Some People Have Real Problems

by Katsuragi_Tenko

Summary

Once upon a time, Jason Todd was threatened with rejection when he decided to search for his biological mother rather than protect defenseless citizens.

Karma got him good when he got blown sky-high two days later, but that couldn’t compare to this. He didn’t consent to this, and now, he was running from the League of Assassins while still registered as legally dead, with no cash, shelter, or a concrete plan.

Oh, and he was pregnant, but that didn’t mean shit right now.

All that mattered was not biting the dust a second time, but he quickly realizes that not everyone can handle a dead boy walking. Especially not his former frenemy/colleague/one-night fling.
But, Nightwing has no choice but to cope with him, and hope that nothing will go wrong.

Everything will.

Notes

Warning: Mentioned sexual abuse, teenage/unplanned pregnancy, and physical violence. If you are sensitive to any of these, please do not read!

Soooo, I know I just started "It Was Good Until It Wasn't", but then I got inspiration for a different story, and this came out as a result. I like this story much more already, so the other may or may not be removed. We'll see haha.

Also, there's lots of cursing because it's Jason. Did you expect anything less from him?

Enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Can I use your bathroom?"

It was a typical, horribly boring Saturday night, with irresponsible teenagers rummaging through a rack of processed pastries while grizzled elders far too past their prime skimmed through outdated newspapers.

Well, it was typical except for the battered and bloodied minor standing at the counter, paled skin sheeted in sweat and breathing laborious like he had just run a goddamn marathon. Maybe he had, considering his overtired appearance.

The cashier’s emerald eyes widened a fraction, and she tongued her wad of bubblegum to the side of her mouth to say hesitantly, “Knock yourself out”, before handing him the key. It was rusted and cold against his scraped fingertips, but he nodded his thanks and limped heavily towards the bathroom, carrying at least four or five pregnancy tests and a bottle of Fanta Orange.

She contemplated calling the police, just so she wouldn’t be fired if he up and had a seizure while pissing into a porcelain throne. But, she decided against it; Blüdhaven’s police department was absolute shit, so they likely wouldn’t arrive until the morning, when that wounded stranger would probably be dead by then.

So, she pretended as if everything was fine and dandy while Jason slammed the rickety door with enough force to unhook the hinges from the frame. Luckily, they didn’t, so he could have at least a little privacy in this rather unsanitary bathroom. The tile floor was covered in grime and other substances that he didn’t wish to question, and the walls were tagged with crude graffiti, but it was far better than pissing in an alleyway where he would be at the mercy of whoever strolled by.

He wracked his calloused fingers through his dampened, charcoal hair, somewhat regretting every single decision he made tonight. He should have excogitated multiple plans in case the first one backfired, which it definitely fucking did, because he was downright whacked and was fairly certain he was catching a fever.

Hm, he would have to remember to get a thermometer, too.

Dropping down on the toilet, he rested the back of his head against the wall and sucked in a breath. Jason knew what the results would be, but he just wanted to quadruple check. After all, the al Ghul’s used freakish voodoo methods on every aspect of life (and death), so them informing him that he was carrying could, possibly, be false.

Dark magic can’t always be correct, can it?

The fifteen-year-old decided to test that theory, and shoved down his tattered jeans and boxers. Fortunately, they had had some of his original clothes squirreled away, so he had changed out of that monkey-suit of a ninja uniform and switched back to his preferred attire. The oversized sweatshirt was stained with crimson, his right shoulder positively drenched in the color and the sleeve cut at the seams, but he was hoping that he would heal within the hour.

But, it normally took only thirty minutes or so for a stab wound to heal, but he was injured over three hours ago. Fuck, did pregnancy delay the healing process? Jason shook his head, screwing his eyes shut as he did. He couldn’t start floundering over speculations; he just had to straighten his shit out and get this over-with.
He fiddled with the first box and pulled out a plastic stick, uncapping it and reading the directions. It seemed simple enough, but he didn’t like the mental image of accidentally getting piss on his hand. But, that wouldn’t be nearly as disgusting as this bathroom or his body odor, so he schooled himself and put his hand between his legs.

Patience wasn’t his forte, so being forced to wait five minutes sucked, but at least he had his bottle of Fanta to keep him occupied. His mouth salivated just by its neon-orange coloring, and he chugged most of it down before the first test was even done yet, despite the lingering nausea from earlier.

Either way though, he felt…off.

He had been through excruciating agony before; hell, he DIED two years prior by being bashed with a crowbar and then locked in a warehouse and caught in an explosion that singed his skin and ignited his muscles to the point where he was practically unrecognizable. And yet, this felt worse, but he couldn’t grasp why. Perhaps it was the nervous anticipation coupled with his bleeding wounds and overheated body, but he felt like a walking dumpster fire.

When five minutes came to a close, he inhaled slowly, internally begging that it wouldn’t come back with the result that he was predicting. He couldn’t afford to be pregnant; he was registered as deceased in his personal files, and he was most certainly a target of the League of Assassins now, specifically Ra’s and Talia al Ghul.

They may have resurrected him in a Lazarus Pit, but they could surely find a way to kill him again and ensure that his maimed corpse was never found.

Of course, life got a kick out of fucking him over, because when he raised the stick up to his line of sight, he saw two, little pink lines. A tsunami of distress radiated from him, to the extent that all the customers and cashier could smell it from outside, but he didn’t give two shits about any of them.

Instead, Jason used every test he had grabbed when he stumbled inside the petite gas station (it was honestly a miracle that a gas station had pregnancy tests, but Blüdhaven was infamous for housing bastard children).

All of them came back with the same results, though one had a feature that confirmed how far along he was: nine weeks, apparently. He did the math in his head and cursed; that seemed about right. Slumping back, Jason slowly dragged a hand down his bruised face, over his swollen, black eye and busted lip and possibly-fractured nose.

Dueling with an uncountable amount of master ninjas and bodyguards all at once while dodging Ubu’s titanium fists and Sensei’s expert swordsmanship had been beyond draining, so it was no wonder he wasn’t healed yet. Plus, as he suspected before, pregnancy was probably slowing it down, which was not ideal for someone in his line of work.

Jason didn’t believe in miracles or any religion, but it had to be some twisted form of fate that resulted in him escaping with only a sprained ankle, stabbed shoulder, and battered face, not to mention bruises and cuts covering his body from head-to-toe. He thought he had been incredible skill-wise, so this both lowered his self-esteem and made him feel utterly pathetic.

Sighing as if all the weight in the universe was pressing down on his shoulders, the fifteen-year-old flushed the toilet, finished off his soda, and trudged out of the bathroom without flicking off the light. He headed towards the door when the cashier called, “You gotta pay for those!”

Jason pinched the bridge of his nose in annoyance, but walked (technically, limped) over to her
anyway. He dropped the tests and hollowed bottle on the counter, and confessed with crossed arms, “I don’t have any money. I can kill someone for ya’ ta' make up for it.”

For someone so heavily tattooed and pierced, she obviously wasn’t from Blüdhaven given her reaction. She furrowed her brow, which proved that she wasn’t familiar with “Blüdhaven humor.”

Well, Jason wasn’t totally lying, because he desperately needed to blow off some steam, but kept his composure so he wouldn’t be thrown in a jail cell. “You’re kidding. Right?”, she questioned, and he pushed his curly bangs out of his cobalt-blue eyes, muttering tiredly, “Yeah, I’m just fuckin’ with ya’. But I’m tellin’ the truth about the money.”

The cashier stared at him for at least two minutes, expression morphing from contemplative to concerned to worried. “I can tell you’re a teen. There’s an Omega shelter eight blocks down on Greenwood if you don’t have a place to stay. They can help you with…you know”, she gestured to his flat stomach, but Jason automatically shook his head.

“I don’t need any Omega shelter, thanks. I’ve lasted this long on my own, but ya’ could cut me some slack with this payin’ problem”, he negotiated, hoping she wouldn’t realize that he was, to a certain extent, gaslighting her. The cornflower-haired woman pursed her lips, and then shrugged. “I’ll let you off once. Just go before my boss comes in.”

Jason walked off, but snagged a package of doughnuts and a can of iced coffee when she wasn’t facing him. Once outside, he patted his jeans for a cigarette, but right when he pressed it against his lips, he halted. Smoking would be harmful to the pup, but he was horribly stressed out.

Clenching his jaw in frustration, he climbed into a car he had hijacked, its hood overspread with Green Day and Nirvana stickers.

What a goddamn cliché.

Tossing the snacks onto the passenger seat, the Omega sat under the flickering light of the gas station sign for what felt like an eternity, eyes glued to the steering wheel. His expression was conveying no emotion, instead blank and a little lifeless.

“Fuck!”, he suddenly shouted, and he punched his shredded knuckle into the wheel as he repeated, “Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!” He screamed a string of curses so loud, any passerby stopped to stare at him, and he swung a fist at the wheel a final time, resulting in the horn blaring. He panted heavily and dropped his forehead on the wheel, curling his fingers into his dirtied hair.

Blüdhaven was like a labyrinth, with darkened dead-ends and a ridiculous amount of abandoned apartments that were infested with parasitic drug addicts. It twisted and discombobulated newcomers, but he was familiar with this backwater city, and so was a certain former colleague he knew. Maybe…

No.

No, he couldn’t just show up after two years of being “dead” and request shelter, medical insurance, and a shit-ton of other necessities. It would harm his pride and put his safety and jeopardy, but mainly, it would just be selfish. How could he approach his first friend/frenemy again after their fallout, especially when it resulted in his stupid choices that led to his gory demise?

Jason shut his eyes so tightly, it made his eyelids ache. They watered, as if he were on the verge of crying, and he hunched his shoulders in shame. He could either be selfish by returning to the
League of Assassins and either having this baby carved from him or swiped from him when he kitted, or he could take a chance and ask for help.

Asking for help damaged his (inflated) ego greatly, but despite being a criminal that has slaughtered others without remorse, he had to face the facts that he couldn’t raise this pup on his own. When he had…well, when he kitted the first time, he had been supported by his former mentor and fellow vigilantes, but he didn’t have a support network this time.

Jason was alone, and it was the worst fucking feeling in the entire world.

So, he sucked up his pride and made a decision. He just hoped that his friend wouldn’t have a heart attack when he knocked on their door.

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"Oh, you've got to be fuckin' kiddin' me."

When did Barbara become condemned to a wheelchair? Jason surely didn’t know, but her just being near his radius was a cause for concern. Even if she was physically disabled, she was a powerhouse when she had to be, and could easily flip people thrice her size straight over her head.

Normally, Jason would have no issue in bludgeoning someone, but if Barbara was residing here, there was a large chance that she and his frenemy were mated. So, he would have his ass kicked into next week and be denied aid if he caved her skull in, so he settled for shooting her with a tranquilizer dart.

Lucky for him, his aim easily matched up with Deadshot’s, so he slipped in through the bay window and dropped onto the bookshelf, pulling his tranquilizer gun out just as Barbara whipped her head around. There was a comm in her ear and a wall of holographic screens in front of her, and her eyes widened to the size of saucers.

His face was concealed with a maroon mask, but she appeared to recognize his scent. “Hey, Babs. Long time, no see”, he greeted, and right when she opened her mouth, he fired his shot and hit her square in the neck. She slurred, “Ro…Robin…”, and fell unconscious, leaning over the side of her wheelchair.

Hm, that wouldn’t do.

Jason was inherently self-centered and rarely focused on a comrade if they were injured, but he was exhausted and a little nauseated and very distressed so he removed the comm from her ear, crushed it under his combat boot just as someone spoke, and scooped her up bridal style.

After dropping her onto her bed, he threw the blanket over her torso and decided to explore the space. It was surprisingly quaint for being in a warehouse, which made the uneasiness in his ribcage diminish.

No, he totally did not have a slight phobia of warehouses or fire or clowns with permanent, maniacal grins and yellowed teeth.

The furniture was cushiony and smelled like his frenemy. That scent of campfire and pinecones resulted in him instinctively burying his nose into the fabric of the couch, inhaling deeply. Damn, did he miss that scent, but he refused to fall into a pit of despair-based nostalgia.

He waited an hour, wandering the little home while binging on his doughnuts and sipping from his coffee, mask pulled up to his nose. Jason knew he shouldn’t drink caffeinated beverages, but
anything sugar-based was banned on Infinity Island, so he was indulging for once. As murderous as he was, he thought he deserved that much.

Suddenly, the front door clicked, and he swallowed anxiously. This could either go well, which was unlikely, or end in him being tossed out the window and into the heroes’ custody.

Yeah, no thanks.

Jason stiffened as the door swung open, and his frenemy exclaimed, “Babs? Why haven’t you been answering your--.” He cut himself off when he noticed Jason, and they entered a staring contest, though his former work partner did begin to pull out a batarang.

They continued to stare at each other, until Jason took a casual sip of his drink and said, “Hey, Nightwing. How long’s it been? Two years, right?”

Nightwing visibly paled at his voice, and gulped. “Who are you? Explain yourself, now”, he ordered firmly, Alpha Speech seeping into his tone, likely subconsciously. Jason smirked, and chuckled, “What, ya’ can’t recognize an old friend just by their voice? I’m surprised, Grayson.”

The little Omega yanked his mask off, showcasing tired, yet shimmering ocean eyes, and Nightwing dropped his weapon in stunned shock, jaw dropping.

“If you’re another Jason Todd imposter, I will pulverize you. This is disrespectful to his memory, and if you don’t wipe that smirk off your face right now, I swear, I will kick your ass into next week”, the taller of the two snarled threateningly, hackles bristling and large canines bared.

Jason’s slight smile vanished, and he growled in irritation. “Can’t believe you’re makin' me do this”, he murmured under his breath, placing his coffee aside and standing up.

He approached Nightwing until their faces were mere inches apart, and he whispered, “Kushti bok, me Aripa Mica. Because ya’ don’t speak Romani all the time, you’d always get my nickname mixed up with the Romanian version.”

Nightwing froze into a statuette, breath hitching. The smell of a rainstorm expanded throughout the room, which indicated that he was a mix of shellshocked and emotional. He removed his mask, revealing azure eyes that held so much determination and intelligence.

“…I must be more tired than I thought…”, he trailed off, and Jason barked a raspy laugh. “Like you’re one ta’ talk. Have ya’ seen these eye-bags? I’m about two seconds away from fuckin' passin’ out”, he joked, though his drained tone implied that he meant it.

Suddenly, a pair of muscular arms yanked him forward, locking him in a protective, ironclad hug. Jason’s vision blurred as Nightwing buried his face into the crook of his neck, inhaling his scent of ambrosia and brownies, just to make sure that it was actually Jason, and not some hallucination or costumed delinquent.

“I don’t believe that it’s you”, Nightwing admitted, and yet, he hugged the other ever tighter. Jason instinctively slipped an arm down and around his midsection so it wouldn’t be crushed by mistake, but looped his other around the Alpha’s neck, floating in pheromone-induced bliss.

“Ya’ don’t have ta’. I know it’s not everyday that ya' see someone come back from the dead”, Jason uttered, and he could feel Nightwing stiffen.

After at least a five-minute-long hug in which Nightwing may or may not have shed some tears, they separated, and the nineteen-year-old ruffled Jason’s overgrown locks, carding his fingers
through that tangled, yet somehow soft hair.

As emotionally cold and distant as Jason was, this wasn’t the reaction he had expected, so he cautiously purred with the action, even when Nightwing stated, “You’ve got some major explaining to do. If I don’t believe you, I’m turning you in.”

Jason narrowed his eyes, and crossed his scarred arms over his chest. “Okay. Deal”, he agreed, but then added, “But first, I really need ta’ piss and clean these wounds, and ya’ might want ta’ check on Barbara ’cause I sorta, kinda hit her with a tranquilizer dart.”

Nightwing scoffed and hurried to his bedroom while Jason sorted himself out, despising how disheveled he was. He was so bloodied and caked in gravel and dirt, he looked straight from a landfill occupied by gang-lords, but whatever. He just wanted to sleep in a fucking bed.

Eventually, the former Robins were seated across from each other on the couch, their legs criss-crossed and expressions serious. Jason had insisted on staying in his shredded, unwashed clothing, as if he were too proud to rid himself of them.

“So, explain. Now”, Dick demanded, though his voice was far gentler than before, as if he were terrified that if he spoke too loudly, he would scare the fifteen-year-old off. Jason sighed, slumping his shoulders and leaning onto a pile of pillows behind him. Examining his chewed cuticles, he thought for a moment and began with, “The first thing I remember since kickin’ the bucket is wakin’ up in a Lazarus Pit.”

Dick froze yet again, but signaled for him to continue. Jason frowned with a hint of bitterness. “Accordin’ ta’ Ra’s al Ghul, I did die, but was brought back ta’ life somehow. After that, I wandered the streets for a little while like a zombie, before one of Talia’s goons found me and took me ta’ them. They dropped me in a Lazarus Pit, and I woke up floatin’ in that gross-ass green water with Ra’s beside me. They told me that I would be one of their warriors, and ’cause I couldn’t remember anythin’, I just went with it.”

He licked his lips and tilted his head to the ceiling. “I trained with Talia and Sensei. They taught me every form of fightin’ ya’ can think of, and how ta’ fight with any weapon. Eventually, they let me choose a persona, so I chose Red Hood, as ya’ can tell by the mask. I started gainin’ my memories back after that, but I remember more of the bad shit than the good. I admit, I hate Batman with a passion ’cause he didn’t trust me, and for awhile, I hated ya’. At this point, I don’t really know why I wanted ta’ hurt ya’; I think it’s ’cause ya’ were Batman’s golden boy, so havin’ ta’ live in your shadow pissed me off. He didn’t like my methods, he didn’t let me be a full part of the pack. It just…REALLY rubbed me the wrong way.”

“Well, you did try to kill people”, Dick interrupted, brow furrowing, and Jason glared at him. “Yeah, ’cause that’s the right thing ta’ do. I still don’t see why ya’ guys haven’t killed the Joker. I thought I meant enough ta’ ya’ that ya’ would’ve done that by now”, the younger boy snapped, seeming genuinely offended, and Dick winced.

Jason shook his head. “Whatever. I’ve got worse shit ta’ deal with, and that’s why I’m here. A couple months back, Talia found out that she can’t have pups. It’s just some genetic deficiency, I guess. Either way, she freaked over it, and started lookin’ for someone who could carry a pup for her. There aren’t any other females on the Island besides her, and I was the only Omega, so she…”

He cleared his throat and shifted uncomfortably. A rotten sensation swelled in Dick’s chest, and when he sensed distress from the other, he automatically didn’t like where this was going.

“When I went inta’ Heat, she held me down. She didn’t fuck me, technically, but she…she put
somethin’ on her fingers, and put it…you know…in me. She said it was for her ‘beloved’, though I
feel bad for whoever stumbled into her ‘good’ graces ta’ end up with her bein’ obsessed with them.”

“That…she did that to you? Did she claim you?”, Dick questioned firmly, though his voice did
waver a bit, indicating that he was horrified. “No. She’s lucky she didn’t, or I would’ve shot her
right down her goddamn throat. But…whatever she did worked, because I’m…” He trailed off,
inhaled shakily, and practically spat out, “I’m pregnant.”

Dick registered his announcement, and muttered, “Shit”, while rubbing his neck; a tic that was
triggered when he was in shock. “I came here ‘cause as much as I fuckin’ hate ta’ admit it, I need
your help. The League of Assassins is after me, and I really don’t wanna know what Ra’s would do
if he finds me. I’m not goin’ back ta’ the Team or Batman, but I needed someone that I can trust,
and…you’re the only one.”

“You know, for once, I’m feeling overwhelmed”, the Alpha laughed bitterly, his breathing
quickening a little. Jason would have felt guilty, if it weren’t for the fact that he was on the verge
of nodding off. But then, a calloused hand settled on the crown of his head, and he glanced up to
see a soft, pearly-white smile.

“I believe that it’s you. But, I need more info when it comes to helping you. Do any of the others
know you’re back?”, he inquired, and Jason stated sternly, “No, and I don’t want them ta’. The
world is shitty enough as it is; suddenly showin’ up would just mess things up. Besides, I’m not
goin’ back ta’ that life.”

Dick frowned in confusion. The Omega averted his gaze.

“If ya’ knew the number of people I’ve killed since comin’ back ta’ life, ya’ wouldn’t even let me in
your home. I’m not a good person, Dick. And, I can’t forgive Bruce for not killin’ the Joker. Rather
than save me, he spared that clown fucker’s life. Plus, he never even scented me. He didn’t let me
be part of the pack; any mission that had ta’ do with extreme violence, he wouldn’t let me join. He
didn’t trust me with jack-shit, while he trusted ya’ with fuckin’ everythin’. I just…I’m too tired ta’
go through that again.”

An awkward silence settled between them. Dick had known that Jason and Bruce had had some
friction, but damn. And yet, he couldn’t restrain himself from asking, “Don’t you at least want the
Team to know? Or Alfred? He still cleans the case with your Robin costume every fricken’ day.
And, don’t you want Fantasia to know?”

“Stop. Don’t try ta’ pull some guilt-trip. I’m homeless, broke, and have a fuck-ton of world-class
assassins after me. I’m pregnant with ‘Talia’s’ pup, and I just…I need ya’ ta’ keep me hidden.
Please.”

“But why? Even if you don’t like Bruce, everyone misses you. You wouldn’t believe how many
days Fantasia cried after you were gone. She’d be so, so happy if you came back. And, I think it
would be selfish if you didn’t let your own daughter know that she’s getting a sibling.”

Jason curled his fingers into white-knuckled fists. “I don’t want that life again! I wasted months
trainin’ ta’ be Robin, and then Bruce treated me like fuckin’ trash, and replaced me four months
after I died! Four fuckin’ months! I am not fuckin’ expendable, but workin’ with him and the
Team…I felt that way all the goddamn time. And when Tula and Blue Beetle died and were
replaced, that proved that all of us are just expendable. I don’t wanna feel like that anymore!”

By the time he was done shouting, his eyes were brimming with unshed tears, breathing heavy and
hands trembling. Dick just stared, honestly at a loss on what to say. It was true that Jason was
replaced fairly quickly, but crime rates had skyrocketed and the heroes had needed a new Robin. Tim Drake had an abundance of potential, and utilized that in a far calmer manner than Jason ever could. But, this made Dick feel an unbearable amount of guilt, and he pulled Jason against him by his sleeve.

He hugged the smaller boy, whispering, “I’m sorry.” Jason whimpered, stomach twisting in disgust when tears slipped down his cheeks, staining Dick’s jet-black costume. Seriously, how pathetic could he be?

This was definitely an all-time low.

“It’s okay to cry, you know”, Dick promised with a hint of amusement, and Jason sniffed, wiping his nose with the back of his hand as he rasped, “Shut the fuck up.” When the emotional storm died down, the Alpha asked quietly, “Why don’t you want Fantasia to know you’re back?” Jason swallowed roughly, eyes bloodshot from crying as he rubbed them.

“I was a shitty parent to her. I was so obsessed with bein’ a better Robin than ya’ and makin’ Bruce proud that I forgot about her. Whenever she cried, I just ignored her. How could I go back ta’ her when I treated her like she was invalid?” Dick sighed, petting his hair in a comforting motion.

“Jason, you were twelve when you kitted her. You were still a pup, having a pup. You were Caught against your will, and having her wasn’t your decision. Ergo, you being distant from her is understandable, but she needs her father. Alfred, Babs, Tim, and I are four people, but we can only be so much. Our bonds with her aren’t the same as her bond with you. She wasn’t even a year old when you went away, Little Wing. I promised to take care of her, but she needs her first bond. Her true bond, and that’s with you.”

Jason rubbed a hand across his cheek, wiping away the last of the tears. Dick had some good points, but he was too exhausted both mentally and physically to cope with any more emotions. So, he thumped his head against the other’s chest, and mumbled, “I’ll think about it.” Dick smiled.

It wasn't exactly what he wanted to hear, but for now, it was enough.
Decisions, Decisions & a Dash of Regret

Chapter Summary

Dick knows he's in over his head, what with being sleep-deprived and constantly going on missions and Jason returning. But, it's okay to ignore all that and be in denial for one night...isn't it?

Chapter Notes

Warning: Mention of sexual abuse, teenage pregnancy, discussion of abortion, and past death being seen as a joke. If you are sensitive to any of these, please do not read!

I'm so surprised by how well this is doing already, but I greatly appreciate it! Thank you, thank you.

I admit, I don't really ship Dick and Barbara, but their relationship is relevant to this part of the story, and may or may not lead to extreme drama heheheh.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blüdhaven was the crime capital of the Northeast.

A predominance of its residents were lawbreakers in some shape or form, from mere shoplifters to racketeers to gangsters to outright murderers. Pups were raised as future teenage delinquents, drugs were easier to buy than candy in a corner shop, and its atmosphere was terribly polluted. That wasn’t surprising, given that factories surrounded the outskirts, pumping entire clouds of chemicals into the sky, which resulted in a near-constant gray dreariness. It being its natural blue was a rarity, but at least the stars were a little visible at night.

Plus, the seafood was abnormally delicious for a city as filthy as this one, but Dick wasn’t complaining. There were silver linings to everything, after all.

Well, almost everything.

If he had to demonstrate just how dead on his feet he was, he would simply crumple to the ground, and that would be that. He was trained by Bruce to be capable of pulling multiple all-nighters with two-hour naps during the day, but after two weeks of nonstop missions to rescue meta-teens and help the new recruits adjust to the Team and dealing with Lex Luthor being a bitch to the League and continual jet-lag, Dick was pretty much sleepwalking 24/7.

Last night would have been his first night off in literally forever, but then he was assigned to join Artemis in Australia to shut down another meta-human trafficking ring, and when Barbara just up and passed out on them, their plan went haywire and they almost had their skulls sliced open like watermelons.
Fortunately, backup arrived and they rescued the imprisoned teenagers without a single casualty, but Dick didn’t even get a chance to sleep on the Bioship because one of the kidnapped teenagers was having a panic attack, and next thing he knows, he’s comforting them while trying not to lose his own shit. Plus, Barbara not answering his calls had made him extremely anxious, to the point where everyone was plugging their noses because of the stench of distress radiating off of him.

That had been downright embarrassing, but he couldn’t help it. He was horribly tired, but like heavily-populated cities, crime never sleeps either. So, on his way home, he had to beat up and handcuff two street gangs who were firing rounds at each other, which only drained him further.

And then, for the icing on the cake, Jason returned.

Dick was thrilled that his friend (well, frenemy, if he wanted to be very technical about it) was back, but a little preparation or at least a warning would have been nice. It made him wonder why Bruce never bothered to search for Jason’s corpse when it vanished from his coffin, but whatever. He could worry about that when Jason was ready to reveal his resurrection to his former adoptive family, which likely won’t happen for, well…a very long time.

The nineteen-year-old heaved a sigh.

After dragging Jason out of his house, he had temporarily hidden him in a rented flat he used for covert solo missions (though it was mainly just to spy on criminals). Jason had been far from pleased, and had seemed genuinely distraught when Dick left in the late hours of the morning. But, he couldn’t afford to go awol for too long, so he had promised to visit Jason every couple of nights to keep him company and devise a plan for how they were going to prevent him from kicking the bucket a second time.

The flat had security cameras scattered behind the wallpaper, curtains, etc. so Dick would know if someone broke in, but either way, this was risky. Jason could defend himself blindfolded, but he was pregnant and could only do backflips and roundhouse kicks for so long before slowing down.

The Alpha rubbed his eyes and slumped his shoulders at the crosswalk.

What were the odds of someone being assaulted and impregnated twice in a four-year span (well, technically two since Jason had been dead, which only made it worse). It was so sickening, how Jason was treated like garbage by practically everyone, as if he were a rag for someone to jerk off into, and then toss aside.

Him being Talia’s little “surrogate” only worsened the situation, and Dick wished he were a counselor like M’gann. The sheer amount of emotional baggage and trauma that Jason lugged around were like shackles at this point, dragging him into depression and uncontrollable anger consistently.

Dick frowned. Him noticing all of the other’s problems in one night surprised him, but those problems had roots embedded deep into Jason’s psyche, which had to be clipped eventually. But, not today.

He arrived home at around 4:00 PM, feet aching in protest at him still standing. This was a new record; 120 hours of zero rest, to be exact. When he entered the warehouse, he found Barbara still knocked out cold (damn, what were in those darts?), so he dropped down onto the couch and took advantage of this pocket of peace to gain some desperately-needed shuteye.

Of course, it wouldn’t last for more than half-an-hour, but when does it ever these days?
Inside their bedroom, Barbara stirred. As soon as she cracked open her eyes, a migraine invaded her cranium, and she groaned in discomfort. It was as if her brain was swelling and splintering her skull, and she massaged her temples in a circular motion while squinting at the ceiling. For some reason, the opposite side of the bed was unoccupied; usually, Dick slumbers till at least 1:00 PM on a Sunday.

Wait, what time was it anyway? She sluggishly searched her nightstand for her phone and gaped at the time. How the hell did she manage to sleep until 4:30? She’s commonly the one whose typing away on her wall of screens and conversing with friends by 8:00 in the morning, so this was, to say the least, concerning.

“Dick, are you here? What’s going on?”, Barbara called, grimacing when she sat up. A wave of vertigo slammed into her like a car collision, and she gripped her head. In her twenty years of living, she’s never had a headache this severe, and absentmindedly grazed her fingers over her neck, specifically where the dart had injected her.

Her partner appeared with a mug of coffee and a couple ibuprofen, handing them to her before sniffing her vigorously, and she huffed a laugh. After swallowing the pills and washing them down with the steaming beverage, she remarked, “You put too much milk in it again.” Dick rolled his azure eyes, muttering, “I can tell just by that that you’re okay. I tried, alright? I like my coffee black, but then you want all the weird fixtures and crap.”

Barbara couldn’t suppress an amused smile. “What do you mean ‘weird’? Most people in the world, including aliens and sorcerers, add sugar and milk to their coffee. You and Bruce are pretty much the only ones who don’t.” Dick shrugged, and his lack of a smart-ass comeback made her raise an eyebrow in curiosity.

He dropped down beside her, and she noticed just how dark the bags under his eyes were. They were like polluted waters underneath a sky-blue backdrop, and she questioned softly, “Did you sleep at all? You look terrible.” “Thanks for the compliment. No, I didn’t sleep”, the younger answered, burying his face in a pillow and immediately nodding off.

Barbara set her coffee aside and sniffed him, aquamarine eyes narrowing in confusion. “Okay, first off, you need a shower. And second, why do you smell like another Omega?”, she asked, leaning over him and tilting her head when he glanced up at her. He seemed to hesitate, which was odd, but then replied, “What do you remember from last night?”

The redhead thought for a moment. “Well, I was helping you and Artemis navigate through that abandoned train station in Australia to find another trafficking ring. You were going towards an elevator, and I told you to be careful, and then I…I, um…” She trailed off, frowning deeply. She had a photographic memory, so why couldn’t she recall what happened?

Dick waited patiently while she leaned her head on his shoulder, still mulling over last night. But then, she shattered the silence with, “Crap, someone broke in! They sounded just like Jason, and they hit me with a tranquilizer dart. Of course, it’s no wonder I haven’t woken up till now. Did they steal anything? Did you catch them?”

“Woah, one question at a time, Babs. I’m gonna tell you, but I’m super tired so if you keep talking fast, everything you say is gonna go in one ear and out the other.” Barbara rolled her eyes and laid back down beside him, nuzzling the scent gland situated in the crook of his neck.

It was still unmarked, despite the fact that he had had a couple girlfriends before her (along with a possible, drunken one-night stand with Will Harper which both of them refused to speak of). He claimed that he had loved them, but that he couldn’t imagine spending the remainder of his life
with them. Plus, they were all Alphas except for Barbara, and two Alphas being mated was generally frowned upon.

Either way, it was understandable, given how dangerous their careers were and the unpredictability of the vigilante life, but deep down, in the very depths of her heart, she was hoping that they would someday mate properly and have a litter. But, they were practically still teenagers, so that fantasy was far off from becoming a reality. She could wait though; for awhile, at least.

Dick rolled onto his side and pulled her against his torso, hugging her while burying his face in her reddish-ginger hair. She always smelled like nutmeg and cinnamon, but he wasn’t complaining. Her scent was like a security blanket, enveloping him and relaxing him. He almost fell asleep when…

“Hey, don’t fall asleep on me. You’ve got some explaining to do”, Barbara reminded him, poking his forehead with her pointer finger. Dick glanced to their window, the corner glass decorated with duct tape from a tipsy teenager launching a rock through it. Snow was accumulating on the windowpane, and he hoped that Jason wasn’t freezing in his flat.

Clearing his throat, Dick then burrowed himself under the comforter as he explained, “He was just another Jason imposter. I just knocked him out and took him to the police station. They said he’s known for pulling shit like that with other people. Either way, it’s nothing new.”

“Yeah”, Barbara agreed, voice saddened. When Jason passed away, it sparked outrage and controversy from the media, with some reporters judging Batman’s teaching method while others laughed about how “reckless” Jason had been. They made his heartbreaking death seem like a joke, and before long, it was yesterday’s news, because everyone knew that Robins were replaceable.

It was a twisted, but honest truth.

Personally, she thought that Bruce handled Jason’s behavior poorly. He gave the same explanation that he did when he adopted Dick: he was making his protégé channel their negativity towards crimefighting, rather than being the criminal. She knew that he was doing it to prevent traumatized minors from becoming bloodthirsty villains, but Jason had needed therapy, and Bruce never offered it to him.

Even Alfred had witnessed Jason’s childish tantrums and fits of hysteria, but whenever he would mention it to Bruce, he would brush it off, insisting that Jason would expel those emotions by saving others.

And for a little while, he had, until Felipe Garzonasa came along.

When they discovered his splattered corpse on the sidewalk and later interrogated Jason about it, he had said that Garzonasa was “clumsy and fell”, though Barbara and Bruce secretly believed that he shoved the man off his own balcony.

And yet, despite Bruce’s rule of never killing someone, no matter the circumstances, Barbara somewhat felt like Jason had a good reason. He had kitted his daughter, Fantasia, only five months before the Garzonasa incident, with her being a result of sexual assault. Knowing that that Alpha had abused a woman so severely, that she killed herself to escape him, had triggered Jason to his breaking point.

Either way, Jason's death would always be the Bat Family's biggest regret.
“Hey, you smell sad. What’s wrong?” The question startled her out of her train of jumbled thoughts, and the Omega shook her head, curling up against him. “It’s nothing. I just, you know…I still regret not being there for Jason. He deserved way more than what we gave him”, she whispered, and she noticed Dick’s hold on her tighten.

He nodded mutely, and Barbara inquired quietly, “Are you going to visit Fantasia soon? Alfred said she’s been asking for you for days.” Dick’s scent shifted a little, from campfire to rust after a rainstorm, indicating that he was guilty. “Yeah, I’ll try to see her this week. I wish I could see her more, but my schedule is pretty much packed for the next month. So much for me being her guardian.”

Originally, Dick had attempted to obtain custody of her, but couldn’t since he had been a teenager at the time. Now, he could adopt her, but he was practically never home and Barbara was always busy with her role as Oracle. Fantasia would just be unintentionally ignored, so as much as he missed her, he knew she was better off living under Alfred’s wing.

Barbara said something, but his vision was blurring and his eyelids went from weighing fifty pounds to one-hundred. Dick drifted off without realizing it, head dropping on his pillow, and Barbara petted his obsidian hair. Sometimes, he really was like Bruce, always overworking himself and never focusing on his own wellbeing. It was admirable, yet worrying.

Hm, they definitely needed a date-night soon.

....

While Dick was off in dreamland for the first time in weeks, Jason was currently having an obligatory date with his porcelain throne, fingers clutching the rim of the toilet as he retched violently yet again. His throat was terribly sore, his stomach was aching, and he was feeling a little dizzy.

This nausea was killing him, sending him charging to the bathroom at least three times an hour. Was it this bad with Fantasia? He couldn’t remember, since that period in his life had been an exceptionally depressing one, but either way, he was not feeling okay and needed Dick to get his ass over here yesterday.

He had texted the Alpha about an hour or so ago, but hadn’t received an answer yet. Goddamnit, this sucked, and he panted heavily once the urge to vomit his organs out had tapered off. Gulping down an entire bottle of lukewarm water, he then leaned against the opposite wall, propping his elbow on his knee and his head in his palm.

The fifteen-year-old glanced down to his midsection.

He didn’t look pregnant yet, but he did notice that his muscles were softening, which bothered him greatly. “I know ya’ can’t hear me yet, but cut me some slack. I’ve thrown up everythin’ I’ve fuckin’ eaten for the past three weeks, and I really don’t feel like doin’ it again. Besides, ya’ need the food too, ya’ little shit”, he growled, though the nickname had no malice behind it.

Jason turned to the window. This snowstorm was ridiculous, the wind howling and launching flurries of marble-sized snowflakes against the glass. This flimsy flat building seemed to tremble with the force of the storm, and he instinctively hugged his knees to his chest, though he was careful not to put pressure on his belly.

Omegas instinctively leaned towards all versions of comfort while expecting, from cushioned nests to space heaters to a mate to curl up with. But, he didn’t have any of those available to him, and
anxiety prickled under his skin. Dick vowed that he would return with armfuls of pillows and blankets so Jason could nest, but he didn’t specify on when, and Jason needed them now.

Admittedly, he was the polar opposite of a stereotypical Omega. His nests were unorganized and disheveled, while his crooked scowl, defiant demeanor, and confident stature made him pass as a blossoming Alpha. Well, carrying a pup would make people realize that he wasn’t at the top of the second gender food-chain, and he cursed his anatomy.

Alphas and Betas had no fucking idea how blessed they were. The males weren’t intersex, so they couldn’t be knocked up. It only proved that Omegas really were created to be housewives and baby factories, since both genders could reproduce. Of course, he was even more disconnected with his second gender than a majority of people, since the night he presented, he also went into Heat, in which the endgame was Fantasia.

God, carrying her had been such a nightmare.

For the first seven months, he was homeless, so he had had no knowledge on newborns or hygiene during pregnancy. When Bruce took him in, Jason had been forced to learn all about kitting and nursing and changing diapers and bonding with his pup, but most of it hadn’t registered to him. Why did they automatically assume that he had wanted to keep her?

Jason loved her dearly; of course he loved his own daughter; he just…it was so hard to look at her face without his breathing quickening in panic. They simply asked too much of him; a month after he gave birth, he was being trained vigorously, only stopping to feed Fantasia or change her. It all just wore him out, the stress and pressure accumulating until he snapped and shoved Felipe Garzonasa off his balcony.

He didn’t regret killing that bastard, but he regretted pretty much everything else. The blue-eyed boy winced; was he depressed? It somewhat sounded like he was, but he shook it off. There were far more important matters to attend to, such as not vomiting again because he was fairly certain that he was dehydrated.

Jason slowly, carefully eased himself off the bathroom floor, and stumbled out into the tiny hallway. Overall, this flat was cramped, with rickety furniture and a refrigerator that buzzed far too loudly. The lights were like interrogation beams, so he chose to keep them off, and the bed was like a slab of concrete.

But, at least there were no cockroaches, and he had a working television, which was a major upside. He hadn’t watched television in months, since any form of entertainment aside from ancient, Arabic texts had been forbidden on Infinity Island.

Basically, fun was illegal there.

Plopping down on the couch, it sagged beneath him, and he huffed. Either he had gained weight somehow, or this couch was the cheapest of the cheap. Laying on his side, he flicked through channels while dialing Dick’s number, but it went to voicemail. Clenching his jaw in irritation, he focused on the TV screen, wishing he had a book of poetry rather than whatever Adult Swim crap this was.

Eventually, he heard the front door unlock, and shouted, “It’s about damn time, ya’ ass! I texted ya’ a lifetime ago!” Dick struggled through the doorway (the hinges were rusted, so it only opened halfway), and said his apologies. Jason leaned over the arm of the couch to inspect the bags Dick carried in, sniffing them and digging through them.
“I know you’re mad at me for not answering, but I was really sleep-deprived and was out like a light first chance I got”, the nineteen-year-old informed him, and he started filling the fridge with groceries while Jason watched his every move, just in case.

He then passed pillows and blankets to Jason, just as promised. They were all scented, and Jason’s cheeks reddened ever-so-slightly. An unmated Alpha scenting his belongings could be read as courting, but that was just an absurd speculation. Besides, he was with Barbara now anyway.

Suddenly, a stack of books were dropped in his lap, and he raised an eyebrow at Dick. “I know TV can’t entertain you all the time, so I got you some books. Most of it is poetry.” The little teenager’s eyes widened in interest, and he skimmed through them. There were some works that he was familiar with, such as Sylvia Plath’s, while others, such as Rupi Kaur’s, didn’t ring a bell.

Hm, interesting.

But, at the bottom of the stack was a book on pregnancy, and a rancid feeling bloomed in his stomach, spindling up his arteries and muscles. Dick picked up on his discomfort, and said straightforwardly, “You don’t have to read it. The only reason I got it is so if you decide to go through with this, you’ll have some help. But, I wanted to talk to you about that.”

Once everything was situated, the taller boy sat down across from Jason, but kept a good few inches between them as to not agitate the other. He took a deep breath, and said, “You don’t have to go through with this. I understand that abortion wasn’t an option for you with Fantasia, since you were too far along when Bruce found you, but you have a chance with this one. I’m not going to force you to get one, but I won’t judge you if you do. Your life has been rough, I know, so if you want to abort this one, I’ll support you. You have the right to get that if you want to.”

Jason chewed on his nails nervously. An abortion would be the responsible decision, but…he was hesitant. “I…I don’t know. I’m fine with other people gettin’ it, and I think it would be better in the long-run if I got it, but it…it’s not its fault that it was made”, he whispered, voice uncharacteristically meek.

Dick frowned sympathetically. “But it’s not your fault either. You shouldn’t blame yourself for other people treating you like crap. You didn’t do anything to deserve the abuse you’ve been through. You don’t have to decide tonight, but if you want my opinion, I…I think it would be better if you got it. You’ve got a lot on your plate, and you deserve a break. A long-ass, stress-free break.”

For a moment, Jason’s eyes flickered, as if he were longing for that. Then, his eyes darkened again, and in all honestly, it broke Dick’s heart.

This was such a cluster-fuck; if Jason just agreed to return to everyone else, he would have an entire support network again, and be guarded from the League of Assassins. But, it was wrong of Dick to expect Jason, a fifteen-year-old victim, to decide all of this on his own. If he had to step in, he would in a heartbeat at the first sign of trouble.

Jason clenched his fists against his forehead, and growled through gritted teeth, “Just…give me a few days ta’ think about all of this. Please…” His voice trembled, and it was obvious by the way that he hunched in on himself that he was ashamed of his vulnerabilities exposing themselves.

Dick ruffled his hair, and assured him, “That’s fine. Take all the time you need. I know this is all putting a lot of pressure on you, but I can’t really make this decision for you because it’s not my place. It’s your body, so it’s your choice. I’m just here to keep you whelmed.” Jason attempted to hide a poorly-suppressed grin.
“Says the guy who lost his shit last night over his Little Wing comin' back”, he jabbed, which earned him a playful smack to the shoulder. Dick then insisted on making dinner for him, along with point out that Jason had been eating way too much junk-food, and really needed a salad.

The Omega gagged at the mental image of lettuce, but ultimately caved when Dick presented to him a salad with quinoa. He would never understand why he liked quinoa, but he did.

They ate together and talked about subjects that neither would remember tomorrow, "The Boondocks" playing in the background. As the snowstorm worsened, Jason grew tired, and stubbornly accepted Dick’s invitation to lean against him. He propped a pillow against Dick’s hip and curled up into a fetal position, as if he were still hugging himself for warmth like he did when he was a toddler.

Dick draped a quilt over him, and Jason purred under his breath, the sound raspy and rough from misuse. In a few hours, Dick would have to leave again, but in the meantime, he focused on helping Jason feel at least a little secure.

The younger even curling up to him was a drastic difference from two years prior, when he wouldn’t so much as let Dick brush a finger on him. He enjoyed the closeness, but the heavy weight in his chest didn’t diminish. If anything, it doubled.

Both of them were in over their heads, but it was alright to be in denial for one night…wasn’t it?

Chapter End Notes

Jason deserves all the love in the world, and no one can tell me otherwise.
Learning to Cope

Chapter Summary

Dick has a talk with Fantasia about how she's been dealing with Jason's absence (really fucking poorly), and decides to have some fun with Jason on the rooftops of Gotham (though no fun lasts forever).

P.S. Bruce gets a pep-talk, too.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Infant PTSD, teenage pregnancy, and brief discussion of abortion. If you are sensitive to any of these, please do not read!

This chapter is kind of long, but I couldn't stop lol. I promise, there is some fluff/angst in this, and there will be more fluff in future chapters, along with a shit-ton of angst haha. Buckle up, compadres.

Enjoy.

"Skish! Skish! Skish!"

In the three-and-a-half years that Fantasia has been alive, Dick has mastered the art of understanding her “language.”

Bruce and Tim always stared at her with perplexed expressions when she would say her favorite word, while Alfred would basically play a game of charades with her to decipher what the hell she was begging for. But, Dick knew; he had always known, since the moment she shouted her first word, which hadn’t been “Daddy” or “please”, but “skish.”

Fantasia was quite intelligent for her age; hell, she wasn’t old enough to be enrolled in preschool. And yet, she could easily carry out a conversation with a legal adult (albeit some of her pronunciations made it a bit difficult to understand her). It was pretty hilarious, how she could say “tyrannosaurus” by the time she was two, but couldn’t wrap her head around the correct form of “skish”, but that didn’t matter right now.

Dick grinned when she shouted her word at him, and he knelt onto his knees so she could charge into his arms. She tumbled into his embrace, face-planting against his chest, and he scooped her up, squeezing her tightly as if he were her biological parent. “Hello, baby girl. Have you stayed out of trouble?”, he questioned, twirling her around as if he were a carnival ride.

She squealed her laughter and pressed her cheek against his, nodding vigorously before asking, “Did you miss me?” Dick pretended to contemplate it, lifting his gaze to the ceiling and sighing, “You know, I’m not sure. I’ve been so busy being Nightwing…” The toddler pouted, cobalt-blue
eyes widening in dismay before he announced, “I missed you so, so, SO much, all the time, everyday.”

Her grin returned, with it so wide, it seemed as if her cheeks would split. She purred when he squeezed her even tighter, though he was careful not to hurt her on accident. Barbara removed her coat behind him and passed it to Alfred, before extending her arms and asking, “Can I have a ‘skish’ too, Fan?”

The charcoal-haired girl stuck her tongue out at Barbara, and the redhead deflated. Dick was still the only person allowed to hug her so affectionately and dearly; even Alfred was banned from it.

But, Dick had rocked her to sleep and read her fairytales while Jason trained into the late-hours of the night to regain the muscle mass he had lost from the baby weight, so her being attached to the Alpha was understandable.

Eventually, she squirmed out of his grasp to dash down the main corridor, barefeet pattering against the hardwood. She really should wear shoes or at least socks, since every Christmas Eve, at least three or four ornaments would unhook themselves from the tree and shatter, but Fantasia was a hardcore little infant. She couldn’t care less about dirtying her feet or tearing her clothes, which reminded Dick of himself.

“I swear, I don’t think she’ll ever warm up to me”, Barbara murmured, rolling towards the kitchen while Dick patted the crown of her head, which earned him a glare. “Just give her some time, Babs. The only reason she likes me is because I was with her when Jason passed. Plus, Alfred said she’s been having issues bonding with Omegas. She’ll give you a ‘skish’ eventually.”

“Do you think we should tell her that it’s ‘squish’?”, the twenty-year-old questioned with a chuckle, and Dick shook his head. “Nah, she’s a kid, so she’s got an excuse. Besides, if she keeps saying it like that into her teenage years, imagine the look on her face when she’s told that she’s been saying it wrong for years on end.”

“You’re evil”, Barbara sighed, shaking her head in fake disapproval. When they entered the spacious kitchen, they found Alfred chopping vegetables with one hand and pouring grape juice for Fantasia with the other; a true butler indeed.

“Is Grandpa gonna come up?”, Fantasia asked, sipping from her straw at rapid-fire speed. Whenever she would call Bruce that, he would stutter and act as if she had called him something obscene, before mumbling about how he shouldn’t have that title in his early forties. It was honestly adorable, and Dick knew his adoptive father secretly appreciated it.

After so much friction with Jason, it was a miracle that Fantasia was a sentient ball of sunshine, rather than a wall of spikes. But, him dying so suddenly had impacted her greatly, and now, she didn’t let Omegas touch her. She didn’t hate them, necessarily; the soft embrace and calming scents would just overwhelm her and make her sob for her parent.

Nobody wanted to constantly be sad, so she steered clear of Omegas both in public and in private. It was simply a coping mechanism, so Dick saw no reason to fix it now, but they would have to eventually if she was going to function in society, and not treat Tim like he had drowned a kitten in front of her.

God, Dick wasn’t excited about that.

Encounters between Fantasia and Tim were always awkward, and if Fantasia twitched, it spelled doom for the other. It was bad enough that he was her father’s replacement, so him being an
Omega too resulted in extreme hostility from her. But, at least the toddler had her tells if she was about to try and bite his finger or scratch him again.

A twitch of her right eye; a consistent clearing of her throat. Dick was grateful for the warning signs.

Tim would never harm a hair on her head, but there were a few incidents where he had yelled at her, which only made everything worse. Fantasia would scream like a banshee when he raised his voice at her, and even launched an action figure at his face when he threatened to take away her TV time, shrieking, “You’re not my Daddy! GO AWAY!”

Of course, she was given a timeout so that behavior wouldn’t become regular, but Dick didn’t blame her for taking everything so hard. She went from being bundled in a nest with Jason every night, nursing and basking in his homey scent, to sitting in a crib by herself, being given bottles with fake milk (aka formula) instead of her dam’s soft breast and rich milk. She still sucked on her straws because of the trauma of being switched feeding methods so abruptly, and even used sippy cups half the time.

To break it down, she had her own issues to work through, but she was too young to address them. Besides, why should Dick or anyone else expect her to repair the damage when she was practically a baby? He didn’t want her becoming jaded or bitter, so they could deal with her snags another day.

“Yes, in about half-an-hour or so I’d presume”, Alfred promised, passing her some diced carrots when she made a grabby motion. “Can I show Nighty my paper?”, she questioned, leaning onto the counter from her stool in excitement (she had recently transitioned from a highchair, and was still proud about it).

Alfred hesitated, pausing his cooking momentarily. “I think it would be best if you wait, Miss Fantasia. He can read it with me later, alright?”, the Beta negotiated, but Fantasia shook her head, curls of black hair tumbling over her shoulders. “I wanna show him now! Pretty please?”, she begged, clasping her hands like a sinner in church.

Dick was shocked when Alfred caved and let her fetch her paper. Why was he strict with Dick, Jason, and Tim, but not her? Heck, he had even been stern with Barbara sometimes.

Dick sighed; maybe Fantasia would be the next golden child, though he wouldn’t have a problem with it. Barbara told him otherwise, teasing him about how he would miss being the center of attention in the Bat Family, but he would never, ever admit that.

When Jason had first come along, he had felt just a sliver of jealousy, but had quickly realized that Jason had needed far more support than him. Speaking of which, was he here yet? Dick hoped Jason was observing with caution, and from a window where he could see them, but they couldn’t see him.

Dick had debated with him, trying to convince him to just join them for Christmas Eve and explain everything. But, he had refused, and opted for celebrating from outside, where he wouldn’t be spotted. The Alpha didn’t like the idea of Jason sitting on a windowsill in freezing weather with a baby in his belly, but he was still flexible for now, so balance wasn’t an issue yet.

Fantasia scampered back into the kitchen with a paper, and explained, “Alfie’s been teaching me ‘cause I can’t go to preschool yet. I had to write about me, so I did.” She passed him the sheet, and Dick snickered at the messy handwriting scribbled in crayon. But, as he started reading, her paragraph became increasingly dark, and he glanced to Alfred.
The elderly man cleared his throat, and persuaded Fantasia to go upstairs and change into her pajamas. She protested at first, but left when he promised her a big slice of Christmas fruitcake. Once she was out of earshot, Dick inquired, “Why is she self-deprecating? Did something happen?” Alfred shook his head, clearly at a loss, and Barbara took the paper from her boyfriend.

“My name is Fantasia. I’m three, almost four. I’ve got blue eyes, black hair, and pale skin, all like Daddy. I smile like him too, and I like to read. I wanna be a hero like him when I grow up. I’m bad ’cause people say that Daddy was, and I’m dirty ’cause Daddy got hurt to have me. I miss him a lot, and I’m sorry that I made him go away”, Barbara read aloud, and she leaned back in her wheelchair, stunned.

Both turned to Alfred, and he told them, “I honestly have no idea where this self-deprecation is coming from. She is such a confident pup; reading that surprised me greatly. I never raised her to think that Master Jason’s passing was somehow her fault, which means that other pups may be telling her that.” Dick rubbed a hand down his face.

When Fantasia returned in the most darling onesie the three of them had ever laid eyes on, Dick ushered her into the hallway, where he coaxed her into another “skish.” When she was settled in his arms, he showed the paper to her, and asked, “Why are you calling yourself bad and dirty? You’ve never been either of those things.”

Fantasia glanced up at him, ocean eyes shimmering in the dim light. The almost-four-year-old burrowed into his jacket, and murmured, “Kids at the park call me it. Lian does too, but she’s a baby, so I think she’s just saying what others are. But I…I am bad, ’cause I made him sad all the time. I didn’t want to, but he always smelled sad.”

Dick frowned, wishing so fucking badly that she could know that Jason was alive. Quite a bit different personality-wise, but breathing nonetheless.

“You didn’t make him sad, sweetie. It’s just…you’ll understand better when you’re older, but your Daddy wasn’t sad because of you. He had a very hard life, but you were someone who always made him happy. He loved you a lot, so don’t ever listen to those other pups again. Neither of you are bad or dirty. Okay?”

Fantasia nodded, chewing on her thumbnail. “I miss him”, she mumbled, her usual scent of peaches and cinnamon turning into something rotten from her sadness. “I know, but look on the brightside: it’s Christmas Eve, so if you keep being a good girl, Santa might come”, Dick reminded her, and her attitude improved immediately.

“I will! I’ll be super good!”, she promised, so Dick decided that this was a perfect time to talk to her about her recent behavior towards Tim. “I believe you, but to get everything that you want, you have to be super nice to Tim, too. He only wants you to be happy, just like the rest of us do.” Fantasia frowned, crossing her arms and huffing.

“I don’t wanna. He smells weird”, she argued, and Dick quirked an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”, he asked, and she pointed up the staircase, telling him, “He won’t come down. He said he smells weird ’cause of, uh…I think it’s Heat? I dunno what that is.” Jesus, why would Alfred not bother to tell them that Tim was here, or that he was in Heat?

When he and Fantasia returned to the kitchen, he whispered Tim’s condition to Alfred, who apologized and headed upstairs to check on him. Other than that, most of the evening was carefree. Well, except for Fantasia becoming fussy once the clock struck 8:30, and she was tucked into bed by Dick, her newest stuffed animal locked in her arms, destined to be added to her growing collection tomorrow.
Dick whispered to her what Jason would every night: “Be good tomorrow, but not too good.”

Fantasia purred and nuzzled his inner wrist, right where his secondary scent gland was located. He petted her curly hair until she fell asleep, and was startled by Bruce waiting in the doorway. “Jesus, don’t do that. You’re other persona is really rubbing off on you.”

Bruce hummed, and Dick stood beside him, watching her drift into the land of Nod like two guardians. “So, has she warmed up to you yet?”, Dick questioned, and Bruce sighed, crossing his Herculean arms. “No, and I don’t think she will for awhile. You’re still the only adult she enjoys spending time with.”

Dick clicked his tongue, frowning sympathetically at the other. “No offense, but you haven’t been the most affectionate ‘Grandpa.’ I know it’s hard to be when you’ve only raised teenagers, but she could use a role-model when I’m not here. If you don’t pay attention to her, she’s just going to become another Jason.”

Bruce narrowed his chocolate eyes just slightly, and asked, “Care to explain what you’re implying?”

“I’m implying that Jason started acting out because you only paid attention to him when it had something to do with being Robin. There’s more to life than just being a hero; to be honest, I think he knew that better than the rest of us, what with having her so young. If you just, you know…took her to the park, or read her a storybook, she’d like you more. From what I’ve heard, Alfred’s the only one who does that when I’m not here.”

The older Alpha sighed through his nose, and went quiet for a moment. Dick considered that he had crossed a line somehow, but right when he opened his mouth, Bruce stated, “Keeping the world safe is the top priority. She has you and Alfred.” Dick scoffed.

“Seriously? You’re acting like you’re the only hero in the world, but in case you forgot, there’s the Justice League, the Team, and groups from other worlds like the Green Lantern Corp and the Forever People, not to mention solo heroes like me. You don’t have to be responsible for everything crisis-related, but you should be responsible for the pup that’s been left in your care. I think you’re not paying attention to her because you don’t know how.”

Bruce opened his mouth to argue, but Dick cut him off. “You’ve taken in kids who are old enough to start being trained as heroes, but she’s pretty much a baby. She’s got quite a few years before she can start training, and that’s IF she wants to be part of this life. From what I’ve seen, you only know how to raise a pup by training them 24/7, but that’s not going to work with her. I get that it’s hard, but I can’t be here all the time, and she needs a parent.”

Fantasia stirred, but ultimately rolled over and resumed sleeping.

Bruce hesitated, showing a crack in his serious façade, before he schooled himself and said, “Even if I interact with her more, what she needs is an Omega parent. If she were born from an Alpha or Beta, it would be easier to bond with her, but her ties with Jason were strong.” Dick slumped his shoulders; Bruce was obviously finding an excuse not to convey emotion, but he did bring up a valid point.

“Well, that’s gonna be pretty hard, considering how much she hates them right now. But…maybe Tim could be a substitute for her. You know, if she ever stops screaming at him and throwing toys”, the nineteen-year-old joked, and Bruce hummed in response, a strange silence settling between them.
When 10:00 rolled along, Dick and Barbara said their goodbyes, though Dick was planning to meet up with Jason for a rooftop patrol, just to have a taste of bittersweet nostalgia.

“Are you sure you wanna patrol tonight? This snow is getting crazy”, Barbara worried, though she was already hoisting herself up and into the drivers seat. Dick folded up her wheelchair and placed it in the trunk for her, before circling around and sticking his head through the window to kiss her cheek.

“If I get lost in this snowstorm, you can just track me. I won’t get into too much trouble, I promise”, he assured her with a hint of mischief, and the Omega rolled her eyes. “That’s what you always say, and then you need me to show you an escape route every time. But, I’ll take your word for it. Be back by midnight at the latest”, she ordered, kissing him back before driving off down the weaving driveway.

“Was she always that strict? She’s got ya' wrapped around her finger, Boy Wonder”, a voice called, and Dick tilted his head back to find Jason propped on the curve of a circular windowpane, fiddling with his grappling hook. He jumped down and landed without so much as a wince, despite dropping from a decently-high height.

His new costume was far more form-fitting than the Robin getup, with it accentuating his muscular, yet curvy physique and broad shoulders. His combat boots boosted his height to Dick’s forehead, and he snickered to keep himself from staring at those hips. For one, that would be inappropriate since Jason was a teenager, and two, Dick had a girlfriend.

Was it bad that he had to keep reminding himself of that?

Jason adjusted his skull-shaped, crimson mask, and Dick wondered how he was able to breathe with how thick the material was. He also noticed that the other was wearing scent blockers, but that was likely for the best. There were some twisted Alphas and Betas who drooled at the sight of a pregnant Omega, even if their bellies weren’t rounded yet.

“Are you sure about this? Do you think you’ll keep up?”, Dick interrogated, though there was a serious edge to his tone. Jason bared his teeth and growled, “Is that a challenge? I could make it ta' Narrows Bridge before ya’ even had a chance ta' fuckin' stretch. Havin' a pup just makes me more motivated ta' beat ya’.” Dick cocked his head.

“Why?”, he asked with amusement, and Jason removed his grappling hook from his holster as he replied with a ridiculous amount of smugness, ‘Because it proves that nothin’ can hold an Omega back from kickin' ass, you knot-head.”

Before Dick could give a snarky reply, Jason shot his hook, and was off so fast, his point was proven: Dick wasn’t given time to stretch.

He clenched his jaw and followed the other, leaping onto a brownstone and sprinting after the smaller male. The frigid wind shocked his skin and made his teeth chatter, but that only added more thrill to their little game. He somersaulted to the next building and squinted through the heavy snow, seeing a blur of red, black, and gray up ahead.

Damn, when did Jason gain the speed of an Olympic athlete?

“Gettin' tired yet, Nightwing?”, Jason shouted, leaping and jumping and cartwheeling to each skyscraper with ease, barely seeming breathless. Of course, it was hard to tell with a mask covering his face, but Dick smirked at the jab.
“Is that a challenge?” he repeated Jason’s earlier sentiment, and lunged forward, using the ice to his advantage to slide past the other and backflip to the following roof.

Jason snarled and passed him, only for Dick to pass him, and they played a dangerous, possibly life-threatening version of a race. One wrong move, and they could tumble off the edge of a building, but that’s what made it so goddamn exciting.

Dick grinned when Jason passed him yet again, and readied himself for a forward handspring when the younger suddenly slowed down. When he skidded to a stop, Dick copied the action, and hardly had time to register what was happening before Jason was yanking off his mask and vomiting violently, his entire body shaking as he did.

He stumbled to his knees and puked again, and Dick rushed over to him, grimacing at the putrid smell. The Alpha reached out a hand to rub his back, but was swatted away by the other. “I’m fine! I just…fuck, fuck…been feelin’…really nauseous…”, Jason panted, doubling over when a bout of dizziness accompanied it.

“Jesus Christ, Jason; why didn’t you say something?”, Dick asked irritatedly, and added under his breath, “Knew this was a bad idea.” When jagged nails sliced across his calf, cutting his suit, he skipped back in surprise, blood seeping from the thin lines. “Don’t treat me like I’m helpless! I’m not, ya’ piece of shit!”, he exclaimed, flashing his tiny canines in a display of aggression.

Dick was startled by the sudden hostility, but quickly changed to vexed when Jason dry-heaved, face twisted into an expression of extreme discomfort.

“You’re not helpless, but that doesn’t mean you shouldn’t take care of yourself. We’re taking the train home”, Dick decided, pulling out his phone to check the subway schedule while Jason snapped, “I’m not takin’ the fuckin’ train home! If ya' didn’t ju--.”

“Now, Jason!”, Dick barked, and the fifteen-year-old instinctively cowered at the use of Alpha Speech. His colleague never used it unless absolutely necessary, so despite the disappointment that settled in his ribcage, he caved and shakily stood up, allowing Dick to help him to the next building.

Neither spotted the blood mixed in with the bile.

....

After changing into street-clothes to obscure their costumes, they caught the last subway train from Gotham to Blüdhaven. Fortunately, their car was unoccupied aside from a homeless man with garbage bags for belongings, and Dick forced Jason to drink as much water as he could stomach, which wasn’t even half the bottle, but it was something.

They sat side-by-side, thighs occasionally grazing when the train leaned on a train-track curve. Exhaustion seeped into Jason’s bones, and he dropped his head on Dick’s shoulder, though he was still pissed off at the other.

Dick could smell the annoyance radiating off of his frenemy, even through the scent blockers, and he sighed quietly, “I’m sorry. I don’t like to use Alpha Speech on anyone. I just, you know…I was worried. I don’t want you hurting yourself just to prove something to me.”

Jason hummed, and muttered, “I wasn’t tryin' ta' prove jack-shit. I just missed that part of workin' with ya'. Everythin' else can go fuck itself, but runnin' up there and bein' risky with ya' was fun, I guess.” He swallowed audibly, grimacing at the aftertaste of his lost dinner.
He added uncharacteristically softly, “I decided that I’m gonna keep it.” Dick’s azure eyes widened. “You don’t have to. Don’t do this because you feel like you’re obligated to”, he said, but Jason shook his head.

“I was plannin’ ta’ abort it, but seein’ Fantasia changed my mind. She’s…she’s grown up a lot. I saw how she ran ta’ ya’, and stuck close ta’ ya’. She likes ya’ a lot, doesn’t she?”

Dick rubbed his neck sheepishly, chuckling, “I guess so. She has this thing called a ‘skish.’” Jason snorted a laugh, asking, “What the hell is a ‘skish?’”

“It’s her version of ‘squish.’ It’s basically a really tight, really long hug. It was her first word, unless she said ‘Dada’ before and I didn’t know.”

“I’m pretty sure her first word was ‘skish’ then. I don’t remember her callin’ me anythin’. She’d just whine at me or speak gibberish until I picked her up”, the fifteen-year-old explained, tone distant and nostalgic. Dick turned to the shorter boy.

“You don’t have to stay away from her. If you miss her, all we have to do is tell everyone you’re back. It’ll be hard and a lot to process, but I think you’d be happy if you were with her again”, he admitted, and for a moment, Jason looked as if he were considering it. For the week that he and Dick have been reunited, he had had that contemplative face so many times, but never went through with the offers.

He didn’t this time, either.

“No. I’m not ready ta’ go back yet”, he reluctantly confessed, burying his face in Dick’s sweatshirt sleeve. The Alpha nodded, and promised, “That’s okay. You’ve got time, and I’ll keep you posted on how she’s doing. In the meantime, we should plan for this one.” He motioned to Jason’s stomach, and the Omega self-consciously covered it with his coat.

“…If ya’ tell anyone this, I will fuckin’ kill ya’, but…I’m scared.” That confession was quiet and soft, so unlike Jason. But, him being honest was a milestone, and the Alpha had to corral back a beaming smile.

“That’s okay. You have me, and this time, it’ll be happy. No living on the streets, no judgement. I promise”, he assured gently, and Jason glanced up at him. Those cobalt-blue eyes were like twin oceans, his pupils like islands placed inside them.

They momentarily captivated Dick, before he averted his gaze, and their conversation came to a comfortable end, with Jason dozing off on his shoulder.

Meanwhile, in the next car over, a towering, white-haired man observed them through the window, and dialed a number on his phone. On the third ring, the other line answered, and what he said could send shivers down spines.

"Yeah, this is Slade. I think I found your little runaway."

Chapter End Notes

I would love more feedback so I know that this isn't total garbage lol, but kudos and bookmarks are great too.
I just like hearing what you all thought, so please don't be shy (though I understand if you are haha). Thank you for reading, and stay tuned.
Chapter Summary

Jason has a talk with Slade about whether or not he should betray Dick, and is forced to confront repressed, romantic feelings for his frenemy.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Teenage pregnancy, mentioned past child abuse, and verbal threats. If you are sensitive to any of these, please do not read!

This chapter is shorter than the others, but that was intentional. Think of this as the calm before the storm, heheheh.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once upon a time, everyone was somebody's kid.

Everyone had a father, even if he contributed nothing more than his seed. Everyone had a mother, even if she abandoned them in the maternity ward. All lives begin the exact same way.

They all end the same way, too.

Jason couldn’t recall much of Catherine.

He knew she wasn’t always a drug addict, and that her chocolate-chip waffles could knock the socks off of just about anyone. She was an Omega like him, and the fragrance of lavender and marigolds had never ceased to follow her around. She had worked overtime when he was little so she could afford new sneakers for him once a year, and her lipsticked smile was like a sunbeam.

That is, until she was fired for attacking a coworker, and suddenly lost the motivation to keep their financials afloat.

And then, Willis introduced her to opioids, and in the end, she died exactly as she lived:

High.

As.

Fuck.

Jason remembered even less of Willis, what with him being sentenced to decades in prison. He had been generous at first too, dedicating his energy to being a medical assistant. He was as Alpha as they come, smelling of cedar and cheap cologne and cigarettes, but was a coward when it came to Two-Face. One botched procedure, and a bullet was blasted through his brain.
It was funny, how the family member Jason remembered most was Sheila. She was a Beta, and may as well have been the twin sister of Marilyn Monroe. Platinum-blonde hair, sapphire eyes, rosy lips; she and Jason couldn’t have looked more different.

And, like Marilyn Monroe, she was a decent actress, and had genuinely convinced him that she loved him.

Her manipulating him into the Joker’s zombified hands had been like a smack to the face, but all Jason could focus on was her laugh. They were familiar strangers when they met, and regular strangers when they perished; and yet, her laugh had been contagious.

If only his was, too.

Frowning, Jason sunk lower into the steaming bathwater, and screwed his eyes shut.

When he did, he envisioned the ceramic being caked in rust, the water tinted orange from bacteria. He imagined Willis entering their 400-foot flat, drunk off his ass for the first time. He pictured that knobby hand right-hooking his nose, maroon dripping to the dusty ground. He visualized Catherine groaning in annoyance when he cried about his bruised nose, before filling the bathtub with frigid water and dunking his head into it.

No, she didn’t prevent it from swelling because she was concerned for him. She did it so, when he went to school on Monday morning, nobody would notice it. Jason furrowed his brow, subconsciously curling his fingers over his midsection. The very thought of kicking or smacking Fantasia sickened him to the point of nausea, and the same went for this unborn pup.

If anyone EVER touched either of them, he would fucking dismember the culprit.

Tilting his head back, he stared up at the ceiling. Chilly, early-January wind seeped in through the crack in the window, but it didn’t bother him. The only reason he made the water scalding was to ease his knotted muscles; he had been feverish for almost a week, which led to him feeling overheated 24/7. One minute, he would be shivering in a cocoon of blankets, and the next, he would be sweating profusely and violently kicking the covers off.

Dick had gone blue in the face trying to convince him to go to a doctor, but Jason couldn’t risk someone recognizing him. Sure, he had worn a mask, but it had only covered his eyes; there were plenty of people who could identify someone by smell, expressions, or the sound of their voice.

And so, he relied on tylenol and ice-packs to feel even a sliver of relief. It could just be the flu, but he had been feeling off since the moment Talia told him he was pregnant, and that was almost five weeks ago. The pressure on his lower abdomen always made him worry that he was miscarrying, but so far, he hadn’t felt any piercing stomach pain.

But, that didn’t mean that everything was peachy. Jason would never, in a million years, tell Dick that he had been vomiting blood with the bile; knowing his frenemy, he would throw Jason over his shoulder and carry him to the nearest hospital before he could even open his mouth to protest.

Hm, maybe pleasing himself would make him feel better. He had an exceptionally dirty mind, after all (though he would never let anyone know that).

But, before he could even trail his hands down, Jason sniffed the air, and questioned sharply, “What the hell do ya’ want? If you’re here ta’ take me back ta’ Talia, tell her that I’d rather shove my own dick down my throat than be in her radius.”

There was a raspy chuckle, and his short-lived partner-in-crime leaned against the doorframe,
smelling of cigarettes and gore. Jason scrunched his nose.

“I’ll make sure to relay the message”, Slade joked, but then his expression dropped, demeanor bordering serious when Jason asked, “Why’re you here? I knew you’d find me eventually, but I didn’t think you’d stick ta’ Ra’s side after he left the Shadows.” The towering Alpha pursed his lips, seemingly unimpressed.

“First rule of the business section of being an assassin: don’t cut ties with past partners. Ra’s and I still keep in touch, but I’ll shoot straight with you, kid. He doesn’t know where you are, and neither does Talia or Sensei. They know I found you, but like hell I’d tell them your little hiding place”, Slade stated, and Jason immediately asked with suspicion, “Why? If ya’ drag me back ta’ them, you’ll be on their good side forever. Ya’ can try, but ya’ might lose your other eye.”

Slade glanced to the handgun propped on the toilet lid, and before Jason could grab it, Slade snatched it up and tossed it into the hallway behind him. “Twelve weeks in and your reflexes are already like an amateur’s”, the Alpha sighed, walking up and sitting on the edge of the toilet lid, which caused Jason to instinctively lean against the opposite wall of the tub, draping his arms over his chest. His breasts were still small, but he didn’t want anyone seeing them for any reason whatsoever.

But, at least he knew Slade wouldn’t intentionally harm him. When he was transported to Infinity Island, Slade had guarded him, and later trained him when Talia or Sensei were busy with whatever the fuck they did on the sidelines. They had a mutual understanding of each other, and Slade had a hardcore sense of morality.

Technically, he was in the morally gray area, but considered Jason’s past assailters as “scum of the Earth who he would resurrect, just to kill them again in the most brutal way possible.”

“Shut the fuck up, old man. I don’t need a gun ta’ make ya’ blind”, Jason threatened, but Slade just smirked in amusement. “It’s good to see you too, kid. Listen, I don’t have time for small talk. I came here to tell you about your options”, the white-haired man announced, and Jason quirked an eyebrow. What the fuck was this killer babbling about?

Slade leaned forward and sniffed the Omega, before remarking, “So, my hunch is right: you have been bleeding. You do know that that’s not a good sign, don’t you?” Shit, Jason had blanked on how powerful Slade’s sense of smell was, and internally face-palmed himself for it.

Swallowing audibly, the fifteen-year-old snapped, “I know that. In case ya’ forgot, I’ve kitted before. I just…I don’t know why I’m sick, but I’m not goin’ ta’ a doctor. The League will find out about me if I do, and no way in hell am I goin’ back ta’ them.”

“I’m not saying to go back to them”, Slade interrupted, and when Jason shut his mouth, he continued, “Option One: you can surrender and return to Infinity Island, where you’ll have your pup and be given medical aid, but then be exiled and forbidden from ever seeing your pup again. Option Two: you can work as a spy for the League of Shadows. You’ll give us intel on Batman, the Team, and the Justice League, along with Nightwing; as much info as you can. In return, you’ll still be given medical help from the Shadows’ top doctor, and, you’ll get to raise your pup alongside Talia. Shy may call you her ‘surrogate’, but she agreed for you to raise it, if you agree to our terms.”

Jason narrowed his eyes suspiciously, and grabbed a towel from the cabinet beside the tub. He stood up and wrapped it around his muscular torso, before questioning, “What’s the catch ta’ Option Two? I know it’s not as good of a deal as it sounds.”
The Alpha smirked again.

“Just as perceptive as ever”, he complimented, before standing up himself. Jason unplugged the bathtub while his companion informed him, “The catch is that if you fail to give us any good intel by the time you have your pup, you’ll have to give up your little brat. You’ll also have to go behind your precious Boy Wonder’s back, but if you truly want to leave that life behind, you’ll do this.”

The Omega heaved a sigh, grazing his fingers over the slight swell of his belly solemnly. “Don’t hesitate, kid. Nightwing is part of your old life, and you’re leaving it behind. You have to have no strings attached, but act like you do.”

Jason scoffed, glaring up at him as he hissed, “Ya’ said it like we’re fuckin’ or somethin’. I know not ta’ mess around with Bats’ golden boy.”

Slade tilted his head ever so slightly, like a curious, yet innerly savage canine. “Really? If I remember right, you kissed him two nights before the Joker caught you. He rejected you, saying you were too young for him, so you left. Ironic that your last words to him were ‘then I’ll go out with a bang.’”

Jason’s cheeks flushed in humiliation, and his exhausted eyes widened owlishly. “How the fuck do ya’ know that? No one knows that!”, he exclaimed, cringing when his voice cracked, and his friend huffed a laugh. “I’m Deathstroke; I’ve got my ways”, he claimed, and Jason rolled his eyes.

Option Two, overall, seemed like an excellent bargain, but he was reluctant. He still had certain… affections for Dick, but what point was there in keeping them when Dick didn’t reciprocate?

At least he had been single when Jason kissed him; now, he was dating Barbara, and they would probably mate soon. The fifteen-year-old wasn’t in the mood for unnecessary emotional suffering, so he mumbled, “Okay. I’ll do it, but if ya’ or any other Shadows try ta’ hurt Nightwing, I’ll fuckin’ kill you.”

“Mhm, sure you will. I trust that you’ll be able to pry some good information out of him, but if you can’t, I’ll occasionally intervene. They’ve been busting meta-teen trafficking rings, which is shortening our recruit numbers, so the last thing I need is him trying to be one step ahead. If you find out his plans, it’ll change everything. Don’t fuck this up, kid.”

Jason swallowed, and wracked a hand through his charcoal hair. “That’s askin’ a lot. Do ya’ really think it’s a good idea ta’ threaten me? Havin’ a pup doesn’t mean shit when it comes ta’ kickin’ ass”, he growled, straightening his posture and standing on his tip-toes so they could meet at Slade’s eye level.

A single china-blue eye narrowed. “You’ve got guts, talking back to me. You’re lucky I don’t want you dead”, Slade snarled, though there was no extreme malice in his tone. Jason scowled in defiance, but muttered, “How do I get info on all of the League’s plans if I have ta’ stay hidden? Nightwing can’t know every single plan for every single member.”

“True, but you’re a hacker, and a fucking great one at that. I’m sure you’ll figure it out”, Slade encouraged, and ruffled the teenager’s dampened hair. Jason wanted to scratch him or at least spit in his face, but instinctually purred instead. Having a dominant, authoritative Alpha not bash his face in was nice, and he leaned into the touch.

That hand slipped from the crown of his head to his chin, and Slade tilted his head up. “Info is power, little boy. Remember that, succeed in your mission, and make this pup yours. And, only yours”, he ordered firmly, before clipping his mask on, to where only his iris was visible.
Jason nodded, and hesitantly murmured, “Thanks.” Slade copied the motion, and told him as he exited the bathroom, “The doctor will be here tomorrow at 3:30 PM. Make sure not to throw a fit and kill her; she’s the best one we’ve got, and I’ve already got enough on my plate. Don’t cause trouble for me.”

“Oh, but I would never do that, Alpha”, Jason whined sarcastically, and Slade flipped him off with a hint of playfulness. When he lumbered down the darkened hallway, his scent diminished, until eventually, it didn’t even linger. It was honestly incredible, how Slade could make his scent never leave an imprint, but instead cling to him and only him.

Damn, Jason would have to learn how to do that, too.

Jason placed a hand on his hip, the other resting on his belly. “Love that I got ta’ do all of this in a towel”, he complained, climbing out and trudging down the hall to his bedroom.

Now would be a marvelous time to indulge in a sexual fantasy before Dick graced him with his presence, so he tossed the towel aside and clambered onto his mattress, glad that no one was here to witness his clumsiness.

Stacking all of his pillows against the headboard, he leaned back against them, sinking into the cushions and spreading his legs. Masturbating did bother him sometimes, what with every sexual encounter in his life having been nonconsensual, but this was on his own terms, which he enjoyed.

He could do whatever the fuck he wanted, but when he conjured up his dirtied dream, all he saw was Dick’s face.

Clenching his jaw in frustration, Jason attempted to morph that handsome face into someone else’s, but to no avail. Goddamnit, perhaps he couldn’t feel some relief tonight after all. Besides, the guilt of having to use Dick like a puppet to transfer vital information to the Shadows, and possibly, The Light, grated on his nerves.

Could he really backstab his frenemy after he treated him with such generosity and acceptance?

Jason groaned, and licked his lips. He could still taste Dick on them from two years ago; spices with a dash of cigarette smoke. Damn, what he would do to taste him again, only to explore deeper, into his throat and across his teeth and—

He was turned on.

Seriously, how much of a cliché could he be? How could he become worked up from one incident in which the end result was him being outright rejected? There was nothing attractive or sweet about that, but he couldn’t restrain himself. Jason adored that muscular physique and sculpted jawline and movie-star grin.

And, he realized with a mix of disappointment and horror that he was truly, utterly, undeniably fucked. Head over heels, and all that stupid-ass, sappy jazz.

Chapter End Notes

Please tell me what you thought! Kudos and bookmarks are also appreciated. Thanks for reading, and have an awesome day/night!
They'll Never See Us Coming

Chapter Summary

Dick has no choice but to take Jason to Dr. Leslie Tompkins when his health plummets. While there, he continues to realize some feelings, and ultimately gives Jason cuddles.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Teenage pregnancy and discussion of serious health conditions. If you are sensitive to either of these, please do not read!

I'm sorry I haven't updated for a few days. I had major writers block, so I binge-watched "Young Justice: Outsiders" once again, and now I'm fine lol.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He was dying.

Well, correction: not literally, but he was currently the walking definition of affliction.

Almost cadaverous, he swayed when he trudged down the darkened hallways, like a bonafide zombie. His skin grew more frigid with each passing day, and his breathing became ragged just by standing upright for more than five minutes. As his belly rounded into a miniature globe, his health backstabbed him continuously.

Jason had a titanium immune system, but this pregnancy was deteriorating it like a parasite, devouring his muscle mass and overall energy until he was too weakened to cook himself dinner or sweep the flat of cobwebs and dust.

Instead, he was practically plastered to his mattress 24/7, sleeping a majority of the time before nausea startled him awake and resulted in him hanging over the side of the bed, vomiting violently into a trashcan.

For three months, this pup was killing him, and the doctor Slade hired wasn’t doing shit to aid them. She gave him ultrasounds and confirmed that everything seems normal, but didn’t carry the necessary medication for him.

In fact, she said it probably wouldn’t be available for him at all, which was bullshit because Ra’s and Talia had made it painstakingly clear that this pup had to be healthy both physically and mentally, or they would launch him back into an early grave.

But, the fucking worst part was being isolated.

Dick could only visit three or four nights a week, for a couple hours at the most before resuming
his patrols. Jason desperately needed frequent company, and suspected that not gaining physical attention was a factor in his poor health. As fucked up as it was, it was possible for Omegas to be literally touch-starved, and he was utterly malnourished of physical affection.

As of late January, he was positive that he was depressed, but didn’t acknowledge it. Dick had shown him enough generosity by giving him shelter and sustenance, so he didn’t want to nag him about needing a hug or puppy pile. Besides, Dick would probably refuse that type of contact, what with him being with Barbara.

Jason growled jealously.

His crush on Dick increased with each encounter, and in all honesty, he didn’t know how to cope with it. Plus, there was the threat of punishment dangling over him if he didn’t gather information on the League and Team for the Shadows, so overall, he was emotionally swamped. Perhaps the never-ending stress contributed to his constant puking and feverish state, but either way, he was falling into another lucid dream, and was not excited for it.

He imagined calloused, yet gentle digits carding through his dampened hair, and a smooth, familiar voice whispering sweet nothings into his ear. He conjured up a sickly fantasy of his frenemy caressing his widened hips and engorged breasts and overheated, soaked skin.

Fuck, that fake scene in his headspace almost, almost felt real, he could practically taste it.

When those hands began to feel realistic, he felt a moan swell up in his throat before that voice halfway-startled him into awareness.

“Okay, we aren’t putting this off anymore. I’m taking you to a doctor, and you’re not getting out of it”, Dick decided, and Jason was smacked by a hurricane of nausea when the Alpha scooped him up bridal style. Pulling his coat on was a conundrum, with his movements so sluggish, Dick had to do it for him.

“Noooo…I don’t wanna…wanna go…”, Jason trailed off, words slurring together and his breathing turning heavy. His lungs felt like they were stuffed with lead, and his mouth was dryer than a goddamn desert. Okay, so maybe he should go to a hospital, but he couldn’t afford for his identity to be revealed. Both he and his pup would be in serious trouble if someone recognized him, and a doctor could in a heartbeat just by checking his medical records, in which he was still labelled as deceased.

Fuck, this sucked.

Dick carried him downstairs and to his car (he had snatched the keys from Barbara’s nightstand when she dozed off), laid Jason down in the backseats, and explained as he kickstarted the engine, “We aren’t going to a hospital. We’re going to a family friend who will be surprised by you, but won’t tell Batman, the League, or the Team. I promise.”

“Yes…you’re lying…”, the little Omega accused, kicking the base of the passenger seat lightly. Dick rolled his eyes, cutting into an intersection as he replied, “No, I’m not. Do you remember Leslie? You know, she treated you for breaking your ankle during that fight with Clayface?”

Jason stared at him with bloodshot eyes as if he had grown three more heads, and then rasped, “She’s a bitch.” Dick growled at him in warning, and the other instinctively lowered his head in submission. Normally, he would never do that, but he was delirious, really fucking hot, and just a little bit terrified, so he mumbled an apology as well.
The drive from Blüdhaven to Gotham only took thirty minutes, but Jason was pretty much biting his tongue clean off by the time they reached her clinic. He wasn’t too keen on standing, since that triggered his gag reflex, and he did end up vomiting when Dick helped him out of the vehicle.

It splattered on his tattered sneakers, which only increased his queasiness, and that coupled with his clothes sticking to his body from sweat made him feel super fucking disgusting.

Dick scrunched up his nose at the stench, but ignored it and practically dragged Jason to Leslie’s front porch. He knocked twice and waited, hugging Jason close to shield him from the flurrying snowfall. For early February, this weather was anything but pleasant, but there were worse things in life.

The door creaked open, and curled, platinum-silver hair invaded his field of vision. “You’re late”, Leslie reprimanded, adjusting her glasses to figure out which sidekick Dick brought for her this time. So, she was beyond shellshocked when she realized it was Jason that Dick was cradling in his arms, and she gasped, “What’s going on? How is he…did he not--.”

“I’ll explain it all later. Right now, he needs help asap”, the nineteen-year-old ordered, and Leslie’s expression contorted from surprise into determination. She nodded and aided him in carrying Jason to her office without him smacking his head on furniture, and they draped him onto a hospital cot.

She interrogated Dick on his condition while she gathered her equipment, and the Alpha braced himself for a lecture. He explained everything, from Jason being tossed into a Lazarus Pit, to being assaulted by Talia to carry her ‘beloved’s’ offspring, to randomly showing up at his house and begging for protection.

Anyone else would have thought he was spewing an elaborate prank, but Leslie had witnessed some outlandish events in her sixty-five years of life, including Bruce cackling his ass off after being pumped full of Joker Venom.

This wasn’t new to her, but it was definitely uncanny. She clicked her tongue while examining Jason’s swollen belly, and sighed, “This kid just isn’t catching a break, is he? Two pups, both from assault at such a young age. This world definitely has not been kind to him.” Dick nodded silently, a deep frown plastered to his face. Under that hospital light, he looked so frail and fragile, as if he were in a coma.

Damn, he did not like that mental image.

Leslie ordered him to exit the room while she did a urinal check, pap smear, and pelvic exam, along with run a couple blood tests. Basically, she was doing all of the checkups that should have been commenced weeks ago, and Dick sat in an armchair near the doorway, extremely worried.

He was surprised that Leslie didn’t scold him for not bringing Jason here sooner, but she probably would after his examination was complete. He wasn’t exactly thrilled for that (her lectures could be ten times scarier than Bruce’s), but he deserved it. He was Jason’s caretaker and protector, and yet, he allowed the fifteen-year-old to get so sickly. It was shameful, but he was hoping that the elderly Beta could stabilize him.

An hour or so passed before she joined him in the hallway, her arms crossed and expression firm. Dick avoided eye contact, but did admit, “I know I messed up. It’s just that we have to keep his identity a secret for now, not just to protect him, but his pup, too. I’m sorry I didn’t bring him here sooner.”

Leslie sighed slowly through her nose and removed her surgical gloves.
“He’s alright; at least, for now. I hooked him to an IV and a feeding tube to give him extra nutrients. He’s extremely dehydrated, but him vomiting so much explains that. Jason has hyperemesis gravidarum: a rare condition that gives him constant nausea. I prescribed him with antireflux and antihistamines to stop it, but it’ll likely continue until he kits. He also has moderate preeclampsia, which is basically diabetes caused by pregnancy. I prescribed him with medication for that too, along with a testing kit to check his blood-sugar levels daily. His pup is healthy, but I suggest keeping him here for a few days so I can watch him and keep his fever at bay.”

Dick nodded along, and clenched his jaw in frustration when he finished. “I should’ve brought him to you sooner, but he was so desperate for no one to find out about him. He wants nothing to do with Bruce, which is understandable I suppose, but he also doesn’t want to be a hero again. He doesn’t want THAT life again.”

“Well, he can’t have that life even if he wanted it. You said he was being trained by former members of the League of Shadows; there’s no doubt he’s killed people. If Bruce or one of the others comes here and sees him, they’ll find out that I’m housing a criminal”, she pointed out, sounding vaguely nervous.

But, her choice of words only agitated Dick, and he snapped before he could stop himself, “No, you’re housing a victim. Talia used him as a guinea pig; Ra’s used him as a means to an end. Him being resurrected was a second chance to start his life over, but the al Ghul’s stripped him of that opportunity. This is just a repeat of his ordeal with Fantasia, so I want to give him at least a little happiness. I don’t want him to feel alone, and he will if you tell anyone that he’s back.”

Leslie frowned with a hint of sympathy, and teased softly, “You seem to really care for him. Do you still have a little crush on him like before?” Dick scoffed, wishing he could conceal the blush spreading through his cheeks.

“W-what? I never liked him like that! Besides, I’m with Barbara, and he’s too young for me”, he fired back, but Leslie just snickered. “You didn’t deny it. Once Jason’s eighteen, you can kiss him back.”

“How do you know about that?”, Dick exclaimed, and then clapped a hand over his mouth. Fuck, how did Leslie always manage to pry information out of him without even trying? Come to think of it, how did she know about Jason kissing him in the first place? They were fifteen stories high on a brownstone rooftop in the middle of the goddamn night, for fucks sake!

His shoulders sagged when Leslie raised her hands in surrender. “I’m just having some fun with you, kid. But, he still needs your support now more than ever. The next six months are going to be hell for him, so I suggest trying to visit him more often, or he may have to stay here longer. Go hug him or at least lay next to him.”

The black-haired boy tilted his head in confusion, and Leslie pinched the bridge of her nose. “It’s obvious that Barbara is your first Omega if you don’t know what I’m implying”, she mumbled under her breath, and added sternly, “Unlike Betas and Alphas, Omegas require much more physical affection. Both platonic and romantic attention is important. If they aren’t given it, it makes them depressed, and I haven’t seen such a depressed Omega since Tim was rejected by Cassie.”

“Well, actually, they got tog—.” “I know they got together. Just…”, Leslie trailed off, inhaled deeply, and said, “Just be here for him. I know you’ve got a lot on your plate, but you’re the only person he trusts. He needs you right now, alright?” Damn, she sounded like a mother scolding a disobedient child, but Dick couldn’t deny that she was correct on all those points.
So, he sucked up his pride and anxiousness, and slipped into Jason’s temporary room. The lights were off now, bathing the two in obsidian darkness, but Dick was reassured by Jason’s shallow, yet steady breathing and the drip of the IV. “Jason?”, he whispered, but wasn’t garnered a response.

The Alpha approached the cot, and saw that the Omega was in a deep, dreamless slumber. He removed his jacket and maneuvered around the collection of tubes and wires, careful to not tug on any of them. Dick wasn’t exactly talented at physical affection, what with being a vigilante who punched the shit out of criminals as a career, but Jason didn’t deserve the agony constricting him.

Dick squeezed into the space between Jason and the edge of the cot, and slowly looped an arm around Jason’s midsection, mindful of his belly. He trailed his nose along the other’s nape, scenting him and releasing calming pheromones to prevent Jason from panicking at the contact.

The younger twitched, but relaxed when Dick buried his face in his overgrown, charcoal locks. A raspy purr resonated from him, and he drowsily nuzzled his face against the crook of Dick’s neck, sighing in content.

The nineteen-year-old stiffened. Barbara never purred like this, and him having only dated Alphas beforehand made him inexperienced with this. But, he lowered his hackles and propped his chin on the crown of Jason’s head when said boy purred louder; a signal that he felt as if he were in a safe-space, rather than exposed to the universe.

“I’ll keep you safe”, Dick murmured, inhaling his scent of ambrosia and brownies fresh from the oven. Jason smiled just slightly, but in his hazy state of semi-consciousness, he was plagued by guilt.

His text message to Slade was imprinted into his brain, and he couldn’t delete what had already been announced:

‘I’m in Tompkins’ office. She’s got a shit-ton of info on the League and Team. I’ve hit the goldmine. They’ll never see us coming.’

They'll never see them coming.

They'll never see them coming.

They'll never see him coming.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and bookmarks are very appreciated, but please tell me what you thought! Your feedback helps me with how to continue the story. Thank you for reading, and stay tuned.
Interlude: Killing & Dying

Chapter Summary

Jason and Slade have another discussion about future plans, but can Jason truly backstab Dick for The Light?

Chapter Notes

Warning: Teenage pregnancy and murder consideration. If you are sensitive to either of these, please do not read!

This is purposely extremely short, hence why it is called an interlude. Next chapter, things really start to heat up heheh.

Also, I will be making a sequel to "All Things Go", which will be released soon.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hm. I'm impressed, little boy."

Jason hummed in response, attention directed towards fiddling with his IV, picking at the tape that kept the needle lodged into his forearm. He had been bedridden for the past two weeks, which was a total pain in the ass, but it did give him plenty of time to transfer the medical information he had snaffled from Leslie’s office.

Now, the League of Shadows and The Light had documentation on any injuries, mental disorders, and weaknesses the members of the League and Team may have, and according to Slade, he was going to receive a reward for it.

“Is the reward a 24/7 assistant ta' massage my feet and get me shit?”, Jason questioned, and Slade smirked beneath his dual-colored mask. “No, not quite. If you continue to help the Shadows and The Light, you’ll be given a big privilege when you have your little brat”, he claimed, and Jason cocked his head in curiosity.

“I’m listenin’”, he said, crossing his arms over his chest, and the Alpha leaned forward almost dramatically. “You’ll be given a position within The Light’s ranks”, he announced, and the fifteen-year-old’s cobalt eyes widened to the size of goddamn saucers.

But then, they narrowed in suspicion, and the Omega hissed, “You’re lyin’. There’s plenty of other agents besides me that get a shit-ton of info like I did. What makes me different from them?”

Slade removed his mask, and his expression made Jason wince. He appeared vaguely disappointed, and confessed. “I thought you would’ve noticed the difference by now. Don’t lose your edge when you’ve got this chance, kid.” “Fuck ya”, Jason spat, but clicked his mouth shut
when Slade shot him a steely glare.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, the towering man explained, “The difference is that you were one of Batman’s precious protégés, but you suffered because of him. He acted like he cared about you, but you were his puppet. He used you as someone to do his dirty work, but didn’t even acknowledge you wanting to find your mother. And, when you were killed, he wasn’t even in the area; he didn’t arrive until half-an-hour after you died. You know what it’s really like to be backstabbed; betrayed; tossed aside. Most of the other recruits have dealt with tough times, but if they’re betrayed, they stay soft. They forgive, but you don’t. You never have.”

Jason lowered his gaze, and solemnly stared down at his stomach as his comrade continued, “You know what that pain is like, but you turn it into power. True power. That’s what The Light is interested in, and since I’m a main member, I could take you on as my protégé to become another member. Aside from this kid, you’ve got nothing else to lose. Do you know how the Justice League—how Batman—will react when they see you resurrected and a member of their worst enemies? You’ll be at the top of the game, little boy.”

To be honest, it sounded like a sickeningly-sweet deal, and Jason wracked a hand through his hair. There would be multiple risks he would have to take into account, including a possible loss of custody of his unborn pup, but…he wanted vengeance.

He wanted both Joker’s and Bruce’s heads on a fucking silver platter, so he eventually muttered, “Okay. I’ll go under your wing or whatever, but only on one condition.”

Slade nodded, and the teenager growled through gritted teeth, “When the time is right, ya’ let me kill Joker the same way he killed me. A crowbar, dynamite; everythin’. And, I want Bats ta’ be there when I do it. I don’t give a shit that Joker is part of your Injustice League. And don’t think that I’m doin’ this ta’ rid the world of that sicko; I’m doin’ it solely for me. It’s about time that stupid-ass laugh of his ends for good.”

The Alpha pursed his lips in thought, and admitted, “That’s asking a lot, kid. I understand you wanting to kill him, but he’s a valuable associate to The Light. Killing him would basically be like killing Luthor. They might not let you in if you bash his brains out.”

“I don’t care. Either they let me kill him, and I’ll join The Light, or they don’t, and I kill him anyway”, Jason snarled, the unpleasant smell of rage beginning to resonate from his scent gland. Slade raised his hands in nonchalant surrender, and the glimmer in his china-blue eye displayed mute amusement.

“Okay, little boy. I’ll see what I can do. In the meantime, focus on getting more info out of your pathetic little love interest”, he instructed, and he slipped his mask back on. Jason sagged his shoulders as he calmed, and he nodded in return. Slade exited without another word, and the teenager readjusted his position against a stack of pillows, wincing when he jostled his IV.

Rubbing his sunken eyes, Jason rested his other palm on his belly, tracing patterns over the rounded surface with his fingertips. He was waiting for his pup to kick or squirm, but they probably wouldn’t for another few weeks.

Either way, touching his belly just reminded him of Fantasia, which literally constricted his heart in his ribcage.

Missing her was emotional torture for him, as if thousands of needles were being injected into his psyche. That could be all the medication he was on talking, but he missed his daughter so fucking much, imagining her mischievous giggles or suckling as she nursed pained him.
“Someday, you’ll meet your sister. I’ll get her out of there, away from fuckin' Batman, and it’ll just be the three of us. Just the three of us.”

A meek, frail voice in the edges of his mind begged for him to include Dick in that sentiment, and Jason screwed his eyes shut. Jason had always belonged in the criminal world; he was born and raised in Crime Alley, for fucks sake.

As appealing as it sounded, he didn’t want Dick being sucked into this cutthroat lifestyle. That would just be selfish, and he was sick of acting upon his desire for personal gain.

He could be a single parent.

Sure, it would be difficult, but Slade would be watching over him; guiding him along. He had the League of Shadows and The Light at his side; surely, this couldn’t backfire. Surely, his crush for Dick wouldn’t sabotage his future plans. Surely, this wouldn’t end in wreckage and heartbreak.

It will.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and bookmarks are appreciated, but so are comments. Tell me your thoughts, lovelies! Thanks for reading, and stay tuned.
Burn the Witch

Chapter Summary

Fantasia and Tim have another fued. Meanwhile, Dick and Jason grow a bit closer and decide on a name for Jason’s pup.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Teenage pregnancy and signs of dangerous illness. If you are sensitive to either of these, please do not read!

What's this? This story is actually being updated after almost three weeks? Yes. Yes, it is. I'm sorry it hasn't been updated more frequently, but I have inspiration for it again.

Also, I decided that my other story, "A View From Halfway Down", will be the sequel to this, but since it's already being written, you could think of this as a prequel I guess.

Enjoy.

"I HATE YOU!"

Dick jumped in genuine surprise when he heard that exclamation.

When he entered the main corridor of the Wayne Manor, he found Fantasia balanced on top of a china-glass dresser, launching action figures at Tim’s head. All he had to do was sidestep to avoid garnering a bruise to the cranium, but he was trying to prevent her from toppling over and cracking her pretty little head open too.

Apparently, they weren’t exactly on the same page, so this was Fantasia’s method of knocking Tim straight out of the script.

“Fan, it’s already 8:30! Alfred’ll kill me if you don’t go to bed! Get down from there right now!”, Tim ordered, dodging another toy and reaching out to her, only to have his hand smacked aside by the hysterical four-year-old.

“No! You’re not my Daddy! GET AWAY FROM ME, WITCH!”, she shrieked at the very top of her lungs, and her tiny foot collided with his nose.

Tim grimaced and noticed Dick watching at the end of the hall, and yelled, “Don’t just stand there! Help me get her down!” Fantasia continued to wail like a banshee as Dick rushed over and tried to coax her towards him, and he shouted over her tantrum, “Why is she throwing a fit? Did you threaten to take away TV time or something?”

The Omega scoffed, and snapped, “No! I just tried to get her into bed, and she started crying! I don’t know what she wants!”
The toddler heaved in a breath and screwed her eyes shut, cheeks reddened and face covered in tears and snot as she barked, “I. Want. Daddy! You’re a pretender! You’re not my Daddy! I want mine!”

When Dick finally managed to remove her from the delicate furniture, she dropped dramatically onto the carpeted floor and started squirming as if she were being electrocuted. Her loud, unrestrained cries sounded like bloody murder, so much so that it echoed throughout the entire mansion and startled Barbara all the way in the kitchen.

Dick knelt down and leaned over her, releasing a warning pheromone when she swiped at him.

“Fantasia, stop! You’re a big girl, so this behavior isn’t okay! Apologize to Tim and go to your room!”, he ordered, but the charcoal-haired girl still refused, lips quivering and breathing erratic.

She struggled out of his grasp and stood with her white-knuckled fists at her sides, and she screeched, “He’s not my Daddy, and neither are you! I want mine! I want him, I want him, I want him!”

Dick proceeded to scold and attempt to calm her down for at least ten minutes, with Tim just observing mutely, expression unreadable.

The one upside of a four-year-old throwing a hissy fit was that, once the last of their energy seeped out, they usually fell asleep in two seconds flat. Fantasia was no different, and when her sobs turned into sniffles, she slumped against the Alpha and drifted off into dreamland without another complaint.

Dick carefully scooped her up and sighed to Tim, “I’m sorry she still hasn’t warmed up to you. Thanks for trying your best though.”

The teenager slumped his shoulders, and replied, “It’s fine, I guess. Losing a parent is hard, especially for a kid. I just wish I could, you know…get through to her. Kinda makes me wish I wasn’t an Omega.”

Dick frowned, and Tim followed him up the winding staircase while he told him, “That’s understandable, but you shouldn’t be ashamed of your second-gender just because it upsets her. If Jason were an Alpha, she’d have an issue with Alphas. His death, it just…it was really sudden, so it didn’t give her time to process any of it. Eventually, she’ll warm up to you and Babs. It just takes time.”

Tim hummed, still mildly disappointed. He and Fantasia had been living under one roof for about two years, but she downright hated his guts with a passion.

Perhaps she really did picture him as a cheap replacement or knockoff of Jason, but at least he obeyed Bruce and Dick on missions. Jason was infamous for disobeying or ignoring orders, preferring to recklessly charge in on his own terms.

Dick carefully lowered her onto her mattress, which was smothered in stuffed animals and laundry she had insisted on folding, but then forgot about. Her floor was like a war-zone, toys and other personal belongings hazardously strewn about.

She definitely inherited that from Jason, who was just as disorganized.

Just last night, Dick had wasted half of his visit to Jason’s cleaning up the apartment. How his frenemy managed to leave clothes and garbage all over while being condemned to bedrest was honestly beyond him, but it was beginning to grate on his nerves.
He was around twenty-two weeks in, so a little over halfway there, and was basically immobile with how sick he was, so Dick was partially convinced that Jason was hiding a Father/Motherbox and teleporting his trash to random parts of his space.

After exiting her bedroom, he and Tim headed to the Batcave to change into their uniforms (they decided to do a patrol together tonight).

Bruce was already conducting a mission up at the Watchtower, so they had the Batcave to themselves until Barbara explained their assignment to them (she was being Oracle from the Manor tonight because Alfred had to visit an injured friend, and no way in hell was Fantasia having this mansion to herself).

“So, what were you two doing before she climbed onto a dresser and tried to kill you?”, Dick joked as they switched out of their civilian clothes, and Tim frowned.

“She mostly just ignored me. Watched TV, played with her toys, etc. She had another nosebleed right before dinner.” It was Dick’s turn to frown, and he made a mental note to schedule an appointment with Leslie for her.

For the past few months, Fantasia had been suffering from frequent nosebleeds, aching joints and bruises appearing out of nowhere.

Dick hadn’t thought much of it at first, what with her being a reckless toddler who found toppling down a staircase or walking on top of monkey bars entertaining, but at this point, he was perturbed.

“I’ll take her to the doctor in a couple days. It’s probably nothing”, the Alpha insisted, but Tim worsened their conversation with, “I’m not sure. My mom’s sister had symptoms like Fan’s, and ended up having leukemia. I think it’s best if she’s completely checked over.”

Dick stiffened, but decided to drop the subject for now. He already had enough on his plate; he didn’t need the possibility of his favorite little four-year-old having cancer being waved in his face.

While he and Tim geared up, Barbara was heating up a mug of hot chocolate for herself, hoping to relax a little while her boyfriend and friend had some kick-ass fun.

Despite working from the confines of a wheelchair, she normally directed multiple missions at once, both for the Justice League and the Team, so she was usually pretty drained.

Tonight seemed like it would be uneventful, so she leaned back at the marble kitchen countertop and turned on her wall of holographic screens. “You guys ready to go?”, she asked, and Dick said through their comms, “Ready as we’ll ever be. Just send us the location and we’ll take it from here.”

She did so, wished them good fortune and returned to her marathon of cheesy rom-coms (nobody had to know that she enjoyed them).

For an hour or so, the Omega wasn’t disrupted by anyone, but she would have been if she hadn’t had her earbuds in. Barbara didn’t hear the commotion upstairs, or the yelp as the resident toddler tripped down the staircase.

It wasn’t until Fantasia was standing a few feet away from her that Barbara wrenched her attention away from her show, and immediately paused it. The cobalt-eyed girl was swaying a little, yet another bruise on her ankle, and she was sniffling.

That was a cause for concern, but the redhead concealed it with a gentle smile.
“Hey, Fan. Did you have a nightmare?”, she questioned softly, and the younger shook her head, her skin a bit paler than normal. In fact, she looked a tad seasick, and mumbled in a whiny voice, “I don’t feel good.”

Despite her having problems with Omegas, she allowed Barbara to check her temperature, and she murmured, “Hm, you do feel a bit warm. I’ll see if there’s some medicine to bring the fever down.”

She wheeled herself to the nearest bathroom with Fantasia trailing behind her, and rummaged through the cabinets until she found a bottle of Tylenol. The pup grimaced as she swallowed a spoonful, and coughed from the bitterness.

“How have you been feeling lately? Tim said your nose was bleeding again”, Barbara mentioned, and Fantasia nodded, muttering, “It has a lot. I’m tired.”

She exited the bathroom and stumbled down the hallway before Barbara could respond, and said woman frowned. Yeah, that little rascal definitely needed to go see Leslie. If she didn’t, well… Barbara had an inkling that something would go wrong, and as rude as Fantasia was, she didn’t deserve for her health to be jeopardized.

But, life has utterly fantastic ways of fucking people over, doesn’t it?

....

“If ya’ don’t stop fuckin’ movin’, I will hit ya’. I don’t care that it’ll hit me in the process.”

Jason was approaching his sixth month, and had declared that pregnancy really, REALLY fucking sucks.

From the swollen joints to the nausea to the bouts of forgetfulness, he was downright sick of it, and desperately wished he had a time machine so he could travel forwards to where his pup is already born.

But, as utterly unbelievable and insane as the world was, time machines were basically impossible to construct, and Jason wasn’t energetic enough to attempt it. Besides, zapping through a wormhole or whatever the fuck time machines went through could harm his baby, and despite the flaws of this whole situation, he didn’t want his offspring being physically disabled or mentally damaged.

He had recently been informed that he was expecting a boy, and was creating a list of names when he wasn’t using the laptop Dick had lent him to hack the League’s database. It was somewhat comedic, actually; one minute, he would be transferring highly-confidential information to Slade, and then stop to scribble down another name.

So far, the list filled up an entire page, but the one garnered the most attention was Damian. He liked how it worked on his tongue, and in his perspective, it suited someone who was mischievous and rambunctious.

That would definitely describe this pup, who kicked and tumbled around in there whenever Jason attempted to get some shuteye.

Contrary to popular belief, babies did have sleeping schedules inside the snug confines of the womb. After punching a ribcage or poking a bladder, they normally stilled, which indicated that they were napping.
Every few hours, Jason would get a break from this sentient ball of energy growing inside his belly, and then his son would say hello by nudging him.

It was interesting to slide his calloused palm along his belly because his baby seemed to follow it, their tiny limbs mirroring his action. But, his pup mostly moved when he retired for the night, which was both equally annoying and just plain ridiculous.

The fifteen-year-old readjusted his position once again, growling in irritation when it tugged on his IV. He reached over to the nightstand to take his evening medication of nausea reducers and vitamins, hoping that the feverish cloud floating over his head would disperse soon.

Damian continued to squirm and kick his sides, and Jason rubbed his swollen belly, sighing, “I’m beggin’ ya’, please go ta’ sleep. I need my beauty sleep too, ya’ know.” Just as he spoke, he heard the front door unlock, and was greeted with the scent of a campfire and pinecones.

“Little late for ya’ ta’ be here, don’t ya’ think?”, he called out, and Dick entered the bedroom, removing his mask and combat boots.

“Well, it’s a little late for you to be up, isn’t it?”, the nineteen-year-old replied with a smirk, and Jason muttered, “Touché. Just get over here and do your stupid hug thing before I kick ya’ out.”

Dick smirked and rolled his azure eyes in fake exasperation, before walking over and dropping down beside Jason. Leslie had recommended that they physically interact during every visitation so Jason doesn’t get depressed or whatever, but the Omega just wanted his frenemy to kiss him, not hold him for an hour and then leave.

As they laid there, listening to the repetitive drip of the IV, Jason questioned, “Weren’t ya’ on a mission with my replacement? What happened with that?” “Our mission didn’t take that long and I convinced Tim to go visit his girlfriend, so he won’t be asking where I am.”

“That’s a lame name. Any person that names their kid Timothy is a dumbass. It just makes him sound like a pussy”, the charcoal-haired boy commented, and Dick smacked his shoulder lightly as a scolding.

Jason snickered, “What? Yours isn’t much better.” The Alpha frowned in mock offense, “It’s not like your name stands out. Jason is pretty common.”

“Yeah, but it sounds cool. Like Jason Voorhees or some shit”, the Omega insisted, flicking Dick’s nose when he rolled his eyes again. “Just go to sleep already”, he ordered with a hint of sternness, and Jason’s slight smile melted away into a scowl.

“Can’t. He won’t stop movin’ and it keeps me up”, he complained, rolling onto his back and holding his belly to keep the pressure off of his spine. Dick’s arm was still draped across his torso, and Jason hoped that his growing blush wasn’t too seeable in the darkness of the bedroom.

Fuck, their faces were so close, Jason could smell the cinnamon gum on Dick’s breath, and he swallowed.

The older of the two thought for a moment, and then suggested, “I could try and get you one of those full-body pillows if you think that’ll help.” Jason nodded, and they both fell into a comfortable quietude.

Jason felt a tad guilty at manipulating Dick without said frenemy knowing, but he wanted to keep Damian and wasn’t thrilled by the thought of being butchered by the al Ghul’s or Slade if he failed to meet their expectations.
“Hey, Dick?”, the younger whispered after fifteen minutes of silence, and he got a quiet hum in response.

Jason inhaled nervously through his nose, and then inquired, “If we were closer in age, and ya’ weren’t with Babs, do ya’ think we coulda’ had a shot at bein’ together?” Dick’s eyes opened again, and he tilted his head.

“I’m not sure. Why do you ask?” Jason internally face-palmed at Dick’s cluelessness, and mumbled, “Just curious. It doesn’t mean anythin’.” Dick stared at him a moment longer, and then dropped the subject by nuzzling the crook of Jason’s neck, gently scenting him.

“Just go to bed”, he said, but when Jason pulled the comforter over them, Dick added, “I saw the list of names for your pup. I like Damian. Has a nice ring to it.”

Jason stiffened, but then relaxed against his former comrade, listening to the steady beat of his powerful heart.

“Yeah”, he agreed as they curled up together, smothering Jason’s disorganized nest in their intermingling, trademark scents.

“I like Damian too.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments, kudos and bookmarks are very much appreciated. Thanks for reading and stay tuned!

End Notes

So, what did you guys think? Tell me, fellow fanfic readers/writers! Kudos and bookmarks are also appreciated. Thank you for reading, and stay tuned.

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