There Is Little Glory in Teenage Pregnancy
by tblu2326

Summary

After a reckless and rebellious one-night stand, Damian Wayne discovers he is pregnant at the cliché age of sixteen.

Notes

This idea kind of crashed landed in my brain, and wouldn't budge.

There are a few things to know before reading the story:
1. This is three years into the future.
2. Some canon events and relationships are present and some are not.
3. Male Pregnancy is is a thing in this AU, and the story revolves around it.
Pregnancy Test - First Trimester

Three Weeks Pregnant

Damian could blame this situation on plenty of things.

He could point a finger at his father; who was not intentionally neglectful but tend to get sidetracked. Not that Damian could really blame him. He knew just how busy both Bruce Wayne and Batman was, but after a few missed birthdays, and too many broken promises, it had all slowly started to add up and get under his skin more than he cared to admit.

When his Father wasn’t off on an important mission of some kind, mostly involving the Justice League, he seemed to think reprimanding and restricting Damian was a good bonding experience. Dolling out advice and criticism, or just outright yelling when he felt Damian stepped out of line. His father either seemed too distant or too close these days, with no in between. Arguments between the two of them were becoming more common. When they weren’t trying to shove their own opinions down the other throat, they simply weren’t speaking period. Damian can’t recall how many times he and his father had a fall-out because both of them were too stubborn to cave to the other will. The only time Damian and his father seemed to be on the same page was when they were on patrol or attempting to bust the latest villainous scheme.

He could point a finger at Pennyworth; who was always present and was quick to let out a dry comment if he thought any of his wards were doing something particularly stupid but also remained quiet almost as much. Pennyworth likely knew all his wards better than they knew themselves, but he rarely stepped completely over the line of professionalism unless pressured too. And even then, he was quick to shroud himself back into the role of Wayne Butler. Damian had rarely thought to overly confide in the man, not as he had once done with Grayson, but he did sometimes just sit and talk to him about recent news or about a book he just finished reading. Now their chatting sessions were far and few in-between.

Grayson was easy enough to blame as well. Richard Grayson and Nightwing were also very busy, nearly as much as Bruce Wayne and Batman. Grayson wasn’t as good as time-management like his father, and often took up more projects than he could actually juggle. Often Richard would make a promise to spend the night at the manor, or take Damian out to go see a movie, only to completely forget about it as his life once again became chaotic. Damian had once taken ever broken promise from Grayson personal and snubbed Grayson for it until he somehow made it up to him. Now he barely bats an eye when a pre-planned date to spend time together passes with Grayson being a no show.

Maybe he could even dare to blame Todd and Drake just for old time sake, though out of all the bat family clan, he is still not close to either. The past three years had seen to enough life-threatening moments where they had to depend on one another for him to be now cordial to them, but that was all. He can now work with Tim without wanting to provoke him into a screaming match, and he can go a whole patrol with Todd without insulting him once. As far as Damian was concerned, that was likely as good as it was going to get.

Should he just settle all of the blame on how he was born in raised, by one Talia Al Ghul? Maybe if his Mother had been just a bit better, just a little warmer, Damian wouldn’t have ended up so wrong and misshapen. Maybe he would have always known the difference between wrong and right like the majority of the world seemed too, maybe he would never know the feeling of being pleased as he crushes the skull of one of Ra’s Al Ghul many followers. Maybe he could more easily pretend that
he has no idea why some of the villains he put away behind bars do what they do.

*Damian Wayne did not care to blame anyone but himself.*

In a moment of utter weakness, he had regressed to his younger days and wished to rebel against father strict rules and way of life. He had succumbed to his hormones and had let his rage and frustration get the best of him.

Now, nearly a month after the fact, he could see everything for what it truly had been, but it took him a while to truly regret it.

In fact, it was only in the current moment, as he stared down with empty green eyes at the positive pregnancy test that he holds between his rough tan fingers, that he truly feels contrite.

Damian is not aware of how long he has been since he barricaded himself in the bathroom connected to his room, and he really does not care. The time when anyone cared that he spent more than a few hours in his room is long gone. After turning thirteen, his father and Grayson had given him plenty of breathing room, while Alfred checked in on him rarely.

On the counter before him sits two more pregnancy test, also positive, of different brands since the internet claimed it helps improve the accuracy.

Damian eyes darts from each one, almost letting himself believe if he waits long enough they will magically change into negative, and he could put this anxiety-filled day behind him and that night, a month ago, could join all of his other secrets that would not see the light of day.

The pregnancy tests continue to read positive.

“Damn it, Damn it, Damn it, DAMN IT!” He shouts at the same time his fist, one after the other, slams into the mirror in front of him until it is nothing but broken glass and blood. A second later all three tests are swept onto the floor with a violent swing of his arm, and his legs fold underneath him.

He crushes his face into the palms of his hands, ignoring how the tiny shards of glass cut into his skin as he fights back the rage and anger that tries to overtake him. He trembles on the floor of his bathroom with gritted teeth and eyes squeezed painfully shut.

Tears sting his eyes and his wounds, threatening to fall onto his flushed cheeks, while a sob of utter loathing and pain manages to rip through his throat and pass his lips.

Damian Wayne knows in an instant how severely that one-night will impact his life, and he regrets it so much.
Summary: After a reckless and rebellious one-night stand, Damian Wayne discovers he is pregnant at the cliché age of sixteen.

Five Weeks Pregnant

There was no outward proof, no sudden feeling of change in his body, and no sudden morning sickness.

The reason he had gotten the pregnancy test in the first place was because he had recalled That Night one day while staring down at Gotham on top of Wayne Enterprise while on patrol with his father. The memory of ejaculation rolling down his brown muscular thighs intruded into his thoughts without warning and had almost caused him to grapple into thin air.

His Father had simply raised an eyebrow under his cowl at Damian dark scowl and flushed cheeks but said nothing.

Damian made a silent note to himself as he twisted a thug hand behind his back and kicked the face of another at the same time, to pick up a pregnancy test.

He just needed reassurance. The chance was low with the high-end birth control father gave out to the Bat Clan like candy with a stern face and a speech of responsibility on his tongue, but still a possibility. Damian had flat out refused to have it tailored to his body as Grayson had cheerfully suggested, especially after Drake look somewhat traumatized after his appointment and Brown had gone into graphic detail on what happened with hers.

Since Father had not pushed the issue, it didn’t even cross his mind that it wouldn’t work until he had unprotected sex.

Now the only proof that he was pregnant lay bent and twisted beyond recognition in the trash bin before he had personally seen to burning it before Pennyworth could stumble onto it while cleaning.

No one knew but Damian.

And as he stares at the rows of flat, perfectly sculpted and well-maintained abs that is his stomach in the mirror, it is only too easy to pretend that nothing is inside.

It’s been two weeks. Damian feels no different than he did a month ago, and his body keeps his secret perfectly hidden.

He knows he is pregnant. He had taken plenty of test after the first three that keeps confirming it over, and over again. He is surprised no one has picked up on him purchasing them, giving the sheer amount he has bought almost obsessively. Damian had to use cash, since it was more difficult to trace, and had been in a different disguise every time he bought a few of them. He made sure to burn...
every single one before he stepped foot into Wayne Manor, at different and random locations away from the public.

Each test hammered the fact into his skull, but it was difficult to fully process it, to think that this one mistake, after everything he has done and been through, would be the end of him, of Robin.

Damian shoved his shirt down and turned away from the mirror. A glance outside, to the position of the moon, indicated it wouldn’t be long before he has to suit up for patrol.

Grayson and father were already in the Bat Cave, going over a case of violent muggings that had bled into Gotham from Bludhaven. It wouldn’t be long before the criminal would be put to justice. The last time Damian had checked in on the case his father had already narrowed it down to a few suspects.

His phone vibrating snaps him out of the daze he had fallen in without knowing. A quick glance just shows a picture of Jon cuddling up to a large white dog with a wide grin on his face. The text below simply read ‘Me and Krypto are going for a walk, want to come?’. Damian simply types ‘Patrol’ and leaves it at that.

He leaves his room entirely and is soon walking down the steps to the Bat Cave, heading straight for the lockers without bothering to voice his presence to father and Grayson, knowing they are aware he is here.

He suits up quickly, and step in stride with his father and Grayson to where the bat vehicles are.

Grayson splits away from them the moment they hit the main road, while his father is talking to Pennyworth, discussing where the crime is tonight in Gotham.

A blink and Damian find himself twisting in the air and coming down hard on a man twice his height, which is saying something since Damian is already closing in on six feet, before flipping away so that beefy fingers only grab air. A Batarang goes flying with ease from his fingers while he is still air born, and by the time his feet touch the ground the man is lying unconscious on the floor.

“Robin, behind you!”

The call comes too late, and a set of arms just as beefed up as the unconscious man on the ground is wrapped around his waist and squeezing.

No matter how much Damian struggle, kicking, punching and snarling all the while, the steel-like arms don’t budge and only seemed to tighten. Breathing becomes a struggle, and pain is quick to let him know at least three of his ribs are bruised and are soon to be broken at this rate.

His mind chooses this moment to flash a picture of a pregnancy test at him, and suddenly he is raging.

Damian is released after stabbing five Batarang, exactly five inches deep, into beefy arms, but he doesn’t stop there. He can’t. His body is moving faster than his brain can keep up, and his sword is unsheathed.

It slices into flesh with ease that is familiar even after all these years, and when he gets tired of that he is using his bare hands to punch and kick to his heart content.

Hands try multiple times to pull him off, but he pushes them away, and they are forced to give up as more goons come swarming in, all of them too tall and too muscular.
Back-up is called, but it will be a while, and Batman and Robin are left to fight them off until help arrived, both registering that this was a trap, but not being able to do anything about it but survive.

By the time Back-up does arrive, only a few of the minions remain and most surround Batman. Nightwing is just about to jump in when he sees a red blur from the corner of his eye. Robin is closing in on them with a face like stone, his costume almost completely red.

Dick knows not to ever become distracted during a fight, but this is something he simply was not expecting. He watches with wide horrified eyes as Damian stops just short of gutting one of the men before he is clawing at the eyes of another.

“Da-Robin! Robin, STOP!”

Red Hood arrives only to get front row seat of Batman and Nightwing struggle to get Robin off a man that resembled more of a titan or a giant instead of a human.

“What the fuck is going on?” He shouts.

“Don’t just stand their Red Hood, help,” Nightwing says through gritted teeth before an elbow whips back to bash him in the nose, making him release Robin.

Red Hood squints as Batman lets out a growl before lifting Robin up and tossing him a few feet away. Robin hits the ground feet first.

“Robin, STAY.” Batman barks the orders out when Robin takes a few steps toward one of the giants that were starting to stir. He stops.

“Again, What the fucks is going on!?” Red Hood felt the need to ask again, helping Nightwing up while glowering at Robin. Robin's face was wiped clean of all emotions. He didn't so much as twitch under the heated glare of both Batman and Red Hood. Instead, he just stood in place, his gaze staring straight ahead.

“Something is wrong,” Nightwing said as he nursed his nose with a wince.

“Yeah, no shit!” Red Hood said striding towards Robin and jabbing him in the chest, “Look here you little shit, I don’t give a fuck if you are having a bad day or you are on your period, but you damn well better know the difference between friend and foe!” He snarled, moving his hand to shove a wide shoulder only for it to be crushed in a steely grip.

Robin was no longer looking into space, the eerie blank eyes turned to Red Hood.

Red Hood only had enough time to free his hand before he was stumbling back, his face snapping to the side from the force of the punch that was just delivered too it.

“Red Hood don’t!” Nightwing called from behind him at the same time Batman snarled, “Robin stand down!”

Red Hood was already mid-swing before the thought to not retaliate made it to his brain. After that it was a matter of defending himself and not punching back as Robin was instantly on him, slamming him to the ground and wailing on him with his fist.

“ROBIN STOP!”

Jason wasn’t sure who had yelled the command, but he thought it was pointless all the same. He thinks Bruce and Dick have about ten seconds to pull the twerp off of him before he starts punching
the little brat back.

Bat Girl and Red Robin arrived just in time to witness Batman manhandling a viscously struggling Robin to the Bat Mobile. They turned to a Nightwing who was cradling his bleeding nose, and a Red hood who looks like he took a beating from a bat, with looks of bemusement and concern.

“What happened?” Red Robin questioned, stepping forward to inspect Nightwing nose.

“Did we win? We did win, right?” Bat Girl joked as she poked at Red Hood, making him flinch.

“Stop that!” Red hood snaps, slapping her hand away, the same time Nightwing says, “We should start rounding up these goons.”

By the time they were done, Batman and Robin were long gone, while Nightwing and Red Hood resisted any further prodding on the situation.

Chapter End Notes

This story is all about Damian being pregnant as a teenager, and how he deals with it. That's why there isn't really any main pairing or even background ones tagged for the story since that wasn't what I wanted to focus on.

So, pairing wise, I am completely open to any suggestions for the bat family, and any other characters that might appear. Below I will list some of the ones I was thinking about, and you can just comment if you are for it or against it, and why. I will write whichever is most popular.

Potential Pairings:
Bruce/Selina
Dick/Barbara
Dick/Koriand'r
Dick/Jason
Tim/Kon
Tim/Stephanie
Tim/Jason
Tim/Kara
Jason/Roy
Jason/Koriand'r
Stephanie/Cassie
Cassie/Barbara
Interlude

Chapter Summary

Interlude with Stephanie, Conner, and Tim.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 3

Interlude

Tim and Stephanie

“Last night was weird,” Stephanie Brown, A.K.A Bat Girl, says through a mouthful of cheeseburger.

Tim Drake, A.K.A Red Robin, scrunches up his nose at his friend, “Chew before you speak, Steph.” He scolds her softly, offering her a napkin to wipe her mouth before returning to his own meal.

Stephanie slurps at her soda before dabbing at her mouth with a napkin, “Happy now? So, back to last night, what do you think had happened before we arrived?”

Tim rolls his eyes, “You missed a spot,” He points to her chin with a limp fry before taking a bite out of it, “And I was just as much as a spectator as you were. I have no clue.”

In the past, he would already be neck deep in theories. Past Tim would have speculated over why Damian went off the rails this time. Bruce was always his first guess. Arguments between Damian and Bruce were common ground, and it often got out of hand enough for Damian to beat his frustration out on a crook, much to the disapproval of all. He wouldn’t let the matter go, even if it technically had nothing to do with him until he got to the bottom of it. Past Tim still held a grudge against Damian and loathe the younger boy. He would have been all to happy to further push the point of why Damian was still dangerous, or not to be trusted.

Tim isn’t that person anymore. He and Damian were nothing close to friendship, much less brotherly love, but they trusted each other and were on speaking terms. Hostility between them has cooled down into a distant and tolerable relationship.

Stephanie tongue sticks out to swipe at her chin, “Did I get it?” she does it a few more times, “How about now? Did I get it now?”

“You got it.”

“Awesome sauce. So here is my theory, Bruce was kicking ass, and just going about his day when suddenly,” She grabs a napkin and dramatically rips in half, “He rips his pants and his Bat Undies are on display for all the world to see.” She finishes with a grin.

Tim nearly snorts his drink through his nose, the image of Batman with a tear in his costume that shows off black and yellow underwear with bats on them coming to mind to easy.
They joke around for a bit longer, coming up with outrageous ideas to what could have caused such a tense atmosphere and Robin being manhandled before they had arrived, the stories getting crazier and weirder the longer they sat there and laughed about it.

“No seriously Tim, stop laughing! Just picture it, demon brat cawing in a nest, a second later a black figure comes swooping in,” Stephanie set up the whole scene with their leftovers, and plays it all out as she explains it with gusto, “He lands and start to gurgle and outcomes lettuce and leaves from the yellow beak with Demon brat chomping away, a second later the Big Bat kick the brat out of the nest and Demon brat soars high. It’s a beautiful story I tell you. A happy conclusion.”

“Oh my-snort-gosh, that is where your brain went with that story?” Tim manages to wheeze out.

“It’s a good story,” Stephanie says seriously.

Tim throws his head back and laughs harder.

A second later Stephanie breaks and joins in.

They manage to calm down after a while, and comfortable silence settles between them.

“How are you, Tim?” Stephanie asks softly after a few minutes.

Tim pauses in cleaning up their table, putting all the trash on his tray. He looks up, faces emotionless at first before it relaxes into a small, genuine smile.

He may still be a bit thinner than he should be, and his pale skin may easily give away the dark bags under his eyes that is now practically a permanent feature on his face, but he has come far with the support of his friends and family. He is no longer a walking shadow of himself, barely living, and just surviving. Back then all it would have taken was a single misplaced step and Tim would have been gone.

Now he stares into the bright blue eyes of one of his best friends in the world and answers her question.

“I’m alright, Steph.” He says quietly.

And he means it this time.

Interlude

Tim and Conner

Stephanie and Tim hang out for the majority of the day. They are both busy with college these days, and their respective hero roles as Red Robin and Bat Girl, but they make an effort each week to spend time together and catch up.

Steph had just left his apartment when his phone buzz to life on his messy desk.

He thumbs it open to see a few messages from the Titan team, and Kon.

From Gar: Guys did you see my post? Did you see it?? Go see it!!

From Kara: Tim, I already sent you the details on our next assignment. Do you think you will be able
to make it?

From Kon: Can I come over? I need to talk to you about something…

Tim opens the link to Gar post and watches the video of Gar pranking Raven before quickly escaping.

To Gar: I thought you were above pigtail pulling Garth.

To Kara: I’m sorry Kara, I can’t help you out on this assignment. Maybe next time.

To Conner: Sure.

Tim had barely sent the texts before he feels a breeze ruffling the long black bangs that frame his face. Kon stands in front of him in civilian clothes, rubbing at his neck with furrowed dark brows.

“Hi,” Conner says a bit awkwardly, his lips quirking up, but he isn’t smiling.

Tim’s eyebrows rise up on his forehead, “Hey Kon,” he returns the greeting before gesturing to the black couch in his living room, “Do you want to sit down?”

Conner sits down on the couch in answer, and Tim joins him.

“What is the matter?” Tim asks, cutting straight to the point in his concern for his friend.

Conner does not answer immediately, his head tilts to the side with a look of deep concentration. Tim instantly recognizes the behavior as Conner listening in on something miles away and wait patiently beside him until he is finished. He is worried and mildly curious about the visit, and his mind buzzes with the possible reasons for the visit.

After a few minutes of pregnant silence, Tim rests a gentle hand on Conner broad shoulders, startling the Kryptonian in the process.

“Conner?” He questions, leaning forward to get a better view of his friends’ face.

Conner expression is pinched and riddled with conflict. Another heavy sigh passes his lips before he speaks up.

“You know how I have super hearing?” Conner starts.

Tim eyebrows draw together in confusion, “Yeah, Conner, I know.” He confirms.

Super hearing is one of the many abilities that Kryptonians have. Conner’s super hearing is not as widespread and enveopping as Clark or Superman, who can hear everything that is happening on the entire planet, but its range is prominent enough to be just as useful during a mission. If Tim remembers correctly, Superman, Kon, and Superboy have the ability to here even the heartbeats of living creatures.

When Conner just stares at his shoes instead of continuing the conversation, Tim prods at him with a finger, “What about your super hearing, Kon? What did you hear?” Tim demands. He thinks maybe this is a start of a possible case, that maybe Conner needs his help.

“I heard something that I shouldn’t, Tim,” Conner says warily, finally looking up at Tim.

Tim frowns but waits for Conner to continue.
Conner looks back down at his shoes, “I had thought to intercept you before you went to work at Wayne Enterprise before I remembered that you took today off to hang out with Steph. I was already listening in for your heartbeat…” He trails off.

“And?” Tim says, a bit impatient.

“Your father and Damian where there.”

Tim nods at this briskly, “Yes, they were. What about them?”

Was there something wrong with either of their heartbeats? Did Conner catch someone, maybe one of the employees, in a lie? Tim would have known if either Bruce or Damian suffered from some permanent ailment, even if either one of them were stupid to try to hide it. He glances over at his laptop and the sleek tablet that rests right beside it. He itches to get his hands on it and look up video footage inside Wayne Enterprise or just the latest injuries Damian and Bruce may have suffered. Alfred keeps them all on file in the bat computer, just in case, something has long term effects.

Conner roughly shoves a and through his hair, shaking his head, “I don’t know if I should even be telling you this Tim. It is something private, and it was faint, so maybe I was mistaken. Hell, it was faint enough that he might not even be aware of it.”

“Is it life threatening?” Tim asks briskly, getting up and snatching up his tablet, unlocking it with ungentle fingers. His fingers tap at the flat screen with professional speed, and soon his looking at a live feed of Wayne Enterprise.

Bruce and Damian are present in the building just as Conner had said, not that Tim had even an ounce of doubt. Both parties are in a meeting with the shareholders.

“Maybe? I’m not sure. No, I mean I have no idea? I mean, it could be?” Conner gets up to paste the compact living area.

Tim’s eyes don’t leave the screen, but they do narrow in open irritation. How hard was it to know the difference between life-threatening and none life threatening?

Bruce and Damian look as healthy as can be on the live video. Neither seems likely to kill over in a sudden heart attack.

“I thought Bruce gave you all birth control,” Conner grumbles to himself as he rounds the small black coffee table, easily stepping over the mess of multiple gaming systems hooked up to the flat screen TV.

Tim nearly drops his tablet, his fingers suddenly turning to noodles.

“What!”? He squeak-shouts.

Conner looks up with round eyes, “What?” He echoes back.


“What?” Conner says back.

“Birth Control!” Tim blabs out, and he can feel his neck and face heat up at the words.

Conner stops circling the table, his face also flushing with color, “You heard that?”

“Why are you mumbling about birth control!”
“I wasn’t!”

“Dude, you so were! What the hell, Kon?”

“Nothing, Tim, it’s nothing.” Conner turns away from him.

Movement on his tablet stops him from speaking, and he watches with baffled eyes as Damian crosses his hands over his chest with a scowl only to flinch in his seat and drop his hands to his side with a wince of pain.

“What are you looking at?”

“Live feed from WE,” Tim says, rewinding the footage.

“You have cameras inside the building?” Conner says, come close to look over his shoulder.

Tim shrugs one shoulder, “Security has been breached enough times for it to be needed. All the employees are aware of them.”

“What is he doing? Did he injure his chest on patrol?”

“Likely.” Tim replays Damian flinching away from his own touch a few times, before going back to live feed.

Bruce was subtly checking over Damian while he continued on with his presentation, while Damian had crossed his arms over his stomach, his face emotionless.

“Did something happen on patrol? They are glaring at each other. Or just staring? You can never tell with these two.” Conner says, leaning closer, his chest brushing against Tim’s back.

It takes Tim a few seconds to answer back, suddenly aware of just how close Conner and he was standing together.

“Tim?” Conner rumbles next to his ear, warm breath brushes over Tim's ear, making him shiver.

Tim flushes, “Ah, yeah, something did happen on patrol.” He looks away from bright blue eyes.

Since when did he think Conner’s eyes were bright?

“Little Bat get into trouble with Big Bat? …Again?” Conner snorts.

Tim frowns.

“No. It is more like little demon brat went completely off the rails.” Tim hesitates for a moment before he closes out of WE feed and taps into the cameras at a warehouse. He scrolls through video until he finds one of last night.

He plays the video a few minutes before him and Steph arrives on the scene.

They watch as Robin violently attack the bulky cronies, he slashes through flesh with his katana, and later, his bare hands.

There is a heavy silence between the two men.

“I thought he was past this type of behavior,” Tim says quietly. Dick and Jason had remained tight lip last night, and now he knows why.
“Maybe something just set him off,” Conner says just as quiet, turning away from the video. Robin mask hides his eyes, but the expression of blind, violent rage is all too familiar for him.

“Oh shit,” Tim says, watching as Red Hood confronts Damian and gets attacked in retaliation.

“What now?” Conner says tiredly from the couch.

Tim glances up, about to explain what he just saw, but freezes as Conner stretches out on the couch. The now iconic plain black t-shirt with the red logo of Superman crest rides up on a muscular stomach, showing a belly button with a light layering of dark pubic hair that trails down into belted blue jeans.

“Tim?” Conner asks through a wide yawn, “What did Damian do?”

Tim swallows hard, his throat suddenly feeling parch.

He blinks rapidly, wondering why he is still staring at his friends’ happy trail as if he never seen one in his life.

“Um,” He says eloquently.

Conner eyes open and close lazily at him. His long black eyelashes framing vibrant blue eyes in a very pretty image.

“Tim?” Conner's voice calls his name again, this time in a low, sleepy, rumble. He makes himself more comfortable on the couch.

Pretty?

Did Tim just call Conner, his best friend, pretty?

What the fu—

“Tim!”

Tim snaps out of his daze, his face practically setting itself aflame once he realizes he had been standing and openly staring at Conner for the past few minutes.

Conner, who now stands in front of him, his blue eyes filled to the brim with concern for Tim. Warm large hands clutch firmly at his thin but wide shoulders, gently shaking him into focus.

“You okay, Tim? Do you need to sit down?”

Tim shakes head, “No, I’m good Kon. I was just a little surprised.”

The Kryptonian gently takes the tablet from him, watching the scene play out from the beginning until Bat Girl and Red Robin show up.

“Damn, how isn’t he on lockdown?” Conner wonders aloud.

And is that safe? He says silently in his head, watching as Robin barely avoid a blow to his stomach. The video has no sound, but even now he could hear the quick but faint heartbeat. The one that he should not have heard, the one that beats almost in time with Damian Wayne's.

Tim laughs a little, “Oh he is. Bruce will likely not let Damian out of his sight for who knows how long. If the demon brat thought Bruce was suffocating before, he will be intolerable now. Damian
won’t be allowed to sneeze without Bruce permission now.”

Conner relaxes, “That’s good.” He returns the tablet back to Tim.

Tim fiddles with it absently, some part of him unwinding now that he knows what the drama about last night had been all about. He stops, looking up at Conner, who is returned to lounging on the couch, with a frown.

“What did you hear?”

Conner snuggles deeper into the couch, pulling the throw over himself, “Hmmm?” He hums.

“Before, you said you heard something that you should not have. What was it?” Tim says slowly.

“Oh, that. It was nothing.” Conner waves him away.

Icy blue eyes narrow in on him, “Nothing? It was nothing that had you come to me at the end of the day? It’s hard to believe that you would be mistaken over something you heard, Kon.” Tim crosses his arms, looking suspicious.

Conner is not a good liar. He knows this, the Titans know this, Tim knows this.

But would it be a lie if he wasn’t sure? Maybe he had made a mistake. Could he honestly say that Damian Wayne was pregnant? Like, with an actual baby? Damian was just sixteen. Not to mention that seemed so far out of his character that it was laughable. Also, there was Bruce. Surely Batman would have made none of his kids got themselves in such an irresponsible situation.

No. There was just no way. Damian Wayne…pregnant? The stuck-up demon brat? Ha. Nope. Conner must have heard wrong.

See.

It wasn’t a lie if he manages to convince himself it had never been the truth.

“I think one of your father employees is expecting,” Conner states because while he is sure the heartbeat wasn’t attached to the teenage twerp, he had still heard it.

Tim raises an eyebrow.

“A baby?”

Conner nods.

“Oh. Who?”

Conner smiles at him, “That’s private. Plus, I’m sure you will know who soon enough, just give it some time.”

Tim shrugs, “That is true, but it had to be someone close the Bruce and Damian, right? You did mention them. It must be whoever was present or around the shareholder meeting.”

Conner shrugs back.

“Sure.”

Tim huffs, and shake his head, “Honestly, Conner, I thought you were in serious trouble, and even
worse, that something was wrong with Bruce and Damian.”

He shoves at Conner's legs, plopping down next to his younger friend.

“Are you staying over?” He asks, picking up the remote and turning the TV on.

“Yup.”

“Want to watch a movie or get your ass handed to you in the new Mario cart game?”

Conner snorts, picking up the said game, “I think your memory is faulty.”

They share a smirk and Tim boots up the game.

As Conner tries to stay on the track in the game, somehow in the last place, while Tim was quickly closing in on first, he can’t help but think about the other Kryptonians in his family.

Jon’s hearing was just as limited as his own, especially in comparison to Kara and Clark.

If what he heard had not been a mistake…

It would be only a matter of time before the truth came out.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter originally just included the interlude between Tim and Stephanie. I added in Conner after reading the popular vote of Kon/Tim.

Popular Pairings:
Tim/Kon
Roy/Jaosn
Bruce/Selina
Dick/Koriand'r (Which I'm not all that confident about writing, though I do love the paring, so we will see about this.)
Punishment

Chapter Summary

Damian faces the repercussion of his violent actions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

5 Weeks Pregnant

The drive to the Bat Cave is silent and tense.

Damian comes back to himself during the ride. His rage still tints his vision red. It makes his hands twitch with the desperate need to hit anything moving, but he is now in control of it. He clenches his hand and grinds his teeth, forcing himself to calm down.

Batman continues to say nothing, but Damian can tell, without even looking at him, that his father is boiling with anger and questions.

No doubt as soon as they get to the Cave he will be interrogated between being scolded and punished. Damian doesn’t look forward to it. He wishes that the suffocating ride will last longer, but at the speed, his father is going, it will only be a few short minutes before they arrive.

It was almost funny. His father anger and disappointment weren’t even the worst part out of all of this. In fact, it was probably the last thing he was worried about.

This scene that is playing out at the moment was nothing new. Yes, Damian would admit that his past fights with his father have never been this potentially explosive and damaging, but they had been common enough for him to almost anticipate how they would play out.

Damian fucks up. His father catches Damian fucking something up. His father attempts a stern lecture at first. Damian argues back. His father starts yelling. Damian yells back. In between the shouting match, Damian gets grounded, has his electronics taken away, or banned from patrol. Rarely is it all three at the same time. Near the end either his father storms off or Damian, and if they are still arguing then Pennyworth steps in. Somehow, either by Pennyworth or by his father, word gets back to Grayson, who eventually shows up to smooth things over between father and son.

Rinse, Recycle, and Repeat.

So, his father anger and Grayson disappointment wasn’t the cause of the cold sweat that welled up on his skin, making him shiver in his blood-caked uniform.

It was the fact that once he gets to the cave the first priority would be to make sure he was not under the influence of any type of substance. Poison Ivy could manipulate men by using her pheromones on them, turning them into her all too willing slaves. Scarecrow fear toxin drenched its victim in a never-ending nightmare, causing them either to cower in fear or fight off demons that weren’t even there. Those two were the most common suspect, but there were plenty of hallucinogens on the street of Gotham that would cause the user to lose their mind.
His Father would no doubt order Pennyworth to check for any abnormalities. His blood would be taken and tested.

Pennyworth won’t be looking for any pregnancy hormones or hCG, but the test will be thorough, and it will no doubt show up.

Damian cannot let that happen.

He sinks down into the passenger chair with crossed arms. He turns his head to stare at the familiar scenery passing by and tries to think pass all the red, to cut through it, but it is difficult.

Damian was not given the opportunity to be rid of it completely. His bloodlust had not been satisfied by any means. If he had not been stopped, he could have raged on for hours. He knows. He has before when he was much younger, and his temper was even shorter.

His mother had called them tantrums almost fondly.

The Bat Cave opening comes into view.

Damian sinks further into his chair with a silent curse.

In the short amount of time he only came up with two possible way to stop Pennyworth, and by default, his father, from testing his blood.

The Bat Mobile comes to a smooth halt. Batman unbuckles his seatbelt and jumps out.

Plan A involves a small explosion of the Bat Caves Bio lab, destroying the machines before it can be used to reveal his pregnancy.

Damian slowly unbuckles his own seatbelt before jumping out of Bat Mobile. Batman is already seated at the computer with tense shoulders and a dark scowl, typing out the report for today's Patrol. A black gloved hand points towards the showers without a word and Damian goes.

Plan B is subtler. He can simply override his recent bloodwork with an older one. Unfortunately, it would take a few precious seconds for it be believable and untraceable, so he would be required to distract not only Pennyworth and his father from his actions, but also prevent himself from being caught on camera doing it.

Damian pulls off his mask and strips himself of his suit with a grimace. Multiple bruises form in the shape of giant arms on his chest in arms. Walking towards the bathroom and moving to turn it on confirms a least one bruised rib.

He takes his time washing off the dried blood of his victims, watching as the clear water is tinted red from it.

In the end, Damian decides on Plan B.

He steps out of the shower and pulls on a loose long-sleeved black shirt and black sweat pants, smoothly storing his small decoding device in one of its pockets and removing his small computer from his gauntlet to put on his wrist before exiting the locker room.
His Father is standing in the middle of the Bat Cave when Damian steps out and waste no time in diving into a lecture.

“Damian,” His Father starts with a rumble. His cowl is pulled away from his face, and his hair is still slicked back from dried sweat.

Pennyworth guides him over to the bio lab, and sets him on the examination table, pulling a tray full of syringes towards him with latex gloves.

His father follows them.

“Tonight, was a mistake.” His father states gravely, staring down at him with crossed arms.

Beside him, Pennyworth lets out a small sigh, but carefully draws his blood.

Damian says nothing, but a frown is already pulling at the corners of his mouth.

“First, you used more force than necessary. Those men may have been enhanced but it was only skin deep. None of them had super strength. Not the kind that would require you to maim them.”

His father isn’t yelling. He speaks in cold facts.

Damian had noticed that as well. Some of those men had been strong, mainly the one that had attempted to crush him, but the ones that came after him had gone down after a few slices of his katana, or a few well-aimed batarangs.

Which means they had been nothing more than a distraction.

“Second,” His Father says as Pennyworth begins to examine him silently, “Some of those men would have likely died of the wounds you inflicted on them if it weren’t for the fact that they had heightened healing capabilities.”

Right before they left, many of them where gaining conscious. Batman must have noticed their healing for many of the ones he knocked down did not stir even after Nightwing showed. No doubt he used a sleeper agent to keep them unconscious. Damian had been solely focused on punching and slashing at flesh to give it any thought. To give anything other than his rage any thought. His mind had gone blank, and his baser instincts had taken control of his body.

He does not even blink as Alfred disinfect the raw and damage skin of his knuckles before bandaging it. Instead, he focuses to keep the small, compact computer on his wrist perfectly hidden under his long sleeve.

“Third,” His father words are gruff but still cold and calm. It is his eyes that gives everything away. They are dark and clouded with emotion. Damian can spot the anger in his father eyes a mile away, and it barely gives him pause, but the disappointment and worry he sees have him ducking his head down.

“You attacked Red Hood, Jason. You saw no difference between adversary or ally, Damian, and that is a problem.” His father voice is a growl now but still contained.

Damian's shoulder hunch up towards his ears and his sits stiffly as his hands are carefully bandaged. Behind Alfred, the computer is analyzing his blood.

“Do you have anything to say in your defense?” His Father grits out when he remains silent, stalking closer so he could loom over him.
Green eyes shift to the computer before he looks up, meeting the blazing eyes of his father.

Damian opens his mouth to speak, intending to just spout off anything that would get his father angry enough to just storm away. In the back of his mind, the part that isn’t drowning in red, or solely focused on keeping his pregnancy hidden, he cringes away from his action and his father words.

At that same moment, the com on His father discarded cowl flares to life.

“Batman? I think I found something!” Nightwing tiny voice says urgently.

Pennyworth moves away from the small computer to start putting away the medical equipment at the same time his father pull to cowl back over his head, turning away as he demands Nightwing to go into detail.

In less then three seconds Damian's hand is in and out of his pocket, in with a whip-like flick of his wrist, the small decoding device is on the computer, landing perfectly in the shadow. He lifts his arms as if he were inspecting the bandages on his hand, and subtly press a few buttons, by memory, on the small computer still hidden by his long sleeves.

On the computer, the results of his blood test finish, (briefly showing that it was negative of all possible drugs, but that he did have the hormone of hCG floating in his bloodstream), before it fizzes out a split second. It returns with the bloodwork he had done a month before.

Just in time as Pennyworth attention turn toward the computer, and his father, with the cowl still on, stalks back towards the medical area.

Batman walks right past his son, still sitting silent and sullen, to look at the blood work.

“No excuses then.” He mutters darkly, and Alfred sighs again, “Master Damian is fine, at least where his blood is concerned.”

His father shadow drapes over him. He keeps his next words short and clipped.

“I’m taking back your katanas. No patrol, no Robin. I do not want to even hear a whisper about Robin showing up anywhere in the world. You are not to step foot in the bat cave unless it is an emergency. From here on you are on lockdown. You do not leave this house unless it is for school or Wayne Enterprise, and your electronics will be confiscated.” Batman says sternly.

There is a pause.

Damian does not look up, but his face twists into a painful grimace. He does not speak up. He simply nods once.

Batman lips thin before he is stalking off, a few minutes later, the Bat Mobile starts up and speeds out of the cave.

Pennyworth does not speak or prod at him as they walk silently out of the Bat Cave. He simply asks for Damian phone and his earbuds, which he retrieves from his room and hands over without a word. He eats dinner alone, and retreats to his room, Titus following him up the stairs.

Later in the night, Grayson knocks on his door.
“I’m here Damian.” Grayson says gently through the door, “Whatever is happening you can talk to me.” And then he waits.

Damian does not answer.

Eventually, after more gentle coaxing, Grayson leaves.

Damian does not get much sleep that night. His mind swirling in a storm of thoughts.

Instead, he draws in one of his many sketchbooks, bringing his darkest and most violent actions to life on paper, sinking and getting lost.

Chapter End Notes

This entire chapter played out in my head in black and white.

I was also a little on the fence about how I wanted Bruce to react. In the end, he comes off as really calm, given the circumstances, and I think I should have probably made him angrier. I have it in my head that he would explode in rage and start yelling (and he does do that in this story, though in the background), but I think that is mostly based on how I see him written in other FF and his interaction with his older kids.

I haven't really found a comic where he clashes with Damian like he has Jason and even Dick. Even during Damian first meeting, he only snarled about how he hurt Tim and killed, before allowing him to accompany him on the mission.

I know in the movies Bruce reaction is more extreme, but I'm mostly going off the comics since it has more source material on the characters.

I think because Damian is a kid, Bruce gives him more leeway.

Though Damian is a teenager in this story, I would like to think Bruce has at least learned SOMETHING from failing his other kids, and Damian, by now.

I hope he doesn't come off as Out of Character, or Damian (who was pretty quiet too in this chapter...)

Argh, now I am second guessing.
Interlude

Chapter Summary

Dick and Jason, Alfred and Bruce, Alfred, Bruce, and Dick, with Damian mentioned.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 5

Interlude – Jason and Dick

“I’m worried about Damian.” Dick Grayson says to Jason Todd Saturday morning, and just get a flat look in return.

“Why are you still here?” Jason asks through a yawn, scratching at his bedridden hair. He is still in bed, just barely sitting up so he can properly glare, and his face feels like a sore and swollen mess. He doesn’t dare look in the mirror above his dresser. It would only piss him off.

“I have never seen Damian like that before,” Dick goes on as if Jason hadn’t even spoken, pacing the length of the bed. He is already dressed for the day.

Jason realizes quickly that Dick doesn’t really want answers but just needs to talk for the sake of talking, and so he goes through his process of properly waking up, stepping around Dick babbling form to get to the bathroom.

Dick follows him in, “Did you see the look on his face? It was like he wasn’t even there.” He says leaning against the bathroom counter.

Jason turns on the shower and checks the temperature. He backtracks to his room to pick out clothes and pull out some underwear and socks. He returns to the bathroom.

“He didn’t even hear Bruce and me calling out his name,” Dick says in greeting, biting at his nails.

Jason slaps his hand away from his mouth on his way to the shower. He strips and steps inside, letting out a hiss when the hot water hit his face and arms, before beginning to wash his body and hair. Inside the shower, Dick voice isn’t easily heard, so he stays in longer than normal.

When he steps out Dick hands him a towel, staring off into space while his lips flap away, “I tried to talk to him last night, but he did not respond back. I could hear his pencil going over his sketchpad, so I left. I figured he was still letting off steam.”

Dick's hands come back up to bite his nails but stops when Jason levels a glare at him.

“Maybe I should have stayed longer? Damian sometimes just need a little time before he is ready to open up. Maybe I got too impatient. Though, now that I think about it, we haven’t really sat down in had a talk in a while. I hate to admit this, but it was easier to talk to him when he was a kid.” Dick runs a frustrated hand through his hair, growling at himself.
Jason towel dries his hair before moving the towel over his dripping body. He says nothing.

“Kid Damian Wayne had anger issues, and was a little shit, but he had still been a kid. I turn away for a second, and suddenly Damian is not only a teenager, but he looks like one. Man, where did the time go? Do you know he still gives me shit for missing his thirteenth birthday?” Dicks says with a wince.

It had not just been him, Bruce was also dragged for that blunder. Alfred had not been the least bit impressed that he had been the only one to celebrate Damian turning thirteen. To make up for it, Dick and Bruce ended up spoiling the boy out of guilt. Damian had soaked up the extra attention like a sponge, soothed even though he never openly admitted he had been hurt that his birthday had passed without Bruce or Dick present. No, Damian only insulted each one over the topic and brought it up nearly two months after. Now he only dredges up his forgotten thirteenth birthday to be an asshole.

“Bruce had actually punished him for hitting you, Jason. He told me after I pester him about it.” Dick suddenly turns to his brother with a grin and a thumbs up.

“I don’t think that warranted punishment,” Jason says in the middle of pulling on his pants.


Jason takes in the perfectly bandaged nose, “It wasn’t broken.”

Dick shakes his head, “Nah, though it felt like it at the time.” He touches the bandages gently.

Jason pulls a shirt over his head thinking back to those blank green eyes, and how Damian had responded so obediently to Bruce barked commands. In the back of his mind, dark, foggy memories stir up before he pushes them down.

“I don’t think the Demon Brat was even aware of what he was doing. He looked possessed.” Jason tells Dick as he walks out of the bathroom towards the kitchen.

Dick freezes behind him, “Possession? That’s pretty serious. Maybe I should go back, Damian should be a little calmer now.”

Jason pulls out two bowls, two spoons, a box of cereal and milk.

“Just give the kid some space. He will be fine.” Jason says with a careless flip of his hand.

“But he wasn’t fine, Jason! Damian hadn’t relapsed like that since he was a kid! Something is wrong.” Dick says, ignoring the cereal that was put in front of him to lean over the counter with eye breaming with earnest.

Jason shrugs, “As you said, Damian is a teenager now.” He points his spoon at Dick, “You should know more than anyone just how angry and rebellious teenagers can be.”

Dick deflates again, “Something is wrong, I know it, but maybe you are right Jay. Damian is a teenager now, so maybe that is the cause.”

Jason just eats another mouthful of cereal.
Interlude – Bruce, Alfred, and Dick

Damian does not come out of his room the whole day.

It is a cloudy Sunday afternoon in Gotham, and Alfred informs Bruce of this fact while the old butler serves him lunch in his study.

Bruce does not look up from reading through the Wayne Enterprise documents, but he does grunt in acknowledgment.

Alfred sighs, “Master Bruce if you could pull your eyes away from those papers long enough to eat?” A white-gloved hand pushes a plate of a meat sandwich and salad towards the distracted man.

Bruce continues to read, but he does grab a piece of the halved sandwich and takes a bite out of it. He mechanically chews before swallowing.

“I can do two things at the same time, Alfred.” He grumbles to his butler.

Alfred dusts at one of the towering bookcases that lines the study.

“Yes, Master Bruce, an utterly impressive feat it is to read and chew at the same time.” He droll.

“I can do a handstand while picking my nose.” Dick Grayson quips while leaning against the doorframe.

Bruce puts down the documents to give his adopted son an unimpressed look. Dick shoots him a wink and grins.

Alfred just shakes his head, moving on to the next bookcase.

Dick walks into the room without an invitation and plops into one of the chairs that sit directly in front of Bruce desks. He leans forward, his grin dropping.

“How is he?” He asks Bruce.

The crusader looks at the papers on his desk, tempted to dive back into them and ignore the question altogether. He shuffles them into a neat stack and pushes them aside, giving Dick his complete and undivided attention.

In the corner of his eyes, he can see Alfred move in closer, absently dusting the item in front of him while he listens in, not even trying to be subtle.

“He is quiet,” Bruce says gruffly, leaning back in his chair.

Dick instantly looks concerned, his bright blue eyes dimming.

“Quiet? Damian?” He questions.

“Yes. The boy has not left his room since Friday night. All his meals have been delivered to his room. Alfred,” Bruce glances to the butler, “Said that he has barely eaten any of them.”

“Did you two fight?” Dick grills.

“No. It was a very rare occasion where I talked, and he actually listened.”

Dick lightens up a bit, “That’s good, right? Sure, is a little odd that Dami didn’t argue back, or even
bother to explain himself…” Dick trails off.

“Bruce…you did allow Damian to explain himself, right?”

“No,” Bruce says bluntly. “There was nothing to explain. Damian simply lost control, again.” Bruce’s eyebrows came down hard.

Seeing his son, his teenage son who should know better, revert back to his old ways was unsettling, but not surprising. Damian had always had a temper, and between Talia and him, it was bound to be moments when he lost control of it. As disappointing and angering it had been, Bruce could only reiterate that violence for the sake of violence was not permitted, and Damian obviously got the message. Or he would during the time of his punishment.

Dick rolls his eyes, “Why am I not surprised?” He mumbles to himself, sharing a look with Alfred.

Bruce shuffled the paper around his desk with a frown, “There was nothing left to say. He disobeyed me and got punished for it. End of the story.”

Dick snatched up the other half of the sandwich munching on it, completely ignoring Bruce glare while he thought.

“Nothing is ever that simple. Especially when it comes to Damian…” Dick trails off as he takes another bite out the stolen sandwich, staring outside the large windows of the study with a faraway look.

Bruce just grunts, pulling the stack of papers towards him, intending to finish his work while Dick loses himself in his own thoughts.

The room drifts into companionable silence. Neither has anything to say at the moment, but each one thinks about Damian.

Dick wonders if it really is just puberty, or if it is something deeper. His gut tells him to investigate more, to prod his grumpy brother until all his questions are answered, but he is hesitant after his first and second try was met with dead silence. Dick was worried, but he did not want to invade or crowd into Damian space to the point that he no longer wanted to confide in him.

Dick knew that there was something more to the picture, and it was not as simple as Bruce made it out to be, but approaching the topic based off a gut feeling and with no solid proof will be difficult. Dick can only speculate with Damian determined to brood away from the prying eyes of his family.

He could always bully his way into his little brother personal space as he has done aplenty in the past, but Dick knew how important it was to have moments alone as a teenager. It was why he had once been so desperate to crawl out of Bruce shadow and be his own person. Well, one of the reasons. Back then the smallest breeze was enough for Dick to fill unbalanced and disoriented, and Bruce being so overbearing and controlling did nothing to help. Looking back, there are a lot of things Dick wish he could have changed.

Most of his biggest regrets happened when he was a teenager.

Dick is also aware that even if he had managed to time travel and speak to his teenage self about being more considerate and less an angst ridden brat, he would likely to have made the same mistakes. He had been stubborn and self-centered. It had been so easy to focus on all the bad things in his life as a teenager, and the Teen Titans had been the reprieve he needed to push that all away. They had become his home away from home and had been all too eager to escape to them without a backward look towards the boy who needed him more than they did. He had been hurt and was so
caught up in the feelings of anger in betrayal that he did not see anything beyond those feelings.

Now he looks back and sees all the signs and wonders why he did not respond better to them.

He lets out a gusty sigh, and hangs his head heavily between his thighs, staring at the dark flooring with an equally dark look.

Dick had sought out to be better, to make sure that what happened to Jason never happened to Tim, and later, Damian.

He failed on both accounts.

Damian died.

Tim died.

Damian was revived by Bruce, who was so close to going off the deep end.

Tim had not died, but was instead trapped and left to rot, while his family mourned him. They had been completely unaware he was even alive until he escaped with an older version of himself, who brought all sort of hell not only to the Bat Family but Clarks’ as well.

Dick keeps telling himself that he will do better, be better, and just be there for his brothers and sister when they need him, but it seems the moment they do, he is neck deep in his own troubles, barely able to spare time to give them a passing greeting.

Suddenly he stands to his feet with a look of determination.

“I’m going to speak to Damian and find out what is really wrong.” He says to the two other occupants in the room before marching off to do just that.

Bruce watches over the top of his documents as Dick leaves the room before glancing over at Alfred with a raised eyebrow.

“Five minutes.” He states.

Alfred wipes down a table after spritzing a cleaner on it, “Three.” He corrects.

Bruce snorts and just shake his head.

He had been concerned for his eldest when his thoughtful look turned reflective before darkening into full own brooding. Dick was not the type to focus on past mistakes for long, but he sat for nearly an hour with dark emotions clouding his normally bright and cheery face. Bruce had thought to call out to his son, to maybe distract him or just to get him out of his own head, but Alfred had stopped him with a small shake of his head and a sad look.

“Sometimes it is best to think about past regrets from time to time, no doubt Master Dick will snap out of it on his own.” The old butler had said.

Bruce had left it alone but kept an eye on Dick just in case.

As Alfred had predicted, Dick snapped out of it with his eyes focused on his next move.

Bruce was just putting away the Wayne Enterprise documents he had been working all through the morning and afternoon, finally finished with them, when Dick returns.
It is exactly three minutes later.

Bruce does not bother to question how it went, the look on Dick's face is answering enough.

"I take it Master Damian was not in the mood to be spoken too?" Alfred says as he guides Dick back towards the chair he had vacated.

Dick slumps into it and shakes his head, "No, Alfred, not in the least. This time I had barely knocked on the door before he was barking at me to go away. I didn’t let that detour me, not this time. I tried to open the door since it was unlocked, telling him that he could talk to me about anything, but I barely wedge it open before he a whole body was slamming it close. He was furious.” Dick runs a hand through his hair, tugging at it a bit.

In his mind, he thinks how that was all the evidence that Dick needed to confirm his suspicions. Something was up with Damian.

Bruce recalls a younger Damian being upset with him for opening his door without knocking, glaring with dark eyes with his white earbuds blasting away in his ear.

Back then, Bruce had apologies for not knocking and had promised to do so in the future. Later the two of them had gone on patrol, Damian had still struggled with how much force to use when taking down criminals.

“Time.” He tells Dick.

“Damian will be fine with time. For now, just give him his space.”

Dick nods, “Jason said the same thing.” Another sigh escapes his lips and he gives a wry smile. “I should have just listened to him.”

Bruce pauses mid-signature, thinking that over for a few seconds, before continuing.

“Jason was correct.” He says with a small shrug.

Dick smiles, and Alfred continues to clean.

“Maybe Master Damian can use some time away from Manor. A meeting with WE investors is coming up, why don’t you take him, Master Bruce?” Alfred suggests.

Bruce gives another small shrug, “Only if Damian is in the right mindset to be around the public. I will consider it.”

Dick smile widens, “I’m sure Damian will appreciate the gesture…in a Damian way.” He chuckles a bit, though it sounds more bitter than happy.

He gets to his feet, “I have to return to Bludhaven, but if anything comes up, contact me.” He tells Bruce seriously. Dick will give Damian his space for now, but now that he is sure something is up, he will not just let it go. But with Damian on defense with his wall up and snapping at him at the smallest provocation, he will have to be cautious and approach this in a different way.

Bruce grunts in affirmative and he leaves.

Alfred watches him go with a sad smile.

Alfred marvels a bit at how much the men and teenagers under his care have grown so much, but at the same time, watching them walk on their own path, and often away from each other, still makes
him ache. He often wishes that they all weren’t so determined to do things on their own, and even when one of them asked for help it was always after the situation got out of their hands and always with reluctance.

He stares outside, watching the clear blue sky get slowly overtaken by grey clouds.

Alfred can feel it.

Over the hill, and around the corner, another crisis brews.

Chapter End Notes

This will probably be the last interlude for a while, next chapters will be all about Damian and his pregnancy.
Chapter 6

7 Weeks Pregnant

“Master Damian, dinner is ready,” Pennyworth calls from his bedroom door after knocking once on it.

“I will be down shortly, Pennyworth.”

Pennyworth walks away.

Damian glares at his flat stomach.

“There is nothing living inside.” He says aloud. “It is empty and bare of any life.” He tries to convince himself.

But the pregnancy test he had burnt in the early hours of the morning still dare to tell him otherwise. It was the last one he had hidden away. If Damian wants another pregnancy test, he would have to buy it online, which he wouldn’t do.

“It’s already been two weeks, surely Father isn’t still angry…” Damian murmurs to himself as he pulls his shirt down and turns to the homework laid out on his desk.

He stops, “Pennyworth said dinner was ready. I’ll bring the matter up with Father.”

When he walks down for dinner, he notices only one plate is set out on the table.

“Where is father?” Damian asks flatly.

Pennyworth does not look up from pouring a glass of tea, “Your Father has left early tonight to meet up with Commissioner Gordon.”

“So, he is still avoiding me.” Damian stats as he begins to serve himself.
“Master Bruce is simply focused on an important case. And if you find yourself feeling ‘avoided’ you are welcome to come outside your room when Master Bruce is not working on his crusade.” Alfred gives him a sharp look.

Damian bits back the nasty resort that wants to fall from his mouth and instead shovels salad into it. On and off, on and off, that is how he feels the relationships between him and his family could be summed up. A few months back he and Pennyworth bonded over making gourmet food for Cat Alfred, Titus, and Bat-Cow, now the two settled in stony silence.

Content Denial – 9 Weeks Pregnant

He feels no different and sees little difference in himself as days lengthen into weeks. If his calculations were right, and they always were, then he was eleven weeks into incubation. So where was the morning sickness, the ‘spotting’, the fatigue?

If he does not feel pregnant, if he does not look pregnant, then surely, he is not actually pregnant?

After a week, Damian caves and buys a pregnancy test online. He just needs to confirm it one last time, then he will have to wait until father sees fit to end his punishment until he gets another one. He makes a whole program that blocks his identity before he purchases his order online and is sure to pick up the mail before Pennyworth could.

He waits curled up on the lid of the toilet with his eyes not leaving the test. It seems to take longer than usual, and his nails dig into his knees as time slowly ticks by. His stomach is just beginning to sink when the plus sign appears. Another plus equals another positive pregnancy test.

He relaxes and snatches it up, breaking it and twisting it without thought before depositing it in a black bag.

He will burn it tomorrow morning.

His attention is grabbed by Alfred the cat scratching at the door of the bathroom, meowing loudly for his attention.

A small, fond smile stretches Damian lips as he opens the door and picks up the black and white feline with one hand. He nuzzles into incredibly soft fur and lets it warm, purring body soothe him into something resembling calm. The small black bag is hidden in one of the many hidden nooks and crannies that Damian has carved out of his room before he settles on the bed with Alfred in his lap. Titus barely stirs from his afternoon nap as Damian get comfortable, but he leans into the brown hand petting him absenty.

With his punishment still in full effect, his phone and earbuds are still confiscated, and Damian had been forbidden to step foot into the media room. His homework lay neatly stacked and completed on his desk, just waiting to be put away into his bag, which leaves his entertainment in the form of a book for the day. He settles in for reading, and enjoys the quiet of the house, as it allows him to completely immerse himself.

Alfred continues to purr like a miniature machine in his lap, but now he kneads and licks at Damian clothed stomach, rubbing his whisker cheeks into chiseled belly every once in a while. Damian is so engrossed into his book that he pays the extra attention no mind. Instead, he just returns to affection he is giving, pausing in his book to look down with warm eyes to the sleeping Titus and purring
Alfred the cat.

Damian does not wonder why he had not bothered to sneak out like he usually would when his father saw fit to take away patrol, or why he was not down in the bat cave either going through a training simulation or just beating into the dummies as if they had personally offended him.

For the moment, he is content to sit on the sidelines and enjoy the peace and quiet.

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**Acquitted – 11 Weeks Pregnant**

His Father finally relents his punishment, but not before he felt the need to voice his opinion on the matter in the middle of a sparring session with Damian.

He doge and rolls to avoid the punch to his face, and the kick to his chest, his legs shooting out to try to sweep his father off his feet and is easily avoided. He was just about to land the training sword on his father shoulder, when the man speaks up, not sounding the least bit out of breath, “I want you to apologize to Jason.” Father states, with his fist flying past Damian's ear.

He lets out a snort, “I do not think Todd is the type to let a few punches from an opponent get to him, and apologizing will do little good for someone like Todd.”

Father grunts as Damian manages to land a hit before flipping away to go back on the defense, but does not retaliate, instead, he raises his hand to massage his temples. “He did not get hit by an opponent Damian, he got hit by you, multiple times,” Father says with a look of disappointment.

Damian lowers his sword while trying to fix his face into something other than the scowl it wanted to settle in, “Todd had provoked me first!”

He knew he was in the wrong, and he even felt a bit guilty for punching Todd, but it wasn’t like Todd had been sitting innocently still and Damian had jumped out of a bush to punch him for the thrill of it. He didn't want to apologies until that fact had been stated, even if he was digging his own grave by bringing it up. Damian was a truthful person by default, even if the truth came outlined with barbwires and dipped in poison, it still was the truth.

“Jason did nothing to deserve one of his own allies to attack him!” His father snapped back.

“Oh? So *today* Todd is an ally, father? What about tomorrow, or next week? If Todd stepped out of line would he still be considered an ally? Today your pissed off that Todd was punched by an ‘ally’, tomorrow you are the one doing the punching! Tell me father, *what is the difference?*” The words that drip from his mouth is deadly and will do him more harm than good, but Damian can’t stop, he doesn’t even want to.

His Father volatile relationship with Todd had once been good fuel to mocking until he saw the parallels with him and father. He had little doubt that if he were to cross the line as Todd had once done (When he still smelled like the pit, when rage drenched him from top to bottom, and later, when he killed the Penguin), as Damian had been *raised* to do, Father would reject him as he had Todd in the past. The thought alone would have been enough to straighten out his more violent tendencies when he was younger, but now it only made him angry and anxious.

Father had once given him a reprieve when he was a child, and still in the process of learning to control his more violent tendencies. (Damian will never be able to forget what his Mother and Grandfather *engraved* into him, but he can do better, he *has* done better.) However, Damian was no
longer a child, and if his recent punishment was any indication, Father would react just as strongly as he did with Todd.

Father stood there in shock for a split second before his face darkened into a thunderous expression, his mouth opened to no doubt let out a bellow—

“Master Bruce, a word?” Pennyworth voice slice through the tension-filled air like a knife. Seeming to appear in the doorway of the training room with an expression of utter disapproval.

Father’s head snaps to Pennywort, and the two have a moment of silent communication, before Father storms through the doorway Alfred had already disappeared from. A minute later Damian can here the two talking, but instead of moving closer to eavesdrop he continues to train with much more fervor than necessary.

By the time his Father rejoin him, Damian is almost drowning in his own guilt but still simmering with anger.

Somedays he felt that anger was the only thing fueling him, while others he felt like a blank piece of paper. The few times he manages to settle into an emotion other than blank or angry were good days, but those seemed far and few. In fact, it wasn’t until his punishment that Damian was able to sit down and draw the day away or get lost in a good book. He tries to think of the most recent time he had enjoyed the little things in life and comes up short.

He frowns, ignoring his father presence as his fist hit the dummy until his bruises have bruises, and they split open in bleed. He wishes these dummies could fight back like the ones in the cave.

His father watches him a moment longer before he sighs and asks the question he should have a month ago.

“Damian, what happened that night?”

Damian stops and turns to his father, his expression and mind going completely blank.

What had happened that night?

Damian had plenty of theories, but nothing close to a conclusion. To be frank, he had little to no memory of what happened after the towering goon had managed to get his arms around Damián’s waist. He remembers struggling and trying to get free, but afterward, nothing. He is aware of his exact actions by the video that was captured through Batman, Nightwing, Red Hood, and his own masks. He had been shown the footage, (It was the only time he had been allowed back into the Bat cave.) but Damian did not recall anything himself. His memory stops just when thick arms are trying to crush him, and he gets small flickers in between (A green glove swinging at full force, Todd screaming in his face, Grayson concerned blue eyes) then suddenly his is in the Bat Mobile with his fuming Father.

He couldn’t tell his father that.

Damian may spout off the truth like a well-aimed weapon when trying to taunt or on the defense, but he was also damned good at lying or just not telling the whole truth.

“Damian?”

Damian’s brain short-circuit and suddenly he remembers what Todd had snarled in his face before trying to shove him and he blurts out, “I was on my menstrual Father, and in a rather poor mood because of it.”
His brain flashes one of the many pregnancies tests he had taken, and he has to bite down on his lip to stop himself from letting out a crazy cackle.

He wasn’t on his menstrual!

He is pregnant!

PREGNANT!

His brain shouts out the truth in his mind, leaving a hollow echo.

Father is looking rather uncomfortable across the room, standing stiffly with crossed arms, but his face is still suspicious, and he levels a hard stare at Damian.

“You were on your m-menstrual?” Father echoes back with narrowed eyes.

“That is correct. I had not been feeling well before patrol, and the feeling only got worse.” Damian keeps the eye contact, resisting the urge to squirm or look away.

“That is still not an excuse,” Father tells him sternly but is now avoiding eye contact, saying the words to Damian shoes.

“I know father, and I apologize,” Damian says through a triumphant smirk.

Father sighs again and looks up. Damian schools his expression into one of guilt, which isn’t too hard to do given that he genuinely is guilty.

“I still want you to apologize to Jason,” Father states, not willing to let that absurd idea go.

Damian scowls, but this time he does not argue, he simply gives a curt nod of acceptance.

“Good, once that is done than your punishment will be over… Robin.”

Damian scowl melts into a cocky grin, “Yes, father.”

Chapter End Notes

I got four questions for you guys.

1. Who do you guys want to be the Daddy of Damian baby? (I definitely wanted someone his age or older, but I realized not a lot of people in DC comics is Damian age...)

2. Next chapter is already written, but I thinking that Maya, Colin, and Jon should make an appearance soon. Chapter 6 would be a good place, but if not then probably chapter 10.

3. Mpreg is nothing new to FF, but I rarely see anyone add a menstrual cycle to the trope, so here it is again (my other mpreg story has it.) Also, I am lowkey bitter that when mpreg is a thing, dudes can have a baby without a menstrual. Like, dude, how is that fair?

4. Intersex Damian or ass baby Damian (C-section)? Which do you prefer? I am on the
fence and can go either way...

Let me know in the comments below! Thanks for reading. :)}
Chapter Summary

Damian denial comes to an end.

Chapter Notes

Edited: 4/27/2019

Removed the ending; it no longer fit with characters and story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 7

Acknowledgment and Acceptance – 12 to 13 Weeks Pregnant

Damian Wayne had denied his pregnancy for as long as he could.

Once his punishment was revoked, Robin and his electronics were returned to him.

He went to school, and later in the night suited up for Patrol. He ate every meal that Alfred served him, perfectly spiced to his palate, and either trained did his homework or spent a few hours honing one of his many skills when he had the free time. Damian even managed to spit out an apology to an obviously amused Red Hood like his Father had required.

It had been easy to pretend that nothing was out of the ordinary. No symptoms appeared even as the weeks ticked by and he no longer sought out a pregnancy test to confirm the pregnancy. For a moment, Damian was able to completely ignore the existence of the mistake that lay nestled in his womb.

At least, he was until recently.

Damian had woken up almost a week after his Father had lifted his punishment, in the early hour of the morning, to the contents of his stomach attempting to escape through his mouth. He completely skipped over feeling nauseous to needing to vomit now. He turned over and did just that on the side of his bed, heaving so hard that sweat gathered on his forehead and his throat burned. The smell of his own vomit burned his nostrils and triggered another heaving session that has his stomach sore for the rest of the day. Explaining to Pennyworth why he puked on the side of the bed was not an option, so Damian had gotten up, stepping over the mess, and saw fit to clean it up himself.

Needless to say, all the pregnancy symptoms that had been absent abruptly made its presence known, at the same time.

Food of any kind was violently protested against. Damian just barely managed not to gag every time Pennyworth started cooking, the faint smell alone was enough to have Damian retreating outside
while nausea threatened to send him to the sink every few minutes.

Training and sparring became difficult as his limbs felt weighed down and every movement drained him little by little. His bed was a safe haven to fall face first in afterward, his whole-body limp and weak after a very basic workout.

Damian struggled more and more just to gather the energy to get out of bed every day, the need to just turn over and sleep the day away hard to push down, but he was determined.

The nausea and fatigue were troublesome and disruptive but not to the point he couldn’t go about his day as if he experienced neither.

So, what if the sight and smell of oatmeal made his stomach roll violently?

That was no reason to conclude that Damian was pregnant. It could just as easily be a bug he caught from the cretins that made up his disgusting classmates. It would pass with time.

So, what if patrolling the streets of Gotham with his father made him want to crawl up in a hole in hibernate?

Damian was sure with more training and a few rounds in the simulator would shake the feeling of his body being weighed down and drained of energy. His sure this is just the result of him being so lazy during his punishment, nothing that can’t be corrected if he worked hard enough.

He was in the middle of a training session now. Despite his limb feeling like weak noodles, Damian kicked and punched just as fast and hard as ever. He had just executed a complicated spinning kick when he heard clapping.

“Nice moves little D!” Grayson says with a grin, stepping into the training room.

“Grayson.” Damian nods.

“When did you learn that one? Think you can teach me?” Grayson wanted to know, inspecting the dummy as if it would tell him all its secrets.

“No.” Says Damian before walking to another dummy to start up his training again.

“Aw, Why not?” Grayson whines, following him but staying out of his way. “How about we spar together than? I know it has been a while.”

“I do not require your assistance today, Grayson, but thank you for the offer,” Damian says politely, while at the same time he tries another complicated move on the dummy.

“Alright,” Grayson says, not leaving.

Damian is only able to ignore him for five minutes before he snaps, “What do you want, Grayson?”

Grayson blinks a lot, “Nothing!” he lies, “I just wanted to watch you train. I can’t watch you train little D?”

“No, I’m leaving.” Damian does exactly that, stalking through the Bat Cave and up into Wayne Manor, Grayson only a few steps behind him.

“…Want to watch a movie?”

Damian would have ignored the question and continued up to his room if it weren’t for how tentative
Grayson voiced it like he knew he would be rejected but still wanted to ask anyway. It had him turning around to face the older man, and the look on his face had Damian groaning in annoyance.

Grayson looked like a picture of a kicked puppy. He was toeing the ground with his foot while looking up with big blue eyes.

“If it isn’t too much trouble? Please, little D, I just want to spend time with you.” Grayson felt the need to add, sounding so earnest.

Damian only tutted before changing course to the media room, ignoring Grayson bright smile and “Whoop!” of happiness. Damian didn’t owe Grayson anything, but maybe he had been a bit harsh in rebuking him in the past few weeks, especially when he knew that his brother had only wanted to help.

They stop by the kitchen first to make popcorn with a drizzle of melted butter and salt, ignoring Pennyworth’s judgmental stare all the while. Drake is sitting at the counter, eyes glued to his laptop, but responding to Grayson with perfect ease, declining the invitation to join them after meeting Damian not so subtle glare. Arms full of food that will send them to an early grave, they head to the media room. A short game of rock, paper, scissors, and Damian grumbles while Grayson picks out a movie that is sure to be dull.

As they settle in to watch, they do not skip the previews, instead, they use them as an excuse to catch up with one another. Dick tells Damian about what he is currently working on in Bludhaven, and Damian gives him a curt update about his (non-existent) social life.

“How is school?” Dick begins casually, opening a bag of candy.

“Boring.” If it was not for the fact that it was a requirement of him, Damian would have long abandoned public education. As far as he was concerned, it was a complete waste of his time. His Father had once suggested that he could transfer to a more advanced school, no doubt tired of hearing the same old complaints, but Damian had declined. He doubted even the so call ‘Advanced’ school could challenge him like he really wanted, not to mention that it would be unfavorable to Jon. Who knows what trouble his friend would get into if Damian was not there to bail him out of it.

“Oh man, I bet it is. I used to hate school back in the day, but now I wish I could go back. You know, even if you think it is boring, there is still plenty of opportunities to make it fun! Clubs and field trips are awesome! I wish I had the time to actually enjoy them more when I was in school. Are you in any Clubs, Dams?” Richard nudges him with his shoulder, a soft smile on his face.

“…No.” Damian does not lean away from the touch, and days nothing when their shoulders keep the contact.

“Hmmm, no time, right? Too bad. I noticed you haven’t bothered to hang out with the Teen Titans recently, any reason why?” Dick is already done with the bag of candy, and he bawls up the wrapper and tosses it into the waste bin by the TV.

“No.” Damian thinks at some point he should at least bother to lie or invade Grayson questions because when is he ever this honest? He is also aware that Grayson would not usually be so bald about it unless he was planning something. He is curious (and tired) enough to see where exactly Grayson is going with all of this. Is it really just them catching up?

“Oh.” Dick shrugs. “What about Jon? Have you talked to him recently?”

“No.”
He has been actively avoiding Jon for a while now.

It is not as difficult as one would think. Jon and Damian still live in different cities, and they are also separated by different grades and schedule when in school. Unless they actively seek each other out, it is easy to go a whole school day without catching a glimpse of one another. Damian has also stopped showing up at Jon apartment whenever he pleases and dragging his friend out on two-man missions. Their own personal base has long since become a hangout spot for the Teen Titans and other young heroes. Damian and Jon had a big fight over that, Jon had not seen a problem with sharing, but Damian thought the opposite.

“Why not?”

“I have been busy.” This is not completely true but is it isn’t a lie either.

“With what?”

“School and Robin.”

“…But Jon goes to the same school as you, right? Why not talk to him then?”

“No.”

“…Don’t you two still go on missions together, outside of the Teen Titans?”

“Yes.” From the corner of his eye, Damian sees Dick perk up at the answer. Unfortunately for his brother, Damian plans to end all this digging. It seems Grayson had just been concerned that he was being more anti-social then usual.

“Any recent missions?” Richard continues, but Damian does not answer, instead, he asks a question of his own. One he knows without a doubt that will have Grayson dropping the topic.

“How are you and Koriand’r doing? You two still dating or have you move on to another ex of yours?” Damian asks with disinterest.

Grayson blinks once before blushing and spluttering.

“W-What? How do you even know about that!?”

Damian snorts, “More like who doesn’t know?”

“Oh my gosh, it was Jason wasn’t it!? That little punk!”

“Maybe you shouldn’t start making out in the middle of a mission Grayson, quite unprofessional if you ask me,” Damian says with a smirk.

Grayson just gaps at him.

As he predicted all questioning came to an abrupt end.

Damian turns to the TV, “Oh look, it’s starting.”

They both turned their focus on the movie, Grayson still looking a bit red in the face. He gets more comfortable in his chair and smiles a little at the pout his older brother now sports on his lip.

The questioning was a thinly veiled attempt at getting answers for his recent behavior, and it leads him to the conclusion that he should put in more effort to act like nothing is wrong. His brother no
doubt meant no harm, and just wanted to make sure that Damian was alright, in his own blunt way. In the end, it set up an opportunity for them to spend time together. He would be lying if he said he didn’t miss Grayson, and spending time with his older adopted brother wasn’t too much of a hardship.

Half-way through the movie, Richard blurts out, “Did you gain weight?” while eyeing his body curiously.

Damian takes back everything. Grayson was a nuisance and his presence was not welcomed.

He does not manage to suppress his recoil at the words, but he does stop himself from covering up his stomach.

“What are you blabbing about Grayson?” Damian hiss through his teeth.

Richard just shrugs, shoving a mouthful of popcorn in his mouth and munching on it. He does not restrain himself from speaking and chewing at the same time, “Alh Dun knuwha, Yar Lugh a bigh Pugheh” He garbles.

“Chew you heathen.”

Grayson swallows, “I don’t know, you look a bit pudgy.” He repeats.

“And you look like you are one cereal bowl away from having a fat ass!” Damian snarls before launching himself up, intending to storm away.

“Rude!” Grayson huffs, but he grabs at Damian's arm before he can march away and yanks him back into his seat.

“I wasn’t trying to insult you little D,” He pleads with the scowling teen, “I just noticed you gained a little weight. That isn’t a bad thing. It just means you are finally growing into your height. Before you know it, you will be just as bulky as Bruce.”

Damian pretends that the idea of being just as muscular as his father doesn’t please him, “Father isn’t bulky Grayson.” He simply says before returning his attention back on the movie.

Richard snorts, “Whatever you say, little D.”

The rest of the movie is watched in a more comfortable atmosphere, and Grayson even stays for dinner and spends the night, but Damian minds rewind back to Grayson comment.

Later in the night, after parole, Damian finds himself standing in front of his bedroom mirror.

He yanks off his shirt until he stands with only his black tight on in his room and turns to examine his side profile.

To an untrained eye, he looks just a bit bloated.

But Damian notices the difference instantly. His normally flat and trimmed stomach has a soft and barely noticeable swell to it.

His eyes remained glued to the mirror, but his arm lift up, and with the faintest tremble, he places his hand on his abdomen.

His breath hitches.
Damian can feel it, he can see it.

He is pregnant with a baby.

He is going to have a baby.

“Oh, God,” Damian whispers, stumbling back on weak feet.

He sits heavily on his bed, bending over to rest his forehead on his knees. The position only makes him more aware as he feels the normally loose waistband dig into his skin.

He is only sixteen.

What about his life? What about being Robin? What about being Batman?

He lets out a whimper and wraps his arms around himself, his nails biting into his skin.

What will his father say? What will he think? What will Bruce Wayne do when he finds out his son is pregnant at sixteen?

Damian does not know.

His future once carefully planned out and known is suddenly swallowed by darkness.

Should I get rid of it?

“NO!” Damian startles himself, flinching away from the volume of his own voice.

He had jolted to his feet when he screamed, but now he sinks back down onto the bed.

“No,” Damian says quieter.

His hand rests protectively on his stomach. He is still buck ass naked in his room, but he pays no mind to his state of dress. Instead, he stares at his belly with bright green eyes, his hand rubbing soft circles into the swell.

“I was the one who had been careless enough to create it, but that does not give me the right to take its life,” Damian says softly into the empty room.

He remembers the Heretic and the brothers who had sacrificed themselves just so he could live. He recalls his own Mother, who had regarded life as something she could manipulate to her own will, mutilating and killing her own offspring when they became worthless to her. His Mother, who dare not make herself vulnerable with pregnancy, and grew him and his brothers in glass spheres. His Mother, who watched and even intervened as he grew in an artificial womb but never thought to correct his autonomy.

Damian never wants to be anything like Talia Al Ghul.

He thinks on his Father, who never set out to be a parent or father figure to anyone, and how it shows. His Father has tried on multiple occasions to rise up, to be better, and Damian is grateful to him for it. However, his Father often falls short or miss the mark completely, and his children suffer for it. Bruce Wayne tries to be a parent, but he is equally quick to set parenting on the back burner in favor of being Batman. While Batman continues on his crusade to save the world all the while not killing, Bruce Wayne children are left alone to figure out the world themselves.

Damian wants to be better than his Father, to surpass him.
I want to keep it.

Damian crumbles at the admission, curling into himself on his bed.

I want to raise it.

He shakes his head, “I can’t, I can’t.” He chokes out.

Why not?

“I am Damian Wayne, son of—” Damian starts.

This child will be son or daughter of Damian Wayne and Damian Wayne alone.

If this was any other time, Damian would be ashamed and angry at the tears that spring from his eyes, heavy enough to roll down brown cheeks that have long lost the baby fat of childhood. Instead, he curls into a tighter ball, trying to push away his own thoughts.

They will love you as you do Father, Grayson, and Alfred. They will thrive as you did under Father, Grayson, and Alfred.

Damian shudders, “I am not fit to be a parent.” He shakes his head, “Anyone but me.”

He has killed so many people, has stolen their lives from him because he once thought, no, believed he had a right too. His Mother and Grandfather had not let him think anything else, and his Mother went a step further to make killing a requirement to see his own Father. Not to mention the fact that he only lived now because he had been first. He could have so easily been born and turned into the Heretic by his own Mother or mutated and turned into a soldier a part of an army by his own Grandfather.

“What sane person would birth a child into such a lineage of horror and tragedy?” He whispers brokenly.

A person who intends to change and better their lineage. To change it from one soaked in tragedy and horror, into one who moves past the tragedy and learns from the horror.

Damian stills.

“Had that not been my goal all along?”

No.

Not really.

“Oh.”

Damian unfolds himself and gets up and off his bed. He walks back to the mirror and stares.

“I am Damian Wayne.” He says to the mirror.

He puts his hand on his stomach, “I am going to have a baby.” His red, puffy-eyed reflection mirrors the words back at him.

He pauses.

“I am going to raise a baby.” The words are not confident, they are said more like an unsure question
than a statement or fact.

Still, he does mean them. While the growing child in his belly had been unwanted and even rejected at first, he cannot bring himself to end its life, and the idea of raising it himself becomes less scary and impossible as the minute’s tick by.

He straightens into his full height of six foot and two inches and stares into grim green eyes with determination.

“I, Damian Al Ghul Wayne, at the age of Sixteen, have gotten myself pregnant with a bastard child. I am going to take full responsibility for my careless actions and raise my baby.” He declares firmly.

Damian Wayne is no coward.

He had once been foolish enough to think that denying the consequences of That Night would make it go away, but now he sees how childish and utterly dumb the act had been. And it had been just that, an act. Subconsciously, he had known the moment that he had seen the first positive pregnancy test. He knew he would not have an abortion. He knew himself incapable of the act. Damian had known that his life would change drastically from its original course from that point on, but he had not wanted to acknowledge it, much less accept it.

Until now.

Brimming with a new purpose, Damian walks over to his phone and picks it up.

Its four in the morning, but he is sure to be awake, unlike most people. Maybe he should wait and think on a more appropriate way to break the news, but he is impatient. Sending a text message of such important information is something only a plebian would do, so Damian won’t. However, now that he has accepted the truth, withholding it from him even a second longer seems not only unfair but unwise.

The glow of his phone light up his face in the dark room. Tan fingers tap at the flat glass screen until he is in his contract. The list is short, there are less than thirty numbers and most of them are his family. He scrolls down and stops at the only contact that doesn’t have a full name. The word that label the contact isn’t even a name, but a word. The profile picture is simple and generic. It is a flower.

He keeps the message short. His fingers tremble as he types it out.

Damian hits send before he can second guess himself and puts his phone down face first on his nightstand. He climbs into his bed with his heart in his throat, and barely fights down the urge to fetch his phone.

Chapter End Notes

So, what do you guys think? :)
It only takes a single day, a few hours at the most, for Damian to educate himself on the topic of human biology. He, of course, mostly focus on male pregnancy and childbirth. Most of the information he had already been aware of, but a few bits and pieces were new and enlightening. At fourteen weeks pregnant, his baby is still small, but he or she can make faces and can now apparently urinate. It is a pretty gross fact to learn that his baby is peeing in him, but it is also fascinating. He also knows that his baby will be active from this point on.

He knows all of this because of the app he installed on his phone. The app, with the dumb name of Prego Prog, was the most popular and had the most positive reviews in the App Store. Damian didn’t really care why the pregnant women, and few men, raved about it, he just needed it to be competent. For such a high rating app, Damian thought it barely scraped by. The details were barely a paragraph long, and the images were bland. At least this app bothered to show the difference between male and female pregnancies, with images to match.

Damian was currently slumped over his phone, scrolling through Prego Prog out of sheer boredom. He already absorbed everything the pathetic app had to offer, but he still found himself opening it up and reading through it as if he hadn’t. It beats thinking about other things, such as his family, or the person who help get him into this mess in the first place. He pointedly does not open his messages.

He was currently in a Pregnancy Center in Metropolis in the early hours of the morning. He had hoped that it would have been empty given that it was in the middle of the week, but it was not.

“Oh, I have that same application.” A plump, young woman comment as she sits down next to him, peering over his shoulder at his phone.

“Fascinating,” Damian deadpans. He resists the urge to lean away from the woman who felt the bizarre need to pick the empty seat next to him. As if there weren’t plenty of other seats to take in the barren room. All the other patrons, all female, made a point to sit as far away from him as possible.

“Yes, isn’t it amazing how they show both female and male pregnancies? Not many apps do that,
even in this day and age. Sad really. You would think the people behind it would be more caught up with the times.” The woman says, pulling out her own phone to play a game on it, while her hand rests on her obviously pregnant belly.

“Hmm.” Damian hums as he let his black hood fall further over his face, bringing his phone closer in the hopes the babbling woman would get the message that he does not wish to be bothered.

The woman puts her phone away and turns to him with a friendly smile, “My name is Stacy,” she introduces herself without prompt, offering her hand to be shaken.

Damian does not even turn his head to her, but after an awkward pause, he does incline it in acknowledgment.

Stacy drops her hand and shifts nervously in her seat, but she continues to make conversation, “I just past my six-month mark, and my little girl is a kicker! What about you? How far along are you?” She leans in close, looking very interested.

Damian closes out his phone and stuffs it into the front pocket of his hoodie. He ignores her in favor of glancing around the room. A redheaded woman with her stomach just barely beginning to stretch out her shirt stares him down from the other end of the room. Another woman seated a few seats away from the redhead glances up from her phone often to shoot him looks of open disgust and contempt.

“Fourteen weeks and six days.” Damian eventually says to Stacy.

Stacy friendly smile returns in full force, “You are already in your second trimester? How wonderful! It won’t be long before you are showing. I heard that men tend to ‘pop’ out faster than a woman.” She gushes.

He had noticed the small growth in his stomach even after only a week, and it makes him wonder how he was able to go so long ignoring it. It also brought up the matter of just how long he would be able to hide his pregnancy from this point onward. Already Dick had noticed his stomach, and out of everyone in his family, his older brother tended to be the least observant, or more accurately, he usually was more relaxed outside the suit.

Damian clenches his hands, eyes focusing on the muted TV.

He will have very limited time to figure everything out before his family and by default, his friends get word of his pregnancy. His denial ate up most of his time, and now he silently curses at himself for being so unbelievably stupid. No matter what, Damian needs to be in control of the situation. He obviously isn’t the only one responsible but given that it was his body that will be carrying the burden of new life, he will damn well be the one to have the last say.

“Four months I was already showing. It will only be one more month before you can find out the gender of your baby. I had personally wished to find out sooner, but hubby insisted on waiting so it will be more accurate. It was so exciting to learn that hubby and I was having a little girl. I’m already making plans for my baby shower, though it is still a few months away. I was thinking of an ocean themed instead of the boring and typical all pink.” Stacy says, cutting into his thoughts with her voice, while pulling out her phone to show him the pictures of the party theme, practically shoving the device up his nostrils.

Damian nods and grunts in all the right places, leaning away from her phone, as he shifts his numbing ass. He bites back insults with practice ease as Stacy continues to talk his ear off, his phone somehow finds its way back in his hand, the Preg Prog app open once again.
Stacy eventually gets the message that he wants to be left alone when he ignores all of her other prodding questions, and eventually get up to go bother another patron.

“Drake Todd?” Calls a nurse from an open door, a clipboard in her hand as she peers at the clients in the waiting room.

Damian smirks and stands up.

The nurse does a double take as Damian walks towards her.

“D-Drake Todd?” She says questioningly. The nurse has to crane her neck to look up at his face.

Damian grunts.

“R-Right this way, sir.” She opens the door wider for him to step through.

The nurse directs him to step on a scale to weigh him and get his height. She then guides him into one of the many rooms in the back and tells him to either take a seat or to lay down on the uncomfortable looking bed. He does none of these things. Instead, he stalks around the room, examining the equipment and medical tools it was stocked with. The room was already equipped with an ultrasound. Diagrams and posters on the wall show pictures of fetuses in different stages of pregnancy and warned against doing certain things while pregnant.

The Nurse nervously shifts behind him, clutching the clipboard to her chest like a shield, “Um, ahem, right. Um, my name is Ms. Bawler, and I will be your nurse for the day. The doctor will be without in just a few minutes, she is just finishing up with another patient. Um, uh, while you wait, um, I just wanted to confirm a few things with you.”

“Fine. Ask your questions,” Damian says briskly, finally sitting down on the plastic stuffed with cotton they called a bed.

Ms. Bawler gulps and nods nervously. Honestly, what was with this boy? He was not what she expected at all! First, for being only sixteen, he was quite tall and intimidating. What was with that dark scowl he had on his face? It was seriously scary. She wasn’t going to get mugged, was she? Oh gosh, what if this is some kind of horrible prank. Maybe she should trade out with Mrs. Jewel. That old woman never took anyone shit. Even male doctors know to be on their best behaviors when she was around. Oh man, she regrets being so excited only moments before, but she couldn’t help herself. The moment she heard that they actually got a male patient, she was all too happy to volunteer to be his nurse. Male Pregnancy has always fascinated her, and she had never got an opportunity to be in direct contact with a pregnant male until now.

Also, he was sixteen? Gosh, what did it say about the world that she barely even blinks at his young age. Seriously, that was a little too sad, even for her. He must have already got his parents to consent to the appointment, but it said a lot about them that they weren’t here with their kid. Though she wouldn’t be surprised if he somehow forged the consent, it has happened before.

“Tsk. Hey lady, are you going to ask your questions or what?” Snaps the said pregnant male, his scowl turning into a laser beaming glare.

Ms. Bawler jumps and lets out an embarrassingly high squeak.

“Oh my, I’m so sorry, Mr. Todd,” She says to the patient. Also, ‘Lady’? What the hell. Didn’t she say her name was Ms. Bawler? This kid was seriously rude.

She glances down at her clipboard and sets to work, “Um, uh, i-it says here that you are already
fourteen weeks along, but this is your first prenatal visit. I’m going to briefly go over what it is you can expect from today and just wanted to confirm a bit of the information you gave us.”

The kid just pulls out his phone and grunts.

She squints at the brat. Was that a yes or a no?

“Aren’t you on a schedule? Quickly give me a run down already,” The brat grumbles and only pulls his eyes away from his phone to pine her down with pretty green eyes.

She blinks, but her mouth starts moving. This speech comes to her with ease, and though his eyes return to his phone, it is obvious to her that he is listening to everything she says. When she asks him questions about his health to fill out the parts of the form he left blank, his either answers with minimum words or doesn’t bother to answer at all, which is fine for the most part. She goes on to take his blood pressure and asks for a urine sample.

“Alright, that is all. I will just go and get Dr. Baker. It will be a few minutes, so while you wait, please change into the examination clothes,” Ms. Bawler tells the patient with a somewhat forced smile.

The patient, Mr. Todd, just grunts. She rolls her eyes and leaves. Somehow, she already knows that was a grunt of agreement.

At least he isn’t a nervous wreck like some teenagers tend to be at their first check-up. In fact, Mr. Todd seems to be overly calm if not a bit irritable. She should just be happy she didn’t blab out anything stupid like her mind really wants too. She knows the ins and outs of male pregnancy but seeing it in real life just makes her want to blurt out the dumbest things. Like for instance; Is it really true you have both male and female genitals?

“Yes,” She tells herself with another roll of her eyes. She has seen pictures, both scientific and none. She personally went out of her way to study up on the topic even outside of her normal course. Still, reality brings things into a certain perspective.

For one, she always pictured a more effeminate male in her head, and for the most part, it seemed to be true online. After all, males who were able to get pregnant had both. She does wonders why they aren’t called anything else other than males? Maybe a trans male was the correct term? Or a trans female? She had no clue since technically, they are both male and female. Not to mention it could go the opposite way as well, but that was even rarer for whatever reason. She couldn’t even find pictures of females who have both reproduction parts other than artist rendition of the autonomy. Apparently, it isn’t quite the same thing, which has many scientist and doctors around the world scratching their head as to why.

Great, now she really wants to return to her research.

She sighs and shakes her head and pick up her pace. She needs to hurry and get Dr. Baker.

Damian quickly put on the paper like clothes colored in an ugly light green, leaving his boxer on for the moment. He had read online that some facilities allow you to keep your clothes on during the examination, but he chose this one for how more thorough and cautious they were.

He sits back down on the uncomfortable bed, wincing a bit at the loud crinkling sound the paper makes when he does. His phone teleports into the palm of his hand, and his thumb automatically goes through the motions even with his mind on something else completely.

Namely, the Kent Family.
There was just no way around it. Their super hearing will be his downfall unless he intervenes before either of them can get word back to any of his family. The only reason he can think of as to why he has yet to be discovered is sheer dumb luck and the fact that none of the Kent family, other than Jon, would actively seek out his heartbeat unless it was an emergency. For the most part, it seems like most of them only use it when it involves hero work and turns it off when they go back to their persona of normal people. Damian recalls his father once grumbling about Clark intervening in his work in the earlier days because he didn’t ever shut off his hearing.

The sound of the door opening to the room has him looking up. Standing in the doorway is an elder woman with the typical white coat of most doctors over dark blue scrubs. Her face is carefully neutral as she steps into the room.

“Hello,” She greets sticking out a hand for him to shake, “My name is Dr. Baker.”

Damian takes her hand and gives a firm curt shake. She returns it and sits down on a small white stool with wheels.

“So, Mr. Todd, I heard this is your first prenatal appointment since you got pregnant, correct?” Dr. Baker asks as she flips through the papers on her clipboard.

“That is correct,” Damian reply comes out much calmer then he actually feels. He can feel his heartbeat pick up in his chest and has to suppress the urge to cross his hands over his stomach. Instead, he fiddles with his phone, letting the screen turn black as he gives the doctor his full attention.

“May I ask why you waited so long to be looked at?” Dr. Baker says as she starts by giving him a basic checkup. His heartbeat is listened to as well as his lungs, and his eyes and ears are checked.

“No.

“I did not have the time to set up an appointment until now,” He tells her.

“Hmm,” Dr. Baker writes something on her paper before looking up, “Well, everything sounds pretty normal. It says here that you never had any medical problems in the past?”

Damian’s heart jumps into his throat, “No. None,” He tells her, ignoring how his voice cracks a bit.

Dr. Baker tilts her head down so that she can stare at him over the rim of her silver glasses, “Are you sure, Mr. Todd? I do want you to be aware that any past medical history must be properly known in the case of it negatively affecting your pregnancy. Your age is already a factor. Please do not be afraid to speak up. It can only help you and your baby.” She says firmly but kindly.

Damian knew that already.

In fact, he could tell her exactly what the injury, where he got it, and how it would affect his pregnancy.

Instead, he simply musters up a bland smile and says, “Yes Ma’am I am sure.”

Dr. Baker stares him down a few seconds longer before moving on, “Well, alright.” She says with a small sigh, “How are you feeling today, Mr. Todd? How has your pregnancy treated you so far? Please leave nothing out.”

Damian is honest, and tell her everything, even the stuff he would rather keep hidden. The questions are as uncomfortable and awkward as he thought they would be, but he plows on. When it comes to
questions about the baby's other parent, Damian gives up only the basics and shrugs on the other more personal details (He knows it though, he dug up everything he could find, barely stopping short of going through personal files.) Family medical history is another topic he practically skips over completely.

Dr. Baker is attentive and engaging. She lets him speak and answer all of his questions, even explaining things further without prompt. They talk for a bit longer before Dr. Baker politely asks if she can measure his stomach, which he allows.

“You are already starting to show quite a bit, Mr. Todd, though I guess it doesn’t look like much from an untrained eye.” She comments with a small smile.

Damian is asked to take off his boxers and to lay down on the examination table. Dr. Baker leaves when he does and only comes back when he tells her he is ready. She explains everything that she is doing, even though the Nurse already told him.

Damian appreciates it more then he thought, and it calms his frayed nerves.

“Here lay down, let’s go ahead and get the uncomfortable part over with so we can finally hear your baby.” Dr. Baker tells him, before moving to the end of the bed, and rests a gentle hand on his closed knees, “Now just relax Mr. Todd, I will try to be as quick as I can.” She soothes.

When instructed to part he knees he does so with gritted teeth, trying to ignore how embarrassed he was and fighting down the urge to close his legs. The prods to his female genital are gently but feel extremely invasive.

He wonders how he was able to allow anyone to once get this close to him without murdering them on the spot. But that thought quickly bring up images of him, and suddenly he doesn’t know rather to be angry or embarrassed. While he is waring with his stupid emotions, Dr. Baker finishes up her exam.

“Does everything look good,” He doesn’t mean to snap the words out or glare while he says them, but vulnerability always makes him want to bite or maim something.

Dr. Baker, for her credit, simply raises an eyebrow, “Everything is alright, Mr. Todd. There was nothing out of the ordinary,” She pulls off her gloves and moves to the sink to wash her hands.

“What about the tests? When will I get the results of those back?” Damian asks, quickly closing his legs and resisting the urge to squirm.

“A week at the most. I will leave the room, so you can put on your clothes. Afterward, we can listen to your baby heartbeat and see them just to make sure everything is alright.” She says gently before leaving the room with a soft click of the door.

Damian did not need to be told twice. He ripped off the flimsy clothing and quickly pulled on his own after adjusting the plain black bands around his wrists, ankles, and neck. They were prototypes made by Drake, long abandoned after he moved on to an upgraded version of them. As of yet, they had no official name, but their purpose was a simple one; a disguise. At the moment, he did not look like Damian Wayne. No, he now looked like the love child between Koriand’r and Dick Grayson. Both were easy subjects to steal DNA from, and after inputting it into a computer and randomizing it, he was given his current appearance.

There is a knock at the door, “Are you done, Mr. Todd?”

Damian adjusts his hoody and calls out a curt affirmative.
He is once again asked to lay down on the bed while Dr. Baker turns on the ultrasound machine.

“While I get this setup, I want to ask if you would like to know the gender of your baby right now, or if you would prefer to wait?” Dr. Baker asks kindly. This isn’t something she normally suggests. It would be wiser to wait until he was five months along. She was no novice, but even she sometimes got the gender of the baby wrong the early in.

Unlike, in the beginning, she had thought the boy would be quite rude based on what Ms. Bawler was saying, but when she walked in, all she saw was a teenager who was alone yet surprisingly calm and mature. His appearance would make anyone a bit weary, though he was an attractive boy, he faces seeming to be permanently scrunched up in a scowl or a frown. He was a bit snappish, but unlike most pregnant teens she had to deal with, he was not at all afraid to go into detail or ask questions. He actually listened when she was talking and even seem to follow exactly what she was talking about with perfect ease. He took her cautions about his age working against him well, nodding as if he already was aware.

“Yes,” Damian practically says the words on top of Dr. Baker question. He knew the moment he set up the appointment back at the Manor that he wanted to know his baby’s gender. The sooner he knew the details the easier it would be able to plan with it in mind. Also, he was impatient and saw no appeal in withholding the answer until a certain time or even until he actually gives birth to his baby.

He lifts up his shirt with trembling fingers when instructed. He does not flinch when the cool gel is poured on his barely swelling belly. He twists his head, so he can get a better view of the small black and grey screen. The moment the sensor is pressed to his belly, his breath catches in his throat and his heart skips two beats.

The heartbeat is the first thing he hears. It is faster then he thought it would be, and the sound has tears attempting to escape from his eyes. Swallowing is suddenly a difficult task, and he angrily wipes at his blurry eyes, so he can better focus on the screen. The image is like all the ones he saw online, made up of black, grey and white. On it, he can see his baby in his womb. Its tiny heartbeat in sync with the sound, and he see all four limbs move every now again.

Dr. Baker is speaking to him, she is explaining everything carefully and calmly, pointing to the image on the screen to point out certain things, but it is all white noise to him.

“What are they? What is the gender?” He asks over her explanation of the bones forming.

Dr. Baker doesn’t say anything about being talked over, instead, she peers at the screen with squinted eyes, moving the sensor around his stomach to get a better view.

“Oh,” She says blinking and pulling back from the screen.

“What? What!” Damian nearly growls losing patience fast. He strains his neck to try to see what the doctor did but notices nothing out of the ordinary.

Dr. Baker adjusts her glasses and lets out a little laugh, “Oh it is nothing bad Mr. Todd, just was a little startled. I didn’t expect to get that clear of a view of the little one genitals.”

Damian can feel a vein throb on his temple from the force of the glare he levels at the doctor, who can’t stop herself from flinching a bit.

“Well?” He hisses, “What are they? What is my baby?”

Dr. Baker resists the urge to back up from the patient and returns to looking at the screen, “Oh, um it
is a boy, Mr. Todd. Well, I guess it would be more accurate to state that I suspect it is a boy in the sense like yourself.”

His glare abates instantly. “A boy?” He whispers to himself, blinking rapidly. His arm twitches as if to come up and cradle his stomach, but then he recalls what else the doctor said, and he twists his neck to look at the black and white image on the screen.

He squints at it, trying to see what Dr. Baker did, “Like me? How do you know.” He demands.

Dr. Baker pushes her glasses back to the bridge of her nose, a small smile playing at her lips as she stares at the image.

“Well, for one, he seems to be missing external testicles. You see here,” She circles an image in on the ultrasound, adjusting the sensor on his belly so they both can see better, “He does have a penis, small and obviously still in development, but below, he is missing them.” Dr. Baker says calmly. On the screen, it was hard to make out much, but the baby just happens to be in a perfect position.

Damian raised an eyebrow but said nothing about that, peering closely to the image. He nods once, “Yes, I do see what you mean. And below it, there is a vagina, correct? Are you sure this isn’t a simple birth defect?” Damian asks with worry, biting his lip.

Dr. Baker shakes her head, “Honestly, I can only make educated guesses. It does seem that way to me now, but it might just change later. It is uncommon, but this isn’t the first time I have ever seen a fetus like this. He just might be a boy with a little extra just like his daddy,” She says with a small smile.

Damian’s brain comes to a halt at daddy before vaulting over that word and deleting it from his mind.

“A boy,” He says, placing his hands at the bottom of his belly, avoiding the gel so he can cradle his stomach, “Just like me, a little boy.”

This time, he doesn’t stop the tears from falling.

He will later blame it on hormones.

Chapter End Notes

LOL, I have no patience. Also, what do you guys think? Please leave a comment below. :D
Failed Birth Control?

Chapter Summary

Damian acknowledges just how the pregnancy came to be and how he lost contact with Colin, his first friend. (Part 1)

Chapter Notes

This is a bridging chapter.

Edited 7/4/2019
Added on a bit more to this chapter. Please re-read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Failed Birth Control?

Damian’s unexpected pregnancy was his own fault. He comes to this conclusion as he watches as the nurse finishes up his paperwork at the front desk with dull eyes, his hand pressed to his belly.

It was a stupid mistake anyone could have made (Which made the fact all the more grating).

He had been so caught up in the mission he was doing at the time, striving with determination to help and be of use, that the renewal of his birth control completely slipped his mind. Eventually, he does remember it. Though it was almost a week after he was scheduled to go in. He didn’t give that fact much thought, confident that the medicine would overlap enough to give him some leeway.

It obviously didn’t.

Damian takes the paper handed to him with numb fingers and walks out. His has no intentions to return for a follow-up exam.

Can you get pregnant when on birth control? He types into his phone browser, now sitting in his car. He already knows the answer. He does, but still, he looks it up anyway.

The answer is repeated no matter how many links he clicks on.

Yes, you can get pregnant when on birth control. But, very rarely is the fault within the birth control itself. Human Error is usually the factor that causes for the incident to occur. No matter what, you must take your birth control on time, even missing one pill can open the possibilities of pregnancy. If you use other long term methods, be sure to renew it within the proper time slot.

Damian had done plenty of reckless and downright stupid things in his life, but that had been him as Robin. The danger was always around the corner, and it was often necessary to take risks. Sometimes the most outlandish plan was needed to save the day. He knows this. This information was nothing new.
He often tries to strive for a solid plan before jumping into action. Once, it had been a feat for him to actually listen and take orders from his father and Grayson. It was still something he struggled with. Now, he knows just how futile it can be to hope that everything goes accordingly. Still, he couldn’t shake the habit to try to control how the outcome, not once Grayson and his father taught him how.

But, for once in his life, he had thrown all of that out the window. He had an impulse and made a split second decision. It was something he hadn’t done in a long time. Especially not as Damian Wayne, youngest son of Bruce Wayne, the playboy billionaire.

He had once thrived under the limelight. Back then, Robin and Damian Wayne had been the same person. He had seen little point in putting up a front or playing into a certain role for the sake of the public. He had thought Grayson, Drake and even Thomas were being ridiculous and phony. A few years later, Damian found himself doing the exact same for his sanity. Distant was necessary. Too many times innocent people got dragged into their world because he or someone else was careless. If that means he was now known as the ‘stick in the mud’ son, then so be it. He has nothing to prove to anyone, and those close to him know him for what he truly is.

Damian had thought he could handle the new role.

His acting skills were something he was secretly proud of, and it was all too easy to go from lapping up the attention that was given to him to being stoic and a know it all. How often did he stare down an idiot who thought themselves cunning or give no reaction to anyone who sought out one? But his persona wasn’t just for the press, but also the dimwits he called his schoolmates.

Suddenly, the only time Damian could be himself was when he was at home or being Robin. Fewer people saw him for who he truly was, and they were quick to make snap judgments. It started to get under his skin.

It had happened a few days before he had gone in to get a new implant in his arm. Maya had blackmailed asked Damian to attend a typical and utterly dull high school party with her.

There he met an old friend, Colin Wilkes.

Colin was his first friend. He hadn’t been scared away by Damian’s abrasive personality, and even stuck with him even after learning his father dressed up as one of his greatest fears. Colin had been a breath of fresh air Damian hadn’t known he even needed. That is why when Colin did get adopted, nearly a year after they met, Damian did not take it too well.

He was happy that his friend was finally able to find a family that could love and cares for him, but he had not been ready to say goodbye. Colin had been happy about his new mother and sister and gushed about them until he was officially adopted. He had often offered for Damian to meet them, almost pleading with bright blue eyes and a pouting lip, but Damian had always refused. Why would he want to see the people who were taking away his one and only friend? Even worst was the fact that the mother and daughter seemed to be genuinely good people. Colin adopted mother name had been Lyndsey if Damian remembers correctly, and her daughter had been named something utterly simple and mundane. Ginger, he recalls. Ginger and Colin had actually been the same age, at least according to Colin, who babbled about how both mother and daughter where redheads like himself.

Damian would not be himself if he hadn’t looked them up despite not wanting to meet them in person and did a thorough background check on the woman who wanted to adopt his friend. She was the oldest out of two other siblings. Her father was currently a Mayor while her mother seemed to be an old housewife, enjoying the luxury life her husband provided. They both sounded like snotty bastards, but Damian was the last person to judge anyone on that. Plus, he was sure if it was Colin, he could charm his soon to be grandparents to the point that he would have them wrapped
around his fingers.

Damian should have just been happy for his friend. He should have met his friend new family and enjoy the little time they had left in Gotham together. He should have been nicer to Colin.

Instead, Damian had not wanted anything to do with Colin and his new family and had begun pulling away from him before he was even officially adopted. It was only when he was really lonely and missing Colin bright laugh and easy going personality that he pushed away his bitter feelings to actually hang out with his friend, but when they finally met, all Colin talked about was his new family, and Damian couldn’t stand it. Why was he so happy to leave? Did he not care that he was leaving Damian behind!? Damian did not want Colin to go.

In the end, Damian was blinded by his own pain and pushed Colin away before he could be hurt anymore. He refused to meet up with Colin once the adoption became official. Even after Greyson scolded him for being pig-headed, Damian still wouldn’t budge.

Colin tried one last time to reach out to him before he left, inviting him to his going away party and even telling him when he was to board the plane that will take him to his new home. Damian ignored him, focusing all his energy and thought into Robin, not even giving himself time to register that Colin would actually be gone.

Damian later come to regret not taking the branch Colin had reached out to him, and often would think about looking his old friend up to properly apologies about his shitty behavior and make things right between them, but it always ends up on the back burner in favor of his life as Robin and son of Bruce Wayne. Before he knows it, he is sixteen, and looking back, wondering why he never went through with it. Damian eventually learned to just live with the regret. After all the time that has past, surely Colin has long moved on and made plenty of new friends.

But, almost four years after Colin was adopted, his childhood friend was back. Or more accurately, Damian and Colin just happen to cross paths.

Even though meeting Colin again did turn his world upside down, it only played a small factor in his current predicament.

It was the party, or more accurately, it was the person he met at the party. It was that person, who was the father of his baby, that he planned to meet later today.

Damian can no longer put it off. He is already 14 weeks along and starting to show. Even though he was filled with trepidation, he was also eager to just get this over with. How awkward it has been for him to go to school and sit in the same class with the person that got him pregnant. He had to talk to him, knowing that he carried the others baby in his stomach. He had been so determined to keep up the charade that everything was fine.

He would have preferred to break the news to his family before the father of his child, but it was no small task to get any of the members of the Bat-family in one place and keep them there for more than thirty minutes.

Damian figured the other teenager would be the lesser of two evils anyway. He would be in the same boat as Damian, after all.

Chapter End Notes
What do you guys think? Please let me know below! Comments can really help me think certain things through and help me push out a chapter faster.

Next Chapter will be a flashback.
Maya and a very reluctant Damian get ready to go to their first house party.

I was listening to my kpop playlist on youtube when writing this chapter and it totally leaked through. ^^” Hopefully it isn’t too bothersome.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Flashback – Post Pregnancy

“Maya is this really necessary?” Damian grumbles, glaring at his reflection in the mirror while his sister, standing directly behind him, messing with his hair.

Maya Ducard, Aka Nobody, rolls her brown eyes at her little brother, her tan fingers brushing a stay strand of short black hair away from his forehead.

“Stop being so grumpy little bro, you look good! And jeans and a plain shirt is just not going to cut it where we are going,” She says with a grin.

“And just where exactly is that? You have not told me, and in case you have sudden amnesia, I do not like surprises Ducard,” Damian tugs at the skin-tight leather pants, not bothering to hide his grimace.

Maya knocks him aside with her hip, adjusting her high waisted black skirt, and thigh high stockings, striking a pose and giving herself a little wink. She laughs and turns to Damian with a smile.

“We are going to a Party,” She declares with jazz hands.

Damian turns towards the door, “No thank you,” he declares, intent on leaving.

“Ah, wait!” Maya grabs the back of his sleeveless red shirt, “No, no, no, nu-uh, little bro. There is no getting out of it this time, you promised me. Remember?”

“I have no memory of anything like that happening, and therefore it is forfeit,” Damian smack her hand away lightly but turns to sit on the bed instead of walking out the door.

Maya pulls out her phone and puts it on speaker with a smirk.

“I, Damimrgh WAYNE declare to graaaaACE you peasants with my PREscenccccce at this stooooprid party. There are ou haprry? Can you shurt urp norw? Mah head hurts.” Declares an obviously drunk sounding Damian from her phone.

No doubt it had been right after he had been drugged by an exasperated Alfred. Maya had joined
them on patrol that night because they had needed the extra help. Both Todd and Grayson had been injured the previous night and Alfred wouldn’t budge on his stance to not let them patrol. Damian had been determined to tack on their slack all by himself and the next thing he knew he was being manhandled into a medical bed right beside a smirking Todd and worried Grayson.

Turns out, running straight into a trap and then trying to take down a wave of goons without calling backup was a bad idea.

Nobody (hah) had been impressed with him that night, and everyone had been all too eager to take a stab at lecturing him for being irresponsible. Even Maya had jumped in near the end and extracted that promise. She had always bugged him about ‘normal teenage life’ and how she wanted to experience it all, even the boring and pointless side of it (according to him) that included house parties.

The only good thing about that situation is that everyone had been so concerned with his injuries that they completely forgot to punish him for his action. Not that Damian had been pleased at that time. His dumb stint had ended up with him skipping some nights as Robin as he was forced to wait until he completely recovered to go back out.

“Tsk.”

Maya pumps her fist in the air, “VICTORY!”

Damian just “Tsk,” again.

Maya clamber onto her bed and behind him, equip with a comb and brush, “Alright, let me just put the finishing touched on your hair and then we can do your eyes,” she says happily and gets to work.

If this was anyone other than Maya, he would have pushed them away and stormed off, but this was his older sister, and he has long given up pretending that he wouldn’t do anything to make her happy. Despite everything, he has gone through, and everything he has put her through, she still sticks to his side like glue, not wavering in the least. Very few people in this world do that for him, and he cherishes every single one. Maya is the easiest out of all of them to openly express his appreciation and affection, along with Greyson.

“What are you going to do to my eyes?” He asks her, pulling out his phone to past time faster.

“So, I was watching some old YouTube videos of my favorite Korean pop idols, and I really loved how one of their eye makeup was done. I am going to try to recreate it on you. It is really subtle, Dami, you’re going to love it, I swear!” She tells him, styling the top of his hair with her fingers.

“Hmm, what was the name again? The one that you really liked?”

Damian did not particularly care about the sudden popularity of Korean music, and he didn’t really get why it became trendy. He does know that it seems to have spread like a disease when he was not looking, and now it was all anyone can talk about, especially at his school. Maya apparently got into K-pop a lot sooner, or so she claimed and was still a fan.

“Boy group or Girl group? I like a lot of them.”

“Boy.”

“Ikon? Oh, no wait, SEVENTEEN! I like SEVENTEEN!”

“Who?”
Maya sighs, “They can dance really well and have amazing music. I just showed you their recent video when you came in.”

“Ah, them? I guess they weren’t bad.”

“Dude, they were more than ‘not bad’ they were pretty amazing, right? I totally need to show you choreography video of them soon, and then you will see.”

Damian just shrugs, not really interested.

Maya stares at Damian's hair. She brushed up the top of his hair, the only part that was long enough to brush, into it's usual spikey do, with an added part at the side.

“No, I don’t like that,” She tells Damian before she begins brushing the spikes away until his hair is flat.

Damian blinks, “Wait, what are you doing? Argh, Maya, leave it like it was.” He reaches his hand up to return his spike to their original and proper form but is rebuffed.

“Let’s try something different today Damian. You have been wearing that hairstyle since you turned thirteen. Here, you even have some cute little bangs.” She says, picking up a small mirror so he can see.

“Cute? Do I look like I want to be cute?” He tries to shove his hair back into its usual spikes, but Maya slaps his hand away with a pout.

“You said I can pick out your clothes and dress you Dami…”

Damian stares at himself in the mirror. His ‘bangs’ were uneven and fell into his eyes, making him want to blink and push the hair away.

“Cut it.” He grumbles, looking away.

“Huh? What was that?” Maya leans in close, so she can stare at him through the small mirror.

“Cut it. It would be annoying to have to keep brushing them out of my eyes.”

Maya blinks once before her brown eye widens and starts to sparkle a bit, “OH MY GOSH! Then you will look like Hoshi!”

“Who?”

“Ugh, I seriously need to give you a proper K-pop education. Look, here, this is him. You mind letting me cut it, so it looks like his hairstyle here?” Maya shows him a picture on her phone.

Damian raised an eyebrow and looks up at her, “You saved that to your phone?”

Maya blushes, “Well why not? He looks cute, and I love how he looks in this era. It came in handy didn’t it?” She defends herself, pulling her phone to her chest.

Damian shrugs and smirks a little, “I’m sure that wasn’t all it was used for.”

Maya thumps him over the head, still blushing. “Shush.”

“I don’t mind, you can cut it however you like. It will just grow back anyway.” Damian says, answering her earlier question.
Maya practically beams, “Oh man, this is going to be awesome. Here, let’s go to the bathroom across from my room, there are scissors to cut hair in there.”

Maya and Damian leave the bed and her room to go to the bathroom. Maya drags a chair from the dining table into the small room and gesture for him to sit. Damian can’t help but eye all the products cluttered around the counter.

“What does that do?”

“Hmm? Oh, that is just something to help prep your eye for eyeshadow.”

“Huh?”

“Nothing. Just sit still.”

Damian turns around to eye the scissors Maya is holding in her hand, “Hey, you do know what you are doing right?”

Maya flaps her hand at him and turns his head back to the mirror, “Yeah it shouldn’t be too hard. I’m just making your bangs even.”

Damian frowns, “So you haven’t done this before?”

Maya just laughs.

“That isn’t an answer…”

Maya just laughs again.

“I am amazing.” Maya gushes to herself, standing proud with her hand on her hips.

Damian messes with his now short and even bangs, frowning.

“This piece is longer,” He says, separating a single strand of black hair that was indeed a bit longer. He shows Maya.

She scowls, “Really, bro?”

Damian shrugs and smirks.

She flicks his nose and sticks out her tongue.

Damian jabs Maya in the side and she instantly flinches and let out a tiny giggle before scowling again.

“Dude, you suck! You know I am like, extremely ticklish!” She says covering her stomach.

Damian just laughs and tries to poke her again, which leads to them squabbling for a few minutes, giggling like toddlers before they calm down again.

“So, where is this dumb party at? Who is the host? What is your relationship with this person? Are they dumb? I am allergic to dumb,” Damian tells her seriously.
Maya rolls her eyes, “It’s Becky, Damian, you met Becky. She shares like three classes with you.”

“I am allergic to dumb,” He repeats.

Maya smacks him, and he swats at her back.

“Becky is nice,” Maya says sounding a bit out of breath after their second squabble.

“Becky eats with her mouth open. It is an affront the people of this world should not stand for.” Damian declares with a frown.

“You are being an ass.”

“Ah, my final form.”

“Dude.”

“Why do you even want to go to this party so bad? It is a waste of valuable time. We should be doing more productive things,” Damian says with a frownier frown.

If one could not tell until now, Damian is very reluctant to attend a gathering of teenagers. He could barely stand the mandatory balls his father was forced to host from time to time, and that mostly involved adults. He saw no appeal with taking time outside of school to hang with his classmates voluntary.

Maya pulls at the hem of her skirt and shrugs, “I don’t know, maybe because I never got the chance to be normal until now. And I would have followed in my father footsteps and been just like him if it wasn’t for you Dami, so I want to share this experience with you too. It’s not like you don’t need it, lil bro. Even now, you still avoid making a friend on your own. Jon and I have made an effort to introduce you to our friends, but you rarely go out of your way to be friendly with them unless one of us is present.”

Maya had transferred to the same school and Jon and Damian went to the first time the two boys met, and even went out of her way to help train them to work together and be partners after both their fathers asked. Now she leaves with Ravi (her officially adopted dad) and lives a somewhat normal life. She could have put Nobody completely behind her and move on, but in the end, she couldn’t just stand idle if she had the ability to make a difference.

Damian turns towards her with a blank look at her words, not saying anything but looking a bit conflicted.

“You promised…” Maya bottom lip jutted out and she made sure it was trembling just a bit, while her eyes widened and watered.

“That isn’t going to work…” Damian says with a huff.

“Lil bro, please?” Maya squeezes out a tear.

“Tsk, fine.”

She smiles. Honestly, Damian is much sweeter and gullible then he actually thinks.

Maya glances at her watch and winces, “Crap, we are almost late! We need to go,” She grabs Damian hand and drags him out the bathroom, down the stairs, and towards the front door were her Dad is standing with a placid smile.
“Are you two finally ready to go?” He asks, grabbing some keys off a hook and heading for the door to the garage.

Damian blinks, “Wait, Ravi, you can’t” He starts looking very confused.

Maya grins, “Well, actually Damian he can.”

“How,” He demands, looking suspicious.

They both climb into the basket of the car, Damian tense and Maya practically squirming in delight.

“Tada,” Rave deadpans in the driver seat, turning around to show himself wearing some expensive looking glasses too large for his thin face.

“What,” Damian says flatly.

Maya jabs a finger at her dad glasses, “This totally stylish and high-end glasses display a virtual image directly into the user mind and is able to let even those incapable of sight able to navigate the world. Or at least, that was what Tim said.”

Damian glares.

“It’s a prototype, isn’t it? Drake is just using Ravi as a test subject.”

Maya flaps her hand at him, “That, dear brother, is where you are wrong! This just hasn’t come out to the public yet. Apparently, a friend of Tim’s had been working on this for years and he was nice enough to grace us with the final product as a gift. Not only that, your dad was the one who actually purchased it.”

Damian glare softens, “Does it work well, Ravi?”

Ravi smiles placidly, “It work’s wonderfully Master Damian, thank you for asking.” He turns back to the wheel and starts up the car.

Maya nudges him with a soft smile, “It even show color…why don’t you bring some of your paintings over next time and show my dad? I know he would really appreciate it,” She whispers.

Damian flushes a bit and turns away with a sad smile, “Yes, I think I will.”

Chapter End Notes

What do you guys think of my take of Maya? I hope she doesn't come off as OC. It's been a while since I read the comics she was in. ^-^

This flashback will only be 2 parts. I have a feeling the next chapter will be kind of long, so don’t be surprised if it takes a while to get out.

Let me know what you think below!
Chapter Summary

STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP!

Before you read this Chapter, go back and re-read chapter's 9. I edited and added a bit more context to it.

Flashback part 2: Damian goes to his first house party, and meet his baby daddy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 11

Flashback Part 2

Ravi drops them off a few houses down and pulls away with the promise to pick them up in a few hours. Maya and Damian walk the short distance to a two-story house, the music already loud enough to be heard outside, with teenagers mingling on the front yard.

Damian does nothing to hide his intense dislike of the whole situation. What was the point? He was only here because he made a promise with his sister, and Damian was never to go back on his word. No matter how intensely he wished did at the moment.

“Doesn’t this all look interesting?” Maya gushes, waving at a few of their classmates as they approach the door, looking around with wide brown eyes.

“Not in the least. Let’s get this over with already.” Damian grumbles.

The house is large and fits right into the posh neighborhood. On the porch is two large men. One is holding a leash in one hand. A dog sits by his feet, its tongue sticks out as it pants. The other one holds a clipboard and pen. Neither are armed.

Once approached, the large man with the clipboard politely asks for their name, while the other allows the dog to approach and sniff at them. Their names are quickly found, and they are allowed to pass through the door.

Damian opens the door for Maya and walks in after her. He winces a little as the music become much louder. He has barely stepped a foot into the house, and he already wants to turn around and not look back. The entryway isn’t crowded with anyone, most of the teens seem to be either gathered in a large living area to their left or the kitchen, which was to their right.

“Oh my gosh, Maya! I can’t believe you actually came!” Becky Diamond says with a squeal, rushing down a large grand staircase to pull Maya in a hug.

“I know! This is not my usual scene, but today I decided to try something new.” Maya laughs, hugging her friend back.
Damian says nothing. Becky Diamond was a tall girl with long limbs. She had dark blond hair and dark grey eyes. Her face was rather plain, but at the moment it was made up in heavy make-up. Damian could have sworn her lips looked much fuller than normal, not to mention the dress she currently wore was much too short for her frame.

Becky sometimes sits with them during lunch and often tries to strike up a conversation with him. She was barely tolerable to have around. Damian wasn’t fond of how much she took pleasure in talking about what their classmates got up too. She would be the type he would seek out for a recon mission. Her father was also the CEO of an advertising company.

Becky leans close to Maya while her eyes raked over him, a weird smile on her lips.

“How did you get Damian to come? I thought he hated these type of things?” She says in what she no doubt thinks is a whisper.

Maya winces a little, sending a small apologetic look his way, “Blackmail. He wouldn’t have showed up otherwise. Uh, anyway, why don’t you show us around, Becky? Damian and I aren’t at all used to parties.”

Becky nods her head eagerly, linking her arms with Maya, “Oh, sure, no problem! Let’s start with the kitchen. Have you guys eaten? There are some hot wings and pizza.”

Damian shoves his hands in his pocket and follows them. As expected, the kitchen is huge and crowded with teens. The three have little choice but to weave their way through, brushing against a few people on their way to the food laid out on a long table.

“I was totally going for a buffet style. I pretty much ordered everything on the menu just to be sure everyone could find something that they would like. I made sure to include stuff for vegetarians as well. If you just want something to snack on there is some chips and candy on the other table. Drinks are in the cooler just at the end.” Becky tells them.

Maya turns to him, “Are you hungry?”

Damian eyes the food with distaste. There was no force on earth that can coax him to eat food that had been touched by his disgusting classmates. Most of them were still learning the concept of oral hygiene.

“Not in the least.”

Maya just shrugs and start fixing herself a plate, “Don’t come to me when your stomach starts grumbling.” She tells him.

“I won’t,” He snaps.

Maya shoots him an irritated look, but he ignores it. He surveys the room out of habit, taking note of the exits, and putting names to faces in his mind. He instantly notices a few more well off kids similar to Becky and him.

He is surprised to not see any alcohol or drugs of any kind, especially considering the crowd. Maya had promised him it would be absent, but he had been skeptical. Becky was apparently against drinking and doing drugs and made sure to let everyone know that bringing it into her house was strictly forbidden.

Under normal circumstances, there would have still been plenty of people who would have brought their own and shared or sold them at the party. With the two intimidating men at the only entrance of
the house, it stopped most from trying their luck. Those who did were no doubt quickly scared off once the dog alerted his owner that they had drugs or alcohol.

Damian half wishes that it had been a party teeming with underage drinking and drug use. At least it would have given him an excuse to call the police and break up the crude get together.

He hovers close to Maya, all but becoming her shadow. Becky gives them a tour around her home. Maya gives her friend her full attention while munching on the plate she made. The tour ends in the overcrowded living area. Their small group hovers near the wall. Maya and Becky chat, while Damian stares out a nearby window, bored out of his mind.

“Woah! Is that Maya?” He hears a male voice say behind them.


“Who is that next to her?” Asks another male voice.

“I think it is Damian…” Replies another female, barely audible over the noise in the room.

“Damian Wayne? That stuck up asshole? What a fucking joke.”

“No seriously, look.”

“Oh my god, it is him! Holy fuck, what is he wearing? It's kind of sexy…”

“Don’t say God’s name in vain!”

“Whatever.”

“Who even invited him? Doesn’t he have, like, no friends?”

“Maya and Jon are friends with him…”

“Yeah, but they always were. And isn’t that just out of obligation? I heard their dads set it up. How lame.”

“But isn’t Maya cute?”

“Huh? Where did that come from? Dude, you got a crush on her?”

“No! I’m just pointing out she looks cute today.”

“He got a crush.”

“More like a boner…”

“You guys are so pathetic! I bet neither of you would talk that way if Damian was standing over here.”

“Fuck, you think he can hear us?”

“Probably. We aren’t being exactly quiet.”

“Who cares? He isn’t going to do shit.”

“Why don’t you say that louder instead of whispering it, you loser.”
“Fuck you!”

“No, fuck you!”

“Cussing for the sake of cussing is so childish.”

“I’m going to approach them.”

“Ugh, why? Maya is cool, but Damian is such an asshole. No reason to ruin the vibe by talking to that fucker.”

“Shut up Derrick, your prickly ass is ruining the vibe all by yourself.”

Damian turns to see the group.

Derrick Wilson (The prick), Sarah Parlor (Cussing is so childish), James Maddison (Got a crush on Maya) and Deshawn Michaelson (Silent) still hover in the corner with their drinks, eyeing their friend with an expression of disbelief. All of them are in the same grade as he is and either share classes with him or Maya. Damian has long since memorized everyone who attends his school. He was exceptionally good when it comes to names and people faces.

Quickly approaching is Sasha Vine (Thinks Damian looks kind of sexy) with a look of determination.

She does not go to Maya first, but stops in front of Damian with a nervous but open smile, “Hey, Damian, how are you? I didn’t think I would see you in this type of place.” She says lightly.

Damian doesn’t glare, but he is still frowning, he can feel it. “I am doing fine, thank you for asking.” His tone is perfectly polite but flat.

Sasha doesn’t drop her smile, but she does turn toward Maya and Becky quickly, who had stopped talking when she approached.

“What are you girl talking about?” She asks, shuffling closer to them.

Maya’s eyes connect with him over her head, and she looks faintly amused. No doubt she also caught the conversation of the obnoxious group. Damian give her a funky look, and she snickers.

“Nothing much, just about school and the upcoming dance. It’s nice that they let us have more than the usual school. This time I hear it is open for all grades.” Becky says.

Sasha nods, “Yeah, I heard about it, can’t say I’m all that eager though. I heard the theme will be of the Sea. How typical and boring.”

“I agree. They should let the students choose.” Maya pitches in.

The girls continue to gossip for a bit, all but screaming at each other since the music was so loud.

Damian’s focus once again returns to the outside world as he leans against the wall, hands in his pockets. He will give it another hour at the most. He can endure that much for Maya.

“My friends are over there. You guy’s want to hang out with us?” Sasha asks the two girls, pointing out her group in the crowd.

Maya follows her finger and met the eyes of James, who instantly looks away.
“Sure, it sounds fun, right Maya, Damian?” Becky says, looping her arm with Maya’s again.

Damian says nothing but follows them to the group, who goes silent when they approach.

Sasha looks smug when she introduces them, “Suckers, meet Damian, Maya, and Becky. Not that ya’ll don’t already know them.” Here she gives Derrick a wink, and he scowls in return.

She turns to the trio and points to her friends each as she introduces them, “This is Derrick, he is kind of an asshole, but an utter wuss when it comes to a real fight. Beside him is Sarah, she is short and delicate, but don’t let that fool you into thinking she is a pushover, she ain’t. James is cool, but he is a bit of an airhead and Deshawn is our voice of reason.”

Derrick sulks while James and Deshawn bob their head in greeting.

Sarah sticks out a trembling hand, “I do know Becky and Maya, but I haven’t been officially introduced to Damian Wayne.”

Damian shakes it once before dropping his hand. Though the room around them is warm and disgustingly humid because of all of the bodies packed inside, her hand was almost cold in comparison.

“Greetings,” He says, voice still flat.

Maya pokes him in the side, but puts on a bright smile, “Hey guys, what’s up?”

James perks up, “We were just talking about the upcoming game, I heard our team may actually have a chance at winning. Are you going to attend the event?”

The conversation starts up again, and Damian looks longingly at the windows now on the other side of the room. He doesn’t bother checking the time on his phone. He had been counting down the minutes in his own head and knows only fifteen minutes have passed since he had decided to leave after an hour. He gains no enjoyment in standing at the edge of a group of people, wanting to be anywhere else, but it’s a familiar feeling.

The group now made up of seven slowly migrate to empty seating lining the walls. The music is just as loud and tasteless as ever, but Damian is only now able to tune it out as he leans against a wall, taking in the crowd with blank eyes. Unlike Maya, who seems to be enjoying herself immensely, Damian feels like he is slowly dying of boredom.

Nothing about this party interest him in the least.

Ten minutes later, and Damian is thinking of backing out of his promise and abandoning Maya without any sort of remorse.

Maya has been dragged on the dance floor, flocked by the other three girls. Even shy and conservative Sarah was dancing and smiling, encouraged by the other, more outgoing girls. Maya is laughing and bobs around in the crowd. Damian catches small glimpses of her through the moving teenaged mass.
Now it is just him and his other classmates. Derrick and James have just returned from their visit to the kitchen, plates stacked high with food with a red cup of punch clenched in each of their fists. Deshawn has not budged from his place on the couch, even when his friends tried to entice him with junk food, he just waved them off. His phone has been shoved into his face since after Damian and his group joined them, and he only speaks when spoken too.

Out of the three boys, his is the most tolerable. And that is only because he has given no regard to Damian as the other two did.

James is friendly, almost *gratingly* so. He has made many attempts to pull Damian into the conversation, babbling about anything and everything. A popular song plays. James has a story about that. A guy burps and laughs with his friends. James has a story about that. A random girl just walks by has red highlights. Guess what? James has a story for that.

“Well funny story,” James Maddison starts with a bright dimpled smile, “*Once upon of time* my sister was thinking about getting red highlights, blah, blah, blah, pony rides are scary, blah, blah, peed myself at McDonalds, blah, blah, blah, does Maya have a boyfriend, blah, blah, blah, what is your workout routine, blah, blah blah…”

Damian has resisted many urges and impulse to stab him or drop kick him in the mouth. Where was his prize for that? More importantly, where was the boy *off button*? Damian has gone from leaning comfortably against the wall, to clenched fist and gritted teeth. Not once has he responded to James, but the other teen just goes on and *on*.

Derrick had been nervous and skittish at first, but once he realized Damian was intent on ignoring him, he gained confidence and a new goal to get any kind of reaction out of him, even if it was negative. It wasn’t long before snide comments fell out of his mouth, and not so subtle jabs at Damian expense were voiced.

Under normal circumstances, Damian would be all too eager to put him in his place, even if the taunts were shallow and did nothing to actually irritate him. One out of the man things that he was good at was getting under people skin, trickling truth that prickled and sting. To bad for him, and fortunately for Derrick, it was taking all of Damian’s control just to sit still and *exist*. Especially with both James and Derrick voices almost harmonizing into the most horrible sound. The two seem to have no trouble speaking over each other or having one-sided conversations. It would almost be an amazing feat if it wasn’t stirring up Damian’s temper.

Deshawn glances at him from the corner of his eyes and back at his two friends. He finishes typing out his text and sends it before putting his phone down.

“Why don’t you ask Maya to dance, James?” He suggests blandly, cutting into the mesh of voices with ease.

James attention immediately goes to him, red already beginning to tint his face as he splutters and gaps.

“Eh-Huh? Uh, Nah, um, I-I’m good. I mean, she is busy. It would be rude.” James stuffs chips in his mouth and takes a large gulp out of his drink.

Derrick nudges James with a smirk, “You scared?” He taunts with a mean laugh.

James slaps him on the shoulder, sending the skinnier teen into the crowd of dancing bodies. “Shut up, Derrick! What about you? Didn’t you say you were meeting someone here, dude? We have been here for over an hour, where is your invisible date?”
It is now Derrick turn to splutter and gap, “Fuck you, man! They are just running late! They’ll be here! Do you want to see the texts? I ain’t lying!”

James just rolls his eyes, “Yeah, and how long have you been using that excuse? I was giving you the benefit of the doubt the first time your ‘date’ couldn’t make it, as well as the second, third, fourth, and fifth! Come on man, just admit it already. It’s cool. Nobody is going to make fun of you.”

“I ain’t lying!” Derrick screams before storming off.

Deshawn continues to type away at his smartphone, not even looking up when James deflates before following Derrick, a look of apology on his face.

“That was uncalled for.” Damian states into their now much quieter corner.

Deshawn sinks further into his seat, eyes still glued to his screen, “I don’t know what you mean.”

Damian just huffs in reply, finally sitting down for the first time since he arrived. He keeps space between him and Deshawn, sitting at the furthest corner of the couch.

The music in the room takes away any silence, and the mingling teens take away any sense of privacy, but Damian finds himself relaxing again. He could have walked away, back to the window on the other side of the room or wander around until he found a quieter area. No doubt Maya would be a bit disappointed, but she would understand.

Instead, Damian pulls out his phone and pulls up the world news. The two get lost in their own world, infringing on each other personal space but not minding as much as they normally would.

Time ticks by, but Damian isn’t counting.

“Um, do you want to dance…with…me? Um…hello?”

Deshawn looks up, blinking. On the other end of the couch, a girl stands in front of Damian, who is completely absorbed in his phone.

“Um…”

Damian has a look of complete concentration, eyes flickering to the left to right as he reads the solid wall of text on his screen. He pays little mind to the girl in front of him, her voice easily getting lost in thumping beat of the music.

The girl tries a few more times before she walks away, looking upset and irritated.

Deshawn goes back to his game but glances at the other teen every couple of minutes.

Over the course of half an hour, Damian is once again approached, but many stop midway, intimidated just by the look on his face, while the few who do manage to get close don’t manage to speak up loud enough to snap Damian out of his trance. Deshawn wonders briefly if he is ignoring them all on purpose. He wouldn’t blame him. Damian Wayne seemed the type of person to enjoy his time alone and keep to few friends. Deshawn was the same.

He glances at the clock and looks around the room, trying to spot his friends in the crowd. He
figured it would be time for him to leave very soon. He didn’t mind parties. He was used to them by now. Sasha and Derrick loved the loud crowd and equally loud music, all but thriving in the scene. Deshawn isn’t asked to attend. It is more correct to say he is expected too. He is one of the two of them that has his own car. Sarah has her own as well.

When he doesn’t immediately spot them in the crowd he texts.

A few short minutes, he is aware that Sasha and Sarah were in the kitchen, and Derrick is outside waiting for his ‘date’. James doesn’t reply, but that fine since Deshawn sees him in the crowd a moment later, dancing with Maya with a wide happy grin.

“Good riddance,” Damian says further down the couch, having also looked up to see his sister with the buffoon.

Deshawn snorts.

Damasin turns to him with a raised eyebrow in question.

“James isn’t a bad guy. He just tends to babble when he is nervous or uncomfortable. Plus, he has been crushing hard on Ducard for months now. He wouldn’t shut up about it for nothing.” Deshawn tells Damian.

“Yes, I am fully aware of just how irritating the idiot can be. Hopefully, that will be the last and final time my patience will be tested. I was this close to punching the twit in the mouth.” Damian says bluntly, already expecting to be glared at or for Deshawn to come to his friend’s defense. Most people didn’t enjoy being told someone they were close to were irritable enough to want to punch.

Deshawn does none of these things. Another snort falls from his mouth and he gives a little shrug, “I can’t argue with that.”

Damian stares.

Deshawn notices, “What?”

Damian turns to his phone. “Nothing. I had thought you would defend your friend more.” He has no idea why he said that out loud. He should just end the conversation and return to his reading.

Deshawn gives another lazy shrug, “I would if it was something not true, I guess. My friends, they aren’t exactly angels, especially Derrick. I know their quirks, and they know mine, but it’s not like everyone would just accept being talked down to or have their ear talked off. You have plenty of reason to find James and Derrick irritating.”

“You are right. I do find them irritating.” Damian stares at his phone even though he isn’t reading anything.

“That’s cool, man,” Deshawn says distractedly, reading a text.

Damian eyes the other teen subtly.

He shares one class with Deshawn, out of the four that he takes at West Reeve in Metropolis. They had been subjugated to be ‘team players’ and work on projects together. Damian had paid him little mind then, but that was the case for all his classmates. Once he left the campus their names, faces, and any interactions he had with them are usually forgotten.

He knows little about Deshawn but the basic information he had gathered and memorized about all
of his classmates.

Deshawn birthday was two months before his, making him older. He had brown skin, black hair, and brown eyes. He was currently shrouded in a light grey hoodie, and black loose pants. He looked to be around the same height as Damian, with an athletic built from his time playing on the West Reeve track team.

To put it in other words, Damian found him fairly attractive.

His relaxed and open posture made him approachable, and his voice was smooth and almost hypnotic. The small glimpse Damian had of his eyes gave him the impression of almonds or chocolate chips. They gave little away but were honest.

Deshawn suddenly turns to him, his plush lips quirking up just the slightest, “Is there something on my face?” He asks.

Damian realizes that he is no longer being subtle in his appraisal. His head is now turned in Deshawn’s direction and he has no doubt that he has been openly staring for a few long seconds.

This is the part where he gets embarrassed, spits out a rude comment before stomping away to drag Maya away from the clown she is currently dancing with.

Instead, he slowly blinks, tilts his head, and smirks a little.

“No. There is nothing on your face. In fact, I was admiring how clear and smooth your complexion is.” He says before shaking his head and rolling his eyes at himself. Nothing about that was charming. Damian could have worded that better. He should have just insulted the poor berk before trying to awkwardly compliment him.

Deshawn gives him an odd look. “Uh, thanks?”

Damian picks up his phone, determined to just leave it at that, “You are welcome.”

Deshawn puts his phone away and stands up, stretching long limbs and rolling his neck. Damian is starting again before he can stop himself.

“You want a change of scenery?”

Damian blinks stupidly.

 “…What?”

“Do you want to leave this crowded area and go someplace quieter?” Deshawn asks again, stuffing his hands into his pockets.

Damian stares at him, the crowd, then back at Deshawn.

“It was just a suggestion. You can stay here if you want.” Deshawn expression is a little less open but still polite and friendly.

Damian gets up, pushing his phone into his back pocket in the same move. “Fine. I will accompany you to another location.”

Deshawn gives him an amused look before gesturing to the entryway, “I will be delighted,” He jokes, and makes a grand motion of stepping aside and bowing a little, “After you?”
Damian just snorts and shakes his head. He leads them out of the living area and stops at the entrance. He turns to Deshawn with a raised brow.

“Through the kitchen and into the backyard. It’s huge and spacious. Plenty of places to sit and be a loner.” The older boy says with a shrug.

“You’ve been to the Diamonds house before?”

“Becky? Yeah. She has parties pretty often.”

“Hn.”

The move through the kitchen. Deshawn asks if he wants to stop to grab a plate, and Damian declines.

Outside, the night air is cool and a balm to his warm skin. Just as Deshawn had told him, it is an open and large area, with a pool and many places to sit. They make their way to the furthest and most deserted area and sit down.

In his back pocket, his phone buzzes.

He pulls out his phone and glances at the text.

From Maya:

Where are you?

Sasha and Becky want to know.

The girls want to ask you to dance with them. P;

To Maya:

Outside. And no. Pass the message along.

He puts his phone back in his pocket and turns to Deshawn.

“Why did you invite me to accompany you?” Damian asks, a little curious, a little nervous.

Deshawn just shrugs, “I was bored. You looked bored. Why not?”

Damian leans back into his cushioned outdoor chair and stares at the clear blue water of the pool. He has nothing really to say after that.

He is tempted to grill Deshawn about his life, his hobbies, and his personal interest, but he has little motivation too. Deshawn was tolerable to be around. Damian acknowledges to himself he thinks the older boy is good looking. He even attempted to compliment him. Why push further? Deshawn was just an acquaintance. Pushing the boundary of their temporary comradery would not benefit him in any way.
Who cared if Damian was personally interested? That means nothing since Deshawn was still a civilian.

Better stop while he was ahead.

“You want to play?”

Damian looks over to see Deshawn waving a Nintendo switch in his hand.

His eyes light up. “What games do you have?”

“Mario, Zelda, Overcooked, and a lot of other ones. I mostly have indie games though. Here, look.” Deshawn scoots his chair closer to Damian, tilting the console towards him so he can see better.

Needless to say, Damian scraps the idea of keeping his distance.

An hour flies by without either of the boys noticing.

“There you are! Hey, guy! They are over here.”

Deshawn pauses the game right before he is about to fall off the track.

“Oh look, our friends are here.” Deshawn grins, giving the said friends a jaunty wave.

“There presence changes nothing Michaelson. Un-pause the game and accept defeat.” Damian nudges him with his shoulder, smiling.

“I was in first place for most of the race.”

“The end results are the only thing that is important.”

“I think the person who can keep first should get a prize.”

“They will…once I win.”

“Three out of five, winner takes all.”

“Nobody likes a sore loser.”

“Says the chump who couldn’t hit a single target…”

“That game was rigged!”

“Nobody likes a sore loser Damian. It’s unbecoming.”

“Throwing my words back at me doesn’t change the fact that I win.”

Damian reaches over and presses the button to un-pause the game, his arm brushing against the cloth of Deshawn’s hoodie. He completely ignores the fact that he could have done the same with his own controller.
The game resumes and Deshawn lets out a groan as he character is picked back up, now in fifth place. Damian’s character drives through the finishing line in first place, causing him to cackle.

“That is two wins. I believe you were speaking about a reward?”

“Four out six.” Deshawn tries to bargain.

“Three out five. Loser has to jump into the pool.” Damian says with a smirk.

“Deal-”

“Alright you two, that’s enough. Argh, I sound like my mama. But seriously, that’s it. Do ya’ll know ya’ll have already been out here for an hour? The live band has shown up.” Sasha says in exasperation, causing the two to look up.

Damian instantly meets Maya’s warm brown eyes. She has a look of utter delight plastered on her face. Beside here James is grinning like a loon.

His smile drops. He hands over the Nintendo controller to Deshawn without a word. The other boy takes it, his smile dim.

They get up and Damian moves to Maya side while Deshawn hangs back with his friends. They head back to the house. He keeps his pace slow, not all the eager to go back into the chaos.

“When did you even get your switch? I thought you left it in the car, so it couldn’t get ‘damaged’.” James asks.

“I brought it in the end. It fit in my satchel.”

“Yah mean your man purse.”

“Call it whatever you like. It’s useful.”

“I have one.”

“Thanks for announcing that James. I was just dying to know.” Sasha snaps.

“Did something crawl up your ass?” Deshawn manages to say the worlds like they were a polite inquiry.

“What? I can’t sass? I’m a sassy girl, DJ, I thought you already knew this.” Sasha says lightly.

“There is a difference between sass and being mean.”

“…whatever.”

“Sorry were interrupted you two back there. You both looked like you were having fun.” James tells Deshawn, sounding apologetic.

“It’s nothing. Don’t worry about it.”

Damian nearly misses a step, stumbling a bit.

Maya side-eyes him, “You okay?”

“Fine.”
They step back into the kitchen.

“You spoke about a live band?” Damian says.

Sasha steps up beside him with a smile on her dark purple lips, “Yeah, apparently it was Derrick who had set it all up. He and Sarah are helping them in the ballroom. I didn’t even know the house had one!”

Damian just nods.

“We can go there now! Speak to the band members before they do their set! They are supposed to be the same age as us!” Sasha says to him, moving a little closer.

Damian turns to Maya, “Do you want too?”

She shrugs, “I guess? It sounds kind of cool.”

He turns back to Sasha, who is now brushing up against his arm, “We accept your invitation if you would lead the way?”

Sasha does, walking past the stairs and into an area, Becky hadn’t shown them when she gave them a tour. The come to a stop in front of two large doors that instantly remind him of Wayne Manor.

Deshawn and James still trail them from behind, talking to each other.

Sasha waits until they catch up before knocking on one of the doors. It opens, and Becky sticks her head out, eyes looking sharp. She relaxes when she sees the group and opens the door for them to step through.

The ballroom is much smaller than the one at Wayne Manor. Unused chairs and tables are stacked to one side of the room, while a small stage rests on the other. Amplifiers, speakers, a microphone and drums are being set up on stage by casually dressed teen. Derrick is speaking to one of the band members, standing right in front of what looks to be a redheaded teen, looking happy for the first time that night. Sarah is carrying over guitar cases, declining the help of one of the members.

Maya and Sasha move to help the group finish setting up.

“So, he wasn’t lying.” Deshawn comments next to him, hands shoved in his pockets, and a look of boredom on his face.

Damian gives him a questioning look.

“Derrick,” He nods his head in his friend’s direction, “He had been talking about his boyfriend for ages, bragging about how he was in a band and a bunch of other stuff. We had always thought he was just trying to show off since we never actually met him. Derrick had been telling the truth.”

“I already met him,” James jumps in, “Colin is a pretty cool guy! He plays the drums and goes to Jefferson High School. No wonder he couldn’t make it, that school is all the way in-”

“Gotham.” Damian cuts him off with a frown.

He turns his attention back to the teen Derrick is still speaking to. He tries to get a better glimpse of his face, but Derrick is blocking the view with his head. What were the chances of a redhead being named Colin? Twelve percent? No, maybe lower? The name was common in Europe but more uncommon in America. The name was the same one as an old friend. It wasn’t him. Damian was just
being stupid and sentimental.

“Uh, yeah, that’s right. I forgot you live in Gotham, Damian. Maybe you know him?” James says with an easy smile.

Deshawn sighs, “James, just because he lives in Gotham doesn’t mean he knows everybody.”

“I-I know that! He still could have bumped into him? Damian has a good memory! Like scary good.”

“I don’t know him,” Damian says curtly before stalking off to help the girls.

“He looked pissed. Was it something I said?” James wonders.

Deshawn just rolls his eyes, “He was just a little irritated. Come on, let’s go help them.”

Damian doesn’t watch the band play. He goes back to the now deserted area of the pool and sits down heavily.

It had been Colin. His Colin.

He no longer goes by the name of Wilkes. He has taken his adopted family name. He was now Colin Gilchrist.

His old friend had instantly recognized him. He had called out his name as he jogged up to him with his same old warm smile.

“Damian? Holy shit, it is you!” Colin had laugh brightly, his voice now no longer the high pitch of a boy. Before Damian had been able to react, he had been pulled into a hug. Colin and him where now the same height.

“How have you been Dami? Man, it’s been years. No, better yet, how the hell are you at a teenage party? I thought you hated stuff like this! Are these your friends? Oh wow, I see you have finally got rid of your spikey hairstyle.” Colin had spoken a mile a minute in his excitement.

Damian couldn’t bring himself to smile.

He had suddenly felt trapped and very unprepared.

His emotions were tugging him in multiple directions, clawing for attention. He didn’t know rather be happy or pissed off. How could Colin act like they hadn’t left on bad terms? That Damian hadn’t been an utter idiot and bastard? He had ignored his only friend, more concerned with his own negative emotions and ego.

Colin, still perspective to Damian’s moods even after all these years, noticed. He calmed down, his grin waned into a more placid smile.

“You have a phone?” He had asked.
Damian had nodded. He hadn’t trusted his voice.

They exchange numbers, “Call me or text me whenever you feel like it.” Colin had said easily, before waving and returning to Derrick.

Maya had come up to him then, a look of confusion on her face.

“That was Colin?” She had asked.

“Yeah,” Damian’s voice was barely audible. He stares with burning eyes at the new contact in his phone.

“He is a little different then I imagined.”

“Hn.”

“They are going to start letting people in soon. Are you going to watch the band?”

“No.”

“Ravi will pick us up in half an hour. Should I ask him to pick us up sooner?”

“No. I will wait outside. Text me when he is here.”

“Alright.”

Now Damian stares into the distance, not seeing anything at all. The night air helps clear is thoughts, but he can’t focus on anything without effort.

Meeting Colin had thrown him for a loop.

He can only hope he can hold out until Ravi picks up him and Maya.

“You look like you just got sucker punched.”

Damian startles when Deshawn sits next to him.

“What are you doing? I thought you had wanted to see the band.”

Deshawn lets out a wide yawn and slumps down into the seat, “I’m sure it would have been interesting, but I’m not in the mood to have my personal space invaded by strangers. What about you? What sent you out here?”

“I fear I will snap someone neck if they so much as look at me wrong.” Damian sneers.

“Brutal. So, you need some alone time too.”

Damian glares at him, “If you know then why are you still here? There are plenty of other places to sit.”
“You want me to leave?”
“Yes.”
“Really?”
“…”
“I’ll stay.”
“Tch.”

Silence falls between them.

DAMIAN watches a firefly. DESHAWN gets more comfortable before closing his eyes.

A few minutes past.

“Why are you even bothering with me? I know what a lot of people say behind my back. I know I don’t make it easier either, so why?”

“You have a resting bitch face.”

“Excuse me?” DAMIAN snaps.

DESHAWN looks at DAMIAN with a lazy smile, his eyes were half-lidded.

“I’m kidding. Mostly.”

DAMIAN glares. DESHAWN laughs a little and brushes his knee against DAMIAN’s.

“It’s true. You know its true.”

“Tch.”

More silence. DAMIAN doesn’t move his knee away.

“I think it was because you reminded me of myself,” DESHAWN states into the night air.

“How,” DAMIAN asks wryly.

“You don’t like people. Not really. If it weren’t for Maya, you wouldn’t have stepped foot into this party. I get that. My friends are also the sole reason I even bother to come. If it were up to me, I would be satisfied with just my parents and my friends. Everyone else can go fuck themselves.”

“I am not new to social gatherings. I have attended many balls for my father.”

“Did you find them fun? Did you enjoy schmoozing with men and woman twice your age?”

“Tch.”

“I know. I wouldn’t either. If my mama had demanded it of me, I would do it. But I ain’t going to lie and pretend that I didn’t think it was a waste of my time.”

“What isn’t a waste of your time?” DAMIAN was no longer without motivation. He found himself growing curious about DESHAWN. What did he like? What did he dislike? He wanted to know more.
“This. Hanging out with someone who doesn’t mind the silence. Someone who doesn’t feel awkward when no words are spoken.” Deshawn presses his knee more firmly into Damian, “This is nice.”

Damian loses his next thought completely.

He turns to the older boy to see Deshawn already staring at him with dark clear eyes. They are shoulder to shoulder, their faces are only inches apart.

His mouth opens and closes. No words come to him.

Dark pretty eyes flicker down and up again.

Damian swallows hard, his throat much dryer then he remembers. His tongue flicks over his top lip, as his eyes drop down to Deshawn plump lips.

When he looks up, the older boy is much closer and is still closing the distance between them.

Their lips barely graze each other, but Damian feels a shock of electricity jolt up his spine. They pull back a little, only enough to stare at each other before they both move forward as if pulled by a magnetic. The next touch of lips is much firmer and last longer.

When they pull away again, Damian notes the quick pace of his heart and his heavy panting. This wasn’t his first kiss. He had gone much further then chaste kissing and yet he has never reacted as if he just run a marathon. It was odd. He didn’t know what to make of it.

“I have more games at my house.” Deshawn practically breathes the words against Damian's mouth, they are still so close.

“Games?” Damian wasn’t thinking about games. Games were the furthest things from his mind.

“Yeah, my parents aren’t home. They drove down to see my sister. They took my older siblings with them.” Deshawn had no idea where he is trying to with this. He has never been the type to go behind his parents back or sneak teenaged boy or girls to his room. That was more of his older sisters’ style. He was so responsible and boring that his parents didn’t bat an eye when he asked to stay behind while they went away.

And yet he gets the feeling if he doesn’t push this tentative thing he had going on between Damian, he would not get a second chance. Damian had looked like he would up in disappear if he was neglected long enough the entire time he was at the party. It was that look that had Deshawn infringing on his personal space and keeping close without being invasive.

“Let’s go.”

Deshawn blinks.

“Seriously?”

“Yes. Come on.” Damian urged him up by the arm. They went back into the kitchen. The live band could be heard playing in the ballroom with a hyped crowd.

“You said you have your own car? What about your friends? Won’t they be stranded?”

“Sarah also has a car. They can hitch a ride with her.” They make it outside. The two burly guards look up as they passed them.
“What about Maya?”
“I’m texting her now.”

Deshawn points out his car parked two houses down. They walk the short distance to it.
Damian climbs into the passenger seat of the Honda, and DeShawn into drivers’ seat.
Deshawn doesn’t start the car. He turns to Damian with a nervous smile.

“Have you ever done something like this before?”
Damian shakes his head with a snort, “No, never.”

“Me either.”

Silence.

Damian looks out the window, “Do you want me to get ou-”

“No!”

“…”

“My house is a thirty-minute drive away. It isn’t anything special, so don’t have high expectations.”

“I don’t care. Your house isn’t the reason why I got into this car.”

“The neighborhood can be a little rough…”

“I’m not shallow, Deshawn.”

“…That is the first time you said my name.”

Damian let out an annoyed huff. He leans over and presses a kiss to the lips he is already getting addicted to.

“Deshawn,” He says, “I will say your name as many times as you want, but only if you want me too.”

“I do. I like the sound of your voice. Especially when you say my name.”

“Tch. Then what the hell are we waiting for?”

Deshawn starts the car after planting another kiss on Damian’s lips. The old car pulls away from the curve and onto the road. The radio isn’t turned on, but neither seem to mind the silence.

Chapter End Notes

What ya’ll think about Deshawn?
Chapter Summary

Damian reveals his pregnancy to Deshawn.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Chapter 12**

On December 20\textsuperscript{th}, Damian goes to his first OB/GYN appointment even though he is already fourteen weeks along.

He discovers that he is having a little boy. The doctor, Dr. Baker, remarks on the possibility of the baby being of the same gender as him.

While he is waiting for his paperwork, he realizes that the blame for his pregnancy is largely his own. On that same day, he decides to tell Deshawn, the other father of his baby, about the pregnancy.

Currently, he is sitting in traffic on a high way in Metropolis city. He is on his way to meet Deshawn.

He has removed Drakes’ prototypes and stuffed them in the glove compartment. He feels exposed and out in the open even in his car without them. He glances up frequently into the cloudy sky, dreading the sighting of a familiar blue and red blur.

They decide to meet up at the McDonalds a few minutes away from Deshawn house. The texts that followed between the two teen boys are simple.

**Damian:**

I’m going to be exactly thirty minutes late.

**Deshawn:**
That’s fine. I haven’t left the house yet. What did you want to talk about, anyway?

Damian:
I will tell you when we meet. It is not something I wish to discuss through the phone.

Deshawn:
…Alright

Damian:
I am five minutes away from the meeting spot. What is your current status?

Deshawn:
Haha, is this some kind of mission? I am currently walking. My sister took my car.

Damian:
I am here. I will order for us. What do you want?

Deshawn:
Just get me a large fry. I ain’t really hungry.

Damian:
I ordered you one large fry. I am sitting near the window. You should see me when you come in. How long before you arrive at the location?

Deshawn:
Thanks, man. And it should only be a few minutes…

Damian:
Do you not know the exact minutes?
Deshawn:

Impatient, much? No. I don’t. I have the big yellow M in sight, though.

Damian:

I see you.

Deshawn:

Same.

Deshawn doesn’t really give much thought as to why Damian suddenly contacted him over Winter break via a long formal text requesting his presence at Micky D’s. He had simply shrugged and replied with a simple ‘yeah, alright’.

He is curious, but distantly.

They hadn’t really talked much about that night and the morning after. Deshawn didn’t think there was much to say, anyway. They had played games, started making out, and went up to his room and had sex. Afterward, Damian had demanded a shower and slept over. The next morning, they ate breakfast together, hanged out a bit, played some more games before Damian got a text from his father and had to leave.

The next school day, they acknowledged each other in hallways and talked a bit more during class. Damian ate lunch with his group of friends, and Deshawn ate with his own. Occasionally they would text each other about games, and even play online together.

Deshawn thinks that they might be friends at this point, and he is okay with leaving it at that.

Is that to say he would be against kissing Damian Wayne again?

Hell no.

And given how many times Damian and he meet eyes when changing for gym, he can confidently
say the sexual attraction is still mutual.

He wasn’t even sure if he wanted to be friends or something more, but he did know he wanted to know the other boy better. Damian was fascinating as a person. He stood out but never seemed bothered by the fact that there was an obvious gap between him in his peers. He was also one of the easiest people Deshawn had ever talked to, much less got along with outside of his family and few friends.

But Deshawn didn’t know how to even begin to approach a relationship with someone like Damian.

He had never intentionally met for things to get as far between them as they had in the first place. Even when he had brought Damian back to his home, almost four months ago. His intention had been to simply play games and maybe get a few more kisses before the night was over. Then one thing led to another, and suddenly he was in between tan, muscular thighs that he couldn’t stop running his hands over.

Deshawn didn’t regret it, but he also can’t help but wonder if he should have made more of an effort after.

Maybe Damian contacting him out of the blue was an occasion he can take advantage of, Deshawn thinks as he steps through the door of McDonald's.

Deshawn strolls over, a smile already blooming on his handsome face.

“Hey,” He greets, sliding into the booth.

Damian watches as Deshawn comes in, bundled up in warm clothes.

He is sparkling with nerves that don’t show on his blank face. His hands are sweaty, and he feels faint. His stomach growls, but he feels a single bite of food will send him puking into the disgusting toilets at the eatery.

Deshawn strolls over, a smile already blooming on his handsome face.
Damian's lips quirk up in response, “Hello. I hope the walk here wasn’t too unpleasant.”

“It was, but I am used to it. Um, thanks for ordering for me. Here, I can pay you back for it.” Deshawn begins rummaging through his coat pockets.

Damian shakes his head, “It’s fine, it didn’t cost that much.”

“If you are sure…”

“I am. It was only twelve dollars.”

“Right,” Deshawn picks up a few fries, dips them in ketchup and asks, “What did you call me here for?” before eating them.

“I’m Pregnant.” Damian states without any preamble.

Deshawn promptly chokes on the fries.

Damian watches him passively as the other boy goes into a coughing fit. He pushes his small drink across the table.

“Drink. I can’t have you choking to death on fries. I might actually need you in the coming future.”

Deshawn grabs blindly at the offered drink and takes two large gulps, before gaping and spluttering some more.

“Are you trying to off yourself with my soda?”

Deshawn chokes again.
Damian rolls his eyes and practically inhales his food. His nerves settle upon seeing Deshawn so caught off guard. He snags his drink back before Deshawn can take another gulp and finishes that off as well.

“W-Wha-” Deshawn wheezes.

Damin points at the other boys’ fries.

“Are you going to finish that?”

He digs into the still-warm food once it shoved in his direction.

“P-P-Pr-Preg-” Deshawn snaps his mouth closed and just stares.

Damin stares back as he shoves the last of the fries into his mouth.

Its twelve in the afternoon and the fast-food restaurant is bustling with noise and other customers. Tiny kids race around the dining area as their passive parents remain absorbed in their phones.

“How?” Deshawn asks eventually. His voice and face are strained and tense.

Damin doesn’t need any context. He had been the one to assure Deshawn that he had been on birth control and that there was no need to put a stop to their activities for a trip to the gas station for some condoms.

He looks down at the empty container of fries with a grimace.

“I had miscalculated. My birth control had been in need of renewal much sooner than I expected.”

Deshawn just groans and pushes his face into his hands.
“Damnit.”

Damian grimace again.

Deshawn looks up a second later, dark brows furrowed, “Wait. That was almost four months ago... You mean to tell me you knew you were pregnant for months now and you are only just now telling me?”

Damian pokes at the empty containers on the tray, desperate to have more food to distract him. He is unable to meet brown eyes brewing with conflict.

“Yes, and I apologize for the delay. It was sometime before I accepted the fact that I was pregnant, and a bit more time for me to gather myself and think about my next course of action.”

“You-” Deshawn stops and starts again. “What the fuck, man? What kind of response is that? You should have told me the moment you found out!”

“Again, apologies,” Damian says formally, still not looking at the other boy.

Deshawn clenches and unclenches his hands, feeling the urge to lash out at something. He takes in a deep breath and stares outside the window.

Damin looks around at the other patrons, noticing a few lingering stares. He glances back at Deshawn.

“Maybe a change in location would be wise?” He stiffly suggests.

Deshawn stands up without looking at him. “Fine, let go.”

He grabs the tray of discarded food before Damian can, and trashes it before putting the tray down on top of the trash can. Deshawn waits for Damian to gather his things and holds the door for him all the while remain stoic and silent.
They head for Damian’s car and get in.

Deshawn finds himself staring at Damian's stomach. The loose hoodie reveals nothing.

Damian takes notices and flushes. His arms cross over his stomach, causing Deshawn to look up and their eyes meet.

“Oh, sorry. I didn’t mean to stare…”

Damian looks away first.

“It’s fine…” Damian coughs awkwardly and shuffles around in his seat. “I mean, I don’t care.”

Damian starts up the car and pulls out of the parking spot.

“You have a place in mind?” Deshawn asks absently.

“No, not really.” Damian turns left and comes to a stop at a red light.

Deshawn would recommend his own house, which is close by, but his mama is home and his sister is likely to return as well. A park is another option, but it’s cold as hell outside and it could start snowing at any minute.

“We can go to a library.” He suggests.

At the same time, Damian states, “Hotel,” Looking at a small cheap Inn that was further down the road.

Deshawn clears his throat and turns down the radio.

“We would have to pay for that. It won’t be cheap.”
“It will probably around fifty to a hundred dollars. I have the money.” Damian shrugs and changes lanes.

Deshawn shifts uncomfortably, “It’s still a lot. Um, why not just go come to my house instead? My ma is home, but we can go to my room and I can close the door. No one will bother us.”

Damian frowns. “I will have to turn around.”

“You can just go straight and turn left at the next signal.”

Silence threatens to settle again, but Deshawn has many questions. His mind can’t settle on one thing, so he just opens his mouth and talk.

“When, uh, how did you find out?” He asks as he fiddles with his phone on his lap. He was not the least bit tempted to text anyone at the moment. He had been in the middle of a conversation with Derrick and James before he had arrived at Micky D’s.

Damian doesn’t look away from the road, his gaze occasionally jumping to the dreary sky, “It was three weeks after the party. I hadn’t suspected I was pregnant. I only bought a pregnancy test for assurance that I wasn’t.”

“It must have been shocking when you got a positive…”

Deshawn almost wishes he was there when it happened. He still felt shocked and out of sorts and didn’t really know what to do at this point. In contrast, Damian seemed calm and cool, almost disinterested. Deshawn guesses that he had plenty of time to digest the fact that he was pregnant in come to terms with it. He just wished he wasn’t alone in the feeling of being way out of his depth.

A baby.

He was only sixteen. Damian was a year younger than him. They were both in their junior year of high school.
Deshawn squeezed his eyes shut, *Fuck.*

What would his mama say? Worse yet, what about his dad?

His oldest sister had gotten pregnant with his niece when she was eighteen. It was right before she was to go off to college. His parents had been so angry and disappointed in her then, and now here he was at sixteen, two years younger than her. His birthday was coming up soon, but his parents wouldn’t care about that.

What made the whole situation worse was the fact that he knew better. Even before his parents cracked down on him and his other siblings, he knew about safe sex. His old school had been competent in teaching him that much.

*He should have bought those condoms.*

“I punched a mirror when I found out.”

Deshawn’s head snaps up to stare at Damian in disbelief.

Damian has a shrewd smile on his face. He doesn’t look away from the road as he turns into Deshawn’s neighborhood.

“You punched a fucking mirror?” Deshawn asks with a sharp laugh.

“Yes. It was impulsive and stupid, and I instantly regretted it. Tying to pry sharp glass out of my knuckles wasn’t the least bit pleasant.”

Deshawn remembers.

Damian had come to school one day with a bandaged hand looking murderous. The teachers didn’t dare call on him, and his classmates avoided him like the plague. Jonathan Clark had been badgering Damian about what happened while Maya looked on in worry. That same day, Damian had texted him about a new game and invited him to play. Deshawn had been tempted to ask about his hand, but in the end, didn’t.
“You had so many opportunities to tell me.” He can’t help but note.

“You are right. I did.” Damian acknowledges.

“What stopped you?”

Damian parks on the curb in front of his house before turning to him, looking serious.

“Because I didn’t immediately accept the fact that I was pregnant.” He confesses looking ashamed, “Me punching a mirror? It was just the beginning of my stupidity. It wasn’t until recently that I even admitted that I was pregnant.”

Deshawn can’t help but start to worry. He knew Damian was a bit standoffish, but he didn’t know he was hotheaded enough to lash out violently when angry, even if it was only at inanimate objects. On top of that was the fact that he likely didn’t seek any medical guidance during the time he was ignoring his pregnant state.

Brown eyes look down at stomach still hidden by the loose hoodie.

“How are you feeling, now? What do you think about all of this? How long was it before you finally admitted you were pregnant?” The questions come one after another but said with caution as Deshawn’s eyes the other boy warily.

Damian tries not to flinch at the open judgment. Deshawn had every right to be a little alarmed about what he just said.

“Two-three weeks ago.”

“…” The silence was loaded.

“I know. It was stupid and careless of me. I know, Deshawn, you don’t have to look at me like that.”
Deshawn wants to reach out and touch him. His is nearly drawn in by furrowed eyebrows and flinty green eyes called out to him.

Instead, he clenches his hands into a fist and asks, “How do you feel now? About being pregnant.”

“I accepted it,” Damian shrugs like it was simple. Like he didn’t nearly have a meltdown before he came to terms with everything.

“Does your parents know?”

Deshawn hoped they didn’t and at the same time hoped they did. He didn’t know how Mr. Wayne would react, but judging by his playboy ways, maybe he would be more open-minded? Deshawn somehow doubted it.

“No.”

“Does anyone else know?”

“You are the first person I told…”

Though if it were up to Damian, he would have told his family first. They would have been the hardest to deal with, in his calculations of their reactions kept varying depending on how he approached it.

“It has been almost four months, Damian…”

“I’m fourteen weeks along, two more weeks and I will be four months pregnant,” Damian says, correcting him.

“So, you have been alone for that long. You could have just told me…We could have figured everything out by now.”
Damian pauses, eyeing the other boy.

“In comparison to me, you are handling things really well,” Damian notes.

Deshawn resists the urge to sneer or roll his eyes. He wasn’t. Not at all. The only reason he was so calm was because Damian was practically oozing the feeling. It was hard to cling to his ire and anger in the face of it. Instead, he is left with crippling worry and unsureness.

“I’m just mirroring you. I don’t think getting angry at the wrench life threw my way will get me anywhere. In the end, it changes nothing. You will still be pregnant, and I will still be the dad of the baby.”

Damian flinches, looking guilty.

Deshawn raises an eyebrow.

“I-I’m sorry!” He blurts out before biting down hard on his lip.

“Wait-what?” Deshawn inches closer, confused.

“If I hadn’t been an incompetent idiot, none this would have happened.”

“Seriously, what are you talking about? It takes two people to make a baby. I am well aware of that.”

“No, I know that,” Damian gives him an irritated look, “But if I just had gotten my birth control renewed sooner and not waited—”

“Alright, I’m going to stop you right there,” Deshawn says with a huff, “If we go that route, we just going to keep going in circles and get nowhere. In the end, let’s settle on the fact we both fucked up. You should have got your birth control renewed and I should have bought condoms.”

“Bu-”
“No, Damian. Seriously. That it. There is nothing we can do about it. We can’t change the past, so let’s not linger over it. We have more important things to focus on now.” Deshawn gives a pointed look to his stomach.

Damian crosses his arms over it, looking uncomfortable. He wasn’t all that please that Deshawn wouldn’t let him shoulder the blame. It was rightfully his.

Deshawn mouth twitches. Damian was a bit cute when he was pouting. Even if he looked like he was contemplating rather too saw off his pinky finger or just bash him over the head.

“We better go. I’m sure my mama is wondering why we’ve been sitting in this car for so long. I’m surprised she hadn’t stormed out to be noisy.” Deshawn grabs the handle and opens the car door.

Damian lingers, shooting a wary look at his house.

“My mama won’t bother us. She will be curious and would want to meet you since I don’t bring friends over often, but other than that she will leave us alone…” Deshawn tries to reassure him.

Damian sticks his nose in the air, “I’m not afraid. I was simply worried she would assume we were making out.” With that said he opens his own door and gets out.

Deshawn just glances at him over the roof of the car, a smirk on his full lips, “Is that so? I will make sure to reassure her that we hadn’t kissed…this time.”

Damian flushes. “Tt.”

Tonya Michaelson was a short woman with a full figure. Her son takes mostly after her with her thick curly hair, pretty brown eyes, and plump lips.

She is already standing in the doorway of the house when Damian and Deshawn walk up to it, a
curious look on her face.

“You two had been sitting in that car for so long I was just about to go out there and investigate,” She says as she wipes her hands on a napkin. She gives her son a once over before turning to Damian with a small smile, “Now, who is this DJ? A new friend?”

Damian offer her his hand with the friendliest smile he can muster, “Hello Mrs. Michaelson, my name is Damian Wayne. It is a pleasure to meet your acquaintance.”

“Well, hello Damian. And please, call me Tonya,” She says as she shakes his hand. She turns back to her son with a raised eyebrow, “Quite the polite boy you are hanging out with son.”

Deshawn just awkwardly shrugs, “I met him at a party.” He says for some stupid reason, feeling very flustered.

Mrs. Michaelson gives him an odd look, “Is that so?”

“Oh, anyway, me and Damion are just going to hang out in my room for a bit.”

“Alright, no need to announce it. You are old enough to have friends over without telling me.” Mrs. Michaelson says as she begins to head back to the kitchen.

Damian watches her go, back to his neutral face.

“She seems nice…”

Deshawn snorts, “Of course she does. She is always sweet when it comes to guest.”
They walk up the stairs and into DeShawn’s room, who quickly closes the door once Damian steps through.

Damian heads straight for the bed, kicking off his shoes before sitting on it. He pulls his bag around and starts pulling out the papers he recently got from his appointment this morning.

Deshawn sits next to him, watching him. “What are you doing? What are these?”

“I went to an appointment today. It was my first one.” Damian explains.

“Oh. How did it go?” Deshawn asks, perking up in interest. He was relieved to know that Damian had already seen an OB/GYN. That had been one of his main concerns when Damian stated he had trouble coming to terms with his pregnancy.

Damin shrugs, “It went exactly as expected, but took longer then I thought it would. The doctor was well informed and explained everything I should expect.”

“Which is?” Deshawn picks up a paper that lists things to avoid while pregnant.

“…”

Deshawn looks up to see Damian staring at a small picture.

“Wha-”

“It’s a boy.” Damian blurts out.

Deshawn stares at him in surprise.

“Possibly. Likely. The doctor was hesitant about making a solid statement.”
“You already checked?” DeShawn asks, sounding stunned.

Damian’s fingers threaten to crumble the edges of the picture of his baby. He feels a prickle of guilt. He hadn’t even thought about waiting to reveal the gender. He had simply wanted to know then and there. Maybe Deshawn had wanted to be there when it was revealed? Damian sometimes forgot this was his baby too. He should have waited a bit longer.

He shoves the paper at Deshawn with trembling fingers and a defensive scowl. He should apologies or something.

“I hadn’t thought of you when the doctor asked. I had simply wanted to know and saw no reason to hesitate. Plus, it isn’t like it is confirmed to be a boy. I won’t know that until a few months…” Is what Damian says with a scoff.

Deshawn doesn’t respond to his rude remarks. His dark eyes are glued to the sonogram. His finger traced over the small shape that is faintly human.

“How long until we know?” He eventually asks the younger teen with a smooth but firm tone. He hadn’t missed how the other boy had referred to himself only. As if Deshawn wouldn’t be present when it happened. That didn’t sit well with him.

Damian wants to squirm, he wants to fiddle with his fingers and look away.

More than anything, he wants to snatch the picture of their baby away from Deshawn. The expression on the older boy face makes him feel awkward and is triggering an unflattering flush to his cheeks. The normally lazy and indifferent Deshawn is being replaced by a man who is slowly coming to terms with the fact he will soon be a father. The look on the older boy face is still conflicted and cautious, but Damian sees the moment were it finally registers. He knows it all too well, especially after experiencing it himself.

Deshawn looks up and meets pretty green eyes with his own. He is frowning.

Damian has to bite his lip to stop an embarrassing gasp from escaping. He wants to look away from serious brown eyes but resists.

“Five months,” Damian pauses and swallows, “We will confirm the gender of our baby when I am
five months along.”

Deshawn offers him a small smile and relaxes his stiff shoulders. Damian in return stops scowling and unclenches his fists.

Then tension in the room lifts away.

Deshawn's hands back the picture. Damian takes it and carefully slides it into the wallet of his phone for safekeeping.

“My birthday is in a few days.”

Damian looks at the other boy in confusion.

“I will be seventeen,” Deshawn says, “My sister was eighteen when she had my niece. So, it’s only a year difference. My parents lost their shit when she told them she was pregnant, but by now they should be cool, right? I mean, the whole family has been expecting Lala, my other sister, the one who has my car, to come home pregnant any day now.”

Damian just stares at him.

Deshawn drags a hand through short curly hair, barely wincing when a finger is snagged by the tangled locks. “Did I ever tell you I have three older sisters and one brother? Mariah is the oldest, Janet is a year younger, and Lala, who is only two years older than me. I’m the youngest.”

Damian is no longer looking at Deshawn as if he had been hit over the head with a sack of potatoes. Instead, he listens to the other boys rambles attentively.

“My dad had been the biggest asshole when he found out my sister was pregnant. He hadn’t liked her boyfriend. He made it obvious that he didn’t approve. Mariah didn’t give a shit. She had only told my parents because she would have to postpone going to college. She had already made up her mind that she was having the baby. My mama wasn’t pleased but she warmed up to the idea. By the time my sister was three months along, the two were inseparable and eagerly awaiting the arrival of my niece.”
“What about your father?”

Deshawn shakes his head a little sadly, “He didn’t want anything to do with them for the longest time. It isn’t like I don’t understand where he was coming from. For him, it was his past all over again. He also had a kid when he was young, even younger than us. He got a girl pregnant when he was fifteen. He had to drop out of school and get a job. It was his biggest regret. I guess seeing my sister so close to obtaining the dream he never could reach only to fall pregnant was heartbreaking for him. He knew it wouldn’t be as simple as putting college on hold until she had the baby. It would be more complicated than that.”

Damian nods along. He unconsciously brought up his knees to hug to his chest but stopped when he realized the position would press on his small pregnant stomach. He settles for crisscrossing his legs and resting his chin on the palm of his hands, giving all his attention to Deshawn.

It was both fascinating and sad to hear about the older teen’s family. It gave him an idea of what to expect, and also reassured him that Deshawn wouldn’t scamper away immediately when he met Damian’s own family.

“In the end, it was two years before my sister went back to college. By then, dad had put aside his personal grievance and was spoiling my niece right beside my mama. But before that, it was pretty bad. My mama argued with my dad, Mariah argued with my dad, and my sisters argued with each other. It was pretty common to walk in after school to see my family verbally abusing each other. I guess it was that more than anything that sent me up to my room and away from it all. When my niece was born, all of it stopped. She was like an angel my family desperately needed.”

Deshawn would love to close his mouth and stop talking now, but once he started it was difficult to stop. He never talked about his family. It wasn’t something he thought needed to be talked about. It was in the past, it had already happened, what else could there be to it? Nothing. There should be nothing. But Deshawn never really thought it would give such relief to have it out in the open.

No doubt the trigger had been him finding out he was going to be a dad at a young age. Just like his own dad, and even his older sister.

Maybe he was just trying to warn Damian away. To give the younger boy heads up that it wouldn’t be easy, that his family was a bit crazy.

“I didn’t meet my father until I was ten years old,” Damian states, almost in reply.

It is now Deshawn’s turn to listen.
Both boys now face each other on the bed, still sitting close enough that they can speak in an almost whisper without having to strain their ears.

His hand absently rubs at his belly as he stares off into space with unfocused eyes, recalling easily his first meeting with his father…no, with Batman.

“My father hadn’t even known I existed. My mother hadn’t thought I was ready to meet him. I asked to see him every year, always on my birthday, as it would be my gift, but my mother denied me until I was ten. Our first meeting was brief and chaotic. Our second meeting wasn’t as brief but we barely got a glimpse of each other. On the third, mother fostered me off to father. She didn’t give him much of a choice in the matter.”

Damian recalls being all but shoved at his father, while his mother and father talked above him, barely sparing him a glance. He doesn’t mention the explosions, his mother evil and manipulative plots, the people he had to fight, and the people he had to kill. He says nothing of the fact that his father ‘died’ and came back. How he died and came back.

Damian omits a lot.

Deshawn face twist in a grimace.

He had known that Damian suddenly moved with his father when he was ten. It had been big news even in Metropolis. His dad had been very vocal on the topic. He had berated Bruce Wayne over the fact that he had so many adopted children and yet managed to skip out on the only son he had actually fathered.

And what was with Damian’s mama? She sounded like a controlling woman. The way Damion spoke of her reminded Deshawn of how he spoke to his coach or trainer. She didn’t sound like a loving woman, and there wasn’t an ounce of fondness that could be found in his tone.

“Father and I didn’t get along at first…but with time, and the help of Greyson, my adopted brother, we learned to understand each other.”

Damian wants to say more. There is so much more to it, but Deshawn just still a civilian. He is left with little choice but this very watered down version that doesn’t get across his struggle and growth.

“What about your brothers and sister?” Deshawn asks after Damian remains silent. He admires Damian opening up, even if it seems a lot was left out. He got the picture for the most part; Damian’s family ain’t sunshine and rainbows.
Damian makes an expression between a sneer and a fond smile.

“Greyson and Cassandra are tolerable. The rest…” Damian trails off with a scowl.

Deshawn laughs, “Alright, I guess you don’t get along with them? That’s cool. I understand completely. Me and my sister Lala clash all the time.”

Damian tries to imagine Deshawn flinging batarangs across the kitchen counter at his sister during breakfast like him and Drake did this morning and snorts. The image was at least amusing.

“When do you think we should tell our parents?”

Damian blinks at the paused game on the small TV Deshawn has in his room and turns towards the other boy with a look of annoyance.

“I thought we were done talking about this.” He holds up the switch controller as if to further prove his point.

They had talked a bit more about their family, sharing harmless stories before growing bored and emotionally warn out. Deshawn had set up his switch without a word and they had been playing since.

“We were…” Deshawn looks down at the controller, “But I need to know. The sooner we tell them the better.”

Damian silently agrees.

His original plan had been to tell Greyson, then his father, and so on until everyone knew of his incompetence.

But now that he told Deshawn, he was hesitant. The older boy hadn’t reacted all that bad. In fact, compared to what Damian imagined, he could easily say that it went better then he could ever hope.

The same couldn’t be said for either of their parents.

Maybe Deshawn parents will be more understanding, but Damian couldn’t make such promises for
his own. He couldn’t even begin to piece together how his father would react.

Not to mention the whole matter of his other parent, Talia. Damian would much prefer that he kept the news of his impending parenthood away from his mother as long as possible. He didn’t even dare to think that she wouldn’t eventually find out. That would simply be naive and foolish. Instead, he wishes to be fully prepared and armed before then.

“Not yet,” Damian says.

“Soon, though?” Deshawn glances over at him.

“After the break. No. After Christmas. It is the least we can do.”

Deshawn nods once, “I agree. But we should do it before the break ends.”

“Why? Are you that eager for your family to know?”

“No. Not the least bit, but it will take time for them to come to terms with it. For my dad especially. At least while they are digesting the information I can keep busy with school.”

“…Alright.”

“Should we be there together or separate?”

“Do you want to tell Bruce Wayne that you got his youngest son pregnant?”

“Fuck, no,” Deshawn blurts out before he can stop himself. He flushes when Damian let out a bark of laughter.

“Separate it is,” Damian says, voice dripping with mirth.

Deshawn throws a pillow at him, scowling when Damian bats it away without even turning his hand.
“What about you?”

“What?”

“Do you want to tell my dad that you are pregnant with my kid?”

“Our."

“Our kid.” Deshawn corrects.

Damian frowns.

“I never met him, but no. I rather not. I think it would be best that we tell our parents separately.”

Deshawn nods, completely understanding.

He un-pause the game. He is ready to put the conversation to rest for now. Damian eagerly turns his attention to the small screen, picking up his controller.

Neither boy notices that the door is cracked open before gently closing without a sound.

Chapter End Notes

Who should the boys tell first? Deshawn parents or The Bat Clan? ;)

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