Morals are Questioned and Kids are Adopted

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Morals are Questioned and Kids are Adopted

by GeekintheCorner

Summary

Tony and Peter are sucked through a mysterious portal and into a world of supers who don't kill or wear masks. They are forced to question their own mentor-mentee relationship as they get to know a family of bird and bat themed vigilantes who don't let their lack of shared DNA get in the way of family.

Or the Irondad/Batfamily crossover no one but me wanted.

Notes

Warnings: AU, fluff, censored cursing, and not quite as emotionally constipated!Batfam.

Disclaimer: No previously seen characters or stories within this work belong to me and all original credit should be given to their respective owners.
Tony chuckles and swings an arm around Peter's shoulders. They were out celebrating the end of Peter's sophomore year with burgers and milkshakes. Sure Peter was a genius and it wasn't a surprise he made straight A's, but Tony knew how it felt to not have that acknowledged. So since May was away at a two-week nursing seminar and Peter was staying with him, Tony had taken it upon himself to celebrate with the kid. They were originally meant to eat out at some new sushi place, but Pepper had to cancel last minute, so Tony and Peter had exchanged one look before happily changing out of their dress clothes. Tony had gone with his classic sunglasses combined with a hippie type beanie he had bought just to embarrass Peter as a disguise.

They had taken the subway to Peter's neighborhood and Tony had let the teen drag him everywhere before they finally stopped for food. At the moment they were leisurely making their way back to the tower for Mario Kart.

"I'm serious Mr. Stark, there is no way you can beat me. With my extra experience and Spidey Sense-"

"I still like Peter Tingle more."

Peter glares at Tony and he smirks back.

"I just think we should play something more fit for you."

"Oh like what?"

"Like Wii golf." Peter smirks.

"Wow I am-"
Suddenly a red glowing light bursts to life in front of them. Immediately the hole begins to pull and tug them towards it. Tony taps his chest and pushes Peter behind him. He hears the tell-tale sound of a web being shot and barely has time to see it whip around and away from its trajectory, towards the portal before he's sucked into it himself and the world goes black.

"Grayson!"

Dick groans and pulls his plush blanket over his head.

"Richard!"

He groans again.

"Richard! If you do not get up within the next five minutes I will refuse to watch any more insipid cartoons with you for the next week!"

Dami's quiet steps sound as he walks away from Dick's door.

Is that worth getting out of his warm cloud for? Really? They could just watch more next week.

Except the next movie was a sequel, and in Dami's own little way he had expressed… anticipation for the next one. And with the crazy lives everyone around here led Dick was happy to get his littlest brother interested in something age appropriate.

Fine.
Dick drags himself out of bed legs first and picks a blue shirt out of his dresser to go with his sweatpants then heads downstairs to the kitchen. Alfred's idea to keep a few outfits at the manor was really paying off, just a couple of months ago he had been forced to borrow one of Bruce's shirts after an impromptu stay over.

Even if Dami isn't in the kitchen grabbing some coffee would probably be a good idea. Despite Damian's seemingly uncaring attitude he wouldn't have woken Dick up on the only morning he allowed himself to sleep in on without good reason, it would be a good idea to be alert.

Pushing the door open reveals Damian sitting at the kitchen table speaking with Alfred. Dick can get coffee and talk to Dami. Good.

He purposely scuffs his feet against the floor causing the youngest bat kid to turn in his chair and look at his brother. His eyes soften around the corners and his mouth twitches, obviously relieved Dick had gotten up. Dick grins in return, sleepily ruffling his brother's hair on the way to the coffee machine. He smiles at Alfred too, as he pours equal parts creamer and coffee into an oversized Batman mug.

"Good morning Master Richard."

"M-" Dick clears his throat, "Morning Alfie."

He takes his mug to seat across from Damian. The fact that not one of his other family members are at the table speaks volumes about what an early hour on a Sunday this is. Saturday nights are always some of the heaviest for crime so the Family had almost always allowed themselves to sleep in the morning after. Even when Dick was Robin he and Bruce never did anything more strenuous than watch T.V. before twelve on Sundays. It felt very wrong to be up at, (what is the time? The clock says a little after eight), eight on a Saturday.

Dick looks at the kid in front of him, his face impassive, only something that he did when anxious lately, and hands tightly clasp.

Dick takes a long sip of his coffee then asks "Alright Dami, what was so urgent?"

Damian's face twitches a little. "Todd called."
Well that was unexpected. Jason rarely called, preferring to just show up unannounced. And considering they had just spoken the night before he must have had some kind of news to share with the family. Though none of that explained why Damian had been the one to pick up the call. Dami doesn't elaborate. Dick arches an eyebrow in a way reminiscent of their shared parent.

Damian sighs. "I was on way way back from using the facilities when the house phone rang. As such I decided to answer it."

Well if it was the house phone than it probably wasn't the most urgent thing. Dick relaxes a little and opens his mouth to say so, but Damian cuts him off. "Todd said he had first tried to contact everyone's comms, even Drake's, before calling the manor."

"Oh."

"Yes."

Dick waits, but Damian doesn't volunteer any more information. Dick lets out an exasperated breath and prompts "And?"

Damian's eyes narrow. "And what?" he snaps. Dick is used to his littlest brother's prickly attitude after four years of knowing him, so he simply rolls his eyes before elaborating. "What did Jay want?"

"He said he wouldn't tell me while I was alone. As if I am some pathetic child, I could easily dismember-"

"Ah, ok. Let's not go there, I'm sure Jay had a perfectly acceptable reason not to tell you."

Or he was just an a**. But Dick wasn't going to tell Damian that, considering that would undermine his efforts to get him to accept his other brothers. And probably make Alfred withhold
anymore coffee creamer.

"Did he say anything else?"

"Just that I should wake either you or Father and bring you to the Batcave before nine."

That's not creepy at all Jason. Nope, completely normal request. Totally. Also should Dick be flattered or concerned that Damian chose to wake him up instead of Bruce. Or maybe he knew more about the nature of Jason's message than he was letting on and simply knew that Dick was less likely to bench him.

"Well see, it's not as if he's completely excluding you. Knowing Jason it's probably just some stupid prank or something. It'll be fine Lil'D."

Damian looks skeptical but relents anyway, turning his attention to the newly arrived Alfred. The cat, not their adoptive grandfather. Dick finishes off his coffee and announces that he'll meet Damian in the cave after he changes into some more presentable civvies.

"I would remember to bring a mask Master Richard, you never know with Master Jason," Alfred's lips quirk a little.

Dick laughs. "You're right Alfred, for all we know Jay has brought home another orphan, or worse. Thank you for reminding me. You should probably bring one too Dami."

"-Tt-"
"It seems that your guess was not too far off Grayson," Damian deadpans, still looking at the two limp bodies stuffed into the back of Jason's car. Or the car he stole from Bruce about six months after he started associating with them again, not that anyone cared anymore.

"Dickiebird! I thought we were past automatically grouping me in with violence," Jason grins sharply. He knew they were past that, if it had ever truly been a problem any way. But… He did have two bodies in his backseat so…..

"To be fair Jaybird I said orphan not….. whatever they are." Dick glances back down at Jason's back seat. "Ok, give us the story. Watch their parents die? Find 'em stealing your tires?" Dick smirks at his little brother's scowl, he obviously didn't like the comparison.

"Todd obviously didn't mean to find these ruffians Grayson," Damian puts in smirking, "Of course, neither did Father."

Jason scowl deepens, but the light in his eyes let's Dick know that both of his brothers knew the other was teasing. He grins as Jason snarls back with a "Shut up demon spawn, at least we weren't assassin babies. And one if these guys are as old as Bruce, and the other one is probably as old as Tim is."

"Well-"

"Ok baby bros, you can do this again later. For now, Jason, where did you find them? And why are they dressed like that?"

The first figure was dressed mostly normal, in a blue hoodie and jeans. The only oddity was the guy's socks, they were visible where one shoe was missing and they seemingly spread upwards as far as the bats could see, and were red with black lines running across them. The guy was obviously a teen, his brown hair framing a face still holding onto the last remnants of childhood.
It was really the second man who concerned Dick, if he was really a man. He seemed to be mostly encased in a shell of red and yellow armor, only his right hand and half of his face was visible. A cyborg maybe?

Jason gives a huff at the questioning but shifts his focus from Damian to Dick. He smirks knowingly, "I don't why they're dressed up like that, but I assumed that you bats wouldn't like it if I saw a couple of random tin men drop out of a portal while I was on patrol and didn't report it."

Dick's eyebrows shoot up and even Damian's face morphs into something resembling shock before he covers it up with a scowl. "You can't honestly expect us to believe that Todd."

"It definitely wouldn't be the weirdest thing to happen in Gotham lil'D, and Jason is usually honest."

"Exactly, plus why would I go through the trouble of kidnapping a couple of civvies and dressing them like Comic-Con just to fool you dickheads."

Dami scowls but otherwise doesn't protest anymore.

"Is there anything else we should know? Dick glances up from the limp figures to lock eyes with his brother.

"Nope. They fell out of a portal. I saw them. I called mini bat. I brought them here."

Dick runs a hand through his hair and exhales. "Soooo, any ideas?"
"Wait for them to awake," Damian suggests.

"Unarm them," Dick can't tell if Jason is serious or not.

"Both good points, but we don't know how long it'll be until they wake up or what they are actually carrying. So I think the right course of action would be to wake up B and transfer them to the infirmary," Dick puts on his 'you should definitely agree with me face'.

Damian nods, and Jason sighs adding, "As long as you're the one who goes to wake up B, I don't want to deal with that mood."

"Todd is right Richard, we will situate the prisoners onto the cots," Damian agrees, showing little sympathy for his favorite brother.

Dick cringes and nods, turning his back on his brothers and climbing the stairs back to the manor.

Dick wisely grabs a travel mug of Bruce's favorite coffee from Alfred before traversing the staircase up to his dad's room. On the way he briefly considers waking up Tim too, but the knowledge that the teen is actually asleep for once holds him back, if Bruce wants to alert the rest of the family they will, but not until then.

He braces himself as he quietly pushes open Bruce's door and pads inside. Dick has found that over the years Bruce has built up some sort of unconscious family awareness, not automatically waking up like he would with any stranger. This is both a good thing and a bad thing. On one hand Dick couldn't count the times he had gotten away with things just because Bruce didn't wake up, on the other hand all the family members had the extra honor of dealing with the bleary eyed mess that
was a Batman that wasn't abruptly woken into fighting mode.

Bruce is sprawled in a very un-batman position, his comforter is twisted around his legs and Dick can barely see the Superman socks Dick got him for his last birthday peeking out from under the covers. The only thing keeping the image from looking like a teenager collapsed after a night of partying is the lack of drool. Even Bruce's black hair is tousled in a way reminiscent of Tim before his first coffee.

Grinning fondly, Dick places the coffee mug on a side table and reaches out to lightly shake Bruce's shoulder. "Bruce, B, wake up." The man grumbles and shoves his head farther down into the mattress. Dick's grin stretches further and he sits down on the edge of the bed still shaking his father's shoulder. "C'mon Dad, get up."

Bruce finally rolls over and cracks his eyes open, holding that slightly stunned look he always has when Dick calls him Dad, no matter how many times he does it. Dick knows it's because of all the crappy mistakes Bruce made when Dick was a teen, he also knows that they generally worked past those quickly, but Bruce still beat himself up about a lot of them. Bruce clears his throat and responds with a "Good morning chum."

Dick's grin softens a little and he passes him the coffee. Bruce sits up against the headboard, yawning and rubbing at his forehead. He accepts the mug with a quiet "thank you" and takes a few gulps before placing it to the side and focusing on Dick. He raises a sardonic eyebrow as if to say 'Why am I awake before ten on a Sunday?'

Dick's face becomes a little more serious. "Jason called the manor around six this morning." Bruce's face sobers, Batman slowly creeping in to his expression. "He found two guys being thrown out of a portal on one of his patrol routes. Damian was actually the one to answer the phone and wake me up, he's in the cave helping Jason get the portal guys onto cots."

Bruce nods sharply scooting off the bed. "They could be dangerous, it's probably best to restrain them in the holding cell until we can get a read on them. We should all at least have masks on, if not full costumes. Is Jason certain it was a portal?" Bruce heads to where Dick knows a Batman suit is stashed, he sighs and hangs his head. If Bruce is wearing his uniform they all probably should.
“He said it was definitely a portal and that they were unconscious when they came through. We should expect major disorientation and confusion.” Dick scrunches his nose. “And based on my own portal experiences, maybe some puking. I’m gonna go suit up, you should head down and get Dami to put on a mask. I'll see you down there.”

Bruce grunts in the affirmative as Dick leaves the room to go suit up.

Chapter End Notes

Hello and welcome to the end of the very first chapter, of my very first fanfic!

So just a disclaimer, I have never in my life picked up a DC comic. The libraries in my area don't really carry any comics and the closest used comic shop is 45 minutes away from me. So all my Batfam knowledge comes from wikis, YouTube comics, animations (Young Justice and Batman animated movies), and fanfics. In the universe I've set up the Batfamily is closer than I think canon portrays them, and I've stuck to pretty much just the Robins, so Dick, Jason, Tim, and Damian. Babs and Stephanie will show up at some point, as will some of the Justice League.

On the Marvel side, I've watched every MCU movie and adore Irondad fanfics. I've actually handled like five Marvel comics, mostly Spider-man, and watched even more YouTube comics. This is set between Homecoming and Infinity War (which we are ignoring) under the assumption that Tony and Peter have grown a little closer, texting and occasional lab days.

Also at some point through either therapy or a lot of tough conversations the Batfam has all learned to communicate. So everybody's on pretty good terms, if a little angsty on occasion. This whole fic is basically an indulgence of my need for fluff and crossovers.

I will try for once a week updates and we'll see how it goes. I know my writing isn’t the best so feel free to comment with any fair criticism, or better yet, thoughts on the story.

Thanks for reading!
All Peter feels at first is the weightless darkness of a really good nap. Or a really, long nap. He lets himself float there for a minute happy to be undisturbed and calm for once. Then it all comes rushing back.

"Mr. Stark!"

Peter shoots upright, sliding his legs over the side of whatever he had been laying on and springing to his feet, body spreads out and tenses, his fingers hovering over the web-shooters buried under his hoodie sleeves. His eyes quickly sweep the area for his mentor, not registering anything else. He finds the man lying on a cot across from another one, seemingly where he was until a few seconds ago. The Iron Man armor is mostly covering him everywhere but one hand and part of his face. Peter crosses the small space between them and taps on the armor covering his face. "FRIDAY retract armor, override Embarrassing Death." Mr. Stark's armor retracts down to his neck and Peter places his fingers over his mentor's pulse point, finding it to be strong and steady. His shoulders relax slightly, but not completely.

He takes a stance in front of Mr. Stark and looks around. They are seemingly in a cell, two of the walls are solid dark rock, with Peter's cot pressed against one side. The other two walls are made
out of a very thick and clear substance, maybe Plexiglas. Peter could probably break it with a few
precise punches. Outside of the clear walls seems to be a cave, and Peter sees traces of tech and
other human changes, but his gaze lands on the group of people standing a few feet away.

The one at the front of the group is tall and muscled, his build reminds Peter of Thor or maybe
Hawkeye. He is dressed in a skin right grey suit with a long black cape (no capes), his cowl has
pointed little spikes at the top, and his suit has a yellow belt crossing at his waist. However the
most interesting thing is the symbol on the man's chest, a bat. Peter wracks his brain for any bat
themed hero or villain, but none come up. The man's expression under the mask is unreadable, but
Peter could guess he's the leader of the group based on the way he's angled his body between Peter
and the others. Like Peter could early attack from behind the glass.

The second man is almost as big as the first. He seems both more relaxed and more tense than the
other man. He's decked out in black pants and shirt, which has a red bat on the front, with a brown
leather jacket. Peter spots two guns in holsters on the man's belt. His face is only partially covered
by a red mask and his black hair with a shock of white is entirely visible. If the guy actually cares
about his identity Peter can't tell. His mouth is set in a firm line and his arms are crossed across his
chest.

The third man is equally as uncautious about his identity, a black mask of the same shape is the
only thing covering his face, he too has roused black hair. He is much more slim than the other
two but his skin tight black and blue suit clearly shows his coiled muscles. His face is more open
than the others and Peter can sense more wariness from him.

The last figure is small, very small. He has black hair and a green mask plastered to his face. He is
in a yellow hooded costume with a red type tunic. From the set of his mouth the boy seems to be
glaring at Peter.

Peter shifts his feet and tries to look confidently despite being at a complete disadvantage. He
doesn't know who these people are or where that portal dropped them. Were these the people who
triggered it or not? What would May think? How long had he been out? Most importantly, who the
heck are these guys?

He takes a deep breath, wincing internally at the slight shudder in it. This would be so much easier
with his mask. Where had they taken his bag? Had it even gone through the portal with him? Why
aren't these guys talking? Or monologuing? Just staring at him with their creepy white covered
eyes. Gosh, is that what his mask looks like? No, his is much more animated. Probably.
Fine. He'll talk.

"So, care to explain where we are? Or why we are here? Or even how you made the portal? Or who you are? Ya know, basic monologue type stuff."

The black and blue one grins and opens his mouth as if to talk, but 'Bat Thor' grunts. Which is apparently code for shut up. Yeah he is definitely the leader.

"You don't know who we are?" The guy's voice is super gravelly. Like, that ain't healthy.

Also, is Peter meant to know every cosplayer out there?

"Uh, no. Should I?"

The red mask smirks and looks at the little one. "I told you it was dimensional mini bat."

"Hood," 'bat Thor' grunts again, but Peter is too busy processing the red mask's comment.

"Dimensional!?" Peter did not squeak. "As in alternate?!

Oh no. That was not good. What the heck would May think? Or Pepper? How would they get home? Or-
"Apparently." The kid mask answers him, tone somewhat bitter. Which is like, not comforting at all.

He needs to calm down. He can do this. He just has to hold it together until Mr. Stark wakes up, he's dealt with portals before, he'll know what to do. Peter takes a few deep breaths and readjust his stance in front of Mr. Stark's cot.

"Ok. Why are we here?" Peter hardens his expression, trying to seem much calmer than he is.

"We don't know. We were hoping you could tell us." 'Bat Thor' really needs to see a doctor.

"So you didn't make the portal?"

The Red Mask snorts. "Of course not, why would we want to kidnap a scrawny teen and a…. whatever that guy is?"

Peter relaxes a little, letting his hands unfurl from where they were fisted at his side and crossing his arms lightly. If they don't know who Mr. Stark is then this is probably an alternate dimension. Unless they're lying. But everything else adds up so… He should still make sure. "You don't know who Mr. Stark is?"

They collectively shake their heads. Little creepy, but still.

"Iron man?"

Black and blue says "Nope."
"Avengers founder? Superhero? Saved the world multiple times?"

"No."

Maybe he just isn't a hero in this world.

"Genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist, Tony Stark?"

For some reason Red Mask snickers, and blue and black guy grins as he answers a final "Nope."

Peter exhales shakily and runs his hands through his hair. "Right, I don't suppose you could confirm that?"

The black and blue one glances at 'bat Thor' and the man gives some sort of unidentifiable grunt that apparently means "sure." Maybe all the guy's grunts are what ruined his vocal chords.

The black and blue one pulls out a phone from Thor knows where and walks over to the glass separating Peter from the group. He gives Peter a small smile, "I'm Nightwing by the way."

"Peter."

"Do you think a Boogle search would convince you?"
"Wait, Boogle? What's that?"

Someone, Peter thinks it's Red Mask, snorts and interjects, "You can't seriously have never heard of the internet."

"Hood," 'Bat Thor' grunts again.

Peter is pretty sure Nightwing rolls his eyes under the mask. "Ignore them. Boogle is a search engine, have you ever used one?" His voice sounds way too nice to be asking such an insulting question.

"Of course I have, it's just called Google, not…. Boogle." Peter hopes he sounds as disgusted as he feels.

Nightwing laughs loudly and pulls up the main Boogle page. Surprisingly the color scheme and layout are almost exactly the same. The Boogle logo is even animated in a celebratory way. Peter watches closely as Nightwing types the name Tony Stark into the search box.

The only things that come up are a local news article covering a mechanic's latest accomplishment and a few obituaries. Nightwing clicks on one of the articles and a picture of a man wearing Mr. Stark's face pops up.

"Oh my gosh, I'm in an effing alternate dimension."

Nightwing gives him what he thinks is a sympathetic look.

"Now that we have taken an eternity to establish that. Tell us who you are and how you came to be
here." Little mask's British tilt says. Peter bristles at the commanding tone and narrows his eyes at the now much closer child. He opens his mouth to speak when Mr. Stark groans behind him. Peter quickly turns around to make sure he's the first thing Mr. Stark sees and not the people in masks behind him.

Or the glass cell they're in.

Or the cave.

Mr. Stark struggles to sit up, but Peter's Spidey Sense tells him that isn't the best of ideas. He barely manages to get a helpfully placed bucket under his face in time. Peter hears a couple of disgusted noises behind him but doesn't turn around. Instead he tries to get ahead of Mr. Stark's questions as soon as the man seems vaguely coherent. By rambling.

"So that portal was not good Mr. Stark. It spit us out unconscious in, like, a different universe! And this guy found us," he gestures towards Red Mask, "and brought us back to this creepy place." He motions to encompass the entirety of the cave. "And now we're in a cell. Which I could totally break out of. But they didn't seem like bad guys." He points towards the whole of the masks. "But they also didn't know who you are!" Mr. Stark makes an affronted noise. "And neither did Boogle. Which is some trash alternate Google. And-"

"Wait, slow down kid." Mr. Stark places a hand on Peter's shoulder, which is nice but he wasn't done explaining. He opens his mouth again, but Mr. Stark cuts him off. "Pete you're rambling, take a few deep breaths."

Peter could calm down easier if Mr. Stark wasn't glaring over his shoulder. He still tries to breathe though and eventually stills enough for Mr. Stark to squeeze his shoulder briefly before letting go. Mr. Stark stands up, only shaking slightly. He steps forward as close to glass as he can get without touching it.

At this point all of the masks have moved into a much less arranged look. Nightwing is actually closer to the door now, he seems like the type of guy to try and help a puking person, so that makes sense. Little mask has retreated slightly, 'not Thor's' hand now resting on his shoulder from his closer position. Red Mask is still where he was, attention flitting between 'Bat Thor' and
Nightwing.

Tony crosses his arms across his chest in his patented lecture look. Which is definitely unexpected. "You people didn't make the portal?"

Nightwing unsurprisingly answers, "Nope. Don't have the means or the desire."

"And you know we didn't make it?" He raises an eyebrow.

"Well-" Nightwing starts but 'Bat Thor' cuts him off.

"No. We do not know that."

Mr. Stark purses his lips. Oh, no.

"Tell me, Mr. Bats, why would I willingly come to a universe where I have no money," he starts counting off on his fingers, "no fame, and no way of contacting my company?" The "or Pepper and Rhodey" isn't mentioned but Peter can feel Mr. Stark's frustration at just that.

' Bat Thor' grunts in acknowledgement but still asks "How do we know you aren't lying about everything, that you have some way to travel back and forth?"

Mr. Stark's left eye twitches. He takes a deep breath. "If I can prove to you that we do not have a way to flip flop dimensions, and that we are not villains, will you let us out of this cage?"
"It's not a-" Nightwing starts again.

"Yes." 'Bat Thor's' gravelly voice cuts off again.

Mr. Stark immediately taps his suit.

"FRIDAY speaker mode."

"Of course Boss."

Peter watches the masks faces, hoping to see at least vague belief. Nightwing and Red Mask seem vaguely surprised by FRIDAY, the other two seem indifferent.

"State your purpose and use."

"I am a fully functioning AI created by Tony Stark. I control and monitor all Stark Industries locations and am fully integrated into all of his Iron man suits to optimize his "superheroing."

Mr. Stark shoots a look at 'not Thor,' he grunts in acknowledgement. Seriously-

"Access the cameras in Stark Tower."

They wait, awkwardly avoiding eye contact with each other. Except for Mr. Stark, he's staring at 'Bat Thor' with a smirk.
"I was unable to access them Boss. It seems I am unconnected to any satellites and my system has been reduced to base functions."

"Thank you FRIDAY."

"Anytime Boss."

Mr. Stark is still staring at 'Bat Thor.' The other man grunts again and somehow Nightwing interprets that as a sign to let them out. Mr. Stark calmly steps out and Peter rushes behind him. For a minute they all just stare at each other which is awkward, to say the least.

"So, are you all supposed to be some type of superheroes?"

Silence.

"Or anti-heroes?" Peter puts in. Mr. Stark gives him look #56, AKA explain, now. Peter grins sheepishly. "Black cat and Deadpool are pretty cool."

Mr. Stark's face does not bode well for Peter. Thankfully Nightwing takes this moment to address 'Bat Thor,' saving Peter from look #3.

"B," he says imploringly.

"Don't be an idiot Nightwing," Little mask says. Peter does not jump, and he definitely still
remembered he was there.

"I think he's right baby bat, nothing they could do with it anyway," Red Mask says.

'Bat Thor' grunts again.

And then they are all taking off their masks. Which honestly doesn't make much of a difference, though with Peter's enhanced eyesight he can tell all but Red Mask have various shades of blue eyes. Red's are green. Nightwing seems to become warmer and smiles widely at them, he's pretty sure the guy is in his twenties. He was already pretty close to Peter, so it's only a few steps until he's close enough to touch him. Which puts Peter on edge until he sticks out his hand.

"Dick Grayson, vigilante alias Nightwing."

Peter tentatively smiles back and shakes his hand. "Peter Parker," he glances at Mr. Stark and he nods a little, "alias Spiderman."

Nightwing, or Dick, gestures to his masked compatriots, "These idiots are my family and fellow vigilantes. Batman, Red Hood, and future Robin. Bruce Wayne, Jason Todd-Wayne, and Damian Wayne."

Dick glares at 'Bat-' Mr. Wayne and the older man sighs before walking over to where Mr. Stark is standing beside Peter and sticks out his hand. Mr. Stark retracts the entire suit into the arc reactor before taking his hand. Neither one smiles, they seem to come to terms with one another anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, first of all I would just like to give a huge thank you to anyone who subscribed, bookmarked, commented on, or gave kudos to the last chapter. I really did not expect this story to get much attention at all so y'all really made my day!

Secondly, I feel a little weird about this chapter, idk why. Maybe it's the slightly
awkward introductions or descriptions? I hope y'all were able to decipher the costume descriptions, if not maybe refer to the animations. I'm thinking Batman vs Robin for Bruce, Alfred, and Damian and Young Justice season three for Dick and later Tim. For Tony and Peter I think Infinity War is probably the closest. I hope I got everyone's characterizations right, I had a hard time figuring out how the bats an Tony would react in a situation like this.

Thirdly, yes we have a chapter count now, it's not a set amount, but I'd say it's pretty close to what I have planned. You guys can expect chapter three by next Sunday, and it will feature Tim so I'm excited. It'll also bring in some key plot points so we can actually get the plot rolling, yay!

Thanks for reading and feel free to leave any comments or concerns in the comments! Stay safe and sanitized y'all!
Tim Drake-Wayne is one of those people who wakes up with the birds, no pun intended. Or who stays up late enough to hear them. Or just doesn't sleep at all, but that's beside the point. But on Sundays he, just like the rest of the family, allows himself to sleep in (if he goes to sleep but,). Still he's usually the first person up, even if he wakes up at ten.

His usual Sunday routine consists of stumbling into the kitchen for a cup of less black than usual coffee before crashing on the family room couch until someone else comes downstairs. So this morning that's exactly what he does. He blearily makes his way down the manor stairs and to the dark wooden door that leads to the kitchen.

Tim pushes it open into the usual quiet of a mid-morning Sunday and let's muscle memory guide him to the Kruger. He puts the coffee mix into the machine and stares at it while it slowly starts to drip into his oversized Superman mug. He inhales like a man without oxygen as the smell of brewing coffee fills the air.

"Ahem."

Tim's eyes fly open and he whirls around to face whatever intruder managed to get into the
kitchen, and past Alfred.

Only to come face to face with every member of his family minus Alfred. And also two guys he's absolutely sure he's never seen before. One of them waves slightly at him and Tim drops out of his defensive position. He locks bewildered eyes with Bruce’s vaguely amused ones. He scowls crossing his arms over his Batman t-shirt, trying to hold back the blush threatening to stain his face at being caught unaware, in his pajamas no less. At least Jason seems to be half asleep in his chair, or Tim would never hear the end of it.

“B, what’s going on?” It can’t be too bad just based on Bruce’s face, but it could be mind control, you never know with this family.

“We are waiting for Zatanna to arrive,” Bruce’s tone is borderline impatient and he cuts a glance at the older of the two strangers, the one who hadn’t waved. The man is wearing nice jeans and a band t-shirt Tim doesn't recognize under a blazer jacket. He grins when he notices Tim observing him.

"Why?"

Bruce’s face pinches into an annoyed look before he answers, “An unknown dimensional occurrence.”

Tim huffs and looks to Dick for help, his older brother takes pity on him and elaborates, “Jay found these two,” he points at the two strangers, each of them acknowledge Tim, “being spat out of a portal in Crime Alley this morning.”

Tim blinks once, then twice. “An interdimensional event happened and none of you thought to wake me up!?”

Dick’s expression becomes a little sheepish but he doesn’t apologize.
“Why would we have woken you up Timothy?” Damian’s British tilt almost always sounds sarcastic, but Tim is certain the tween is being purposely condescending this time. He lets out an angry huff and drops down into the closest kitchen chair between Dick and the younger portal guy. He jumps a little in his chair and Tim notices the teen is practically bouncing, probably from anxiety. Tim feels a little bad about spooking him, but that doesn’t mean he isn’t going to interrogate him either. After he gets the whole story out of his family first.

“What time was this Jason?”

“What does that have to do with anything?” Tim’s predecessor’s chin is pressed against his fisted hand and his eyes are half closed.

"I could check and see if there was an abnormal energy in the area when it opened."

"You have the equipment to do that?" The older portal guy asks, perking up from where he was slouched in his seat. Tim shoots a nod at him and then redirects his gaze to Jason, raising an eyebrow.

"Ugh, I'm pretty sure it was like 7:30? Maybe a little before."

"Ok, great. I'll be in the cave if any of you need me." Tim stands back up and snatches his now full coffee mug from the machine. He places his hand on the doorknob when it opens and he has to scramble out of the way as Alfred steps into the room.

"Ah, Master Timothy, I do hope you aren’t leaving. I was just about to start on lunch.” The older man smiles, but Tim knows that look, if he leaves now he won’t see his Geisha coffee for at least a month.

Tim backpedals and looks to his family for help. When he finds no sympathy, and even knowing
and vindictive smirks from Jason and Damian respectively, he sighs. “Of course not Alfred, I was just going to get dressed.”

Alfred looks over his Batman themed pajamas with a critical eye before nodding his head, “I think that would be quite a good idea.”

Tim nods back, quickly slipping out the door and up the stairs. If only Alfred hadn’t stopped him, maybe he could sneak off anyway. He really could help find the source of the portal, given a little time, and he really didn’t want to conversate with a couple of strangers on a Sunday morning. Although…. Maybe they could tell him more about dimension travelling, as far as he was aware the only people who had been able to do that before were the Flashes, and they hadn’t used portals, just massive amounts of speed.

Tim changes into jeans and a Green Lantern hoodie, which is definitely not because of his and Bruce’s ongoing feud, Tim would never be that petty. He glances longingly at his desk and chair, grabbing his laptop and slipping on his sneakers. He’s already taken too long, Alfred would send somebody after him any minute now.

He drains the last of his coffee on the way back down the stairs.

This time he knows to sneak into the kitchen and he’s pretty sure only Bruce and Dick notice his entrance into the fray, and maybe the older portal guy. He should probably learn their names. The seat he had been in is occupied by Dick who’s currently chatting away with the younger of the two. Bruce is paying subtle attention to them, likely scanning for information about the newcomers. Tim picks out some pop culture references, the portal guy seems much more at ease now and is gripping a steaming mug of something. Everyone is and Alfred catches his eye, motioning to another mug sitting on the counter. Tim trades out his now empty coffee mug for that one and moves to the empty seat beside Jason and across from the other portal guy. He inhales the scent of caffeinated hot chocolate and thanks whatever deities are out there for Alfred Pennyworth. He takes a sip and opens up his laptop, he should be able to get a little work done before Alfred takes it away.

Only a second later he has to snatch his hands away from being crushed between the sides of his computer.
“Hey!” Tim glares at Jason but makes no move to take it back, in a battle of brute strength Tim wouldn’t have a chance.

“You can be a workaholic later Timmy, right now you need to be a good little Wayne and help me entertain our guests.” Jason is holding the electronic device above his head.

Tim snorts, “It’s not as if you’re one to talk about being rude.”

Jason opens his mouth to reply but a snarky voice cuts him off.

“Ah, excuse me, one of the guests can hear you, and considers being talked about in front of him much ruder than being ignored. Though being ignored is not good for my poor, delicate ego.” The man sighs dramatically.

Both Jason and Tim stare at him for a few moments, neither willing to reply to that comment.

“I apologize for my brothers’ behavior Stark, we fear they are both missing something important in their heads.”

Tim and Jason both flinch at Damian’s voice. Neither had noticed him slip into the seat on the other side of the older portal guy.

“Don’t sweat it short stack,” Damian scowls, “I deal with that everyday, sort of in my job description.”

They're quiet for a few more awkward seconds, the only sounds feeling the air are those of sizzling bacon and Dick and the other kid’s chattering.
Jason nudges Tim and he shoots him a look. *Talk.*

Tim narrows his eyes. *No.*

Jason’s eyes widen slightly and his lips purse. *Do it now or your life and dignity are at stake.*

Damian huffs from beside Stark. “What exactly is your job?”

“Well it really depends. I have a *real* job, and then I have a *side* job. Both of which cause me to run into obnoxious people.”

“Ah, I understand. I too must deal with idiots all day.”

“Hey!” “Damian!”

Stark is obviously amused. If the man gets along so well with Damian Tim isn’t sure if he wants to talk to him.

“I actually find it harder to deal with my night activity’s coworkers, do you?”

“Definitely, a bunch of stuck up stubborn superheroes. Except for Pete over here of course.”

“Wait hold up a minute. You guys are superheroes?”
“Yep Timmy, you would know that if you weren’t such a zombie in the morning.” Jason nudges him again.

The man grins, “Superhero, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist, Tony Stark.”

“Ok, wow, coincidences much. Is he a superhero too?” Tim points down the table.

“Yep, Spiderman, Peter Parker, teen from Queens” the man has a proud look on his face as he says it, reminiscent of Bruce watching one of them take down a rogue or politely interact with other humans. That makes Tim wonder….

“Is he your kid?”

Chapter End Notes

Here we are again, with me posting too early. I actually don't have chapter 4 written so maybe I'll hold on a full week this time.

I hope I got Tim right, this is the first time I've ever written him so I'm sure he's at least a little OOC, feel free to give me any pointers on how to improve his POV.

Also, another huge thank you to everyone who read, subscribed, bookmarked, commented, or left kudos on the last chapter. Y'all make my day!

Stay safe and sanitized out there!

Please **drop by the archive and comment** to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!