I've Got No Shame, Got No Pride (Only Skeletons to Hide)

by overratedantihero

Summary

Jason's not as put out as he wants to appear by having to share a bed with Dick. Slade's very much put out by Jason sharing a bed with Dick. They cope.

Notes

A late ficlet for SladeRobinWeek Day 2, Possessive

There's a little less full and total consent in this one vs. my usual. Tread lightly and take care of yourself.

Jason had made some… improper choices in his lifetime. Lifetimes. He’d committed more than a handful of wrongdoings, hurt and murdered and hurt then murdered a few individuals. And families. He was not under the impression he’d be canonized anytime soon.

And yet, despite all his sins, he still wasn’t quite sure what he’d done to deserve this particularly hellacious circumstance. As if listening in on his increasingly panicked, inner monologue, the body currently wrapped around his body shifted, and Jason swallowed hard.
When he’d agreed to go on an extended case with Nightwing, he hadn’t realized it entailed sharing beds in motel room. Nor did he anticipate Deathstroke the Terminator tagging along on a quest to kill a dishonorable former client, which Dick would no doubt try to stop.

And now, it was late enough, or early enough, for the night sky outside to be painted a green tinted gray, and Dick Grayson was wrapped around Jason’s body like a needy boa constrictor. Dick’s head lay pillowed on Jason’s chest and his knee was right between Jason’s legs and Jason never did sleep well on his back anyway.

It didn’t help that despite the company, Dick still insisted on sleeping in nothing but his briefs. It didn’t help that Dick inexplicably shaved his legs.

It certainly didn’t help that, crammed into the queen-sized bed on the other side of Dick, Slade was glaring daggers at Jason. A dagger.

Jason snorted at himself and then groaned when the snort disturbed Dick enough that Dick stretched out like a cat, still asleep, and then buried his face into Jason’s neck. The knee pressed against his crotch remained, like a warning from whatever god existed that Jason was on thin ice.

Slade coughed, and Jason narrowed his eyes at him.

One of Jason’s arms was trapped beneath Dick, and so he forwent sign language and risked whispering, “What?”

Slade slotted his pelvis against Dick’s ass and planted a hand on Dick’s shoulder, forcing Jason to swallow a grunt when the movement nudged Dick’s knee more firmly between his legs. Dick was short enough that the position still allowed Slade to somehow horizontally loom over the both of them. Jason cocked his chin to tilt up his gaze, as if that could make their four-inch height difference disappear.

Dick, the bastard, didn’t seem perturbed at all by the shuffling. If anything, Jason thought he felt a little drool on his skin.

“What,” Jason hissed, “are you doing? Don’t wake him up, he’ll be miserable to put up with tomorrow.” That’s why it would be bad to wake him up, Jason confirmed with himself. Because Dick would be grumpy. Indeed.

Jason tried to wiggle to get more comfortable, mindful of Dick’s firmly planted knee. Firmly. And getting more firm by the second. Jason chose not to scrutinize it. 3am morning wood was definitely a thing, right?

Slade’s stupid-big hand wrapped around Jason’s hip, pinning it to the bed and stilling any movement.


“I,” Jason bit back, “am not the one who got mostly naked and crawled on top of him. He did that. To me. I’m the victim here, so fuck off.”

He’d been too loud. Dick was shifting again, and for a moment, Jason thought he’d woken Dick up. But no, it was much worse. Dick just languidly rolled his hips and fist Jason’s t-shirt in one hand as if holding on.

Jason was pretty sure he heard Slade growl.

“Alright, boy. Just don’t presume to touch what isn’t yours.”
Slade settled down on his side of Dick, and Jason huffed. Jason decided if his face was flush, it was from irritation at Slade’s archaic behavior and not at all because his childhood-crush-turned-source-of-adult-angst was breathing softly against his throat.

The sky was only getting lighter outside, and Jason closed his eyes. He only had a few more hours to grab at sleep before they’d be on the move again.

He woke up with a start. Slade was hovering over him and Dick, who was still nestled against Jason’s side. Jason blinked up at him and realized Slade had managed to pin Jason’s free wrist to the bed before Jason could so much as struggle.

“What?” Jason drawled, still pulling away from the haze of sleep. “Are you fucking insane? G’ off.”

Jason tried to pull free, but his attempt jostled Dick. Slade released Jason’s wrist and pulled back, but Jason didn’t dare move.

Dick stretched out, pulling his legs away from Jason so that he could stretch them taught. He rolled his shoulders, rolled onto his stomach, and then arched his back by sticking his ass in the air. He flopped back down on the mattress and yawned, sleepily blinking up at Slade. He furrowed his eyebrows.

“Y’ur awake. Time to go?” Dick mumbled, glancing around for a cellphone or alarm clock. Jason roughly turned on his side, back to Dick, lest Dick catch glimpse of what was probably just morning wood. Dick was too sleepy to do anything but huff out a laugh.

“Jason’s always grumpy in the morning,” Dick informed Slade. He caught the glowing red numbers on the hotel alarm clock and frowned. “Oh. That’s why. It’s still really early. Slade, what are you doing up?”

“Worried about you, little bird,” Slade cooed. Jason wanted to gag. “You weren’t sleeping well. I thought it might have been a nightmare.”

“No nightmare,” Dick assured. “At least not one I can remember.”

Dick yawned and settled back down. Jason half hoped that Dick would nuzzle back up against him, he’d grown used to his weight. But instead, Jason felt the tug of the sheet underneath them when Slade pulled Dick into a tight embrace.

Jason waited until he heard Dick’s breathing even out again to spare a glance over his shoulder.

Slade met his gaze, with a sick twist to his mouth. Dick’s bare back was to Jason, his head tucked under Slade’s chin, his knee slotted between Slade’s thighs. As Jason watched, Slade slid a hand down to rest on Dick’s ass.

Jason turned away and went back to sleep.

The next morning, Jason’s alarm didn’t go off. He blearily blinked at the sun shining in the far window and was about to bitch about not being woken up at a reasonable hour when he realized the bed was rocking. He closed his eyes again and feigned sleep.

“Fuck, I can’t, I can’t, I can’t,” Dick hissed, not nearly as quiet as he thought he was being. The shaky moan that followed certainly wasn’t either.

“You can, and you will,” Slade murmured coolly. Jason couldn’t see what was happening, but he could hear it. Wet squelching, Dick’s shaky breathing interrupted by the occasional groan. Jason bit
the inside of his cheek so hard, the flesh immediately broke and blood pooled on his tongue. “Just one more time,” Slade cooed. "You can come one more time for me."

“S-Slade! This is so fucked up, Jason’s right there,” Dick pleaded, changing up tactics. Then Dick gave a little cry and Slade grunted, so Jason guessed the new approach wasn’t super effective.

“Maybe,” Slade growled breathily, “he should see you. To remind you where you belong. Un. Der. Neath. Me,” each sharp syllable punctuated by the bed frame smacking against the wall. Jason tried not to flinch or change the pace of his breathing, but he couldn’t shake the feeling of being watched.

When he finally dared a glance over his shoulder, he saw Dick’s trembling, flushed shoulders and sweat slick back. He saw where Slade was still rocking inside of Dick, although Dick’s face was buried in Slade’s neck to muffle his overstimulated sobs. And then he saw Slade, who met Jason’s eyes as if he’d been watching and waiting for the moment Jason looked up.

Jason dropped his head and pretended to be asleep.

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