Ink on Paper

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/444047.

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: Gen, M/M
Fandom: Batman (Comics), Red Robin (Comics), DCU - Comicverse, DCU, Hellsing, Teen Titans (Comics)
Relationship: Tim Drake/Dick Grayson, Tim Drake/Damian Wayne, Dick Grayson/Jason Todd, Jason Todd/Damian Wayne
Character: Tim Drake, Kon-El, Conner Kent, Alucard (Hellsing), Selina Kyle, Jason Todd, Damian Wayne, Stephanie Brown, Bart Allen, Dick Grayson, Klarion, Michael Jon Carter, Barbara Gordon
Additional Tags: Crossover, Zombies, Mpreg, Alternate Universe
Series: Part 2 of Trope Meme Fills
Stats: Published: 2012-06-26 Completed: 2012-11-07 Chapters: 20/20 Words: 14725

Ink on Paper

by Tabithian

Summary

Fics written for prompts I get on Tumblr.

Notes

cr1mson5thestrange prompted: Um…platonic Tim/Kon in which Tim swears Kon to secrecy about the fact that he’s killed people as Red Robin? Pleaseum?
The Price of Anything

The reality of it doesn't sink in until later, after everything is done and over. He knew what he was doing at the time, of course he did, but.

The kind of training they have, it's dangerous. (How many people have said that in the past? That Gotham's Bats are dangerous, worse than the villains they protect her from?) It doesn't take skill to kill, not really, but it takes so much more to do what they do. (Harder to protect than attack, always something to lose.) It takes so much more to do what they do, because they're not meant to kill, but sometimes. Sometimes things...blur. (Morals, boundaries.)

Grief and anger are terrible things, can warp and bend and twist. A form of madness, maybe. He knows this too, has seen it, faced it in others time and again. That he didn't recognize it in himself – is that what Dick saw? What Steph and Cassie saw?

If he'd listened to them then, but no. Bruce would still be lost in time, and Tim would. Tim would what? He'd had nothing, nothing, just another borrowed suit and the certainty (another form of madness) that he was right, that Bruce was still alive and nothing (truly?) would stop him from finding proof, from finding Bruce.

“Tim?”

Kon approaches carefully, like Tim's a spooked animal, and maybe he's right to do it because. Because.

“I think,” Tim says, looking down Gotham, glittering lights and darker secrets. “I think I killed people, Kon,” he says, voice barely above a whisper. (He knows he did. Medical reports and news articles.)

“What?”

Tim clenches his hands. “When I went looking for Bruce,” he starts, not looking at Kon. “I wasn't as careful as I could have been.”

Reckless, yes, God, yes. He just. It's harder to care when you have nothing left, when you can't see a reason for boundaries in the first place. (Jason.) Tim shakes his head, and tells Kon, not everything, he doesn't need that, just.

Madrid, hitting a little too hard, broken bones and an explosion. (Hard to get away when you can't walk, when you're unconscious.) Paris, his bo staff through the engine of a car, like something out of a Michael Bay movie. (The real world doesn't work like the movies though, and it's hard to live through something like that.) The other countries and cities in between then and Ra's League. And maybe those could be considered acceptable losses (live by the sword, die by the sword), but they were still people with lives of their own, and they're not meant to kill.

“Tim, I - “ Kon breaks off, like he has no idea what to say, and Tim gets it, he does. What do you say to your best friend after he admits to being a killer, even if it hadn't been intentional? (Cause and effect, though, Tim knows how they follow each other, so was it really unintentional?)

Tim looks up, looks at Kon because this. He needs to see Kon's face to do this, look him in the eyes to ask for something he isn't entitled to but wants so badly. “Don't tell anyone, Kon, please.” Tim lost everything once, he can't go through that again, not with Bruce back. Things aren't the way they were (they never will be), but it's building towards something...okay. “Please.”
Kon stares at Tim like. Tim doesn't know, he can't see clearly enough to interpret it, panic clawing at his chest because. This is all he has, this small, broken family, and he can't lose that even though he deserves to. (They were never meant to kill and now Tim's ruined that too.)

“Tim,” Kon says, soft and sad, and Tim tries to pull back, but Kon's Kon, and there's no fighting the grip he has on Tim's arm, pulling him in close, Tim's face pressed against his shoulder.

“You - I can't, please,” Tim says, the last thing he has to give. “You can't tell anyone.”

Kon's arms tighten around him. “Jesus, Tim, I won't tell anyone, promise.”

Secrets, so many damn secrets, and so few have done anyone good. (Luthor's DNA for one, and look how well that turned out, but maybe this once, maybe.)
Tim remembers finding out about it when he was in high school, a class project. Find out who your ancestors are, map out the branches of your family tree.

Something, curiosity, added paranoia has him. There are news stories, videos from people too stupid to get to safety with cell phones with video capacity - usually nothing but carnage and destruction in action, or of the aftermath (Youtube is surprisingly helpful in their line of work sometimes). The point is, he's seen that face before, although usually in the form of a police sketch. (Some parts of the old legends hold true, it would seem.)

Still, he never thought he'd come face to face with it, this particular skeleton. The fact that he does while looking for Bruce, well.

"You smell familiar, boy."

Tim smells like dirt and smoke and blood - that last one probably isn't good, all things considered. "I'm trying a new cologne," he starts, only to be brought up short by a hand around his throat, nails - claws? - digging into the soft skin there.

"Don't try my patience." Red, red, red, the brim of a hat, and cool skin against his as the taller figure breathes deep, scenting him.

"Hey -" Tim tries again, because apparently he hasn't learned his lesson.

The man - Alucard, a myth, a legend, - hisses, hand tightening around his throat. "Quiet."

Tim goes still, knowing there's nothing he can do to get free of Alucard's hold. There's proof enough in the...bodies littering the area around them, thieves and murderers, and maybe if Tim had been faster Alucard wouldn't have stepped in, wouldn't have slaughtered them. (Tim has the feeling not, though. Alucard was looking for something, them?)

"Familiar," Alucard says again, voice low, as he draws back to look at Tim. "Do I know you?"
Tim smiles, crooked. "You could say that." He doesn't really expect to get out of this alive, family connection or not because -

"You came to the wrong place."

Not exactly. "I'm looking for someone," Tim says.

"Oh?" A hint of amusement.

"I thought I'd find something here that might lead me to him," Tim says.

Alucard frowns at him. "And did you find it?"

No. Just another hint, another clue, one of many. "Close enough, yes," Tim answers. He's not going to give up, he can't.

Alucard cocks his head, eyes searching Tim's face for what, Tim has no idea, but then he smiles, sharp fangs and dark amusement. "You're hunting," he says, something like delight, darker than that, in his voice.

Again, close enough. "Something like that, yes," Tim says.

And then Alucard laughs, a sound that sends a chill up Tim's spine as he steps back, releasing Tim. "Good luck, boy," he says, something dark under his words, coiled in the smooth purr of his voice. "I don't need to warn you what will happen if you come back here, do I?"

And, no, no he doesn't. Tim shakes his head, no one's fool.

Another chilling laugh, and in the blink of an eye, Alucard's gone, back into the shadows. (Is that where Tim got it from?)

Tim. Tim breathes, taking a moment to appreciate the fact that he's still alive (he doesn't do that enough), and. And there are bodies all round him, blood splattered over the pavement, the walls.

There's the police to consider, and he doesn't envy them the task of sorting this mess out, but. He needs to go because he feels sick, horrified, even after everything he's seen in his time as Robin. This is. This is the act of someone whose blood he shares, no matter how diluted it's become over the years, and.

"Breathe," Tim tells himself. A moment, two, and then he's moving. He needs to be as far way from here as he can before the authorities arrive. He needs to piece together what he found out tonight about how to find Bruce. The next part of the puzzle, one step closer to bringing Bruce home, to patching his family together. One step closer.
Over time Tim's learned the route Batman and Robin take on their patrol of the city. He has it mapped out in his head now, every roof top, every alley. Every spot in between where a small boy with an unhealthy obsession (Tim knows, but he can't stop, and maybe that's worse?) can watch Gotham's Knights without being seen.

The map started out as a rough sketch in a notepad, just a dotted line broken up by landmarks and noted written in code Tim devised. Something that could be broken easily enough by anyone who thought to look for one, that could pass for idle scribbling of a nine-year-old with too much time on his hands. (A treasure map, if asked, for a little boy's scavenger hunt.)

He has their route memorized, and a general idea of when it begins, when it ends, give or take a few minutes for a mugging here, a robbery there. He has their route memorized, perfect little spots picked out for the best viewing angle.

There's a quiet meow, down about ankle height, like the animal making the sound doesn't quite know how.

Tim's on the roof of an apartment building, half-hidden in shadow from the taller buildings surrounding it. A smile touches his lips as he turns, crouches next to where a pile of debris near the roof access, camera resting against his chest, heavy and familiar.

"Hey, girl," he says, softly. "Haven't seen you for a while." School and other obligations taking him away from his...hobby, and there's a little guilt mixed in there too because that means he hasn't been able to get food to her.

Another meow, a little more confident now, and Tim smiles as a small ball of gray fluff squeezes out from behind the slats of an abandoned crate, bright eyes focused on Tim. She's tiny, no more than a few months old, if that. Tiny and scrawny and all on her own. (Tim knows, but this. At least he can help her.)

The kitten rears up, planting tiny paws on his knee, face upturned to his as she meows, louder, more insistent. Tim laughs, scratching her ears, her chin. "Hey, girl," he says again, reaching into
his jacket pocket. "I brought you some food." Leftover chicken and other choice tidbits that won't be missed.

He roots around the crate until he finds the little bowl he'd left there for her and carefully portions out the food. Waits until she goes for the food before taking the lid off the thermos and sets it down to pour water into it. The kitten breaks off from eating to meow up at him, food stuck to her whiskers, the fur around her mouth, like she's thanking him, and that.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here?"

Tim slowly turns to see Catwoman perched on the edge of the roof, head tipped to one side. Her eyes narrow when she catches sight of his camera.

"Little late for you to be out, isn't it?" she asks, amusement dripping from her voice.

"Catwoman." He's seen her, on the nights he's followed Batman and Robin, a dark form flitting across Gotham's roofs like she's flying.

She smiles at him. "I'm afraid I don't have the advantage of your name." It's an unvoiced invitation, but.

Tim shakes his head, taking an involuntary step back when she walks closer, smooth and dangerous. "I. Sorry." He smiles. Catwoman hasn't. She isn't like the other criminals in Gotham, she isn't like Joker or Two-Face, but she's still a criminal, and Tim.

Catwoman pouts, stopping a few feet from him. "Hmm, well, I suppose I could always call you kitten, then, can't I?" There's laughter in her eyes, mischief.

"I. That works, I guess."

This time she does laugh, and. That's better than the alternative, right?

The smile he gets for that is clearly amused, but when she moves closer, suddenly there's a tiny ball of fur between them, puffed up and angry, hissing and spitting, claws out.

Catwoman looks down in surprise. "Looks like you have a guardian," she says, smile softening as the kitten growls a warning that has her backing up a step. "And such a fierce one at that."

Tim fidgets, the urge to grab the little kitten into his arms strong, but. This is Catwoman, and he doubts she'd do anything to the kitten. In fact. "Do. Can you." Tim can feel himself blushing when she raises an elegant eyebrow at him, lips pulled up into a smirk. "Can you take her?" he asks. "I found her in a drainage pipe, but I can't take her home with me."

Tim knows his parents would never agree, and if he did broach the subject of getting a pet with them it would be one with a pedigree that could trace its bloodlines back generations, not some scrawny little alley cat. (And even they would notice the fact that there was a cat in the mansion after a while if he snuck her in.)

Catwoman looks at him, eyes narrowed. "What makes you think I would do that?" she asks, but she's already crouching down, holding her hand out to the kitten who stops growling, curiosity already getting the better of her. Tim watches the kitten as she inches closer to Catwoman, wary, suspicious.

Because you're Catwoman, Tim doesn't say. Because this stray needs a home, someone who will give her the attention she deserves, not the scraps Tim can offer her here and there. "She deserves a
good home," Tim says with a shrug. "I can't give her that."

Catwoman is focused on the kitten, watching it as it cautiously sniffs her fingers, pressing closer to bat at them with one small paw before butting up against them, meowing insistently. "I think you underestimate yourself, kitten," she murmurs. "This little one is better off for knowing you."

Tim shakes his head. It had taken him a week to coax the kitten out of her hiding place, nightly visits to bring food and water, talking quietly to her. Maybe he's helped socialize her, but. "Will you take her?"

The kitten lets Catwoman pick her up, going limp and content in her hands as Catwoman scratches her ears. "On one condition," she says, lifting her head to pin Tim with a look.

Tim's eyes narrow. "What would that be?" he asks.

Catwoman smiles. "Tell me why you're up here so late at night."

And, Tim. Tim looks away. Thinks about it for a moment, and then glances down at his watch. Gotham's been quiet tonight, fewer sirens than usual.

"I." Tim frowns. "You. Please don't tell anyone." It's futile to ask for a favor from a stranger, even more so from Catwoman, but. She's not like Gotham's other criminals. Batman gives her a certain kind of leeway the others don't get.

The look on Catwoman's face says she clearly isn't making any promises, not that Tim expected her too.

"You can see better over there," Tim says, pointing to a corner of the roof partially hidden in shadow.

He gets another raised eyebrow for that, which makes him smile in return because yes, he knows, there's no reason for her to trust him either.

"It's been quiet tonight," Tim explains. "They usually pass by around now."

A sharp look, but she follows when Tim starts for the corner, camera heavy around his neck. No pictures tonight, not with Catwoman here, but. Tim looks over his shoulder and sees Catwoman standing close behind him, the kitten curled up in her arms, eyes closed, still purring.

"There," he says, pointing. A minute, then two, pass and just when he thinks they won't show up, there's the sound of grapples hitting their mark, and a flash of color - Robin - followed by a swath of black - Batman. They fly by, unaware of their audience - and why would they be? Who would be stupid enough to chase after them?

"You do this on a regular basis." Not a question.

"I -"

"No lies."

Tim sighs, hand gripping the camera strap around his neck. "Yes." Pauses. "When I can." There are times his parents are home, when they want to show Gotham just how happy the Drake family is. More often than not, though, he's out here, seeking out his hiding spots to watch Batman and Robin.
"Why?"

Tim. Tim can't. He doesn't have the words to explain, and it must show on his face because Catwoman's expression softens.

"Never mind, kitten," she says, soothing. "Have they seen you?" And then, a scoffing laugh. "Of course they haven't," something almost bitter in her voice. "He'd never let it continue if they had."

No mistaking who she's talking about. "Kitten, you know it's dangerous." Gotham's always been dangerous, even before the Joker came, even before he other villains started to make themselves known.

"I can take care of myself," Tim says, not false bravado so much as plain truth. He's smart, he can fight. He's not stupid enough to get within reach of Gotham's villains.

Catwoman sighs. "Oh, kitten, that's not what I meant."

Tim scowls. "I -"

"I know I can't stop you," she says, ignoring him. Looks down at the kitten in her arms, mouth curving in a pleased smile. "I'll make you a deal, kitten. I won't tell You-Know-Who or his little bird about this, if you promise to be careful."

"I -"

"Promise," Catwoman says, voice gaining the edge of a growl.

Tim's eyes widen. "I. Okay." Not as though he wouldn't be anyway, but. "I promise."

"Good," Catwoman says, back to her usual smooth purr. "Because I will foster this kitten until you can give her the home she deserves." There's a definite air of smugness in her demeanor now, eyes gleaming with mischief. "You wouldn't want to break her heart, now would you?" she asks, and as if on cue the kitten raises its head and looks right at him, meowing plaintively.

"Oh, God," Tim says, stunned by the blatant emotional manipulation. "Really?"

Catwoman smiles, like the cat with the canary. "Hmm. I think yes, really."

Tim sighs. "Okay, okay. I. Yes." He had no idea his night would turn out like this, but somehow he's not all that surprised. (Gotham.)

"Excellent," Catwoman purrs. "Now let's go see what the intrepid duo are up to now, shall we?"

Tim stares at her, shocked. "...Really?"

"It's what you'd be doing anyway, isn't it?"

Tim nods. "I. Yes." (Tim knows, he does. But.)

"Do you mind if I join you?"

Tim doesn't, it's just. "Don't you have other things you could be doing?"

The smile he gets is gentle, kind. "Let's just say I seem to have a soft spot for strays and leave it at that, shall we?"
And. There are so many things Tim could say to that, but. But. "Okay," he says, quiet, shy.

Catwoman's smile widens. "Good, now where do we go next?"

Tim blinks, goes through his mental map and factors in the current time and distance to the next likely spot to catch a glimpse of Batman and Robin. Catwoman's watching him, quiet, watchful, waiting for him to give them a direction to go in and.

For once it isn't just him out here, and it's. It's nice. He shouldn't trust in it, knows better than do so, but. Just this once probably won't hurt.
The Crucial Letters in Wellness

Chapter Summary

Damian looks behind him and hisses in annoyance before darting into Tim's room, shutting the door behind him. "You must do something!" Damian demands, stalking towards Tim's bed. "Grayson and that buffoon Todd cannot be trusted!"

Chapter Notes

whimsybelled prompted: The cooking adventures of Dick and Jason? (Or as Tim puts it, who let either of you near a kitchen!?)

"Drake!"

Tim blinks awake, mind fuzzy and slow. The door to his room is open just enough to let a sliver of light in, Damian a dark shadow in the doorway.

"Damian?"

Damian looks behind him and hisses in annoyance before darting into Tim's room, shutting the door behind him. "You must do something!" Damian demands, stalking towards Tim's bed. "Grayson and that buffoon Todd cannot be trusted!"

Tim sit ups at that, and instantly regrets it when his head swims. "Oh, ow." Tim presses a hand over his eyes, the other keeping him from flopping back down. He feels horrible, weak and dizzy and there's a little swoop of nausea in there, poking and prodding. "Damian, what's going on?" He wishes Alfred wasn't off with Bruce doing...something Tim could probably remember if he could think clearly.

"Grayson!" Damian snaps, and then again, "Todd!"

Tim lowers his hand when he feels steadier. "Did something happen?" he asks, a thread of worry worming its way through the dizziness and general feeling of sick.

Damian snorts, crossing his arms. "Something will happen if you do not do something!"

And. Tim sighs, eyes sliding toward the bedside clock. Late for most people, early for them. "Patrol?" he asks. General consensus had been for Tim to stay home to rest while the others went on patrol. Tim had only given in after Damian had proven Tim wasn't up to it by chucking one of the cookies Dick had taken into the cave at him and Tim had failed to dodge in time.

Damian doesn't stoop so low as to actually roll his eyes, but something in the lack of expression on his gives the same impression. "Uneventful. Focus, Drake. I have tried to intervene, but they will not listen to me." Damian scowls even more, which. An accomplishment. "Thus I have been forced to resort to drastic measures."
"...I'm sorry?"

"Imbecile though you may be, Drake, Grayson seems to," Damian looks like he's sucking a lemon, "value your opinion." A sneer, because it's Damian. "And for some unknown reason, Todd will, on occasion, listen to what you have to say." And now Damian looks confused, which. Tim doesn't know either.

“What do you want me to do?”

Damian just looks at Tim.

“Right,” Tim sighs, pushing away his blankets. He wobbles alarmingly when he stands, enough so that even Damian looks as though he's thinking about feeling some form of concern. “Where are they?”

There's an ominous pause, as though to even say it would cause some sort of disaster. “...The kitchen.”

“Oh, God,” Tim says, it's worse than he thought.

“Indeed, Drake, indeed,” Damian says, like a small cloud of doom.

Tim can't quite walk in a straight line, but he finds if he trails one hand on the wall he stays more or less on an even keel. Damian follows behind him, grumbling a little to himself as they head downstairs. When they get closer, Tim can make out the sound of voices, Dick's, amused and warm, and Jason's, irritated and...even more irritated.

He can even make out the sounds of pots and pans rattling around, the thud of a knife as it hits a wall (Jason, without a doubt) and Dick's laughter followed by what sounds like splashing? And Jason's voice raised in anger, spitting obscenities (...because Dick is a mature adult).

A look at Damian gets him a shrug, and. Tim was Robin. Tim is Red Robin. He can do this, he can.

“Hey, guys, what's going on?” Tim asks, bravely putting one foot in front of the other until he's in the kitchen proper.

Dick's head comes around at that, delighted smile on his face.

“Why are you covered in flour?”

Over by the counter, Jason smirks. “'Cause Dickie-bird sucks at dodging.”

“Hey!” Dick sputters, spinning away from the stove and the pot quietly bubbling to wave a spoon at Jason. Unfortunately, said spoon is covered in whatever is in the pot, and Jason gets hits in the face.

“You son of a - “

“So!” Tim interjects, a little desperately. “What's that?”

Dick looks back at him. “Soup.”

“...Soup.”

“Soup.” Dick agrees happily.
Tim looks to Jason for clarification. Jason rolls his eyes and points a knife – one of Alfred's best – at Dick. “Genius here decided to make you soup.”

“To help you get better, Timmy.” Dick's looking way too pleased with himself for someone who can't actually cook.

“Er.”

“Yeah, see,” Jason says, putting the knife back in the knife block. “Since I figured poisoning you wasn't going to make you better, I decided to help.”

“Hey!”

Ah. Well, that explains why Jason's involved, except -

“I knew you felt threatened by Drake, but even I would not sink so low as to poison him, Todd,” Damian says in that superior tone of voice he's perfected. A smirk. “If I were to make a move against him, I would no use such a cowardly method.”

And, oh, Tim is really not feeling well enough to deal with this right now. Only. Jason doesn't get angry, or at least the kind of angry that ends in punching and shooting and maybe, if he feels like it, stabbing.

“Don't try that shit with me, brat,” Jason says, eyebrow raised. “Besides,” he points at Damian. “Pot.” And back at himself. “Kettle.”

Dick scowls at Jason, Jason glares at Damian and Dick, and. Tim is. Tim is just going to go over there to see what sort of concoction Dick and Jason have come up with and –

“Oh, God. “Who let either of you near a kitchen?” he asks without thinking, too distracted with staring down at what he thinks the end of the world might look like.

“Um.”

“Fuck off, baby bird.”

“Tt.”

Tim isn't a gourmet chef by any means, but even he couldn't do this. “...What kind of soup were you trying to make?” Tim tries, wincing a little at his bluntness. He knows they're trying to do something nice, but.

“...Chicken?” Dick says, more like questions.

Tim doesn't look at him because he can't take the kicked puppy look from him right now. “Okay,” he says. Smiles bravely. “Do we even have any chicken?” Alfred always makes sure to keep the kitchen well stocked, but he's been gone on some mission or other with Bruce for a while now, and with four mouths to feed – more, if Steph or Cass or anyone else drops by – the pickings have been getting sparse.

“Uh.” Dick smiles sheepishly. “...No?”

Okay, then.

“He tried that canned shit,” Jason chimes in, apparently deciding to throw Dick under the bus for the hell of it.
“Oh,” Tim says, still entranced by the. Whatever it is in the pot. “Well then.”

“Sorry, Tim,” Dick says, coming over to put his arm around him. His face looks a little green when he looks at the pseudo-soup, which is a good sign, if he can recognize the horror he's created.

“It's fine, Dick,” Tim says, reaching for the pot's lid to cover it up. “I'm not really hungry anyway.” And probably won’t be for a good long time. “What about some tea?” he asks, tapping his throat with his fingers. Tea would be fantastic right about now, his throat is killing him.

Alfred would be pleased, he thinks, because Dick actually perks up at that, gesturing at Damian to get the tea. Damian snorts, but rummages in the cupboards when Dick looks at him, all sad eyes and pouty lips. (Master manipulator of a level even Bruce finds hard to resist at times.)

“Good one, baby bird,” Jason says, hoisting himself up so he's sitting on the counter. He bends over, resting his elbows on his knees, looking faintly amused. (Even something like fond as Dick goes for the tea kettle.)

Tim settles against the counter by Jason to watch as Dick makes tea with Damian acting as his assistant. (Dick can boil water, this should be okay. Really.)

“Thanks for not killing anyone,” Tim says, looking over at Jason. It's rare for them to be together like this, without violence - serious violence, at any rate - being involved. Definitely better than chicken soup any day.

Jason snorts, but there's a softness to his eyes, the set of his mouth. “Don't get used to it, baby bird,” he says, trying for gruffness and falling short.

“Of course not,” Tim says, but he can't help smiling anyway.
Re: Your Brains

Chapter Summary

Of course Gotham is where the zombie apocalypse starts, of course.

Chapter Notes

whimsybelled gave me a prompt for the zombie apocalypse in the DCU.

Of course Gotham is where the zombie apocalypse starts, of course.

It's nothing new, a strain of virus that was experimented on, twisted, intended for military applications, and now. Unless a vaccine is made, Gotham will be lost. It's already too late for most of the infected, their minds destroyed by the virus.

Tim was looking into the pharmaceutical company conducting the experiments for an entirely unrelated reason, and had somehow stumbled on something he shouldn't have. Something they were trying very hard to cover up, pass off as a new strain of influenza that was proving to be resistant to vaccines, but certainly not lethal. (Lethal, no, but that's so much worse in this case.)

Tim finds Jason first, laughing as he takes what looks like a group of muggers apart, but. They aren't muggers. The man they're gathered around is on the ground, moving feebly. It's not obvious yet, what's wrong with him. He's not moving the way people do. His movements are jerky, unnatural.

Jason doesn't see that, doesn't register it on a conscious level. He sees a group of people gathered around a single person, pipes and baseball bats and whatever else they could find as a handy weapon, and acts accordingly.

Tim. Tim's seen this, less than thirty minutes ago. A little old lady that time, a little old lady and a homeless man and Tim almost didn't stop her in time. Now. Now it's Jason, and Jason probably won't thank him for this (of course he won't, it's Jason).

Tim drops down at the mouth of the alley. "Jason."

Jason turns, leaves his back to the victim that's not, and glares. "What do you want?"

And. Tim sighs as the victim that's not shambles towards Jason, one foot dragging. "Turn around, Jason."

Jason laughs, and. Right, like he'd listen to Tim. The thing is, these things move fast, faster than the movies led them to believe. Tim raises his grapple - one of his throwing discs or even a Batarang won't have the strength to stop it - aims, and fires.

"Jesus Christ, what is wrong with you?" Jason yells, whirling around to stare at the mess Tim's made of the victim that's not's head. "Fucking hell."
The grapples aren't weapons, but that doesn't mean they can't be used as such. "...Zombies," Tim says.


Jason stares at him. "Zombies."

Tim shrugs, eyes the "muggers", who are beginning to stir. This close, Tim can see what looks like bite marks on some of them. Not the best place to have this conversation, or argument or whatever Jason's going to turn it into.

"What the hell happened to you?" Jason demands, eyes narrowing.

And, oh, what hasn't happened to him, would be a better question. Tim's cape is gone, shorn off with the edge with one of his throwing discs after one of the zombies had tried to choke him with it, grabbing and yanking, inhumanly strong.

No capes now, none. Normally the capes give them an added level of protection, in the weave of the fabric. They break up their silhouettes, makes them look more intimidating, all of these things and more, but now they're a hindrance.

Easy to grab, to pull, to trap them, get them killed.

"I, uh. Ran into some trouble."

Zombie trouble, to be exact. Mindless, shambling zombies who wanted to eat his brains. (Maybe, or maybe that's movie myth talking, he didn't actually hear them moaning "Brains, Brainssss," when they went after him.)

"Are you fucking kidding me?"

And, no. No he is not. "Jason," Tim sighs. "That's not normal." He points to where one of the infected is staggering towards them, slow, the virus not having fully taken hold. Still human. For now.

Jason shifts so he can keep one eye on Tim as he looks, going for his guns when he finally sees. "What the - "

"Zombies," Tim says, because that's easier. Even though people won't want to believe it, it's something they can understand, and really, it's very, very close to the truth.

Jason shakes his head. "The hell."

"Explanations later, move now," Tim says, running for the fire escape. "Now, Jason!"

Jason moves, glaring and muttering, but he moves, follows Tim up the fire escape to the roof.

"Answers, now." Jason growls, stalking towards him.

Tim tells him, even though he knows Jason doesn't really believe him. "We need to find the others."

Jason bares his teeth. "Why don't you just call them - "

"Communications are down." Supposedly it's something to do with solar flares affecting the satellites that not even Bruce's back-up contingencies can account for.
"How is that even possible? Bruce has -"

"Think about it, Jason," Tim says. He can see the moment Jason realizes.

"Are you saying someone's trying to cover this up?"

It won't be the first time something like this has happened in Gotham, it won't be the last, either. Tim nods. "They don't want word getting out." Even though it's too late for that, far too late.

"Goddammit, Pretender."

"We need to find the others." They need to regroup, come up with some sort of plan. They can't do this alone, none of them. They're going to need Jason, even if he thinks he doesn't need them.

"Baby bird -" Jason sighs.

"Jason. We can't do this without you."

It's the truth, it is. They're going to need Jason because Tim knows the others will have problems doing what needs to be done to stay safe, uninfected, and that's. That's okay, really. Jason and Tim can do it for them.

*******

"You know," Jason muses, "this is not the way I expected things to turn out."

Tim glances sidelong at him. "Really."

Jason nods, lounging comfortably against one of the gargoyles. "I mean, who expects this kind of thing to happen?"

Tim just looks at him.

"Oh, fuck you, baby bird. I mean what normal person expects for this kind of thing to happen?"

And. It really depends on what parameters Jason's using to define "normal", doesn't it. There are entire websites devoted to just this kind of thing, full of elaborate plans of action for any given scenario.

"Just. Shut up," Jason sighs, leaning over the edge of the roof. "Think Dickie-bird figures something's up?"

Tim shakes his head.

"Idiot's going to get himself killed," Jason says, thoughtful.

Tim looks, and. Dick really is going to get himself killed. Not trusting, exactly, just. Jason has a point. No one expects something like this to happen. They don't take the right kind of precautions.

"You want this one, baby bird?"

Tim shrugs. "I got the last one."

And. Maybe that should bother him, but. This is a war, as much as one as any they've ever fought. This is a war, and they have people they need to protect.
Jason, though -

"Oh, baby bird, this is going to be fun."

Like a lot of the more regrettable things in Tim's life, it all starts with Dick.

“Come on, Tim, you know I can't pass as a high school student anymore.” Dick's giving it his all, bright perky smile and puppy dog eyes.

“Too old?” Tim will not be swayed.

“Too good looking. Also, too cool.”

Wow. Dick's just making it easier and easier to refuse. Job well done.

“What about - “

"Uh. Damian's working with Bruce on something.”

And, again, convincing.

“Really.”

“Yes. Bruce, back me up here.”

“...No.”

“Dick - “


Well that doesn't sound good. “And?”

“...Damian made him cry.”

“What.” Not that Tim doesn't think that's possible so much as what.

“The man was an idiot, worse than you, Drake.”
And, wow. “Thanks, demon.”

Damian smirks and goes back to honing the edge on his shuriken. “It was merely an observation, not a compliment.”

“Of course not.”

“Come, on, Tim. Please?”

“No.” He means it too.

*******

Tim probably should have paid attention to the announcements over the PA about strep throat going around, but in between getting the information Dick wanted and avoiding the pitfalls of high school he was understandably preoccupied.

*******

The important thing to remember is that Tim doesn't deliberately go about getting Damian sick, it just happens. (And if Tim doesn't try all that hard not to get Damian sick, it's not like he went around spreading germs and disease on purpose.)

“Damian - “

“Admit I'm right and you may pass.”

Tim will do no such thing. He's not in the mood to humor Damian right now. And, FYI, Dick, Tim's not sorry about it because the little brat knows Tim is miserable and he's making it worse with his everything. (Face, attitude, face, arrogance, face.)

What he will admit, is that he's going to sneeze in Damian's face if he doesn't move, and Tim can't find it in him to care. “I'm going to sneeze on you if you don't move.” He's tired and achy his throat is killing him. Having to deal with Damian on top of that is stretching his patience to the breaking point when Damian's trying to stare him down.

“You wouldn't dare.”

Tim raises an eyebrow.

*******

“Come on, Tim. You're supposed to be the responsible one out of us.”

Telling Dick Damian started it probably won't win him points, but. “Damian started it.”

“Tim.” Dick sighs, rearranging the mass of blankets and pillows on the other bed for his little highness' comfort.

“Bite your tongue, Drake,” Damian says, voice muffled by the blankets Dick's cocooned him in.

Tim struggles up, glaring at Damian. “You can bite my - “

“Okay!” Dick says with forced cheer, tugging Damian's blankets up to his chin. “Great seeing the two of you getting along like this! Terrific! Fantastic!” Dick's smile is a little on the terrifying side of things.
“Dick - “

“Grayson - “

“And quarantine starts now!” Dick calls, darting out of the room before either Damian or Tim can say anything else, closing it firmly.

Tim's sure he can hear Dick laughing like the idiot he is on the other side, growing fainter as he walks away.

“Grayson is a dead man,” Damian says, head popping out of the blankets to glare at the door.

That, at least, they can agree on. “We're going to have plenty of time to come up with suitable payback,” Tim says, an offer. He really hadn't meant to get Damian sick, but the little brat just had to keep pushing, and now they're both paying for it.

“And?” Damian asks, still haughty.

Tim smiles. “Two heads are better than one.” He waits for Damian to make a cutting remark, but.

“Drake.” Damian pauses to sneeze. “That would be.” Another sneeze, with a cough tacked on the end. “I believe this may prove to be beneficial to us both.”

One thing's for sure, Tim's not going to be the only one coming out of this with regrets. Dick should have known better than to stick Damian and Tim in the same room when neither of them are happy with him.
"Tim?"

Tim looks over at the small figure in the doorway, hair mussed from sleep. "Hey," Tim says, managing a smile. "Everything okay?"

A headshake, eyes darting to the side and back to him. "I couldn't sleep."

"Ah," Tim says. Pats the mattress next to him. "Want to sleep here?"

Dick's face - younger, softer in so many ways - lights up. "I. Really?" He sounds so hopeful, so young. (Because he is, and oh, God, how does he explain this to Bruce? "Sorry Dick was an idiot, but look, he fits into the scaly panties again?") "You don't mind?"

"Come on," Tim says, holding the blankets up in invitation.

Dick bites his lip. "Promise you won't be mad?"

What? "What?"

Because it's Dick - and unsurprisingly, this holds true as an explanation for his behavior any age it would seem - he doesn't answer Tim, just goes right ahead and backflips into the bed.

He laughs when Tim squawks in surprise, grabbing the blankets out of Tim's slack hold when he lands on his stomach and flips onto his back. He pulls the blankets up over them both, body shaking with laughter and a huge smile on his face. Tim sighs as he sits up and rearranged the pillows and Dick, who is still laughing, although it's starting to taper off.
It's nice to know some things don't change, although this? The backflipping into bed is something he never knew about Dick, even if it explains so, so much about him.

"Sorry Dick was an idiot again," Tim finds himself telling Bruce when he calls, because certain individuals find great amusement in tormenting them (Barbara) and went ahead and told Bruce before Tim could. "But, hey, look at it this way. He'll fit into the old Robin suit again."

It's no real surprise when there's no reply.

Bruce is off somewhere with Damian and Steph. (Tim knows exactly where they are, even though he's not supposed to.) Part case, part training. (With Bruce it's always training in one form or another.) By the time they can get away without casting suspicions on their undercover personas, Dick should be back to normal. (Bruce knows Tim would have called him if Dick was in any danger, the same way Tim knows Bruce would be on his way to Gotham the moment he found out.)

"Zatanna says it should wear off in a week." Tim bites the inside of his cheek when Dick lets out a shout of glee somewhere behind him. They're in one of his nests preparing to go to Titan's Tower and Dick is rummaging around like a small child, which. He does exactly the same thing as an adult, so the difference in that regard is nil. "Nothing to worry about. Really."

Bruce grumbles something that sounds like, "Pictures, Tim," and he swears he hears Steph in the background yelling about getting video before Bruce hangs up. Tim stares at his phone for a long moment and turns around to see -

"Look!" Dick says, absurdly happy wearing the cowl and cape of the Red Robin suit. It hang off him, the cowl not aligning properly with his smaller face. "I'm Doctor Mid-nite!"

"I think that's a little big on you," Tim says, glad no one else is there to see. He gets enough grief over the suit as it is.

"Wow," Kon says, later that night. Dick is walking around on his hands, showing off a little by hopping on one and alternating hands. "He's. Huh. Young?"

"De-aging spell," Tim reminds him, corner of his mouth twitching up into a smile. "Funny how that works."

"Oh shut up," Kon says, watching Dick. "Is that -"

"Alfred had some things sent over."

They both look at Dick, wearing a pair of Superman pajamas. Tim doubts they're the ones Dick had growing up, but Alfred obviously put in a great deal of effort to find a set that came as close as possible. (To cause Bruce grief, as is his right, and offer a sense of the familiar to Dick.)

"Does Bruce know?"

It's Bruce, of course he knows. "...He had a Batman set sent when he found out." That Dick is decidedly not wearing.

"Ouch," Kon says, failing to hide his grin.
Tim doesn't bother. “Yeah.”

Dick pushes off with his hands, landing neatly on his feet and throws his arms up in the air. There's a huge smile on his face, cheeks flushed with exertion and triumph as he takes a bow, Kon and Tim clapping for him.

********

Tim can deal with Dick being de-aged to his early Robin days. He can deal with Dick running amok with Tim's crime-fighting equipment because Titan's Tower is a controlled environment and the others would never let him get hurt. (Partly because it's Dick and everyone loves him, partly out of fear of what the Bats would do if something happened to him on their watch.) He can deal with Dick almost certainly baiting Bruce with his love of all things Superman knowing Tim is following orders by taking all the pictures and video he can. (For posterity or blackmail purposes, it all amounts to the same thing in the end)

Kon's a horrible enabler, bringing by all the Superman merchandise he can get his hands on. “Inside connections,” he tells Dick, looking insufferably smug.

“You're a terrible influence,” Tim says, watching Dick playing with with the capes – *capes* – on his *Superman socks*. (Tim has a pair of his own, but they're *Kon's - their - colors, red and black*.)

“I think you mean I'm an awesome influence,” Kon corrects, chest puffed out.

“Yes. That,” Tim says, sliding a look at him.

Tim can deal with that - all of that - just fine. He's a superhero for what it's worth, and far worse things have happened.

What he can't deal with, what leaves him helpless and vulnerable in all the worst ways is the way Dick looks at him. Like he's amazing and incredible and the best thing in the world, in *Dick's* world. The way he sticks close to Tim, even with the other Titans around, all of them far more interesting and fascinating than Tim.

“You really don't see it, do you?” Kon asks him, the look on his face one that Tim can't interpret.

“See what?” Tim asks, distracted. Bart's talking to Dick, whispering something to him, eyes darting to Tim with a smile on his face that Tim has learned means bad, bad news for everyone.

“Man,” Kon claps a hand on his shoulder. “I mean, Steph said it was reaching unbelievable heights of stupidity, but I didn't know it was this bad.”

“What?” Tim looks at Kon in confusion. It's nice to know he and Steph are getting along, sure, but if they're plotting against him, it would be nice to have advance warning. Oh, God. Is Bart in on it too?

“Nothing, man,” Kon says, nudging him towards Dick and Bart. “Come on, I think Bart's trying to talk him into doing something that's going to get them into trouble.”

Oh, if only Kon knew. Dick doesn't need anyone to talk him into doing stupid things, he manages just fine on his own.

********

“Tim?”
Tim lifts his head and looks at Dick, shuffling his feet awkwardly at the foot of Tim's bed. “Dick?”

It's an echo of that other night, Dick sleepy and.

Not scared, no, upset.

Too young with flashes of memory of his older self surfacing as dreams, nightmares his mind couldn't hope to understand.

“Is something wrong?” The Tower's quiet this late into the night. No one awake but the Bats it seems.

Dick shakes his head, mouth curving in a faint smile. “No.”

Okay, then. “Having trouble sleeping?”

Another headshake.

“Okay?” Tim says, twitching the blankets aside.

Dick looks up, smile spreading across his face. “Promise - “

“I won't be mad,” Tim says, used to this now, to Dick and his absolutely ridiculous ways, and braces himself.

Dick lets out a quiet whoop and backflips into the bed, laughing when he lands next to Tim.

“Ridiculous,” Tim mutters, getting a little of his own back by ruffling Dick's hair, ignoring his protests. “Think you can go back to sleep now?”

There's no answer, and when Tim look at him, it's to see Dick biting his bottom lip and frowning, forehead furrowed. “Dick?”

Dick squeezes his eyes shut for a moment, and then turns his head to look at Tim, with an unnervingly serious look on his face. “Promise not to laugh?”

What? “What?”

Dick moves closer. “Promise?”

Tim nods, slow, careful. “Promise.”

“I was talking to Kon and Bart and Cassie.”

Tim knows, and the thought of what they could have been telling Dick is beyond worrying. He doesn't say anything though, just nods again, waiting for Dick to say what he needs to.

“They told me.” Dick huffs, bring a hand up to tap Tim's chest. “They told me you're an idiot and I should just tell you.”

Oh, God, what?

“So I'm going to,” Dick says, face taking on a familiar look of determination.

“Dick - “

“I'm going to marry you when I get bigger,” Dick says, completely serious, the expression on his
face brooking no argument - and how can he do that, he's nine. (Is this what Bruce had to deal with – hopefully minus the surprisingly aggressive marriage proposal – when Dick was this age? If so, he deserves all the award and medals in the world.)

“I - “ Tim laughs, helpless, how does Dick always do this to him?

“You promised you wouldn't laugh.”

“I'm not,” Tim says, eyes going to him. “I promise you, I'm not laughing about this.”

Dick narrows his eyes, scrutinizing him. “You're.” He cocks his head to the side. “You're freaking out, aren't you.”

Why would he do that? It's not like Tim's been in love with Dick in one form or another since he was a kid, younger than Dick is now. “Maybe.”

Dick shakes his head and lays down, scooting close to Tim. Then closer still when Tim edges away, reflex. Even after years of Dick and his many kinds of hugs, Tim has a thing about people touching him. Even Dick especially Dick.

“You're really dumb, for someone so smart.”

Yeah, Tim's heard that one a time or two. “Thanks.”

“Not what I meant,” Dick says, moving closer, and when Tim goes still takes advantage by wrapping an arm around him. “I like you.”

“We're brothers,” Tim says, with a strained smile. “It's kind of mandatory.”

And, oh, terrible word choice on his part because it has Dick looking at him sharply, way too sharp for a nine-year-old, even if said nine-year-old is Dick.

“Stupid,” Dick says, using the arm he has around Tim to pull himself closer, pressing his face against Tim's chest. “You really are an idiot.”

“Again, thanks,” Tim says, throat tight. Dick has to be able to hear the way his heart's pounding, fit to burst from his chest. “So if you don't mind - “


Tim. Tim sighs, dropping an arm around Dick's shoulders. He doesn't know what to do, what to say, here. It's Dick, yes, but it's Dick as a nine-year-old. Whatever he feels, thinks now, there's nothing to say he'll feel the same when he's back to normal.

“Go to sleep, Dick,” Tim says, tired, defeated.

“Dummy,” Dick mutters, but he's tired, too. Woken by a nightmare or something else, and he had a busy day running riot with Bart and the others as accomplices. He drifts off when Tim rubs circles on his back, staring at the ceiling of his room and wondering how his life's came to this.

******

“You're an idiot.”

Tim sighs, looking over his shoulder to where Dick, no, Nightwing, is standing, arms crossed over his chest.
It's been a few weeks, okay, a month since the incident with the warlock in training and Dick's marriage proposal and everything in between.

Bruce is back in Gotham, Damian at his side patrolling the other side of the city. Steph is in Hong Kong with Cass, and Barbara is in her web, orchestrating schemes and plots and controlled mayhem, and he's.

He's on a roof with an annoyed Nightwing, so of course Gotham chooses now, of all time, to be on her best behavior. No grandiose, over the top schemes from her villains that require the Bat-signal to light up the night sky. Not even so much as a bank robbery or mugging in sight.

“Hey, Dick.”

Dick huffs, still irritated, still annoyed, and Tim doesn't even know why. Unless it's for the mildly embarrassing pictures of Dick in his Superman pajamas, or the one with -

“Tim.”

Tim winces, wondering if it makes him a bad person to hope for a bank robbery. A mugging. (Probably.)

Dick sighs, corner of his mouth tugging up in a rueful smile. “Bruce is mad at me.”

“You didn't even wear the pajamas he sent you.”

It takes a degree of familiarity with the subject to know when someone's rolling their eyes behind a domino mask. “He knows how much I loved Superman when I was a kid.”

“That, and you like to mess with him,” Tim says, because it's true. They all do, to some point. It's what family does, after all.

“That too,” Dick says, moving closer.

And, Tim. He doesn't freeze, no. Just goes still, watchful. Heart rate kicking up, because Dick. Who he's been very carefully avoiding for the past month, citing work and work, getting Tam to run interference when she doesn't tell him to do own dirty work. Letting his phone go to voice mail when Dick's number comes up on the screen.

Dick just keeps coming closer, eyes on Tim's face.

“Dick -“

“Promise you won't be mad?” Dick asks, and Tim's heart skips a beat. Dick said he didn't remember everything, just bits and pieces here and there. Fragments.

“Dick.”

The urge to run is strong enough that Dick sees, reaches out a hand and wraps his fingers around Tim's wrist. Loose enough that Tim could pull free with ease if he wanted to, run and leave this, leave Dick behind and nothing would be said about it again.

Dick holds still, and when Tim doesn't break free, doesn't run, slowly, carefully tightens his hold. “Promise?” he asks again, sliver of humor in his voice as he leans in, slow, careful, giving Tim time to pull away if he wants.

Tim swallows. “I promise.”
Dick laughs, breath warm against Tim's cheek, and presses a light kiss there. “We can't get married in Gotham,” he says, that same kind of determined seriousness he was when he proposed to Tim. “What you think about New York?”

Tim laughs, involuntary. “Dick - “

“I remember that, Tim,” he says, reeling Tim in that last little bit, arms going around Tim, solid, familiar. “I remember Kon and the others telling me what an idiot you are - “

“Hey - “

“And I remember you making sure I was okay after,” Dick shrugs, jostling Tim's head on his shoulder. “After I got hit by that spell.”

“We're brothers - “

“Loving you isn't mandatory,” Dick says, low, fierce, arms tightening. “It never was.”

Tim doesn't say anything to that. Can't say anything to that.

“At least give me a chance before you shoot me down, okay? I promise I'm the marrying kind.”

Tim snorts, pressing his face against Dick's shoulder, inhaling the scent of Kevlar, Dick. “You're a idiot.”

Dick hums, pleased. “Two peas in a pod, that's us.”

And. Tim's always been defenseless against Dick, always. “This is a terrible idea.” That much is true.

“Oh, Tim. You know I'm great with terrible ideas.”

...Also true.

“Idiot,” Tim says again, lifting his head to look at Dick. Dick, who's smiling down at him, big and happy and God, this is the worst idea ever.

Dick ducks his head for a quick kiss. “Best idea ever, Tim,” he corrects, laughing a little, warm and fond. “Best idea ever.”
"Drake, there's a fitting at two."

Damian's lip curls - not quite a sneer, maybe something between that and what might charitably be considered a smile. It's an expression reserved for a certain individual they both know.

Damian's eyes narrow, and yes, that is Tim smiling, because this will never stop being hilarious.

"Grayson. Again."

Tim's smile widens, because Dick does this on purpose. He'll bring in one article of clothing at a time to be taken in, or that memorable time Gotham had a particularly miserable fall followed by an utterly wretched winter, let out. He schedules fittings at random intervals, not because he needs it, but because it annoys Damian to no end.

"Drake - "

Tim's not sure when it happened, exactly, but somewhere along the way Damian using Tim's last name stopped being a way to distance himself, keep Tim at arm's length. There's warmth in the way he says it now - you have to look for it, sometimes, because it's Damian, but. It is there. Along with an affection and fondness few people think Damian's capable of.

"Do you want the honors, or should I - "

"I will do it," Damian says, and that's not annoyance on his face so much as. Well. Damian plotting dire consequences for Dick for wasting their time with his “frivolous” ways.

Tim bites his lip to keep from laughing. "Just. Be careful with the pins."

Damian smiles, amusement gleaming in his eyes - territorial, like Bruce. "Of course."
"Seriously, baby bird. What is it with you and mages lately?"

"Jason, shut up!" Tim slaps a hand over Jason's mouth and tugs him into a patch of shadows created by the marketplace stalls. "Do you even know where we are?"

Jason growls, and Tim snatches his hand away.

"Look over there," Tim says, pointing to where a couple of knights are making their way through the crowds.

"I don't - Wait. Is that fucking King Arthur?"

"Yes. Well, no." Tim frowns, plucking nervously at the hem of his tunic.

"Yes or no, it's not a trick question, baby bird."

"I think he's still the prince, Jason. Which means magic has been outlawed, which means if anyone so much as mentions it - " Tim draws a hand across his throat in a slashing motion.

"Well, fuck."

"We just need to find Dick and go home, okay? Everything will be fine. Really."

Snorting, Jason raises an eyebrow at the smile Tim plasters on his face. "You suck at optimism baby bird."

Tim's eyes narrow. "And you're a ray of sunshine?"

"Just. Find Dickiebird, Timmy, find Dickiebird. Maybe he fell in the well again."

"I hate you."

"Mm-hmm, feeling's mutual, baby bird. Feeling's mutual."
Tim wakes up to fingers in his hair. It feels a little like they're trying for a soothing massage but are only managing an annoying patting motion. Worse, it's keeping him from getting sleep. Sleep he's earned – deserves – after the last month.

A month of Bruce managing to be mysteriously unavailable for Wayne Enterprises social functions, leaving Tim to pick up the slack. A month of Gotham's criminals realizing there hasn't been a good crime wave in a while and maybe they should fix that?

Tim's rolled over sometime in the night to face Jason, and oh, wow, that was a mistake.

“Jason.”

There's an incoherent grumble from Jason, his fingers stuttering to a stop, clumsy due to the truly astounding amount of alcohol he managed to put away earlier according to Roy. Tim nudges him, and Jason's hand slides out of his hair into his face. Fantastic.

Tim wraps his fingers around Jason's wrist and tugs it away from his face, leaning up on one elbow towards Jason.

“Jason.”

Jason cracks open one eye, sleep-bleary and still a little drunk. “Wha?” He's not really awake, just as tired as Tim with the bonus of what must have been the contents of an entire distillery flowing through his veins in place of blood.

Tim sighs, sinking back down and settling Jason's arm around him. “Go back to sleep, Jason.”
“So let me get this straight,” Tim says. Slowly, like that brain of his is going a million miles a minute and talking is a low priority at the moment. “You - we - are superheroes.”

Dick watches Tim watching him.

"So let me get this straight," Tim says. Slowly, like that brain of his is going a million miles a minute and talking is a low priority at the moment. "You - we - are superheroes."

"Yep."

"Superheroes."

"Yep."

Dick smiles, and it feels a little rusty, disused. Not a lot of reason to smile lately, with this mission and Tim's amnesia, but. The look on Tim's face coupled with his tone of voice. It's just so Tim he can't help it.

Tim looks down at himself. Looks at Dick. Looks back around at his cape, his wings. "Not part of a Las Vegas dance revue?"
The fabric of time isn't as delicate as people would have you believe. Well, it is, it's just that there are workarounds, which means bad things happens, which means things like the Time Enforcement Commission come into being.

The only problem is that the TEC is a godawful mess, and people like Bruce Wayne end up taking matters into their own hands. Time travel has become something of a luxury, the next big adventure for the super rich, and Bruce is right there with Wayne Enterprises.

It's a cover, of course, because the TEC is a mess and Bruce has issues – to absolutely no one who knows him surprise. And that's where people like Dick and Tim come in because they fix the little tears in the fabric of time by tracking down people who use time travel for their own gain, rewriting the timeline because they can.

“That is the worst explanation I've ever heard.”

“What, you can do better?” Dick asks, glancing at Tim, corner of his mouth curling into a smile.

Tim just looks at him. “You make it sound like this is a bad science fiction movie, Dick.” He makes a face. “Terrible acting, horrible script. Plot holes big enough to drive a truck through - “

Dick waves a hand at the state of the art equipment surrounding them. There's a low background buzz from other agents like them walking around, either headed off on a new mission or coming back from one. Technicians making sure no one else gets lost in time (and hadn't that had been fun, trying to find Bruce without any idea where or when he was) or splattered across the far wall due to equipment failure.

“You're right, Tim. We are absolutely not in a bad science fiction movie at all.”

Tim sighs, shooting a look at the people trailing behind them. Bart Allen and Michael Jon Carter. Not agents - at least not yet, according to Bruce's files. Just two people from different eras who managed to get thrown back in time because they were in the wrong place at the wrong time – pretty much literally.

“Steph will take care of you for two for now,” Dick says, gesturing to Steph who does a little curtsy because it's Dick and Steph and these things happen. “We'll work on getting you home.”
“Bruce is sure they're going to become agents?” Tim asks as Steph leads them away. They don't seem like a good fit, but then again, look at the rest of them.

There's no rhyme or reason as to what makes a good agent, and as flighty as Bart had seemed, he was solid at the core of things. The same with Carter. It could be that time travel is even less of a marvel in their respective times, but he doesn't think that's quite it.

“He'd know,” Dick says. Because there's that whole 'lost in time' thing to consider, and also just because it's Bruce.

“Lunch?” Tim asks. It's going to take Barbara and her staff a while to sift through the information on this case, and they skipped breakfast because of the robots versus cowboys incident earlier.

Dick smiles and sketches a little bow because it's Dick and these things happen. “After you?”

Tim gives Dick a look because right, this isn't Dick taking advantage of their formfitting suits, not at all. This is Dick being a gentlemen.

“I don't know why I put up with you,” he mutters, knowing it's a lie.

Dick knows too, of course, laughing as he drapes an arm over Tim's shoulder and tugs him in the direction of the cafeteria. “I guess it's just one of life's little mysteries, Timmy.”
Chapter Summary

Jason turns his head to meet Dick’s eyes. Slowly, carefully, because he’s got a damned weapon on level with his heart and he’s not that crazy, thanks, Dick.

Chapter Notes

Written for teakat who prompted: JayDick, secretly a virgin.

Goddammit. Why the -

"So the legends are wrong, then? Jason?"

Jason turns his head to meet Dick's eyes. Slowly, carefully, because he's got a damned weapon on level with his heart and he's not that crazy, thanks, Dick.

“No,” he grinds out, clamping his lips shut when the fucking unicorn snorts, ears going back. Like it doesn't approve of his tone of voice or the anger behind it. The tip of its horn is resting against Jason's chest, light, and Jason has no idea what it wants.

He's also not buying into the sweet and innocent creature bit because oh, look, there's blood on its horn, dotting the pure white of its coat. That, and there's also a dead body a little ways off, legs sticking out from behind a bush and fucking hole in its chest that's a match for the unicorn's horn, so. (The fact that the bastard deserved it doesn't make this any better.)

“I thought. Wait, what about Talia?”

And that. “I lied,” Jason says, daring Dick to call him on it, even though he will because it's Dick, isn't it. This thing between them is still fragile, delicate and now there's a damn unicorn and Jason really hates everything some days.

“Damian was getting on my nerves and it was say something to shut him up, or punch him, and I don't think dear old dad would have appreciated it that much.” (Not that it had helped, really, with Damian lunging for his throat, but Bruce had dragged him off and it was more or less the same in the end.)

“Probably not,” Dick says, easing closer to them.

Idiot thinks just because animals like him, the damn unicorn's going to like him too, won't whip around and stab him through the heart or just trample his ass.

“What's taking Replacement so long?”

Dick makes a face because right, he likes the little bastard. “Klarion’s tricky, and also gryphons are playing tag around the rooftops so he has to take an alternate route.”
Jason fucking hates magic. “I fucking hate magic.”

Dick shrugs, stupid little smile playing on his lips. “Oh, I don't know, it's not all bad.”

Right. “And making a damn children's book come to life because Klarion wants to get Replacement's attention is a responsible use of magic?”

The stamps a hoof, like maybe it doesn't like Jason talking like that about Klarion, which. What is it, his mother?

That gets Dick to make yet another face, this one on the scandalized side of things. “Urgh. Please don't ever say anything like that again.”

And oh, but that's a mistake. “What, don't want to think about Replacement and Klarion playing tonsil hockey?” For the record, neither does Jason, but it's worth it just for the look on Dick's face.

The unicorn turns its head to look at Dick, ears pricked towards him as he croons to it, extending a hand and making like the unicorn whisperer. Jason takes the opening to back away, and -

The unicorn whinnies, shaking its head with that fucking lethal horn, and Jason freezes, as it walks back up to him and points its horn right back at Jason's chest, although this time it's not touching him.

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

“...I think it wants you to pet it.”

“Again, are you fucking kidding me?” Jason demands, this time to Dick who looks. Confused.

“No. Just pet it.”

Jason sighs, and raises a hand, watching the unicorn carefully as he does. He's no animal expert, but he knows enough to recognize an unhappy animal when he sees one. Like when it's ears go back when he reaches to pet its face.

“Like this,” Dick says, right beside him. Right beside him, deep into Jason's personal space bubble.

Dick ignores the glare Jason gives him and takes Jason's hand and turns it palm side up, uncurling Jason's fingers so his hand is flat. That done, Dick moves his hand back, fingers wrapping around Jason's wrist, read, waiting. As if he could pull Jason's hand back before the unicorn could bite him or worse.

The unicorn shakes its head and cautiously stretches out its neck to sniff at his hand. Dick does his unicorn whisperer thing again, speaking softly enough that Jason can't quite make out the words, but they don't sound like English to him.

“Here,” Dick says, putting Jason's hand at the base of its neck and making him pat it gently.

There's a soft whicker from the unicorn that doesn't sound unhappy or angry, no horn going through his chest, and an idiot grinning at him.

“See? Easy.”

“I still fucking hate magic.”
Dick shrugs, leaning against Jason because apparently he's using this as an opportunity to cuddle Jason. “It has its moments,” he says, still grinning like an idiot.

Jason would do something about it, Dick taking liberties like this, but. There's a unicorn right there, within stabbing distance. It might be a good idea to keep the moron around a little bit longer if it'll keep the unicorn from killing him, that's all.
Love Like Laughter

Chapter Summary

Dick gets this look on his face that Tim knows all too well. “Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.”

Chapter Notes

Written for anonymous who prompted: DickTim, either genderswap or truth or dare.

There's just enough natural light making into the caverns thanks to the air holes that have been bored into the walls and ceiling for them to be able to see. It might be a problem if the rescue crews can't get them out before nightfall, but it's not as though they're strangers to the dark.

“So - “

“Not magic,” Tim says, perhaps a little too vehemently if the look Dick gives him is any indication. “Technology.” Really, really old technology – before the advent of the wheel technology. Because aliens.

“Okay, but - “

Dick gets this look on his face that Tim knows all too well. “Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.”

“Quoting Arthur C. Clarke at me isn't going to change matters, Dick.”

Dick looks at him for a long moment, wheels turning in his head. “Since we're trapped here for the time being, what say we play a game of Truth or Dare.”

“What?”

Dick has to shimmy down from the platform he's on to get to Tim, and Tim. Tim has to avert his eyes because of course this happened when they're in their civilian identities, and of course Dick's button-down - a little on the snug side before is definitely strained now with certain...additions.

“Truth or Dare,” Dick says, sitting next to him.

The fact that his body is female now, smaller, slimmer, more delicate, doesn't seem to phase him. And that's a little understandable because they've seen weirder things in their lives, have been in space, to other planets where they're the odd one out. This, though.


That. Okay, yes. Tim buys that because time travel and evil future versions of themselves and all in all, Tim thinks he would have preferred being turned into a woman than that. And immediately
hates his brain for bringing up a mental image of an evil female future version of him.

“Ah,” Tim says, kicking his feet a little.

Dick hums next to him, leaning his weight against Tim because it's chilly in here and Bruce is going to owe them so much when they get out. He knows it was for a good cause, Wayne Enterprises showing support for Gotham University's and its archeology department in particular by visiting an active dig site, but. It would have been nice if someone could have given them an advanced heads up as to the contents of the dig team's newest find.

Alien technology and people like them rarely go well together.

“So,” Dick says, voice a few octaves higher in this form. “About that Truth or Dare.”

Tim slants a look at Dick, who watches him right back, eyes wide – and in his new form his eyelashes are fuller, making that little move more effective - like he has no idea what Tim's problem is.

Like Dick isn't the problem, impossibly good looking and unattainable because he's Dick and everyone loves him, but he never sees.

“I don't think that's a good idea,” Tim says because it absolutely isn't. Not with Dick. Never with Dick because as beloved by the entire world as he is, he's also a terrible human being.

Dick leans closer, like there's any room left between them. “Tim,” he says, and it's like any other time he does, it. Does this. Stretching out Tim's name like there are more letters in it that it actually has. “Tim.”

Tim tries to shrug him off, but Dick just wraps his arms around Tim's and hangs on like a whiny limpet and presses his face against Tim's shoulder. “Tim.”

“Fine, okay,” Tim says, wondering what's taking the search and rescue team so long. The tunnels leading out of the site caved in hours ago, and while they're in no real danger at the moment, he still has Dick to deal with.

He can feel Dick's grin through his shirt and briefly gives thought to elbowing him. Like he knows what Tim's thinking, Dick tightens his hold on Tim's arm to keep him from moving it.

“You're like a kid.”

“Young at heart,” Dick corrects.

Tim rolls his eyes and waits. Not that he's given in to Dick's whims, and really, when doesn't he? Dick's a tactile person, anyone can see it. Tim doesn't really think it's all that odd that Dick's fingers are proving to be restless, curling and uncurling around Tim's arm, his thumbs making small sweeping movements.

“Truth or Dare,” Dick asks after several moments pass.

Tim mulls it over in his head, a little mental list of pros and cons for both. He looks at Dick, who moves so that his cheek is resting on Tim's shoulder, looking up at him. The thing about Dick is that he never sees, not what Tim wants him to, at any rate, but now he's not so sure about that.

“Truth,” Tim chooses, looking away quickly.
“First crush.”

Tim could lie, but with Dick as close to him right now as he is, he'd know. It's not like it has to mean anything because everyone has that first hopeless crush. It doesn't have to mean anything.

“...You,” Tim says, quiet. Still enough that he feels it, hears it when Dick holds his breath for a moment.

“Tim - “

“Truth or Dare,” Tim presses on, still not looking at Dick.

“Tim.”

“Truth or Dare,” Tim repeats.


Tim's eyes dart to Dick for a moment. Dick looks back at him, an expression on his face Tim can't read. And because he's always wondered, “...What were you on when you designed that first Nightwing suit?”

“Hey!” Dick presses his nails into Tim's arm lightly, playfully. “That was an awesome suit.” A frown. “I'm thinking about bringing it back, actually.”

“What? Dick, no.”

“Seriously though,” Dick says, warming to the topic. “Retro's in now, right?”

Tim can't help it, and starts laughing because the look on Dick's face – he means it, is the thing. He actually thinks bringing the suit back would be a good idea, that he'll be some kind of superhero trendsetter.

“I kind of miss the wings,” Dick says, wistfully, and that.

“Oh my God, no,” Tim manages. He hasn't laughed like this in. He's never laughed like this. The thought helps sober him up, wiping at his eyes and trying to scowl at Dick because he's the only one who ever does this to him.

Dick's smiling at him, soft, fond. “Hey, Timmy,” he says.

Tim tries to pull away, but Dick won't let him. “Truth or Dare.”

Tim shakes his head. “Dick - “

“One more time, promise,” Dick coaxes, and right, like Tim believes that.

Because Tim never learns, not when it comes to Dick, “Truth.”

Dick sits up, releasing Tim's arm. He doesn't say anything though, just. Just looks at Tim, like maybe now he's seeing him, and Tim doesn't know if that's a good thing now.

“Dick?”

Dick tips his head to the side, hair falling into his eyes and, “Did you ever get over your first crush?”
Tim stares at Dick, throat tight, as he gets says, quiet, “How could I?” Dick knows, he has to know, no one ever does. And Dick.

Dick's been there, always. Not perfect, no, but beautiful and amazing and this. This was a terrible idea. He tries to move away, but Dick's faster than him, or maybe it's his amazing octopus cuddling powers, arms going around Tim and pulling him close.

“Dick - “

“You're kind of an idiot, Tim,” Dick says after a while, pulling back to look at Tim. “I know I can be slow on the uptake sometimes - “

Tim snorts, which earns him a mock glare.

“But. You're kind of great.”

Tim looks at Dick, eyebrow going up. “Um.”

“I'm trying to say I like like you too, Tim,” Dick says, with a look on his face that tells Tim, yes, he knows that makes him sound like a middle school student. “Babs clued me in about your crush, but that was years ago. I figured you'd gotten over it, me.”

Or maybe Tim just learned how to hide it better.

“Well,” Tim says. “There was Ewan McGregor for a while.”

That startles a laugh out of Dick, who curls against Tim. “Yeah, I can see that one.”

They could – probably should – talk about this, but this is okay for now.
Chapter Summary

If anything good can be said to come of this, it’s that Damian will be away from the manor when Brown makes her weekly visit.

Chapter Notes

Anonymous prompted: Jason's sick, and under Alfred's orders, one of the bird boys has to bring him chicken soup, none of them entirely willing. Extra points if it's Damian and there's Jay/(agedup)Damian.

If anything good can be said to come of this, it's that Damian will be away from the manor when Brown makes her weekly visit.

“What are you doing here?”

Todd looks terrible, his hair in shambles, face a blotchy mess. Damian’s sure those are the same clothes he was wearing when he was at the manor last, complaining of a sore throat and dismissing the cough as ‘nothing to worry your pretty little heads about’.

Damian feels his lip curl, Natural reflex when faced with foolish questions and unrelenting stupidity. And, perhaps, also when dealing with Todd in particular.

“Pennyworth requested someone check to see if you had passed on yet.”

“What's with the Tupperware?” Todd asks, stepping back to let Damian into the hovel he calls a home.

“Soup to celebrate your passing,” Damian says, headed for the kitchen.

Clearly Todd is incapable of taking care of himself, and as no one else is there to do it, Damian will have to see to it himself. That's all.

“Right,” Todd says, following him into the cramped kitchen. “You have any plans for it, seeing as I'm still alive?”

“I could throw it at you,” Damian offers.

Tod’s reflexes are obviously dulled by illness and the container is certainly heavy enough to do damage.

Todd smiles, like he thinks it's amusing. “Pots are in the drawer by the stove,” he says, and takes a seat at the kitchen table.
Damian very carefully sets the soup container down and rifles through the deep drawer by the stove. There are several pots and lids along with condiment packets from take-out places. “You're disgusting,” he says, selecting a medium sized pot with matching lid.

Todd shrugs, slumping in his seat. Clearly drained by his lingering illness and refusing to let it show more than necessary. “I'm a bachelor,” he says, as if that's an excuse.

Damian snorts, and sets about heating the soup up as per Pennyworth's instructions. Todd directs him to the cabinet with the dishes and he find the silverware drawer on his own, and pauses.

“These are from the manor."

“Yeah,” Todd says, with a smile on his face. “Back when I first started going to the manor regularly. Bruce kept giving me these looks like he thought I was after the good silverware."

“...So you took it,” Damian says, more statement than question with the proof in front of his face. “Totally worth it for the look on his face when he realized,” Todd affirms.

Damian looks at Todd, insufferably smug and pleased with himself, but there's a hint of something else. Wistfulness, perhaps?

Whatever it was Todd had seen on Fathers' face, it was not suspicion, of that Damian is sure. Disbelief, perhaps, that Todd had been there at all. Choosing to recognize them as people he did not find completely intolerable. (Family, a thing Damian has issues with even now, years later.)

“You're a fool,” Damian says, setting a bowl of soup in front of Todd. He places a spoon, silver with intricate designs engraved on the handle, next to it.

Another shrug, smile fading slightly. “No more than the rest of us, brat.”

Perhaps.
Chapter Summary

Dick's sleeping, one hand resting on the swell of Tim's belly.

Chapter Notes

Tim is pregnant AU - Dick doting on and taking care of Tim while convincing Tim that they can keep the baby, and each other.

Dick's sleeping, one hand resting on the swell of Tim's belly. His face is mostly hidden in shadow, but Tim knows there's a faint smile there. Echo of the delight and joy on his face when the baby – their baby – had kicked. Its tiny foot against the palm of Dick's hand placed lightly on Tim's side.

It had taken so much to get here. Fears, concerns. Steph's admission for the reason behind adopting her daughter out, the regrets she'll always have even though she knows she did the right thing for her, and telling Tim he had to do what was right for him, that she'd be there for him no matter what.

And arguments, so many arguments, dredging up terrible memories and bringing up insecurity after insecurity.

A question Tim had asked himself so many times in the past. Why would Dick choose Tim when he could have anyone he wanted? (Because I love you, Tim. Sometimes things just are that simple.)

The lives they live are bound to kill them one day, and their loved ones are always in danger. What kind of life would they be able to give the baby? (One where it would know it was loved and protected. Cared for, Tim. Think about who its aunts and uncles are going to be, never mind its grandfather and great-grandfather.)

There was never any doubt in his mind that Dick would make a wonderful parent. What kind of parent would Tim be, though? (The fact that you're even asking says so much, Tim. You're not in this alone, okay? I'm here, too. We're in this together.)


“Dick - “

“Sleep,” Dick says, firmer, lifting his head to look at Tim. His hand finds Tim's, tangling their fingers together. He smiles, teasing. “You can worry in the morning, okay?”

A joke that's not completely a joke, but. It's late and Tim's tired, fighting with himself and his insecurities. One of the things that's stayed true through all of it, hasn't faltered, is Dick. That has to
mean something. (Of course it does.)

“Your snoring kept me up,” Tim says, laying down. It's awkward with his belly, their baby, but Dick makes room, moving the pillows until Tim's comfortable. He curls around Tim once he is, warm and comforting and loved.

“Liar,” Dick says, pressing a kiss against the back of Tim's neck. “I never snore.”

As if there isn't ample footage of Dick not snoring from various sources, Babs being the least of them. “Sure, Dick. Whatever you say.”

Dick grumbles, arms tightening around Tim, “You can make fun of me in the morning, too, Tim.”

“I always make fun of you, Tim says, but it's late and he's tired and Dick is warm and this was a very effective trap, wasn't it.

“Mmhmm,” Dick says, more asleep than not. “I know.”

Tim closes his eyes and smiles, because of course he does, “Good night, Dick.”

Dick's only response is a quiet snore.
First Impressions

Chapter Summary

Jason's worked hard for this, two crappy jobs and every free moment spent working to keep his grades up.

Chapter Notes

Hm. JayDick, college! Pretty please

Jason's worked hard for this, two crappy jobs and every free moment spent working to keep his grades up. He'd made his mom a promise before she passed away and intends to keep it. To get out, make something of himself. The scholarship had been the start of that, and now.

“Hey, you must be Jason.”

Jason knows that face. Everyone knows that face. Magazine perfect, not a hair out of place and Jesus, the teeth. Like a damn toothpaste commercial. Bastard's loaded, he probably had schools falling over themselves to get him to enroll.

“Looks like we're going to be roommates.”

Oh, fuck no.

“I'm Dick Grayson, nice to meet you.”

Goddammit. That smile.
The Bird that Sings

Chapter Summary

“You will not touch him again!” Damian yells, putting his training to good use.

Chapter Notes

loverwren asked for: damian resucing tim and being possessive about it please

Damian's around 18-19 in this.

“You will not touch him again!” Damian yells, putting his training to good use.

“Ouch,” Dick says, undoing the manacles around Tim's wrists while Damian metes out what might generously be considered justice by some. “He's mad.”

Tim slumps against Dick, and gives him a look, eyebrow raised. “You think?”

The words come out a little...mushy, to borrow a word from Steph. He doesn't want to think about what his face is going to look like tomorrow, but he has the information they needed. All in a day's work, after all.

Dick grins, fleeting, worry edging in because Tim's more than a little battered, but it could have been worse if Damian and Dick hadn't found him when they did and they all know it.

Below them Damian's yelling, English blurring into Arabic into the other languages he's learned over the years in his fury and worry.

“Really, really, mad,” Dick says, sitting back on his heels to watch the carnage.

“Shouldn't you be stopping him?” Tim asks, leaning against Dick for support.

Damian's being more vicious than usual, but Tim knows he's still in control of himself. No real danger to the people who'd grabbed him, but -

“Grayson.”

But Damian's suddenly right there, radiating anger and concern. He gives Tim a thorough once-over, shoulders relaxing the tiniest amount when he sees for himself Tim isn't seriously injured. And then his eyes go to Dick's arm around Tim's shoulders.

“Grayson.” Damian glares, and Tim doesn't know what it means that he finds it endearing. “I asked you to free him, not subject him to your ridiculous 'cuddles'.”
Tim can feel Dick's amusement as he slowly, carefully, removes his arm from Tim's person, hands held out. He's treating him like a wild animal. (Not so far from the truth at the moment, really.)

“Home, please,” Tim says, drawing Damian’s attention away from Dick and his encroaching on Damian's territory. (They’re going to have to have another talk about that, but for now, it's. Comforting.)

Dick is pointedly not laughing at them as Damian helps Tim to his feet, hands running over Tim to reassure himself that Tim is. If not fine, then more or less whole.

“You are far too reckless.” Damian says, a wealth of meaning in his words.

Tim smiles, faint. “I knew you'd find me.”

It's an echo of years gone by, Dick saving Tim at the last minute. But oh, how things have changed since then. Damian. Tim himself. This thing between them.

Damian sighs, resigned. “You have too much faith in us, Beloved.”

Maybe, but they haven't let him down yet.
Waiting Game

Chapter Summary

Drake will pay for this, Damian will make sure of that.

Chapter Notes

Based off this. /o\

Drake will pay for this, Damian will make sure of that.

There's no noise – is the room empty, or is Drake lying in wait for him to make a move? Cautious, he emerges from his hiding place and - there!

Seated with his back to Damian, focused on the computer screen in front of him, Drake is unaware of his presence.

Fool. Damian smirks to himself. A mistake like that in the field could prove fatal. Here? Costly. Damian starts to edge further out of his hiding place, and freezes at the soft rustle of cloth behind him. He looks up as a shadow crosses over him -

“Oh my God, Damian, how are you so precious!” Grayson coos, scratching Damian's head.

Grayson!

Damian doesn't have the vocal chords to voice his disagreement in a way Grayson will understand at the moment. He ducks back into his hiding spot and plots revenge against Drake and Grayson.

Brown as well, now that he thinks on it. She'd been entirely too amused by his current predicament.
Wake-ups

Chapter Summary

Jason regrets everything.

Chapter Notes

Because things like this exist.

Jason regrets everything.

“I'm so amazing it hurts.”

Mostly, though, Roy.

“I hate you.”

The countdown starts again, click as Roy pulls the trigger, and that goddamned "Excellent!"

“I'm going to kill Dick for giving you that,” he mutters, and Roy just laughs as he starts a new game.

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