What's your problem?

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Summary

prompt: Wanna write a fic where Damian is jealous of Tim getting all of Dick's attention?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The first time went something like this:

Dick laughed, slapping a hand down on Tim's back. Damian saw the other teen grin a little, and honestly. Damian just wanted to punch him in his stupid face.

No doubt, Tim had said something idiot and Dick was making fun of him. Yes, that seemed most likely. Damian smiled to himself; of course that was the case. Drake wasn't funny. There was no way Dick would laugh with Drake- but at him, well, that was a completely different story.

Damian couldn't help sniggering to himself at that, though he wasn't too good at keeping it quiet. Two pairs of eyes swivelled towards him, one wide and another narrowed in suspicion. Glancing up, he snapped "What?", which only made one of the two roll his eyes. Tch. So what?

But of course, that wasn't enough to sate Dick. He practically skipped - skipped, a grown ass man, seriously - over, and peered down at Damian.

"What'cha laughing about, Dami?" Damian gave him a somewhat scathing glance - when had he given Dick permission to call him that? Never. No one called him Dami - and then shrugged.
"Just imagining Drake mistaking the bat-shark repellent for the bat-blood spray and promptly getting eaten alive."

"Hey!" Tim's cries echoed across the room, and Damian pretended they didn't exist. "Fuck you, asshole!"

The second time was a little more volatile:

Patrol with Red Robin.

Batman - Dick - was lurking somewhere above, watching the city (read: them).

Damian didn't speak to Tim, lest he was insulting his methods.

("Really? That's how you knock someone out?"

and

("Oh, please. I could have told you that in my sleep."

As much as he'd have like to, Damian wasn't malicious enough to call Drake by his last name out on the streets.

Not that he or Dick or Bruce couldn't take care of themselves, but there was Pennyworth. And that Brown girl. Neither were sufficiently equipped to deal with an army of thugs or criminals, and Damian was willing to admit that he might feel a little guilty if they met their demise because of him. Only a little, though.

At the end of the night, they rendezvous'd atop of Gotham's highest point, with Dick congratulating them both.

"I'm proud of you." He announced, grinning, and giving Drake a squeeze of the shoulder. Damian pointedly looked away.

And it was all fine, until Dick added (the totally unnecessary) "Especially for not rising to any of Robin's taunt."

Damian's head snapped back towards them, his mouth set in a sneer. "They were not taunts. They were hard facts. Not my fault Red's a shitty excuse for a Robin."

He almost didn't see the punch Drake threw his way, but that's only in the loosest sense of the word. Of course he saw it coming. He wasn't an idiot, or blind.

So, naturally, he dodged. And retaliated. And next thing Dick knew, he was surrounded by two scuffling idiots.

Except the scuffling was actually quite vicious and he was pretty sure there was a little blood spilling okay more than a little yeah this was pretty serious he better step in-

The last time was, coincidently, the last straw:
"All right, Damian, that's it. I've had enough." Dick rounded on him, and like the petulant child he was, Damian just tutted and turned his head away, arms folded.

"Just what the hell is your problem? You don't like Tim, I get it! But he is your brother, you live in the same house! Can you not just be civil to him, at least?"

When Dick spoke actively about something, he moved his hands around. A lot; exaggerating everything.

"I am civil." Damian insisted, facing Dick and giving him the brunt of his glare.

"Seriously? That's your idea of civil? You attack him on a daily basis- physically and verbally!"

Dick sounded outright shocked, as though he couldn't fathom why.

Damian shrugged, as if to say 'so what?' and kept his mouth shut. Dick returned Damian's glare for a moment or two, before sighing, resigned. He threw his hands up in the air,

"Fine, whatever. I give up. We're done. You're not coming on patrol with me until you've sorted things out with Tim. I mean it." And he turned heel, leaving Damian alone.

For a split second, Damian just stared, eyes widened a little- he was surprised, of course he was, he didn't think Dick would go that far, he hadn't actually caused Drake a fatality, and he had all valid reasons- getting too chummy with Dick, spending too much time with Dick, laughing with Dick- and now Dick was walking away.

Gritting his teeth, and perhaps this only worked because Dick had his back turned and Damian was an even better stealth agent than Dick, but he lurched forward and grabbed hold of Dick's arm, yanking him back, tripping him up, and landing with a thud, right atop of Dick.

He spoke over Dick's groans of protest, keeping the elder's wrists pinned down to the floor.

"You want to know what my problem is, Grayson?" Damian hissed, lowering his face so it was closer to Dick's.

His blue eyes stared down into Dick's even bluer ones, one pair filled with anger and another filled with curiosity.

Even in this situation, Dick didn't seem to fear for anything. He was just too damn trusting, one of the many things Damian didn't openly like.

"My problem," And he was still hissing, still sounding infuriated and voice holding a rather surprising amount of passion, "is you."

And then he kissed Dick.

And Dick squirmed a little, trying to fight back, but, oh no. Damian wasn't having any of that. Not now. He was going to kiss Dick and Dick was going to damn well like it.

As if to accentuate this, he moved his hips a little, grinding right where he needed to.

The response was immediate- Dick stilled, and after a second or two, began kissing Damian back.

It was slow at first, hesitant, because Dick was likely thinking a thousand reasons as to why they shouldn't be doing this, but Damian carried on, and Dick kept responding in turn.

When he felt safe enough, Damian let go of Dick's hands, and to his immense surprise - and pleasure
- Dick immediately put them on either side of his waist, pushing him back slightly so Dick could sit up.

They ended up staying like that, Damian in Dick's lap with his legs wrapped on either side of Dick's, just kissing.

End Notes

sooooom dami got a bit forceful but aye i'm positive dick woulda freed himself if he really didn't want it

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