Getting Home With No Map

by Cvonklin

Summary

Crossover AU.

After falling into a trap, Tim Drake finds himself far home. And It'll take more than catching a plane ride to get back.

After meeting some people called The Avengers. He soon discovers there is no Justice League, no Gotham, and more importantly, No Batman. He has a long way to go to get home. If that's even possible.

Notes

I read a Marvel/ DC cross over by Magical_Devil_Alex called "In Which Red Robin Is Done With Marvel's Shit", and got inspired to write my own. So, I'm giving them all my credit, because without them I'd never have started.

Just a heads up, I'm a huge DC comic fan, but have very little to do with Marvel, so it's only based on the movies (which I haven't watched in a few years) so I apologize if their personalities are off. The only Marvel comics I've read are Hawkeye and Daredevil, and that was a while ago.
Down The Rabbit Hole

The first thing Tim realized was how bright the sky was, especially considering less than a minute ago, it was midnight.

The second thing was that he was falling through the air, and the ground was coming closer faster than he would hope.

Grabbing hold of his grappling hook from his side, he aims it at the closest building; A sixty-story skyscraper. It wasn’t until the grappling hook takes root and yanks him up, does he feel that there is something messed up with his right shoulder. Soon after, he lands roughly on the roof of the building, feeling pain burst throughout his calf.

That’s when his memory catches up with him.

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Vandal Savage. The Justice League—and in turn, Young Justice—tracked him down to an abandoned city. After the massacre that took place in Africa at Savage’s hand, they were too eager to find him; too eager that is didn’t occur to them that they found him a little too quickly.

Once they got to Eastern Europe, it was clear it was a setup. Both Ra’s Al Ghul and Death Stroke were there, too. With more ninjas than Tim had ever seen before. Too many to fight. In an attempt to gain control of the situation, Tim had retreated with Impulse and Superboy. They were trying to get to higher ground, but due to the others being metahumans, they got to the rooftops faster.

That was when Ra’s Al Ghul had cornered him. In the second-story halls of what looked like an old apartment building, Ra’s pulled a sword on Red Robin. Red jumped out of the way, but way too slow. The sword caught his right shoulder and plunged in deep. Ra’s began yelling about a new world order, but Red to focused on getting back to the others. He needed back up. As he crashed through a door and into a living room, Ra’s followed.

Red pulled out his retractable bo staff from his utility belt just in time to stop the second attack of the sword. But his right arm was in so much pain, it became entirely useless, and he was fighting left handed. Even with Batman’s training, his left block wasn’t as strong as his right. Ra’s knocked the bo staff from his hand with ease.

He threw a smoke bomb and used this to roll into the bedroom. The only option from here was the window, so without a second thought, he jumped through the glass. His injured right arm didn’t react in time, and he couldn’t grab his grappling hook before he landed on his back on the street below.

Pain covered his whole body, and for a split second his vision went white. It was a split second too long, and what felt like a bullet ripped through his calf.

As he jumped up, and immediately lost balance, he felt another one graze his side. He had no time to think of who could be shooting at him; he ducked into an alley on the side of the apartment building.

“Superboy! Impulse! I need assistance!” Red yelled into his intercom. “I’m located-“

His words were cut off as he saw something swing at him from the corner of his eye. He rolled out of the way to see Ra’s coming at him with the sword, again.

“You are always messing up my plans!” Ra’s said as he swung his sword again. Red dodged again.
Ra’s was swinging furiously, something Red had never seen before. Ra’s always had his emotions under control, but now he was acting out, running on pure hate. This wasn’t normal.

“You think you are so clever!” Ra’s continued, “Think you are the next Batman! But you are nothing! All you do is get in the way! In Nightwing’s way! In Batman’s way! IN MY WAY!”

Ra’s swung again, catching Red Robin’s Kevlar over his chest. Ra’s was breathing heavy and had Red Cornered. No help had come yet.

“Well, what else am I suppose to do?!?!?” Red snapped back. He needed a way out of this situation, “I don’t have many other options when you keep trying to take over the world!”

The Nightwing and Batman comments stung. Red wasn’t going to give Ra’s the satisfaction of a reaction.

“I know what you can do” Ra’s looked delirious. Something was wrong, and Red needed to figure it out.

“What” Red was using the wall to hold himself up. Where were the others? Where was Kon?

“Disappear.”

At that moment, Ra’s held out a device no bigger than watch and clicked a button.

Then, Tim was falling through the air.

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Tim was laying on the rooftop, holding his shoulder and trying to stop the bleeding. He was stuck in his Red Robin costume and cowl and had no idea where he had. His best guess was that it wasn’t Eastern Europe.

He had to get in contact with Oracle. She would know what to do. Before the mission, Batman said to stay radio silent unless it was an emergency, and Tim was 100% sure this counted as an emergency. He was in a city on the other side of the globe, in a matter of seconds. Anyone would consider this an emergency.

“O,” Tim said into his intercom, “It’s Red. I need your help.”

No response.

“Oracle. It’s Red Robin.”

Nothing.

This was like earlier, when he got no response from his team. The only difference was Oracle always responded. She was always there. Tim was beginning to worry. Were his coms broken? Was his frequency hacked? Are they all hurt, or worse?

Tim was beginning to panic. He had no access to anyone. He didn’t know what city he was in, and he was injured. Situations like this normally don’t end well.

“Oracle!” Tim called out again. “Answer me!” Tim was going into full panic mode. Where were they? What did Ra’s do?

Then he heard the sound of rockets headed in his direction. Trying to see what it was, Red stands up,
using the rooftop ventilation system to support himself. That’s when he sees a robot heading in his direction. Red Tornado? Tim hopes. Any familiar face would suffice.

As the being gets closer, Tim realizes it isn’t Red Tornado. It’s something else, and as far as Tim cares, it could be a threat. He wasn’t going to stick around and find out.

It took all of Tim’s energy to run to the side of the building, and throw himself off. It also took too long, Batman would have his head if he knew. Using his left hand this time, he uses the grappling hook to swing down to the subway train passing below. With his leg he can’t run, so he has to rely on other modes of transportation. If that means riding the top of a subway, so be it.

The red and gold robot is still trailing him, and at a much faster speed than the train. It was going to catch up, but to Tim’s luck, the train heads back underground. The robot doesn’t follow. But that doesn’t make any sense, Tim thinks, he could easily fit down here. Either way, Tim takes the blessing and uses the time to think.

The city was unfamiliar. It was sunnier than Gotham, and from the few blocks Tim saw, it held more people than Central City and Star City combined. Maybe even more than in Metropolis. If it’s this big of a city, shouldn’t he have recognized it? He knew what all the big American cities looked like. Unless it wasn’t America. But the architect was very American. The only thing Tim knew for sure was that he was confused and alone. Two things that don’t go well together.

As the train slowed at a stop, Tim used this as a chance to jump off. There were crowds of people here, more people than Tim would assume is safe for such a compact space underground. He stuck to the shadows on the edge of the station, using the walls to support his weight and found his way into a bathroom.

After locking the door, he stripped out of his uniform and took a closer look at the wounds on this body. He had more bruises and cuts than he originally believed. The gash in his shoulder and bullet entry/exit in his calf would need stitches. Too bad Alfred wasn’t here.

Alfred.

He hasn’t stopped to thing about Alfred. Does he know that he’s gone? Does he think he’s dead? Does anyone know he’s gone? Is there anyone left to think that?

A knock on the bathroom down pulls him from his thoughts.

“Occupied!” Tim yelled back, slightly startled.

“Why’d you lock the door to an entire bathroom!” The voice yelled back angrily, before stomping off.

English. American Accent. So he was in America! That’s one mystery solved.

Grabbing the small sewing kit from his belt, he begins sewing himself up, having to bit down on the belt to keep himself from making noise from the pain. The stitches weren’t even and were even looser than Tim liked. Alfred did it better. But Tim was alone and had to make due.

The next problem was getting out of here. He had no change of clothes and was still too injured to walk without support. He also thought he couldn’t wait until it got dark, it was too big of a city. There was bound to be a night-life. Plus, if he went out in his costume, that robot thing could be waiting for him.

He put the uniform back on, and the cowl; he just had to wait. An opportunity would present itself.
eventually. Or maybe Tim would starve to death first. He’d just have to wait and see.

After a few hours of thinking of a plan to get out of here, there was another knock on the door.

“Occupied,” Tim called out again.

There was no response, just another knock.

“I said it was occupied!” Tim called out again. Maybe they didn’t understand English?

After a few seconds, Tim assumed they walked off. But before he knew it, the door was kicked in. It wasn’t just some civilian, either. It was a red-headed woman in black leather. She didn’t seem confused about Tim or the uniform, it was more like she was expecting to find him here.

Tim backs up against the far wall, the only exit was through the women. He got into a defensive stance, or at least the best he could given his current state. If he had to fight her, he would.

As she walks into the bathroom, she is followed by someone else. A man pointing a bow and arrow at Tim—A Green Arrow Wannabe, maybe—, and behind them, just outside the bathroom, is the robot from before. And just past it, is a crowd of civilians, watching.

“I told you it was him”, The Robot spoke. Maybe it is like Red Tornado. “Same voice as the one calling out for an oracle”

The blond man with the arrows speaks next. “We got some questions for you, so if you cooperate, it will go smoother for everyone.”

Tim just stared back. He had no way of taking out all three of them and getting past the crowd with his injuries. This wasn’t looking good for him.

“First question,” The arrow guy started, “Who are you?”

Tim didn’t answer. He was thinking about if he could squeeze through the small vents above him, and get away. Even if he could fit, the redhead was too close and could stop him before he could try.

“I heard him call himself Red Robin.” The robot spoke. How had he heard Tim on the rooftop? Did he have super hearing?

“Red Robin? Like, after the chain restaurant?” The arrow guy turned back to the robot. This allowed Tim to see the hearing aid on his ear. Maybe he could use this to an advantage.

“I guess.” The robot shrugged.

The arrow guy turned back to him. “What’s your real name.”

Tim just kept staring at them. Without taking his eyes off them, he began tapping on the side of his utility belt. He was setting a frequency to hurt the hearing aids and the robot. If he could hurt/ disable them, that would leave just him and the redhead. A better chance of getting away, and with a little luck, he could get past the crowd outside.

“Hey!” The robot called out, “What is he doing!” He pointed at Tim’s side, at his tapping on the belt. But before anyone else could react, Tim pressed the final button.

The arrow guy dropped his bow and began clutching his head. A high frequency was blasting from his hearing aids, and at the same time, the robot began to spazz out. The eyes were flickering on and off, and it had no control of its limbs.
Tim used this as an opportunity to escape. He bolted for the door, refusing to let his injuries slow him down. But he wasn’t even three steps before the redhead had him pinned to the floor. No matter how much he struggled, he couldn’t get out from under her. He underestimated her. That was his first mistake. His second was thinking that it was a robot. Because the next second, a man was stepping out of the machine.

“You ruined my suit!” The man yelled. He stepped over and helped the arrow guy up. He removed the hearing aids. “We should take him in.” He said that to the redhead.

“That was my plan from the start,” The redhead spoke for the first time, “You two were the ones who wanted to ‘talk’ first, remember”.

Before he knew it, he had his hands handcuffed behind his back and was being escorted out of the bathroom. The redhead was letting Tim put most of his weight on her so that he wasn’t putting it on his leg.

He was confused, alone, and captured. This has got to be the worst day of his life. And who were these people? They all had costumes, but he hasn’t heard of them before. Nothing was making sense. What did Ra’s do?
Red Robin found himself in a cell with the red headed women. The gray concrete walls matched the concrete floor; and metallic table and chairs. There was a mirror on one side—Red presumed it was a one-way mirror—and a heavy steel door as the only exit/entry point. His situation kept getting worse and worse, and it didn’t help that the room looked like it was straight out of some cheesy cop movie. The only good thing coming out of this was he was still in uniform, cowl included.

The red-headed women didn’t say anything. Just stared at him from where she was leaning on the wall. Red stayed seated—plus hand-cuffed—and just stared back. It would probably be considered awkward for how long they’d been staring at each other if Red wasn’t doing it out of fear.

He had no idea what was going on and had no idea who these people were. He was keeping an eye on her just to make sure she didn’t try to attack him. Though, he doubted he could protect himself. The handcuffs weren’t the typical kind and somehow seemed to drain him of what little energy he had left.

After another long while, a white man of typical build and height walked in holding a clipboard. He addressed the women first.

“You’re free to go, I think I can handle this.” She didn’t move, just stood there watching. He then began talking to Red, “I am Agent Coulson, would you mind telling us your name?” He asked with a smile that didn’t seem to reach his eyes.

Red stayed silent. For one he didn’t want to give them any useful information that they could use against him, but also he was shocked that the man didn’t recognize him, the news kept up with Batman and his sidekicks fairly regularly.

“You’re really just making this difficult for yourself. We are just trying to find out your intentions.”

What intentions? Red hasn’t done anything except run from them.

“If you don’t want to talk about that, then tell us about your suit. Apparently, when Iron Man tried to take off your headpiece, it shocked him. To rig something that much, you must have something you need to protect—or hide.”

Iron Man. So that’s the name of the man with the Red Tornado-like suit.

“Well, if you’re going to not talk, I got better things to do then waste my time here.” The Agent got up to leave, the women made no indication that she would leave, too.

“Who are you guys?” Red spoke for the first time.

The Agent seemed a bit taken aback at the sound of Red’s voice. Even the women showed a bit of shock.

“How old are you? 15? 16?” The Agent never answered Red’s question. Though that was fair, Red wasn’t answering theirs.

“Who are you?” Red repeated again. He could feel blood running from the wound on his calf. How long ago did it start bleeding? His situation was getting shittier by the moment.

“The Avengers,” The Agent seemed slightly concerned when he said, “Wasn’t that obvious from
Iron Man and Hawkeye?” Or the big building you entered with the big A on it?”

Red stayed quiet. Avengers? That was a horrible group name. Like some Justice League wannabes who didn’t actually save the world.

“Kid, where have you been for the past couple of years? Don’t you remember Tony Stark’s big press conference? Captain America practically coming back from the dead? Alien falling from the sky?” This man seemed more confused then Red was, and Red was just told there was a man with a name as stupid as ‘Captain America’.

“What?” None of this was helping Red’s panicked state, and the blood kept coming, “Where are we?” None of this took place on his Planet as far as he knew.

“The Avenger’s HQ. I thought we went over this.” The Agent was looking at him like he was dumb.

“I mean, what planet.” Red was starting to get light headed.

The Agent was looking at him like he grew two heads, but before he could say anything else, the women jumped in, “He’s bleeding!” She pointed at his feet, where a pool of blood formed around his feet. His pant leg was soaked, the wounded must of been worse than he originally thought.

The Agent got closer, “We need to take him to the medical bay, now!” Red’s could barely focus on them. When did it get this bad? He could barely focus as they helped him up and began walking him out of the room.

The women kept saying something to him as they got closer to their destination, but Red couldn’t focus.

As they entered the brightly lit room—which didn’t help Red’s sight—he understood her enough. “How do you get your suit off. We need to get access to the wound.”

While Batman would kill him if he gave his identity up, he didn’t feel he could survive if he didn’t get medical attention, so he disabled the traps. He tried to unzip the suit for them but had no energy to do so.

The women began taking it off, but Red passed out not long after.

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When Red Robin came back to consciousness, he was laying on a hospital bed, hooked up to multiple machines beeping around him and was in a white hospital gown—not his costume. He should have expected as much.

Out of sheer hope, he went to feel his face to see if his cowl was still on. But his left hand couldn’t go all the way up, it was stopped by a pair of handcuffs. His situation still wasn’t ideal, but with a patched-up leg and shoulder, it was a lot better.

He even thought he could possibly escape.

That thought was cut short as the Agent and Iron Man (minus the suit) came into the hospital room. Well, it was more of a lab than a hospital, but it seemed to be acting as one for Red’s sake.

“Good to have you awake.” The Agent said with the same emotionless smile.

Tim wanted to ask him more questions, but Iron Man cut him off, “What did you do to create that energy surge.” He didn’t seem to be a fan of Red, but after the chase, damaging his suit, and
shocking him, who could blame him?

Nothing any of these things the people have been asking him all day made sense. “Huh?” Was all he could manage to say. The blood loss wasn’t helping either. He was still somewhat light headed.

“You know, The electric surge over the city? The burst of lightning, even without any clouds overhead? Any of that jogging your memory?”

Tim was more confused than ever. Was he talking about when Red was falling from the sky, after being transported across space? He needed answers but didn’t even know where to start.

“Is his head injured too?” Iron Man asked the Agent. But it was more rhetorical than anything. Tim lives with Damian. He understands sarcasm.

Damian.

Is he okay? Is anyone? Do they even know he’s gone? He panicked state was coming back, and the heart monitor was picking that up.

“Are you okay?” The Agent looked between Red and the monitor, Iron Man took up a more defensive stance, as if Tim was about to attack, or flee.

“Where are we?” Tim needed answers now. He needed help.

“Well, if you are still on the whole planet thing, Earth. But you’re human. We checked your blood. Where else would you be?” The Agent was the only here who seemed to try to help Tim.

“Where on Earth?” At least that was solved.

“New York City. Kid, what’s going on? How could you not know?”

New York City didn’t make sense. He saw the city when he ran from Iron Man. Sure, New York City was big, but it wasn’t this big. It’s not like Metropolis, which has 11 million citizens. And he’s visited New York before. The architect was all different here. What did Ra’s do?

“I need to go.” Tim was trying to get up. The handcuff wasn’t helping.

“You’re not going anywhere.” Iron Man was definitely playing ‘bad cop’ in this situation, “Answer my questions.”

“I Don’t Know!” Red barked back. He was fed up about this. Nothing was making sense.

“Sure you don’t,” Iron Man was fed up, “It’s not like you were at the scene, or ran. Only the guilty would run.”

“You were chasing me, of course I ran!” His panicked state was making it hard for him to keep his comments to himself. This wasn’t going anyway like he’d hoped it would. He had hoped he would be far away by now, preferably on the next flight to Gotham.

“Who runs from the Avengers? Our whole purpose is to help those in need, and stop those causing trouble!” Iron Man seemed to be in the same mood as Tim, he couldn’t keep his cool, either.

“I don’t know who you are!” Tim was frantic, his mind kept being filled with painful ideas that he was in a situation that he couldn’t just walk out of.

That last comment took Iron Man by surprise. He looked at the Agent as if asking if that last
statement was true.

“Kid,” It was the Agent again, “I’m lost. You didn’t know what planet you were on, didn’t know anything about the engird burst, or anything about the Avengers. Is there anything you do know?”

Tim wanted to keep quiet again. He didn’t want to give them any more information. Batman would bench for weeks him if he knew that Tim was acting this way in front of an unknown danger. Batman would bench him for the rest of his life if he knew anything about how Tim had been handling this whole situation. Anger and fear had no place during a situation like this, he needed to keep a level head.

“Look,” Red sighed, “I can’t help you. I’m just as confused as you are.”

Iron Man looked at him for a few seconds, as if trying to decide if Red was lying. “Then tell me what a kid is doing running around is a bird costume.”

Trying not to take the insult to heart, Tim quoted Iron Man right back to him, “Same as you. ‘to help those in need, and stop those causing trouble’”.

“Well, you’re doing a real bang-up job.” And with that Iron Man left, leaving just Red and the Agent.

Tim deduced that he left because he wasn’t getting the answers he wanted. But either way, one less person always made a stressful situation a little easier to understand, and one less person to fight if he could figure a way out of the handcuffs.

“Sorry about Stark,” The Agent said, no smile this time, “He tends to get a little emotional when he doesn’t understand a dangerous situation. Take none of that to heart.”

Tim had a feeling the Agent wouldn’t leave until he got the answers he came for. “I really don’t know anything.”

“Nothing at all?” The smile came back, trying to act as the good cop.

Tim shook his head.

“Well, if you remember anything, there is a buzzer next to your bed. Or if you need anything else, food, water, an adult to convince you to stop being a vigilante and leave it to the adults. Anything at all.”

With that, the Agent turned on his heels—military style—and headed out the laboratory doors. Tim was left alone, only accompanied by the thoughts of if his family and friends were facing, and if they had begun looking for him
Time To Panic

There was no clock in the lab, so the only thing Tim could go off of was the internal one he gathered from all his training. But when it came to fear, time seemed to get jumbled, and he could be certain. But he was guessing it had been almost four hours when someone else walked in. A man with curly black hair wearing a button up and glasses.

“Just ignore me. They seem to be fans of taking over my workspace with their problems.” The man said barely glimpsing at Red.

He got to work at a table full of paper, test tubes, and mechanics. Tim watched him as there was nothing else to do. The man must have felt him staring, because he stopped sorting through the paper, and looked at Red.

“No, you don’t. It was you who made me have to figure out what that energy you releases was, but Tony wants me to figure out how you messed with his suit.” All of it was said in a light-hearted tone. “He’s the one who works with machines, he should do his own work. But he’s too busy sulking over his suit. But he’ll manage. He’s saved it from worse.”

Red didn’t respond. Why was this guy being friendly? Not even in an ‘Agent’ way, but in a genuine way.

“The name is Bruce. Bruce Banner.” He gave another polite smile and went back to his work.

Of course, his name had to be Bruce. What better thing for Tim to have to deal with.

As Banner worked, Tim kept watching him, it went on like this for a good 20 to 30 minutes. Tim watching, Banner shuffling through the paper, writing down numbers, and logging data into a computer. The computer was amazing, it was like a 3D hologram, something Tim could only dream of. Sure, the Bat cave had some advanced technology, but nothing this cool.

“Pretty incredible, huh?” Banner spoke again, “Stark invented it. He may be a pain in the ass, but he’s done some pretty amazing things. Really takes after his dad.”

Tim didn’t even realize the small smile on his face as he watched Banner mess with the hologram.

“Do you mind telling me your name, otherwise I’d have to make one up for you when I log the data. I’m pretty bad at coming up with names. It’ll be something awful like Geoff, and I don’t think you deserve that.” He then began to backpedal, “Unless your name is Geoff, then I think it’s a pretty good name.”

Tim let out a small laugh at that. “If you really need a name, Red.” He felt at ease around this guy, as if he was the only one not trying to gain something from him.

“Red it is!” He tapped at the hologram, “Why Red? Is it your favorite color?”

“Part of my alias.”

“Well, ‘Red’, it is nice to meet you. Even if you made my day harder than it needed to be.”

Tim gave a polite smile before asking, “Do you mind telling me the time?”

“Oh, yeah it’s… 10:43 pm. Probably your bedtime, kid.”
Tim mentally laughed at that, going to bed at this time would be a miracle. His night job made that impossible. Gotham didn’t make that even an option, maybe if he lived in Metropolis, but Superman was good at his job, and didn’t need any help.

“Not even close,” Tim responded, just happy to have a conversation. The past interrogations weren’t exactly favorable.

“What? Are you some kind of party animal? You seem far to young to be involved in the nightlife of this city.” Banner seemed to be talking to keep the conversation going, too.

“Well, I’m not from here. And partying isn’t exactly my idea of a good time.” Small talk usually wasn’t Tim’s strong suit, but he was willing in his current situation.

“Then what do you do? Fight crime in the dark?” Banner said like a joke, but because Tim froze, and didn’t say anything, Banner picked up on that, “Tell me you’re joking, you don’t look older than 15! I get that seeing the heroes on the news is inviting, but we’re trained. We’ve had practice.”

Red silently cursed himself. He might have blown it. Someone around here has got to know about Batman and the crew. Someone here probably knows about Bruce Wayne and his adopted son, Tim Drake. They were just all over the news about the opening of the new relief center after the earthquake in southern Asia. Fuck. Someone is going to figure it all out!

Banner saw the expression on Tim’s face, “Relax, I’m not going to tell your mom,” he joked, “I’m just worried about your safety. Your safety is also why you shouldn’t be creating things like that energy burst. You could have gotten hurt.”

“I’m 17.” Tim changed the topic as fast as he could, maybe Banner would forget what they just talked about, maybe no one will piece it together, “And I didn’t set off that burst.”

Banner seemed to like that he got out a little information about the situation from Tim, “Then who did?”

Tim was about to play dumb again, but he thought that maybe if he gave Banner more information he could potentially help Tim. Scientist to scientist—if Tim could consider himself one. He needed someone to trust, and Banner seemed to be his best bet at the moment.

“Ra’s al Ghul.” Tim said, “I mean, what else do you expect from a mad man.”

Banner looked confused. Surely some group like the Avengers and their whole ‘help those in need, and stop those causing trouble’ mentality would mean they have heard of him. The Demon’s Head isn’t as conspicuous as he used to be. Untouchable, sure. But unknown, not really.

“Who?”

“You don’t know who Ra’s Al Ghul is? What about the League of Assassins? Or the Lazarus Pit?”

“Sorry, no.”

Tim was about to keep going, but then he remembers that Ra’s was the reason he was in this situation. What if they worked for him? What if Ra’s was trying to get information out of him? Did he just fall for that? But then again, if Ra’s created all this, he would have come up with a better name than ‘Captain America’. But, Tim wasn’t sure. Maybe Banner was a foe? He decided he needed to keep his mouth shut.

“How did you get mixed up in it then?” Banner asked.
Tim refused to talk. Banner could sense something was different now but wasn't going to keep pushing it.

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Eventually Banner left, he probably finished whatever it was he was working on. Tim was alone again and decided to take this time to see if he could see anything useful on Banner's desk. He was looking for something skinny and long, anything to crack his handcuffs. He could possibly drag the bed over enough to look, but if he didn't find anything he didn't know if he could push the bed back, and they would know what he was trying to do.

Right as Tim was about to swing his legs over the bed and attempt, the lab doors swung open, and Iron Man—Ton Stark, Tim had managed to pick that up—came walking in with a tablet in his hands.

“Look, kid, whether you want to talk or not; we need answers. Any danger to this city is a need-to-know for us. So help us, and we’ll work out a deal with you. This ‘waiting around for answers’ thing isn’t cutting it for me.” Stark didn’t seem to take Red as much of a threat anymore, because he waltzed up to Tim’s side. He held out the tablet so Tim could see the video the had on it.

The video seemed to be from some security camera in an office building but due to its placement, it saw more of the sky out the window than the actual office. The time on the video read as midday, and Tim was confused about what he was supposed to be seeing.

Then the feed went grainy and black. There was static for a few seconds, then the feed was back on, and in the sky, Tim could see the light bending in the sky as if it were a shaky mirage. The bending light was soon engulfed in extremely bright light, and filled the entire skyline, and was even so bright that the view of the office—what little he could see—was covered in the white light, too.

As the light dimmed Tim could see a person falling through the sky.

It was himself.

Then he pulled out his grappling hook and shot out of frame. The video looked like it did at the beginning as if nothing had happened in between.

“Wanna tell me what that was? Bruce said you had nothing to do with it. But how do you explain being caught right in the middle of it? As if you appeared out of thin air. On top of that, all cameras in a 25 block radius cut their feed the same time as this camera. Care to explain that, too?”

Tim had suspected that he jumped through space, and this confirmed it, but he wasn’t certain about anything else. The damage to all the feed could also explain how he was unable to get ahold of Oracle, he couldn’t confirm that, either. He needed to get ahold of Batman, he could figure it out.

“I don’t know how that happened,” Red said back, not breaking eye contact with Stark.

“I don’t believe you.” Stark returned with the same attitude Red had, “You were too prepared for that fall. Too prepared to run. Too prepared to encounter us. You practically damaged my suit, and Hawkeye’s earpiece is fried.”

“I’m always prepared,” Tim countered, “Rule number one.”

“If you don’t give us any more information, I will make your life hell. You’ll never see the outside of this building, again. I’ll lock you in a cell until you wise up, if that’s what I need to do.”

Red kept eye contact, and wouldn’t back down. He’s endured worse than being locked away. He
wasn’t going to let a bunch of Justice League wannabes intimidate him.

“Have it your way, kid.” Stark went to grab his wrist that was handcuffed down, but before he could Red grabbed his wrist.

He jumped over stark, and twisted his arm behind his back, pinning him down on the bed. With his hand still cuffed down, he was at a slight disadvantage, but he would have to make it work.

“Un-cuff me. Now” Red said, hoping that Stark had the keys, why else would he go for the cuff in the first place.

“Go to Hell.”

“Been there, done that. No thanks.”

Tim twisted Stark’s arm more. Not enough to damage it, but enough to hurt.

Stark reached into his pocket, and before Tim could see what he was doing, threw the key to the other side of the room. They were back to square one.

“fuck,” Tim mumbled under his breath. He couldn’t catch a break.

Tim was debating knocking Stark out—not caring if it would cause possible brain damage—when Banner walked through the door.

He stopped when he saw what was going on, and ran out of the room. Just as fast as he ran out, Banner came back in with the redhead, and a blonde dude.

“Don’t do anything irrational!” Banner yelled, but Tim didn’t know if he was yelling it at Tim or the others in the room.

The redhead wrestled Red off of Stark’s back, and she had a much better advantage because one of her arms weren’t anchored to the bed.

The blond man helped Stark off, but Stark just shoved him away.

“Fuck this kid!” Stark was pissed off, and he stormed out.

The redhead still had Red pinned on his back, but with the angle his handcuffed arm was at, it hurt like hell. Banner was watching in concern, but once again Tim didn’t know who he was concerned about.

The blond man spoke up, “Son, you are making this harder for yourself. If you really had nothing to do with any of this why aren’t you talking?”

Tim felt like spitting at him, but he knew better. It wouldn’t help, and Alfred would scold him if he found out. So he kept his mouth shut.

He wasn’t 100% if Ra’s was the one organizing all of this, and it could all be some trick on his mind—he’s had that happened before. He couldn’t trust anything or anyone.

If he ever saw Ra’s again, he would punch him so hard that Damian would feel it.
I know that in the movies S.H.I.E.L.D “disbanded” after CA: CW, but since I don’t know where this is set on this timeline, it is still up and running. Also, I know Coulson “died” in the movies, but since he’s alive in the TV show, I’m still having him interact with the Avengers. And, with some minimal research, it looks like SH.I.E.L.D is known by the public, so that’s what I’m working off of, sorry if it’s incorrect, or weird.

The cell that Tim currently occupied was only making Tim more frustrated. Besides the fact he couldn’t even tell if he was underground or not, there was no telling the time, either. The only positive thing was that they gave him gray sweatpants and a t-shirt instead of staying in the hospital gown.

The fluorescence lights stayed on at all times, sadly. But, Tim could guess he had been here for a few days now, going off of how many meals he got.

He had received 10 meals since that threw him in there. Three a day, for three days, plus the breakfast he had just received. The only interaction he had was from someone he didn’t recognize—probably just some random agent. They would drop off the food, asked if he was willing to talk, and when Tim would just glower back, they would walk away.

As Tim couldn’t do much—and he had tried every angle, from looking for anything he could disable to throwing himself against the glass window—he chose to protest. So, the only thing he could do was refuse to eat.

No one could force him to eat, and if they had tried they would have to go in the cell, and he would just attack them. So they stayed away, and he kept starving himself.

But he was starving. Besides the multiple days in the cell, and all the time he had gone without eating since before the mission (and the unfortunate fate that Ra’s brought him), he wasn’t able to keep a clear line of thought. It kept just going to how hungry he was.

He had started to flush the food down the toilet to keep himself from eating it. Even with all the discipline training he had received from both Batman and Lady Shiva, he couldn’t just keep the food sitting there. At the moment, he had very little self-control.

His thoughts kept taunting him with Damian’s voice, for some reason.

Father would be disappointed that you haven’t saved yourself yet.

This is just more proof that you weren’t fit to hold the mantle of Robin.

You aren’t even fit to call yourself his son.

“Enough!” Tim shouted out. He had no idea why his mind was choosing to use Damian to hurt him.

He knew Damian would never say those things, at least not anymore. Their relation was getting better, and he had to keep reminding himself that Damian was a child. He wasn’t even close to the
age Tim was when he became Robin. In fact, Damian would probably be his biggest helper in this situation. Even if it was to take the credit and get Bruce’s praise.

But thinking about his family just made him more miserable. So, he went back to hating the people who put him in this situation.

He now regretted opening up to Banner. He was fraternizing with the enemy, just because he had gotten lonely. Pathetic.

He heard footsteps coming down the corridor and knew it was way too early for another food drop off. They had just delivered one.

One set was obviously high heels, the redhead if Tim had to guess, and another that sounded like the kind Bruce wore around Wayne Enterprises. The Agent, probably.

Tim was right like he often was, and they came right up to the front of his cell.

He backed into the farthest corner of the cell, getting into a defensive stance the best he could with the state of his leg and shoulder.

If they were here, instead of some unfortunate soul that got stuck on food duty, it wouldn’t bode well with Tim. Maybe they decided to start on other measures to get him to talk since they could see now that isolation wasn’t going to work.

“Not a fan of the food?” The Agent asked with that false smile.

Tim didn’t respond, and the redhead stared back, arms crossed. She stood as if she wasn’t expecting a fight. Maybe they weren’t going to hurt him, or maybe she was confident in her ability to get to Tim with minimal struggle. She had been able to take out Tim extremely well back at the subway station bathroom and in the lab.

“Kid, why are you making this harder than it needs to be?” The Agent’s demeanor changed to something close to exhausted, “Whatever that light was, it wasn’t from elements that are from Earth. We just need to know what it is, to encompass if it is a danger to people.”

The redhead spoke next, “Starving yourself isn’t making your situation easier, and just making you look more guilty. Answer the questions, and we can help you. We aren’t fans on imprisoning young boys.”

Tim wanted to keep silent, that was what he had planned to do, but the Agent reached for the padlock attached to the door, and panic set in for Tim. Since he didn’t know how far they were willing to go, he had to keep them away from him. So he hoped talking would solve that. “I told you before. I don’t know what it was. I didn’t even know about the light until I saw the video.”

“You didn’t know about light? But you were there when it happened.” The redhead said the Agent kept punching in the numbers.

Tim shook his head, “Not really.”

“ ‘Not really’? What does that mean?”

The Agent opened up the cell and opened the door as wide as it would go. Tim got ready to fight, but no one entered. They just stood on the other side of the door. He could run, but one of them would catch him, but at the moment neither got close to him.
“Come on, let's get some actual food in you, and a shower.” The Agent gestured for Tim to walk towards him, but he stayed in place. He wasn’t willing to go near them, they still wanted information, and Tim personally knew of people who would stop at nothing to get it. Who’s to say they wouldn’t go as far, either. He wasn’t going to risk it; so as far as Tim was concerned, he wasn’t leaving if he had any say in it.

The Agent made a step into the cell, and Tim strengthened his stance. He would go down fighting if he had to.

The Agent put his hands up to show that he wasn’t a threat, but Tim didn’t soften his stance. The only thought going through his head was that Ra’s was a dangerous man he would stop at nothing, and if they worked for him, then Tim wouldn’t let them touch him.

He was too careless before. He was lost and scared, he wasn’t thinking straight, and they had gotten too close to him. He even casually talked to one of them. But not again, he had his head straight now. Even if it took multiple days of starving himself to realize it.

“We’re not going to do anything.” The Agent spoke, “I just don’t want the act of starving a kid on my conscious.” The redhead had backed up a few steps, too. They were trying to make Tim feel comfortable, but still in a position to grab him if he tried to escape.

“I’m fine staying here,” Tim said lowly, he didn’t want them to hear the fear in his voice. He wasn’t up for a fight and probably couldn’t win one if he tried. That thought worried him. Would he ever see his family again? For the first time, the idea of dying here crossed his mind. Either they’d kill him, or he’d end up accidentally killing himself for his families safety. That was his top priority. Keep these people away from the truth and it would keep them away from his friends and family.

The Agent stepped out of the cell, keeping the door open. “How about we make this fair,” he started, “Since you obviously don’t trust us, let’s make a deal. We get an answer in exchange for you getting an answer to whatever it is you want to ask.”

Tim considered it for a second before asking, “How do I know if you’ll tell the truth.”

“I guess that’s just where we’ll have to have faith in each other. You seem to be a fan of heroes—hence, your costume—so, from one good guy to another, I promise to not tell any lies.”

Tim knew the Agent didn’t see Tim as a ‘good guy’, it was obvious Tim was a ‘potential threat’ at the least, and maybe even a full on ‘super villain’. But Tim had to work with what he was given, it could even give him the upper hand if he worked it right.

Tim dropped his stance and took a seat on the cell bed. “Alright, but I want to ask the first question.”

“Be my guest.”

“Who are you working for?”

The redhead and the Agent look at each other confused.

The redhead answered, “Do you mean the Avengers? Or S.H.I.E.L.D? Or who runs the operation, because that’s classified.”

“Shield? what—?” Tim was confused by what that meant, what did a shield have to do with this, “I mean, who is behind this whole set up.” Tim wanted to jump out of his seat and say Is Ra’s behind this, or not! But he didn’t. He had to keep a level head to get as much answered as he could.
“Black Widow already said it was classified.” the Agent repeated, but at least he gave Tim the alias of the redhead. “Now it’s our turn to get an answer. Why are yo—”

“You didn’t answer my question.” Tim cut the Agent off.

“I can’t give you that answer.”

“Why?”

“Protocol.” The Agent started again, “Getting back to—”

“Does it have to do with The Demon Head?” Tim was hoping a facial expression would give it away, but he just more confused looks.

“I’m sorry, what?” the Agent looked as if he just heard a foreign language.

“What’s your gain out of working for him?”

“Wait, hold on. Who?”

Tim was asking more questions then they originally agreed on. But he also wasn’t getting answers. He needed a new angle, “Tell me what shield is.”

The Agent deeply sighed, as if annoyed more than anything, “You don’t know what S.H.I.E.L.D is? The government agency that helped recover New York after the alien attack?”

Tim shook his head. He has dealt with alien attacks before, but he never heard of one on New York, it wasn’t an important enough city to be attacked. They usually happen in places Metropolis or in places with important people, like a President. Not New York.

And did the Agent mention the government? Tim would know all about those. He may have not like school, but he remembered Advanced Government enough to know about an agency called S.H.I.E.L.D. Plus, he’s hacked the government enough times he would have come across them eventually. Were these people playing mind tricks on him? What was Ra’s trying to accomplish?

“Well, kid, S.H.I.E.L.D is an agency connected to some Superheroes around the country, and we work with the Avengers to solve problems that militaries and governments typically can’t. It’s like the government has a ‘phone home’ lifeline.”

Superheroes? Tim had yet to see any superheroes. Just some man with a robot suit, a guy with a couple of arrows, and a redhead with amazing martial arts skills. Nothing ‘super’ about them. No one like Superman or Wonder Women.

“Now it’s our turn to ask a question.”
Tim was expecting the questions to be like the ones from the interrogation room or in the lab. So Tim definitely wasn’t expecting the question the Agent asked.

“Why do you have so many scars? I don’t mean to invade your privacy, but after we got you stitched up, I noticed. From the one on your neck, the deep scar on your chest, and just how many you have in general.”

Tim knew how it looked. It wasn’t the first time he got this question. What kind of normal 17 year old has this many? That’s why Tim keeps them covered up when he’s in the public. The only one he can’t hide is the one on his neck. The one from Jason.

Jason had been so jealous of Tim becoming the replacement of Robin—mixed with the anger from the Lazarus Pit—that he had attacked Tim, nearly killing him. It left the long scar across his neck. But it wasn’t the only scar Tim had from a family member. The one on his chest was in correlation with the one on his back, too.

Cass had lost control, she wasn’t in her right mind, and so she ended up stabbing him with a katana. While she was behind him, when he wasn’t aware of her mental state, she drove the sword through his back, and out his front.

Obviously he forgave her, like he did with Jason. How could he not? They were family, and they weren’t well.

A few more were from family members trying to kill him, like Damian; but over all, it was from the way he spent his nights. So that’s what he decided to tell the Agent.

“My night life.”

If they were connected to Ra’s, they should know what that meant. But they looked just as confused as they had when he asked what S.H.I.E.L.D. was.

“Your… your night life? Do you mind elaborating?”

Tim mentally rolled his eyes, “You know, crime fighting.” Maybe they didn’t work for Ra’s. If they did, they would know about Tim. About Red Robin. About Batman. As this confusion was helping Tim deduce what he needed

So Tim concluded that they either were just trying to drive Tim insane—but he didn’t know what Ra’s could get out of that—OR they weren’t with Ra’s. Which begs the question, who were they with?

“Crime fighting? Here in New York?” Black Widow showed the most confusion here. As if it wasn’t close to the answer she was expecting. It was really the first time she showed major emotion.

“Not New York.” Tim was sitting on thin ice, he needed to cooperate to get his answers, but couldn’t spill too many of his own.

“Do you want to tell us where you’re from then?”

“It’s my turn to ask the question.”
"You’re right, my bad" the Agent was obviously trying to stay on Tim’s good side.

"Have you figured out any more about the light situation yet?"

"No, that’s why we’re here talking to you." He had a point there, but Tim needed more information on it to. The Agent spoke again,"Can we ask another?"

Tim nodded. He was still trying to come up with the right question to ask.

"Where are you from?"

Tim stopped for a second. If he told the truth, they could narrow it down pretty fast that he was Red Robin, but then again, if they captured him in the first place (plus the uniform) they should know that already. Who were these people?

"Gotham City."

"Gotham City?" the Agent was acting as if he was trying out the words for the first time.

"Yeah, you know, Gotham. Only Second to Blüdhaven for ‘worst city to vacation in’."

"Blüdhaven? Gotham? What country are they in?"

Tim actually laughed. “America.”

"Where?"

"North East. Literally right against the sea board. How have you not heard of them?"

The Agent got his phone from his pocket and started typing, “I can’t find them on any math or news source.” He was talking more towards Black Widow than Tim.

“What’s next,” Tim joked, “You’re going to tell me Metropolis doesn’t exist? Then were will you put those 11 million people.”

The Agent looked concerned at Tim, “You said earlier that you don’t know what happened to cause the blast, right?”

Tim nodded slowly, why was be bringing that up again?

The Agent turned to Black Widow, “Dr. Banner said he didn’t recognize the data as anything from this Earth, right?”

She nodded, too; and looked just as confused as Tim felt.

“Sorry about this, kid,” he typed a number into the door, and it began to close. “I’ll come back as soon as I have more information. Hold tight.”

With that, the two walked down the corridor until Tim couldn’t see—or hear—theim anymore. Once again, he was alone.

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Enough time had passed that Tim had received another meal, which he took happily this time. With all the confusion, and wanting to be prepared to fight if he had to (they said they’d be coming back) he finally ate. They’re answers weren’t helpful for Tim deducing who they were, so he had to prepare himself for anything.
The food was nice, though. Contained each of the food groups, and tasted pretty good. Though, Tim was positive it was only because of how hungry he was. It didn’t compare to Alfred’s, of course. But good, none the less.

After he finished the meal—and wished he hadn’t thrown out the earlier stuff, as he could still eat more based on his hunger—he decided to use this time to put his thoughts in order.

First off, he was positive this was reality. Everything seemed real, and there were no signs of warped reality. So, he at least knew he wasn’t trapped in some bad trip.

Second, he was 100% certain the Court of Owls had nothing to do with this. So, that knocked one enemy off the list.

Third, if Ra’s was involved, he was doing a pretty shitty job. This wasn’t his normal style of torture and torment. But he was the start of all this, so Tim wasn’t going to count him out completely. Ra’s wasn’t high on the list, but he was on it. So, Tim would create a back up plan if that was the case.

Then there is always the possibility that this is just some amount of bad luck, and it was all coincidence that he ended up here. If that were true, Tim could see how the Avengers saw him as a threat. He is the only one connected to that weird light burst, it does look pretty guilty.

Speaking of coincidences, Batman doesn’t believe in coincidences. He’d probably call Tim foolish for even thinking about it. But Tim wasn’t Batman. He was Red Robin, and Red Robin prepared for everything. So he would make a plan for if this was just an outlier of a situation.

If that were the case, he would have to convince the Avengers to trust him—even after how defiant he as been—and find his way back to Gotham on his own.

But that brings back the point that they said Gotham doesn’t exist. So, if this was all planned, it was probably some tactic to get a rise out of him, or maybe get information—not that Tim saw what they could get out of pretending Gotham wasn’t real. But if it wasn’t planned, that would mean Gotham was really gone.

But Gotham is just a place, his family was what he really needed. If he could just find a way to communicate with them, he could solve this all.

For the next couple of hours he was busy organizing his thoughts, and creating plans—and a million back up plans—for every scenario he could think of; all of which ended with him back home.

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Tim was seated on the bed with his legs crossed, in a very mediation-like state. When he didn’t have access to pen and paper, this worked best for keeping everything filed correctly in his mind.

The only thing that pulled him out was the sound of footsteps and quiet conversation as it made it’s way to Tim’s cell.

It was the Agent, Black Widow, and Banner. But the only one looking at Tim was Black Widow. The only two were still talking about something they had pulled up on a tablet.

Black Widow was the one to unlock the door this time, making Tim go back into his fighting stance. He had not fully determined who they were, so he had to still be ready for anything. But even against the instincts Batman instilled in him, he trusted them more now. They hadn’t actively tried to attack him, and the few times they restrained him, they didn’t do any major damage.
Batman would totally scold him for dropping his guard, even if it was just a small amount. But Batman wasn’t here, and Tim was painfully aware of that.

After the door open, Banner started walking towards Tim with the tablet. He continued walking in even as Tim made his facially expressions clear that he would go down fighting if Tim had to, but Banner kept walking as if he knew nothing could hurt him. As if he were invincible. Tim had to admire that kind of person.

Batman always said ‘a little fear is a good thing’, but being fearless was always something Tim secretly aimed for. It was the drive behind his constant planning.

“Red,” Banner held the tablet up to him so he could see the equations he had produced, “Do any of these numbers mean anything to you.”

Of course they did, it was a common equation that went with the Zeta tubes the Justice League used to get to the watch tower. Not all the numbers were the same, but it was close. Plus, the elements listed on the side were all the elements used to power them.

Tim nodded yes and was about to ask the relevance when Banner pulled up another set of equations. “What about these?” Banner asked as if the answers Tim gave held all the secrets of the universe.

But these numbers made no sense to Tim. It looked like a mess as if they gave a toddler a marker and asked her to write out what she thought a mathematical equation should look like.

Tim shook his head no, still in his stance.

“Red,” Banner said with a big smile, “I think I figured it all out!”

Tim wanted him to stop calling him Red. He said it as if they were friends. “Care to elaborate?”

“The first set of equations I showed you meant nothing to me. It was a bunch of numbers my monitors picked up, but even the machines couldn’t quiet decipher what they were saying. It was as if it were a foreign language. The second set is what I could translate, to math I understand.” He said it as if he expected Tim to understand the whole situation, based solely on this information.

“And?” Tim was still confused. He didn’t know the relevance of it any of that. Banner must of read that on his face.

“Okay, let me back up. You said you don’t know where the light was coming from. You didn’t know where you were. And from what I gathered from my colleges, you don’t know anything about the Avengers or S.H.I.E.L.D.”

“Will you get on with it, Bruce?” Black Widow looked annoyed at Banner. Friendly, but annoyed.

“What I mean is,” he looked back to Tim, “Math is a universal language. A number will mean the exact same thing, no matter where it is said in the world. The same with an equation. The theory of relativity will always have the same numbers, whether you explain it in Mexico, or explain it in Japan.”

“I’m still confused.”

“Why is it that one of these makes sense to you, and the other doesn’t? Why do you not know some basic things that a grade school kid could tell you, like who S.H.I.E.L.D. is? Or why the equation you don’t understand makes perfect sense to me, and S.H.I.E.L.D. is obvious to me. The first equation makes sense to you. A place like ‘Gotham City’ is known by you.”
Tim was starting to see where Banner was going, so he picked up where Banner left off. “So, if Math is universal—yet we make sense of different numbers—that means that the equations are from two different places,” It was all dawning on Tim, “the reason we don’t know about the same places and things, is because they are from two different places.”

The Agent said what Tim was thinking, “You are from a different universe.”
Tim had to sit down because of the news. This didn’t make sense, but at the same time, it made all the sense in the world. It explained everything; from not being able to reach any one over comms, to not recognizing where he was.

But Tim knew about Alternate realities. He’s traveled between them. The whole multi-verse situation was familiar, he’s dealt with—and fought with—the multi-verse versions of most of the people he is associated with on a daily basis. While they weren’t exactly the same, they were similar enough to recognize at first sight. The multi-verse was as if it were his universe, just on a slightly different frequency.

But his was more like it was on a completely different plane of existence.

On this plane, there was no Gotham. He hadn’t ever seen that before. In all other verses, there was always a Gotham. Sometimes it was better than his, other times it was worse. But there was always a Gotham.

“Wait,” Tim looked up at Banner, he needed to make sure this was all correct, “I’m still trying to piece this together.”

“What do you need?”

“I…I need answers. I need—. Can I ask you some questions? About this world?” Just saying that felt weird. This world. Meaning not his world. Not home.

“Anything you need, Red.”

“Is there a Justice League here?”

“No. Not that I’m aware of.”

“If there was one, you would know about it.” Tim informed him, “It’s like my universe’s version on the Avengers. Just a little bit less involved with the government.” Tim wanted to talk about his world, wanted to talk about home. It would make him feel better, but there wasn’t time for that.

“Sorry. Not here.”

“Okay. What about Batman?” The fact that he had to ask stung a little.

“Batman?”

“Yeah. A vigilante. Watches over Gotham.” He sounded hopeless as he spoke. He felt like he did when he got word that Batman had died. Luckily, it ended up not being true; Batman was just lost in space and time. But this felt worse. It felt like his whole world was dead. It felt like there was no one to try to get to. No home anymore.

“Sorry, Red, no Batman.” Banner probably could see the defeat on Tim’s face.

“What about Wayne Enterprises?” It was a lost cause, he already knew the answer. But he needed to hear it out loud.
“No, sorry.”

“Can…can I be alone for a second…” Tim could already feel the tears reaching the corners of his eyes. His vision was becoming a little blurry.

The Agent answered this time, “Sure, Kid.”

They closed the door to the cell—not that Tim blamed them, they knew nothing about him—and walked away.

Once he couldn’t see them anymore he laid down.

And cried.

Not loudly. But he couldn’t control his breathing. He felt weak. He felt like a little kid again. Like when his parents went away for months at a time and left him alone in that big mansion. The only difference was he eventually found Batman. Eventually found his second family. But he was completely alone here. There wasn’t even some multi-verse version of Batman he could rely on.

That’s what scared him the most. All multi-verses were connected enough that traveling to and from was fairly simple. But this wasn’t a multi-verse. This was something completely different. He didn’t know if he could get back. He knew nothing, a feeling he wasn’t used to; and he hated that feeling. But there was nothing he could do to stop the feeling.

“Batman,” he whispered to no one, “I’m scared.”

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After he got his emotions under control he sat up on the bed, and just stared out of the cell. He didn’t want to think or feel anything. It was pathetic that he couldn’t handle the situation better, but he really was just a kid. No matter what he did during his night life or what kind of things he faced daily, it didn’t change the fact that he wasn’t even old enough to buy cigarettes. Not that he would. Living dangerously was more of Jason’s thing, anyway.

Without even realizing it, Tim laughed a little. He thoughts were filled with all the stupid things Jason and he did together.

Like that time in Prague, when Jason took him to get a drink. They originally went to go bust a black market deal, and to help them solve a case, but the best part was the drink. He got to act rebellious, something he usually didn’t have time for. Tim really felt close to Jason during that whole mission.

They worked well together, bickered like Brothers, and made fun of Dick together. It was because of situations like that, that he became brothers with his hero. He became brothers with Robin. Not just one, but both of them.

That mission was also when he met Cassandra for the first time. It was the beginning of him having a sister. It wasn’t like being ‘siblings’ with Barbara. It was different, with Barbara it was like having a babysitter. Tim did appreciate her, but it wasn’t the same as it was with Cass. When she came along, it was like having an equal.

Duke also became an equal, in Tim’s mind. Duke knew that Batman needed people. He knew that it grounded Batman, he also knew that another Robin wasn’t needed. So he became someone else. The Signal. Tim respected that. He respected Duke’s intelligence. They might not be as close as he is with the others, but they were always there for each other, and that’s what made them family.
Even a few people not directly connected to Gotham were important to Tim. Like Bart Allen, Conner Kent, and Cassie Sandsmark. Tim held them in his heart, too. He would die for them any day.

They were his family.

All these people were important to him and he couldn’t see them. He couldn’t contact them for a quick chat. They might as well be dead.

But how did they feel? If they were still alive. Where ever they were, he wasn’t there. He was dead to them. Just like when he was a prisoner to Mr. Oz for all those months. They had no idea he was alive then, and they probably were in the same boat now.

This whole situation was hopeless, and all Tim could think about was what Ra’s trying to accomplish. If it was to get rid of Tim, it worked. He won. Tim lost.

Tim abruptly stood up.

He couldn’t stop trying!

He has outsmarted Ra’s before. He could do it again. He would get back home. Tim refused to be defeated. If he could pull himself out of Mr. Oz’s prison and make it back to reality, then Tim could do anything.

He made himself Robin, even after Batman told him no.

He made himself Red Robin after Robin was ripped away from him.

He found Batman—alive—even after everyone said he was crazy.

He was his own hero.

And he could get home.

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This time only the Agent came down to Tim’s cell.

“How are you feeling?” The concern seemed genuine this time—maybe the first time the Agent seemed genuine this entire time.

“I need to find a way back.” The answer seemed good enough for the Agent.

“Ready to come out? You’re not going to try to fight me?” The Agent joked.

“Promise.” Tim have a determined smile. He was going to get out of here. He was going to get home.

The Agent opened the cell, and Tim walked out for the first time in almost four days. He was probably going to need the help of the scientist, but beyond that, he was certain he could do this on his own.

Tim felt confident for the first time since he was falling through the sky. But just a little bit of confidence was all he needed.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter it is shorter than the other chapters. I just wanted to get something out today. I promise to make the next one longer.

Also, All of the memories Tim had were in reference to certain comics if you want to know which ones just message me, and I’ll tell you the issues :).
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

I have a midterm due tomorrow, so I’m just going to keep procrastinating by writing fan fiction. But after this week I have spring break!! So I’ll definitely be writing a bunch more (unless work screws me over and gives me too many hours). But anyway, here you go!

The Agent led him into what looked like a main floor of an office. There were big windows everywhere, couches with a television—for leisure—, desks and chairs—for working—, and a conference room with glass walls. It was as if he were back at Wayne Enterprises about to have a big meeting. Like he was about to run into Bruce Wayne.

But instead of Bruce being there, it was the people he has been dealing with over the past week. He knew most of them by name; but otherwise, he didn’t know anything about them.

There was the Agent, or more accurately Agent Coulson, who seemed to be the one running things. The Agent kept walking into the conference room.

There was Black Widow. She was very skilled, she took Tim down without even blinking. He wondered how long she would last against Batman. Tim wouldn’t even be surprised if she managed to get the upper hand a few times in the fight. She was standing off to the side of the room, talking to the arrow guy.

Hawkeye, Tim remembered what Iron Man called him. Tim knew very little about him. He didn’t even know what his skill level was.

Iron Man, a.k.a. Tony Stark, was sitting on the couch talking on the phone. Tim didn’t know who was on the other line, he just felt sorry that whoever it was had to deal with that man. Tim didn’t like him. Stark was the only one to show real hostility to Tim. He was easily aggravated and reminded Tim of Lex Luthor, so Tim wasn’t a fan.

At one of the desks—obviously not working, but rather just messing with a computer system—was Banner. Tim’s only ‘friend’, the only one who didn’t seem to think Tim was any potential danger to them. Or maybe he did and just didn’t show it. Banner was definitely the ‘good cop’ in this situation.

The last person was the blond man, he was on a couch. He was trying to act like he was watching the TV, but was a little too obvious that he was trying to keep an eye on Tim. Tim didn’t even know his name.

“Let’s talk in here.” the Agent said as he held the conference door open for Tim. Everyone else turned to look at him. Tim felt like the new kid at school. He liked blending into the shadows—and was fairly good at it, thanks to Batman—but he couldn’t exactly do this here. He was probably the most interesting thing since he got here.

As Tim followed after the Agent, Banner got up and came, too. If both the Agent and Banner were trying to play the ‘good cops’, who was going to be the bad cop?
Almost as if he could read Tim’s mind, Stark hung up the phone and followed.

As they all sat around the conference table, Tim was feeling less like the new student, and more like the kid being scolded by the principle and parents. They were all looking at him as if expecting him to start the conversation. He felt small and weak surrounded by all these people.

Stark definitely was the ‘bad cop’ here. His arms were crossed, and he was looking at Tim like Tim kicked his dog.

“I hate to break the wonderful silence,” the Agent was 100% the one in charge, “but we still know nothing about you. You can probably see why this isn’t favorable.”

Tim understood, he has dealt with people who he knew nothing about and knew how dangerous they could be. But he didn’t know where to start. Even if he did, he wasn’t used to talking about himself—especially his nightlife. He doubted these people were here to hurt him, but because of his training, his mind was telling him not to say anything.

Stark wasn’t a fan of waiting for Tim to start talking, “Does everyone in your universe damage other people’s property? Or are you the only one without any manners?” ‘Bad cop’ was the wrong phrase, it was more like ‘bitter cop’.

When Stark bickered on, it drew the others into the room, but Tim couldn’t figure out why. Where they just curious, or did they want to try to keep Stark from punching Tim in retaliation of his suit. He wouldn’t punch Tim, right? He was a good guy. Or at least he hung out with good guys.

Tim was just realizing how little he knew about these people, even after the whole ‘universal language’ talk.

“Sorry about the suit,” Tim apologized, “but I only attacked the torque mechanics in the limbs. It shouldn’t be that hard to repair.” Tim didn’t mean to say the last sentence so know-it-all, but Stark apparently took it that way.

“I knew how to fix it.” Stark didn’t like Tim, and he made it obvious, “I already fixed. You weren’t smart enough to destroy the whole thing.” He was trying to make Tim out to be a villain; as if Tim’s intentions were to destroy everything in his path—robot suits, included.

“Tony, stop attacking the kid.” It was the blond man that defended Tim first. Then Banner followed.

“Aren’t you always talking about how you want more kids to be involved in mechanical engineering, Tony? You should be encouraging this.” Banner was being a little facetious at the end, but Tim was happy he wasn’t the one being ganged up on.

“Let’s stay on topic,” Black widow pulled everyone back on track, “or I’ll kick you out, like the children you all are.”

“I don’t know what you want to know.” Tim’s voice came out smaller than he intended. He didn’t want them to know how scared he was. He also didn’t like them calling him a child. He wanted them to treat him like an adult; if he couldn’t get it from the Justice League, he was at least hoping to get it from here. But apparently, that was also not going to happen.

“You have a bird costume…you could start with why.” Hawkeye seemed to find Tim’s uniform amusing, but he never had been chased by it at night. It isn’t funny then.

“You’re one to talk about costumes, Clint.” Black Widow was making fun of him the way Conner and Tim usually joked around. It was obvious these two were close, and it just made Tim more
homesick.

“Whatever.” Hawkeye sulked back in his chair.

“What do you want to know about that?” Tim was just avoiding answering the questions. He didn’t like talking about being a vigilante, it wasn’t exactly a typical conversation he had with strangers.

“Start from the beginning. How you ended up fighting crime.” The Agent added, trying to be helpful. He totally saw Tim as a kid. He talked to him like he needed help solving a math problem.

“I guess it started when I was 13—”

Tim was interrupted by everyone’s disbelief. Even ‘bad cop’ Stark seemed taken aback by the news. No one seemed to like the idea of a 13-year-old kid fighting crime, and they all made it obvious.

“It’s not that bad!” Tim tried to backpedal, and calm them down, “I was trained by another vigilante —” That just made it worse.

“You mean to tell me, that someone not only knew you were crime-fighting, but they trained you to fight crime” Black Widow seemed to be a little protective of Tim, and it reminded him of Wonder Woman.

“Listen,” Tim was still trying to make it better, but wasn’t sure if he was going about it the right way, “What’s done is done. And I was the one who sought him out. He tried to tell me no, and I refused to leave him alone. I gave him no choice.” They didn’t know who he was talking about, but he still felt like he had to defend Batman.

“Why did you get involved?” The Agent was the only one who seemed to be taking this seriously and wasn’t freaking out about everything.

“It’s a long story, but it was to help someone. To keep them on the right track.” All Tim could think of was when he found Dick after Jason had died. How Tim had pleaded for Dick to return to the mantle of Robin, because ‘Batman always needs a Robin’.

“So, I’m guessing you just stuck with it all these years. And it just landed you in this situation.”

Tim nodded. “Basically.”

“What was the specific situation that got you here.”

“A mad man—Ra’s Al Ghul, I mentioned him to Dr. Banner—chased me down. Yelled about me always getting in his way, and then pressed a button. There was a light, then I was falling through the sky. Before I could figure out anything else, I was chased,” everyone looked at Stark, “and eventually I was here.”

“You guys were the ones to tell me to figure out what caused the event,” Stark was trying to defend himself, “and when I found the boy I assumed: 1) he was the cause, but 2) that he was an adult. I don’t make a habit of chasing kids.”

“Plus, you all listened to him when he said that the ‘perpetrator was hiding in the subway station’,” The blond man seemed to be on Stark’s side, “It’s not my fault you listened to an idiot.” Maybe he wasn’t on Stark’s side, after all.

“Shut up, Rogers” Stark bickered back. They might have been arguing, but they still sounded like they were friends. Or at least that they trusted each other. No one here seemed to hate one another.
They really were a team.

“Looking back, you’re actions seem logical,” Black widow was always defending Tim, “But at the time we mistook it as guilt. You didn’t know us, and we shouldn’t have expected you to trust us. I’m sorry if we scared you, but we couldn’t have ever guessed that the reasoning was that you are from a different universe.”

Tim shrugged as if it wasn’t a big deal, and honestly, it wasn’t. He’s dealt with worse situations like Mr. Oz. He understood where they were coming from with the handcuff to the hospital bed and isolating him. He probably did the worse damage to himself when he refused to eat, but he had also gone a little crazy since nothing made sense to him.

When he thought about the food, Tim suddenly remembered how hungry he was, and as if his body was catching up to his mind, his stomach growled.

“Let’s get you some food.” the Agent smiled, “And please eat it this time.”
Chinese Food and Bonding

Chapter Notes

I am giving credit for this chapter to Cindar for all the ideas they gave me! I really appreciated the help!

Also, I reference The Reach (From the Young Justice TV show) because I haven’t read the Invasion! comic series in a while, and can’t remember much. So using the TV show plot was easier.

Before he went for food, he asked if showering was still an option—he was a teenager, after all. So, The Agent showed him the way to a locker room and left Tim by himself to get cleaned up.

After the quick shower, he changed into new clothes; although the jeans were a little baggy, and the tennis shoes were slightly too big. The t-shirt said ‘Stark Industries’, which Tim believed to be connected to Tony Stark.

As he walked out of the locker room, he was surprised to greeted by Stark instead of the Agent. Both were equally awkward about the encounter.

“Coulson had some things to take care of…” he seemed like he’d rather be anywhere but here, “I was free, so he asked me to—er—get you something to eat…”

“Oh.” Tim wasn’t happy about this either, “Sounds great.”

“Yeah…” Stark wasn’t making eye contact, but rather looking down the long corridor towards the exit signs, “I don’t know if you got any place like New York where you come from, but here it’s known for it’s melting pot of different food. We could get anything you want.”

“What? No more prison food?” Tim joked, but the look Stark shot him to let him know his humor wasn’t helping their situation.

“Do they got Chinese food where you’re from?” Stark was still awkward.

“Yeah. Chinese is fine.”

“Good to know your place has lo mein, otherwise I’d pity you.” Stark was trying to ease the tension between them. Tim appreciated it. “And, nice shirt,” Stark added before walking towards the elevators.

After they got to the main level of the building, Tim realized how business-like this place was—minus the cells and interrogation room. The lobby had a front desk, people in suits running around, a high ceiling, and a glass wall that showed the city.

It reminded Tim of all the companies he’s interacted with because of Wayne Enterprises. It was as if he came here for a meeting with Lucius Fox. If he tried, he could probably convince himself that was reality, and forget that he was in an entirely different universe.

Once out of the building, Stark hailed for a taxi. Being outside of the first time in a few days made
Tim forget about everything for a second. The sun wasn’t something that he got a lot of in Gotham, and feeling it on his skin was a nice reminder about looking for the positives in a situation.

For one, he was still alive. Second, he wasn’t in danger—he was pretty sure of that. These people seemed fine. Weird, but fine. Third, he could finally start working on a way back home.

The taxi ride was short, and before he knew it, Tim was following Stark into a little Mom and Pop diner.

“This city is cool.” Tim was trying to make small conversation, and break the awkward silence of the car ride.

“Sure,” Stark said it like he wasn’t interested in small talk, but had something more important to talk about.

“So,” Tim didn’t want to face another interrogation, “what’s good here?”

“What’s your name?” Stark just ignored his question, “You know us, but we don’t even know your name.”

Tim thought about giving him an alias. He had plenty to choose from, but the truth was always better in these situations. Plus, if he started trusting them—and showing that he did trust them—they could be used as resources for later. “Tim. Drake.”

“Then, Tim, do you mind telling me more about your world. I’m just curious.” Tim couldn’t tell if Stark was just making polite conversation or trying to get answers for a bigger question.

Before Tim could answer, wait staff appeared to take their order. Stark ordered lo mein and Tim ordered the first thing he saw on the menu.

Tim brought up the first thing on his mind, “Well, in my universe, robot men don’t chase innocent people.” He was just messing with Stark, but Stark didn’t look like he appreciated it. He stared down Tim across the table.

“Maybe try not getting sent to another universe.” Stark said harshly, but Tim flinched back. It’s not like he wanted to be sent to another universe. He didn’t want to be in the dark about everything. Stark must of read his body language because he rubbed his face with both hands and sighed then said, “look, kid—Tim—I didn’t mean to—. I’m sorry. I can’t imagine what you’re going through, especially with how young you are. And I shouldn’t have gotten so mad about the suit. You’re a kid, and didn’t know what your doing. Plus, it’s fixed now. I shouldn’t have snapped at you.”

Tim was wondering if he was apologizing because he wanted to, or because someone told him he should. But Tim appreciated it either way. “It’s okay, I shouldn’t have broken it. Or twisted your arm.” He gave Stark a small smile.

“Actually, it was impressive,” Stark laughed, “Your mentor must have been some guy.”

At the thought of Batman, Time lightened up. Training to become Robin wasn’t easy, but they were good memories, “Yeah, he was fine. He pushed me to be the best. Wouldn’t accept anything else. But my brothers and sisters are far better fighters. But I’m proud to say I bested them a few times.”

“Your siblings do the same thing?” Stark looked just as concerned as he did when he found out Tim started crime fighting at the age of 13.

“Sure. But in my universe all the big superheroes have sidekicks. A few are kids. They do it to take
on the mantle in the future. That way Earth always have protectors.” Tim was just thinking about Young Justice, and how much he missed Conner, Bart, and Cassie. He wondered if they were okay.

“Big Superheroes? Like who?”

“In my universe, instead of the Avengers, we have the Justice League. They save the world during emergencies. So, like the Alien Invasion you had, we have had similar things.”

“Really? Must have been devastating.” Stark seemed to be thinking back to the one that happened here.

“It was. We lost some good people. The Reach were world conquerors. They presented themselves as helpful and friendly. It was a facade. My world paid the price—some people paid more than others.” It had been so long Tim had actually forgotten how bad it turned out. He recovered pretty quickly. Dick didn’t. It was a bad year.

“Wow.” Stark seemed lost in thought, then continued, “I understand how you feel. Our’s destroyed the city. So many civilians died. People haven’t forgotten about it. I guess it just says a lot about humanity, both of our worlds managed to recover.” Stark looked at Tim, “If you don’t mind me asking, you said you welcomed the aliens. Why is that?”

“It wasn’t the first time our world came in contact with them. We have both Superman and Martian Manhunter on the Justice League, both are from different planets, plus there are a lot of Lanterns that interact with our planet. ‘Aliens’ aren’t considered evil…or at least before the incident. Now, people don’t feel the same way. Superman still gets hate because of his race. I’m guessing your world doesn't have people from different planets.”

“I’m going to ignore the fact I have no idea what you mean by ‘lanterns’, but no. But, believe it or not, we’ve dealt with gods.” Stark waited to see if Tim would be impressed with that.

“Same! We have Wonder Woman! She’s amazing.” Stark’s smug look dropped when he realized Tim had similar stories.

“I’m guessing you have mutants, too.”

“I’m sorry? What?”

Stark was smug again, thinking he had something Tim had never heard of, “Humans with special abilities. We have a hero group called the X-men full of them. We even have some on the Avengers. Some might be extremely fast—like lightning fast. Others might control the weather. We aren’t exactly sure why it happens. It just does.”

“Oh, my world has people like that,” Stark was a little upset that his world wasn’t unique, “They are called metahumans where I’m from. Or, Metas for short.” Tim was thinking about Bart and Duke.

The wait staff came back with the food, and Tim inhaled it. He couldn’t remember what it was that he ordered, but whatever it was, it was delicious. Stark was barely halfway done with his when he noticed Tim was done. He pushed his food towards Tim, offering it to him. Tim took it with a sheepish smile and ate it. A little slower this time.

“Um, Tim, do you mind me asking why you refused to eat…?” the words ‘while in the cell’ hung in Stark’s mouth as if he didn’t want to remind himself that he was partially at fault for putting a scared and confused 17 year-old in a cell.

“What?” Tim said and stopped eating for a second. Now that he had food, that whole ordeal seemed
so long ago, “I guess for the control. I don’t really know.” He kept eating.

“Oh.” It was all Stark could say.

“I didn’t really know what was going on. I couldn’t really do anything. I needed to be in charge of something, so I wouldn’t lose my mind. Choosing to eat or not to was really the only thing I could decide.” He finished Stark’s plate, and set it to the side. “I thought you were working for Ra’s. So, besides the control, I know he’d get mad if wasn’t at my peak performance. He’s kind of obsessed with me. It would’ve pissed him off. But like I said, I don’t know. I wasn’t really thinking straight.”

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have let my anger cloud my thinking. We shouldn’t have done that.” Stark was acting awkward again.

“Don’t sweat,” Tim was leaning back in his seat, his food coma was starting, “I’m had worse. Plus, it’s not like I was tortured or anything. And now I know you are all decent people. Even your boss-Agent-guy.”

“You’ve had worse?” Tim didn’t say anything, but Mr. Oz hung in the back of his mind, “And Coulson isn’t our boss. He’s more like a babysitter since our real boss doesn’t trust us.” Stark seemed to be thinking of something that happened but didn’t mention it out loud, “Anyway, I don’t know what you want to do next. Got any ideas?”

“We should figure out how to get me back home.”

Stark left a bunch of cash, probably way more than the bill, and they left to catch a taxi back to the Superhero HQ/office building.
Tim enjoyed being in the lab because this time he wasn’t handcuffed to a hospital bed and could explore the room more.

The whole medical set up from before was gone, and it was just a typical lab now. Or, at least, typical plus the holographic computers. Tim was very fascinated in the whole set up. It was very different from the set up of the batcave and the R&D floor at Wayne Enterprises.

Banner wasn’t here, at the moment. Even Stark didn’t know where he had run off to so that that just left the two of them together. But Tim didn’t mind, he was starting to like Stark and even thought that Stark’s personality was very similar to Jason’s or Roy’s. If Tim could handle working with them, he could totally handle being around Stark.

“Where are you thinking about starting?” Stark was leaning against a table full of disassembled parts.

“With the only information we have. The equations.” Tim was trying to spot the tablet that Banner used to show him the numbers. It wasn’t in here, “But I can’t find them.”

“Banner might have it. He’ll probably be back soon. We can ask him then.”

“Once I get them, I can start using them to find a way to reverse the effects, and hopefully create a passage back. Other than that, I don’t know what to do yet.”

Stark nodded and went back to looking through the mess of pieces.

Not too long after, Banner came through the door typing away on the tablet Tim had been looking for.

“Took you long enough,” Stark said, not even looking up from his work, “The ki—Tim—and I were waiting for you.”

“Sorry,” Banner swiped on the tablet, and then a bunch of information appeared on the holographic computer, “I had to talk to some others about the numbers. Some of it doesn’t make sense.”

Tim was looking at the numbers in front of him and understood what Banner was talking about. The equations weren’t matching the sums that came with them. Plus, some of the elements listed shouldn’t have been on the list. They were too radioactive to be apart of a zeta-beam.

The zeta-beams did produce radioactive effects, but they wore off fast. With these, Tim should’ve been dead if he had actually been exposed to them.

“This has to be wrong. Let me try.” Tim picked up an expo-marker and began working out the equation on a whiteboard.

He could only make it so far before the equation would start backtracking, and he kept getting nowhere. Banner was just watching with a look like he knew Tim wouldn’t progress on the problem.

After the first attempt didn’t work, he began working it backward. The sum didn’t convert back to the equation presented earlier. The numbers on both sides were too small to be working with the elements that were present during the incident.

“This doesn’t make any sense,” Tim was talking to himself more than the others, “These numbers
shouldn’t have come from the light burst, especially if the sum was the correct end result.”

“Red,” Banner had picked up what Stark had called him, but he was probably using his nickname to come across more friendly, “I ran the numbers in a system a thousand times and tried it by hand multiple times, too. I even had some other scientists around here try, too. Whatever the machines picked up at the beginning is telling us that we can’t reverse it. It’s as if the event isn’t made to be reversed.” Banner’s eyes were sympathetic, but Tim wasn’t in the mood.

“Then run them again! I’ve already been here too long! People are looking for me!” if they are still alive.

“Red, calm down,” Banner came up to Tim and put his hand on his shoulder, “We’re working on it, I promise it is my biggest priority.”

“What about the other scientists!? Where are they? Shouldn’t they be here trying to figure it out!?" Tim hadn’t put the marker down, he was still writing on the board. He knew he could figure it out, he always did. This time wouldn’t be different.

Banner was trying to get Tim to look him in the eye, but Tim just stared at the board, gripping the marker like it was the only thing holding him to earth. Banner spoke, “I’m sorry, but…they have other priorities.”

“That’s bullshit!” He stopped writing and threw the marker against the board. The tip smeared some ink across the attempted equation, “If they were stuck in another universe, they would want all the help they could get!” Tim was trying not to overreact, but he was a little late. He already blew up.

“Red, I understand, but we have other urgent issues to focus on here. As soon as they have free time, they’ll come and help. I promise.” Tim wasn’t listening anymore. He was erasing the equations and starting over.

“This is urgent! I might as well be dead, at least that’s what my family probably thinks!” He had been stupid to get hopeful about an easy way back. It took him months to escape Mr. Oz’s prison, and at least that was apart of his universe.

“Tim, stop,” Tim didn’t even notice Stark had come over to his side. He took the marker out of his hand, and set it gently on a table, “You need to breathe. Freaking out isn’t going to solve anything. You need to take a breath, and think with a calm conscious.”

Tim didn’t even know when tears started rolling down his cheeks, but he quickly wiped them off his face and looked at anything other than the two men in front of him. He didn’t want them to see him cry.

“We will help you, I promise, but you aren’t any use in a state like this. Maybe you need to get some rest.”

“No.” Tim mumbled at the floor, “I need to find a way back.”

Stark guided him towards a chair, and pushed him to sit down, “Later.”

Banner stood by Tim’s side as Stark left the lab. Tim didn’t know where he went, but he was happy he left. He wished Banner would leave, too. He wanted to be alone and wanted to keep working. He knew as long as someone was here, they wouldn’t let him.

Banner was talking, it was about nothing important, it was just to keep the silence away. Tim was somewhat happy about it because it wasn’t letting him focus on feeling lost; he still felt it, but it
wasn’t overwhelming his emotions.

“I want to go home.” Tim wasn’t talking to Banner, but he heard. Banner stopped talking, just for a second. But then picked up again, and started talking about a semester he took abroad back in college.

Stark came back after a while, “I got you an empty office with a couch, you can sleep there for a bit before we find someplace more comfortable for you to stay in.”

Tim couldn’t look up at either of them; he was scared if he tried, he wouldn’t be able to hold back the tears.

After taking the elevator a few floors down, and walking down the long corridor, Stark stopped in front of an office that looked like it hadn’t been used in months.

They left Tim alone after he sat on the couch. He laid down but wasn’t close to being tired. Instead, he just let the tears fall. He felt weak again. He felt like there was no hope, and that all he could do was sit around waiting for nothing to happen.

None of this was supposed to happen. The mission had been so clear. They were supposed to capture Vandal Savage, then go home. It was supposed to be quick and easy.

Instead, he was stuck in a different reality and had no one. There seemed to be no way out, and Tim couldn’t think straight. Nothing had ever gone this bad before. He always found a solution, he always stayed motivated.

But now, he was just tired. Tired of fighting. Tired of being scared. Tired of being overworked. Tired of losing the people he loved. He had just lost everyone, he didn’t even want to get up and try again. He felt as if there was no point.

Even if he could get out of this situation, he would find himself in a worse one. That was how it always went. He just wanted to wake up from this nightmare. Without even realizing it, Tim had cried himself to sleep.

**********

Conner stood next to Tim over a grave marked: Bartholomew Allen; Beloved Son and Grandson. This grave sat next to the one labeled: Cassandra Sandsmark; Fallen Hero.

“It’s your fault,” Conner stated, in a monotone voice.

“Wha-”

“They died because you weren’t here. You always want to be the hero. It got you sent away. You weren’t here, even when we needed you! Now we are all dead! It’s your fault!”

Tim turned to look at Conner, but instead, he was met by Batman. Conner was dead at his feet.

“I knew you wouldn’t be good enough to hold the mantle of Robin. Taking you in was a mistake.” Batman towered over him.

“I—I did it for you!”

“No! You did it for yourself! Now, look at what it caused!”

All around Tim were dead bodies of his family.
“I didn’t mean to!”

“I wish you never came back! I wish you had died!” Batman growled, “No one could ever love you, not with the destruction you leave behind! You can’t do anything right!”

Tim had fallen to his knees. He felt the weight of the world crushing him.

“You are vermin.” Batman grabbed Tim by the throat. He began squeezing.

“Stop!” Tim was kicking but wasn’t catching anything but air.

Then he felt his neck snap.

Batman dropped his body on the ground like he was nothing but a piece of trash.

**********

Tim woke up grasping his neck and breathing hard.

He had tear tracks dried on his cheeks and hair stuck on his face. He looked like a mess, and felt like one, too.

Then he realized what had woken him up, there was knocking at the door.

“One second.” His voice was shaky and needed to collect himself.

He wiped off the tear tracks and tried to fix his hair. It didn’t help at all.

He stood up and went to open the door. In front of him was Black Widow. She wasn’t who he was expecting.

“How are you doing? I heard the news.” She gave him a sympathetic smile. It reminded him too much of Wonder Woman.

“I’m fine.” He knew that she knew he was lying.

“Let’s get some fresh air.” She stepped out of the way so he could exit the office.

Neither of them talked the entire way out of the building. But she did give him a gray jacket. He assumed it meant that the weather was colder than before.

He put it on just as they walked out of the doors. Then, they kept walking. Neither of them talked. They just kept walking through the city. His leg was feeling the effects of the bullet, but he was using the pain to distract him.

The nightlife was in full swing at this point, making Tim realize how long he had slept for. They passed clubs full of drunk people, a few spilling out into the street, and the past multiple apartment buildings that seemed to function the same way the clubs were.

“Any of that interest you? I’m not supporting taking a kid into a club, but if want, I won’t stop you.” Black Widow gave him a joking smile.

“No thanks. Parties aren’t my thing. I attended my fair share of galas, I think it’s safe to say it was more than enough.”

“Galas? What kind of galas does a teenager go to?”
“The kind that are full of boring adults. I was forced to go. Something about family values. I normally didn’t pay attention to the reasoning. I just went through the motions.”

“Was it your mentor who dragged you along?”

“For some, yes. But my biological parents were the main culprits.”

“Tell me about him.”

“My mentor?”

“Yeah.”

“Don’t laugh. But he’s called Batman.” Tim shot her a smile.

She suppressed a laugh, “Sounds like an interesting guy.”

“He was.” Tim caught himself talking about Bruce in the past tense. “I mean… he IS.”

Black Widow didn’t make any reaction to that. She just let Tim keep talking.

“He became my second father. He might not have been the best at showing it, but he thought of me as his son.”

“Any others?”

“In our group? Oh yeah, tons. Sometimes I feel like we are our own army, because of how many people we have. I mean, we even have a cow.” Tim laughed.

“A cow? Wow, I want to visit your universe. Sounds like you guys know how to have a good time.” She laughed back.

As the two kept on talking walking around the city, Tim’s spirit was lifting again. He didn’t feel as lonely anymore. At least now he had a few people willing to help him.
Since Tim and Black Widow—or Natasha Romanoff, as he had learned that night—spent the whole night walking around, neither had gotten much sleep. Even when Tim had fallen asleep in the office, it wasn’t enough to recharge him from the break down he had.

Romanoff decided to open her apartment to Tim, and they ended their night by stopping by her place. She showed him the guest room and went to crash in her room. Tim was fairly surprised about this place.

It was a simple place; two rooms, a bathroom, kitchen, and living room. It wasn’t anything special, but it had a very ‘model home’ feel. Everything looked like it had a specific place and never moved. His room had the exact feel. The bed was made perfectly, and the dresser in the corner was completely empty. Not even guest towels were stored in it. This place was obviously more of a crash pad than an actual home. It was as if it was more for show than for a person to live. Tim hadn’t seen her room, but he could guess it looked the same.

He wondered if Romanoff had the place to feel more normal. To feel like she had a place to call her own. She hadn’t talked a lot about herself when they went for the walk, but what little he could pick up was that she wasn’t used to staying in one place for a long time. She had mentioned dozens of places she’s been, and from that, Tim could pick up that she was never in a single place long enough to call it home.

New York was apparently different, she had a place. And the old lady downstairs said hello to them, she obviously recognized Romanoff proving that she had been here for long enough to establish acquaintanceship with the other residents. But this place looked fake.

Romanoff didn’t know how to settle down.

Tim sat on the bed, feeling bad about messing up the perfection. Taking the weight off his leg was nice, though. He didn’t realize how bad it was screaming until it stopped. Being able to ignore it was a nice skill to have, but not the healthiest.

He laid down but didn’t get into the covers. He wasn’t the best at making beds and wasn’t in the mood to do it when he woke up. He drifted asleep fairly fast after that.

Tim had the same dream again. But this time there were a lot more graves. It was as if the graveyard were never-ending. It just went on forever. Tim probably should have been trying to figure out what the dream meant, but he was too busy thinking about the logic of the graveyard. It would have taken thousands of people to dig those graves. So if the whole world had died, no one could have dug them.

Tim knew that was the wrong part to focus on about the dream. But, whatever, it was entertaining to him.

When he turned to look at the clock, he realized it was 12:30 pm; and that he had slept way longer than he had wanted. They had gotten back to the apartment around 2 in the morning, but he normally didn’t need this much sleep to function.

He got up and flattened out the sheets that got wrinkled under him. He quietly made his way towards
the kitchen area, just in case Romanoff was still asleep.

As he got closer, he realized she was up, and that she had someone else over. He recognized the voice as Hawkeye’s. Or Clint Barton, as she had called him last night.

“Good morning!” Barton greeted Tim as soon as he saw him, “Did you sleep in your clothes?”

“Yeah. It’s what happens when you forget to pack a suitcase before being thrown into a different universe.” Tim didn’t mean to come across mean, but it just happened. But Barton just laughed.

“Tim,” Romanoff turned to him, “could I get you anything for breakfast—or Lunch, I guess.”

“I’d love some coffee if you have it.” He took a seat at the kitchen table with them.

“Sure thing, but you’ll have to eat something, too.” She got up and headed towards the coffee maker.

“So, Tim,” Barton caught Tim’s attention, “How’d you like to help us?”

“We said we’d wait to ask him!” Romanoff came back with some toast and coffee.

“Thank you, Ms. Romanoff,” Tim said as he took the place and mug from her.

“Natasha is fine, Tim,” She chuckled.

“What do you mean help?” Tim munched on a piece of toast.

“Since you were so eager to tell him, go for it.” Natasha gave Barton a stern look.

“You are obviously a smart kid,” Barton started, “So while we are figuring out how to send you back, why don’t you help us on a few of our missions. A trade of services, if you will.”

“Like go out in the field with you?”

“More like holding down the fort. Checking monitors, and such. You are a kid, and we aren’t fans of putting children in danger. Plus, because of your injuries, we want to give you time to heal.”

The thought of being back in the field excited him. It had been a week since he had done anything, and his whole body was itching to get back out there. Or at least, be behind the scenes. It would be like being in the Batcave, watching over the monitors.

Tim always preferred the feeling of being out in the action, but this was okay, too.

“I’m so down!” Tim smiled.

**********

As the three of them arrived back to the building, Tim was practically bouncing on the balls of his feet. This is what he lived for. The thrill of the job kept him going during bad times. Bad times, like being stuck in a different universe.

The elevator seemed to take forever, but once they got to the floor, Tim was nearly bursting with joy. He was going to have so much fun. It’ll be like old times. Like when he first met Bruce. Monitoring the area, and reporting to those out in the city. It was the small things that made all of this okay.

Being stuck in another universe didn’t stop him from doing his job, and it was satisfying.
The set up here was very high tech. But it had a lot more people operating it than the Batcave would have. Most of the time, the batcomputer had one person operating it—maybe two if Alfred were available at the time. But here, it was a whole team. Tim guessed most were Agents, like Agent Coulson, and they all seemed to be hyper-focused on their job.

It was as if this was their only requirement, and Tim was pretty sure it was. Being this big of an operation meant that they didn’t have to take turns running things behind the computer and actually going out. Tim felt a little overwhelmed.

Natasha led him over to a woman who seemed to be in charge.

“Tim, this is Agent Hill. She’s a field agent, but for now, she’s in charge up here. Don’t piss her off, she’ll make you regret it.” She joked.

“Nice to meet you, ma’am.” Tim held out his hand and shook hers.

She smiled back, “So you’re the one I’ve been hearing so much about. Caused quite a commotion when you first got here.”

“I try to be memorable.” That was a lie, Tim wasn’t exactly a fan of being in the spotlight. But in this case, it was the only place he kept finding himself.

“So, it’s been approved by Agent Coulson that you can help us here. So, let’s get you set up, and give you a test run.”

She walked to a row of computers and shooed away a few other agents from the area. Tim followed behind.

The computers were nice and were masterfully connected to the main monitor in the center of the room. They had the hookup, and it was most likely because of Stark. Tim was impressed. He was completely in love with the room and knew he could spend weeks here just exploring all the programs they had. He was in complete bliss.

As soon as he sat in a chair, Agent Hill started typing away on the computer. It took Tim a second to put together what the code meant, but as soon as he pieced it together his heart sank.

She was limiting what he could do with the computers. They didn't trust him. He wasn’t being asked to help them, he was being supervised.

“All right, you should be set. The main thing we need you to monitor for infrequencies in the airways. Just trying to find if that energy burst that brought you here left anything dangerous behind.”

She walked away, and Tim noticed that Barton and Natasha were gone, too. But the main thing was that they wanted him to ‘find anything dangerous’, but he knew there wasn’t. He saw the equations. So did everyone else. They were just giving him busy work so that he would stay out of their way.

It was like all those times with Batman. Busy work. Just to keep Tim out of the way.

Bruce had his good qualities, but he had his flaws. And this one was the one that pissed Tim off the most. Being shoved to the back of the line, like he wasn’t good enough to be at the front. He wasn’t the strongest, and everyone knew it. So he was always the last choice. Kept away in the Batcave so the others could do the 'hard' work.

Tim felt weird. He never let this get to him. He knew that whether or not he was out in the action, or
back in the cave, he was doing good. He knew everyone had different strengths, and he knew computers was one of his. That’s why he got put on them. But now, none of those thoughts mattered to him. They just made him mad.

Mad that he was never trusted to be good enough, mad that Batman kept leaving him behind in the cave, and mad that it was happening here, too.

None of this was why he got involved in this life. He did it to help people. This wasn’t helping people. This was being put in time-out. Nothing ever changed.

It was almost like something else took over his body, because without even thinking, Tim got up and walked back towards the elevators. Got in, and went to the main floor. Before his mind could catch up with his body, he was walking out of the building; and down the street.

Eventually, his walk turned into a run, then a sprint. He kept going, he didn’t even know if anyone followed him. He didn’t stop when he pasted Natasha’s apartment building, he didn’t stop when he passed the subway station he hid in earlier, and he didn’t stop when his wounded leg was screaming at him to stop. He just kept going.

He had nothing on him besides his clothes. He didn’t even have his Red Robin uniform or any of the tools from it. He knew he would have to go back later, but at the moment he was going to stay away.

This kept happening. He would feel defeated, then he would get motivated. Then defeated, again. This emotional rollercoaster was exhausting, and he just wanted it to end. Right now, he didn’t care if he was in Gotham or not, he just wanted to stop feeling powerless. He wanted to have the freedom to do what he needed to do.

He didn’t get that in his world. He didn’t get it here. Tim was starting to think power wasn’t something he was meant to have.

He mind was wandering back to Ra’s. He sent Tim here because he wanted Tim to stop getting in his way. But in the way of what? Tim hadn’t even stopped to think about that. He couldn’t think of anything. Tim didn’t have anything that Ra’s could possibly want. But Ra’s was obviously furious at Tim about something. Ra's had had no control of his emotions at the time.

Tim was beginning to wonder if Ra’s even knew what that machine did. Did he care?

Either way, Ra’s got what he wanted—Tim out of the picture.

********

Eventually, Tim stopped. He didn’t know where he was, and the sun was much lower. He thought about stopping to grab something to eat, but then remembered that he had no money. The next best thing to do was to rest. Even his non-inured leg was exhausted from the running, so it was probably the best option.

He dipped into an alley and slid his back down the wall. He was hidden from the street behind a dumpster, but he wasn’t purposely hiding. It was just habit, at this point.

If anything, he was expecting one of the Avengers or agents to come looking for him. What he wasn’t expecting was for someone to be pointing a gun at him.

“Give me your wallet!” The man didn’t know what he was doing. His stance was all wrong, and Tim could easily knock him over. But he didn’t.
“I don’t have anything of value on me.” Tim didn’t even stand up. The exhaustion had just hit him, and he didn’t want to use any more energy. He just hoped the crook would go away on his own.

“Give it to me, and you wouldn’t get hurt!”

“Like I said—”

Before he could finish his sentence, the crook was on the floor with his gun knocked away. Standing between Tim and the crook was a man in a costume. Presumably another vigilante. How many did this world have? Not that Tim could be a hypocrite.

“Don’t worry! You’re safe now!” The vigilante said towards Tim as he checked to see if the crook was knocked out.

“Wait?” Tim wondered if this was another Avenger who was sent after him, “Who are you?”

“Oh!” the vigilante stood up in a very cheesy hands-on-hips pose “I’m your friendly neighborhood Spiderman!”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, it took a few days to update. Spring Break started on Friday and I just got really lazy, and just have been watching Netflix. I’ll try to keep a regular schedule from now on.
Chapter Notes

For clarity, Spider-man in this one is pre-civil war. So, he doesn’t have anything to do
with the Avengers (yet), and he still has his homemade suit.

“I’m sorry, who?” Tim was still confused about who this was, or more importantly, who he was
associated with.

“Ya know, Spider-man! Brooklyn’s protector!” His voice sounded like a kid’s.

“Spider-man?” They were just going in circles.

“The one and only!”

“So, ‘Spider-man’, why are you here?” Tim really was asking, ‘did the Avengers send you after
me?’, but he was hoping it was implied.

“Uh, to save you? Ya know, bad guy,” he pointed at the unconscious man, “distressed civilian,” he
pointed to Tim, “It’s my job.”

“Right,” Tim knew how the Avengers viewed him, he was seeing Spider-man in the same light. Just
some kid running around in a costume, getting himself in danger, “So, are we done here?”

“I mean, I guess. But what about your leg?” He pointed down towards Tim’s wound. There was a
large spread of blood on his jeans.

“Fuck.” He pulled up the pants legs, revealing that the stitches were ripped open.

“Need me to get you to a hospital? Or call an ambulance?” The kid was being fidgety.
“I’m good. You can go on your way.” Tim used the wall to support himself to a standing position. “You saved me, your job is done. Thanks.”

“I don’t mean to be rude, but you don’t look good. You should get some help. I could get you some help.” He went over to help support Tim, but he put up his hand to keep the kid away.

“Seriously, I’m good. Thank you, though. Uh, Keep up the good work, I guess. Imma go now.” He started to walk out of the alley, but he couldn’t keep ignoring his leg. He put to much strain on it over the past couple of days. He misjudged his own ability.

“Hey, kid!” Spider-man yelled after him, Tim laughed in his head at that. Between the two of them, Tim wasn’t the ‘kid’, “Wait up! Lemme help you!” Even when Tim tried to push his hands away, Spider-man put Tim’s arm around his neck to help take the weight off.

“I’m serious, I don’t need any help. I’m a-okay.”

“Where to?” Spider-man ignored all of Tim’s statements. It took a few moments to get out of the alley as Tim was struggling to push Spider-man away, and Spider-man wouldn’t let Tim go.

“I’m serious, I don’t need any help.” As they exited the alley, Tim spotted two men in a black SUV, wearing similar suits to the agents back with the Avengers. Tim had a feeling that they were agents, most likely looking for him, “Fuck.”

“Did I hurt you!” Spider-man looked at him with sincerity.

“No. You’re fine. But seriously, get out of here.” Tim didn’t take his eyes off of the SUV.

Spider-man followed his eyes towards the men. “Woah. Are they following you?” He tried to whisper it, but it wasn’t quiet. “Are you in danger? Did they give you the wound? Do I need to call the police?” He was asking a million questions a minute.

“You don’t need to call the police. I just need to get out of here.” He tried to push Spider-man away again, but Spider-man wouldn’t let him.
“Are you in trouble? With the law?” Spider-man was getting on Tim’s nerves. He just wanted to be left alone.

“No.” He wanted out of here. This was a mistake. Maybe he should have just played into their game, but instead, he had to be irrational. Now he was stuck between a rock and a hard place, “I’m not in any trouble. I just need to get someplace where I can restitch my wound.”

“I’ll take you!” Spider-man was a little too eager, “I’ll get you out of danger!”

“No it’s fine—” Before he could finish his sentence he was in the lifted off the ground and moving up towards the roofs. It was like he was flying with a grappling hook, but instead of a grappling hook, it was a thick white string coming out of Spider-man’s wrist. Tim finally understood why the kid called himself Spider-man.

**********

Since Tim never specified a location for them to go to, Spider-man dropped themselves off on a roof top of what Tim believed to be a condemned apartment building.

“So, who were those men?” Spider-man wouldn’t let up.

“Dunno.” Tim was pushing up the jeans, the bleeding was slowing down.

“Were they drug dealers? Mafia?” Spider-man sounded too excited about this whole ordeal.

“How old are you?” Tim was beginning to think that Spider-man was thinking this was a game.

“What? The point of wearing a mask is to keep my identity secret, that includes my age too.”

“I’m guessing 14-15 years old. Just started high school. I’m also guessing this whole ‘Brooklyn’s Protector’ gig is new to you.”

“I—I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Spider-man was getting antsy.
“Don’t worry. I’m not judging you. I was just like you when I started. I was too excited to get out there and thought it was fun. But it’s dangerous. This isn’t a game. It’s the real deal.”

“What do you mean, ‘when you started’?”

“I go out and fight bad guys, too. Or, at least I did. I’m kind of not in a position to do it right now.” He needed to get access to a first aid kit before this got infected.

“Where? I mean, where do you fight crime.”

“Uh, my home town. It’s pretty far from here. Um, do you have a first aid kit on you, by chance?”

“I got a few bandaids.”

Tim laughed out loud to that. This kid was out of his depth. But Tim liked him. Tim saw himself in the kid. Plus, he didn’t have any affiliation with the Avengers. Tim saw a potential ally in the kid, and that made him happy.

Tim took one of the bandaids from Spider-man, “I’ll make a deal with you. If you can get me access to a computer, I’ll show you a few things for being a better vigilante. If you want any help.”

Spider-man lit up at that. Or at least Tim assumed he did since he couldn’t see his face. “Yeah! I’m totally down! You know karate or something?”

“Or something.” Tim smiled. This was going to make his life easier. He would have to start somewhere, and if it wasn’t with access to the tech at the Avengers’ HQ, then he would have to find another way. “Can we also get better medical supplies too?”

Spider-man helped Tim up again, and before Tim could say anything the two were flying through the air again. Spider-man seemed to like taking off without informing the passenger.

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What confused Tim was when they landed on the fire escape of an apartment building, and Spider-
man pulled open the window to allow both of them inside. It was a rookie move, as this was probably the place Spider-man lived. Tim would never take a stranger to his home, but he was trained by Batman, and this kid seemed to have very little common sense.

“Sit on the bed, I grab somethings from the bathroom.” Spider-man took off, as Tim looked around the room.

It looked like the average room of a teenager. The bunk beds had Star Wars sheets, there were multiple Star Wars posters, and a lego AT-AT on top of a very messy desk. At least Star Wars was consistent between the multi-universes. Tim wondered if Star Trek was too since he would take Star Trek over Star Wars anyway.

There was also a framed photo on the desk, a boy (who Tim could guess was the kid under the mask) and an older woman and man. Definitely parental-figures. There were also clothes all over the floor. Alfred would have a heart attack.

“I grabbed everything I thought would be helpful. Let’s see; Neosporin, this tube—it looked important, gauze, butterfly bandages—” Tim cut him off by grabbing everything from his arms.

“You got a sewing kit and a lighter?”

“Yeah.” He went back into the hallway and quickly came back with both.

Tim began using the hydrogen peroxide to clean out the wound. It stung like hell. It also caused the bleeding to pick up a bit. Using scissors from the desk, he cut out the old stitches and began cleaning a needle with the lighter.

“Ya know,” Tim looked up at Spider-man who was watching Tim intensely, “It’s not the best idea to bring strangers to your place. Especially when it’s easy to find your identity.” Tim nodded towards the photo, “I really appreciate you bringing me here. But try not to make a habit of it.”


“I know.” He put a thread through the eye of the needle and began pushing into his skin, biting his lip because of the pain.
After tying off the end of the thread, he applied the Neosporin over the entire area. Then held a
gauze in place with the butterfly bandages. It would probably be best to not keep running on it, or at
least until it is a little better. He quickly checked his shoulder, and it seemed to be holding up.

Tim held out his hand, “Anyways, the name’s Tim.”

Spider-man shook it, “Is it a test? Or do you want my real name.”

“Your choice. I don’t care. Can I use your computer?”

“Knock yourself out.” Spider-man stepped to the side so that Tim’s transition from the bed to the
desk was easier.

Tim opened up the first search engine he saw and began typing. He was trying to find any articles
about the energy burst.

“It’s Peter.”

“Huh?”

“My—My name. Peter. I figured I messed up enough with bringing you here, that it wouldn’t matter
if I told you my name or not,” He took off the hood of his costume, “If you wanted to figure it out, it
would have been pretty easy with how much I screwed up already.”

Tim stopped typing, “You’re still learning. No one expects you to be perfect. Plus, I’m guessing
you're doing this on your own, with no help from a mentor. It’s impressive.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I had about a year of training before I was good enough to start stopping the bad guys. And
even then I probably should have had a little more training. You’re pretty good. You stopped that
crook super fast. He didn’t even see it coming. Besides, you made the mistake with me. I’m not
going to use it against you. Now you know, and now you can improve. We’ll consider this your first
lesson from me.”

“First? You’ll stick around?”

“If you want. I’d feel safer if I knew that you knew what you were getting yourself into.”

Tim continued searching but found nothing. If it created a big enough disturbance to black out all
cameras and be as bright as it were, it should have been all over the news. Yet, there was nothing.

“Peter, do you remember a bright light spreading over the city about a week ago?”

“Sure. Happened during school—oh, shoot. Should I not talk about my personal life?”

“I already figured. But yeah, best not to bring it up when someone doesn’t know your identity. Keep
your personal life to yourself. But, can you tell me anything about the light?”

“Not really, it was here, then gone. Not much to go on. Some kids freaked out and said it was a
nuclear bomb, but no one’s dead yet. So I ruled that out.” He laughed.

“Did you see any news reports on it?”

“As a matter of fact, I didn’t. But since it didn’t affect anything, I never bothered to look it up. I had
completely forgotten about it until you brought it up.”

That means that someone is keeping any information about it out of the public eye. They don’t want
anyone looking into it. But why? If the Avengers were keeping it out of the publics grasp, they
would have a reason. But they knew it wasn’t dangerous, and they even knew where it came from.
Unless they knew more than they were letting on.

“Peter. Do you know anything about the Avengers?”

Peter’s smile lit up, “Yes!” He pulled out a binder that was full of news paper articles and
information on the group. It reminded Tim of when he kept notebooks full of news about Batman and Robin.

“Wanna help me do some investigating?”

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