his mask, Nightwing knew exactly when to go in after Robin.

“Nightwing!” Robin tumbled to get behind an abandoned counter as a squad of security goons ran past him.

“I’m on my way! Keep going!”

Nightwing looked at M’gann and she nodded before opening a hatch in the ship. He slid right through the opening, aiming perfectly for the open air vent on the roof of the building.

While on his way down he managed to get in contact with Robin again. “I should be coming out into the Security Room.”

“I’m-” A series of thuds came through the earpiece before Robin spoke again “-already here.”
Nightwing dropped feet first into the room. “As am I.”

Robin didn’t bother turning back to look at his leader as he looked through the surveillance feeds.

“I don’t see anything out of the ordinary, this looks like a normal science facility.” He said

Nightwing looked at the current feed which showed a couple of people in white lab coats running around probably running to save and shut down anything confidential programs as dark red pulsed in the room, staying consistent to the blaring alarm.

“That’s because you are only looking at what is right in front of you.” Nightwing has been on hundreds of missions and if there is one thing he’s learned it’s that the bad guys always hide their secret base hundreds of miles under the ground with a dummy building on top of it to deceive anyone who tried to question their motives.

Nightwing pushed Robin out of his seat and got to work. Hacking into their security systems was easy enough and out popped one new feed. One single feed. Nightwing connected the feed to the computer on his wrist and started downloading everything. The feed itself was focused on a very dimmed area with moving figures that were even harder to decipher.

‘Guess I’ll have to spend the next couple of days going through each individual frame of the feed’ Nightwing thought with a sigh

“Nightwing we gotta go!” The man whipped his head towards Robin, the boy who is currently holding off four security guards.

Nightwing turned back to the screens yanking the cord that connected his computer to this foreign database a split second after the download has finished and quite literally jumped into action.

He yanked the chair from its resting place and chucked it wheels first at the burly security guard, landing on the seat of the chair, effectively trapping the man’s head between the legs of the chair and the cold hard floor. He flipped over the back of the chair twisting into a proper position to back kick a second security guard in the jaw. Nightwing couldn’t help but grin in just the slightest of ways as he heard the crack of bones and the thud of a body. One hit TKO has always been Nightwings favorite part of his job.
Nightwing looked over at Robin as he knocked out the last of the guards before pressing an index finger to the little plastic earpiece in his ear. “On our way to the extraction point.”

And with that, both Robin and Nightwing ran. Out the room, out the hall, and started their ascension up the flight of emergency stairs.

Nightwing did not like this. It’s too easy. Never in any of his botched mission (really only two) had it been this easy to get out. “Something’s wrong”

“What do you mean?” Robin asked, busting open the door to the roof.

“That’s what I mean” Nightwing sighed letting his chin fall on his chest in defeat.

On the roof stood fourteen (of course Nightwing had counted) figures wrapped from head to toe in black, holding a various assortment of weapons.

Nightwing whipped out his Eskrima sticks, Robin steadied his electrified bo and they ran. Dodging, weaving, attacking. They did it all until there was only one man left. M’gann’s ship came into view above them all. A hatch opened and out fell Superman, Kid Flash, Blue Beetle, Artemis, and M’gann.

“Oh now you all come,” Robin expelled an exasperated sigh “Where were you when we were fighting all of these guys!” he gave a wave at the bodies splayed across the roof.

“We were getting rid of the bots!” Blue Beetle explained with an affronted tone

“Yes because all of you were needed to pilot the ship.” Robin snipped

“Robin now is not the time!” Nightwing admonished

Nightwing had been multitasking, on one hand, he was listening to the bickering between his teammates but on the other hand, he had a close eye on the only enemy left. The person had not moved, like a frozen movie frame. Their poison green eyes locked into Nightwings cerulean blue ones. There was something about the look in their eyes that unsettled Nightwing, he felt as if this
A person had a personal vendetta against Nightwing himself instead of just trying to fend off intruders.

This person held a weapon different from all the others. An ax of some sort, Nightwing did a quick analysis of the weapon. A mahogany wood handle (about 60cm long) wrapped in dark blue silk and an irregularly shaped silver edge. The oddity of the situation was that the ax gave off its own scent.

Every living being had a scent of their own from the minute they are born. A mixed contortion of their parent's scents that they inherited from their parents and so on. Objects, however, do not give off their own scent. Some objects, if they have been in close proximity with the same person for years (i.e. a baby blanket) would then give off a faint scent of the owner. A faint scent. The ax disrupted this archaic system of structure within the society.

“This is the only dude left, we don’t need help.” Robin scoffed before running the figure full speed.

Robin raised his Bo, ready to strike. The assailant blocked with his ax and using his full body force, managed to push Robin away. Robin landed on his feet very easily and ran towards the man again. This time he didn’t manage to get close enough. The man slammed the ax against the floor and effectively adding a deep crack into concrete and a dark green ring expanded from the ax, expanding at an inhuman speed til we were all thrown off our feet and back a couple of yards. Nightwing went barreling off of the roof with a couple other team members, although he wasn’t paying enough attention to figure out who they were.

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Thanks to M'gann’s telekinesis, she was able to levitate everyone back to the roof. Nightwing slowly unfurled himself and looked back at the area where the ax stood still wedged into the concrete. Cracked spiderwebs expanding from the point of contact.
“Where did he go?” Artemis questioned, arrow positioned and ready to release.

Nightwing eyed the ax, slightly confused. ‘Why would the assailant not take his weapon with him? Why would he leave it here? It was obviously a powerful artifact and it had its own distinct scent as well.’ Nightwing slowly walked towards the ax, his teammate's voices seemed farther and farther away as he got closer to the unstable weapon.

The weapon still gave off the same deep green it had before but now it seemed faint and slowly receding back into it.

Nightwing did something very unlike Nightwing, he did something stupid, something only a rookie would do.

He gripped the handle.

Nightwing was thrown back once again but this time Superboy managed to position himself behind Nightwing, wrapping his arms around his leader's waist and they went barreling once again, stopping a couple of inches from the edge of the roof.

“That was a stupid move.” Superboy glared down at him as he pulled his mate to his feet.

Nightwing smiled, gently squeezing Conners hand to silently thank him while also reassuring his grumpy Alpha that his Omega was fine and safe. He looked at the hand where his fingers were still wrapped around the handle of the ax. Instead of a green glow, however, it now pulsed a dark blue.

‘Huh,’ Nightwing thought ‘wonder what else this weapon is capable of.’

“Let's get back to base, guys.” Nightwing loosened his grip on the ax and flicked his wrist upwards, letting it spin in his hand to get a better feel for the weight.

A heavy weight settled over his lower back and Nightwing turned to his mate. “I’m fine,” he promised while using his thumb to smooth the worry creases on his forehead.

Nightwing looked to M’gann wondering why she hadn’t yet uncamouflaged the ship and they
locked eyes. Her eyes seemed glazed over, a storm of emotions that Nightwing could not decipher.

“M’gann?” He questioned

She startled “Right!” and made the ship visible again.

One by one his teammates entered the ship till only M’gann, Superboy, and Nightwing was left standing. Superboy sighed, pressing a kiss to Nightwing’s temple before wrapping both arms around his mate’s waist and jumping up into the ship hovering above them.

M’gann looked up at the hole in her ship and levitated up.

7:39 PM- Mount Justice

“All right everybody,” Nightwing looked around at his teammate’s heavy faces. “Let’s meet back in two hours for a debrief. That should give me enough time to go through what we got from their database.”

“Oh thank god.” Kid Flash pulled off his mask and dropped onto Artemis’s back like deadweight

“Wally!” Artemis admonished hunching over slightly from his weight.

Nightwing chuckled slightly at his best friends antics. Wally gave a sly smile before using his speed to take the ax from Nightwing’s hand and running away.

‘Probably to put it in the trophy room.’ Nightwing thought as he watched Artemis follow after him.

“Hey,” Robin stopped in front of his brother “can we talk?”
Robin did not look happy, a stiff frown set on his face.

“Of course.” Nightwing nodded at the boy.

Robin turned to Conner who stood glued to his mate. He stared him down till Conner rolled his eyes and briefly bumped his nose against Nightwings cheek.

“I’m gonna go shower.” Conner hummed

The brothers waited silently until they were the only ones left in the Mission Room. Nightwing pulled up their holographic computer and attached his computer to it and started releasing the data to their computer.

He turned back to his little brother and pull off his mask before smiling. “What’s wrong?”

“How far along are you?” Tim questioned quietly. A deadly silence filled the room as both men stood impossibly still.

Tim continued to talk after realizing that he would not get an answer from Dick. “When you fell off the roof you didn’t even try to save yourself, you just curled up. And I know that that isn’t the protocol for falling off a roof because you’re the one who’s been training me for all different types of scenarios.”

Dick wanted to lie, he wanted to make up an excuse and be done with this conversation. But he didn’t, because Tim wasn’t an idiot to fall for any flimsy excuse and he did have a right to know as Dicks little brother.

“Only three weeks, I found out two days ago.” He sighed

“Does anyone else know yet?” Tim asked, “Does Conner know?”

“No,” Dick shook his head before walking back to the computer.
“How are you feeling?” Tim asked and before Dick could answer he started rambling “You took a hit twice on just tonight's mission and Conner and you have only been dating for like a year are you guys even ready to have children? Do you even want children? Y’know being pregnant means you’ll be benched for a year at the least. Oh my god, Batman and Superman are still not back yet and they don’t even know you and Conner are bonded much less you being pregnant!”

Dick couldn’t help but chuckle at Tim’s panicky pacing. He walked over to the boy and cuffed his neck with his unoccupied hand “Tim, breath okay?”

Tim let his shoulders sag before looking back up at his brother “How are you so calm?”

“Oh I’m not,” Dick sighed “I’m definitely panicking, I’ve had the same worries as you. Hell, I’ve had many more worries then just that. But hearing you say all of it out loud made me realize how stupid it sounds.”

Tim looked confused so Dick decided to elaborate. He smiled before further explaining. “Conner and I have only been bonded for one year but we’ve known each other for so much longer.”

“No one is ever truly ready to have children, Bruce was how old when he adopted me, then again when he adopted you?” Tim smiled softly at that

“There’s no way to really tell how Batman and Superman will react to finding out about Conner and I but at the end of the day our relationship only consists of Conner and I. Besides, they have no reason to disapprove of our relationship.”

“Yes, I took multiple hits today and yes it’s exactly why I’ll have to bench myself for a long while but this way I’ll be able to see how the team can work under new leadership, you.”
Tim startled looking up at his leader, mouth hung open “Are you serious?”

“I wouldn’t joke about something this serious.” Dick shook his head before pulling Tim into a tight hug. “You’ve grown a lot in the past couple of years and I’m not saying your gonna permanently take over, this will just be a trial run because some day in the future you will take over.”

They stood silently hugging for a while before Tim spoke again “I won’t let you down.”

Dick chuckled, releasing the boy and ruffling his hair. “I know you won’t. Now.”

He huffed looking back at the computer, settling his hands on his hips. “Let’s get this feed cracked, I wanna go to bed.”

9:39 PM- Waterfall Room

“Alright boss,” Wally said using the towel around his neck to dry his damp auburn hair. “Everyone’s here.” He walked over and sat down at the empty seat next to his girlfriend. He gave her a quick kiss on the cheek before turning his attention to his best friend.

“Actually,” Dick rounded the table and stopped behind Tim’s chair “Robin will be leading this briefing.”

Tim choked on his water. He looked up at Dick viciously shaking his head, to which Nightwing grinned, nodding rapidly. He pulled the chair out and yanked the boy out before taking his place.

Dick couldn’t help but smile as Tim stumbled his way to the front of the room, all eyes on him. Tim looked at Dick with panicked wide eyes. Dick, thankfully sat close enough to the front to be able to
Tim nodded and pulled up the security feed. Specifically, the frame we had come upon that seems a bit suspicious. “Okay, so most of the feed was useless. It was just normal surveillance of a research facility called StarFall.”

Tim pulled up the signature logo of the facility. A simple white star with the word ‘fall’ written in gold on the inside. Curving around it was a series of connected dots.

“That’s a constellation right?” Jamie asked pointing at the design next to the star.

“Yes,” Tim nodded, pulling up the constellation then continued his mini-lecture “the constellation Cassiopeia. I actually looked into the story. Cassiopeia was the wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, and the mother of Andromeda. One day, being the vain and arrogant lady that she was, she bragged that her daughter was more beautiful than Nereids and even Juno-”

“Wait, question,” Wally raised his hand “What's Nereids and Juno?”

“Roman Goddesses,” Tim answered before continuing “and so they went and complained to Neptune-Roman God, Wally- so he sent a sea monster and demanded that Andromeda be sacrificed to the monster. And in comes Perseus who kills the monster saves the lady and ends up marrying her. So since there was no sacrifice, Neptune turned Cassiopeia into a constellation.” Tim finished.

Dick felt proud while listening to Tim. They had worked together to go through the feed but Tim, being the true curious cat he was, went above the necessary parameters getting information on anything and everything. He knew that Tim would do well as the leader.

“Is this really necessary information?” M’gann asked.

Nightwing understood where she was coming from. There really wasn't much of a point for this excess amount of information. But then again, it was just like Tim to try and find any and every connection he could even if it seemed useless.

“Everything means something unless it doesn’t.” Robin shrugged.
“Exactly,” Artemis retorted “we don’t know if it means something.”

“We also don’t know if it doesn’t mean something. I’m not asking you to memorize everything I say, it’s just information.” Robin stated and the conversation moved on.

He pulled up the specific surveillance feed that Nightwing and Tim had found horrifying “As I was saying, a majority of the research going on at StarFall except for this.” He played the feed and Nightwing didn’t have the stomach to watch again so he shifted his eyes just slightly so the feed can only be seen through his peripheral.

The feed showed just three people. One doctor, one assistant, and one subject. The doctor and assistant stood safely on one side of a thick glass wall, the subject on the other side. The subject seemed to be a little blonde girl, a thick black collar blinking green around her neck.

The doctor spoke into a microphone “Alright Subject 109 let’s see what you can do.”

The little girl said spit malice in a foreign language.

The man sighed before slamming his hand on a button and the girl let out a piercing cry. Thick blue waves of electricity released from the collar and expanding every area of her body. She fell into a tight ball quivering sobbing. “Let’s try this again. Subject 109, let us see what you can do.”

She slowly raised her hand, palm up. A small slit opened up in her wrist and out slid a small knife drenched in her blood. She wrapped her fingers around the hilt and the wound closed back up perfectly.

The feed cut out after that.

“Well shit.” Wally sighed letting himself fall back into his seat.

Chapter End Notes

Support Me on Ko-fi
Little Girl

7:33 AM- Dick Grayson & Conner Kent's Room

“What’s going on in your head?” Conner scrubbed his damp hair against a small red towel.

Conner knew something was happening to his mate. He had watched the Omega stumble around aimlessly in a daze for roughly two days now. Nightwing wasn’t fighting like Nightwing should. Always present as a leader but never fully there. Something was eating away at Dick's mind and Conner just wanted to be there for his mate. His scent had slowly been changing as well. The scent of outdoor chalk and fresh rain on cement slowly fading as time went on, being replaced by a newer, fresher smell that Conner still hasn’t been able to figure out. Scent changes were pretty common in the 21st century so it’s rarely a cause for concern. But the fact that it’s so common is what can also make a situation dangerous. Someone's scent can change due to something as simple as unabashed happiness as well as something as serious as cancer. Conner didn’t want to assume the worst for his Omega but his Alpha brain could only conjure up the worst of scenarios.

Conner watched Dick’s movements. He was lying on the dark blue woven rug on his back, right hand caressing his abdominal region with the tips of his index and middle finger. Dick silently looked up at Conner for a few brief seconds before holding out his unoccupied hand. Conner smiled nestling his fingers in between Dicks, he dropped down next to his mate and turned on his side curling up before kissing the thin crescent-shaped scar under Dicks first knuckle.

“Have you ever thought about how our life could be if we weren’t doing this,” Dick murmured, turning his head letting wisps of silky black locks fall against his cheek. “If we were just normal mates with normals parents and normal friends and normal jobs?”

Conner thought about that question for a second. Had he ever wanted a normal life? What would even be considered a normal life anyway? Conner has only been conscious for a couple of years now and all he’s known is this. Fighting the bad guys and protecting the civilians, that’s the job. Conner had never thought of any life than the one he had. He had never wanted anything other than what he had, he’d never truly craved anything.

Even when he had been dating M’gann, it had just been infatuation. He had truly been an infant at the time and easily fell forward into M’gann’s waiting arms. All she had to do was care the slightest bit more than any of his other teammates. All she had to do was smile at him and hold his hand and pretend to understand what he was going through and he fell in love with her. He hadn’t understood at the time that love was more than making out every second of the day, it was more than fighting together, it was more than going on dates once in a blue moon and it was certainly more than holding
Then Dick took a large piece of shrapnel so unbelievably close to his heart that he had flatlined twice during surgery. That incident triggered something so terrifyingly primal in Conner that he had to be sedated from the moment Dick got hurt till he woke up after his surgery. That was the day he learned what true terror felt like. Being able to do nothing other than watch Dick lay on the bed fragile and pale and so cold. That's was the first time he wanted something, truly wanted something. Conner wanted Dick to wake up, he wanted the gymnast to open his eyes and smile at him and tell Conner that he was fine. Conner wanted to wrap the Omega in ten miles worth of bubble wrap and hide him from every bad thing in the world.

After that, falling in love with Richard Grayson was so unbelievably easy he mentally kicked himself for taking so long to realize who he was truly meant to be with.

“Well,” Conner sighed “I’ve thought of how much safer our lives would be if we weren’t heroes.”

Dick nodded slightly “What would we do then if we weren’t heroes?”

“Well,” Conner hummed, sliding closer to his mate “I always saw you going back to gymnastics, maybe becoming a teacher. I’m not sure what I would do though.”

“A gymnastics teacher huh?” Dick grinned “Where would we live?”

“Well, definitely not here or Gotham. Maybe somewhere quieter like a small town.”

Dick laughed softly “I never thought you’d be the type to live anywhere other than a city.”

Conner shrugged “I’ve been to Clark's home, it’s nice. You could be a teacher and I can find work somewhere in town.”

Conner exhaled deeply “That sounds nice, just a quiet life.”

Conner spent a silent few seconds admiring his mate and what he found slightly worried him. Dick held on oceans worth of sadness and worry in bright blue eyes. Conner sat up pulling Dick up with
him. He easily settled against the side of their bed before wrapping his fingers around Dicks' calves and pulling him into his lap. The Kryptonian locked his fingers behind Dick’s lower back.

“What is going on in that beautiful head of yours?” He murmured softly bumping his forehead against the Omega’s chin.

Dick smiled softly “I was just trying to figure out how you might react to what I’m about to tell you.”

“Well, you could just tell me and then you’d get to see my reaction.”

Dick snorted pushing a hand through Conners' hair letting his palm settle against Conners' cheek. “I went to the doctors a couple of days ago because I’ve been feeling really run down and nauseous.”

Conner tightened his grip, sucking in a sharp breath “Are you sick? How bad is it? I’ve sensed your scent change but I was really hoping it was just because you were stressed or tired or-”

Dick hovered his palm over Conners' lips. “I don’t necessarily think it’s bad I’m just not sure if it’s good either. I’m three weeks pregnant.”

Conner choked, eyes widening.

Dick was pregnant. He was holding a child inside of him, their child. This news confused him more than anything.

“How is that even possible?”

Dick laughed “I was really hoping Superman had given you the sex talk when he gave you the secondary gender talk but if you’d like me to explain the conception.”

“That’s not what I meant. I’m a clone, I didn’t think it would be possible for us to have a biological child. I always assumed we’d adopt.”

Dick shrugged, “Roy has a child and he’s a clone.”
Conner nodded, it made sense. They were having a child and Conner wasn’t sure how to feel. He knew nothing about being a father and knew even little about children in general.

Conner pulled Dick even closer, leaning the side of his head against his mate’s stomach, he set his forearms across Dicks back to keep him from falling backward and waited.

“What are you doing?” Dick laughed running his hands through his mate's dark hair.

“Listening,” Conner whispered, pressing himself impossibly closer to the expanse of skin.

“For what?” Dick whispered back

“For the baby.”

Dick laughed tilting Conners head up so he could look down at his Alpha's face. “The baby is only three weeks old you can’t hear its heartbeat yet.”

Oh

“Conner? I’m just not sure we should be doing this.” Dick fidgeted

“What are you talking about?”

“Having a child right now? We are heroes we’re constantly in the line of danger, what happens to our kid if we die? And even if we don’t die, we’ll be raising it in an environment that’s constantly full of dangers. I don’t want one of the first lessons we teach our child to be how to make it to a panic room or how to injure others or how to successfully survive on their own if we do die.”

Conner didn’t like where this was going. He understood Dick’s worries but that doesn’t mean they shouldn’t have a child.
“Batman took care of you while also being a superhero, he even adopted Tim later. We can do it, and even if something happens to us our baby won’t be alone. They’ll have Tim and Superman and Batman, they’ll have an entire family of heros looking after them.”

“Conner-”

There was a loud banging against their door. “Nightwing, you’re gonna wanna see this.” It was Tim.

“I’ll be there!” Dick yelled back

Conner sighed, he didn’t want to leave their conversation at such an integral point but Nightwing was needed at the moment and that preceded his need to talk to his mate.

“Listen,” Dick sighed pushing his forehead against Conners and closing his eyes. “I just need some time to think about all of this okay? I need you to give me some space on this okay.”

Conner nodded pushing further into Dick’s embrace. Conner understood all of Dick’s worries, he understood that this would be a big step in their relationship and that it wasn’t even just about the two of them. They were having a child, a whole other human being that would be affected by their choices.

Conner pressed his lips against his mate’s. If Dick decided he didn’t want to have the baby, well, it would break Conners’ heart but he would support his choices regardless.

7:52 AM- Trophy Room

“Alright, what’s going on?” Nightwing questioned as he walked into the trophy room.

He looked around and found all of his teammates battle ready in their suits. In the corner of the room, Artemis sat next to an unnamed blonde haired girl wrapped in a blanket. Upon further investigation, he noticed that it was the girl from the surveillance video they had retrieved.
“Who’s that?” He asked

“That,” Kid Flash pointed at the little girl “is the ax.”

Dick raised his left eyebrow “The ax?”

The little girl spoke for the first time, “I am Yana.” she spoke in broken English.

“That is a Russian name, do you speak Russian?” Nightwing walked until he was about three feet from Yana before crouching down so they could converse eye to eye.

She nodded and he smiled before switching to Russian, “My friend says over there.” he gestures towards Kid Flash “says you were the ax. Would you like to explain what he means by that?”

Yana nodded tucking a long strand of golden hair behind her ear. She tightens her grip on the blanket and pushes herself closer to the Nightwing.

He turns to Artemis, “Get her some clothes could you?” She nods before jogging out of the room.

He nods to the girl and she unleashes into a long-winded explanation. “I used to live in Russia with my father. One day these men came to our home and offered my father a lot of money and then they took me. Said I was not human and that they had to be ready for when my kind use their powers to hurt others. Said it was bound to happen and they had to study us in order to create defense weapons. They took me to a place with a lot of other children, they only ever took children.”

She pointed at the thick band around her neck. “They put electrical collars on us so we would not use our powers to escape. They also use it to control our powers.”

Dick felt his blood start to boil. “Do you know how long it’s been since they took you?”

“I am not sure exactly how long but I do know that it has been years now. I presented while with them.”
Nightwing took a second to survey the air and found that he could not sense her secondary gender.

Yana responded before he could ask, “They gave us some type of suppressor pills, they said it would keep us from being recognized once we are put into their guard system.”

“Is there anything you can tell us about them that would help us track down the people who did this to you?”

Tim had managed to get two framed photos of both the man and woman from the security feed and had been running it through a facial recognition site but they had yet to get a hit.

She frowned, eyebrows furrowing closer “Have you not realized yet? They left me on the roof in hopes that you would take me to your base.” She held out her wrist and pinched the skin just under her inner elbow, the skin between her fingers blinked green. “They used me to track you, they will be here soon.”

Oh fuck.
Sonogram

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1:12 PM - Mission Room

“This is hopeless!” Tim huffed, pushing against the edge of the glass table which allowed his chair to move away from the computer.

Dick understood Tim’s frustration. It had been three weeks since they had met Yana. She said her capturers would come for them yet there had been nothing out of the ordinary. The tracker was absurdly stubborn, they hadn’t been able to take it out of her arm. Dick spent the first week afraid that the collar would activate at any minute seeing as they still had no way to get it off of her, but as time went on nothing happened. So Tim and Dick spent most of their time in the surveillance room, going through the same feed over and over hoping to find something new that would help them track down the bad guys and get one step ahead of them.

“We’ll figure something out Tim, don’t worry.” Dick sighed, leaning back in his chair. He felt bone tired and nauseous after spending the past four hours staring at the same screen.

“No we won’t, we’ve been looking through this feed for weeks and found nothing. Yana is of no help she knows nothing about the people who took her.” Tim sighed pushing his chair further away from the desk but closer to Dick.

They sat in silence listening to the incessant beeping of the computer. Dick closed his eyes sighing. It had been three weeks and he still wasn’t sure if he wanted a child. No that’s not correct. He did want children. He just wasn’t sure if now was the right time, if there would ever be a right time to have children considering Conner and his lifestyle.

There was a knock behind them “Hey,” they turned to see Wally leaning against the frame of the door in a set of casual clothes. “We were gonna go out for a while you guys wanna come?”

“Who’s we?” Dick asked

Wally started counting on his fingers “La’gaan, M’gann, Artemis, Bart, and Jaime. Actually, I wanted to ask you if we could take Yana with us. Thought it would be nice for her to get out for a bit.”

Dick thought about it for a second before deciding that it would be fine if she went since the whole team would be with her.

“Yeah, it’s fine just keep an eye on her okay?”

“Aren’t you two gonna come with us?” Wally pouted

Dick looked at the bottom right corner of the screen to check the time and then pointed at Tim “He’s going with you, I have somewhere else to be.”
“What? No, I-”

“Stop. The computer is gonna continue to do its job, it won’t make a difference if we stay here or not. So get up and go get ready.”

Tim sighed scratching at the side of his cheek before nodding. “You’re right.” And with that, he got up and left.

Wally watched him go before taking Tim’s spot. He gripped the handle of Dicks chair and pulled him closer till their chairs bumped together.

“You sure you don’t wanna come with us?” Wally started pouting again, incessantly poking at his cheek.

Dick laughed grabbing his wrist. “I have somewhere to be soon.”

Wally lowered his voice to a whisper “Are you going to see Batman?”

“No, I haven’t heard from him yet.” Dick sighed, he was getting worried about Bruce.

Batman along with the rest of the Justice League had disappeared over a year ago for some ‘covert’ mission. It wasn’t so bad in the beginning, Bruce would call once a week to assure Tim and Dick that he was fine while simultaneously assuring himself that his children were safe. But as time went on the number of calls dwindled. Not just from Bruce, all the other members slowly stopped checking in with their friends and family as well, the only people who knew how the Justice League were doing are the officials in charge of the so-called mission. People that Dick knew nothing about which left him with zero options on getting into contact with Bruce or any of the other members.

Dick was a bit worried about Bruce's reaction to Conner and a potential baby if he was being completely honest. Bruce’s opinion means a lot to him and he wants Bruce to like Conner so much. Both Alfred and Tim have already met Conner and they both like him enough which meant that only Bruce was left and Bruce is a very opinionated man who can instantly pinpoint every weakness and fear of a person just by looking at someone. Dick didn’t want Bruce to scrutinize his mate. He knew that the minute Bruce starts nitpicking at everything Conner does and says, Conner will snap like a drumstick into two clean pieces. Dick could already see the clash between his critical father figure and short-tempered mate, he just wanted them to get along.

Dick looked to the open door before deciding that now would be as good a time as any to tell his best friend. Hopefully, Wally would have some type of advice for him. “I’m pregnant, I have a sonogram appointment.”

Wally’s eyes widened an absurd amount before screaming “What!”

Dick nodded. Wally jumped out of the chair before pulling his best friend into a crushing hug. “I’m so happy for you! As your best friend, I demand to be godfather and the baby has to be named after me!”

Dick sighed into Wally’s shoulder. His best friend was so happy to hear about the baby that Dick almost didn’t have the heart to tell him.

But he knew he had too. “Wally, I’m not sure I’m gonna keep the baby.”


Dick gave a deep sigh before falling back into his chair and telling Wally all about his hesitations and
fears. “What do I do Wally?”

“Do you want my honest opinion or do you want an answer that will make you feel better?”

“I want your honest opinion.”

Wally slapped his hand on either side of Dicks' cheeks before squishing his cheeks. “You're being an idiot. Just have the child.”

“Bu-”

“Shut up and listen.” Wally squeezed tighter, “You have always wanted children. Yes being a hero means you’re constantly in danger but so does being a civilian at this point. Within the next day, you have equal chances of dying by getting buried under a damn building as a hero as well as a civilian. It doesn’t make a difference. Same goes for your children. Even if you decide to quit being a hero and move across the world, the bad things that happen in life? They will follow you out there too. At least this way, if something goes wrong you won’t have to worry about your child as much as a civilian would have to because we both know you’re gonna teach them how to defend themselves till they can beat even Superman. You want children and now you’re pregnant so just fucking have the kid okay?”

Wally was right, sure Dick hadn’t planned on having a child right now but he would have had one in the future and the future probably didn’t look any different than right now so why not have the baby right now? He’s mated to an alpha he genuinely loves, his team is in peak condition to the point where he can take some time off and know that they’ll all be fine, and it’s not like he’s short on money they can definitely handle another mouth to feed.

Dick pried Wally’s hands away from his face “You’re right.”

“Damn right I am. Now make me a proud uncle slash godfather.” Wally got up from his spot.

“I never said you’d be godfather.” Dick sighed.

“Hell yeah, I am!” With that, he sped out before Dick could negate Wally’s beliefs. Dick felt the weight on his chest lessen some.

He glanced at the screen one more time before leaving the room and letting the computer keep working. He walked around the base trying to find Conner and finally found him in the Workout Room training in a simulation.

“Hey,” Dick crossed his arms, as he stopped at the edge of the matted area. “Think you can take a break?”

Conner stalled his punch midway, chancing a quick glance at Dick before stopping the simulation.

Dick watched his Alpha walk towards him. Conner was wearing just a pair of black sweats and hands wrapped in white tape. His chest -completely bare- glistened with sweat as it heaved up and down systematically.

Dick bit the corner of his bottom lip silently cursing. “You’re doing this on purpose.”

Conner bent down to pick up his water bottle and towel. He gave a sly smile, throwing the towel around his neck before downing half of the bottle. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Dick grabbed each side of the towel and tugged his mate closer till their noses bumped together. “I
came here to talk to you about something so stop distracting me!"

Conner grinned locking his hands across Dick’s lower back. “I-” Conner pressed a kiss onto his lips “have a-” Conner kissed him again making Dick laugh “sonogram-” another kiss “today.”

Dick smiled watching Conner lean in once again. Just as their lips grazed, Dick pulled away. Conner got closer and Dick pulled away, again and again, they went till the Alpha got irritated. He grabbed the Omega’s forearm, threw it over his shoulder and slid his other hand up across his back to his neck pulling him in. Dick smiled into the kiss before running his fingertips across Conners' stomach. He pulled away and hunched over violently.

Dick started laughing, “I told you to stop distracting me.”

“I hate it when you do that.” Conner groaned forearms crossed over his belly.

“Not my fault the boy of steel is ticklish.” Dick laughed.

Conner unfurled his body, pouting at his mate. Dick knew that Conner would continue to pout till Dick kissed him and then they would both spiral into each other. A concept that any other time he would indulge in but right now they had somewhere to be.

“Think you can get ready within the next twentyish minutes?” Dick asked. “I have an ultrasound at two and I was hoping you’d come with me.”

The two mates walked to their room so Conner could shower.

“What’s an ultrasound?” Conner asked rummaging through their closet.

“It’s what doctors do to check on the fetus’s progress, we’ll get to see the baby,” Dick explained, settling criss-cross on the middle of their bed.

Dick could practically hear Conner fall silent. His head popped out from behind the door. “I know you said you needed time to think about all of this but have you made any progress on a decision?”

Dick nodded watching Conner tread towards the bed to set his clothes on. “I talked to Wally and he told me that I’m an idiot for hesitating.”

Conner sat at the edge of the bed, fingers plucking at the loose strands of the dark red comforter, waiting in silence.

Dick set his hand on Conners and squeezed. “Let’s have a baby.”

Within the blink of an eye, Dick was swept off his feet, getting spun around and around. Dick laughed, clutching his mate as the room blended together like a blurred painting.

Just as fast, Conner dropped Dick onto their bed, sprinting to the bathroom “I’m going to go shower!”

Dick giggled falling back with a dreamy sigh. They were going to have a baby. A baby. They were going to raise a whole nother human being. Dick had to admit that he was nervous but also thrilled.

The feeling reminded him of his first date with Conner. If he was being honest, their first date was an absolute disaster. Conner had insisted on planning everything and somehow everything fell through. It was still one of Dicks favorite dates though, it showed him a side of Conner that he had never seen. A panicked, klutzy, frantic side.
In some ways, Dick knew that their journey into parenthood would start similarly. No matter how prepared they are, there will be obstacles that they would stumble through. There will be tears and arguments and numerous sleepless nights but their adversity will lead to the fondest memories.

The acrobat couldn’t wait.

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**2:09 PM- Doctors Office**

“Alright Mr. Grayson,” Doctor Felson scanned the chart “everything seems to be in order. Do you have any questions?”

“Yeah actually,” Dick said “I do a lot of strenuous exercises like cardio, acrobatic training, deadlifts, and resistance training. I just wanted to know how much I should hold back and for how long.”

“Well,” She sighed “first and foremost, I recommend you don’t exercise outdoors in the heat because that will cause your core body temperature to rise and that is not something we ever want to do. Also, avoid working out so intensely that you start huffing and puffing. Second, the only exercising we truly recommend is walking but that doesn’t mean you can’t do any other exercises. You’re already very active so as of now, start off easy, daily walks and daily stretches. You can keep doing resistance training but in very moderate proportions, stop at the first sign of dizziness. If you do decide to continue working out in all areas then I would like to see you more often for check-ups.

“What about ab workouts?” Dick asked

“Within the first trimester you can continue to do crunches and planks but after that, absolutely not. I’ll make sure to get you some workout pamphlets along with the nutritional ones.”

The corner of Dick’s mouth twitched at the sight of his mate's intense focus on the doctor's words. He realized it might not have been wise to ask that question while Conner was in the room, he knew how overbearing his mate can get sometimes when it comes to Dick’s health.

“Anything else?” Dick shook his head

“Alright then,” She smiled “ready to see how the baby’s doing?”

Dick jumped slightly at Conner’s very loud, very quick “Yes!”

Dick’s cheeks felt warm. “He’s very excited.”

With the gel added to his belly and within a few minutes, they were able to see the little white blob that is their baby.

“Now,” The doctor slid the stylus across his belly “let's see if we can hear the heartbeat.”

And sure enough, within a few seconds, they could hear the distinct, rhythmic thumping. Dick shivered at the sound, every hair on his body standing erect. There was a real living human in his body. Their baby boy or baby girl. Dick felt warm fingers wrap around his forearm. He turned to
look at his mate, his eyes widened at the sight of the tears sliding down Conners' cheeks.

“Are you crying?” Dick asked.

Conner furiously wiped his sleeve across both of his eyes. “No, I’m not.”

Dick smiled knowing that deciding to keep the baby had been the right choice.

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**3:12 PM- Out on the Street**

Dick decided to start using the doctor's advice and insisted that they walk back to the cave instead of taking a cab. He let out a content sigh, feeling the chilly weather settle into his bones, Dick has always loved the cold season. Conner, on the other hand, muttered a series of words Dick couldn’t decipher before tightly wrapping Dick’s coat even tighter around him and knocking his cheek right against the side of his Dick’s head.

Dick laughed throwing his head to fit against Conners' neck. “You’re gonna be like this for the next year aren’t you.”

It wasn’t a question because Dick knew by now that Conner for all his ‘I’m the toughest man alive after Superman’ brash bullheadedness act… he was a complete worrier. Conner may never learn to properly express himself verbally but it was the small things that gave him away. The way Conner always had breakfast hot and ready for Dick no matter what time he woke up. The way he never let Dick workout for longer than three hours at a time, always coming in, creating any and every excuse he could to get Dick out of the gym. Even the way he always seemed to have a hyper-awareness of where Dick is during missions and what he’s doing and if he’s okay. In the beginning, it irritated Dick how much Conner would hover. The first couple of months consisted of a tugging game where they tried to find a middle ground between the two of them. The beginning of their relationship had started off rocky and sometimes it got so frustrating that Dick wanted to call it quits but he was so proud at how far they had come both as individuals and mates.

“Maybe we should get a cab.” Conner looked up as bits of snow descended from the sky.

“It’s barely snowing and we’ll be home soon. Don’t start hovering again Conner.” Dick warned.

Conner didn’t bother challenging that statement. He pulled away, setting a hand across Dicks lower back so they can hustle home. Dick pressed a kiss against Conners' cheek to show his mate that he appreciated the concern.

They had barely made it past the Zeta tube before being bombarded by the entire team. Each of the screaming and hovering and pulling at Dick’s arm.

“Whoa! Hey, what’s going on?” Dick clasped Conners wrist to hinder the growl bubbling in Conners' chest. The last thing he needed right now was an angry protective alpha.

Artemis pushed through the crowd, a brilliant smile on set across her face. She pulled him into a tight hug. “Why didn’t you tell us you were pregnant?”
Dick chortled. His eye gazed onto Wally’s guilty looking face. “I’m so sorry man! I thought they already knew because you told me and I asked if they thought it would be a boy or girl.”

Dick sighed, he should have known that after telling Wally there would be containing the announcement.

"It's alright, Wally." Dick moved out of Artemis's arms and grabbed the folder Conner had had a death grip on since they had left the clinic. He pulled out the two sonogram copies, handed one Artemis and the other to Garth as he was the closest.

After the crowd spent some time fawning over the sonograms and the overall idea of their leader being pregnant, Tim demanded they celebrate spend the rest of the day celebrating and so they did.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, this chapter took so long! I've been having a lot of problems in college so I had to stop writing for a while and focus on that.

~ AuthorCarnation

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11:17 AM - Living Room

“Laura?”

“No.”

“Delilah?”

“Absolutely not.”

“Ethan?”

“I think not.”

“What about Wallace?”

Dick laughed, “Wally I love you but I’m not gonna name my kid after you.”

Wally dramatically threw himself onto the floor of the living room. "Well, I guess it would be weird to name a kid after their godfather."

Conner choked on his juice “You’re not the godfather,” he turned to his mate, “Tell him he’s not the godfather.”
Dick picked a pineapple chunk from Conner's plate. “He knows he’s not the godfather he just likes irritating you.”

The corner of Wally’s mouth twitched as he watched the two mates cozy up to each other, bickering.

Wally hadn’t been too thrilled when he found out Dick and Conner had started dating. It wasn’t that Wally didn’t like Conner. They got along just fine as teammates, even as tentative friends. But he didn’t approve of the idea of Conner dating his best friend. Wally firmly believed that their relationship would end in disaster because the two boys were just too different. Conner spent the first sixteen years of his life in a box being fed information about the real world. He had learned about the dynamics of secondary gender not through human interactions but by being told what was right and wrong by Lex Luthor and his people. The boy was created to be the perfect traditional Alpha. Strong, stubborn, defiant of orders, believing himself to be better than Betas and Omegas.

In the beginning, Conner was all of those things and much more. It didn't matter back when they were younger because his actions could easily be blamed on never having actually lived and therefore not knowing the difference between right and wrong. His actions would be justified as Conner just doing what he was conditioned to do. And that is what the team did, they excused his past actions but also made sure to he knew why what he had done or said was wrong. What scared Wally the most was the boy's short-fuse. When Conner got angry (which happened often enough) he would lose control of his strength. What if Conner got angry at Dick one day? What if, in his fit of rage, he reverted to his training and hurt Dick because Conner saw him as a weak Omega who needed to be put into his place? Society had come a long way with Omega and Beta rights and the gap between all three secondary genders had gotten much smaller. But there were still those who believed that Alpha’s were to be held at a higher status then Beta’s and Omegas, especially Omega’s. That ideology is what had scared Wally because that’s how Conner had acted in the beginning when they had saved him from Cadmus.

While Wally couldn't tell Dick that he hadn't liked them dating, he could keep an eye on them to make sure Conner was treating Dick right. So Wally watched them interact around the base. What he saw confused him. Their relationship had started only days after Dick had woken up from an intensive surgery over a year ago. Wally had watched as Conner hung onto every word the doctor said about Dick's injuries, how he stubbornly inforced everything the doctor had said onto Dick no matter how much the Omega had tried to weasel out. ‘The doctor said you can't train until you're completely healed so no you can't go to the training room.' 'No you can't have cake for dinner the doctor gave specific instructions on your diet and you have to stick to it, Dick.' It had baffled Wally to no end seeing the impulsive, constantly brooding boy fret over Dick in a way he hadn't done even for M'gann when they had been dating. He had watched as Conner did the most menial things for Dick without even realizing it. Getting Dick his preferred coffee every morning, having a bowl filled with mangoes and cherries (only mangoes and cherries) every night for Dick before he went to bed, he even went as far as to wake up at the most abnormal hours to make sure Dick hadn’t snuck off to the training room.

What really hit the hammer on the nail had been a botched mission. Conner had ignored Dick’s orders jumping at the bad guy instead of following the plan which had lead to said bad guy escaping.
Everyone had stayed silent the whole ride back to Mount Justice, knowing that their leader was unbelievably pissed. Wally had been confident that that would be the end of their relationship. That Conner would try to state that he was right and Dick, being an omega, his omega, shouldn’t question his Alpha’s authority. Wally was confident that that would piss Dick off enough for them to break up. But that hadn’t happened at all. Conner had apologized as soon as they passed through the zeta tubes, he had acknowledged his mistake and accepted being benched the next time they went after that same bad guy. Conner, the boy who was created to be the perfect traditional Alpha, had submitted to an Omega with zero resistance. After that, Wally had been more than happy to admit that he was wrong to judge Conner based on the previous criteria and that they did make a cute couple.

Like right now.

“Say Captain America is better than Iron Man,” Conner demanded.

Dick grinned, “Nope.” Then yelped when Conner started tickling him. He toppled over onto Conner’s lap.

Wally turned away, settling his back against the couch to give them some privacy. It honestly surprised him sometimes how open they were with their relationship. Although Conner had been pretty open when he was dating M’gann Wally had never expected Dick to be okay with PDA. But most of the team didn’t mind, their version of PDA was never overt or gross, they were always cute with each other.

“Guys!” M’gann came running in, fully dressed in her uniform. “We’ve got incoming.”

11:23 AM - Mission Room

“What’s going on?” Nightwing demands walking into the mission room.

"Got goons on the perimeter.” Robin pulled up the feed to show a group of men dressed like the men on the roof had been.
"StarFall," Yana whispered.

Nightwing nodded. Taking on all of these men would be a bit tricky but he knew his team would succeed. "Alright all of you get out there, I'll stay here with Yana." Nightwing wanted to be out there with all the action but he knew better. He couldn't risk the child plus someone had to stay back with Yana and this would be a great way to give Tim a chance to be the leader.

"Robin's in charge, be careful." The team nodded and off they went. Superboy pressed a quick kiss on Nightwing's lips before heading off with the team.

Nightwing tapped into the comms then pulled up all the surveillance feeds they had around the base. After a couple of seconds, he started getting antsy. The team was doing just fine incapacitating them so it wasn't that he was worried, he just didn't like sitting around feeling useless.

"Will they be okay?" Yana tugged on his sleeve.

"Of course they will, we do this kind of thing all the time don't worry." He winced slightly as Blue Beetle got thrown into a tree.

“So,” Nightwing stated in an attempt to keep busy “You've been with us for a while now and I haven’t really seen you much.”

The girl perked up “Ah, yes!” She bolted out of the room and came back a couple of seconds later, arms wrapped around a stack of papers.

She sat down on the floor, spreading the white sheets. Nightwing hovered over her and saw the papers filled with charcoal drawings of peoples faces. “I have been spending my time drawing the faces of the people at StarFall.”

Nightwing crouched down next to her looking through the pages. Yana was a great artist, she managed to get so many details in all of her drawings. Although it was all in black and white, he knew that this might make it a lot easier to finally find some way to get to the main bad guy.

“This one,” Yana gave him a sheet that held the profile of a bulky bald man, his face held a
permanent scowl. “this is the boss guy, he only came once in all the time I was there.”

“So wait,” He frowned, collecting the pages before setting that page at the very top. “They let us take you even though you’ve seen the bosses face? That’s pretty stupid.”

“No,” Yana shook her head, blonde strands flying back and forth. “I was always kept as a chair when I wasn’t being observed, they do not know that I am awake and have all of my senses even as an inanimate object.”

Nightwing nodded, “Did you hear him talking? Was there anything he said or did that might help us find him?”

“I have been trying to remember what he was talking about but I only remember bits and pieces. It was a long time ago, back when I had first gotten there.” Yana frowned, “He said we were to be soldiers, sneaky soldiers.”

“Do you mean spies?” Nightwing offered

“Yes!” She snapped her fingers “Spies! We were to be spies. They would catalog our powers and then figure out the perfect ways so that we may infiltrate high positions.”

Nightwing felt a spike of rage. These were human beings, living breathing human beings that were being conditioned to become weapons.

“What about all of these other people? Who are they?”

Yana took the stack from Nightwing and started separating them into different piles. “Most of these are the other children who were taken and some of them are the nurses who took care of us in between observations. These two,” She pointed to the drawing of a boy and a girl “are the scientists who worked with me. There were a lot more but these two are the only ones who ever worked with me.”

Nightwing felt his spirits rise. Yana had just given them about thirty different leads to work with.
“This is amazing Yana! We might finally have a lead with all of-”

“Mr. Nightwing?” Yana tugged his arm violently,

Nightwing turned to look at her and frowned. Her skin had turned dark gray, a blue light blinking rapidly on her collar.

“They’ve activated me,” she whispered

He pressed his index finger to the comm in his ear “Yana’s been activated, I need everyone back here now!”

“Do you know what they’re turning you into?”

She shook her head, gasping as she started to cry. “Please you must get away from me, I don’t know what they’re turning me into but I think it will be really bad.”

“Okay alright.” Nightwing pulled her up so they were standing, he absentmindedly noticed that she looked shorter. “We need to get that damn collar off of you.”

“No!” The blonde girl started tugging against his grip, “Please you must get away from me! I could hurt you!”

Nightwing felt his anger rise as they made their way to the weapons room. This little girl has spent a good chunk of her life being forced to use her powers without her consent to the point where she was afraid of her own powers. He would bring StarFall down if it’s the last thing he ever does.

“I will not leave you!” He simply stated.

Nightwing dropped her hand and moved around the weapons room. He picked up a shield to move it out of the way so he could get to the knives and daggers but stopped after picking it up. The beeping had stopped. Nightwing slowly turned around, gripping the shield tighter. He felt his heart jump into his throat.
A bomb.

Yana had been turned into a bomb.

He had just enough time to crouch down between the wall behind him and the shield in front of him.

The bomb went off.

Nightwing's ears started ringing as the room crumbled around him. He slid onto the ground and held the shield above him. He lied there waiting for the debris to settle. The others hadn't responded when he had ordered them to come back so he doesn't know if they had gotten caught in the explosion as well. He lied there waiting for the room to stabilize once again. A weapons room is the absolute worst place to be when a bomb goes off. He gasped pulling his feet closer to his body as a five-inch knife fell point down exactly where his foot had been two seconds ago. *I'll be lucky if I make it out of here with just a scratch.*' Nightwing thought.

He slowly pushed the shield up and to the left pushing away chunks of the ceiling that had fallen on top of it, his vision and hearing still recovering. He sighed looking around blinking, trying to clear his vision. The whole room had been completely decimated. They'd have to move because there was no way that the team's rooms, which were right next to the weapons room, were still intact. Robin had wanted to move everyone as soon as it was known that Yana had a tracker on her but Nightwing had nixed the idea. The team would have to take Yana with them if they moved to relocation was pointless. Now, however, they had no choice.

Nightwing slowly staggered onto his feet and felt a bit of relief realizing that there was no immediate pain anywhere on his body. Once making his way out of the room, Nightwing let the wall support his body and tried to make it back to the mission room but had to give up halfway there. He leaned against the wall, the ringing in his ears just an echo now, his vision taking longer to clear up. He didn't want to risk hurting himself by accidentally stumbling into upheaved chunks of debris. He took slow deep breaths to help stabilize his quivering body. The adrenaline from the explosion still hadn't worn off.

Nightwing startled as a hand clasped around his wrist, pulling him into a tight hug.

*Bonfire and amber.*
Nightwing buried his face into Superboy’s shoulder letting the alpha’s scent calm him.

"You're shaking," Superboy whispered left arm wrapped around his waist, right palm running up and down his back.

"It's only the adrenaline, I'm okay," Nightwing whispered, pulling away to look at his battered team. "Everyone alive?"

At their confirmation, he continued, "Alright, we can't stay here anymore so I need everyone to salvage anything they can from their rooms and get packing. But first we need to make sure we take or get rid of anything that might lead back to us, Robin I need you to back up everything we have in the holographic computer and then wipe it clean. Artemis and Blue Beetle, salvage what you can from the medical bay and library. Miss Martian and Superboy make your way through the debris in the weapons room. Lagoon Boy and Beast Boy take the kitchen and Grotto. Kid Flash and Impulse work your way through all the other areas of the base. Bring everything salvaged to the mission room."

Despite living at the edge of Happy Harbor, Nightwing knew that the sound of the blast would attract civilians and villains alike. They had to make sure to take or destroy anything that might compromise the team both collectively or individually.

"Where will we stay?" Beast Boy asked, "We can't go to the Justice League Headquarters without one of the members."

"Don't worry, I'll find us a place," Nightwing stated. He knew exactly who to call. "Now get going, all of you."

"It was Yana wasn't it." Kid Flash stated, knowing it was stupid to ask such an obvious question.

Nightwing nodded, he wished he could have gotten that damn collar off of her. She had stayed with them a little over a month. They should have tried harder. He should have tried harder. He had let himself become distracted with his pregnancy and now a little girl was dead because of it.

Kid Flash nodded solemnly and they dispersed, leaving Superboy and Nightwing.
"Are you sure you're alright?" Superboy asked again. His arms wrapping around his mate once again.

"I'm alright, go with Miss Martian." Nightwing nudged Superboy to the room he had come out of. "I'll go with Robin and find us a safe house."

Superboy stood in his place, eyes flitting between Nightwing and the open door which led to the weapons room. Nightwing sighed mentally, he could practically see the words 'Momma Bird' flashing neon above Superboy's head.

"Conner," He said, "please go help M'gann, we need to evacuate as fast as we can."

Superboy frowned biting the corner of his lower lip before nodding. He gave one quick squeeze to Nightwing's hand before jogging away.

Nightwing made his way to the mission room and found Robin downloading everything from the holographic computer onto two different laptops.

Robin looked at Nightwing as he came to stand next to him. "I'm assuming we'll use one of Bruce's safehouses."

"Yeah," Nightwing pulled out his sleek phone from the skin of his suit. "But I'm not sure where the closest one is."

Robin raised a brow, "You're not gonna call Alfred right? Because he'll just insist we all go back to Gotham," he gestured to Nightwing "especially because of the whole pregnancy thing."

Nightwing winced, "I haven't actually told him yet-" he spoke over Robins surprised 'what!' "but no, I'm not calling him. I'm calling Jason."

Robin nodded, approving of the idea and Nightwing had to keep from smiling. He's glad to know that Robin would have made the same call in his place.
Nightwing dialed the number and hit call mentally preparing himself for the conversation about to take place and the eventual drive out of town. It was going to be a very long day.

**10:01 PM- Manhattan Safe House**

Jason had managed to find a safe house in Manhattan, New York. It’s proximity to Gotham somewhat bothered Dick. Gotham was a magnet for terrifyingly gory villains and he didn’t want his team exposed to them. But it was the closest safe house Bruce had to Happy Harbor so they would have to make due.

“Land up there,” Dick pointed to the roof of the safe house.

“Wait is this where we’re staying?” Bart jumped out of his seat and pressed his face against the glass of the Bio-ship as M'gann landed.

“So when you said safehouse you actually meant safe tower,” Garfield mumbled in awe as everyone exited the ship.

M’gann used her telekinesis to levitate the heavy medical equipment, the speedsters helping her. Everyone else picked up boxes, suitcases, and plastic bags before making their way inside. The elevator took them to the penthouse level.

Wally, who had run ahead of them, stood in front of the only door at the end of the hallway. “I can’t get in.”

Dick moved to the circularly shaped box that jutted out on the right side of the door. He tilted his face so his right eye entered the area with the red light spewing out. Three seconds later the light turned blue.

An automated female voice spoke, “Level one authentication accepted, please enter second level
Dick spoke, “Omega Proxy Zero Two and eight guests.”

The blue light blinked green, “Level two authentication accepted. Welcome Nightwing, please register guests.”

Dick pulled Wally in front of him. The box turned red once again and scanned the speedsters eye just as it had Dick’s. It then turned blue and Dick spoke. “Beta Guest Zero One, Kid Flash.”

Just like that Dick, registered all of his teammates so they could move in and out of the penthouse without needing Dick or Tim to open the door every time.

“How did you even find this place?” Conner asked as they made it into the living room, “It’s Batman’s actually.” Wally yelped almost dropping the painting he had been fiddling with.

“This is Batman’s safe house?” Artemis asked.

“Yeah,” Tim nodded “He has many safe houses all around the world actually, this one is just the closest to Happy Harbor.”

Jaime yawned dropping the last box in the middle of the living room. “Where are the rooms?”

“The second floor, we can leave everything in the living room, for now, it’s pretty late.”

Dick managed to corral the team up the stairs and into the spare rooms with a promise of unpacking and regrouping tomorrow. Tim had wanted to stay up and work through the drawings Yana had left behind after Dick had explained what happened to the two of them, but Dick managed to convince him to go to bed. It had been a long day for everyone and at the end of the day, Tim is still a fourteen-year-old kid that shouldn’t overexert himself. In the end, Tim had given into Dick’s demands with a disgruntled ‘yes dad.’ Dick had rolled his eyes with a huff and shoved Tim up the stairs.
Dick walked back into the living room to find Conner standing next to the kitchen counter fiddling with one of the laptops they’d used to back up the data from the base computer. He smiled, of course, Conner would get to work on the drawings. The omega snuck up behind his alpha, sliding a hand under the back of his shirt, chin settled on his shoulderblade.

“Shouldn’t we be getting to bed, honey?” He mumbled, rubbing small circles on Conners lower back.

Conner hummed in response so Dick peeked over his shoulder to see exactly what the alpha was doing. Dick couldn’t help but give out a startled laugh at what he saw.

“Are you really looking up the after-effects of a bomb on humans?”

Conner nodded as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. Which, Dick should have expected if he was being honest. He stopped Conner from typing by shutting the laptop.

He then turned Conner around. “Dick-”

“Y’know, I think you were right to worry, I don’t feel too good.” Dick watched in amusement as Conner’s eyes turned comically wide.

“See I knew we should have-” Conner tried to move out of Dick’s arms, probably to get to the medical equipment but he stopped him again.

“Y’know what would make me feel better?” Dick pouted slightly, “If I could go to bed with my beautiful, grumpy mother hen of a mate because today has been a very stressful day.”

Within the blink of an eye, Conner had swept Dick off of his feet. “Well, who am I to defy my mate’s wishes.” He bounded up the stairs two steps at a time.

Dick tried to keep his laugh as silent as possible so as not to disrupt the others. Conner lowered Dick onto the king-sized bed in the middle of the room (Dick sent a silent thank you to his teammates for leaving them the bigger bed). Dick slid his fingers into Conner’s hair and pulled his face down to kiss him. The acrobat instantly felt the giant knot in his chest unravel and melt away, muscles
relaxing as he took in the scent of bonfire and amber. They stayed like that for an immeasurable amount of time. Conner’s knees settled on either side of Dick’s hips, his body just barely gliding against the body under his. Dick curved his body upwards, giving Conner access to the zipper of his skin-suit which became undone just seconds later.

Dick pulled away just enough so that their lips were still grazing against one another. He tucked loose strands of hair behind Conner’s ear, “Need to go shower,” he mumbled, panting quietly.

Conner nodded stealing one last kiss before rolling over onto his back. Dick made his way to the bathroom door. With just a single hand on the door frame, he paused. He spoke without turning back. “You’re coming with.”

Conner lurched out of bed, “God yes.”

Dick laughed out loud this time as Conner worked the black and blue suit off him.

Chapter End Notes

The dialogue between Dick and Yana is italicized because they’re speaking Russian.
6:00 AM - Safe House

Dick had spent the past two hours lying immobile in bed with a throbbing head and an aching body. He had tried to wake Conner up but the man slept like a hibernating bear and it hurt Dick to even lift a finger so all he’d been able to do was poke Conner’s side. He spent the past two hours lying on his back, watching as the sun slowly rose in the window to his right, warm soft yellow light creeping around the room.

Finally, not being able to handle the pain and silence, Dick braced himself and slowly rolled over. He winced, tears swelling as sharp spikes of pain hit all around the top and sides of his head.

“Conner,” Dick murmured using all of his strength to shove his shoulder ignoring the pain it caused him.

The push seemed to do the trick and Conner grumbled, eyes flickering open. He sat up, frowning. “What’s wrong, why are you crying?”

Dick closed his eyes, the prominent burning around his eyes making him blink out a couple more teardrops. “Everything hurts,” he sniffled “Call Dr. Felson please.”

Conner nodded stumbling out of bed and out of the room. Dick decided to try and get out of bed to at least brush his teeth. He managed to make it to the bathroom before the room started to spin and dim. Dick groaned using the countertop to lower himself to the floor. He felt a wave of nausea crash into him and decided it’d be best to just sit there and wait for Conner. Thankfully he didn’t have to wait for long, Conner came in just two minutes later and Dick waved him into the bathroom. Conner silently and carefully picked Dick up and settled him back into bed. He handed the omega two pills that he easily swallowed.

Conner spoke while tucking the covers around him, “Dr. Felson says fatigue is pretty common at this stage in the pregnancy but that your headache is being caused by dehydration, coffee withdrawal, hunger, lack of sleep, or stress. She says that you’ll be fine as long as you feel better by tomorrow and if not then she gave me the number of a doctor in Manhattan we can go see tomorrow.”
“You don’t drink coffee often enough to go through withdrawal,” Conner started counting off, “it can’t be dehydration or lack of hunger because we’ve been following the nutrition plan Dr. Felson gave us so it’s either lack of sleep or stress.”

Conner sent him the blandest look and Dick felt worried upon seeing that look, “We’re about to have a fight aren’t we.” He stated, Dick hated when Conner and him fought.

Conner crossed his arms, “I think we should leave.”

Dick narrowed his gaze, “What do you mean leave? Go where?”

“I think we should stay at Kent Farms until you give birth, maybe even after that for a while.”

Dick sighed, scratching the side of his cheek “We can’t just up and leave, you do realize that right?”

“You said you were going to step down so why can’t we leave?”

“I said I would step down as mission leader because I can’t go out on missions but I am still the leader even if I have to stay back while you all go out and fight.” Dick continued talking, cutting Conner off “And we are in the middle of a literal Metahuman trafficking ring. I can’t just walk away from this because I have a headache!”

Conner huffed dropping his arms back to side, hands clenched into tight fists. “You’re stressed out because of this trafficking ring that’s why you have a headache. It doesn’t matter if you don’t come on missions with us because you’re still getting hurt, you got hit by a bomb last week and decided to just walk it off!”

“I told you I was fine!” Dick stated louder than he had planned on but kept going. “And do you really think that leaving is gonna stop me from being stressed if anything I’ll be even more worried about the team because I won’t know what’s going on!”

“You shouldn’t have to worry if you truly believe that Tim can lead the team.” Conner snapped and Dick fell silent.
Tears prickled in his eyes as he snapped right back, “That’s not fucking fair! You know I trust Tim to do his job as best he can but just because I believe in him doesn’t mean I don’t worry, you JACKASS.” Dick grabbed the picked pillow behind him and chucked it at Conner while screaming halfway through the last word. His brain buzzing through the pain of a headache and the anger of this fight.

Conner smacked the pillow away mid-air, nostrils flared. “You talk as if I wanna leave just for the hell of it, I’m fucking worried about you! You aren’t allowed to be mad at me for worrying about you when you’re only staying because you’re worried about the team you hypocrite!” Conner walked out of the room, door slamming behind him before Dick could respond back.

Dick watched the door not knowing what to do now. The anger he felt fading away now that Conner had left and Dick had no one to focus his anger at. His body trembled as he brought his hands to cover his face. God, Dick hated it when they fought. He hated it because neither of them ever had illogical reasonings, they both always made good points so it was harder to come to a compromise. Dick knew that this wasn’t the end of their argument and he was not looking forward to the end result. Dick rolled over onto Conner’s side of the bed and buried his face into the pillow.

- 8:19 AM -

“Dick,” a voice invaded his dreams “you need to wake up.” Something warm settled on the side of his face.

Dick groaned burrowing further into the bed. His headache was gone but Dick didn’t want to get out of the unbelievably warm and comfy bed.

“No.” He murmured, smacking the hand on his cheek away.

Dick groaned in frustration as he felt the bed shift. Conners arms wrapped around his body and hauled Dick into a sitting position right into his lap. Dick dropped his head forward onto Conners' shoulder and released an exaggerated groan. “Don’t get cuddly with me,” he mumbled, eyes still closed “I’m still pissed at you.”

Conner hummed silently, “Don’t worry, I’m pretty mad at you too.”

Dick snorted opening his eyes, the world slowly came into focus. “My headache is gone. Told you it
“We’re not having this conversation right now because your headache will come back and then I’ll tell you to your face that I told you so,”

Dick pulled away to retort and Conner gave him a quick peck on the lips. “Nope, not having this conversation. Come on, down to breakfast.”

Conner managed to get Dick down to breakfast after much coercion and many kisses and many promises of being able to go back to bed.

Dick hated feeling so fatigued. He had never felt this drained even after strenuous battles. He felt a constant ache so deep in his bones that made them feel like they weighed a ton each. Dr. Felson had said that around this time he’d feel zapped of energy due to his hormones fluctuating but Dick had thought she was just exaggerating in order to help him prepare, now he felt that she had undersold the whole thing.

“Hey, where are Wally and Artemis?” Dick asked

“Artemis went into a rut.”

“What?” Dick asked settling into the table next to Tim who sat typing away at his computer. “Wasn’t she on suppressants?”

“Yeah,” Tim piped “but between everything happening the past couple of months she wasn’t able to get her prescription refilled.”

“Are they okay? Where are they staying?”

“Hotel just a couple of blocks over,” Tim answered, “Wally called about an hour ago, they’re okay.”

Dick hummed in response as he finished up his breakfast. Thankfully, Wally and Artemis would be out of commission for just two to four days at most since Wally was a Beta and Artemis was an Alpha. If Wally had been an Omega then Artemis’s rut would have triggered his heat, forcing them...
to leave the team for at least a week. He surveyed the room and felt a bit confused as the silence his teammates displayed. Ma’gan and La’gaan were curled up together on the couch still in their pajamas while Jaime and Bart sat on the floor in front of them playing video games with the sound off. “So, did something happen between dinner last night and now, why is everyone so quiet?”

Bart snorted, thumbs still firing against the console, eyes never once straying from the screen. “Dad and dad had a fight so the kids keep quiet.”

Dick turned to Conner who had already been staring at him.

“They heard our argument this morning.” He said before setting his bowl in the sink and walking into the living room.

“No,” Jaime’s voice muffled by the number of chips in his mouth, “it was a full blown fight!”

Dick felt exasperated, he knew that the team was already divided. Conner or Dick. To stay or to leave. Of course, none of them would voice whether they agreed with Dick or Conner but there would be less familial camaraderie and more co-workers trying to make it through a case.

‘This is gonna be a shitty couple of months.’ Dick sighed.

Dick decided that there was no point in worrying over the topic and decided to turn his attention to Tim. “What are you so focused on?”

Tim stopped and swiveled his chair to face Dick. “I got a hit on one of the drawings.”

Dick brought his chair closer. “Who?”

Tim brought up a photo of a woman with brown hair, brown eyes, and pale skin. “Catherine Langforn.”

Dick pointed the tip of his spoon at the screen “She looks familiar.”
“She should,” Tim brought up two other screens “The only heir to the Langforn family, a very old money family. You’ve probably seen her at some of the events Bruce used to take us to.”

Dick nodded, “Okay, so who is she in this scenario? One of the scientists or the nurses?”

Tim shook his head, “Catherine can’t be either, she never went to college. Yana must have gotten her title wrong which is understandable considering she was constantly drugged up.”

Dick huffed. So she was one of those rich kids that planned on living on their parents money their whole life. Dick, while he did currently use Bruce’s money when needed, was currently taking online courses, slowly but surely working to achieve a dual degree in criminal justice and psychology. Although he might never really put his degrees to use, being a superhero and all, at least he was making an effort to stand up on his own two feet.

“Alright, then could she be one of the victims?”

Tim shook his head, “No, she was seen in Gotham just two days ago.”

“Then she could be one of the leaders.” Dick hypothesized, “We need to get in contact with her, see what she knows.”

“Lucky for you,” Tim said, typing away at the computer again “it’s holiday season which means there are hundreds of parties, charities, and galas that Catherine has RSVP’d to already.”

“When’s the earliest one?” Dick asked. It would be easy for him and Tim to get in considering they were Bruces’ sons.

“She’s actually hosting a Christmas party tonight in Gotham, we were already on the list.” Tim handed him a piece of paper that held his name specifically. “I went to the manor this morning and grabbed our invites plus a couple of suits.”

“You didn’t tell Alfred about the baby did you?”

Tim furrowed his brows “You still haven’t told him?”
Dick stood up from his spot to put his bowl and spoon in the sink, “I think I should wait till we get this guy otherwise Alfred will just insist that I go stay at the mansion.”

Dick and Conner had talked about it the night they had gone for the sonogram. Conner had wanted to call Martha and tell her the news but Dick had stopped him. Dick had met Martha once after they had started dating during Conner’s birthday and they got along well. Martha adored him and he loved her but she would be even more insistent than Alfred, demanding that they go stay with her. After much debate, she would give in and let it go but she would want them to visit the farm more often and Dick didn’t want to make promises to Martha that they wouldn’t be able to keep, especially in the middle of a mission. He had also wanted Bruce to be one of the first adults he told. Dick and Conner came to a compromise, they would wait till Dick hit his second trimester and if the Justice League members weren’t home by then, then they would tell Martha and Alfred. Dick wasn’t worried when they’d first come to this conclusion but now he was nine weeks into his pregnancy, giving the JL members only a month to get home before Dick was officially in his second trimester. Dick really hoped that they would make it home soon, he wanted Bruce to be the first adult they told about the pregnancy.

9:02 PM - Langforn Mansion

Tim and Dick snuck in through the back in order to avoid the whole red carpet area. Normally, if they had been with Bruce, they would make a show of walking down the red carpet. Although they weren’t here as Tim and Dick billionaire sons, they were here as Robin and Nightwing heroes on a mission.

Dick managed to convince Conner that it would be best if just the two of them went. Catherine is an alpha who has a history of going after only male omegas so Dick would be the best option to get close to her and it wouldn’t help to have Conner hovering around Dick the entire night. Thankfully, since the party was at her home Tim would be able to sneak around the rooms and see if he could find anything.

The night went off without a hitch, Dick made rounds, catching up with some of the other young adults he’s gotten used to seeing at these kinds of parties. He made sure to walk around with a glass of champagne, exchanging it every so often with a new flute so as not to cause suspicion. Thankfully, being in his first trimester meant his new scent hadn’t settled yet, as of now his scent would be hard to grasp by others and even those who managed to catch it wouldn’t be able to tell what the scent really was. Dick wasn’t worried. Being able to smell others was an automatic ability that no one ever consciously thought of such as blinking or the fact that we can always see our nose from the corner of our eyes.
Dick hadn’t been able to spot Catherine two hours into the party which was odd considering she was the host. He managed to sneak away from the party, up the stairs, and into one of the many bathrooms. Dick pulled out his earpiece and turned it on.

He tapped it twice then spoke once he heard the single ‘Beep!’ “Tim? You there?”

“Yeah, I’m here, what’s up?” Tim whispered back

Dick sat down on the floor, happy to be able to rest for a bit before going back into the sea of drunk people. “Did you find anything? I haven’t seen Catherine all night.”

“What?” His voice cracked “how can she not be here, it’s her own party?”

“I asked around, no one has seen her.”

“Do you think she found out somehow?”

“There’s no way she could have but her not showing up does give me a bad feeling. Are you almost done? I think it’s time we leave.”

“Honestly I haven’t really found much.”

“Okay, so what did you find?”

“It’s really weird, to be honest. The Langforns got their money by owning one of the largest slave plantations in the country. Of course, once slavery became banned they were left with no proper business but their family managed to survive for generations through their money and connections with others. I’ve been going through their financial records both personal and business because everyone and their mom knows that the Langforns do a lot of shady business to keep their vaults at full capacity. Catherine’s personal records show that for the past ten years there’s been a large influx of cash and by large influx, I mean millions of dollars a day, every day.”
“Wait, every day for the past ten years are you serious? Are you sure it’s not some kind of mix up.”

Sure rich people did business with large sums of money every day, it’s how they stay rich but what Robin was telling him is ridiculous. Even Bruce doesn’t come by that much money daily and he’s a better, richer businessman than Catherine Langforn.

“I’ve checked multiple times, the Langforns business records have been steady for years but Cathertine’s personal records show a large influx of money within the past 10 years.”

“Okay make sure to get a copy of everything you found then meet me by the back door, it’s time for us to go.”

“Copy that.”

Dick shut off the earpiece and pocketed it. He stood up and fixed his attire. He couldn’t wait to get home and go to bed.

Dick opened the door and startled at the women standing in front of him. Catherine Langforn stood at a tall 6’2 in a simple black and white pantsuit with a pair of navy stilettos, her dark hair pulled back into a sleek ponytail.

“Catherine,” Dick smiled trying to get his erratic heartbeat steady again. He slipped past her and started walking back towards the stairs. “I didn’t see you at the party.”

“Yeah,” she sighed, striding next to him “I had to attend to some last minute business.”

“Oh right! You took over the company almost a year ago. How have you been doing with it all?”

"It’s been going well actually!” Catherine managed to veer them towards a door at the end of the hall, opened it to reveal a cozy study. She motioned towards the couch while walking over to the mini bar set up in the corner.

Dick sat down. “What happened tonight?”
“The same shit,” she shrugged walking back to the couch she handed him a glass.

“Oh I don’t.” He tried to inform of his aversion to alcohol but she cut him off.

“It’s just club soda.”

Dick nodded then took a sip out of courtesy.

“Anyway.” She sighed sitting uncomfortably close to Dick, her whole body turned to face him, leg just barely grazing against his.

This position made every warning bell in his mind blare but he ignored it. This had been the plan from the beginning, dangling himself in front of an Alpha.

“Some idiot fucked up a shipment that came in tonight and so I had to go in and fix it.”

“Why didn’t you just have someone else do it, it’s what you have employees for?” Dick sighed, he could feel a headache coming on again.

“Well if you want something done right you gotta do it yourself y’know.” Catherine smiled taking a sip from her glass.

“After all,” She smiled, a single long white nail scraping against his left cheekbone. “I left my men to attack your base and still all of your teammates managed to survive.”

Dick felt his blood run cold, his vision blurring. “What are you talking about?”

“Let’s not play this game,” she sighed before gripping his chin between her thumb and the side of her index finger. “we both know you’re Nightwing. My men were supposed to get rid of your teammates so I could capture you-”
Dick stood up and felt himself waver, the glass in his hand slipped, shattering against the marble tile.

“-but then you all got away and I thought, ‘oh man now I gotta put in some personal effort to capture you’ but then,” she laughed standing up “You came to me! You made my job so much easier!”

She abruptly stopped laughing, gripping his arms. The door opened just as Dick lost consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact: Dick wasn't supposed to get kidnapped and now that he is kidnapped my entire storyline has to be changed lmao
Dick woke up slowly. Warm. Opening his eyes with ease, Dick smiled at the sight of his mate snoring away next to him. He rolled over at the sound of the door opening, from between the gap two crystal blue eyes peeked in. Dick pressed the side of his index finger on top of his lips before motioning the child in.

The little boy, Simon, slowly opened the door and pattered over to the bed. Dick leaned down and picked him up before placing him on top of Conner’s back. The three-year-old yawned before curling up and falling back asleep. Dick smiled pressing a kiss onto his cheek before sitting up as the bed shifted and two girls crawled over his lap. They both, very quietly, crawled under the sheets. The five-year-old girl with dark blue eyes, Lorna, completely disappeared under the covers before wrapping herself around Dick's leg. Nora, the older of the twin sisters with the light blue eyes, pressed herself into Conner's side.

The intrusion caused Conner to slowly wake up, he went to roll over but Dick stopped him by pressing a hand onto his shoulder blade, "Simon's on your back."

Conner replied with a grunt before slowly turning to his side, bringing the boy to rest against his chest and sitting up. Simon whined squirming before he found a comfortable position and fell back asleep.

"Morning," Dick murmured

Conner smiled, eyes still heavy with sleep. He leaned over and kissed Dick's cheek before getting out of bed, taking the little boy with him. Dick watched as Conner sat Simon on the bathroom counter trying to wake him up, a fond smile on his face. Dick sighed looking down at his two daughters still lying in bed. He could hear Lorna snoring from under the covers and decided to leave her be, instead, he turned to Nora, who had taken to fiddling with the ring on his left hand. "Good morning honey bun."
Nora smiled at him, displaying the gap at which she had just recently lost her tooth. "Morning daddy," She clambered onto his lap wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Why don't you go get ready while I try to wake up your sister okay?" Dick kissed her forehead then helped her get off the bed. She ran out of the room pushing the door open with so much force it banged against the wall. Dick made a mental note to warn her about using her strength in the house.

Dick peeked under the cover and laughed at his daughter's drooling face squished against his thigh. He managed to pry her body off his leg long enough to stand up. He decided it would be best to make sure Simon and Nora were ready before trying to wake up Lorna.

He made his way to the bathroom, "Conner is Simon awa-" He stopped his sentence when he realized that neither Simon or Conner was in the bathroom.

He found that odd because he never actually saw them leave the room much less the bathroom. He walked back out to pick Lorna up so they could go find the rest of the family but found that Lorna wasn't in bed anymore either.

An ugly feeling settled in his chest.

Suddenly the room started dimming as if the sun itself had been extinguished. He started calling out for his kids, for his mates but heard no reply. The room got darker and darker till he stood in complete darkness, he tried to run in any direction possible but couldn't see anything but darkness. Dick started screaming his lungs out hoping that someone anyone would hear him but no one did.

Dick woke up screaming.

3:24 PM - Safe House

This wasn't the welcome back Wally had hoped for. After being gone for two days, Wally had
expected to come back to the safe house the way they had left it. The only difference he expected was to find out that they had gotten another lead. What he got, however, was a panicked team.

“Hey!” Artemis shouted, dropping her bag.

The team froze in their steps and Wally took the time to survey the room. Conner was sprawled across the living room floor, M’gann sat above his head, her fingers splayed across his temple. La’gaan sat next to her, arm wrapped around her back to keep her from falling over. Garfield trying to dissolve the argument between Jaime and Bart. The entire room in disarray.

“What is going on? Where are Tim and Dick and why is Conner unconscious?” Wally asked.

Bart and Jaime looked at each other silently hoping that someone besides themselves would reply.

It was La’gaan that spoke up, “Tim managed to get a hit on one of the portraits Yana drew. Some rich girl named Catherine Langforn, last night they went to a party at her mansion. Tim was supposed to see if he can find anything in the house while Dick tried to get something out of Catherine. They never came back. As for Conner, well, y’know how he gets when it comes to his mate.” He gestured to the massacred room.

Well shit.

The team had lost their leader, interim leader, and their second interim leader was currently passed out on the floor.

“Alright okay,” Wally said, he didn’t have time to fear for Dick and Tim. They need to be found as soon as possible. “M’gann, how long will you be able to keep him under?”

“It was a bit difficult in the beginning but it’s gotten easier so for however long we need too.”

“Alright, we’ll wake him up before we leave. La’gaan, I need you to get in contact with Kaldur and meet us at the Hall of Justice. We’re going to the Watchtower.”

“But we can’t get in,” Bart said
“I’ll make some calls, we’re breaking in.”

They needed to regroup and they needed a team leader. As much as Wally wished it was him, he knew that he could only keep the team together for so long before they fell apart. They needed Kaldur.

As for breaking into the Watchtower? Well, they might not actually know each other but Wally did, in fact, have the Red Hood's number. Dick had given it to him a year ago in case something happened to him and the team needed help. Wally didn’t know much about Red Hood except for the fact that he was a vigilante and some other rumors he’d heard from other heroes. Over the years the team had learned a few tricks from each other but hacking was Dick and Tim’s strong suit and breaking into the Watchtower would not be easy.

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**Unknown**

Dick sat up gasping and shaking. He knew he had dreamt of something that made him happy but also terrified him but he couldn’t remember exactly what it was.

“Hey, you’re okay.”

Someone was holding him.

“Just keep breathing.”

Dick tried to steady his breathing.

*Mandarins and Mistletoe*

Tim was holding him.
Dick let himself be held until his body stopped shaking and his breathing regulated. He pulled away from Tim in order to look around the room.

Dick had expected to find himself in a jail cell but instead, they were in a lab room. As he finally got a grip on his senses he realized that he was wet, freezing cold, and in nothing but a pair of black shorts that stopped mid-thigh.

"What is going on?" he asked as Tim helped him stand up.

"We got taken two days ago. They kept me in a cell and put you in an accelerated incubation tube to speed up the pregnancy."

Dick looked behind to see a shattered cylinder tube that was big enough to hold about two of him, a cracked breathing mask on the floor next to him.

The baby.

Dick looked down in a slight panic, hand coming to rest against his belly that was now protruding slightly. An accelerated incubation. It meant that he was no longer nine weeks along as he should be but further along. They had to get home soon, get to a doctor because he had no idea what Catherine and her people did to him or the baby.

"We gotta get moving, Dick," Tim said before raiding the racks against the left wall. He grabbed two containment boxes from the corner and started filling them with stuff from the rack. He even started pocketing everything he could into his worn out gray pant pockets, even going as far as to stuff some tiny glass bottles into the small pocket of his white shirt. Dick assumed those clothes were given to him when they were taken.

"What are you doing?" Dick asked.

"I will explain everything and answer every question you have once we get off this planet," Tim said, he grabbed Dick's wrist, pulling them out of the room and into the corridor. "We only have a couple of minutes before their alarms go off."
Dick let Tim pull him down the corridor and into a small room filled wall to wall with the same clothes Tim was currently wearing. In the corner of the room sat a little boy, black hair and blue eyes. The kid's head snapped up as the door opened, body tense. He relaxed when he saw us. Tim handed the boy the two containment boxes, which he held with ease and started filing through one stack as he spoke, "I managed to find where they dump their broken ships when we first got here so I started sneaking away and slowly rebuilding it."

He tossed Dick a pair of clothes which he put on immediately. "Most of the workers are currently on the other side of the planet and although there are a couple of soldiers milling around we should be able to make it out without having to fight."

Tim pointed to the boy. "He's coming with us."

Dick had so many questions.

Who was this boy?

If they had put Tim in a cell then how was he able to wander around and find the ship?

Why were all the workers on the other side of the planet?

But he reminded himself to keep quiet as they walked back into the corridor. There would be plenty of time to ask questions once they were, apparently, off this planet. The insinuation that they weren't even on earth anymore was enough for Dick focus on the problem at hand.

They had been gone for two days. Dick hopes that the team is safe, that they hadn't gotten caught either. He hopes that they managed to keep it together without Tim and Dick.

They managed to make it below the building to the junkyard and into the big, bulky ship Tim had talked about. Tim had just barely managed to get it running when the alarms started blaring.

"Shit!"
When they arrived at the Hall of Justice, Kaldur and La'gaan were already waiting for them. The Atlantians stood up once they saw the team walk in.

"I filled Kaldur in as much as I could." Wally nodded, he was happy to know that Kaldur had come to help him. He knew that when Aquaman left with the rest of the Justice League, he had asked Kaldur to spend time in Atlantis, to help protect it.

"Great to have you back Kaldur." Artemis smiled, hugging him.

"I have missed you all," He replied, "I wish the circumstances could have been better."

"We don't have time for small talk when Tim and Dick could be who knows where and in what state." Conner snapped from his place next to Wally.

Kaldur turned to the superboy, resting a hand on his shoulder, "I understand your worry and fear but rest assured that we will find them, Conner."

Conner pushed the man's hand off his shoulder, "You don't have a mate so no you don't understand." He stalked away from the group to stand in front of the entrance to the Watchtower.

Wally winced at the man's candor. "Sorry about him." He murmured

Kaldur shook his head "There is no need to apologize, Conner is right. I do not understand what he is going through, none of us do."

Wally stayed silent because it was true. Although M'gann and La'gaan were dating, Martians didn't have the concept of mates and while Atlanteans did have mates, their society was much looser on the
They followed through the Zeta Tubes without a problem and stepped out onto the mission room of the Watchtower.

"How were you able to infiltrate the Watchtower?" Kaldur asked.

"I came in through the Cave's entrance and fried the security system." He pointed to the panel at the very end of the row of Zeta Tubes that now had a protruding Ninja star in it. "Then I used the computer to give you all access."

“So you broke it then put it back together?” Jaime asked
“Bingo.”

"We could have done that." Bart sighed.

"But you didn't so," Red Hood shrugged before walking over to the giant computer. "I looked into Catherine Langfuck and found a few things."

He plugged in a USB and pulled up some files. "Found a building out at the edge of Central City under her name." He pulled up a map of Central City with a red dot blinking at the bottom left corner of it.

"What is the importance of this building? Langform is a millionaire who just recently took over her father's company. This could just be a storage facility."

"Nope," He pulled up one white document, "This is her personal financial record."

He then pulled up a series of security feeds that shows a compilation of Catherine entering and exiting a building. "This is from a security camera from across the street of this building."

Artemis pointed to the video feed. "Look at the symbol at the side of the building."

"That's Starfall's symbol." Jaime nodded, "We were never able to figure out who owned the name."

Red Hood redirected their attention. "Look at the time and date stamps then compare them to her financial records."

Kaldur was quick to make the connection "Catherine only comes into millions of dollars just a couple of hours after entering the building."

"Bingo." Red Hood pointed at Kaldur.

Wally felt a bit disoriented at all the information. "I called you like two hours ago how did you get all of this in such a short time."
"I broke into her mansion and company building." Red Hood shrugged.

"Lost one of my favorite guns in the process." He murmured as an afterthought.

“We should get going. There’s no time to waste.” Kaldur brought up the map again before turning to Red Hood. “Will you be joining us?”

Red Hood shook his head, “No, I’ve got a team to get back too and I found about a dozen more StarFall facilities that I want to take a look at.”

He spoke as he walked back to the Zeta Tube. “Keep me updated, Willy!”

He was gone before Wally could correct him.

Red Hood wasn’t what Wally had expected. He had heard rumors about the man from other heroes and as such he had expected the man to be more… rude, brash, maybe even a bit more foul-mouthed. Wally didn’t know Dicks’ relationship with Red Hood but they had to be close enough for Dick to trust that the man would help his team. Maybe Red Hood was just that worried about Dick’s safety to forego his daily attitude for a more serious one. Either way, Wally would be sure to send Red Hood updates on what they found.

“Conner,” Kaldur turned to the man who stood brooding at the back of the group. “Will you be in the right mindset for this?”

“Are you gonna bench me if I’m not.” Conner crossed his arms.

“I may not understand what you are going through but I can see how this is affecting you, Conner. There is a chance we might not find Dick or Tim at this facility. Will you be ready for that outcome?”

“I don’t have a choice do I?” He replied. “Let’s just get going.”
Wally couldn’t be mad for the way Conner’s been acting. He wasn’t proud to admit that he would be acting in a very similar manner if Artemis had been kidnapped. That’s not to say he isn’t worried about Dick and Tim. Of course, he is. But Wally knows that they will take care of each other and stay safe till the team could find them. He wouldn’t be surprised if they managed to get back home before the team could even find Dick and Tim, they were just that good.

Wally flipped his mask on as the rest of the team did the same.

It was time to bring their leaders back home.

Chapter End Notes

Who’s that little boy?

Did Dick really wake up or is he still dreaming?

Where are Tim and Dick?

What's in the building?

What will Red Hood and his team find in the other facilities?

When will we meet the owner of StarFall?

What even is StarFall?

When will the Justice League come home?

When will I answer all of these questions?
Dick looked out the window as Tim got the engine running. Soldiers had started flowing out of the two doors.

“Tim, hurry!” Dick shouted

The ship shook violently, “Shit! They blew an engine!”

“Keep trying!” Dick unbuckled himself from his seat and ran to the back of the ship. He rummaged through every compartment and crate to find anything that could be used as a weapon. He managed to find a couple of guns and some wooden training rods.

Dick handed Tim two rifles. The training rods in his other hand. “Come on, we can’t let them get the other engine.”

Dick ordered the kid to stay in his seat and made his way to the entrance of the ship. If they could push back the forces long enough to get the ship out of firing range they could make it out. They just needed to make it out of the facility.

Dick took a deep breath before opening the door, he jumped from the ledge and onto one of the guards, he made quick work of disarming and knocking him out. A stray shot came from behind hitting the guy running towards him. Dick managed to glance quickly behind him to see Tim perched
on top of the ship. Dick continued to work his way through the wave of soldiers, he needed to fence off the door they were coming from.

One of them managed to get a thick wire around his neck and started pulling. Dick threw his left leg back hooking his ankle behind the man's knee and pulling. The man went down, pulling Dick with him, he managed to throw his head back with all his strength the pain from the broken nose causing the man to loosen his grip on the wire. Dick rolled to his right, taking the wire with him.

The adrenaline kept Dick going, his movements blurring with speed and agility. But even adrenaline had to wear off at some point and it seemed as if for every one soldier Dick incapacitated, ten more would come barreling at him. Dick was getting tired, breathing so fast his head spun, vision spinning.

One of the soldiers managed to send Dick sprawling to the ground by slamming the butt of his gun against the side of Dick’s head. His ears started ringing as he tried to get off the floor. He had managed to make it to his knees before the man gave him a swift kick in the abdomen. Dick cried out in pain letting himself fall back once again. This time he didn’t attempt to get up again.

“That’s enough.”

Rough hands pulled him back onto his knees before letting him go. Dick wrapped his arms around himself as Tim got dropped next to him.

“I'll be honest you got farther than I thought you would.” It took Dick a second to process that it was the little boy next to him speaking.

“What the hell?” Tim whispered

The little boy just grinned before walking away from them and towards the gunmen. His body seemed to ripple and stretch as he moved till suddenly it was Catherine standing in front of them.

“Take them to their cells.” She never once looked back as she spoke.

Thankfully, Tim and Dick were put in the same room. A small room with three white walls, the opening they entered through became sectioned off with a translucent red wall. There was absolutely nothing in the room, no bathroom, no bed, no window.
Dick slid down the wall across from the entrance taking a deep breath. The throbbing pain from his injuries slowly dissipating. His belly may not be protruding as much but it was already getting in the way a bit. He settled a hand on his belly and watched Tim pace, “Tim,” He patted the floor next to him, “come sit down.”

Tim eyed the spot before sulking over. Dick wrapped his arm around his little brother’s shoulder, pulling him into a side hug.

Tim rested his head against Dick’s shoulder. “I’m sorry I couldn’t get us out of here.”

Dick gave a quick tight squeeze to Tim’s shoulder. “You have nothing to apologize for Tim, you managed to fix up a ship that you knew nothing about in just two days. That’s amazing!”

“It doesn’t mean anything, I still wasn’t able to get us out of here.”

Dick knew how to play the blame game better than Tim. “Well if you feel guilty for not getting us out of here then I guess I should feel guilty for us getting caught in the first place right?”

Tim pulled his head up to look at Dick with a frown, “That wasn’t your fault, Catherine tricked you!”

“And she tricked you by pretending to be a victim like us.” Dick shrugged.

“That’s different!” He huffed, “I should have known better.”

“That same statement could apply to me as well.” Dick countered, “Hell, it could apply to Bruce too, he could know better than to recruit children to fight crime. It could be applied to the entire League for recruiting children to be their proteges. None of us would be in this position if they hadn’t recruited us in the first place.”

Tim scowled which made Dick grin. He knew that would enough to get Tim to see his point. “Stop playing the blame game and forget about the ‘what if’s’. You said you’d explain things to me, we’ve got the time right now.”
Tim nuzzled his head back into Dick’s shoulder taking in his big brothers scent. The man’s scent had finally stabilized. “You remember StarFall? It’s Catherine Langforn’s, she trafficks meta’s and aliens to planets all across the galaxy. That’s what the collars are for. Whoever buys the person gets the remote that controls their collar and therefore, their powers.”

“Like we saw with Yana.” Dick frowned remembering the little girl.

“How were you able to get out of confinement and fix the ship?” Dick asked.

"I pulled the pack card so they let me sit next to your tube every hour or so. It gave me a chance to map out the place, memorize the rotation of all the guards, and swipe a key from one of them.” Tim paused for a breath before rolling his eyes, “Apparently she's idiotic enough to arm all of her people with a master key, so I managed to sneak out, it’s how I found the junkyard with the broken equipment.”

Dick nodded along as he talked.

Pulling the pack card was the best move Tim could have made. Having evolved from wolves, packs (better known as families in the recent age) were a key part of any humans lifestyle, but even more essential during pregnancy. While pregnant, an omega or beta would feel the need to be around those they deem to be their family more often, to have their scents around them in order to feel secure and safe. Being around their pack also helped curb and stabilize the omegas hormones. During their third trimester, the pregnant person would start to nest (another vestigial instinct left in humans), cleaning out the place they felt safest in while also creating a literal nest out of the clothes that held their packs scents as a way to protect themselves and their offsprings from any predators. Thankfully Dick has just barely started feeling the pull to be around his pack, being around Tim was enough for now but he really hoped they would make it home before his urges became stronger. Humans that spent the majority of their pregnancy without their packmates would often have complications during childbirth that could cause harm to the parent as well as the child.

“What does she want us for? We’re not meta’s or aliens.” Dick asked

Tim didn’t get a chance to answer because the red wall bled away into the floor and Catherine walked in with three soldiers.

“Neither of you hold any value to me.” She smirked, scarlet red lips glistening against the light. “Your child, however.”
So she was after his baby. Good to know.

“Why would you go to such lengths to get my child? You realize that there’s a high chance they might not actually inherit my mate’s powers right?”

“Kryptonians are an endangered species, do you know how much people are willing to pay for one?” She smiled, “It doesn’t matter if she has powers or not, the Kryptonian blood makes her easily worth at least a billion. The powers would just up her price.”

Dick asked, voice hollow and dejected. “Did you say ‘she’?”

Catherine tilted her head just slightly, “Oh, did you not know?” She feigned a thoughtful look, “Oops.”

Dick was having a girl, in a couple of months, he’d have a daughter. The pregnancy didn’t feel real until not. Till now the baby had been an 'it' or a 'they', a prospect for the future, but now ‘it’ was a ‘she’.

Now Dick was in a position where he could lose his daughter.

"I had an airtight plan y’know." The smile on her face dropped. She cupped Dick's jaw, fingers painfully gripping at his cheeks. "That incubation chamber was supposed to accelerate your pregnancy so you'd give birth within the next five days."

Dick grunted when Catherine pushed his head against the wall behind him. "But then your little pack runt had to go and break it.” She hissed

Tim snorted rolling his eyes "So what, you're a cheapskate on top of being a shitty human being."

Catherine let go of Dick's face and moved away from them. She watched them silently for a couple of seconds before another grin crawled across her face.
"Oh we do have two more chambers, but they're occupied at the moment, would you like to see?"

The two of the three soldiers yanked Tim and Dick onto their feet and pushed them out of the room and into the corridor.

They were taken to a room at the very end of the hall. From there they went winding and turning through multiple rooms till Dick lost track of their route. They made it to a room that looked identical to the one Tim had broken Dick out off.

Clark.

She got Clark.

Dick walked over to the tube that held the man of steel. He placed a hand on the warm glass. His heart steadied as he looked up and saw the three-rod lightbulbs filled with artificial yellow sun radiation. All they had to do was wake him up and whatever energy Clark managed to store during his sleep should be enough to get them out of this facility at least.

"How in the hell did you manage to get him?"

"Green kryptonite. Caught him months ago, his team was hilariously easy to defeat."

“They were off planet how did you know where they were?”

“Oh, honey, who do you think sent the distress call? All we needed to do was isolate Superman long enough to get some green kryptonite into his system.”

It all made sense now. Bruce and Clark have been keeping their relationship a secret for about three years now, but Dick knew. He knew because he watched how Bruce would act around Clark. The man has spent decades perfecting every one of his actions, calculating every move. But around Clark he would sometimes falter, let his heart take reign over his brain. Just like he was doing right now. Dick knew without a doubt that Bruce, the stubborn man, refused to go back home without saving Clark and the Justice League had no choice but to follow.
"Why do you have this kid?" Tim demanded, hand pressed against the containment tube.

"Ah yes," Catherine smiled, tapping her pearl white index nail against the glass "We grew him from Superman's DNA, my perfect little money maker."

"You're a meta, how can you do this to your own kind?" Dick dared to ask.

Dick knew that what Catherine's doing is despicable regardless of whether she's connected to them but he was hoping he could appeal to her emotionally, he was hoping he could change her mind somehow.

"My own kind?" She cackled "Please, I wasn't born with these powers, I was the first successful creation to come out of StarFall. I spent decades of my life experimenting on meta's and aliens alike. I may have powers but I am human, through and through."

"Decades?"

"I can change my entire body to look like anything I want. Do you really think this is my original form?"

If they follow that theory then there was a high chance that the drawing Yana made of the leader was most likely Catherine herself.

"Let Superman out," Dick demanded.

"Who do you think you are to be making demands?" Catherine let out an incredulous laugh.

Dick snapped. "I'm the man with the billion dollar baby who you took from his pack. Do you really wanna risk causing any permanent disabilities to the baby? I doubt any of your buyers would be willing to buy damaged merchandise."

Talking about his daughter as if she were an object made Dick's heart ache and lungs constrict. But he needed to convince Catherine to let Clark out.
Catherine paused for a moment, weighing her options.

Tim demanded, "We want the kid out too."

"I think not," Catherine easily dismissed Tim with a slight flick of her wrist, "he has no connection to any of you. It does not benefit me to let him out."

"Superman's apart of my pack." Dick was lying through his teeth he just hoped that Catherine bought it.

She entertained the idea before shaking her head. "You seem to be doing just fine with little Tim here," One of the soldiers pulled Tim away from the little boy. "Back to your cage little birdies."

Dick made sure to memorize the path back to their cell.

"So are we going to get any food? Because I'm starving." Dick asked as they walked back into the cell. He watched as one of the guards moved to the left side of the wall and pressed a series of buttons that pulled up a translucent red glass.

Catherine huffed before walking away, "Bring them their dinner and call in for another incubation pod."

0:00 - Unknown

Catherine waited till the guards had left before falling back into her desk chair. She took a second to compose herself before grabbing the idle remote from her desk and pressing a button to bring down the holo-screen from its home in the ceiling. She pressed the call button for the only number displayed on the screen. Her fingers thrummed against the wooden desk as she waited.
"Why did I just get a request for a fifth incubation pod?" The man on the screen demanded.

Catherine pulled her hand away from the desk "They tried to escape."

"Superman almost escaped you as well, then you failed to get rid of the Young Justice team and now Nightwing and Robin almost escaped you as well."

Catherine, wisely, kept quiet while her boss spoke.

"It seems you are not committed to this agreement of ours."

She was quick to derail that thought, "No! I am very much committed, I won't let any of them get away I swear I will get you that child. Please just give me another chance."

The man hummed, "I don't think I can trust you to see this through anymore."

She bit her bottom lip to keep from retaliating. He was already mad and any form of struggle against him would just piss him off more. She couldn't let him break off their deal no matter what.

"Don't worry, our deal is still intact, I just need you to do one more thing for me."

Catherine nodded. Anything to get her closer to the end goal.

6:01 PM- Catherine Langforn’s Warehouse

Getting into the warehouse was easy. Well, as easy as it could be to get through hundreds of guards milling around inside. But it was easy because the Team (along with Sphere and Wolf), more specifically Conner, was pissed which left little room for mercy.
“That’s the last of them,” Wally stated just as he finished tying up the last of the guards.

Conner turned back to the two men in white coats, their arms held back with cable ties. They had been the only other people besides the guards.

The taller of the two, an elder looking man with patches of white hair spotting his head, struggled against the ties. “We’re not telling you anything.”

Conner had to keep from rolling his eyes, “We don’t expect you too,” He pulled the ID card from where it dangled on his neck, “Norm.” He let the card ricochet back hitting Norm’s face.

The man seemed stumped at that. Conner checked their ties one more time.

“Hey guys,” Jaime called

Conner walked up to Jaime, still fully in his Blue Beetle suit, who stood in front of a big gray archway. To Jaime’s left was a small console with glowing blue buttons.

“What is this?” Conner ran his fingers across the edge of the arch, tracing the strange divot markings.

Jaime continued to fiddle with the console, he pressed a series of buttons and the arch started to buzz. Conner back away from the arch as purple light flooded the empty area under it.

"It's a portal." Bart walked over, two grey space suits in hand, "found a bunch of these in that closet back there."

"I believe I’ve found something."

Within the blink of an eye, Conner stepped up behind Kal'dur. Kal'dur stood in front of a large table filled with scattered papers, test tube racks, and a computer.

"Look at this," Kaldur pointed at the screen, "A shipment came in two days ago, around the time Robin and Nightwing were taken."
Conner’s eyes skimmed through the file.

*Subject 5644 (Parent)*
- Gender: Omega Male
- Blood Type: O-
- Age: 23
- Race: Human

*Fetus (Offspring)*
- Gender: Alpha Female
- Blood Type: A+
- Age: Nine Weeks
- Race: Kryptonian, Human

- Subject 5644 & 5645 delivered to Warehouse 101 at December 23rd 1:02AM
- Subject 5644 & 5645 shipped to Galtia - Sector 98 at December 23rd 7:08AM
- Subject 5644 to undergo accelerated incubation, Delivery time - December 31st
- Subject 5644 and 5645 to be terminated at the time of delivery.
- Fetus to be sent to Ptosi after five days in acceleration tube (Once the fetus has developed to 10 years).

They were going to kill Dick, Tim, and take his child.

Conner would kill them all before they had the chance to even hold his daughter.

“We need to go now.” Conner ran back to where they had tied up the scientists.

“That portal, tell me it goes to Galtia.”
After a couple of seconds of silence, Conner grabbed Norm by the collar of his jacket lifting him off the ground. “I’m going to ask one last time then I’m going to throw you into that wall.”

“Superboy.” Kaldur rested his hand against Conner’s shoulder. “Put him down.”

Conner weighed his options. It would be so much easier to just throw the man through the wall, but it wouldn’t achieve anything.

...But it would feel good to do so.

Conner threw the man roughly, not into the wall but onto the floor. Not as satisfying but Kaldur is their leader so Conner will do as he’s told.

Conner turned to Kaldur.

“The security footage only shows Nightwing and Robin being brought in but never leaving so that portal is the only way they could have gone.” Kaldur gestured to said portal, Jaime still fiddling with the console then spoke again in a lower octave. “Dick, Tim, and even your child are apart of our family we will find them Conner I assure you.”

Conner took a deep breath, attempting to calm himself. Getting mad won’t change their situation. Right now they needed to find Dick and Tim as fast as they can. The file said they were planning the delivery on December 31st, that gave them just six days. If they arrived late, Conner would lose his family.

Kaldur steered Conner towards the portal console where the rest of the team had converged.

“I managed to get the coordinates from the last place the portal was set too.” Jaime pressed a series of buttons and the portal shuddered to life, making a low humming sound.

The team suited up in the space suits that Bart found. Conner didn’t bother to even put on a breathing mask thanks to his alien physiology.
One by one the team walked through the portal.

The first thing Conner noticed was the three moons, the biggest one of them was blue while the other two were the same smaller size but in silver. The second thing Conner noticed was that the portal dropped them in the middle of a deserted area, the closest civilization out in the distance ahead of them.

Conner took a deep breath.

_This is going to be a long trek._

Chapter End Notes

Who could that Kryptonian kid be??
Tim had managed to convince Dick to take a nap. It was not like there was anything more they could do since becoming trapped in this prison cell three days ago (Tim wasn’t sure that it had in fact been three days but they had been given nine meals so all he could do was assume at this point). All the lights had been turned off leaving only the warm, dim glow of the red translucent wall holding them in.

Tim sighed, slowly running his hand along his sleeping brother’s back. The boy spent a good long time tossing and turning until comfortably curling up next to Tim, his head pressed firmly on top of Tim’s thighs. Tim was worried about his brother. He knew that Conner would spend every second trying to find Dick, and by accessory Tim as well, but would the team be able to find them? Tim wouldn’t be worried if they were stuck somewhere on Earth but that wasn’t the case, was it? They were on a different planet, they could be in a different galaxy altogether, thousands of light-years away for all he knew.

Dick has been taking everything in stride so far but Tim knew that he was at his breaking point.

Tim had seen the tentative bond between Conner and Dick since he’d first joined the Team. It had come as a shock, an emotion Tim rarely experienced, when he learned that Dick and Conner weren’t romantically involved. His brother liked Conner and Conner liked Dick so they should be together. At fifteen, it seemed just that simple to Tim, he couldn’t understand why they weren’t together if it was obvious that the two were enamored with each other. So Tim did what any fifteen-year-old likes to do, he meddled. He would drag both Dick and Conner out into town then suddenly ‘remember’ that he had something to do back at the cave, thus leaving them alone. Once he even went as far as to lock them in one room, ‘accidentally’ of course.

Looking back on it, Tim had been obvious in his efforts which in hindsight might have made things awkward between the two. Conner and M’gann had broken up just a couple of months before, another fact Tim hadn’t known at the time. Tim realized now that even if he had succeeded in bringing the two together, it would not have lasted. At the time, Conner still held feelings for M’gann and any relationship he started with Dick would have been just a rebound, they would have ended in disaster.
Watching his brother get hit by a large chunk of shrapnel had scared the shit out of Tim. Bruce had recently left with the Justice League and Jason had his own life. Of course, the rest of the team had been with Tim, they helped get their leader and friend to the hospital and been there for every step of Dick’s recovery but it was different wasn’t it? Dick was Tim’s brother, not just his leader or friend. The only good thing to come out of that disaster was Conner’s initiative to the whole situation. Watching Dick get fatally injured had triggered the man’s wolf brain, it had helped him realize how he truly felt for the Omega. At that point, Tim had only been on the team for a little over a year and while he knew Conner was fully capable on missions, The Alpha force in Conner made Tim worry at times.

Watching the Super lose his mind over Dick’s hospital bed had conflicted, Tim. Should he be happy that the man cared enough to lose control or be worried for his brother? What if Dick and Conner got into a fight and he let the anger get the best of him, would Conner hurt his brother? Tim watched the Super destroy everything in sight all on his own while the rest of the team worked to get Dick to the hospital. That had happened before the two were even in a relationship. Would Conner get more protective and aggressive as they got closer? Would he become a liability to the team?

Over the year, Conner managed to prove Tim wrong. On missions, Conner followed Dick’s orders just as he did before they started dating. Any disagreements they had on a personal level never affected their ability to work as a team on missions. That initial injury was the only time Tim had seen Conner lose it, after that, every injury Dick sustained (which happened often if Tim was being honest) had been dealt with rationally, although Conner did insist on sticking to Dick like a leech till he was completely healed. Tim couldn’t hold that against Conner though, they were mates after all and Tim would like to think that he’d feel the urge to react the same towards his mate as well.

Tim heard a sharp gasp and looked down at Dick. The man's face was scrunched up in pain, lips turned down in a frown.

The two had made a discovery over the past three days. The baby started kicking and the bruises on Dick’s skin gave a clear indication that she did, in fact, inherit some of her Alpha fathers’ powers, more specifically his strength. At one point, she had managed to fracture one of Dick’s floating ribs. At least that’s what they’d been told as Catherine’s henchmen took Dick away yesterday, he came back with the dark bluish-purple bruise having vanished, the ‘fracture’ healed.

Tim didn’t understand how she was so powerful. Both Superman and Conner got their powers from the yellow sun on earth. Tim had managed to get a quick glance to the outside atmosphere and knew that there wasn’t a yellow sun on this planet. In fact, there was no sun at all, only three moons hanging in the sky. Tim hypothesized that there might be a mutation of some sort in her DNA. After all, Conner is a clone of Superman and such a process hasn’t been researched enough to have it down to a science. It also had to be taken into account that Superman wasn’t a human but a Kryptonian, whose physiology is little known to begin with.
Tim sighed and started rubbing his brother back again. It was the only comfort Tim could afford to give at the moment.

Conner was glad he left Wolf back on Earth at the safe house. It felt like hours since the team had started their trek through the barren wasteland and he could just barely make out the building they were working towards.

"We're gonna find them y'know."

"Stop talking."

Conner didn't need to be assured every couple of seconds, it didn't make him feel better if anything all it did was irritate him.

"Conner," Artemis sighed falling into step next to him. "We're your pack, none of us are going to stop till we find both Tim and Dick."

Conner didn't reply so Artemis took tentative steps forward and kept talking. "I can't understand how you're feeling, none of us can. What I do know though, is that right now all you can do is help Dick through your bond."

That made Conner finally acknowledge her. "How do I do that?"

Artemis smiled 'We're finally getting somewhere.' she thought.

"Soul bonds are pretty accurately named. Both of your souls are quite literally bonded and with that bond comes a lot of special powers. One of those is that you can feel each other's emotions. So right now all you need to do is keep yourself calm and happy. Dick will be able to feel those emotions and that will help him, maybe not much but it will still help."

Conner thought about it and realized that Artemis was right. Dick and he spent some time talking before they agreed to bond and one of those talks had been about how one's emotions could affect the other. Dick knew that Conner wasn't very good at expressing his emotions and wanted to be sure
that Conner would be alright with having an open connection between the two of them.

"I'm sure you can feel Dick's emotions as well just focus on your connection with him."

Conner took a deep breath, letting go of the frustration he had felt for the past couple of days and realized that Artemis was right. Conner felt a deep ache in his chest that made his hands tremble just a bit.

_Fear_

The sensation felt foreign enough that Conner knew it wasn't an emotion he was feeling right now. He gripped that strand of emotion and realized that there was a lot more to it. Dick wasn't just afraid, he was terrified. Dick was terrified that neither Tim or he would make it back home, that he'd a miscarriage, or that he'd give birth but their baby would be taken from him right after. Somehow that last option was the worst outcome Conner would think of.

Dick needed Conner now more than ever. He needed to know that Conner hadn't given up, that he was on his way to save his little family.

“Think about all the happy moments in your life, specifically the ones with Dick in them and push them through your bond.” Artemis smiled giving his shoulder a squeeze before falling behind, leaving Conner to his thoughts.

Conner took a deep breath flexing his fisted hand and back again. He needed to stay happy and calm.

What made Conner happy?

Memories came barreling to the forefront of his mind. He gripped one and let it take over.

The room shook, gradually becoming more volatile and unstable as time passed.
“What’s going on?” Dick grunted, slowly elongating his body to keep his ribs from shifting.

“Is it broken?” Tim asked helping him up.

Dick shook his head, it was just bruised and sensitive. The brothers held onto each other until the room stabilized again.

“Something’s going on?”

“Hopefully good for us and bad for them.”

Tim and Dick stood waiting and finally, the translucent wall flickered away. A man stood on the other side, covered from head to toe in a tight black suit with a big hood. The suit only held one mark, a small set of dots held in a specific but unidentifiable order just under the left collarbone. His right hand held a high tech sort of gun, left hand sporting a simple watch. The man slipped the cover off his lips, lilac eyes locking with Dicks.

“We’re about to blow this place up. Let's go, now.” his rounded teeth glinted in the dimly lit hallway.

Neither boys tried to protest, they simply followed. That’s not to say they trusted the man. But neither Tim or Dick had any other choice. This was their only chance to escape and make it back home.

“Who are you exactly?” Dick asked the throbbing pain in his ribs had ceased under the movement of his legs.

“I’ll explain later, we only have seconds to get away.”

Dick stopped as they made it to a fork in the hallway. The man-made his way to the right, towards the hangar, but Clark and the child were towards the left.

“One of my pack members is that way. We can’t leave him.”
The man stopped Dick from veering left as he planned, “We’ve already got him and the kid. They’re both safe.”

The watch on his wrist blink red twice. “We only have twenty seconds before this place ends up in flames, we gotta go. Now.”

Dick hadn’t mentioned a kid as well, so that was enough to make him believe the man. They rushed to the hangar to find more people in black suits and guns. The hangar was filled with massive jeeps that resembled the type used by the US military. Dick felt relieved when he saw the pods holding Clark and the boy secured tightly in the back of one of the jeeps.

“We can’t breathe the air outside it’s toxic to us.” Tim stopped the man

The man reached into the back of one of the jeeps and pulled two helmets out. Two men came and secured the helmets over Tim and Dicks head and neck.

“Come on.” the man signaled to the back of the jeep.

Tim and Dick secured themselves in the back. After that, the jeeps seemed to line up perfectly behind each other and made their way out to the barren planet.

Just seconds after the last vehicle had made it out of the hangar, one by one, the place blew up. Seven clear blasts went off and with those blasts came flames. Bright green flames that grew and grew till they melted into one giant fire, crackling and thundering as chunks of the building crumbled and burned.

“Guess I was right.” Tim murmured

“What do you mean?” Dick asked

Tim sighed, rolling his left shoulder. “I wasn’t positive when I said that we can’t breathe the air here.” He gestured towards the fire they were speeding away from. “Green flames usually only come with chemicals such as boron compounds and even before you can get green flames you need to first turn it blue or add alcohol to it. The air here might have oxygen but it also has other compounds that we can’t breathe.”
Dick let himself relax against Tim as best he could with the fishbowl looking helmet secured tightly around his neck and head. He looked up at the three moons, one large blue moon surrounded by two smaller silver moons. Since getting captured, Dick had been feeling, though he hated to admit it, scared. Both Tim and Dick knew what they had signed up for when they became Robin. They knew that jobs like theirs meant they would die young, it was something Dick had made his peace with a long time ago. But his children deserve better. Dick didn’t care if he made it out as long as his kids did.

He felt a vicious tug deep in his chest cavity at the center of his heart. Dick exhaled, unclenching his jaw and releasing the pressure on his teeth and neck. The deep-seated burden on his sternum diminished slowly. Dick closed his eyes and let himself focus on that feeling deep in his heart.

It felt like Conner's sturdy arms wrapping around him.

Bart was the first to see the flames. “The buildings on fire!” He ran and Wally followed after him.

The rest of the team managed to make it just as the two speedsters killed the flames.

“There is nothing left,” Kaldur stated. The team carefully waded through the charcoal rubble hoping to find something.

Conner, however, was focused on the horizon. Something felt off. Like the whole world slipped off-kilter without warning and forgot to take him with it.

He looked up to the triple moons, closed his eyes, and inhaled. The air burned his nose but his tongue tasted like chalk and heavy rain. Dick had been here.

“Conner,” Artemis was crouched a couple of paces ahead of him, fingers just grazing the grainy red floor. “What does this look like to you?”

Several sets of parallel lines started at the rubble and continued ahead of them out into the distance. In between some of them were zig-zag lines that connected the parallel ones.
“They look like tire tracks.”

She turned her head towards him with a victorious grin “Exactly.”

Conner couldn’t help but smile back at her.

Chapter End Notes

Yes I know it's been a while and this is a short chapter I'm sorry!! Next chapter will arrive quicker and be longer I promise.
Five Feet Away

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

00:00 - Galtia

About twenty minutes into the drive the jeep began to shudder. Clear, thick glass grew out from under, encompassing their vehicle.

The man, whose name they still didn’t know, glanced back at the two “Our base is underground.”

“Who are you exactly?” Tim asked

The man didn’t bother to respond. Gradually the rusted earth parted, opening a smooth steep downwards. They followed the road down in a perfect line into a cave. The jeeps were parked lining the side of the cave.

“We walk from here.” The man said.

He rounded the jeep, helping Dick from his seat. “I’m Asteri by the way.”

The man, Asteri, led them down the path deeper into the cave until it abruptly opened up into a larger space.

It was an ops center. A large computer looking machine stood heavy dead center. Creatures of all kinds milling around in the same suit as Asteri.

Asteri opened a supply closet pulling out two small, black circular chips with a long curved back. He motioned for them to follow him.

Dick glanced behind him and saw Clark and the unnamed boy’s pod fastened onto the trolley, ready to be moved.
Asteri walked through a hall on the left side. Dick, Tim, and the two pods followed like baby ducks.

“We have a human-friendly habitat that you can stay in until I can get you back to your planet.”

At the very end of the hall was a clear glass door, outlined with thick steel. Asteri secured the door close behind them then simply pressed a light blue button settled right next to the door.

A soft humming came from above then a simple ‘beep.’

A second door, set just a couple of steps behind them, opened. It led to a simple room fitted with a couple of couches (each a different shade of pastel), two low glass coffee tables (outlined in wood), and two staggered doors in the very back. Rods of artificial light hung from the high rafters.

“You can take the helmets off now.”

Dick took the helmet off and rolled his shoulders, wincing. He hadn’t realized how much stress it put on his spine and shoulders.

“Put these in your ears, it’s a language translation chip.”

“But we can understand you just fine.” The curved edge secured over Dick’s ear perfectly.

Asteri started tapping away at his watch “That is because I can speak English.”

Dick jolted as a loud beep sounded from the device. “Did you hear the beep?”

Dick and Tim nodded. “Good. now, you won't have to do anything so please don’t fiddle with the device.”

“How does it work exactly?” Tim asked
“It automatically translates whatever you hear into the language you most understand.”

The two men who brought Clark and the boy unstrapped the pods and slowly set them horizontal on the ground.

Dick kneeled next to Clark’s pod, one hand on his stomach (Which he was slowly starting to feel the weight of) and the other on the pod. It was still warm. “Will they be alright?”

“The only thing keeping them under was a knockout gas of sorts, now that they’re not hooked up to it, they should be up soon.”

Dick found the clasps keeping the pod closed and pulled it open motioning for Tim to do the same to the other pod. Clark’s pulse was slow but prominent. Dick sighed in relief before closing the pod again.

“How far along are you exactly?” Asteri asked, pointing towards Dick’s stomach.

“Four months I guess.”

“You guess?”

“They put me in an acceleration chamber, wanted to speed up the pregnancy and take her when she’s born.”

Asteri scowled “Acceleration chambers are illegal, they can cause birth defects.”

Dick felt his hands shake. His baby could be fatally hurt because a power-hungry woman decided she wanted to be even richer than she already was.

“We have a medical staff, I can take you to them once you’ve gotten a chance to rest.”

Dick nodded, not knowing what else to do or say and Asteri quietly left with his men. Tim ventured towards the back, looking into the rooms while Dick, having found a wardrobe in the corner next to
the TV, pulled out one thick white blanket.

“Dick,” Tim called as he re-entered the room, “The left one is a bedroom and the right, a bathroom.”

The two settled on the last empty couch (gray), leaning against each other and Dick spread the blanket over the two of them.

Dick wanted to be back at the mountain, curled up next to Conner on the couch, with the rest of his team (with the rest of his pack) surrounding them.

He wanted to have a normal pregnancy with cravings and morning sickness and mood swings. They hadn’t even gotten a chance to tell anyone about the pregnancy, they hadn’t gotten a chance to celebrate with their family. They hadn’t gotten the chance to wonder whether they’d have a boy or girl. They hadn’t gotten a chance to fight over how the nursery would look, whether they wanted to have a gender-neutral room or follow stereotypes and paint the room pink or blue.

Dick winced, groaning in discomfort as the baby delivered a series of painful jabs as if she were trying to get comfortable. He hoped it was in an effort to finally fall asleep and give him the chance to sleep too.

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00:00 - Galtia

The doctor who checked Dick, from his perspective at least, was an alien, skin a gradient of blue. Her (Dick assumed it was a girl) dark skin shimmered against the fluorescent lights. She had a set of small tendrils atop her head that Dick knew could be confused for a pixie style bob but the texture of her ‘hair’ looked extremely shiny as if the strands were made of a type of metal.

“I will be honest, I’m not very well versed in human anatomy, but I will do my best.” Taelih, the doctor hummed, getting a syringe ready to draw blood, her soft, airy voice like a thousand small jingle bells.

“He should be four months along, they wanted him to deliver the baby in less than a week.”
The brothers watched as the doctor took Dick’s blood and handed it off to one of her assistants. “You said they used an acceleration pod on you?”

Dick nodded

“Those things are highly illegal. Acceleration pods are a new invention, still, under severe research, they can cause several ailments.”

Taelih was quick to reassure the brothers that since Dick hadn’t spent much time in the pod, there was little to no chance that the pod had affected the baby or Dick in any negative way.

Dick turned his attention to Asteri, letting Taelih maneuver his body as she needed. “So who exactly are you and what is all of this?”

“We’re a rebel group,” Asteri responded from his place by the door. “Most of us are survivors who managed to escape or were rescued from StarFall, some of us are just genuinely good people who want to help.”

“Which one are you?” Tim asked

Tim was grateful that they had been saved but that alone didn’t mean he would blindly trust Asteri and his people.

“A survivor.” Asteri smiled as if he was expecting the suspicion “I’m the leader of this division.”

“Leader of what?”

“Leader of the Corvus constellation division.” The man pulled on the sleeve of his top, pointing at the design under his collarbone “We don’t have a name for the rebel group, just different divisions.”

“If this is the Corvus constellation that means we’re approximately 165 years away from Earth give or take depending on which star we’re near.” Tim easily calculated.
The man nodded, “Smack in the middle of four connecting stars, a little planet called Galtia.”

Tim had never heard of such a planet, he made a mental note to research more when they made it back home.

When they made it home. Not if.

They are going to make it home.

“I’m done.” Taelih chimed in. “I’ll have a report made in a couple of hours.”

She moved to the rack of meds against the wall, retrieving a couple of packets filled with colorful looking pills. She handed the now open packets to Dick with a glass of water. “For now, take these—what is the Terran word?” She hummed “Ah! Nutrient pills.”

Dick obediently took the colorful pills. “So she’s okay as far as you can tell? Nothing urgent?”

Taelih smiled “Not at all,” she started packing up her medical equipment. “I’ll know more once I check your blood but for now you and your baby are safe.”

“Would it be possible to do an ultrasound?”

“Not as of now I’m afraid I don’t have a machine on hand to do so.”

‘It was worth a shot’ Dick thought it. It would have been nice to see his daughter now that she was a bit more developed.

“Anything you’re worried about?” She asked

“I’ve been having a bit of pain in my hips and abdomen actually,” Dick replied honestly.
She nodded “That’s to be expected. The abdomen pain is because your muscles are finally moving to make room for the baby. The hip pain is for similar reasons, try to sleep on your side with a big pillow between your legs.”

“You’re likely to get leg cramps as well so stretch your legs when you feel it coming.” She moved back to the rack, pulling a stack of thin packages. “These are some heat patches to help with the pain.”

Dick thanked Taelih for her help and they left, Asteri escorting them back to their room.

Dick was unbelievably exhausted. Since they had been taken, Dick only managed an hour or two of fitful sleep and even that was, at least Dick suspected that it was, because Conner was tending to their mate bond, reassuring Dick that he and the rest of the team were on their way. Sadly, that feeling didn’t last very long.

No matter how much he tried, the omega just couldn’t sleep properly. He’d tried again after being rescued by Asteri’s group but even being away from StarFall and Catherine wasn’t enough to calm his omega side. His instincts told him not to let his guard down even now and the exhaustion was starting to weigh him down.

Upon entering their room, Tim noticed that the pods were empty.

Clark and the boy sat on the gray couch watching them enter.

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00:00 - Galtia

Clark still felt a bit disoriented.

The last thing he remembered was taking a walk on the planet Bellon with Bruce after having just fought against a rebel group for the ruler of Bellon’s minor city, Deeh. The planet's ecosystem was similar enough to that of Earth's that the team didn’t have to worry about their temporary residence. They were free to breathe in the air of the planet and eat their native dishes without worry. The couple walked near Deeh’s massive liquid gallium ocean, taking in the planet's natural beauty. Clark slowly opening the velvet box in his pocket, Bruce silently keeping pace with him.
Clark had been dragging that box around for months, never finding the right time to ask Bruce. A simple black titanium band with dark blue grooves running along the outer edges twisting and turning in Clark's calloused hand as he tried to work up the nerve to ask Bruce. Bellon’s yellow sunlight bouncing off the gallium ocean and hitting the open sky, creating a soft pink and purple hue. Clark had been ready to ask his boyfriend to be not just his mate but also his husband when they had been attacked.

It happened so fast Clark barely had time to get his bearings when he’d been shot with a massive load of liquid kryptonite. The last thing Clark saw as his vision gave way was Bruce being attacked from all sides, doing his best to keep from giving up. The ring slipped from Clark's hands as he was taken away.

Clark remembers waking up again in a pod similar to the one Kon had come from. Kryptonite still running in his system but he managed to break through his cage, ignoring his hazy vision long enough to make it out of the room. He didn't make it any further, however. The guards stationed at the entrance of the room shot him with enough kryptonite to make him pass out again.

This time, he didn’t wake up alone. He broke through the pod same as before but this time he didn't get a chance to run because there was a boy on the couch and a dark green-skinned lady in a lab coat next to him.

They looked up at the sound of shattering glass for a moment before the lady went back to taking the boy's blood. The lady started speaking in an unknown tongue as Clark stepped towards them.

At any other time, the man would have been trying his absolute best to escape but he didn’t. Clark could smell the lingering scent of petrichor and mandarins in the air. Dick and Tim had been here, part of him hoped that they were still here but a bigger part hoped they had escaped whoever had taken them.

Even if Dick and Tim aren't here, there is a child on the couch and an empty pod next to his. Clark could only assume that the boy had been taken just like him. He couldn’t just leave the boy here but he also couldn’t just grab him and run.

“Do you speak English by any chance?” Clark asked

The lady mumbled a string of words that Clark still couldn’t understand and made him sit next to the boy before packing up her medkit and walking out of the room.
Clark silently took in the room for a bit before turning to the boy. Clark flinched when he realized the boy had been staring at him the whole time.

The boy looked human with his bright blue eyes, ink-black hair, and fair skin. He slowly raised his hand towards Clark and Clark let him, just a little bit curious to see where this went. The boy ran his index finger down the slope of Clark's nose stopping at the very tip. He tilted his head to the left and Clark, amused, decided to do the same. The boy dropped his hand, pouting.

Clark didn’t know what to make of the boy.

It didn’t take long for the door to swing open again. Dick and Tim walked in and Clark felt a sense of relief that they were okay. Their appearance did, however, raise so many questions on why and how they ended up here.

Where was ‘here’ anyway?

“Superman,” Dick breathed “you’re awake!”

It wasn’t commonly known but Dick and Clark were pretty close. Had been since Bruce had first taken Dick in.

Back then, their secret identities had still been intact. Clark was just a reporter and Bruce just a rich man. Dick had been the reason that Clark and Bruce met in the first place, a complete accident. Bruce, having an in-person interview at the Daily Planet, decided to take Dick with him (after much persistence on the boys part). Dick, the ever so curious and restless boy that he was, had wandered out of the room and ended up two floors down at Clark's desk.

Clark and Dick hit it off right away. The persistent little boy asked Clark informative questions about his job as a reporter. Clark found the bright-eyed giggly boy to be endearing as he listened to Dick go on about his new life and his plans for the future.

Bruce found Dick an hour later sitting on Clark's desk, sucking on the straw of an empty juice box watching Clark work. The interaction between Clark and Bruce had been tense. It was clear to Dick that Clark didn’t like Bruce and Bruce just loved pressing the reporters' buttons. Dick didn’t care, he pleaded to Bruce that Clark, his new friend, come with them for lunch. Bruce put up a good fight but
gave into Dicks demand pretty quickly because their relationship was only a couple of months old and Bruce was happy to see Dick getting along with someone (even if that someone was a grown Alpha). Clark hadn’t even tried to deny Dick’s request, already fond of the boy.

Clark and Dick have been close friends since then.

Clark took three large steps before sweeping the omega up into a tight hug. Clark let his eyelids slide shut, he took in Dicks scent just to realize that there was something else intermingled within the petrichor and chalk scent.

He opened his eyes, looking over Dick’s shoulder to see Tim, “Are you both alright?” Clark asked Tim more than Dick.

Tim let Clark pull him into a reassuring hug as well. “We’re dealing.”

Clark let go of the beta and turned to Dick following his line of sight to the boy quietly watching them from his place on the couch.

“There’s a lot you’ve missed out on.”

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**00:00 - Galtia**

The heavier Dick’s scent got, the angrier Conner got.

The scent of petrichor, mandarins and mistletoe were intermingled with other, foreign, more dangerous scents.

Conner did not like that.

These other scents were heavy and overwhelming. Conner couldn’t put a finger on the exact scent but he knew that he didn’t like that his mate and child (and Tim as well, of course) were still in
danger. He didn’t like that it was taking so long to rescue his mate (and, again, Tim as well).

It set his alpha on edge.

The team had been following the tire tracks for a while now. Conner eventually lost his patience and broke into a steady sprint leaving himself miles ahead of the team. Conner let the team's protests get taken away with the wind.

Conner was done being patient, he would go through as many people he had to make it to his mate.

Conner stopped as the tire tracks swiftly took a tumble down a steep road and into a cavern. He leaped down to the end of the road and the beginning of the cave before waiting for the rest of the team.

They walked cautiously deeper into the cave. It didn’t take long for them to find a row of jeeps lining the cave walls. Conner let Dick’s scent lead him to a jeep in the very corner. Only after letting his focus veer from Dick’s earthy scent did he realize that there was another scent that Conner recognized.

*Amber and Sandalwood*

“Superman” he mumbled

“Superman?” Kid Flash parroted in question

“Superman is here, I can smell him.”

“I do not smell any of the other Justice League members.” Kal’dur answered

“No, it’s just him along with Nightwing and Robin.” Artemis agreed

The team, lead by both Kaldur and Conner, followed the scent of their missing teammates. Kid Flash and Blue Beetle flanked the team, safely lighting the dim cave as they crept further in.
They walked in silence, sharp trained ears waiting to find any anomalies. The sound of synchronized
thuds and the absence of a scent caught the team's attention. They slowed their pace, Kaldur
motioned for the team to walk hugging the wall. At the end of the cave was a small door and
stationed around it were two guards dressed in black, effectively blending into their surroundings.

Kid Flash zipped ahead, incapacitating the two guards leaving them tied up in a corner. Kaldur
motioned for Beast Boy to do recon. Beast Boy turned into a beetle, scuttling ahead.

He came back just seconds later, “It’s crawling with soldiers, about thirty to forty. I can smell them
though. Nightwing, Robin, and Superman are all in there.”

Conner clenched his fist, prepared for a fight. He was ready to have his mate and teammates safe
back on earth and he was ready to put Catherine six feet under.

00:00 - Galtia

The distinct sound of water hitting an acrylic tub as Tim showered was the only sound echoing
through the room as Clark made an effort to take in the information given to him by Dick.

At times, Clark regretted pushing Conner away for years after being discovered. He understood that
Conner was created through his DNA but a bigger voice in his head always reminded him that
Conner was also created from DNA donated by Lex Luthor and that was something Clark had a
hard time getting over. He had hoped that in leaving Conner with the rest of the junior apprentices,
Conner would stay on the good side of things.

From what he heard, or better from the information Bruce forced on him at times, Conner had a
rough start of things. At that time, Clark had held a private sense of pride at Conner’s stubborn
willingness to overcome the Alpha instincts instilled in him. It had been abrupt when Clark realized
that Conner would never be like Luthor. Conner had saved a bus full of children, that’s all he’d
done. Watching it with his own eyes had made all the pieces in Clark’s mind click into place. After
that, their relationship slowly came together, Clark willingly seeking out Conner and eventually, they
had formed a father and son bond.

“Conner’s your mate and you’re four months pregnant?”
Clark didn’t know how to feel about Dick and Conner’s relationship. An instinctive part of him was happy for them. Another part of him didn’t quite understand. Clark, along with the rest of the Justice League, made a habit of spending time with their apprentices and in all that time it had never occurred to Clark that Conner and Dick could ever be mates. That’s not to say he didn’t think they would be good together, the two were very close.

Clark took a second to observe Dick as a whole. The boy couldn’t help but smile wholeheartedly as he told Clark about his relationship with Conner and the baby. Even out here, after being put under the mental, emotional, and physical toll of being kidnapped and worrying for his child’s life, Dick was still happy and hopeful that they’d all make it home and he’d have a safe delivery. Clark decided that Dick’s happiness is all that matters to him at the moment.

“They have a doctor here, Tim and I had a check-up and everything’s fine.” Dick fiddled with his cuticles, the left corner of his index finger bleeding slightly.

Clark still wasn’t sure what to say so Dick continued to talk. “She’s a girl, Alpha, and definitely a super,” He laughed, “she loves to play soccer with my ribs lemme tell you.”

Clark’s lips moved faster than his brain could process, “Can I feel her kick?”

Dick easily nodded and Clark moved to sit next to Dick. The omega leaned back as Clark placed his hands on Dick’s barely distended stomach. They sat in silence, listening to shower squeak off as Tim rustled around the bathroom.

Clark snatched his hand back as the baby delivered a powerful kick to the middle of his palm. He stared in silence at Dick’s belly before looking back up at the boy a look of pure awe gracing the mans face.

“You have a baby in there.” Dick started laughing, he hadn’t expected Clark to respond in such an innocent way.

It was a bit reality tilting for Dick to watch someone other than himself react to his baby. Dick remembers the first time she had kicked. Tim had been too busy worrying over Dick’s broken rib and Dick had been in too much pain for either of them to properly fawn over the fact that there was a baby in his belly.
“I do.” Suddenly Dick couldn’t stop laughing at the situation he was in, tears prickling in the corner of his eyes.

Sure Dick had been aware the entire time that they were in a life or death situation. It was part of the job, Dick knew that one day he would die on the job, that didn’t bother him. What bothered him was that he wasn’t able to do anything about the situation they were in. Dick is supposed to be the team leader he’s supposed to be the one getting Tim and him out of this situation instead he’d spent all this time doing nothing at all. It was his fault that Tim had been taken in the first place, they were after his child Tim was just collateral at this point. It made Dick wonder what would happen when they did make it back home. Catherine knew his secret identity and therefore knew everything about him. She wouldn’t stop coming after his child. What would happen when she was born and no longer physically attached to Dick? His instincts told him to never leave his child's side but logically he knew that as she got older she’d have to leave his side. She’d have to go to school to learn and makes friends, she'd want to go to said friends houses. She’d one day be old enough to drive around the city alone, eventually, go to college and leave permanently. It would happen and Dick worried that Catherine would never let his child live in peace.

When he was younger, Dick had never questioned that he’d continue to be a hero even when he was mated and had children. It was a fact that he’d never faltered on. But now? Now Dick wanted nothing more than to curl up under a mountain of his family’s clothes and hide both himself and his child away from the world forever.

*It made him feel pathetic.*

Clark’s index finger and thumb cupping the nape of his neck. The alpha forced Dick’s head down till the boy’s knees were pressed up against his temples. Clark’s heavy hand settled between his shoulder blades. Dick focused on moving said hand up and down, controlling his breathing.

“I’m sorry” Dick mumbled, his voice rough and low as he sat back up

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” Clark reassured “Just breath.” He pushed Dick’s hair out of his eyes.

“Are you happy?”

Dick looked at Clark, confused so Clark clarified, “Are you and Conner happy? With each other and with the baby?”
Dick nodded, a small watery smile gracing his face, “We love each other. She wasn’t planned but we’re both excited to be having the baby.”

Clark nodded then pulled Dick into a tight hug. “Then I’m happy for both of you.”

Dick exhaled in relief. He’d never admitted it but Dick had always seen Clark as a second father figure, even before Bruce and Clark started dating. He hadn’t been worried about Clark's reaction to his mating and the baby but it still made him feel better to hear the acceptance from Clark face to face.

Tim entered the room again in the same clothes, hair dripping wet. “Were you able to get the kid to talk?”

“No, I’ve just been catching Clark up on everything.”

Tim dropped down onto the other side of Dick and the three looked straight ahead to the boy sitting on the couch across from them who had yet to make even the slightest noise.

The boy stared right back, a blank look on his face.

“I tried to get him to talk earlier but he didn’t respond, maybe he can’t understand us?” Clark offered

The boy tilted his head.

“Conner had fully functioning motor and linguistic skills so why doesn’t he?” Dick wondered out loud.

“Maybe because he’s younger? Conner was about sixteen when we found him but this kid looks like he’s barely twelve.”

“Thirteen.”

Dick’s heart jumped as the boy spoke for the first time. “What?”
“I’m thirteen.”

“So you do understand us?”

The boy nodded.

“Why didn’t you answer me earlier when I was talking to you?”

The boy shrugged and went back to being unresponsive. He started walking around the room leaving the three men to their conversation.

“We should have a doctor here take a look at you, Clark.” Tim made his way to the door, Dick following him.

“I’ll come with you, I need to talk to Asteri and see if they have some way to contact earth.”

Tim had barely touched the handle to the door when sirens started blaring. At first, Dick assumed that it was because Tim had touched the door but he soon realized that it was something entirely different. A series of screams and heavy thuds came from the other side of the door. A few gunshots going off as well.

Dick’s heart leaped into his throat. He was sure that it was Catherine coming to take him back. Tim seemed to have the same thoughts because he pulled Dick back into the room and away from the door. “Superman get the kid!”

Clark grabbed the boy, who had somehow made it to the door, and took him to the bedroom farthest from the door. They all filed into the room, Tim and Dick barricading the entrance while Clark searched the room.

Not finding any weapons, Clark ripped the legs of the bed frame clean off, handing two each to Tim and Dick. Clark had just enough energy from the pod to retain his super strength, his bare hands would do.
The three stood side by side, hiding the little boy behind them as they waited for Catherine and her men.

Dick realized three things very suddenly. One, the sounds of a fight had completely ceased leaving muffled voices and speeding steps in its wake. Two, the scent of tire rubber and gasoline was absent meaning it wasn’t Catherine or any of her men. Three, he could smell Conner.

Dick let the bed leg fall with a clatter and bolted out of the room ignoring Clark and Tim’s calls.

Dick came to an abrupt stop, surveying the crowded room. Not just Conner, but his entire team was there staring right back at him. The air was clustered with the scent of his teammates, making Dick feel like he could finally breathe properly.

His eyes locked with Conner’s who stood just five feet away from him.

Chapter End Notes

Tae-lish (Sounds like the first part of ‘take’ then ‘Lee’)

Galtia (Gal-Tea-Uh) isn’t an actual planet don’t @ me yall.

Also, I went back and added Beast Boy

IDK what happened but apparently I thought he was already an established character in the story but I completely spaced on properly tagging or adding him?

Conner is Clark’s son not brother and no I do not accept constructive criticism.
Dick was running up the stairs, the building falling apart around him as it burned. He bolted for his son’s room first. Pulling the squirming infant into his arms, Dick made sure to securely wrap the boy in the dark red blanket Bruce had gotten him with the name ‘Alexander’ stitched into the corner of it. He made sure to throw a diaper bag over his shoulder before bolting out the door towards the room that held his peacefully sleeping baby.

Dick didn’t bother to slowly wake up his daughter like he usually did every morning, he roughly jerked her awake. “Avery, baby wake up we need to go now!”

The little girl jostled awake, her senses honing acutely to the disaster surrounding her. Wolf, who had come running into the room, stood pawing at the ground anxiously.

Dick set her on top of Wolf. “Hold on tight okay?”

Avery nodded not bothering to question her dad’s motives. Dick managed to shuffle everyone out just seconds before another homemade bomb came shattering through Avery’s window, setting her curtains on fire.

“Back door. Go. Now.”

Dick doesn’t know who lit their house on fire and he didn’t care. All he cared about was getting his kids and Wolf safely out and into the woods behind the house. Then he’d deal with whoever dared to do this. They quickly made it to the door dodging the falling debris, baby Alex clutched tightly to Dick’s chest, Avery’s face buried in Wolfs’ fur.

Baby Alex started coughing and squirming, his face contorted in discontent at the heat surrounding him and the difficulty in breathing. Avery trying to stifle her coughs a well. Dick pulled two clothes out of the diaper bag. He wrapped one around Avery’s mouth and nose before doing the same to Elliot. “Breath through your nose.”
The wood above them groaned as Dick quickly tied the red blanket, which held Alex, around Wolf's neck. He scratched Wolf behind the ear, the pup tilting his head towards the hand. “You get them out of here okay, I'll be right behind you but no matter what happens, you keep going okay? Get to the mansion and alert the others.”

Dick didn’t know who was outside the house, Conner wasn’t home, Wolf had to get the kids safe, and he had no weapons or his suit with him. Dick knew it was unlikely to survive but he didn’t care, all that mattered was his kids and Wolf escaping uninjured.

The two didn’t get along very well when Bruce had first adopted Dick. Bruce, having only Alfred as family didn’t know how to take care of a child. Dick, having lost not just his parents but his entire family, didn’t understand why a billionaire decided to take him in but decided that he didn’t want to live with him.

Dick spent hours wandering the dreary mansion, his only constant companion being Alfred. There was only so much Alfred could do for a child when he had his duties to attend to. The hollow mansion made Dick’s heartache in need. The boy did what any child does when they want their parents' attention. He acted out. At eight, he badgered Bruce for attention and when that didn’t work, he found success in Alfred. At ten, he wondered if excellence would pique Bruce’s attention so he did his best to be the perfect Robin to his batman.

At twelve, Dick was resentful so he decided to steal the batmobile. Twelve is basically fifteen which means he’s old enough for a driving permit right? Of course, like any other twelve years old who’s tried to drive, he crashed it spectacularly. With a concussion and wrist fracture, the boy managed to stumble back to the mansion and run headfirst into a rightfully pissed Bruce Wayne. Hours later after the family doctor had left, splinting his wrist Dick lay in bed waiting for Bruce to walk in and lecture him just as he’d done every time the boy acted out. Instead, Bruce quietly sat down next to him and did something Dick had never expected to happen.

Bruce pulled Dick into a tight, warm hug, his whole body encompassing the little boy. Dick hadn’t understood what was going on but he accepted the embrace without question. That moment was the first time Dick felt safe since he lost his family. It was the first time he felt like he was apart of a pack, Bruce’s scent of earl grey and wildflowers lulling the concussed boy to sleep.

That’s how he felt buried in his mates’ arms.

Maybe that's why Dick passed out the second he took in Conner’s scent.

One second Dick was being swept up into Conner’s arms, the rest of his pack surrounding the
couple and the next he was opening his eyes to a pale gray ceiling.

Dick took a moment to survey his surroundings.

He was lying on the pastel couch in the farthest corner of the room, the rest of his pack on the couches near the door, talking. Dick assumed they were catching up on everything that had happened. Dick slowly turned to his side and came face to face with the back of Conner’s head who was sitting on the floor. He leaned forward nuzzling into the back of his mate’s head, loosely wrapping an arm around the man’s neck. Conner instantly reacted, wrapping his fingers on the forearm around his neck turning to face Dick.

Conner leaned in and pressed a firm kiss to the top of Dick’s head, leaning in to bury his face into his neck.

Just for a moment, neither spoke taking in everything the moment had to offer. Dick closing his eyes, let himself finally exhale, the stress melting off his shoulder.

“You passed out right in my arms, scared the life out of me,” Conner muttered, his warm breath curling against the side of Dick’s neck.

“Haven’t been sleeping well,” Dick whispered back not wanting to break the peaceful moment.

“Is now a good time to say I told you so?”

Dick couldn’t help but laugh. He sat up, motioning to the empty spot next to him. Conner crawled up next to his mate. Turning to face him, Conner wrapped his fingers around Dick’s thigh, giving it a quick squeeze. “How are you? And the baby?”

“I’m fine and so is our daughter.” Dick felt his eyes fill with tears. He placed his hand over Conner’s.

Conner smiled, his left dimple revealing itself “So you know already? She’s an alpha.”

“Yeah?” Dick felt breathless
Conner pulled Dick into a searing, breathless kiss. Dick sighed, taking in the taste of cinnamon. He finally felt content, Conner’s scent and touch grounding him. The fog that had settled over his mind slowly lifted and it felt like Dick had finally woken up from a long and painful dream.

“You’re awake!” the two mates pulled away at the sound of shuffling, thudding, and cheering.

Conner stood up fast enough to catch Wally by the waist and keep him from body slamming into Dick. “Hey!” he snapped.

Wally winced as he realized what he was about to do. His guilt didn’t last long as Dick stood up and pulled Wally into a tight hug, taking in the scent of cinnamon and orange peels overwhelming his nose.

The rest of Dick’s pack surrounded him, taking any chance they could to reassure themselves that their leader was safe. It took some time but the team settled, releasing Dick.

“Tim has been informing us of your time in captivity with Catherine Langforn.” Kaldur waited for the team to settle, whether it be on the couch or the floor. “I am sorry we could not get to you faster.”

Dick shook his head “It’s alright, Tim and I are fine, you’re all here. Our main focus right now should be getting home.”

Kaldur nodded “I have spoken with Asteri. He says they don’t have a proper ship that can take us to earth, it will take some time for him to get us one.”

Clark spoke up for the first time and it made Dick jump. “I don’t think we should go to earth just yet.”

“Why not?” Artemis asked

Clark didn’t let his eyes stray from Dick “Taelih showed me your file, I think we should go to Argo City till your delivery.”
Dick pursed his lips. He knew exactly what Clark was referring to. He winced as the rest of the team, especially Conner, jolted fully alert. “What happened? You said you were both fine.”

Dick sighed, tightly gripping his mate's forearm, “We are fine. She just broke a couple of my ribs.”

“What!”

“I’m healed now!” Dick was quick to reassure everyone. Tim nodded confirming his brother’s statement.

“I have to agree with Superman on this,” Tim spoke up “We’re under a set of moons and she’s still managed to develop her powers. She’ll likely be much stronger under our yellow sun.”

No one offered any resistance to the idea so Dick decided to move on. “If I stay at Argo City, I need you all back on Earth.”

The room instantly exploded in protest. Dick sighed dropping his head onto Conner’s shoulder, hand sliding down Conner’s arm to slip into his hand, lacing their fingers.

Dick patiently waited for his team to run out of words before speaking again, “We have no idea where the rest of the Justice League is and Earth has now lost us too. I want all of you back on Earth running missions.”

No one tried to object this time, hearing the definitive tone from Dick’s voice they realized that they were being given a direct order from their leader not a suggestion from their friend.

“I’ll talk to Asteri, see if he has some way for us to get us to Argo City,” Tim stated. Kaldur decided to go with him.

Wally settled on the empty spot next to Dick and suddenly it was like none of this had happened. Dick watched his teammates interact with each other, laughing and eating some kind of blue goo Asteri must have given them. For a moment it felt like they were back at the mountain just spending a night in, something the team rarely got to do. A swift kick broke the fantasy making Dick wince.
Dick tried his best to let the pain go unnoticed but Conner saw him wince and Wally felt the baby kick, hitting him on the arm.

“Whoa!” Wally jumped, eyes laser-focused on his best friend's stomach.

His reaction gaining the attention of the rest of the individuals in the room.

Dick laughed at Wally’s reaction “Wanna feel again?”

Wally violently shook his head looking horrified.

“The baby kicked?” Superman asked, smiling gently

Dick nodded, “Anyone else want to feel? She seems excited with all the new scents and sounds.”

The rest of his pack crowded the omega, taking turns feeling the baby kick.

“You have an actual human being in your stomach!” Jaime spoke, breathless.

“That’s crazy!” Bart grinned. The two boys moved away chattering excitedly at the concept of someone growing inside their packmates belly.

“So,” Artemis settled on her knees in front of Dick, patiently waiting for the baby to kick again. “You're having a girl?”

Dick nodded, a genuine smile gracing his face.

Artemis grinned “I’m going to turn your daughter into a badass archer.”

Dick agreed, easily accepting Artemis’s offer. Other than Conner and Wally, Artemis was Dick’s closest friend. The two clicked instantly, learning different fighting methods from each other,
exchanging crazy mentor stories, spending time together outside of training and missions to explore the city, and though Artemis refuses to ever talk about it, at one point the two had talked about their crush on Conner as well. Eventually, Artemis became Dick’s closest confidant. Dick likes to think that in another life Artemis and he could have been mates.

Dick’s happiness didn’t last long. The baby kicked again, this time aiming for his ribs. Dick lurched forward groaning in pain.

“Hey, whoa! What’s wrong?” Conner settled a hand on Dick’s back, brows scrunched in worry.

Dick nodded, taking a slow deep breath as the stinging pain receded.

“Maybe you should rest in the bedroom. There isn’t much to do until Robin and Aqualad return.” Clark motioned to the door in the corner.

Conner and Dick moved to the bedroom, shutting the door and effectively muting the packs chattering voices. Conner helped Dick settled onto the bed before climbing on himself. “Are you sure you’re alright?”

Dick nodded, turning onto his side he made sure to slide the fluffiest pillow between his knees. “I’ll be alright once we get to Argo City. She’s got your strength.”

Conner frowned, looking guilty as if he’d been the one to hurt Dick. He slid down far enough to nuzzle into Dick’s belly. “Hey baby girl, I know you’re excited about all the new scents and sounds but you can’t keep hurting daddy like this okay? He’s only human.”

Dick tapped the back of Conner’s head at the teasing voice, “Next time you can have the baby okay?”

Conner hummed, raising Dicks’ shirt high enough to expose his stomach. Conner wrapped his arms around his mate’s waist, his cold lips pressed themselves against the skin just under his belly button. The baby decided to take Conner’s request and finally settled. Dick settled a hand on top of Conner’s head, closing his eyes.

Conner spoke just as Dick got drowsy, “How did Clark take it? Us being mated and the pregnancy?”
Dick sighed. Conner never showed it but since he first woke up, the boy had been vying for Clark’s attention and acceptance. That’s not to say Clark doesn’t accept Conner now, having overcome the initial avoidance but they weren’t exactly open to each other emotionally. More often than not, Clark talked to Conner as if they were just teammates and Conner, not very good at expressing himself, responded in the same tone. Their awkward and stunted interactions always made Dick sad on Conner’s behalf. Conner only had Clark and Luthor as his biological family and seeing as Luthor’s paternity had never been recognized by anyone on the team that only left Clark. Dick wished they were closer, Conner deserved to have at least one loving parent. Unfortunately, it was obvious to Dick that Clark wasn’t ready to be a father. He never told Conner though, letting the alpha hope for a parental connection one day.

“He was a bit blindsided by it all but he’s happy for us.” Dick murmured

Conner didn’t reply but Dick could feel his happiness through their bond. Dick smiled, happy at the fact that his mate was happy. Dick felt Conner pull away from him, he fought the instinct to open his eyes as Conner got close to his face again. Conner slid a hand across his cheek and into Dick’s tangled hair, nipping and nuzzling at the mark at the base of Dick’s neck. “I’m so glad you're alright, I thought we wouldn’t make it in time.”

Dick hummed in appreciation at the jolts of pleasure running out from the skin under Conner’s lips. “But you did and we’re all safe right now.”

It was all that mattered.

00:00 - Eta Cassiopeiae

Azaya HighBorn was the vain Queen of the Fainter Stars, never looking past her own beauty. She kept her subjects submissive, only ever tossing scraps down from her throne atop the mountain of wealth. For centuries she ruled unimpeded and boastful. Until the day her daughter was born. The second Azaya held Cicily she was overcome with pride at the beauty of her daughter.

At this time came StarFall. It’s leader, an equally arrogant man, demanded a small corner of Azaya’s kingdom to settle and grow. The Queen barred him and his people. Comparing the beauty of her daughter to that of his company and intentions. Azaya refused to let StarFall degrade the elevated beauty of her kingdom, specifically her daughter.
The arrogance cost Azaya her people, her throne, and her precious newborn daughter. The leader and his people snuck into her castle. Taking her infant, they set her castle, her kingdom on fire.

The Queen groveled in the ashes as her people burned, begging for her daughter to be returned to her.

It has been decades since that night.

Since Azaya HighBorn became Catherine Langforn.

Catherine stood on a cliff looking down at the eroded rubble that managed to survive in her absence, hope growing in her chest at the idea that she might be able to see her daughter. She checked the coordinates sent to her by her boss. Catherine had done her duty. She had set up the Cassiopaea division on Earth and ran it since the beginning of the human race, capturing unique creatures that crash-landed on Earth, turning them over to the leader of StarFall. The Kryptonians were her last assignment and she did what needed to be done.

It's time to finally see her daughter.

Catherine stumbled through the graveyard of her castle towards the only corner that survived, the greenhouse.

The door groaned when she yanked it open, not caring that the two glass pieces on the door that survived had shattered under her force. “Hello?” She walked further in, passing the cracked pots with dead leaves.

Cicily HighBorn grew in darkness, vocal cords underdeveloped, eyes never learning to focus, her body never feeling the heat of the sun.

Catherines’ heart soared upon seeing her daughter. Her hand shook as it moved to caress the pale cheeks of her long lost daughter.

“Hello,” She whispered, “I’m your mother.”
Catherine basked in the feeling of finally being reunited with her daughter after all these decades. She didn’t care that her daughter didn’t recognize her, she didn’t care that her daughters’ upbringing had been so lacking, she would never be able to be independent. Catherine would spend the rest of her life taking care of her daughter, doing whatever she could to bring a bit of joy in Cicily’s life. Catherine would take her daughter and hide in the deepest corners of the universe.

The former Queen focused all her attention on coaxing her daughter out of the darkness that she never heard the tick, tick, ticking.
The last living HighBorns joined their people.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry this took forever. I'm in my last semester of pre-reqs for nursing school which means I'm taking 4 upper-level science courses and two labs and honestly I'm dying. Once this semester is over I'll be able to post more often (fingers crossed).

Not very happy with how this chapter turned out but I really don't have it in me to do any better rn.

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