Stuck

by zappedbysnow

Summary

Jason and Tim are stuck in a different universe: OURS.

They're hoping someone picks them up to get them home since they have no way of getting back. Meanwhile, they're doing their thing with limited resources and a lot of ingenuity. Oh and lots of sex.

Notes

This started as crack that blew up into several chapters of crazy shenanigans. The tags are filthy but they basically kick a lot of ass and do a lot of weird flirting but don't actually get down and dirty until halfway into the story. Also, Jay's a ginger, in case you don't like that.

This is complete. No need to wait for updates. The link leads to tumblr masterpost, including art by myself and other artists. Apologies in advance because I don't know how to link to tumblr any other way.

Chinese translation by Lengyu at this link.

This link leads to the Stuck masterpost on tumblr. Happy reading.
See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

“Holy fucking God!”

The absolute horror in Jason’s voice had Tim running and bursting into their rented hotel room, both at the ready, eyes scanning for assassins, ninja, cops… Yes cops. This is Jason he was with after all.

Seeing no one but his brother sitting in front of the newly bought laptop with a horrified expression made Tim narrow his eyes. Anything that could put that expression on the Goddamned Red Hood’s face was reason to be wary. “What happened? What the hell are you yelling about?”

“I–uhh… This!” Jason pointed accusingly at the screen like it was the Joker.

Tim strode towards the laptop, steeling himself for the onslaught of horrible, disgusting, terror–

Jason pushed into him hard, grinding his hips, making Tim moan. ‘Harder… Please…”

“What the–” Tim stared, commanding himself to stop reading but his stupid brain kept chug-chugging along, blame his superb speed-reading skills– ‘Fuck me–Harder, Jay… Yes… Yes! Ahh… Fuck…” – even as heat rose to the tips of his ears. “What the hell is th–that?!”

Seeing his dilemma, Jason dutifully turned the laptop around, breaking his eye-contact with the infernal porn–err–machine. “They call it Fanfiction.”

“Fanfiction?! That’s ridiculous! Why the hell would someone write –por–fan anything about us?!”

“Apparently, in this chunk of the multiverse… We’re comic book heroes.” Red Hood deadpanned. Tim’s jaw dropped. “I Googled our names. The closest thing we come to being real are cosplayers… Probably. Oh and Jensen Ackles as me, in some animated movie.”

“Animated movie?!” Tim slumped against the desk, leaning his jean clad hip to keep himself from falling over. “We’re dead! I’m going to be stuck here! With you! Of all people!”

Jason glared at him. “What the hell is wrong with me? I saved your fucking life a few hours ago!”

“By throwing us into an interdimensional gateway!” Tim countered, not the least bit impressed.

A few hours ago, they’d been fighting some evil scientist trying to merge different universes together. Jason was setting up bombs while Tim fought robots and kept Mr. Scientist busy. But then the guy flipped a switch and started firing lasers from different hidden compartments in his lab.


In an unexpected chain reaction, the lasers fried the robots. Was about to fry Tim too but Jason jumped him (No. Not that kind of jump!) and sent them both crashing into the interdimensional gateway that was whirling behind them.

They landed at the Gotham docks. Exactly where the lab would’ve been, had it been in another dimension. A cleaner, more peaceful dimension where capes didn’t exist except in comics, movies and… Porn.

Fuck it all.
“Let’s hope Batman got my message before we went all Ben 10 Omniverse on him…” Tim pinched the bridge of his nose. They had some cash but it won’t last long. They already bought a change of clothes, a laptop and paid for a hotel room. They had no idea how long they’d be stuck there or if they can even get back. “I hope he figures out how to pull us out of here. Or we may be here for a long time. Maybe forever. Ugh!”

“We’ll figure something out.” Jason replied rather calmly that made Tim stare at him. The older man shrugged. “No use dwelling on that now. We may need to move out of here and look for a cheaper place to hole in as soon as possible though. I only have a few hundred on me.”

“Me too.” He replied and let out a chuckle at the absurdity of the situation. At Jason’s raised eyebrow, he smiled. “Figures if I get sucked into dimensional rifts, it’d be with someone with no superpowers. Never been lucky like that.”

Jason’s eyes narrowed. “Well, I’m sorry you’re stuck with me and not your alien clone boy!”

Tim punched him in the shoulder. “I was thinking Zatana or Dr. Fate or anyone who can get us out of this mess, you idiot!”

“Oh.” Jason perked up. “Zatana would’ve been nice. Yeah.”

Tim laughed, imagining the sexy magician with those fishnet stockings. “Uh-huh…”

“Well, who knew you were such a perv, Boy Virgin?” Jason guffawed and slapped him on the thigh. Then he proceeded by turning the laptop back to face Tim as he stood up. “Here. Read some self-porn while I get us something to eat.”

Tim’s eyes locked onto the damn words again. *There! Right there… Oh god, Jason… That feels so… Ah. Fuck…*

“Are you coming?” Jason asked from the door.

It took Tim three seconds to register that it was the real Jason asking, not the one in the story that said the exact same words. Tim tore his eyes away from the screen, face heating up as he stared at the damn guy. “I’m coming!”

Jason smirked. “Already, Timmy?”

“Oh fuck you, Jay.”

Jason slung an arm over his shoulder and drawled by his ear. “You already did, remember?”

“Shut up.”
Diets and Plans

Chapter Summary

Tim couldn’t quite see Jason applying as a dishwasher or busboy at a diner. He’d probably Frisbee plates at idiot customers and they couldn’t afford bail or a lawyer.

While walking two blocks from the hotel to the park, Tim was more than a little amazed at this alternate version of Gotham. The smog and that distinct smell of something else that seemed to cling in the air was reduced to more than 50% that it was almost unnoticeable. Also, the people weren’t so grim and best of all, there were no supervillains on top of regular scum that roamed the streets. Well, not that he knew of after 10 hours of being there. After all, Jason did say that all the capes were just comic book heroes here. But if this was true, if they did get stuck here, did that mean they were going to retire the cowl and helmet too?

He wouldn’t mind hanging up his cape for a while. He’d done that a while back when he was Robin. But if he did, he wouldn’t know what to do with himself. Not here, anyway. There was no Wayne Industries or school to take up his patrol. No friends or girlfriend or family to give his free time to. And without any credentials, he didn’t even know if he could find a decent job, and they badly need rent money and food.

He couldn’t quite see Jason applying as a dishwasher or busboy at a diner. He’d probably Frisbee plates at idiot customers and they couldn’t afford bail or a lawyer. Bruce… You better find us before Jason loses his patience with this dimension.

Speaking of Jason, his brother was currently walking with purpose, long strides eating the pavement in pursuit of his goal… The Chilidog Stand.

“Ah. Now here we are!” He announced proudly, smiling at the two ladies who just paid the hotdog vendor and who couldn’t seem to help smiling back at the tall man in the leather jacket. “Ladies.”

Tim disguised his snicker with a cough at the giggles that low husky voice got in return. Jason can be just as charming as Dick and Bruce, a feat of rakishness that Tim has never quite mastered.

“I’ll have three chilidogs and two cokes.” Jason told the middle aged man behind the cart and rubbed his palms in glee as if he could already taste them.

“I’ll just have a salad over th–”

“What the fucking salad are you talking about? Are you a damn rabbit or something?!”

“I like salads. They’re healthy…”

“That’s why you’re so fucking puny, is why.” Jason interjected, as if that made any sense, then he turned to the vendor. “Give him two chilidogs. He could use some meat on his bones.”

“The meat on my bones are fine, Jay.”

“You could use ten more pounds. Goddamn salads. I’m going to stuff you with meat until you grow.” He thrust the first chilidog into Tim’s hands. “Here. Take it. That’s my soul you’re holding
right there so don’t waste it.”

Tim eyed the chilidog wearily and tried not to think about clogged arteries and cholesterol levels. Unlike Dick who seem to have been gifted with good genes, he wasn’t so sure about his biological family’s medical history.

“Don’t just stare at the damn thing! Eat.”

The gruff command came in that low growl that reminded Tim of Batman that he automatically bit into… *Oh damn.* He was going to die. *It tastes good…* Jason was slowly going to kill him with street food. Because he was going to get addicted to this and he was going to die of a heart attack before he was twenty-one!

The grin and squeeze of approval at his nape was almost worth the slow death.

“So, how is it?” Jason asked, eyebrows raised expectantly before taking a huge mouthful of his own chilidog.

“Good.” Tim muffled around the food in his mouth. He swallowed and ordered a diet coke for himself before taking another bite. No use racking up his blood sugar along with his cholesterol.

“You’re creeping me out with your diet food obsession.” Jason got the paper bag with rest of their orders and paid the vendor before continuing. “Not that you weren’t creepy before, Boy Stalker.”

Tim choked on his chilidog and coughed like a dying dog until Jason gave him a couple of hard thumps on the back, laughing all the while, the bastard. Then he took Tim by the chin and let him sip his not-diet-coke. “Drink slowly, kid.”

When Tim was sure he wasn’t near death, he punched Jason’s bicep. Hard. “Don’t spout out stupid things like that when I’m eating,”

Jason kept right on snickering and looped a meaty arm over his shoulder, pulled him in and gave him a noogie. “Oh but I bet you liked me in green panties, Boy Stalker.”

“Shut up.” Tim elbowed the Jason’s floating rib and was let go with a yelp.

“Remind me again why I agreed to team up with you?” He asked when he’d put an arm’s length between them. It was a good thing the park wasn’t so crowded. People were giving them amused looks as it was.

“Because you had a man-crush on me since you were an itty-bitty boy.” Jason taunted grinning. “Not that you actually grew much or anything.”

The heat creeping up his face was due to anger. *Yes. Anger. Goddamnit.* This was no time for blushing, only justice. “When we get out of here, I’m never working with you again. No more sharing intel. No cracking damn codes. No hacking into secret databases. Nada. Zip.“

”Aw. Come on, Baby Bird.”

“Stop calling me that…” He hissed through gritted teeth. He will never admit to any one of his brothers that the nickname gave him warm fuzzies along with horrid embarrassment.

“Tim. Timmers. Timmy!” Jason all but whined, following Tim like a wounded puppy. “I was just messing with you.”
Tim flopped onto an empty park bench. Jason followed suit, setting his bag of food on his other side so he could sit within Tim’s personal space. The guy had the annoying older brother shtick down to a T.

“You can’t give me the silent treatment. I just gave you my soul.”

He was not going to smile. He really wasn’t. “It’s a chilidog.”

“It’s a physical representation of my soul. And you’ve already consumed half of it.” He stared mulishly at Tim’s half eaten chilidog. “There’s no giving it back.”

Tim’s lips almost twitched. “You have three more in that bag, Jay.”

“It’s not the same. They’re soulless knock-offs.”

Tim snickered. He couldn’t help it. “You’re crazy.”

Jason grinned. “And that’s why you love me. Even if I wear pants now.”

Tim punched him in the shoulder again. “Shut up.”

“Stop blushing and I’ll stop.”

“I’m not blushing.”

“You’re cheeks pink. It’s cute.”

“Oh fuck you, Jay.”

Jason smirked. “You already did. Remember?”

Tim smacked his forehead. “Shut up with that too.” Where is that damn heart attack when I needed it?!

Jason just laughed and reached over to take the soda can from Tim’s hand also holding the chilidog and opened it before handing it back to him. “You finish that and have another. Then we’ll go look for a place to live. I’m not looking forward to living on the streets again.”

“Then we need to find a job.” He replied, taking a sip of his coke. “Bat– Bruce can come pick us up anytime but it could take a while and I’m not taking any chances. Going broke in a place where we don’t even exist is not high in my priority list.”

“Yeah.” Jason smirked. “However will we buy your salads and diet soda that way?”

“Shut up with the salad already.” Tim chuckled. “How come you don’t rib Dick with his cereal obsession?”

“Dickie-bird is a genetic abomination.” Jason replied in all seriousness. “He can live on cereal and still look butt-ass-tic.”

Tim almost spit his soda. “You didn’t just say butt-ass-tic.”


The visual came after Jason said the last line and Tim could feel the tips of his ears heat up.
Jason’s humor was… Crude. And dirty most of the time. But he never fails to make Tim laugh. Even when he was embarrassed as hell. “Stop corrupting my brain, Jay.”

“Just think of me a sentient learning virus, Baby Bird. I’ll keep corrupting that big brain of yours and you can keep fighting me but eventually you’ll learn.”

He narrowed his eyes. “Learn what?”

Jason smirked. “That being corrupted by me is good.”
Troubled Tim

Chapter Summary

Tim was torn between amusement and disbelief. “How can you read that thing? It’s like… Self-porn.”

“Oh, shit.” Tim eyed the small sofa wearily. He hadn’t thought of it all day because he was too preoccupied with everything else.

Being in a different dimension where you’re a fictional character can do that to a guy. Give him a break.

But now he was more than a little pissed for not having thought about it. He really should’ve inspected the damn room before they rented it.

Wait. Maybe he could…

“Jason.”

“Yeah?” The man replied absent-mindedly, not even looking up from the laptop.

Tim cringed at the screen. Not that again… “Tell me that’s not–”

Jason did look up this time, smirking. “Yes it is. Some of these are pretty good. And hot. They write you pretty hot—”

“Lalalalaaaaa– I’m not listening…”

Jason snickered. “Well at least some of these things got you right, Boy Virgin.”

“Oh fuck you, Jay.”

“I was getting to that part. You were ripping my clothes off.”

The bastard ducked away from the throw pillow to his face, laughing.

Tim was torn between amusement and disbelief. “How can you read that thing? It’s like… Self-porn.”

“No. Self-porn is when you fuck yourself and that’s kind of not possible in this dimension since we’re purely fictional here.” Jason deadpanned then grinned. “The other option would have to be masturbating and sticking–”

Tim groaned. “Noooo. Shut up, Jay. God. What the hell did I do to deserve this?!?”

“You’ve been too much of a good boy, Timmy. You’re being rewarded with a vacation of indeterminable time frame with your most favorite person in the world.”

“Being stranded indefinitely without resources is not my idea of a damn vacation and you are not my favorite person in the world, Jay.” Tim suppressed a wince at the harshness of his tone.
The older man stilled and there was a flash of hurt there that was gone as soon as it appeared. Except Tim caught it. Blame his internal ‘Bat-ness’.

Damn. Now he felt guilty.

Jason had been more than patient at all that happened, with that stupid scientist with his stupid robots and stupid lasers and the damn interdimensional gateway… In fact, Jason had been downright jovial all the way, treating their ‘indefinite vacation’ like an adventure and not even blowing a fuse at the fact that they may never get home. So if Jason wanted to read self-porn… Erр… Fanfiction of hims–whoever he wants, Tim needed to suck it up.

“Sorry.” He amended biting his lip to keep himself from blurting out more stupid things.

“Yeah well.” Jason’s half-smile didn’t quite reach his eyes. “I know I’m no one’s favorite person. Don’t worry about it.”

“That’s not true…”

“Really, now…” This time the smile was indulgent as if daring him to back it up. “Name one…”

“Oh… Come on, brain. Don’t fail me now…"

Jason snickered. “Ooh. You really backed yourself into a corner on that one, Red.”

“Well, at least you’re not alone in that corner.” He wasn’t anyone’s favorite person either. Not even by the person who’s top on his list.

“Don’t lump yourself in with me, Wonder Boy.” Jason crossed his arms over his chest and leveled a look at him. “I’m sure the clone won’t agree.”

“I’m sure Cassie won’t agree to being 2nd on Kon’s list either.” Tim smiled, relieved that the tension had eased up. “Besides, why else do you think we’re partners? I’m an afterthought. People come to me when they have no one else to ask.”

“I always go to you first.”

“Only coz you can’t go to the big three.” That being Batman, Nightwing and Oracle. Tim sat at the edge of the bed, an arm’s reach away from the small desk Jason had put the laptop on.

“No.” Jason objected turning to face him fully. “Because I like you more.”

“Good one, Jay.” He laughed though he felt a not so small bubble of happiness at the statement. “Now… Since you like me so much,” He pulled out a coin from his jeans’ pocket. “Heads or tails?”

A cock of the head. “What for?”

“The bed.” He patted the mattress of the double bed. They’d probably fit in there squeezed together but with Jason’s six foot two frame and massive shoulders and if the man slept on his back, Tim’s five foot nine lean ass would fall off the damn bed. Plus, Tim had a… Problem. “So, heads or tails?”

“No. We’ll share the bed.” Jason declared. “I sure as hell won’t fit in that couch and I’m not sleeping on the damn floor.”

“We won’t fit.”
“Yes, we will. We’ll sleep on our sides.” Jason looked at him then must’ve read something in his expression and grinned wide. “Don’t judge me coz I read porn, Virgin Wonder. Your virtue is safe with me.”

Tim kicked the leg of his chair and smirked when Jason fell over with a hard thud.

—

“Come on, Baby Bird. Lights out. I have a job interview tomorrow.” Jason turned on his side, back to him.

Tim resolutely stared at the bed and Jason’s broad back. God. He could only hope he doesn’t do what he does in his sleep. Jason didn’t need more ammo to taunt him with, thank you very much.

He placed himself at he edge of the bed and laid on his side. Even with a foot of space between them, he could feel Jason’s warmth.

_Goddamn. It’s cold even with the blanket. Sleep, Tim. Don’t move. Just sleep._

—

He woke up slowly. So warm, relaxed and content where he was that he didn’t want to leave the last dregs of semi-consciousness. He moaned against his pillow. Burrowing his face against it… _Firm… Why is my pillow so firm?_

_Oh god._ His eyes shot open. And he all but leapt five feet in the air if strong arms hadn’t held him down.

“You’re like a damn puppy.” Said the sleep roughened voice just above his head. Jason was chuckling.

Tim groaned, pushing his hand trapped between them at the firm warm chest. “Let me go, Jason.”

“Good morning to you too, Timmers.”

_Nope._ He did not like Jason’s fingers ruffling of his hair. _Really._

“Grumpy puppy.” He could hear the amusement there and see it when Jason moved a little to look at him with a soft smile but didn’t completely let him go.

Tim winced. They were on their sides, facing each other. Some time ago, Tim’s head was probably tucked under Jason’s chin, one hand on his chest and his arm loped over Jason’s waist. Jason, for his part, had one arm slung over Tim’s waist and his other leg over Tim’s thigh like he was some sort of hotdog pillow. His other hand, above Tim’s head, was scratching his dark, longish hair.

_Damn it to hell._

“Did you know, you stuck yourself to my back like a leech last night?” The sleepy smile and the morning stubble looked good on him but Tim still wanted to get up, up and away.

_Now I sound like Superman. Geez._

“And when I turned over you burrowed yourself against me like a puppy seeking warmth. Do you do that to everyone?”

“That’s why I don’t sleep with anyone on the bed.”
Jason looked like he had some sort of epiphany. “That’s why you always sleep on my sofa when you crash at my place. Or Dick’s. Holy shit. You’re a cuddler!”

Tim grit his teeth and narrowed his eyes dangerously while ignoring the warmth that stirred in his belly at the feel of Jason’s hand rubbing over his lower back. He was irritated, morning wood notwithstanding. Damn. That feels good. No. No. Goddamn. “I get cold. Then for some reason, I just stick to whoever’s with me on the bed that’s warm. I’m not even aware of doing it. Just found out when I—”

Jason’s eyebrows raised. “When you—?”

“I was sleeping over at Kon’s and—”

“You cuddled up to him?” Jason snickered.

Tim growled. “I will gut you in your sleep.”

“Sure. If you can stop cuddling me.” Jason laughed and rolled them over when Tim made a move to punch him. Then he scrambled off the bed to the bathroom, leaving Tim lying on his back seething. “We’ll buy a nice sturdy bed for the new place later.”

“Two beds, Jason!” The stupid pillow hit the bathroom door instead of his intended target.

Jason poked his head out from inside the bathroom and grinned. “We can’t afford two. Don’t worry, Baby Bird. We’ll get a big one.”
Jason gave him that smile that made Tim think he’d just won the gold medal in some chilidog eating contest. “Did I tell you I love that brain of yours?”

“Honey! I’m home!”

Tim shook his head in amusement as Jason walked into their hotel room. He was looking a bit more presentable in the blue button down shirt and jeans they bought at a thrift store yesterday. Though, it didn’t escape him that Jason had rolled the sleeves up to his elbows even when he specifically told him not to. He only hoped it was done after the job interview. First impressions and all that…

Jason sat on the edge of the desk, forcing Tim to scrape his tools and gadgets away from the man’s not-so-offending butt. “So?”

Jason met his eyes solemnly. “I…”

Tim bit back a sigh. “It’s okay, Jay. He wanted to say. There will be other jobs…”

“Got the job.”

He blinked. “Wut?”

Jason laughed, reached both hands and at Tim utmost irritation, pinched both his cheeks. “I got the job! You are looking at the new ‘logistics specialist’—”

“Delivery man.”

Jason pointedly ignored him. “Of Ventura Cargo Services. Can you believe that? I told you it was a piece of cake!”

“You did.” Tim wanted to smile but smiling hurt when stupid grown men were pinching his cheeks. He gripped Jason’s wrists and tugged. “Leggo of my face, Jason.”

“But you have such a cute wittle face, Timmy poo.” Jason taunted and alternately pulled up and down on each hand that Tim was sure his face would have Jason’s thumbprints later. “We need to celebrate this momentous occasion with chilidogs and pizza. This is my first real job, ya know. Well, apart from vigilante-ism… Is that even a word? And being kingpin when I took over Gotham’s underworld.”

“Right.” Tim said through aching cheeks as he eyed the screwdriver on his swiss army knife. He understood right then Damian’s fixation for stabbing annoying people. “Let go, Jay.”

Jason puckered his lips at him. “You’re getting real good with the Damian impression, baby bird.” Then quickly let go when Tim picked up his knife. He grinned, hands raised in surrender. “The stabbing part, not so cute.”
Tim rubbed his sore face. “I hate it when people pinch me.”

“Really? How about if they poke you?” At Jason’s pointed finger, Tim raised the knife again. “Okay. No poking the baby bear who hasn’t gotten his morning porridge.”

“It’s because Red Riding Hood wolfed it down before he got out of the bath.”

“Red Riding Hood was hungry! And he had an job interview. It’s hard to think with an empty stomach, ya know.”

“It’s hard to think with an empty head, Jay.”

"Hey!"

Jason narrowed his eyes at him in mock anger and Tim snickered. Then the bastard grinned again and ruffled his hair. "Hey! Damn it, Jason!"

After some hand swatting, Jason finally sat back on the desk and peered at the laptop. "What have you been up to?"

“I just finished setting up the comlink to work with the laptop.” He handed one of the ear pieces to Jason. “It’s riding on radio frequency so it’s not secure but it beats needing a cellphone that we can’t afford. Also, I bought some stuff at that pawnshop a block away for parts and tweaked the homing device so it’s broadcasting at a wider range. So if Bruce and the others drop in anywhere near Gotham, they’ll know where to find us.”

Tim was sure Jason caught the ‘if’ in his sentence. He did not use ‘when’ because he didn’t want to expect rescue and be disappointed.

Jason gave him that smile that made Tim think he’d just won the gold medal in some chilidog eating contest. “Did I tell you I love that brain of yours?”

Stop it with the warm fuzzies, chest. “Not today, Jay.”

“Well, I love that big brain of yours.” Jason said again, smiling. Then pinched the tip of Tim’s nose playfully. He drew his hand back and stuck out his tongue before Tim could swat him.

*I fucking mean it, chest. You too, stomach. Stop it.* "Uh-huh. Well, we need to be out of here in an hour and a half or we’ll be charged another day. Why don’t you help me pack up and we’ll grab a bite to eat before we head over to the loft?"

“Ya know, when you say it like that, it sounds like some fancy secret base. Like ‘The Cave’ or ‘The Watchtower’.” Jason dramatically swept a hand in the air. “The Loft.”

Tim chuckled and stood up. “Too bad we don’t have the gadgets and the awesome computers to go with it.”

Jason put an arm over his shoulder. “It has us. That should be enough.”

Tim felt that stupid warm fuzzies again, well, until Jason opened his damn mouth and added,

“I can be ‘The Awesome’ and you can be ‘The Computer’.”

“Ha ha. Very funny, Jay.”
Reboot My Brain, Please

Chapter Summary

“You’re still eating half of that burger. I think you burned a hundred cals with all that laughing.”

“But Jason–!”

“Shut up and eat, baby bird. Don’t make me go over there and spank you.”

“How do people expect to sleep when they’re broke from buying a damn bed?” Jason side-eyed the queen-sized bed at the furniture shop. “I know I won’t be able to sleep.”

Tim pursed his lips together to keep from snickering. He never figured Jason to be a ‘smart shopper’, mental quotation marks provided accordingly. The man refused to pay for anything he can buy cheaper but in good quality.

“You know what,” Jason stood tall, feet braced with hands on his hips in that stance that’d make Superman proud. “ditch the bed. Let’s sleep on the floor.”

“What?” He seemed to be doing that a lot lately. Jason was giving him brain freeze…

Due to my extreme coolness. He could almost hear the other man reply though he was standing right there.

Oh great. My brain is officially fried.

Because I’m too hot for ya, Prude Wonder. Tim groaned and smacked himself on the forehead. I need a new brain.

The real Jason raised a finger to stop whatever protest he had from leaving his mouth, totally oblivious to Tim’s subconscious wonder woes. “Let’s just buy a big mattress. It’s cheaper and more practical.”

Tim just smiled. When Jason got like this, it was better just to let him run with it.

“We can just lean it on the wall and we’ll have more room when we’re not sleeping. Better for the back too.” He smiled winningly in the way Tim had little defense against. “Whaddya say, baby bird? I’ll even sweep the floors twice for good measure.”

Tim grinned. “I think we better put that sweeping the floors bit in writing.”

“Oh fuck you.” It was said on reflex with little heat. Jason slung an arm over his shoulder and steered him one aisle over to the mattresses. “You can pick the sheets. Just don’t pick those fugly flower patterns or I’ll shoot you.”

—

So they bought two chairs and a table, a small electric stove, kitchen utensils, toiletries and a
plastic box that’ll serve as a closet because having their clothes in an old duffel bag was nice and all for quick getaways, but could get real old when they’re trying to find things to wear that didn’t look like something the dog rolled in.

“Do you want a coffee maker?” Jason asked as they made a last run through the store. “You get real scary without the coffee, Timbo. Although a kettle and a fine sieve will do the same thing. Ya know, measure the amount you need into the sieve and pour hot water directly into it to the cup. Works same as a coffee maker with less hassle and electric bill.”

*Impressive.* He never actually thought about it like that. “Where’d you learn that?”

“A barista.” Jason smirked. “Don’t look at me like that. I only had his coffee… Nothing else.”

“Uh-huh. Pull the other one, Jay. It’s plays Lady Gaga.” He said in amusement, making Jason laugh. His arm was still comfortably slung over Tim’s shoulder as they walked and Tim kind of liked it. It made him feel that stupid warm thing at the pit of his stupid belly.

He knew Jason swung both ways and was never short on both ends whenever he wanted. The guy gets around but thankfully never while on a mission. And though he teases Tim mercilessly, it was never more than that. He was thankful for it, because he wouldn’t know what to do with the attention and had a fear that it would jeopardize their well-oiled (kind of) partnership.

“But if you really want a coffee maker, we can still afford it. I think…”

“Nah. It’s fine. We should get a thermos though.” Tim ran through his mental list of things to buy at the grocery. “We should get the stuff delivered and head them off after we buy groceries.”

Two hours later, they were at 'the loft', an 8x6 meter empty garage with a 4x6 meter half-floor that would serve as their sleeping quarters. The place was dusty as hell and Tim was glad he bought all those cleaning supplies.

Their stuff was delivered shortly after they arrived and everything was dumped on the ground floor. Tim winced as the dust puffed up in a way that would’ve made Alfred have an aneurism.

“So… You wanna have that chilidog now… Or later?” Jason asked as they stared resolutely at the swirling dust around them.

“I think… I have a headache.”

—

“Let’s clean upstairs first.” Jason threw him a broom and laughed when Tim twirled it like his bo. Amused, he threw the mop at him too and grinned wide when Tim twirled them both, expertly twisting like the damn ninja he was. Because he can. “Show off.”

Tim grinned back and slung both the broom and mop over his shoulder to head upstairs. “Bring the bucket and the soap.”

They worked efficiently together, only exchanging words when needed. It suited Tim just fine. Though he had to admit, Dick’s cheerful personality would’ve been welcome after two hours of scrubbing floors and windows.

By late afternoon, the 2nd floor was gleaming. The floor swept, soaped, scrubbed, dried and waxed and Tim ached in places he never did when he trained with the Bat. He was almost done scrubbing the ground floor when Jason yelled. “Bathroom’s clean! I’m hungry!”
Tim turned to find Jason standing outside the bathroom in only his boxers. The damn guy looked good covered in sweat and grime. He envied all those muscles packed in that tall body. He was built like a brick and strong as an ox. Tim consoled himself with the thought that Jason probably didn’t smell as hot as he looked because it wasn’t fucking fair if he could look good dirty and smell good too. He tore his eyes away from Jason’s sexy bod—Wait… Did he say sexy? And hot? What the hell?!

“I’m gonna go take a bath and buy us some food, okay?” Jason called from upstairs. “Unless you feel like cooking?”

“I can’t hear you!”


Few minutes later, he was out and dressed in clean jeans and a t-shirt. “We need to wash clothes. I only have one clean pair of jeans left.”

“Later. There’s a laundromat across the street. What?” Tim didn’t trust that smile.

“You look like something the cat dragged in.” The bastard sniffed him. “Almost smells like it too.”

“Get out before the mop meets your face, Jason.”

Jason laughed and ruffled his hair. “Later, Cindy!”

_Cindy?_ Tim turned to catch Jason exit the side door. Then it hit him. The ass called him Cindy-fucking-rella.

—

When Tim got out the bathroom, he could smell food mixed with the lemony scent of cleaning supplies they used all afternoon. There was some grungy rock playing from what he guessed was Jason’s phone and he could hear water running from the sink in the small kitchen downstairs.

The landlord said the building had been long closed because no one wanted to rent an unfurnished place that’s not really an apartment and no one wanted to run small businesses in the neighborhood anymore after the mall was built a few blocks away. The apartment buildings nearby were mostly five floors up or higher and the people around were relatively peaceful in the lower middle class neighborhood. Tim had yet to encounter a mugging since they got there. As he put on a clean change of clothes, he realized, he didn’t mind living there, for however long it takes, if only he could find a job.

He hung his towel over the loft railing and went downstairs to find Jason washing dishes and stacking them to the side of the sink, using one of the glasses to hold the spoons and forks. It made him smile. The Red Hood doing dishes wasn’t something the Gotham underworld would likely see every day.

“Hey. Princess is all clean, I see.”

And there goes the fond thoughts he had of the Red Hood. “What’d you get?”

He rooted through the paper bags atop the plastic table that they bought for the kitchen and was surprised to find a big tall glass full of greens.

“Got you some rabbit food. Figured you deserved a treat for being such a hard worker.” Jason’s
wry smile didn’t quite cover the man’s embarrassment over doing something nice for him.

“Thanks, Jay.” Tim grinned and took out his salad and found the dressing was one he preferred too. Trust Jason to be observant over the littlest things, even if he was being an ass.

Two plates were set in front of him, along with a Zesti for him and a beer for Jason. The rest of the food was unpacked and Tim bit his lip at the humongous burger that was plunked on his plate.

“You eat that with your salad, Puny Wonder.”

“I can’t finish that.”

Jason opened his packed burger and leveled a look at him. “Yes, you can.”

“No. I can’t. Jason, it’s as big as the plate!”

Jason snickered. “Okay. Three quarters then.”

“No.” He tried to stare the other man down but it was hard to keep a straight face when Jason was smiling. For an asshole, his smile was infectious.

“Fine. Half and that’s it, Timbo. You’re going to eat half of that or…” Jason looked around obviously for something to threaten him with. “Or… You’re sleeping on the floor.”

“We are sleeping on the floor, Jay. We don’t have a bed, remember?”

“No. You’re sleeping on the floor. Not the mattress.”

_Don’t laugh, Tim._ “When were we married again?”

“Don’t give me that sass, mister. Be happy I’m not forcing you into performing your marital duties.” Jason shot back with a straight face and a nod.

He lost it. _Stupid Jason and his stupid sense of humor._ Now his face hurt from laughing so hard.

“You done?” Jason looked damn pleased with himself.

Tim gave up trying to stop smiling. _Goddamnit._

“You’re still eating half of that burger. I think you burned a hundred cals with all that laughing.”

“But Jason—!”

“Shut up and eat, baby bird. Don’t make me go over there and spank you.”

Now all he could see was Jason wearing curlers and an apron, brandishing a ladle to spank him with and Tim laughed all over again. _Need. New. Brain._

—

“You want to go on patrol tomorrow?” Jason stretched out on the mattress as Tim shot Iron Man with an arrow to the face.

“I thought we were going to lie low?” Tim squinted at the laptop. _Damn you, Tony._

“Just to get the lay of the land, Red. Come on.”
“Goddamnit. That didn’t even go through his shield.” Tim scrunched up his face. *Hawkeye needs more attack ISO.* He shot at Iron Man again. “Take that, damn you!”

Jason peered into the laptop from behind. Tim could feel his body heat and it took a lot of willpower not to lean into it. The place was damn cold at night.

“You’re playing games on facebook, Tim.”

“You’re very observant, Jay.”

“Pfft… So? You wanna go on patrol tomorrow night?” Jason asked again. A warm blue blanket with Jason’s lingering body heat engulfed Tim and made him look at the man. “You have goosebumps on your skin.”

*Darn it. Now I have goosebumps in my chest too. How’s that possible?* “Thanks. There’s another blanket in the box.”

“Nah. I’m fine.” He dropped back on the mattress again and Tim really had to stop staring at Jason’s stupidly handsome stubbled face. *Goddamn. Why is this happening?* If he knew prolonged exposure to Jason could cause brain damage and his pre-pubescent man-crush to resurface, he should’ve just teamed up with Damian. *Or not.*

Those long muscular legs were giving him flashbacks of being tangled in them this morning. Jason’s hairy legs rubbing against his… *And No. Don’t fucking get goosebumps over that, Tim. Don’t even fucking go there.*

He hugged the blankets tighter while balancing the laptop in between his knees. “Okay. We’ll patrol tomorrow.”

“Great!” Leave it to Jason to be excited at the prospect of punching people’s faces in. “Now feel free to cuddle up to me while I’m asleep, baby bird. Don’t bother denying it because you know you’ll do it anyway.”

“Thank the laptop I’m not hitting you, Jay.”

“Thank you, laptop.” Jason replied dutifully. Tim yelped and would’ve jumped if not for the goddamn laptop on his knees when Jason’s arm snaked over his waist in a half hug.

Jason’s arm was resting above his crotch! *Don’t fucking panic! But… But… Jason’s arm!* “What the hell are you doing?” *Oh good. At least his voice sounded normal.*

“Saving you the trouble of being embarrassed to cuddle up to me.” Jason grinned and scooted closer so he was almost on his stomach with his arm draped over Tim’s crot–waist and his side pressed against Tim’s thigh. “Good night, baby bird.”

Tim swallowed a whimper. *This is bad.* But he was not cold anymore. So it was good too, right? *Damnit. He was so conflicted. Jason was breaking his brain.*

*Because you’re so in to me, but you’re in denial, Closet Wonder.*

"Okay…“ Tim bit the inside of his cheek. This domesticity was surreal and damn funny. Like playing house. And no, he wasn’t the goddamn Mom.

"Hey.” Tim heard the whispered voice and felt the brush of breath at his temple. He made a sound of protest and burrowed into the comforting warmth engulfing him and heard a low chuckle. “Okay. Breakfast can wait then.”

“Hmm.” Was all he managed then fell asleep again.

When he woke up, he was alone in bed, uhh–mattress, but he was buried under warm blankets and pillows. There was even one over his butt… And the one he hugged had Jason’s scent. Mmm…

He decided it was too early for him to be mortified so fuck it. He was going to enjoy his 2nd night of having more than 8 hours of sleep. A luxury for him seeing as college, work and vigilante-ism — Yes. That’s a word. Dammit!— occupied all his waking and supposed sleeping hours.

His nefarious plan to roll in bed all day was foiled with the scent of coffee and spam frying. His nose poked out from under the covers and his eyes shot open. He reached for his phone.

Holy shit. Ten Thirty-eight! Crap! He’d slept away the entire morning?!

The loft had a way of making him lose track of time as the windows were all in one side downstairs and the only window upstairs was a small square one high above his head.

His well abused muscles and joints popped as he stretched, then he grabbed his towel and headed to the bathroom.

He’d just gotten out and changed into cargo pants and a t-shirt when Jason opened the door to a blonde lady in jeans and a sweatshirt who eyed his brother with 80% googoo eyes and 20% trepidation.

“My dad said to give you this.” She bit her lip, looking up at Jason like she wasn’t sure if she should be scared or infatuated. She handed him some papers. “It’s the contract for renting the place.”

“Oh. Okay. Thanks. You need me to sign this now?” Jason smiled at her. The bastard knew exactly the effect he had on pretty ladies who looked at him like that. Tim rolled his eyes. “Why don’t you come in, Lisa. Take a seat and have some coffee while I read this through.”

The lady, who couldn’t be much older than Tim, stood awkwardly in the middle of their almost empty room except for the kitchen. Her eyes locked on Tim as he came down the stairs and immediately gave him a friendly smile. “Hi.”

Tim gave her Friendly Smile #3, reserved for new acquaintances that he didn’t want to threaten with broken fingers or a bloody nose. “Morning.”
“Oh hey! Sleeping Beauty’s up.” Jason chimed in cheerfully.

Ass.

“Lisa, this is Tim. Tim, this is Mr. Young’s daughter, Lisa, whose nice enough to drop these papers over. You got a pen? Can’t just lick the paper for DNA identification.”

He rolled his eyes. “In the belt. Third pouch on the right.”

“Okay. Be right back, Lisa.”

Tim watched Jason take the stairs 2 at a time. The bastard had damn long legs.

He pulled one of the plastic chairs at the kitchen table for Lisa. “Take a seat. I’ll get you some coffee.”

“You don’t really have to…”

“It’s no big. Here. You can use the Batman mug.” Tim grinned as he raised the mug for her to view. It was on sale and Jason had thought it was funny that it came with a Robin and Nightwing one too.

See? We’re not in the cute little tea set because only the nice and proper little boys drink tea and shit.

He poured the coffee from the kettle into the sieve he placed over the mug and handed it with the packets of creamer and sugar substitute to their guest along with a spoon.

We don’t need teaspoons, baby bird. Whatever that little fucker can do, the spoon can do better.

Tim cleared his throat to keep from smiling. Damn Jason.

Lisa gave him a smile and “Thanks.” in return.

Tim, ever used to awkward silences, busied himself with pouring his own coffee into the Nightwing mug, sniffing at the Robin one. Jason can have the little shit. Bwahahahaha!

“Um… Dad said you’re looking or a job? Maybe I can help? There are a few people hiring around town if you don’t mind manual labor.”

Tim smiled as he sat across from her on the table. They did tell the landlord they were looking for jobs just in case he could point them somewhere. “Jay’s already found one but I’m still looking.”

“I’ll keep an eye out.” Lisa seemed like one of those rare people that willingly extended their help to others. “What exactly is it that you do?”

And there it was. What can he do?

Most manual labor he did involved Nerve Strikes of Vengeance and Hard Fists of Justice.

“I’m good with electronics… And fixing things.”

“Like a handyman?”

Don’t snicker goddamnit.

“So you’re a technician slash mechanic then? Cool. There are a lot of people needing things fixed around campus all the time. I’ll spread the word.”

“Thanks.” He took a sip of his black coffee and almost sighed. It was good. Just another skill Jason was better at. Bastard.

Jason bounded down the stairs a couple of minutes later and handed Lisa the papers. A few more minutes of idle conversation and she left saying she’ll be late for class.

Tim narrowed his eyes at Jason’s smirk. “What?”

He wiggled his eyebrows at him above the rim of the Robin Mug. “She was so into you, Oblivious Wonder.”

“Nope. She was into you, Bread Hood.”

“Ha!” Jason smirked. “Are you suggesting a threesome?”

Tim sputtered his coffee. “Goddamnit, Jay!”

Jason’s laugh echoed throughout the loft.

—

Late in the afternoon, Jason went out to buy some ice across the street and came back with a two-foot cube styrofoam cooler.

“Where’d you get that?” Tim asked curiously looking up from the laptop.

“24-hour grocery store across the street. They were selling ‘em cheap. I wanted to buy some steaks, thought I’d cook tonight and realized we didn’t have a fridge. So…”

“Okay…” Tim bit the inside of his cheek. This domesticity was surreal and damn funny. Like playing house. And no, he wasn’t the goddamn Mom.

Jason grinned. “Just think of us as a poor newly married couple who eloped with nothing but the clothes on our backs.”

“That’s extremely melodramatic and stupid.”

“Happens everyday, kid.” Jason set the styro on the floor next to the sink so he could wash his hands. Wiping his hands on his jeans, he leaned against the sink facing Tim. “Let’s see… Your father found out you were pregnant and–”

“I can’t get pregnant, Jay.”

“Oh. Right.” Jason snickered, looking him up and down. “Your rich asshole father found out you were dating a deadbeat son-of-a-bitch and threatened to throw you out of the house if you didn’t leave him…”

“You do remember my rich asshole father is your rich asshole father too, right?”
“Details…” Jason scoffed. “And this is my story. Shut up. So… Scorned by your father, and terrified of leaving your boyfriend… You ask him to runaway with you…”

“With no money and just the shirts on our backs… I’m not an idiot.”

“You were in love. Being in love makes you stupid.”

“That’s just an excuse.”

Jason raised an eyebrow. “You’ve never been in love before, have you?”

Steph. Then maybe… Kon. Tim dropped an imaginary anvil on the thought. Die, evil vermin! Die!

He smirked. “Have you?”

“Touché.” Jason grinned. “Anyway, stop interrupting me. Goddamnit. Where was I?”

“I was about to do something stupid. Leave home to runaway with my deadbeat boyfriend?”

“Ah, yes. Well, he wasn’t so bad. He was poor, yes, but he’s a hard-worker. He fights for what he believes in and protects you from random scum after you virtue. Handsome too.”

Tim snickered and took a sip of his black coffee. Having nothing to do, no cases to solve, nothing to fix, this was the most fun he’s had all day. “So I still have my virtue, huh? I’m running away with a guy and I don’t even know if he can drive stick-shift?”

Jason gave him a meaningful look. “I can drive stick-shift just fine, baby bird. Wanna find out?”

Not now, stomach. He mentally doused the heat in there with cold water. “I don’t do tempt jobs, Jay.”

“Too bad.” Jason’s grin was wicked. “Guess I’ll just have to make you fall in lust with me.”

No. No, Tim. Shut up. “Good luck with that.”

He wanted to faceplant on the table. His hand wasn’t big enough to plant his stupid face in. Issuing a challenge like that to Jason of all people. Idiot.

Jason smirked and Tim felt that sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach along with that damn heat from before.

“I love challenges.”

Well fuck all. “I was kidding, Jay. Geez. Don’t lump me in with your harem.”

He jumped up when Jason made a move forward but the bastard moved too fast for a big guy. Jason caught him by the arm, used his own momentum to turn him over until he was caught in a headlock, pressed to the red-head’s side.

Damn Bat-training.

Fortunately, Jason’s not the only one Bat-trained.

Tim let instinct and training take over. He twisted, thrust his arm forward and up at Jason’s neck and grabbed his knee from behind with his other hand. He shifted and used his entire body to take Jason down.
They landed hard on the cement floor, Jason taking the brunt of it.

“Tim! Oww! Damn it!”

They wrestled. Jason had bulk and strength but Tim was flexible and fast, slinking and sliding and evading his brother’s grip easily. All those training sessions with Dick paid off. Way to go, chum. I’m an acrobat!

Now they were locked in a stalemate, Jason trying to pin him down, looming over him on his knees, head pressed right against Tim’s to keep the younger man from hanging on his neck on a choke. Tim squeezed his legs tight around Jason’s waist, pressing against his floating ribs.

“Nggn… You’re a damn, sadist, baby bird.” Jason’s voice was strained next to his ear, breathing heavily. “If we had less clothes, this would be downright sexy. If –nggh– you weren’t trying to choke – me.”

“You can always tap out…” Jason was right. The position was downright obscene. If he wasn’t so busy trying to choke the breath out of Jason, he’d be pretty ‘uncomfortable’ right now.

“Uhh… No.” Jason chuckled, warm breath tickling the side of his neck. “We’re at a stalemate, baby bird. The only options I have would draw blood and I-ughnhnn– don’t want to hurt you.”

“Of which I’m eternally grateful.” He snickered into Jason’s hair. His hand gripped tight at the back of Jason’s neck and his fist pressed at his throat. Jason was right though, if the older man wanted to end this, he wouldn’t hesitate to bang heads with Tim or use his fists and that could get real bloody because Tim won’t just lie back and take it.

Jason chuckled. “Why don’t we call this a draw… Mmm? God. You smell good.”

“Don’t come on to me or I’ll choke you for real, Jay.” He punctuated it with a squeeze of his thighs and pressed his fist harder at the red-head’s throat.

Jason’s low groan sent a wave of heat down Tim’s spine. “Fuck, Tim.”

He could feel himself growing… No. NO. “Okay. It’s a draw.” He let go quickly, intending to get as far away from that big warm body as possible.

Instead of getting up though, Jason collapsed on top of him groaning and buried his face at the crook of Tim’s neck.

“Jason!”

“Give me a minute.”

Damn it. Don’t think about how nice this feels. This is not good. Not good. Oh god. This is niiiiice… Well… Shit.

Jason finally planted his hands on either side of Tim’s head and pushed himself up, kneeling in between Tim’s legs and smiled down at him. They were both sweaty from rolling all over the floor and each other. “Good thing we cleaned the floor yesterday.”

Tim chuckled. “Consider whatever dirt that was left, totally wiped out.”

Jason stared at him for a while, smiling like he wanted to say something. Then he sighed and straightened, sitting on his ankles and held out his hand. “Come on, baby bird. Up.”
Tim let himself get pulled to sit and ducked his head when Jason ruffled his hair. He swatted his brother’s hand half-heartedly and got up. For a guy who was hitting on him five minutes ago, he keeps falling back to treating him like a ten-year-old real quick.

*Be thankful, idiot. It just means he’s only messing with you.*

*And don’t be fucking disappointed! Christ on a stick.*

He pulled Jason up to stand. After dusting himself, the man grinned wide. “Well, that was rather intimate. Wanna do that again?”

“How about my fist get intimate with your face?”

“Or not.” Jason let out a grunt and slapped his butt. “Get cleaned up, baby bird. Dinner’s in an hour.”

“Okay.” Tim hid his smile and ran up stairs. Damn if he didn’t catch Jason’s smile as the guy turned to face the stove.

Things were getting waaay too intimate–err–weird in their goddamn household.
Nuts

Chapter Summary

He knew at that moment that he should stay as far away from Tim’s cute and cuddly self because he was going to go nuts if he woke up everyday with his morning wood going from half hard to damn hard as fuck in less than a minute.

Chapter Notes

Intermission 1 in Jason's POV.

With art! Thanks for 20ld4this4real for commissioning this piece. [HERE](#). (nsfw)

Jason knew he was kind of crazy. Anyone who ran around beating people up in a costume had to be fucked up in some way, right? But he never knew how crazy he was until the other day when he’d woken up with an armful of Tim Drake, formerly Robin, now Red Robin and Jason’s current partner/roommate/bedmate in the literal sense of the word.

He knew at that moment that he should stay as far away from Tim’s cute and cuddly self because he was going to go nuts if he woke up everyday with his morning wood going from half hard to damn hard as fuck in less than a minute.

But did he? Noooo. Because he was nuts.

He was nuts and he insisted on buying a mattress and sleeping together. He was a fucking masochist and nutty as a fruitcake.

Tim, the Oblivious Wonder had no idea how much self-control Jason has. How he holds back the need to rub himself against that sleep relaxed body. To kiss him senseless and suck his tongue as he rocked them both to orgasm.

*Fuck.* Jason leaned his arm on the tiled bathroom wall, hot water beating against his back as his hand wrapped tight around his aching length.

*Fuck. Tim.* His hips bucked into his hand, Tim’s scent and warmth still all around him when he stumbled out of bed into the bathroom.

He bit his lip and swallowed a groan as his hand slid up and down his length, already leaking at the tip.

Like this, he can imagine Tim’s hand on him. Thumb brushing over the tip on the upstroke, face rubbing against his chest as he does in sleep.

He screws his eyes shut, lips parting on heavy breaths as the aching hot pulse of pleasure ran through him. His hand worked up and down, twisting in that delicious way that made is knees weak.
That’s it, Jay. Come for me. Come for me and I’ll lick you off. Clean you with my mouth and
tongue until you’re hard again. You want that, don’t you?

Fuck. Yes. He grinds into his fist. Tim’s soft, soft hair brushing against his neck, lips rubbing
against his skin. Then his mouth is on his collarbone… Sucking. Licking. Biting down. Come for
me, Jay. Come for me. Now.

Tim. Fuck. Yes…

He bucked in his hand. His vision whited out, lips parted on a silent scream.

His breath shudders out. Body still twitching in the aftershocks as his brain starts kicking in again.

God. He was nuts. He was torturing himself. He was crazy for wanting Tim. He wasn’t ready to
use that damned L word but there was no other way to describe this fucked up need to be with the
man. Just to be with him. Even if he had to do this everyday.

In secret. In silence. Because he didn’t want to creep him out. To disgust him. To leave him.

He leaned his back against the wall and let the water wash away the evidence. Only when the hot
water ran out did he move to reach for the soap.

He was fucking nuts. But he refused to be disgusted with himself.

If this was the only way he could have Tim. He will do this every fucking day because it was a hell
of a lot better than being without him.

Besides, no one he knew died of jacking himself off in the bathroom. Yet.
He barely heard Jason behind him— and really, who would’ve thought to dodge?— then he felt the sharp slap at the back of his head even through the armor of his cowl. “Tag, Condom Man.”

“Well… This is one of the most boring patrols ever.” Jason complained as they passed the tenth block from the loft with no crime happening at all.

“You’re complaining that no one’s getting mugged, raped or beat up?” Tim shouldn’t be amused but all of Jason’s quirks amused him in some way. Either that or made him want to pop a vein.

“It’s not that. I just need some action. Didn’t even get to beat up that stupid scientist. At least you got to kill some robots.”

“Sulking, Hood? Really?” Tim grinned as he shot a line to the next building.

He heard the distant “Fuck you.” as he swung to the next roof.

He barely heard Jason behind him— and really, who would’ve thought to dodge?— then he felt the sharp slap at the back of his head even through the armor of his cowl. “Tag, Condom Man.”

“Jason!” He hissed as his brother streaked over to the side and jumped to the next building, laughing all the while.

He scanned the area. *No crime in sight. Might as well.*

Smiling, he took off after Jason.

—

“Hup!” A low roundhouse to the side.

Jason jumped back, crouching low as he landed. His leg shot out in a sweep. Tim jumped forward to evade, hands outstretched, landing square on Jason’s head. “Tag.”

He heard Jason’s grunt and chuckle as Tim used his helmet as a springboard to flip and land a few feet away. “I’ll get you for that, Grasshopper!”

Tim laughed, already vaulting over to the next building. He knew that if he stopped, Jason would eat up the distance in a few seconds. Long legs and all that.

He was about to jump off another building when the wind was knocked out of him. Hard.

He flew a few feet back, Jason’s leather clad arm spanned his diaphragm. “Oomph!”

*Crap.* Back braced and chin tucked, he landed on the concrete with a thud. The armor took the brunt of the fall, along with the flat of his back. He slapped his palms on the floor to spring up but Jason dug his shoulder into his solar plexus, knee lodged in between his thighs in a way that made
his breath hitch and his jock a little uncomfortable.

If Jason’s helmet wasn’t in the way, his brother’s face would be pressed to the side of his. Breaths heavy from adrenaline, Tim closed his eyes behind the safety of the cowls lenses as Jason cupped the back of his neck and squeezed in a way that Tim could only describe as possessive.

“Tag.” The low rumble of that smoke-rough voice and the way Jason seemed to press into him instead of sprinting away made Tim’s usually fast brain freeze up like a damn 3Gig PC trying to run Warcraft.

He forced himself to turn his head. To assess the situation. But Jason leaned what could be the Helmet’s nose, if it had one, on Tim’s shoulder. “Give me a sec, baby bird. Don’t tag me back. You run real fast for a short dude.”

He punched Jason’s shoulder. His indignant ‘I’m not short!’ retort was cut off by cruel laughter from below.

“Leave us alone!” A female voice yelled out and more laughter came after it.

Jason was off him like a shot towards the sound and was jumping down the fire escape with bat-trained stealth that he landed with little more than thump.

Tim processed the scene the second he saw it as he ran after his partner.

Unlit street. Seven guys who took being a thug way up there in the filth chart and a terrified couple in the midst of the loose circle the thugs made.

*Well, hot damn. We made it to the Narrows.*

Wherever in the multiverse, it seemed that place never rose above this level scum.

“Just take the money. Please. And leave us be.” The lady in a trench coat offered her bag even as the man she was with pressed her behind him.

Hair pulled back. White stockings and white sensible shoes. Nurse. Or someone in the medical profession, was his assessment. The man she was with was possibly her…

_Husband._ He determined when he saw the ring on his left hand. If not hers then probably someone else’s. Either way didn’t matter, they were there to dole out some justice, not ponder on people’s love-lifes. Hell. He didn’t even have any.

“Thank you for the generous donation t’ our cause.” The burly dude said in mock gratitude as he tossed the bag to his pal. “Now we’ll be taking you as well while these two here take ‘im. They like ‘em pretty boys, ya know.”

The horror on the couple’s faces was enough to make Tim run faster. *Half a block. Just a little more. Damnit.*

One of the thugs reached out to grab the lady. His hand closed around her wrist from behind to yank her away.

“Aah!”

A dagger lodged itself so deep in the scumbag’s arm, Tim could see the tip’s point on the other side.
“A party and no one invited me? I’m crushed.” Jason’s voice rang out from the side. “Looks like I’ll just let myself join the fun.”

Tim smirked. The thugs barely had time to react before Jason was on them, fists flying.

He wanted to stand back and watch. Enjoy the show from the front–sidewalk– but really, he still had people to rescue.

“You’ll pay for that!” The burly thug yelled when Jason broke his nose.

“I can’t. Sorry. I’m broke.” Jason quipped, landing an solid kick to the guy behind him.

Tim pulled the couple back, ignored the widened eyes as he dodged the fist the man threw at him to protect his wife. “Call the police. We got this.”

The couple was still eyeing him like he was another lunatic.

_Really? Really?!_ That was their issue? Not the gang of rapists slash homicidal maniacs that wanted to take more than just their money? _Really?!_

“Call the police. Now.” He ordered in his best Batman voice and punctuated it with a bo to the head of the dude who tried to stab Jason from behind.

“Nice of you to join us, Red.” He could practically hear the smirk under the helmet. “Little feet take too many steps to get here?”

“Oh fuck you, Hood.”

—

Two more muggings and a drug deal later, they were back home, laughing as Jason tossed the duffel bag with his helmet, their gear and Tim’s cowl to the corner behind their plastic box ‘closet’.

Tim was wearing a long t-shirt over his suit, making him look like he was in tight pants and black boots, while Jason was in a hoodie to hide his upper body armor. The quick costume changes was done in a dark alley, on a fire escape ladder of an old abandoned building that used to have a barbershop on the ground floor.

They couldn’t do it in the loft as the place only had two exists, one of which was always closed; the front roll-up door, and the other which they used; is the side door. Both were not to be compromised.

“We should check if it’s better to use that little window.” Jason pointed to the two and a half foot square window, at about his eye level. "Though I don’t think I can fit.”

“I can chop you up and toss you out piece by piece.” Tim offered helpfully as he pulled the t-shirt over his head. He caught Jason staring with a little smile when he got out from under it. “What?”

“Nothing. Just admiring the view.”

The heat on his cheeks was from the cold. _Yep. It really is!_

Tim snorted and dropped on the floor to take off his boots. “If you want to take a bath first, go now and leave some hot water for me.”

Jason smiled and went to the direction of the duffel bag. “You go ahead. I still need to clean my
helmet.”

“My cowl too?” He smiled hopefully though he was sure Jason would refuse. He was damn surprised when Jason replied.

“Fine.”

He grinned. “Thanks, Jay.”

Jason grunted. “Don’t get used to it.”

—

At four thirty a.m., Tim was tucked to Jason’s side, his head under Jay’s armpit, one arm across the man’s stomach and one leg thrown over a muscled thigh as long fingers massaged his scalp. The other callused hand rubbed the arm resting over Jason’s stomach.

Tim’s eyes drifted close as he pressed his nose against Jason’s rib cage, inhaling the scent he’d come to associate with safety and trust. He trusted Jason to have his back. To not willingly hurt him or betray him. They respected each other enough to be honest when shit got bad.

He was sure he should be creeped out by this. Or at least Jason should be. His weird urge to cuddle in bed usually creeped him the hell out. But right now, he was too tired. Too sleepy. And too content to care. Not when Jason was scratching his head and holding him close like that.

“Good night, Jay.”

“Mmm. Good night, baby bird.”

As he drifted off, Tim could swear he heard a smile in that reply.

—

In the morning, as Jason made breakfast, Tim went to buy bread and picked up a local newspaper to see if there was a report on the thugs they beat up last night.

He snickered when he saw the article, aptly titled:

**Local Couple from the Narrows Rescued by Cosplayers**

However, his amusement was short-lived when he saw the next lines.

*The man in the red helmet was presumed as The Red Hood from the recently released DC animated movie that starred Jensen Ackles as the voice actor. It is still debatable who the other cosplayer was supposed to be. But according to eye witness accounts, it could have been, Doctor Mid-Nite.*

*Argh!*
“Why are you smiling? It’s creeping me out.”

He stopped and leveled a look at Jason. “Why are you hovering over me? It’s creeping me out.”

“Let’s go out.”

“Why?” Tim doesn’t look up from checking his grapple gun. The line is 30meters of high grade fiber and specialized steel cable from an obscure division of Wayne Tech that doesn’t show up in the market. Like the rest of the Bat-gadgets.

He needed to make sure his gear is in top shape since he had no way of replacing them. He also has to stop using his throwing discs since he wouldn’t have any more if he ran out.

It’s back to the bo then. Maybe he could make more discs with different material… Oh. Right. No money.

Being broke is bad. Being a broke costumed vigilante is even bad-er.

It was a good thing Batman was a billionaire. If he wasn’t, he’d be too busy trying to feed himself to bother jumping off rooftops in the name of justice.

“Why are you smiling? It’s creeping me out.”

He stopped and leveled a look at Jason. “Why are you hovering over me? It’s creeping me out.”

“Touché.” Jason smirked and plunked his ass on the plastic chair next to him. “Come on, Timbo. Let’s go out into daylight. Burn our skin under the sun. Feel the heat and the wind on our faces!”

“You go ahead, Jay. I’m in no hurry to die of sunstroke.”

Jason spread his hands dramatically. “But this is my last day of freedom! Have mercy, baby bird!”

“What? Oh. Oh…” He snickered. “It’s just work, Jason. It’s not like you’re going to prison.”

Jason wiggled his eyebrows. “If I do, will you bust me out again?”

“Ha! You wish.”

Jason grinned and pinched his nose, pulling his hand back before Tim could swat it away. “You’re just saying that. But I know you will.”

Tim rolled his eyes but didn’t reply because, damn it to hell, he would.

They could laugh about it now. It’s been years since Tim had busted him out of jail and Jason had gone on a rampage. He’d blamed himself for that for a long time. Jason hadn’t apologized but he’d more than made up for everything over the years.
“Are we patrolling tonight?” He inspected the sharp point on the grappling hook and checked the spring mechanism he designed that retracted with a push of a button. *Hmm. Works perfectly.*

“We could and come back early. Have to get enough Zs before I go to work.” Jason replied picking up one of the throwing discs and inspecting it. “You won’t be able to make these here.”

“That’s why I’m not using them. Besides, I don’t want to leave traces of these things anyway.” He pushed the button on the grapple gun to reel in the line.

When he glanced at Jason, his brother smiled in that conniving way that always triggered Tim’s ‘pinch or punch’ reaction. “Want to use my spare Glock?”

“No.” And he wasn’t going to pinch Jason’s cute stubbled face. *Damn it.* He had more self-control than that.

“Aww. You’re no fun. It’s not like I’m asking you to kill anyone.” Jason leaned back on his chair and looked directly at him. When Tim ignored him, Jason sighed. “Come oooon, kid. Walk to the park with me. We’ll have ice cream and chili dogs and I’ll even throw in some rabbit food.”

Tim’s lips twitched. “That bored, huh?”

“It’s not like we have TV and the laptop is updating your whatchamacallits into my helmet. And with nothing to work on, I am on the verge of climbing the walls like fucking Spider-man but only sexier with a better ass.”

Tim raised an eyebrow and glanced at Jason’s jean clad ass. The owner of said ass actually smirked and indulgently turned on the chair to give him a better view.

Jason smirked. “Not as butt-ass-tic as Dickie-bird but a good second place. Though that’s all in the eye of the butt-holder because I like yours better than mine.”

“Riiight.” He really didn’t know what to say to that. *How the hell does Jason come up with these buns… Uh.. Puns.*

*Time to change the subject…* “Why don’t we just have lunch here? It’s cheaper than going out. And it’s the middle of the day. It’s really hot outside.”

Jason huffed. “What? You scared of burning your complexion and getting some sun on those pretty pale cheeks?”

*Don’t punch him. Don’t punch. Don’t…* He kicked Jason’s shin.

“Ow!” Jason’s knee shot upward, bumped the table, toppling most of the contents over.

Tim’s eyes were wide with sadistic glee as the red-head reached to grab the table, over-balanced and twisted the plastic chair’s leg with his over-grown, heavy weighted self.

Down he went with a thud and crash.

He shouldn’t laugh, really. But Jason, sprawled like a rubber chicken, still half sitting on the chair with one leg in the air and looking stunned like he’d been bitchslapped with a mallet, made it impossible not to. And he would have laughed long and loud, if the dazed look in those blue-green eyes hadn’t sharpened the second it caught sight of him and his Jason inspired mirth.

“Oh shit.” Tim scrambled out of his chair as Jason sprung up.
“You’re gonna pay for that, Timbo!”

*Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh holy shit!* He could probably make a song out of that. *Oh holy shit. The stars that I’ll be seeing. It is the time Jason pounds me like fly. Don’t stop running or I’ll be dead in no time. There is no doubt… “Yiiikkees!”*

Tim ran up the wall, using his momentum to plant his feet, pushed off and flipped over Jason’s head. He laughed as he dodged the hand that shot out to grab him and streaked to the other side of the room.

“Damn slippery shrimp!”

He laughed some more, Jason hot on his heels. “You sound like an old dude! ’Git off my lawn!’”

“Who ’ya callin’ old?!”

The good thing with having a house with no furniture, you get to have loads of space to run. The downside is that there’s nowhere to hide, nothing to topple or throw in Jason’s way. Something he very badly needs right now.

He was so going to end up farting all this air that he’s laughing in.

He was almost to the wall again. He turned, barely dodging Jason’s hand. They faced off, about a 2 meters apart, Jason was on his toes studying him with an amused predatory gleam in his eyes.

He feinted right, feinted left… Made a sharp left and was almost… Almost out of Jason’s reach when the damn man lunged! Because how else would he have reached him? Divine intervention? *Don’t think so.*

Jason snagged the back of his shirt, twisted and turned, using his own momentum to reel him in.

*Oh shit.* His back was against Jason’s massive chest, his arms pinned to his sides by muscled arms, trapping him there.

He could still get away! He twisted and pushed his feet on the ground to shift their balance but Jason only lifted him, chuckling next to his ear.

“I know all your moves, baby bird. I dare you to try ’em and we’ll see where that leads us.”

The rough voice and the prickle of stubble at the back of his neck wasn’t making his heart race. It was all the running. It really was. *Ah goddamn.*

“Jaaaaayyyy!!” Was all he managed before erupting into gurgling laughter as Jason planted his stubbled chin at his nape and rubbed. “Oh god! Jasoooon! Stop!”

Jason was chuckling and snickering behind him—the sadistic bastard—as he kept torturing Tim with his almost beard. There may have been a bit of lips and nose and teeth involved but there’s plausible deniability to that.

No amount of begging and bucking and squirming made him stop until Tim sagged in a useless laughing mess in his arms. “Asshole…”

Jason just laughed and poked his ribs, causing Tim to jump in his arms.

“Stop it! I don’t want to laugh anymore. I think my face is stuck.”
“One of these days, some super villain is going to torture you with tickles and you’re going to be useless against him.”

“Bastard.” He muttered as he tried to catch his breath. His knees were weak and without Jason’s arm across his stomach, he would be sprawled on the damn floor.

He felt a light brush of callused fingertips at the side of his neck and suppressed a shiver.

“Gave you beard burns.” Jason sounded almost… Awed. Or something. But he couldn’t be sure because contrary to popular belief, he didn’t have some secret eye at the back of his head. *Just a lot of well-concealed video cameras.*

Tim inhaled sharply when those fingers moved slowly to his collarbone and back up his neck. He stilled. Brain freezing again, waiting. Waiting. For what?

He felt Jason press his nose at the back of his head. His big hand flexed on Tim’s stomach as his entire body curled against him from behind. One arm wrapped tight around his waist and the other spanned Tim shoulder to shoulder in a big bear hug. Tim closed his eyes. *So warm. So…*

Tim felt him inhale and his heart started hammering in his chest. *Stop it. Stop. He’ll hear. Calm down. Fuck…*

Jason sighed as if willing the tension out of his body. He straightened, almost letting go, planting Tim’s feet on the ground so he can stand.

Tim turned and caught an expression on Jason’s face that he can’t quite put a finger on before it was replaced with that shit-eating grin. “Might want to put lotion on that.”

Tim touched the side of his neck. Felt the prickle on his skin. He hoped his grin covered how much his stomach was doing Dick Grayson’s acrobatic flips and twists. “I’m allergic to you.”

“Really now.” Jason’s sly smile did some impressive questionable things to his insides.

*Down boy…*

He walked to the table and started picking up the random bat-themed gadgets that fell to the floor. “You need some help cooking?”

Jason ruffled his hair before he bent to pick up the upturned chair. Then helped pick up the rest of the things. “Want to help me cook?”


Jason stared at him a moment and slowly smiled. “Salad.”

He was sure his eyebrows are now forehead brows.

“And… Ribs.” Jason added. “Marinated in iemon and soy sauce and fried in garlic butter.”

Tim snickered. He should’ve known. “Of course.”

Jason beamed at him. “We’ll have you growing in no time, Tiny Tim.”

*Ass. He threw a disk at Jason’s head.*
“As much as I love that sexy brain of yours, you scare the shit out of me sometimes, baby bird. And also, here I was, hoping for some hot phone quickie and you go all super geek on me.”

They were on the way out to the park when Tim’s first customer came by, a pretty brunette named Becky whose head barely reached Jason’s chest.

“Lisa told me about you.” The girl explained. “My laptop has been pretty much killing me lately. It turns off all of a sudden, with no warning and—”

Tim nodded as he listened to her explain her laptop’s murderous intent on her sanity. When she finally finished, she asked for his rates, and if there was a ‘check-up fee’ and all that. He curbed a grin. Check-up fee? He was a doctor now?

He tried not to glance at Jason who was looking on in amusement from his perch on the kitchen counter. He told the girl his rates and that he’ll let her know if there were parts needed to be purchased. When she agreed and actually looked happy with the rates, Tim made a written agreement, gave her his temporary number from that prepaid phone he bought for emergencies and she went on her merry way.

“Well,” Jason’s arm dropped on his shoulder as the owner of said arm pressed to his side. “It looks like you’re in business, Fix-It Wonder.”

He elbowed Jason’s ribs and got a grunt, but the damn masochist didn’t let go. “It’s just one job. I need more if I’m going to survive.”

“We’ve always been good at that, ‘ya know. Surviving.” Jason ruffled his hair and steered him away from the table. “Now, come on. Hey! Don’t even think about it! We are going for a walk!”

“But Jay!” He stared longingly at the laptop. Wanting to check it, open it up and touch its internal organs– uh– circuit boards.

“No. Goddamn workaholic.” Jason muttered and dragged him to the door. He only let go once he’d locked it, from outside. “Don’t pout at me. And don’t give me that look. You look like I murdered your puppy and I’ve never murdered no one’s puppy even in my days as a– umm… Smart and handsome but not really a super villain.”

Tim’s traitorous lips twitched and Jason grinned. Damn it. You are weak!

He really was when it came to Jason. The man knew how to play him like a damn bag pipe. Granted he wasn’t sure Jason could play the bagpipe but it’s the analogy that counts. Oh man. He was going crazy.

Jason slung an arm over his shoulder again as they trudged over to the general direction of the park. “We need to buy more ice when we get back.”
“Okay.”

“We’ll buy a fridge on my first paycheck.” Jason said almost wistfully. “Although I’m hoping we could come across someone who’s throwing his out. Then we can just take it.”

“Yeah.” Tim smiled and leaned into Jason a little. “This is kind of cool, actually. Having Alfred and living in the manor made everyone too lazy with housework and too used to comfort.”

Even while living in his new apartment under that theater in Crime Alley, Alfred had dropped by frequently, restocking his fridge and cleaning when Tim forgot.

“I spent more time living alone and on the streets than I did in that big house, kid.” Jason jostled him like it was reassuring rather than an attempt to rattle his bones. “I’ll take care of you.”

“I can take care of myself, Jay.”

“I know you can, baby bird.” Jason squeezed his shoulder. “But that doesn’t mean we can’t do it together.”

Tim couldn’t stop the smile that split his face or that stupid fuzzy warmth from invading his chest. “Yeah.”

_We’ll take care of each other._

—

That night, they split up during patrol to cover more ground. Two muggers and an abusive pimp later, Tim was calling Jason on the comms.

“Go home and get some rest. You don’t want to fall asleep on your first day, do you?”

“You’re giving me way too little credit, Red.” Jason replied to the background of pained yells and gunfire. “I don’t fall asleep on the job.”

“It’s three a.m., Hood. Finish up and go home.” He said as he scanned the area. It was a whole lot quieter than the Gotham he was used to.

“What about you?”

Tim was sure Jason was pouting. “I’ll be home soon.”

“Promise?” Now he was sure there was that grin.

_Not now stomach._ “Yeah. Yeah. Geez.”

“Okay then. Be home soon as I… One second.” He heard two shots and an 'Aaaaaah!' and a loud crash.

Tim winced. “You didn’t kill someone just now, did you?”

“Naw… I just crippled him. Maybe.” Jason replied and Tim decided it was better not to ask any more. “See you back home, Red.”

—

Tim was removing his boots when Jason raised his head from the mattress. “Hey.”
He didn’t need to ask if he woke his brother. He was sure Jason woke up the moment he walked through the door, just as he did whenever he was sleeping alone. Bat-training from an early age did that to you.

“How was patrol?”

That sleep-rusty voice did funny things to his insides. He stifled a wince at the soreness on his side while he pushed down the suit over his hips, leaving him in his boxer briefs. “It was okay.”

That’s going to bruise. Stupid bat. Baseball… Not Bruce’s namesake.

“Found a lead worth checking out. Tell you about it later. Go back to sleep, Jay.” He padded barefoot to the bathroom, put some water in the bucket and dunked his suit in. When he was sure he got most of the grime and dirt out, he dumped the water and refilled it. He put some powdered soap in. He splashed it to lather and pushed his suit in, doing his best to get it soaked in soap. When he stood, Jason was standing in the doorway in a t-shirt and boxers.

“What happened?”

“What do you mean?”

Jason nodded to the impressive bruise blooming on his right side.

Note to self: Lock the door before doing laundry.

He shrugged. “It’s nothing. Just a little sore. No ribs broken.”

”Not the assessment, Red. Report.”

“I ran into a gang abducting two kids on the street. Six men, unmarked van, semi-automatics, knives and a bat.” He pointed to the bruise on his side to emphasize the point at Jason’s raised eyebrows. “I was doing well, fighting them off when one guy pulled a gun on me. If I got out of the way, the kid will take the bullet.”

“So you turned yourself into a piñata for justice.” Jason deadpanned.

“I took a bat to the side, the dude with the bat took the bullet.” He smiled wryly. “Whoever said over-balancing and clumsiness never helped anyone was clearly wrong.”

Jason chuckled. “Where are the kids now?”

“At an orphanage.” He still felt bad leaving them there. “They’re brothers, Jay. Nine and twelve. They’ve been living on the streets for six months since their mother died. They ran away from the social workers. They said they were afraid they’d be separated.”

Jason’s lips flattened at that, his expression tightened the way it did whenever something hit him right in there. Then he sighed as if to remind himself not to feel it. “Get cleaned up and we’ll talk about that gang later.”

Tim nodded. “Close the door for me and go back to sleep. You have work in less than four hours.”

Jason snorted. “Work. That should be a new curse word. Like ‘fuck’ and ‘shit’ and…”

“Bastard?” Tim supplied smiling.

“That’s not exactly a–”
“Go away, Jason.” He ordered chuckling.

The red-head gave him a once over before grinning. “That bruise looks like a map of Asia.”

He rolled his eyes. “Take a picture. It lasts longer.”

Jason grinned. “Only if you take off the shorts, baby bird.”

Tim reached for the soap and Jason quickly closed the door laughing, before said soap got introduced to his hard head.

Tim reviewed the encounter with the gang as he took his bath. It helped push Jason’s stupid smile and stupid teasing and stupid sexiness out of his mind. Because noooo–, he was not going there and he was damn well not going to jack off to thoughts of his brother. He had more decency than that. Or more self-control. Meh.

Besides, the guy was just outside the door. He could probably smell sex and arousal a mile away. He rather have Jason calling him ‘Prude Wonder’ than ‘Sex-Starved Virgin’, thank you very much.

He decided to input the Mission Info on the gang into his phone after the bath. He’d reverted to that for safety. His phone was rigged to self-destruct when tampered with by someone trying to crack the passcode. It was safer than their generic laptop.

He put on a t-shirt and boxers before going out of the bathroom and was reaching for his phone when Jason cut him off.

“Get in bed. You can type up your report later. Bruce isn’t here to demand it from you.”

“But…”

“Bed. Now.” Jason’s voice was firm as if daring Tim to defy him.

He glared at Jason who was lying on his back, legs stretched on the bed and giving him a similar glare as far as he can tell by the moonlight from the high window.

“You can bitch at me when you’ve gotten some rest, kid. Now get in here.” He lifted the blanket next to him for Tim to crawl into. “Come on. You only have a few hours of cuddle time so don’t waste it.”

Tim narrowed his eyes but his feet moved like it had a mind of its own. Traitors.

Jason’s smile was wide when Tim crawled in beside him. Tim yelped when arms and legs went around him like a giant tentacle monster and pinned him down. They moved around, elbowing not so gently to get comfortable until his head was pillowed on Jason’s bicep. Jason’s hand smoothed over his bruised rib before resting across his stomach. Their legs tangled together as he tucked himself against his brother’s chest.

Jason sighed, stroking Tim’s nape. “So much better. Goodnight, baby bird.”

He smiled into Jason’s chest. “Night, Jay.”

—-

Tim’s eyes shot open at the sound of the alarm. He would’ve jumped if Jason hadn’t held him down, muttering. “Fucking ninja.”
Jason turned off the alarm on the phone above his head and squeezed Tim for a second before letting go. “Go back to sleep, Timbo.”

He smiled as he looked at Jason’s stubbled face and too sharp eyes for someone who just woke up. “First day jitters?”

Jason snorted and got up. “Just hope I don’t shoot anyone.”

“Don’t take your guns to work, Jason.”

Jason’s smirk as he went inside the bathroom made Tim groan. *Oh boy…*

- 

He went back to sleep when Jason moved down stairs. When he finally got up to bathe and have breakfast, he saw a note on top of the covered pan.

'Growing kids need a big lunch. Heat and eat up.'

His ‘pinch or punch’ reaction was definitely leaning on the *punch* even his lips twitched.

- 

He worked on Becky’s laptop all morning, then he scouted for a shop that sold parts at the cheapest price. He called her about the things that needed replacing and when she agreed, he bought the parts and went home. He worked on the laptop some more after lunch, while reading the articles about cosplayers rescuing random citizens all over the Gotham.

The cops were naturally wary about having vigilantes in the city. “Whoever you are, leave the criminals to us. You are not superheroes. The last thing we need are innocent people getting hurt.”

He knew where they were coming from. They’d been through a lot of that before. He may need to reevaluate their stance on this before they made some sort of interdimensional catastrophe that could disrupt the balance or something profound like that.

He was testing out Becky’s laptop when his comlink beeped from its perch on the table. He frowned and put it in his ear, wishing on all that’s holy– crap, shit, smoke, cow, etc. --that he didn’t need to bust Jason out of jail. “What’s up?”

“Hey, baby bird. What are you wearing?”

“This isn’t a porn hotline, Jason.”

“Damn it. I was sure I dialed 1-800-Hot-Robin.” Jason tutted. “Are you sure? Because you sound hot. Are you hot?”

“It’s the middle of the day, in a heatwave. What do you think?” His lips twitched again. Trust the man to say the weirdest things.

“If you’re hot maybe you should be wearing less clothes.” There was definitely a smirk there with that suggestive drawl.

Tim bit his lip to keep from laughing. “If I wore any less clothes, I’d be naked.”

There was a groan on the other side. “I’d pay to see that.”
Tim snickered. “Weirdo. What do you want, Jay?”

“Just checking up on my favorite person in the world. Is that bad?”

_Goddamnit chest. Keep it down, will you?_ “Don’t you have work to do? Y’know, deliveries and things of that nature?”

“I’m waiting for my partner to come back from his delivery… At Wayne Tower.”

“What?!”

“Well, what’s supposed to be Wayne Tower.” Jason amended and Tim breathed a little easier.

“What’s there now?” He asked curiously as he leaned back on his chair to enjoy his midday Jason-intermission.

“Sanders Incorporated. I’m told it handles a lot of things from insurance to employment services. I’ve been relearning Gotham.”

“And? What have you learned?”

“Aside from the lack of us and villains in tights, it’s pretty much the same. Though I think this version is a little nicer.”

“Must be because of the lack of ‘us’. I think B attracted most of those idiots simply by existing.” He replied.

“Holy Goddamn Batman! You blasphemer!” Jason exclaimed and started laughing. “I can’t believe you said that.”

“Yeah well, how many idiots have come after you because of him?” He challenged.

Jason snorted. “Too many.”

“Some of those idiots became who they were just to challenge him. He inspired the best and worse in people. And some are at their best when they’re at their worst.”

“Are you saying that Gotham would be better off without him or us? Like here?”

“No. I’m just stating one possibility.” He said as he absently tapped out several commands on the laptop to see if the issue had been resolved. “Our Gotham will fall apart if we stopped defending it. However, this Gotham doesn’t need us to inspire would-be villains into wearing matching tights and boots.”

“You want to retire?!” Jason sounded so incredulous that Tim laughed.

“No. It’s just a possible outcome if we keep doing what we’re doing.”

Jason paused before replying. “As much as I love that sexy brain of yours, you scare the shit out of me sometimes, baby bird. And also, here I was, hoping for some hot phone quickie and you go all super geek on me.”

Tim grinned. “Is that bad?”

“Of course it’s bad! You’re giving me a nerd boner. You know how hard it is to drive with a hard-on?”
Tim bit his lip to keep his smile from making him look like a loopy cherry tomato. He tries. He really does. But Jason was really good at making him loopy. "You’ll survive."

"Of course I’ll survive. I survived death, I can fucking survive some bad case of blue balls.” Jason stated vehemently. “I’m the goddamn Red H–damn it. My partner’s back. Dude has bad timing. Sheez. Momentum ruiner. See you in a couple of hours, baby bird. I wanna squish your face so bad right now.”

“Bye, Jay.” When he cut the link, he was smiling like an idiot. When he tried to stop, he realized he hadn’t smiled all day until Jason called.

Well damn.
Desecrating the Altar

Chapter Summary

Tim bit his lip because he really didn’t know what to say to that. Except, “You know, if I was some other person, I’d call you out on sexual harassment.”

The day Becky picked up her laptop, she brought another laptop and two friends. The work kind of snowballed from there and turned into a fucking avalanche. Before Tim knew it, he was buried under computer parts and dust and more computer parts.

“When did our house turn into an electronic graveyard?” Jason blinked at all the CPUs and laptops piled just off the side of the seriously empty space that can’t be called a living room.

“A couple of hours ago. While you were at work.” He smiled when Jason gaped at the amount of not-so-old yet not-quite-functioning computers.

Jay tried and failed not to walk over the wires at Tim’s feet. “Who the hell died and gave you his stash of computer corpses? How the hell are we supposed to eat now?”

“We open our mouths, take a bite and chew?” He was not going to laugh at Jason’s sheer incredulousness. It was a good point. Their one and only table was covered with computer parts, tools and the one working monitor his client gave him to work with. “And we can sit by the counter and pretend we’re at a bar?”

“That is seriously bad humor right there, baby bird. Here I was planning to cook you an awesome streak and mashed potatoes, and I come home to you and your–” Jason pointed an accusing finger at the computer. “your mistress doing it at the dining table. I thought I meant more to you than this. I just can’t… I feel betrayed and violated. I think I need at least 3 chilidogs to calm down.”

“Mistress?” He just had to ask because… Well. “Never mind. Don’t answer that.”

Jason was still shaking his head, pinching the bridge of his nose and looking–heh- betrayed.

Tim snorted. “Alright! Sheez. I’ll put them away and clean up while you make dinner.”

That got Jason to look at him, cautiously. And a little sly. “I don’t know if I can accept that after you desecrated the altar of our marriage.”

“The altar of our—” He might as well be a pig for all the snorting he was doing from choking back his laughter. “The altar of our marriage is the dining table?!”

There was all sorts of wrong in that statement that he didn’t even want to poke with the end of his–bo.

Jason’s eyebrows went waaay up to his hairline. “Well, it can’t be the mattress. Unless you want me to crawl all over you.”

“You do crawl all over me, Jay.”
And there was that shit-eating grin. “But not inside your pants… Or other significant places which I may or may not deny wanting to crawl into for a really long time. Have some respect for my self-control, will you?”

Tim bit his lip because he really didn’t know what to say to that. Except. “You know, if I was some other person, I’d call you out on sexual harassment.”

Jason chuckled. “What do you call it?”

“Messing with my head.” He let out a little smile and methodically collected his tools.

Jason’s laughter echoed in the loft. “Come here and let me squish your face, baby bro.”

He tried to jump back but Jason Todd with all his working limbs was a little hard to evade, especially while he was holding all these tools. *Yeah, Tim. Go with that.*

Jason caught his face in both of those large callused hands and pressed together until he was sure he looked like a fish out of water. Jason’s grin was sharp and toothy. “So damn cute, Timbo.”

“Ass.” He didn’t bother struggling because sometimes, it was better to endure these things and get them over with.

*Uh-huh. Go with that too. And not because you like those callused hands on you.*

*Hell. “Are you done yet?”*

“Gimme a second.” Jason grinned, the white streak in his red hair fell over his forehead. He had stubble on his face again. He was one of those people who had to shave twice a day to stay stubble free. Tim wanted to rub his face, remembering how it felt on his neck.

Standing this close, he could smell Gotham and the sun on Jason. And Jason on top of all that, if it makes any sense. Being alone all day, he hadn’t realized he missed the scent until he was surrounded with it.

*Like coming home.* Which was weird because he never left.

“Why do you never get mad at me for messing with you like that?”

*Because you’re you. And I know you don’t mean it. Even if sometimes, I kind of want you to.*

“Wouldn’t it be more appropriate to speak about this when you’re not reshaping my face?”

Jason pressed his palms together a couple of times that Tim was sure he now resembled a carp.

“Nah, you look cute like this. Reminds me of Sebastian.”

*Sebastian? Oh.* “I really don’t appreciate being compared to a singing crustacean, Jason.”

Jason snickered. “You’d rather I call you Ariel? Are you going to break into song?”

*No just your face.* The grunt from the punch in the gut was satisfying even if he pulled his strength and there were several screwdrivers in his hand.

“Playing rough will get you everywhere with me, baby bird.” It sounded like a promise as Jason massaged his stomach, still grinning.

Tim didn’t want to see anything under that rug. *Nope.*
“So what’s up with all this?”

“Mrs. Tillman, the lady at the apartment next door, said her son bought in new units to replace the old ones in his office and gave the old ones away. He also had a bunch of other ones he didn’t bother to fix.”

“I take it, these are the latter?”

“Yeah. She’s giving them away to the kids at the youth center and wanted to make sure they worked.”

“That’s cool.” Jason eyed the computers. “Anything I can do?”

“Help me move them around so I can work on the floor over there and not on the ‘altar of our marriage’?” He couldn’t help chuckling at that. “Where the hell do you even get—never mind.”

Jason ruffled his hair, smiling. “It comes naturally. Like the rest of my charm.”

He snorted. “What charm?”

Jason smirked. “The one that always gets you to laugh, Brooding Wonder.”

*Oh yeah. Thank you for reminding me that those warm fluttery things exist, chest.*

“You spend way too much time in your headspace, you got a permanent crease on your forehead.” Jason tapped said crease with his forefinger. “I’m here to ensure you won’t add more grooves to that for another few years.”

Tim rubbed the back of his hand where Jason’s finger tapped.

“These are creases of wisdom, Jason. I wear them proudly.” That got him a snort. He walked to the side that will be his ‘workspace’. There was a socket nearby to plug in, so he was fine. He was used to sitting on the floor anyway.

“Leave ‘em here. Use the–‘altar’. We’ll eat on the counter.” Jason said when he was about to set his tools on the floor. “Don’t make me say it twice, kid.”


Jason stared at him for a while and chucked his chin. “Smile more often. Makes you look younger than 32.”

“Be serious more often. Makes you sound older than 10.”

Jason smirked and looked like he wanted to squish his face again. “Now where’s the fun in that?”

Tim’s lips twitched. *Indeed.*
Chapter Summary

Rolling chairs are fun.

Tim was hanging on to the ceiling beam by his legs, his grappling line hooked to his belt as he attached a surveillance camera to the beam, angling it so it got most of the loft in view.

He was hanging upside down, checking the feed on the laptop on the floor when the door opened and Jason walked in. “What are you doing?”

“Putting up the cams. I was also going to set up some sensors along the perimeter.” He saw Jason pull in a rolling office chair into the door. “Can’t be too careful, especially when we’re both out on patrol.”

“That’s some really paranoid shit there, kid. No wonder the windows were closed.” Jason shook his head but there was a small smile on his face that told Tim he approved. “Come down here a while, Donkey Kong. I got something for you.”

Hm. He took hold of his line, flipped upright as he slid down, landed and walked over to where Jason was. “What?”

“Belt. We’re going outside for a second.”

Now he was really curious as he undid the catches on his belt and dropped it on the floor. “Done.”

Jason took his hand and pulled him outside. “Help me haul this in.”

This, turned out to be a long wooden table. Old and worn but still sturdy. “You bought a worktable?”

Jason shrugged. “We passed by a yard sale while doing deliveries. Couldn’t really let you roll around on the floor all day. It’s bad for the clothes, ya know.”

Oh Jay. He crushed his overwhelming urge to hug Jason with his imaginary Mjolnir. “Thanks, Jay.”

“Anything to save me from scrubbing the laundry.” Jason replied but his smile was soft when he reached to ruffle his hair. “Come on. Let’s get this inside so you can go back to your paranoia induced voyeuristic ways.”

They carried the table inside and put it against the wall where Tim had most of the computers. “How did you get this here?”

The thing was the size of a six-seater dining table. Or Bruce’s oak desk and almost as heavy.

“The guy I work with owns a pick-up truck. I bought him gas, he drove me here. He was in a hurry for a date but said he’d like to meet you next time.” They leaned on the table once it was in place. The top hit just below Jason’s hip. “You’ll like him. Nice guy.”
“He was nice enough to carry this table, I’m sure I’ll like him.”

“I got you a chair too.” Jason pointed to the big worn leather office chair with a tear at the seat from all the asses that sat on it. “I’ll reupholster it this weekend. Just disinfect the hell out of it for now.”

Yes. Stomach. I can feel you. If this keeps up, he was going to turn into a damn happy puddle on the floor and then Jason will have to mop him up.

Jason must’ve felt his awkwardness and pushed himself off the table. “I’ll get dinner started. You finish up. Are you putting a camera upstairs too?”

“Yeah. Just one.” He was grateful for the change of topic and caught the chair pushed towards him with one hand. “This place is bare. There’s hardly any blind spots if you get the angles right.”

Jason looked around. “You’re right. It is pretty empty.”

He stared warily when the other man stalked towards him with that sexy little smirk on his face. “What?”

“Sit down.”

It was the Bat-voice. Goddamn it. Tim instantly sat his ass on the chair like he was a damn puppet.

“Feet up. Hang on.”


He could hear Jason’s laughter as he whizzed past the rest of the room and the opposite wall came closer and closer. His nineteen year old self was full of homicidal thoughts while his inner six year old shouted with glee.

He put his feet up to brace himself and pushed when his soles landed on the wall, sending him rolling backwards. There was no scolding and shouting this time. Only Jason’s laughter as his brother ran towards him. “Having fun?”

Tim couldn’t stop grinning if he tried. “I admit I’ve always wanted to do that. My feet were too short to go fast when I first tried it.”

“Yeah?”

“I was six, secretly wheeling around in my dad’s chair before my mom caught me playing in the study. I thought she was going to have an aneurism.”

Jason’s smile was understanding. “Never did it again?”

“Unless you count the time Bart begged me to get on the grocery cart when we went shopping in a hurry. That was both exciting and terrifying.”

Jason chuckled as he walked behind the chair. “I encourage more reckless behavior from you.”

“Being a vigilante isn’t reckless enough for you?”

“I meant, normal people kind of reckless, baby bird.”

He dropped his hands between his knees and smiled ruefully. “I prefer controlled chaos.”
“Really now…”

He could hear that grin in Jason’s voice. Then sucked in a breath when one big hand cupped below his chin and tipped his head back. Yep. There was that grin on Jason’s face. The one that made Tim’s fight or flight instinct go on DEFCON 4.

The warm hand on his neck squeezed a bit and Tim was tempted to lift his arms and just pull Jason down and… And…

One big hand went to his shoulder. The other on his neck moved to his other shoulder and gripped. Jason smiled, saving him from himself. “Hang on, baby bird. Let’s send that six year old you flying again.”

Dinner came late that night and Tim still couldn’t stop smiling.
“What’s the plan tonight?” Tim knelt next to Jason and held the chair in place while the latter tacked on the red fake leather cushion they made for the seat of his rolling chair.

Since they couldn’t take it apart without a lot of work, they decided to make a thin cushion and glue it on the torn seat then fold and tack the end onto the bottom of the chair. *Take that, Home Improvement!*

“The ship’s leaving sometime before midnight.” With their shipment of *human cargo* that he and Jay had not been there to save.

The human trafficking syndicate had been in the city for a month. They sent out word on the street and let the local thugs do the hard labor of abducting the kids. They pay their ‘merchandise’ in cash and leave to meet their *clients* when they’ve reached their quota. They’ll hit another city in a couple of months. According to various sources, they visit Gotham at least twice a year.

“I’ve left the note and the pictures to one of the better detectives and hope they check it out.” Jason fired two staples into the chair. “We’ll monitor from afar. We only move in when necessary. Or…”

“If the cops don’t show up?”

Jason met his eyes. “Yeah.”

Though they didn’t like it, they decided to not get involved in the big busts. They didn’t want to call attention to themselves and have crime bosses on their tails. Small gangs and petty criminals they can handle. They’ve disrupted this dimension too much already to risk it.

There is also the issue with the Bat’s no killing rule. Unless Tim decided to break it, they’re just going to go around in circles.

Even if they take down the big guys, the fucked up system will put them back out in the streets. They didn’t have Commissioner Gordon, Batman or Bruce Wayne’s clout and they can’t very well come out to testify in court. No witnesses, no body, no crime.

“This sucks.” Jason huffed and tacked two more staples in succession.

“I know.” He looked at the older man. If Jason really wanted, he could just go on a killing spree and be done with it. But he hadn’t. And Tim knew it was because of him. “Do you ever regret being with me when you just want to go Rambo on everyone?”

Sharp blue green eyes turned on him. “Do I want to just off them? Yes. It’s crossed my mind. And in the heat of battle or in a fit of rage, I just might. But do I regret being with you? No. This partnership was smartest move I’ve ever made in my entire fucked up second life.”

Okay… *There goes all my internal organs in a damn gooey puddle. Thank you, Jay.*
Jason smiled. “As long as you’re with me, I’ll do my best not to kill anyone. But you’ll forgive me if I slip, right?”

Tim just smiled because there are some things better left unanswered.

Jason ruffled his hair and finished tacking the leather. They turned the chair over and looked at their handiwork.

“Nice.” Jason commented. The chair was now dark brown leather in the back and arms and red on the seat.

Tim grinned. “It looks like you, Jay.”

“What?!” Jason looked incredulous. “How’s that even– Oh…”

The dark brown reminded him of Jason’s leather jacket and the red his helmet. The chair was in Jason’s colors. And with the way he was smiling, it looks like his brother got the joke too.

His eyes narrowed when he saw Jason’s all too devious smirk. “What?”

“Well…” Jason leaned in and cupped his face with both hands and squished. “If the red is my helmet, wouldn’t that mean you’d be sitting on my face?”

His eyes widened. “Jason! Why would you–?!"

"Heh! Got you thinking about it!” Jason jumped back laughing and evaded two nerve strikes to his arms. “Don’t forget to spread your legs and wiggle, baby bird.”

Now he can’t get that out of his head even as he jump kicked his brother’s stupid laughing face.

Jason ducked and pivoted with a shit-eating grin. “I’ll make sure to lick you up, nice and slow. Get you relaxed and warmed up… Bet that ass tastes wonderful…”

“Damn it, Jason! Shut up!” He groaned. Need new brain…

When this was over, or when he’d satisfactorily punched Jason’s face in, he was just going to work on the damn floor!

He’d bet it was a lot more comfortable than sitting on Jason’s fac–chair–and working with a hard-on all day.
The Red Robin Hotline is hot today.

It was funny how time flies when you’re having fun. He can’t really find any other word to describe their first month in this alternate Earth whose number of designation he still doesn't know.

He’d stopped mentally cursing that bastard scientist and his stupid interdimensional gateway about two weeks ago. He still didn’t know if they’ll ever be able to get back to their Earth since the technology and the number of evil scientists in this reality was quite lacking. So yes, they were stuck, until someone comes to retrieve them.

If someone bothers to retrieve them.

He knew Bruce was probably trying, out of a sense of duty. And if Bruce was, he probably had some of the Leaguers working on it too. But if Batman gave up, Tim doubted anyone would miss him much.

As for Jason? If he didn’t know any better, he’d say the man was enjoying this place more than the old one.

The lack of cops after his head was probably one reason. Whereas back in their Gotham, Jason was restless and wary most of the time, here, he was almost laid-back. Delivery Man by day, small-time vigilante at night and Tim’s kind-of-a-pain-in-the-ass roommate 24-hours a day. He had to admit, Jason was surprisingly fun to have around even when he teased him mercilessly and kept taunting him with double-edged sexual innuendoes every five minutes.

Over the month, they’d fallen into a routine. Jason worked 5 days a week. He got up early and made breakfast, cooked lunch for them both and brown-bagged his own to work. Tim woke up later, ate in silence as he worked on the computers and electronic equipment people put at their doorstep. He’d gained quite a reputation after fixing the computers Mrs. Tillman donated to the Youth Center, and work had been steady ever since.

They cleaned up after themselves, did laundry at the laundromat across the street, except their ‘night clothes’ which they washed in the bathroom and hanged to dry at the back of the loft’s heater. They patrolled most nights, with Jason going home at 3am so he can get some decent sleep before work. When Tim gets home, he’d wake up and wait for him to crawl into bed so he could wrap himself around Tim and fall back to sleep. All in all, it was a good month. The lack of ninja out for his sperm was also a much welcome change.

Tim blinked and paused from screwing the hard drive back into place when the thought hit him.

*Jason’s right! We’re like an old married couple!*

He didn’t know whether to laugh or freak out. *Both. Both is good.*

His impending freak out session was put on hold when his comm link beeped. Jason calls him once a day on the comms. After the first few times, Tim found himself looking forward to it each day.
Damn it. Stop smiling, idiot.

“Hey, baby bird. Is your ass warm and comfortable on my face?”

He groaned though he couldn’t stop his grin. He’d almost grown immune to that joke now. Almost. “That again, Jay? Really?”

“Mmm. Can’t blame a guy for dreaming. Having your ass on my face is one of my favorite fantasies.” Jason made a noise like he was imagining it.

The red on his face was due to the heat. Yep. Go with that, Tim.

He leaned back on the chair, neck prickling at the thought of the brown leather and the damn red seat. “You know, you really should stop teasing me. I might retaliate and I really don’t want to taunt you with something you can’t have.”

“Is that so…”

The low growl made him bite his lip and smile. He really shouldn’t do this but Jason inspires all kinds of recklessness and sometimes, a guy can only take so much.

Now, he may not have had actual sex but he sure knew a lot of other things that come handy in special situations. Blame Batman and his Robins-in-Drag missions. He may be a little hopeless at social interactions, but manipulation had always come easy. Besides, he was curious to see how he’d fare against Jason.

He made his tone light. Indulgent and kept the smile he knew the older man could hear on the other end. “Yes, Jay. Really. It would be cruel if I told you the things I could do but wouldn’t because it would only–hmm–complicate our relationship.”

There was a pause and Tim could almost see Jason’s eyebrows shoot straight up to his hairline. “Now you got me curious, baby bird. What exactly would you –do?”

“Jay–” He sighed– though he really was rolling his eyes. “I don’t think it’s a good idea to even bring this up. It’s not like I’m ever going to act on them…”

“Indulge me. I have thirty minutes of break left.”

Tim smirked. “Where are you?”

“In the truck. My partner’s inside the office talking to the boss. So before you ask, yes, I’m alone. And aaall yours.”

“Mmm.” He wanted to snicker. Goddamn. This was making him all sorts of giddy. “Never really got to thank you properly for this chair, Jay.”

Jason chuckled, “You were pretty busy trying to kick my face in. But you’re welcome, always.”

Not now, stomach. I’m busy. He ran his fingertips over the smooth soft leather arm rest. “I really like it. It’s incredibly comfortable. It makes me wonder if sitting on your face feels just as nice.”

Another pause. He was sure Jason was gaping. When he finally spoke, his voice sounded rough and amused. “Well, nice isn’t exactly the word I’d use but I guarantee it’s very satisfying.”

“But wouldn’t that be uncomfortable for you? I can’t exactly imagine the position.” He asked thoughtfully. “Will you be lying down flat or prop your head on the pillows?”
“Pillows would be nice…” He could hear the smirk in Jason’s voice. Damn the guy sounds like sex on the phone.

“Maybe it would be easier if I kneel and leaned forward a little so I don’t smother you with my ass?” He grinned. “Or maybe I could just sit on your chest and let you do the leaning? Will you be able to breathe like that? With your nose pressed between my cheeks?” He asked innocently.

He heard a choked sound on the other end and swallowed his evil laugh.

“Maybe I could face you instead and spread my legs while sitting on your chest? There’s less chance of getting smothered that way… But then that wouldn’t be my ass in your face now, would it?” He hummed thoughtfully. “Either way, you’d probably have to take off my jeans. Boxers are less abrasive if I sit on your face and you wanted me to wiggle. What do you think, Jay? Jason?”

Another beat before Jason’s spoke, voice low and gruff. “I think, I need to find the nearest bathroom to jack off. God, Tim. What did you do to me?”

He bit back a snicker. Good thing his shorts were loose. He wasn’t all that optimistic with Jason’s jeans. “What? I just asked you simple positioning. It’s pretty hard to imagine how to go about sitting on your face, Jason.”

Jason made a rough sound. “I can imagine it all too well, Tim. Fuck.” He let out a breathless laugh. “I’d eat you right through your boxers.”

*Okay. Whew.* Heat went zooming straight down south with that admission. “I don’t think eating was part of the sitting on your face deal. Chair seats aren’t supposed to bite one’s ass, Jason.”

Jason chuckled. “Christ. I love you.”

He stilled. *Did he just?…* He shook his head. *Idiot. This is Jason. They’re just careless words. Like ’I want to squish your face.’*

“Didn’t know you were such a tease, baby bird.” Jason’s chuckle pulled him back on track.

He smiled, resting his head on the back of the chair to get more comfortable and curled his hand on the arm rest to keep from adjusting himself. “There’s a lot you don’t know about me, Jay.”

“Somehow, that just makes me all the more curious about them.” That sounded way too much like a promise. “Damn. My jeans are tight.”

*That makes two of us.* “Take deep breaths and count to ten.”

Jason laughed some more. “You just wait ’til I get home, brat.”

“Is that a threat?” He idly rolled the screw driver in his hand. “Should I cower in fear now?”

“No. You should sit on my face and let me eat you.”

They were silent for a second. Then they both burst out laughing.

—

Tim choked on his heart when he heard the door open. There were no words to express how hard and fast his heart was beating or how those damn butterflies got inside his stomach. It felt a lot like the first time he swung on a line from a high rise. Exciting. Terrifying. Exhilarating.
He swung the chair around, smiling a little. “Hey.”

Jason’s smile was predatory and did things to his insides. He knew his smirk was amused. Not giving away anything he really felt.

“You.” Jason’s voice was rough as he stalked purposely forward. He didn’t stop until they were toe to toe and Tim was looking up at him from the chair. Jason stared like he wanted to say something but didn’t know how. He bit his lower lip. “Damn.”

Big hands cupped either sides of his face and squished so hard Tim was sure it was now a pancake with Jason’s palm prints. His eyes narrowed. “Don’t make me hurt you.”

“Shhh. Be quiet. I am concentrating.”

“Could you concentrate away from my face?”

“Not unless you want to sit on mine.” Jason grinned and squished twice, then tugged at him by his head—the bastard—. “Up.”

He held onto Jason’s wrists, standing. “Let me go, Jay.”

“No.” He was maneuvered out the chair. Jason only let go of his face to catch him by the elbow and pull.

He landed on Jason’s lap, arms wrapped around him in a tight hug and Jason’s face buried at the back of his head. Tim willed himself not to shudder. Don’t. Just don’t.

He felt his brother relax. Heard his head thump on the backrest of the chair. “You deliberately tortured me this afternoon.”

He smirked, craning his head to look at the man. “Payback’s a bitch, isn’t it?”

“Oh yeah. Definitely.”

That was a dark promising growl right there. He felt fingers on his sides, digging in. Oh hell. No. “Jason—”

“Payback time, kid.”

He lifted his feet to jump out of the hug. It was all he got to do—really—before he dissolved in fits of laughter as Jason dug tickling fingers to his sides and buried his stubbled face in his neck.

In his endorphin overloaded brain, Tim had a fleeting thought that at least it wasn’t buried in his ass.
Chapter Summary

To date or not to date… That is not a question, if you ask Jason.

Tim looked up from the circuit board he was soldering when the door opened from outside and Jason poked his head in. “Still hard at work? It’s almost six.”

He pointedly ignored the fact that his smile came automatically just by seeing that goddamned face. *Goddamnit.* “Don’t punch in, don’t have to punch out, remember?”

“All work and no play makes you–”

“Batman?” He supplied making the older man laugh.

Jason opened the door wider. “Wanna help us out here?”

“Us?”

“No need. We got this.” A gruff voice said from outside that made Tim’s eyebrows rise. Before he could ask, the same voice called again. “Come on, Jay. Let’s get this thing in there.”

*What thing?* He got up and walked over to the door, only to move aside when Jason backed into him while holding onto a tall mint green refrigerator while his friend wheeled it in from behind.

“You bought a fridge?!?” After a month and a half without ready to drink cold water, he had never been so happy to see a fridge in his life.

“We got it from an old couple uptown. They bought a new one and were getting rid of this.” He said as he and his friend wheeled the fridge into the kitchen.

“Got a good deal for it too. All of twenty bucks.” The guy chimed in. “The old dude was only too happy to give it to him so he wouldn’t need to drive it to town but Jason wouldn’t take it for free.”

Finally, Tim caught sight of a big bald guy who reminded him of The Rock or Vin Diesel or someone along those lines. The dude was only an inch or two shorter than Jason but relatively wider around the shoulders and arms. *What the hell do they cart around that needs that much muscle?*

The man smiled at him as he pushed the cart. “Finally. The roommate.”

*Roommate. Huh.* Jason had been all sorts of things to him lately. Ally. Friend. Pain in the ass. But his favorite had always been *brother.*

“Stop. Stop.” Jason held the fridge as the two men stopped in the middle of the kitchen. “Before you two start slow dancing, where do you want this?”

Tim scanned the room and pointed to the end of the kitchen counter, near the sink where the wall socket was. “There.”
“Okay. Let’s go, Max.” Jason prompted.

Tim watched as the two maneuvered the fridge to the wall. When it was done, they dusted themselves off probably out of habit because the fridge was actually clean. It was a good size too. Almost Tim’s height, and though old, it seemed to be in good condition.

“Well… Check it out before we plug it in.” Jason told him with just enough impatience to make Tim’s lips twitch. “Mrs. York cleaned it herself but who knows what your freaky little obsessive compulsive eyes can see that she didn’t.”

Tim raised his eyebrows. Really, Jay? Really?!

He opened the door and was quite surprised that there wasn’t any smell. The Yorks might’ve aired it out for some time. Everything looked clean, even when the plastic parts had yellowed with age.

Jason snickered. “Want me to get you a black light?”

Don’t kick him in front of the guest, Tim. It’s not polite. Tim closed the door and plugged the fridge in and was rewarded with the familiar humming noise as it came to life.

“Houston, we are good to go.” Jason announced proudly, and then made a grab for the styrofoam box that served as their fridge for the past month and a half. He paused before opening the fridge, looking at him then his friend. “By the way, Tim. This is Max. Max this is Tim. You guys go entertain yourselves while I shove these in here and make dinner.”

“You really can cook?” Max looked pretty impressed.

“I can dance and sing too but only under flashing lights and a pole.” Jason deadpanned. “Now, if you want to make yourselves useful, you can buy some soda across the street and some potatoes while I heat the water up.”

“I’ll go.” Max volunteered along with Tim but the other man waved him off. “It’s okay. I need to get the cart back in the truck anyway. I’ll be right back.”

“Nice guy.” Tim said, once Max was out the door.

“Yup. Was lucky I got paired up with him.” Jason replied as he put the contents of the styrobox into the fridge and put the zip-locked marinated steaks onto the counter. “The other guys are kinda ‘eh.”

“Kinda ‘eh?”

“Boring and/or fugly.”

Tim snickered and wandered off to his worktable to clean up his tools.

“He’s trying to set me up on a double date with the girl he’s going out with and her friend.”

That got Tim to pause from putting his soldering gun back into his pouch. Date? He’s going out on a date?! What about me?

Wait... Where did that come from?

“I told him I wasn’t interested but he’s still trying to talk me into it. Apparently, the girl he asked out isn’t comfortable going out alone on a first date.” As he talked, he was busy heating up the pan with butter. The scent of it made Tim hungry.
“So why don’t you?” He asked even though his brain pasted imaginary protest posters in his cranium.

“Are you kidding?” The look of disbelief on Jason’s face was kind of funny. “I am not going on a date! Much less in this place.”

Tim knew why. The complications of dating ‘normal’ people were more than enough to deter most capes. Dating a normal person in this universe pretty much doubled that. Still… “It’s not like you’re marrying her, Jay. There’s no harm in one date.”

“Hah! No.” Jason scoffed and tossed the marinated steaks into the big pan. “I would rather spend the night watching stupid movies with you than go on a date with some girl I don’t know.”

Oh hey chest. Thank you for reminding me that I’m a sap.

“Don’t want any romance and flirting and all that? Don’t want to get laid?”

Jason fixed him a narrow eyed look from across the room. “If I wanted to get laid, I’d go to a bar and find a someone willing to have at me without all the fucking romance crap. You’re one to talk. When was the last time you went on a fucking date?”

Oww.

“It’s unfair to be involved with someone I have to lie to and frequently blow off in favor of the Mission, Jay.” Oops.

Jason grinned so smugly, Tim thought he should get a medal for not punching the bastard. “Took the words right outta my mouth, baby bird.”

He gave the red-head a dirty look and was responded with a laugh.

“Come here and let me squish your face.”

“Go to Hell, Jay.” He replied, making the other man chuckle.

Tim was setting the table and looking after the frying steaks when Max came back. “He went up to change. Have a seat. Here, let me get that.”

Max handed him the grocery bag. He said his thanks and put the soda in the fridge then set about peeling the potatoes. He could feel Max’s eyes at the back of his neck. Yay for awkward silences and all that.

“So… How have you guys been holding up moving into a new place?”

Tim glanced behind him and saw Max’s curiosity before he turned his attention back to mindlessly peeling potatoes. “We’re doing okay, all things considered. Jason’s not giving you any trouble at work?”

"Nah. He’s a real hard worker. Never complains about anything.” Max replied with fondness that made Tim smile into the potato peelings. “How long have you guys known each other?”

“Almost my whole life.” Tried to kill me a few times too.
“Really? Nice.”

“Yeah. We only hung out together—” And became partners. “– lately though.”

“What made you pick Gotham of all places? I understand those of us who’d lived here our whole lives but I’d have thought people moved out of this place, not move in.”

He glanced back and smiled. “We didn’t really move in. We only come back. We grew up here.”

“I didn’t know that.”

Tim wasn’t surprised that Jason hadn’t said anything. They were all pretty tight lipped and only revealed info through the “lie of omission” filter aka The easiest way to kill personal relationships trick.

He washed the potatoes and dumped them in the boiling water before cleaning up and washing his hands. Then he flipped the steaks and leaned against the counter to face their guest who was looking around their almost empty loft before settling his eyes on his worktable.

“Nice to see that table put to use. You getting a lot of work?”

“Yeah. Pretty surprising how much electronics people break.” He smiled. “Work just kind of snowballed in once I got started.”

“Good for you. You got a girlfriend yet?”

“Stop grilling him, Max! He’s not going on a double date with you!” Jason called from upstairs making Tim smile.

Max gave him an ‘Is he always like that?’ look and Tim gestured by tipping one hand side to side. Max smiled in understanding and amusement.

“I know you’re making that face, Timbo. Stop rolling your eyes at me.” Jason yelled again and Tim just knew he was looking at the surveillance screen from the laptop upstairs. “And don’t let the steaks burn.”

He rolled his eyes. “Yes, Mom.”

A couple of minutes later, Jason was back, freshly showered, in pair of sweats and t-shirt. He checked the food on the stove, satisfied that it wasn’t burning, he reached to ruffle Tim’s hair.

Tim batted his hand away on reflex making Jason grab him in a half hug and give him a noogie instead. He will never admit that it gave him equal amounts of delight and embarrassment whenever his brother did that. It will only encourage more manhandling.

Yeah. Like you’re not enjoying it.

Shut up, brain.

When Jason let go, he fixed Max with an I’m-serious-so-listen-good stare. “You, are not allowed to coerce my roommate into going on a date with anyone.”

“Why not?” Both he and Max asked in unison.

Jason glanced at him with those ‘forehead brows’ he’d come to know so well. “What do you mean ‘why not’? You want to go on a date?”
“Well, no. But I’m curious as to why you’d say that.” *Yes indeed.* “Since I’m perfectly capable of saying ‘no’ by myself.”

Max grinned and they both stared at Jason who raised one eyebrow as if to say, ‘So that’s how you want to play this?’

“I’m just looking out for you, ba–kiddo.”

Tim snorted. He didn’t miss the ‘baby bird’ slip either. “I can’t even remember the last time I was coerced into anything, Jay.”

*Short of being drugged and sprayed with Ivy’s sex pollen.*

“Just don’t want you getting yourself in trouble under my watch.” Jason stated. “We both know trouble’s pretty good at finding you all on its own.”

“That goes double for you, Jay.”

Jason smirked. “That’s why you’re stuck with me, kid.”

Max looked amused when Tim glanced at him but he didn’t want to hazard guess at what’s going on in the guy’s mind.

—

“Finish this.” Jason heaped the last portion of steak onto Tim’s plate and the rest of the mashed potatoes.

“But I’m full.” He protested with a wince.

“No you’re not.”

“It’s my stomach, Jay.”

“And it needs more food.”

He glared. “No it doesn’t.”

“Yeah right. Just finish it.” Jason insisted. Then he resorted to bribery. “I’ll buy you ice cream.”

“I’m not five, Jason.” He actually had gained weight and bulk in the past month. The kelvar suit was starting to get snug.

“And you’re old enough to know you can eat more.” Jason added and gave Max a conspiratorial look. “I’m trying to get him to fatten up.”

“Why? Are you going to sell me to the witch that lives in the bread house in the middle of the forest?”

“What? Who?”

Max snickered. “The one from Hansel and Gretel.”

Jason looked incredulous. “The nursery rhyme?!”

“I don’t care if it was a fucking novena for the Pope. You’re going to eat that.” Jason pointed to the steak with his fork. Tim narrowed his eyes, making Jason huff. “Okay! Fine. I’ll take half!”

“And half of this too.” He pointed to the mash.

“Fine!” Jason scraped it off his plate into his own and glared. “Satisfied?”

He grinned. “Yes. Thank you.”

“What are you smiling about?” Jason glared at Max.

The other man raised his hands up, still smiling in amusement. “Nothing. I think I just figured out why you won’t go out on a date.”

“Hmm?” Tim stared at him. At the man’s smile, his eyes widened. “What? No. We’re not like—whatever it is you’re thinking. Tell him, Jay.”

Jason just smiled in all innocence that Tim wanted to bury him in mashed potatoes. “Tell him what, Timmy? That we eloped because your dad didn’t want you to with a deadbeat boyfriend?”

Oh my fucking Batman on a stick.

“We didn’t want to say anything around here, ’ya know. Because we didn’t want word getting back to his dad about where he is.” Jason explained, looking appropriately sad.

Son of a bitch. He mentally threw psychic daggers at Jason.

"That’s why he’s working here at home where it’s safe. Just until we can get settled and get married.”

Married?! Married?! Tim gripped his fork and fought not to grind his teeth. He wanted to faceplant in the mashed potatoes. Better yet, he wanted to mash the potatoes with Jason’s face! The sneaky bastard!

“I understand. Hey. It’s cool you guys. Your secret’s safe with me.” Max assured them smiling.


When Jason smiled at him, Tim’s eyes narrowed. I will stab you with this fork in your goddamn smirking face, you asshole.

But seriously? Married?!
To-may-to, To-mah-to

Chapter Summary

Jason has pretty good ideas. Sometimes it’s best to just give in.

“Married, Jason? Really?! That was the best you could come up with?!”

“It got him off our backs…”

“It got him off your back.” Emphasis on the your. “So he wouldn’t bug you about going on dates.”

He should’ve expected this. Jason, liked keeping him on his toes. Hell, like he needed to be reminded of the evil robots and interdimensional gateway that the guy had tackled him into.

True. He can adapt better than the average person but this was ridiculous! Jason loved springing things on him like he got off on the shock factor. Because for the love of Batman! Married?!

“Aww. Come on, baby bird. You should be happy. You’re engaged to a good looking guy who’ll readily take a bullet for you…”

“As long as he’s in body armor and helmet.” Because really, the suit and helmet were bulletproof.

“And who’s a relatively good catch. Unfortunately, all my money is back in our old place…”

“Your blood money.”

“To-may-to. To-mah-to.”

Tim started scrubbing the dishes with a vengeance just so he won’t feel the need to scrub that damn smile off Jason’s face. If he wasn’t so irritated, this would be funny. Like, Holy crap. I’m engaged to a jackass.--funny. Unfortunately, his sense of humor was on strike. Sue him.

Jason leaned his hip on the counter next to the sink to plead his case. “Come on, Tim. Don’t be angry at me. It’s a good cover.”

“You seem to have forgotten our cover. We’re cousins.” Or was it brothers?

“Distant cousins. Hell, I’d go for kissing cousins if you weren’t so averse to actually kissing me.”

Don’t facepalm with a soapy hand, Tim. You’ll get soap in your eyes. He scrubbed at the plate harder. “You don’t just spring stuff like that out of the blue, Jason. Our cover could get mixed up.”

“I was thinking on my toes. It seemed like a good idea at that time.” Jason explained, gesturing with his hands. “He practically threw me an opening and I took it. On the upside, we have an additional cover that blends seamlessly into the old one. Only downside is if you want to date someone for real, you have to cheat on me…”

Tim didn’t even want to think about that subject for fear of turning to stone. Like in Sodom and Gomorrah. “Well, it’s a good thing I’m not planning to date anyone then.”
Jason paused. Then let out a long sigh, shoulders sagging with it. “We could be here a long time, you know. Maybe forever if things don’t work out on the other side.” Jason said that evenly but Tim noticed his eyes were watchful, gauging his reaction.

*You’re weak, Tim. Weak.* He can’t even stay angry that the jackass for long. *Goddamnit.*

“If it comes to that, we’ll move to another location and change identities. Start over.” He answered smoothly and started rinsing the plates. “We can be Helmet Head and Condom Man or something.”

Jason blinked at him, then chuckled. For some reason, Tim felt that he looked way more relieved than he was letting on. “Helmet Head and Condom Man. Fighting crime and promoting safe sex for justice! We can give away free condoms to random criminals. That would lessen the probability of genetically inherited psychosis and sociopathy and shit like that.”

He smiled. “You were doing such a good job of sounding intelligent for a while there then… Shit like that.”

Jason grinned. “Sounding intelligent is your job, baby bird. I’m just here to add some hotness factor to this team.”

“Riiiiiight.” He replied wryly though he definitely agrees on the hotness factor. Not that he’d actually admit it. *Nope.*

Jason fell silent and when Tim looked at him, he tensed. Tim knew he was itching to say something. When he did, it was as if it pained him to actually get it out. “For what it’s worth, I’m sorry I got you trapped here.”

*Oh Jay.* He had the sudden impulse to hug the hell out of the man. He gripped the plate instead. “It was an accident, Jay. We both know things happen when you’re being fired at with lasers.”

Jason gave him one of those rare smiles that was both amused and fond and made Tim’s chest warm.

In all honesty, he had considered the possibility of being indefinitely stranded from the get-go.

Now that it’s been almost two months and the sensor for any Bat related signal had remained quiet, the possibility of being stuck there forever grew stronger.

He knew that finding them wasn’t going to take priority over the Mission and all the daily crisis the world threw at the Bats. Taking into account all the infinite Earths out there, even if Batman visited one each day, it’d take a shot in the dark to find them. The best option was to recreate the gateway or at least find the coordinates to where the old one sent them, but with the kind of bombs Jason used, it’d be pretty hard to put Humpty Dumpty together again. *Especially when ol’ Humpty was charred into chunks and kaboomed beyond recognition.*

“You miss them.” It wasn’t a question.

Tim almost didn’t answer. Almost. But this was Jason. So…

He stacked the plates off the side of the sink. “Mostly Dick.” Because Dick was the only one who actually hung out with him. “And Cass.”

*And Kon.*

Jason gave him a knowing half-smile. “And the clone.”
Tim let out small smile of his own and a nod. “They’re probably having movie night at Bart’s right now.”

“They used to hangout at your place on Fridays, right?” Jason asked picking up the rag on the side of the sink. He washed it then moved to clean the table. “I remember dropping by one time when they were there.”

“You mean that time you asked me to stitch your back and you bled all over my sofa.” Tim supplied with a grin.

“Yes. That time the clone wanted to cauterize my face with heat vision.”

Tim chuckled. “He’s just protective of his friends. I don’t think he was really going to do it.”

“Hah. His eyes were red.” Jason snorted. “Seriously, baby bro. If we get out of here, you should just go and tell the clone how you feel so you can go bang each other. It’s pretty painful to look at you guys. All that UST. Pfft…”

“Shut up, Jay. And there is no UST. And I’m insulted that you’d imply I’m that obvious.”

“You’re not. But he is.”

That made him do a double take. “What? No. Stop. Don’t feed these things into my brain. I might latch onto them and really. I don’t want to latch onto them.”

Kon + Unresolved Sexual Tension for him wasn’t even an equation. It’s was a mathematical abomination that needed to be crushed, ground into tiny bits and burned in the fiery depths of Hell. No stop thinking about it this instant!

Jason looked at him and smirked. “Got you thinking about it, didn’t I?”

“You’re evil.”

Jason tossed the rag next to the sink and hip checked Tim so he can wash his hands. Then he leaned into Tim’s personal space and gave him that damn sly smile. “I am not evil. I’m devious. There’s a difference.”

I swear that smile can make random people drop underpants faster than a speeding bullet. Now I’m making Superman puns in my head. Awesome.

Tim whisked the water on his wet hands onto Jason’s face. “Evil.”

Jason’s eyes flared with humor and something dangerous. “Oh yeah?”

Jason snagged his arm and yanked.

“Jason!” He braced his hand on those massive shoulders as his left side landed hard against Jason’s chest.

He was torn between laughter and –eww gross– as the man wiped the water away by rubbing his face on Tim’s t-shirt, just below his collarbone.

“Goddamnit! Jason! I just changed this shirt!” He really wasn’t registering the fact that Jason was right there, because really, eww. His shirt was wet!

Jason was laughing when Tim grabbed his hair in his fist and pulled. That got the man to lift his
head up though not he did not let go of his waist and his entire front from chest to groin was still pressed against Tim’s left side. The laughter in those eyes made his chest feel warm and a little tight.

“That should teach you not to splash unwanted liquids on my face.” Something dark flashed in those blue-green eyes that made Tim’s heart pound in his chest. Jason’s slow smile confirmed it as he squeezed Tim’s hip, callused thumb grazing the sensitive skin just above the waistband of his sweatpants.

“Jay.” Only years of Bat-training made him sound exactly like he wanted. Normal.

“Hmm. Nothing, baby bird. Just got lost in a little fantasy for a while there.” His expression changed from that hungry – God. Don’t think about it. – look, to something wistful, with a half-smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes. “But yeah. I’m back now.”

Tim forced his hand to let go of Jason’s hair but couldn’t stop himself from running his fingers through those red strands, short nails scraping gently against his brother’s scalp. He felt Jason still, eyelids almost dropping half-closed as he looked down at him with pupils that had suddenly blown wide.

Oh. God. He could feel himself responding to that. And he didn’t want to. Wouldn’t allow himself to. Because…

He pushed at Jason’s shoulder, prompting the other to let go. But only so he could put an arm over his shoulder and lean them side by side on the counter. Tim automatically leaned into him before he remembered and checked himself.

“Damn… Almost relaxed there for a second.” Jason grinned, bumping the side of his head with his. “Stop fighting me and relax like you do when we’re in bed together will you. Ach. That sounds kinda sexy. Like we really are sleeping together.”

“We are sleeping together, Jay. Literally.” He willed himself to relax, relieved that the tension had broken. He always felt like a moth to flame when he’s close to Jason. His brain puts up barriers telling him to watch himself while the rest of him just wants dive into the heat and burn baby burn!

Jason smirked. “Shame it can’t be more. I got some real good moves that could put Jagger to shame.”

“Gee. With lines like that, no wonder you can’t get laid.”

Jason laughed and before Tim could react, the older man picked him up, bridal-style. “Let me carry you to our bed, princess. After all, we’re officially engaged now. We even have one witness and all that.”

“The fu–” He pushed at Jason’s shoulders, torn between laughter and indignation. "Put me down, goddamnit.”

Jason held on tight and moved up the stairs. “Tim! Stop squirming or I’ll throw you off the damn railing! Oww! Don’t squash my nose!”

“Oomph!” His breath whooshed out of him when Jason dumped him on the mattress and he landed flat on his back. “Goddamnit, Jay! Don’t—Yaaaaaaiii!”

He rolled out of the way when Jason dived at him laughing. He scrambled to his feet and was almost out of reach when a big hand snagged his ankle and pulled.
He slapped his palms down to catch himself. He did not want to break his smolder, goddamnit!

He twisted and flipped over, kicking out his other leg but pulling back his strength so he doesn’t dislocate Jason’s shoulder. His brother grunted and rolled with the kick, taking him with his bigger mass by catching his other leg by clamping an arm over his thigh.

And for a second Tim stilled and stared because holy crap, Jason was right there! In between his legs, his face a few inches from his crotch.

And Jason smiled. Slow. Sly. And a little wet that made Tim’s brain freeze with his only thought being a very eloquent, Oh fuck.

"I like this position.” Jason low growl sent tingles all the way to Tim’s toes. The red-head planted his elbows on the mattress as he lay on his stomach in between Tim’s splayed legs. “You should see your face, baby bird. Ripe as a tomato.”

“Fuck you.” He could feel the heat on his cheeks. Damn. Damn. Damn. He levered himself up on his elbow and glared. “Let go, Jay.”

If the bastard doesn’t let him up, he’ll have to resort to drastic measures. A nerve strike to the neck would be good.

Jason’s hand flexed on his thigh, shoulder lodging under his knee as he pinned his other leg just on top of the thigh preventing Tim from moving his legs. Well, ‘preventing’ being a relative word since it was easy enough to get out of if Tim really wanted to.

Jason smirked.

Tim yelped when he was turned over on his stomach and was promptly sat on the back of his waist with two hundred something pounds of solid muscle. “Jason! I’m going to break your— hggnn…”

Jason chuckled as his thumbs pressed at that place just below Tim’s nape. His hands kneaded Tim’s shoulders, digging into the tense muscles, working on the kinks with practiced pressured strokes.

Tim groaned, eyes closing and head dropping on the mattress in defeat. “Oh god. I take it back. Don’t stop.”

Jason’s snort and laugh of amusement didn’t even bother him just as long as he kept massaging. “Damn, baby bird. You’re strung tight like a damn wire about to snap. When was the last time you stretched?”

“Don’t know. Can’t remember. Mmmn.” He couldn’t help his groan when Jason caught a tight knot just below his shoulder blade. “You have amazing hands, Jay.”

“Heh. I can do lots of more amazing feats with them. Too bad you’re not interested.” He could hear the smirk in his voice as Jason shifted to sit on the back of his thighs.

Tim smiled as he slowly melted into the mattress under those hands. “I’ll take this massage, thanks. I’ll return the favor too… Maybe later. Damn, Jay. That feels good.”

“You keep talking like that, you’re gonna get yourself a different massage.” Tim found himself smiling at the double meaning. “Mind taking the shirt off?”

He didn’t even think twice. Jason lifted himself off his thighs so he can get up enough to pull his
shirt over his head and drop it next to him. He flopped back on his stomach like a rag doll. “Done.”

His brother chuckled and went back to straddling him on his knees, almost sitting on his ass as his hands pressed against Tim’s bare skin. He wasn’t prepared for the sudden skin to skin contact. The slide of callused palms over his scarred skin sent a shiver down his spine. It was good that Jason kept his touches deliberate and methodical and not slow and sensual because Tim might just have popped a damn boner and moaned like a b-rated porn star.

“Did Alfred teach you this?” He asked, voice husky as Jason’s hands worked him into a boneless puddle.

“Some. And some I picked up here and there.” Jason’s voice held the same low husky tone as his thumbs dug into the either side of his spine from the back of his neck and slid slowly down. Down to the top of his ass. Tim let out a moan of appreciation. “Heh. You sound pornographic, baby bird.”

“Shut up. Hgnnn. Can’t help it. So nice, Jay. It’s been years since I’ve had a massage. Makes me wanna fall asleep.”

Hands kneaded the back of his neck, up the back of his ears. Fingertips massaged his scalp and back down his nape to his shoulder blades. “We can do this once or twice a week if you want.”

“God yes.”

“Ok then.” Jason snorted, chuckling. “But you have to return the favor.”

“Mmm.” He will not think of how nice it will be to knead all that hard muscle. *Damn. Too late.*

“Go ahead. Sleep. We have three hours before patrol.”

He smiled, relaxing under Jason’s skilled hands. "Thanks, Jay."

He could hear the smile in Jason’s voice, as his thumbs pushed at that part just below his neck that made him moan. “You’re welcome.”
Possible Possibilities

Chapter Summary

This is where everything changes… But not really.

On his sixth paycheck, about three months after they’ve settled into their not so new home, Jason bought a bottle of rum and packets of instant iced tea. After dinner, he announced. “Patrol is cancelled. We’re going to get drunk.”

Tim didn’t protest much. It was raining like no tomorrow outside and only real idiots would go out in this rain. Besides, they’ve decided that nothing was worth getting sick for. They had no health insurance, aside from the basic and hazard pay Jason got from his job, thanks to the Bat-issued fake I.D. that seemed to work even in parallel dimensions as long as people didn’t dig too deep. In reality, they had no budget for hospital bills and no Alfred to cook all the wonderful food the little Robins got whenever they were sick.

Besides, patrolling Gotham every night and putting their necks out for random thugs to break was a tiring job and a guy’s gotta have a day off. Like those rare nights they spend indoors watching movies on the laptop or just sleeping. Jason loved those nights. Especially when he got Tim to relax against him while they sat on the mattress with their backs against the wall, watching whatever they managed to stream from the net.

Sometimes he fell asleep with his head on Tim’s lap. Other times Tim fell asleep leaning on his shoulder. Sometimes there were popcorn fights and sometimes there was just wrestling, the movie forgotten, as the sound of grunts and pained laughter filled the loft.

And the massages. God. He loved those most of all. Nevermind that it was torture to lie on his hard-on as Tim massaged his back. It was sweet sweet torture because he was a fucking masochist.

For the first time in a long while, Jason looked forward to coming home after work and yes, the loft was home. Wherever Tim was, is home.

They were brothers. Partners. And whatever else Jason had for Tim, that was his problem, but yes, he was fucking happy as they were.

He should know, he’d never been happy in a long time. True, there was still the anger beneath the surface. The bitterness and all his other issues. But with Tim, everything was muted. The years that passed and his truce with the family had helped, he supposed. But mostly it was because of Tim.

Being sucked into this place where there were no Bats, no other capes and they had no one else but each other to watch their backs, was like being given a third chance at life. A reboot 2.1 since he’d thoroughly fucked up his second shot.

The drinking commenced on the kitchen table with some peanuts, apples and chilidogs on the side.

After his fifth shot, Tim was well on his way down the road of drunkenness and Jason was relaxed enough to enjoy the view which was becoming one of his favorites.

Tipsy Tim, the somewhat flushed and slightly loose version of the calculating and controlled Tim
Drake.

He knew he should feel guilty but he couldn’t bring himself to. Not when Tim was smiling and looking kind of funny in a sleepy kind of way.

Hell, the kid deserved all the smiling he could get after all he’s been through; a nearly non-existent childhood, then death after death after death of friends and family.

Before he came along, Tim had been flying solo for years, not joining the Bats unless they called him in. He was about as detached from the rest of the family as he was. He guessed that for some fucked up reason, Tim didn’t want to burden them with his presence.

The kid had serious abandonment issues. He was innately quiet and unassuming, on the outside at least, but he knew that brain of his worked a mile a minute. He did his best not to impose on anyone and never asked for help unless absolutely necessary. But only for the Mission, and never for personal reasons.

If he could, Jason wanted to pound on everyone who made Tim that way, starting with his fucking parents. It was a good thing they were both dead.

Jason had a shitty childhood himself and a whole lot of other issues, but everything became better when Bruce took him in. He had a relatively normal life after that.

Sure he died. Then came back and went around in a catatonic state for years but he doesn’t really remember much of the time he was–heh–catatonic. When he got his brain back, he was the one who went around killing people. Hell, he was one of the people who made Tim’s life miserable.

He hoped he’d made up for that, though he knew Tim had forgiven him. Hell, he wouldn’t be crawling all over him like a damn puppy when they slept if he hadn’t.

Though he was happy to say Tim’s smiles have been coming easier and more frequent lately, he wanted to do more than just make Tim smile sometimes. He wanted to make those smiles last longer and make him laugh more. Hell, Tim’s laughter were so rare, it makes him smile just thinking about it.

“Jay, I think I’m drunk.” Tim grinned like he’d just bested Nightwing on Twister, which was next to impossible. “My vision is impaired and I think only 50% of my brain is working.”

“If you can calculate that much, you’re not drunk enough.” Jason said in amusement and topped off another glass.

“But I don’t want a hangover.” Tim protested even as he reached for the glass and took a long swallow. The drink was deceptively nice tasting and sweet but kicked like a mule on steroids. “Hangovers hurt. A lot.”

“I bought enough Gatorade to rehydrate a camel, Timbo. As long as you get to chug some of ’em down later and keep peeing, you’ll be fine.”

“Your theories regarding things like–hic– that are never trustworthy, Ja–hic–son.” Tim frowned then chuckled, then was cut off with another hiccup. “I am hic–hic–cupping.”

Jason grinned and fought down the urge to wrestle the cuteness out of the kid. “That, you are.”

“It’s fun–hic–funny.” Tim snickered. “If Kon could see me, he–hic–he’d never let me live this d–hic–down.”
Ah. So now we’re going to talk about the love of his life. Jason smiled and downed his glass to push the weird stupid ache in his chest into oblivion. “You really love the clone, huh?”

“What’s not to–hic–love?” Tim replied reflexively. It took a few seconds before his reply reached his brain. “Wait… Did you mean ‘love’ love? Or just–hic–normal friendly love?”

“Which one do you want?” Stop it. You goddamned masochist!

“Both? None?” Tim frowned then forced a smile. “Nothing will come–hic–out of it anyway. He doesn’t like me that–hic–way.” He frowned again. “Now the hiccups are getting an–hic–annoying.”

“Deep breaths then take a huge swallow.” He held a glass of un-spiked iced tea to the hiccupping mass of frowns. “You could stretch and if you can make yourself burp, it sometimes works too.”

“Another theory?” Tim asked in amusement but took a gulp of iced tea. “Nothing like an experiment to get one’s blood going.”

Jason laughed. “Right in one, Sherlock.”

“I want to be like–hic–, Sherlock.” Tim said after he tried to make himself burp and failed miserably. He stood up and stretched instead. He listed to the left and hopped on one foot, flapping his arms like damn duck before regaining balance that Jason had instinctively reached his hands out to catch him in case he faceplanted on the floor.

“Holy shit. Sit down!” Jason was laughing as he plunked Tim’s ass onto his chair.


Jason was chuckling. The damn kid was too cute for his own good. He was a thread away from pouncing and tickling the hell out of him. “What?”

Tim beamed at him. “My hiccups are gone!”

“Yes. Looks that way, kiddo.” He curled his hands around his glass to keep himself from hauling Tim on his lap and kissing him senseless. He gets all sorts of urges when he was around the man. Goddamn.

Tim smiled proudly like a kid who’d just gotten a brand new bicycle. Then as if someone flipped a switch, he looked absentely into his glass, lost in thought.

Probably the clone. Sheez. “Hey. How come you don’t have a girlfriend? Or a boyfriend? Steph’s not taken yet, is she?”

“She’s dating–people.” Tim looked up and gave him half a smile. “I don’t want to take up her time. We–we were really good together. But the world kind of hates us.”

“What? How?”

“Well, whenever we’re together, the world goes to shit.” The sad self-deprecating laugh told Jason more than he wanted to know. “Then she died. Well, not really. But I thought she did. And now she has a good life and she’s Batgirl and she’s graduated and has a job…”
And you don’t want to destroy that. He thought, though he didn’t say it. The only other candidate was Superboy. And as far as Jason could tell, Tim would rather die than put moves on the clone. “No other person on your–heh–‘to-do list’? Other than, the clone-?”

“You really should stop calling him that.” Tim shook his head at him and sipped his drink. “He has a name. At least call him Kon. Or Conner.”

“Nah. Clone’s fine.” The damn guy had way too many advantages on him already. Calling him by name would just acknowledge them even more.

Tim sighed as if he already knew it was a lost cause.

“So, no?” Jason prompted again. He was all nosy older brother right now. It wasn’t every day you get the quiet and mysterious Tim Drake-Wayne drunk and talking.

Tim stared at him a moment as if wanting to say something but then shook his head. “No.” Then there’s the sad half-smile again. “I break everything I touch, Jason. I really don’t think I should be looking at all.”

“Hey!” Jason pushed Tim on the shoulder. “That’s just fucked up. Are you going all depressed and shit on me? I will fucking shoot you.”

“Am not depressed. I’m drunk.” Tim chuckle-snorted. “I seem to be a stupid/talkative one but nah. ’M not depressed. Hard to be depressed ‘round you, Jay.”

He smiled and noted that Tim was slurring. “That’s good, right? I really don’t want to give off the depressed emo vibe.”

Tim grunted. “You give off the homicidal and unstable vibe too well for people to be depressed ‘round you. They’re too busy running away.”

“Oh yeah? You looking to be raspberried to death, kid?” Jason gave him his best evil grin.

“No, please don’t.” Tim’s shoulders shook as he laughed and put his hands up. “Also, ’tis a high possible–posibility, possib-ity, damnit! Pos-si-bi-lity– that I might puke on you.”

_Oh man._ He was getting dizzy from laughing too much. “Good defense.”

“Thank you.” Tim said primly and smiled into his drink.

Jason smirked. “When you get all proper like that, you make me want to kiss you.”

That got Tim to blink and stare at him with big slightly unfocused eyes. “Wut? Why?”

“Why not?” He challenged.

“Because–” His eyebrows drew together in deep thought before going back to stare at Jason. “But why?”

Jason kept his hands around his glass. If he let go, he might just forcibly shake some sense into Boy Oblivious. “Isn’t it enough to want you because you’re you?”

Tim stared and stared at him. Jason knew he was willing himself to think. To analyze and his usually fast brain was working slower than he wanted it to. After a while, he shook his head and let out a humorless laugh. “You can do so much better, Jay. Someone who–doesn’t get people they care about killed?”
Okay. Now he was annoyed. “First of all, everyone dies. Second, those people in your life who died? It wasn’t your fault. The world is a fucked up place and shit happens to good people. Like you.” He paused to make sure they were on the same page. Tim was biting his lip and the groove on his forehead was going to be a damn canal in a few minutes. “And lastly, it doesn’t matter even if you say I can do better, because everyone can make better choices. It’s all a matter of knowing which one you really want and sticking to it. You don’t just marry someone and change up every few months because you found someone better. That’s shitty logic.”

Tim smiled. “That’s why there’s divorce, Jay.”

“Yeah. Because people fuck up sometimes. And make bad choices and it’s okay. But if you do that more than a handful of times, maybe it’s time to acknowledge that you’re the problem. That maybe you didn’t even try to make things work. Or you picked someone not because you fit each other but just because your dick fits real nice and tight in their hole.” He said. Fucking hell. He was Dr. Phil now? He scrubbed a hand over his face. “Anyway, you made me lose my train of thought.”

Tim smiled. “We’re drunk.”

He put an inch between his forefinger and thumb. “Only a little.”

Tim snickered. “‘M well on my way. Floor is moving.”

Jason grinned. “Smashed enough to kiss me?”

“Uh–” Tim stared at him then his lips as he bit his own lower lip worriedly.

Jason wanted to do that for him. That and more. “Would it be so bad?”

“Yes.” Tim nodded honestly. “Yes, it would, Jason.”

_That’s right. Stick that knife in and twist it some more, Tim._

There was that sad little half-smile. “I’m more than a little terrified that I’d like too much, Jay.”

He was sure his heart stopped and he was dead again. Because… Well.. Unless he was hallucinating. But he sure as hell wasn’t drunk enough to hallucinate.

“Things are really good right now and I don’t want things to be weird between us. I–You’re the only one I have–and–I don’t… Want to lose you…”

The last part was said in a whisper and Jason’s chest couldn’t decide if it wanted to melt in damn puddle or explode like a fucking bomb. Either way, he was sure he was already a mess long before this, so no harm done.

He dragged his chair closer so their knees were in between each other’s and he can reach and tip Tim’s chin up. “Look at me, Tim.”

Tim’s eyebrows were drawn as he focused on his face.

“Now listen. I know this isn’t a good time to say this since were both drunk… Well, not really but, I’ll say it anyway. And I’ll fucking say it again when you’re sober too. Are you listening?”

Tim’s lips quirked. “I’m drunk, not deaf, Jason.”

“Just checking.” He snorted. “Anyway, know this. I’m not going anywhere. Unless, well… I die, again.”
Tim blinked. His eyes widened then he kept staring.

“Or if you tell me to go, then I will, but that’s debatable.” Tim smiled at that and Jason chucked his chin but didn’t let go. “But until then, I’ll be here and not even a fucking crowbar can pry me away from you. You got that?”

Tim nodded, eyes smiling with that little smile on his lips.

Jason sighed. There. You said it, you fucking idiot. Now wait for him to freak out. He eyed Tim a little worriedly. Don’t freak out. Don’t freak out. “You’re not gonna freak out on me, are you?”

“I am freaking out, internally. ‘Tis taking a while t’get outside. Must be the alcohol in my system…” Tim pressed his lips together, paused, let out a breath then put a hand on Jason’s knee. “Kiss me.”

It was Jason’s turn to stare. “What?”

“Kiss me before I freak out, Jason.” He leaned forward, took Jason’s hand and lifted it to his face. He looked determined enough to take on the entire Justice League. “Now, Jay.”

Jason stared at those parted lips that he’d dreamt of tasting for so fucking long and his mind raced with all sorts of what ifs. Goddamnit. Not now!

He leaned in, and paused a breath away. They both smelled like alcohol but he didn’t care. God. This is happening! I’m really going to...

“Jason…” It was a threat. “Damn it! I’m going to–”

He smiled against Tim’s lips and cut him off with his kiss.
Adventures of Tipsy Tim

Chapter Summary

Much smut isn’t enough for you?

Chapter Notes

Finally! Now NSFW! XD

Mmm… Mmn…


It took a while for Tim to realize it was coming from him.

And he couldn’t stop. Jason’s mouth… His tongue. He couldn’t think… Oh yeah. He was already
drunk. But he wasn’t this dizzy. But now he was. And he couldn’t…

Jason’s low groan as their lips parted made him smile. He was more than a little dazed and was
 glad to note that he wasn’t the only one looking punch drunk. Never mind that they technically
really were. And that his ass was half off the chair and so was Jason’s. He had a feeling they both
subconsciously wanted to sit in each other’s laps.

Jason sat back on his chair even as his hand curled at the back of Tim’s nape and absently
massaged his scalp. “That was… Mmm…” Jason bit his lower lip and looked at his hungrily. He
pulled at the back of his neck. “Come here.”

He smiled. “I don’t think that chair can hold our weight, Jay.”

Jason’s grin was sharp and made those fluttering things party inside his stomach. “Floor?”

Tim laughed when Jason practically leapt and toppled the chair in his haste to pull him to the
nearest wall. As soon as the red-head’s back hit the wall, he all but draped Tim on him. He
grinned, leaning his elbows on Jason’s chest. Thick muscled arms wrapped around him, tugging
close until they were flush against each other, not so different from when they’re in bed. Except it
kind of is because…

Jason covered his mouth with his. Lips coaxing. Tongue sliding wetly over his bottom lip before
taking it in, sipping and biting down. Tim groaned, his lips tingled even when he pulled back. “I
was afraid this would happen.”

“What would?” Jason nuzzled his nose as he absently stroked his fingers on Tim’s scarred lower
back, under his shirt.

He kneaded his fingertips on the red-head’s scalp. “That once I started–something– with you. I
won’t be able to stop.”
“Then don’t… Wait…” Jason gaped at him. There was no other word for it. He looked like he’d been smacked by a rubber chicken. “Wut?! And I never knew because–why?”

His lips quirked. He took a fistful of Jason’s hair and tugged. Jason grunted his approval, eyelids dropping half closed. “Because, I’m not the only Oblivious Wonder in the room. And because I never wanted you to know.”

Jason let out a breath and smirked. “You’re damn freaky. You know that, right?”

He snorted and for the first time allowed himself to trace the bridge of that nose. To rub that stubbled jaw and touch that plump bottom lip he so badly wanted to–Suck. Bite. Lick. And all those other things. As he stared, Jason parted them and took his fingertip inside, flicking his tongue at the tip. Well. Damn.

Jason was watching him with those eyes that probably had heat vision for the way it made his temperature shoot way up there. And stirred way down there too. God. He was so screwed. Screw. Jason. Oh god. That was another thing. Damn it, Tim. Focus!

When Jason sucked at his fingertip, Tim lost it. He leaned in, pushing his thumb at Jason’s chin and replaced his finger with his mouth.

Jason moaned, held him tight and sucked his tongue. God. Yes.

Dizzy. So… Damn. Can’t think.

Jason’s hand on his ass. Squeezing. Pressing their hips together. The first slow grind made his toes curl. He gasped into Jason’s mouth. Oh. Jason was already straining in his jeans.

“Tim…” His name sounded like a promise in that voice. He rolled his hips. “Mmm…Yes. God that feels good–”

He knew his smirk was a little lazy. “Can we sit? Or are we going upstairs?”

“Sit.” Jason dropped to the floor like a sinking ship, taking him down with him.

He laughed and for a moment, he could hear Dido in his head singing, ‘I will go down with this ship…’

God he was drunk.

And horny.

And damn if Jason wasn’t so… Tasty.

Jason grunted when Tim sat on his lap, straddling his thighs when they settled on the floor. He squeezed his ass again, smiling dazedly. “There are so many many things I want to do to you…”

He smirked, squeezing Jason’s nape. “Right back at you, Jay.”

“But not right now. Not when you’re drunk.” Jason chuckled, hands kneading and caressing up his lower back and down his ass again. “I fucking hate my morals sometimes. But there they are.”

“Didn’t even know you had them.” He laughed and kissed those smiling lips. “I’m dizzy. And horny. And you’re 50% responsible.”

“Only fifty? I’m insulted.” Jason chuckled. “Feel this?” He bucked his hips as he held Tim in
The hard length pressed against his balls through his sweatpants made him dizzier. “That’s 100% your fault.”

He ran his palms over Jason’s chest, trying and failing to get his heart rate back to normal. Unable to stop the throb between his legs just right after he felt Jason’s under him. “It’s not my fault you’re perpetually horny.”

“Yes it is. Why do you think I always go straight to the bathroom in the morning?”

Tim stared at him as the realization set in. Of Jason touching himself just few feet away behind a locked door every day. Hand wrapped around his throbbing length, biting his lower lip to keep himself quiet. Tim shuddered. If he didn’t think he could get any harder, he just proved himself wrong. 

“Damn.”

“It’s always your fault.” Jason flicked a finger at his nose. “Always. Now get that mouth of yours back here.”

He didn’t have to be told twice.

The slow slide of Jason’s lips and tongue was drugging. He kissed the way he fought. Intense. Consuming. And more than a little wicked.

Tim loved each slide of their tongues. Each lick and bite and suck made him lose himself a little more. He ground against that hard body beneath him. Wanting. The friction. Jason. Wanting more.

He wanted. “Jay… I need…”

"I know, Tim. I know.” Jason ground out. Hot breaths and chapped lips grazed his jaw. Scraping teeth against his neck.

T-shirts were off in a hurry. Seeking hands. Hungry mouths and lips and tongue and teeth seemed to be everywhere at once. Biting and sucking at his neck. His nipples. His chest. He did a lot of that on his own too. Still he wanted more.

“Jay. Help.” He would laugh if he could but he was too… Too…

Oh god. Yes.

Jason went to his knees and sat on his heels, back leaning against the wall. Tim braced himself on those broad shoulders, spread his legs wider. Their lengths pressed together separated only by layers of cloth. Jason’s jeans added sweet sweet friction to each slow grind. “Better?”

“Yes.” He stared at Jason with hooded eyes as he moved with those big hands guiding his hips. He gripped the back of Jason’s neck and panted. “Harder. Jay…” He slid his palm down the hard planes of Jason’s chest to his belly, earning a sharp intake of air. “I want to touch you…”

“Yes. Me too.” Jason rasped back, hands flexing on his ass, spreading his cheeks, making him throb with each beat of his heart. “Fuck. Next time. Tim…”

“Oh… Again. Do that again…” He bit his lip as each wave of pleasure hit harder than the last. “Why are we not naked again?”

Jason’s smile was strained. “Want you sober. Want you to remember it. God, Tim. If you can see yourself… So fucking beautiful like this…”

If he was sober, this would’ve been funny. Embarrassing even. But Jason’s voice. The sound of it. The way he stared. The way he moved. Humor was kind of the last thing in his mind right now.
“Jay.” He let out a throaty chuckle and leaned in for a kiss. He shifted and groaned as the almost violent press of hips made his vision blur. “I’m so close.”

“God. Tim. I want to eat you up. Lick you all over.” Jason’s lips ghosted against his chin. Rasping with each word. He could feel those eyes watching him even as his eyes closed and he shuddered. Heat pooled in his belly. The pressure coiling so tight. “I want my mouth on you.”


“I want to taste you. Suck you. See you lose yourself. Want to feel you come in my mouth—”

Fuck. White hot pleasure hit him so hard he cried out. Back bowing as he ground himself against Jason, straining as everything went white and there was nothing to do but feel.

He was still shuddering when Jason went rigid, thrusting against him as he buried his face in his neck and clasped him close. Tim held onto him, digging fingers into his back as he rode out his climax.

He didn’t really know how long they stayed that way, trying to catch their breaths, him combing his fingers through Jason’s hair as the latter absently stroked the back of his waist. He smiled in amusement as the older man lifted him a little and sat back on the floor, legs stretched out in front of him before dragging him back on his lap.

“Lost feeling to my legs.” Jason said chuckling as he leaned his head on the wall. “God. That was amazing.”

“Losing feeling to your legs was amazing?” He smirked and settled on Jason’s thighs instead of his now stained jeans.

His brother smiled, cupped his face with both hands and squished. “Cheeky brat.”

He put his hands on Jason’s face and figured, it was time to do the same. He pressed hard until the man’s lips puckered and his face resembled a badly flattened blowfish. Tim snickered. “I can now see the appeal to this.”

“See?” Jason wiggled his eyebrows. They were probably the only things he could actually move on his face right now. “I told you face squishing is fun. Now get that puckered lips of yours over here.”

He let himself be pulled in, their hands letting up to let their mouths do other things than imitate fish lips.


“We need a bath.” Jason declared a while later. “And you need to rehydrate if you don’t want a hangover.”

Tim was feeling too languid and content to move. Nevermind his kind of messy boxers, alcohol and sex should be put in his list of relaxing things to do when he couldn’t sleep. “Wouldn’t the bath be breaking the ‘We’ll be naked next time.’ thing you said?”

“Damn that brain of yours. I think mine got shot out of my dick a while ago.” The bastard grinned. “I think we’ll be fine. Come on.”

He made a face. He was getting sleepy. “But it’s so nice here.”
“Yeah? It’s even better on the bed.” Jason’s smile was wicked. He lifted Tim up from his lap and stood. “Come on. Get 2 bottles of Gatorade from the fridge and let’s get cleaned up.”

Tim put a hand on the wall to stop the dizziness. So sleepy. “Gimme a second. Floor’s moving.”

Jason smiled and turned around to give his back to him. He lowered himself in an almost squat. “Hop on.”

*Damn. Not now stomach.* “Jay… I can walk.”

Jason glanced back in amusement. “Hop on and hang on before you keel over.”

So warm. He smiled as he settled his face on the back of Jason’s neck and his entire front pressed against the man’s the muscled back. He hadn’t had a piggy back ride since forever. “I’m really sleepy.”

“I know.” He could hear Jason’s smile.

He smiled back. “Everything’s turning. Even with my eyes closed.”

“Don’t puke on me.”

He snorted. He could tell they were going up the stairs. “Hope I ’member all this t’morrow.”

Jason chuckled. “Don’t worry. I’ll remind you.”

He kissed the patch of skin where his lips were pressed. “Thanks, Jay.”

Jason hummed. He could hear the smile in it too. “Anytime, baby bird. Anytime.”
Rise and Shine, Sunshine

Chapter Summary

After the adventure, comes the hang-over.

The first time he opened his eyes, his silent scream of, *Oh god! My eyes!* made him shut them again as his brain tried to catch up with the sudden turn of events that he may have turned into a damn owl or worse, a vampire, sometime during the night.

When he flinched and he tried to move, the sharp pain in his head felt like some villainous blacksmith had an anvil and was hammering away… In his brain. He groaned, covering his head with a pillow to block out both the light and the pounding.

It didn’t stop. Because, no, he wasn’t lucky like that.

*Ow.*

And the taste in his mouth. Wasn’t so good. *Rum. Need water…*

Then just like that, flashes of last night’s activities invaded his brain and he became all too aware of his surroundings to go back to sleep. That and Mr. Blacksmith was mercilessly pounding in his skull.

*Jason… He... I... We...* Well now he can’t even form a damn sentence? *Fuck it all. Oh. Fuck it all is a sentence.*

He grunted and braved a peek from under the pillow. *Oh good. I’m alone.* He was too relieved to be disappointed. Only to groan and bury his head under the pillow again when the loft vibrated a little at Jason’s footsteps up the stairs. He was happy to note that each sudden jerky movement on his part triggered the damn pounding in his brain. *Oh joy.*

He felt Jason kneel right in front of him on the mattress and tried not to scrunch his face. That hurt too. *Not gonna drink again…*

“He, baby bird. Rise and shine!” The pillow was tugged from his under his clutches.

“Jason!” He caught a brief glimpse of the man before he grabbed another pillow and covered his head because… *Oww... My eyes! Again.*

“You can’t hide under the pillow forever, you know.” Jason chided. The pillow didn’t even filter the amusement in his damn voice. “It’s okay to be a little embarrassed but you have to face me sometime.”

*What?!*

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. It was just me. You know you never have to be embar–”

“What the hell are you talking about?!!” He flinched as the brightness that hit his eyes when he
removed the pillow from his head. “Ow. Goddamn. Even yelling sets it off.”

Jason’s expression went from surprised to understanding to highly amused. “Oh. Hangover. Not… What… Happened last night.”

“Yes. Duh.” He threw a hand over his eyes. He was not going to think about how good Jason made him feel last night, how addicting his kisses were and how he wanted so much more of those because right now… “I need an aspirin.”

“No. You need to rehydrate. Piss and bomb everything out. Take a bath then eat. Then go back to sleep if you need to. Rinse, dry and repeat as needed and you’ll be good as new.”

“Is that right, Dr. Todd?” He narrowed his eyes and tried not to move so as not to set off Mr. Blacksmith.

It’s so unfair that Jason had already showered and shaved and changed clothes and looked good enough to eat…

Wait. He glanced down at himself and noted that he was in a different t-shirt and boxers. Clean boxers. He turned to look at Jason who smiled way too innocently to be trusted.

“You changed my shorts?” He wanted to be embarrassed really but the hangover was making him take it all in stride.

“Correction. I helped change your shorts. The cleaning, you mostly did yourself. Even managed to brush your teeth,” A snicker. “after you almost poked your eye with the toothbrush.”

He got flashes lying in bed, pushing down his sweatpants and boxers with Jason’s help. He remembered wiping himself off with a wet towel. And lifting his hips for new boxers. Aside from that, nothing. Lapses of memory. Awesome.

“You don’t remember?” Jason smirked.

“What did you do?” He didn’t trust that smile. No one should trust that smile. “You didn’t make me do anything stupid and take a video–”

“No.” Jason had the gall to look affronted. “Besides, why would I need a video when we have surveillance cameras in this place?”

He groaned. He forgot about that.

“I’ve already seen the video from downstairs, by the way. Hot. Very hot.” Jason bit his lip, eyes going heavy lidded as he stared.

Tim could feel his cheeks heat up even under the effects of alcohol and the damn hangover. “I’ll delete it as soon as I can.”

“Go ahead. I already have it in my phone along with the very naked pictures I took of you last night.”

His jaw dropped. His body moved before his brain could register it and he tackled Jason, taking him down flat with his shoulder on the man’s stomach. “You–give that to me–you perv–Ow… Goddamnit…”

His head pounded so painfully he leaned his forehead on Jason’s chest and clutched at the side of
his head.

He felt Jason’s fingers tangle in his hair gently. “No sudden movements, babe. It’ll hurt like a bitch.”

He slumped on Jason’s chest. “I don’t care anymore. Keep the damn pictures and the video. Just don’t show them to anyone or I swear I’ll Bobbittize you in your sleep.”

Jason chuckled as he ran his fingertips soothingly over his scalp. “I know you will, baby bird.”

“I don’t want to drink anymore.” He groaned against the white t-shirt over firm chest muscles.

“Oh you will.” Jason assured him. “We’re doing this once a month. Just after you’ve forgotten how it feels to be hungover.”

He was slumped and half-sprawled on top of the man, not bothering to move even with he weird letter T they made on the mattress. If he didn’t move, it didn’t hurt as much. “You’re evil, Dr. Todd. Evil.”

“Devious.” Jason corrected. “Call me, Dr. Devious.”

He chuckled. “Oh god. Don’t make me laugh. That hurts too.”

“I’ve seen you take a bullet. Get gutted, stitched up and beaten to an inch of your life without so much as a groan and you're complaining over a hangover?”

He reached up and swatted Jason upside the head. “I’m not complaining, just telling you to stop making me laugh.”

“Sir, yes, sir.” Jason replied with a snicker as he massaged Tim’s nape. He was quiet for a moment but Tim knew he was gearing up to say something. “You’re not regretting last night, are you?”

“I want to regret getting drunk because of the hangover but the drinking was the reason the rest happened so… No.”

Jason lifted him up with hands under his armpits like a cat and stared as if trying to gauge his expression.

Tim blinked at him. “What?”

The red-head chuckled and set him back on his chest again. “You do know that it wasn’t just the drinking that made me say and do all that, right?”

The answering warmth and tightness in his chest and fluttering in his stomach made him bite back a groan. Yes, internal organs. I hear you.

“I remember you saying something along those lines, yes.” Yes. Even in his drunkenness, he remembered it word for word. God. Never want to forget that.

Jason lifted him up again so they can be eye to eye. That scrutinizing look was comical but he knew Jason was serious.

Tim raised an eyebrow. “Wut?”

His brother chuckled and hauled him up.
Just knowing Jason was going to kiss him made his lips tingle and his insides do some flipflops.

Then it happened.

He pressed a hand on the red-head’s chest. “Wait… I need to pee.”

Jason groaned and dropped him. “Moment ruiner. You should be ashamed of yourself.”

He snickered as he scrambled for the toilet even as Mr. Blacksmith pounded in his head.

“Take a bath and brush your teeth!” Jason yelled from the mattress. “I want a minty fresh kiss!”

“Since you’re making demands, I want bacon and eggs and soda!”

“After I get my minty fresh kiss.” Jason called back.

Tim laughed. Suddenly, the hangover wasn’t so bad. “Ok then. After.”
Thou Shalt Not Turn Into A Sap

Chapter Summary

Tim knows when he’s in over his head…

Tim was greeted by the scent of bacon frying when he got out of the bathroom. He felt much better after a bath and all his other natural necessities taken care of. Even after brushing, his mouth still tasted weird though. Like the rum was just somewhere beyond his throat and swishing which was probably true judging by the amount he consumed last night.

Oh and Mr. Blacksmith was still pounding in his head with each sudden movement like when he bent to put on his sweats. *Ah. The price one pays for a night of self-indulgence.*

*But what a night it was.* So he was not complaining. Much.

He didn’t know the protocol for this, but if his relationship with Steph was any indication, he just had to go with the flow, do what felt right and not change in that freaky way people treat their lovers.

*Lovers.* His hand paused in drying his hair with a towel. He had a certain dislike for the word. *Lovers* were people you had sex with, *love* not having anything to do with it.

He wanted to think that he and Jason had something more than that. That first and foremost, they were *brothers.*

*Partners.*

*Family.*

He didn’t want everything they’ve been through to be reduced to the physical and almost worthless term of *lover.*

If he wanted a lover, he could’ve gotten one so easily a long time ago.

*Stop over-thinking this!* He sighed, dying his hair again, noting that he should get a haircut soon if he didn’t want to look like a wannabe 80’s rockstar.

He put on a t-shirt, ran a comb through his hair and headed downstairs. He was pretty good at thinking on his toes. If he was a shoe commercial, his slogan would be, *Just wing it.*

*O–kaaay.* He still wasn’t used to the automatic smile that twitched his lips at the sight of Jason, which was damn embarrassing because he was sure he looked like a dork. But Jason smiled back so… *God. I’m a dork.*


“Hey.” Jason snorted, unimpressed. A large hand closed over his arm and dragged him closer. He noted Jason turned off the stove before he even got within the circle of the man’s arms. “Took you long enough to get here. I’m wanting more than just ‘hey’, ya know.”
And there was Jason’s lips on his.

Soft. Warm. Teasing. Before Jason’s tongue made a slow slide against his bottom lip, dragging against teeth, seeking entrance in that deliberate way that made his toes curl and his brain turn to mush.

That whimper was totally his. And he would be mortified if Jason hadn’t made an answering groan and held him tighter, pressing their bodies together.

Fingers tangled in his hair, gripped and tilted his head giving Jason a better angle relieve him of his brain cells via sucking his tongue and plundering his mouth.

Because Jason… Mmmn… Tim smiled against his lips and Mmm'ed a little more.

He clutched and kneaded with his hands on those shoulders as he explored Jason’s mouth to draw out more of those low pleased sounds. He liked kissing Jason way too much to just stay still. Jason’s low moan against his lips when Tim slid his tongue on the roof of Jason’s mouth made him grin.

He loved the sweet minty taste and he really, really could keep doing this fore–…

His stomach growled.

Jason laughed against his lips and squeezed his hip. “We can get back to this later, after you’ve eaten, you know.” His voice was husky and a little breathless as his hand slid up Tim’s side, both soothing and caressing at the same time. “Somewhere comfortable and horizontal so you can molest me all you want.”

Tim leaned back and blinked at him in all innocence. “Why, Jason! Are you flirting with me?”

“Well, I never!” Jason’s eyes widened in indignation. “Just because I let you stick your tongue in my mouth, doesn’t mean I’m easy!”

“Oh. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to offend your delicate sensibilities, Mr. Todd.” Tim scraped his blunt nails at Jason’s nape, tracing the hairline to the back of his ears, making the redhead shiver. “I was merely observing the way you are clutching my behind like a stress ball and made a calculated guess. I never actually implied that you were easy.”

Jason stared then laughed long and loud.

Tim grinned and drew his head back when Jason made an attempt to nip at his nose. –Yes. With his teeth!– And grinned wolfishly when Tim poked his nose in retaliation.

The look he got from the older man made him warm and fuzzy and feel that helpless little urge to hug Jason close and never let go. ’Thou shalt not turn into a sap.’ should be a new commandment. Really.

“Come on.” Jason finally said and pulled him by the wrist to sit him on the table. “The sooner we eat, the sooner you can have your hands on me again. I know you’ve been dying to get them in my little green panties since you were a pint-sized stalker.”

He punched Jason’s shoulder making the man laugh and kiss him again. “You are lucky I like you, jerk.”

Jason grinned proudly. “You don’t know how thankful my hand is for your tolerance.”
“Your hand?”

The grin turned sly. “Yeah. It was getting tired of it’s morning duties, ya know. And it’s very grateful to hand over the job to you.”

He blinked. And yeah that was the rest of his brain melting from the heat in between his ears. He smiled primly, giving a formal little nod. “I am happy to give you a hand. Or whatever extremity you may require to get the job done.”

“Christ.” Jason laughed, caught his face in between his hands and squished. “You… You make me want to… Damn. I…”

Tim raised his eyebrows and waited for the words to come but all Jason did was stare at him in a way that made his insides turn to warm mush. “I–what–?”

Jason squished his face again with a playful rolling of his head that left Tim feeling like an abused beach ball. Only the happy smile and fondness on Jason’s expression kept him from nerve striking the idiot’s neck.

When he finally let go, the small fond smile remained. It made Tim feel too much, like the things inside chest were too big for his rib-cage, but all Jason actually said was, “Let’s eat.”

He was cool. He’ll wing it. He won’t say anything either. He’d already went ’Tim Smash!’ on several of his self-imposed rules that breaking more would probably bring on the apocalypse. Sap. Tim, you’re a sap.

He was in over his head. If Jason leaves, it’ll be hard to–

"Whatever it is you’re thinking. Stop. Just stop.”

He looked up and stared Jason.

“I can hear you thinking all the way from the stove.” Jason plunked the plates of bacon and eggs in front of him and sat down to his left. His brother’s frown was a little annoyed. “Whatever it is you’re freaking out about, stop it.”

He was not that transparent! “I wasn’t freaking out.”

“Oh. You were! I know you were. Don’t give me that look, Tim. You were doing the freaky Bat-thing where you got too–” He gestured with his hands. “Like you’d turned to stone or something. You may fool other people into thinking that’s calm but I’m not other people. I’ve seen Bruce do that a million times.”

Tim bit his lower lip to keep himself from sighing but couldn’t help it, he sighed anyway. “I’m trying not to–freak out. But you know, my brain kicks in and starts questioning my logic and making contingency plans…”

Jason looked like he didn’t know if he wanted to be amused or annoyed. “For when I leave or when I’m dead?”

“Um–”

“That’s really freaky, Timbo.” Jason let out a laugh of disbelief and reached over to put a hand on top of his head and gripped his hair in a tight fist.
Tim bit back a grunt and his own hands fisted on his lap. Oh man… He liked that hair gripping thing a little too much. And it relieved his headache too.

Jason’s grip kept him from turning his head anywhere else except his face which was too serious. “What part of me not going anywhere did you not understand?”

“I can’t help the way my brain works, Jay…”


He wanted to believe that so much, he didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at his stupidity. “Um–Yes?”

“Just so we’re clear.” He let go of his grip and ruffled Tim’s hair. A muscle ticked in his jaw. “You still don’t trust me enough.”

“That’s ridiculous.” Now he was annoyed. And also, he wanted Jason’s grip in his hair again. “I trust you with my life, Jay.”

“Yeah. But not enough to believe that I’m here to stay.” He made a ‘tt’ sound that reminded Tim of Damian when people were being idiots. But then he smiled that fond, ‘I don’t know what to do with you’ smile and said, “Looks like I’ll just have to try harder to convince you then.”

Okaaay… Shut up, chest. And fuck you. I already know that I’m in over my head.

He reached for the bread instead of answering because, really, how the hell does he respond to that?

“You like it when I grip your hair?”

That got him staring at Jason again. “I– what?”

“When I do this–” He reached over and gripped a fist full of Tim’s hair at the back of his head. “You like it?”

Tim could feel the heat pool in his belly and bloom in his cheeks. “Yeah. It’s-um–nice. Like a massage.”

Jason chuckled and let go, eyeing him with that wicked little grin that only made him all the more needy. “Want me to do that until you fall asleep?”

“Yes!”

Jason laughed again. “Okay. Eat. Then we’ll go up and I’ll do that… And– we’ll see where it leads us.”

The open-ended promise was going to fry his brain so he decided to not think about it and focus on the bacon instead. Then he remembered. “I got the thermal imaging in your helmet fixed.”

“Cool.” Jason grinned. “Now I can watch you from the bed and confirm if you jack off in the bathroom too.”

Tim raised an eyebrow at him. “Now why would I need to do that when I have perfectly capable and horny person in the other room to do that for me?”
Jason stared at him then snickered. “True. Very true.”

Tim smiled into his bacon. *Yep. In over my head.*

*Sap.*
Compensating Tim

Chapter Summary

‘Fucking workaholic ninja pillows should be in bed for fucks sake.’

Chapter Notes

Well… Hell. 4k+ smut in which this one should be called, ‘What is plot?’ I’m sorry. Orz

Cleaning up after breakfast only took a few minutes while talking about the latest gang war that broke out last week and left a few of Gotham’s unsavory characters dead or broken in one way or another. And no, they did not jump into the thick of that, thank you very much, because what better way to clean up the streets than to let the punks beat the crap out of each other until the dead bodies pile up and there are fewer idiots to deal with? Yeah. That. *It should be in the Red Team Rule Book.*

So they sat that one out, watching from the top of a building as the brawling and the shooting and the knifing went on for an hour or so. The police broke things up only after there were enough bodies broken that none of the cops got hurt.

Innocent civilians were out of the way. And lots of criminals out of commission. It was a good night.

However, the streets are now rife with tension in the Narrows and Crime Alley so patrol in the past week had been quite eventful. He and Jason split up to cover more ground and while his brother made it a point to go back home before 4am, he’d crawl into bed after five, usually still thrumming with left-over adrenaline.

Jason was so in tune to him that he’d sacrifice a good fifteen to thirty minutes of sleep to hold him close and rub his back and basically anywhere safe to touch until he relaxed enough to sleep.

Tim felt bad about that and decided to spend the time to unwind on his worktable downstairs and get some work done until he was ready for bed. The third time he did that, Jason trudged down the stairs and dragged him up, and tossed him over his shoulder grumbling, ‘Fucking workaholic ninja pillows should be in bed for fucks sake.’

He was so bewildered, he didn’t even fight back because he thought Jason was sleepwalking! Only after the man had him tucked to his chest with one leg slung over his hip did he realize that Jason was talking about him. He had a strange feeling that Jason liked cuddling as much as he did, but he never mentioned it out loud just in case it got him a kick to the chest.

He still didn’t know what to feel about being called a ‘workaholic ninja pillow’ though.

Now back to the after breakfast clean-up, and they’re upstairs again for Tim’s hair gripping session
with Hair Gripper Extraordinaire Jason Peter Todd. And no, he wasn’t going to snicker at his inner monologue.

Jason dragged the mattress over to the side and sat himself with his back to the wall, legs stretched out, then placed a pillow on his lap. He tapped it and wiggled his eyebrows at Tim. “Lie down, good sir. We are in session. Pillow’s so I don’t poke your face with my stick.”

Tim chuckled. “Of course. We wouldn’t want that now, would we?”

“I actually don’t have any objections to poking you with my stick but I figured you wanted a head massage with these;” He raised his hands, “And not a head massage. But that’s entirely up to you.” He stared suggestively at the pillow on his lap, and if Tim had x-ray vision he’d definitely see the ‘head’ Jay was referring to.

The laughter bubbling in his gut spilled out along with that stupidly giddy feeling he’d been having around Jason since, heh, last night. “I’ll take a rain check on the latter when my head,” He pointed to his cranium, “not the other one, stops throbbing.”

Jason stared pointedly at his crotch with a smirk. “Is that throbbing too? Because I can help you with that. Orgasms are natural pain relievers, ya know.”

“I know, Jay.” He grinned as he crawled in position. Before he could lie down, Jason caught his chin. “What?”

“I’ll take half my payment now.”

And there goes Tim’s brain out of his ears at Jason’s slow, languid and bone-melting kiss that by the time they stopped, he was lying boneless on the pillow. It was goddamned unfair for Jason to look sexy even with a lopsided goofy grin. Goddamn it.

“Keep looking at me like that and headache or no, I’ll eat you up, baby bird.”

The spike of heat in his belly went straight south and made his cock twitch. Seems his other head really likes that idea. Shut up, other head. He smirked. “Not right now, minion. Now get to work. Chop chop.”

“Who you callin’ minion, Virgin Wonder?!” Jason leered even as his fingers dug into Tim’s hair, raking through it and gripping tight.

Tim gave a grunt of appreciation as he closed his eyes. “I know you’re a damn good fighter and a tactical specialist, but I can out think you, Red.”

Jason snorted giving his hair another squeeze, the force of it tightening his scalp in a really good way. “Heh. Brains versus brawn.”

“Therefore?”

“Brain wins.”

His lips twitched. “Very good, minion.”

Jason squeezed his nose. “Thank you, Master.”

Tim snickered. He hummed when Jason gripped his hair with both hands. “I like this way too much.”
“Reeaaaally? I can’t tell.” Sarcasm dripped from the statement making him smile.

“Maybe I should be more obvious by falling asleep while drooling on the pillow.”

“Not on my pillow, you’re not.”

That got him peering up at Jason.

The redhead gave him the ‘forehead brows’. “What?! A guy can’t have clean pillows? All sorts of body fluids except my own should be kept away from my pillows. Is that too much to ask?”

Tim bit the inside of his cheek to keep from laughing. “Um, no?”

"Just so we’re clear. And this is not compulsive behavior. I just like clean pillows.”

“Whatever you say, Jay.” He closed his eyes again. Jason used his grip on his hair to jolt Tim’s head. His eyes shot open. “What?!”

Jason narrowed his eyes at him. “I can hear you judging me in your head.”

“Your hearing is impaired. And last I checked, you’re not Professor X. Can I sleep now?”

Jason snorted. “Fine.”

He closed his eyes again but couldn’t help the little smile that tugged at his lips. Damn Jason and his infernal silliness. “Are we going out tonight?”

Jason gave a good grip before answering. “If it’s not raining too hard. Besides, it’s our rest day, Tim. We shouldn’t be out, we should stay here and roll around in bed, preferably naked.”

That got him opening his eyes again.

Jason smirked. “Like that plan, huh?”

“About that…” As much as he wanted Jason, he was a little worried about the sex. He’s done just about everything except the actual ‘thing’. But.. Was he going to top? Was he going to bottom? He didn’t have issues with either but…Damn, I should do some research. Or go read those fanfics Jason self-porns on…

He facepalmed. Fanfics, Tim. Really?!

“No freaking out allowed, Virgin Wonder.” Jason removed his hand and smiled more with his eyes than his lips. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of you. We’ll take it slow. Dude. When have I ever steered you wrong? Wait… Disregard that last statement.”

Tim let out a laugh and caught Jason’s wrist and settled it on his chest so he could look at the man without his arms in the way. But then he didn’t know what to say because, stupid Jason smiling with his eyes and being so damn nice and perfect… And ‘nice and perfect’ weren’t adjectives that should be associated with the Goddamn Red Hood or Jason Todd.

“If you’re so worried about me popping your cherry or if you’re saving yourself up for the super clone, we can just do other things… I can just– Ow!” Jason yelped when Tim punched his chest. “Goddamn it!”

That was how the wrestling started. And how Tim ended up pinning Jason on his stomach with his face on the mattress and his arm locked behind him at the expense of Mr. Blacksmith pounding
happily inside his head.

“My head hurts twice as much now, Jay.” Tim said with half a laugh. He pressed down with his knee at Jason’s lower back when he tried to get up. “Stay down.”

“Mmm. Didn’t know you like BDSM, baby bird. Kinky.”

He swatted the back of Jason’s head, laughing. “Shuddup.”

“I know you like leather, Master… Do you like whips too?”

Tim groaned. “I’m not Catwoman, Jay. Ask Bruce. Whips and claws are probably his kink.”

“Oh god.” Jason’s body shook with laughter. “I did not need that in my head right now.”

Tim winced as the image flashed in his head then chuckled. “Yeah. Me neither.”

He let Jason go and fell onto his back beside the redhead. Jason lifted up and draped himself over his chest, chin resting on Tim’s sternum. He didn’t say anything, just smiled with that little happy twitch of his lips. He probably looked exactly like what Tim felt.

Happy. Content to just lie there and do nothing.

Sap.

But hey, if he was, then Jason was too. We can be saps together.

Urgh. Well that was sappy.

Need new brain.

Tim poked Jason’s nose with his fingertip. “Let me sleep a while. We can have pizza for dinner.”

Jason perked up at that. If he was a dog, his tail would be wagging. “Really?”

“Yes. Then we can spar. With knives. I need more traditional knife training.”

Jason smiled and sat back on his previous position. He put the pillow back in place and gave it a pat. “Still mourning the loss of your discs?”

“Yeah. And we can’t just up and buy shuriken. So knife and bo is the new combo.” He said with a bit of regret as he lay back on Jason’s pillow. “I’m also thinking of buying a bulletproof vest and other gear to use in alternate with the suit.”

“Like the one I used to wear?” Jason asked, not bothering to hide his surprise. “The pockets in the cargo pants come in real handy. I hope you’re not planning to use the cowl and cape with it though because I’m telling you right now, it will look damn stupid.”

Tim chuckled. “I have a spare mask in my belt.”

“Nice. We can be Red Hood and uh…”

“I’m not changing my name, Jay.”

“But what if it was Wingman or Hoodlum or–”

“Hoodlum. Seriously? I’m not building a criminal rep. And Wingman is you, minion.” He said
raising an eyebrow archly.

Jason gripped his hair hard with both hands. “Don’t sass me.”

Tim stuck his tongue out at him.

Jason’s eyebrows raised way up there in challenge.

He should’ve known goading Jason was something one shouldn’t do when he had your hair in both his fists. All he managed was grip Jason’s wrists when the redhead raised his knees and used the grip on his hair to lift him up, tip his head back and Jason’s mouth was on his.

That hot, sexy, slick mouth that taunted him with every smirk and snide comment. The mouth that he could now kiss, thanks to the drunken makeouts last night.

Tim moaned into that mouth, not even resisting the slide of tongue against his. It made him dizzy, heart pounding as liquid heat pool in his belly.

He reached blindly for Jason, catching his nape and pulled down, silently begging, *More. Don’t stop.*

Jason shifted the grip on his hair to one hand, tightening in his scalp and shooting heat straight down the path where his other hand was slowly sliding.

He knew Jason could feel the pounding in his chest when his palm brushed past on it’s way down to his belly before tracking back up and making a detour to his left nipple.

He arched up to the touch. Fighting was futile. He wanted this. Wanted Jason since before he’d hit puberty. Sue him.

Jason rubbed and pinched him through the fabric before moving to the other, giving it the same attention. Tim had given up clutching at this point and was openly running his hands over Jason’s chest, his sides, fingers digging into hard muscle over his t-shirt before he caught the hem and stuck his hands under.

He smiled at Jason’s moan when he ran his hands over his skin, calluses catching on scars. He rubbed both nipples with his fingertips and pinched.

The sound Jason made was a cross between a yelp and a groan. His tongue swiped at the roof of Tim’s mouth and his hand tracked down. Down. Until he cupped Tim’s hardening length with one big hand, spanning his index and little finger over the sides as he pressed down with the two in the middle.


He pushed just enough for Tim to let the need build. To make him want more. He bucked into Jason’s hand, urging him to squeeze but he didn’t. The pounding in his head was in time with his throbbing cock and it hurt, and hurt in a different way.

*Damnit!* He caught Jason’s hand, covered it with his own and squeezed.

He breathed out and Jason smiled against his lips before breaking the kiss and staring down at him, eyes eating him up as he smirked. “And here I thought I was the one lacking patience.”

“You want to go back to jacking off in the bathroom, Todd?” His voice was low and rough. He
couldn’t help it. *Damn it! Just keep touching me!*

“No, sir.” Jason smirked as his hand squeezed rhythmically along with each delicious slide.

Tim didn’t have to keep his hand there but he did just to feel it flexing against him. *Heh.* Whoever said he didn’t have a thing for Jason’s hands was clearly wrong.

He pulled Jason’s shirt up. He had to lift his hands to take it off but that was okay because he needed to get up to take off his own shirt anyway.

He was barely out of it and Jason’s hand was on the waistband of his sweatpants. He raised his eyebrows in question and and Tim gave him a look. *Are you fucking kidding?*

He narrowed his eyes. “If you ask permission, I’m going to rethink my opinion of you…”

Jason snickered. “Off with it then.”

Tim grinned and stood on the mattress. Long fingers hooked under the waist band of his boxers and lifted, easing the pressure off and then both garments were pulled down. He was almost embarrassed at how hard he was. Almost. But not so much when Jason was staring so blatantly at him, licking his lips like he wanted to taste him so badly.

He shivered when one finger trailed oh so lightly from the underside of his shaft to the base.

“How the hell had you managed to keep everyone away from this is beyond me.” Jason’s breath ghosted over the sensitive skin as he knelt. “Damn. I almost hate to call you ‘baby bird’ when you’re hiding this in your pants.”

He could feel his flush all the way to his toes. One of the reasons he avoided communal gym showers was not just his scars. Guys liked to check each other out. Compare notes so to speak. And though Tim knew he wasn’t sporting a footlong, he was… Uh… Not lacking in that department. *Why am I even thinking this?!*

He pointed to Jason’s jeans. The way it was molded over him probably hurt. “Your turn.”

Jason raised his eyebrows but no, he didn’t take it off. He settled his hands over Tim’s hips, thumbs digging and sliding soothingly over the dip as he looked up and smiled, slow, sexy and more than a little wet. Then he pressed a kiss on the top of Tim’s thigh.

He inhaled sharply and held it.

He wouldn’t…

He stared as Jason looked up and smiled.

*Seriously?*

He nuzzled at the juncture of Tim’s thigh, nose brushing against the side of his balls. *Oh god…*

He pressed a light kiss at the base of Tim’s length, breath ghosting over the skin. Tim shivered, mind going blank as all his senses zeroed in on Jason.

Jason who parted his lips to plant an open mouthed kiss at the underside of Tim’s shaft. Hot mouth slowly sliding up for another kiss. Then he tilted his head to close his lips over the length.

*Oh god. His tongue.*

“Jay…”
He licked a stripe from base to tip, holding Tim in place with his hands so he couldn’t get away. Not that he wanted to except his knees were going boneless.

A few more licks and Tim’s hand was on Jason’s hair. Petting. Carding through the strands to anchor himself. To keep himself from turning into a mass of sensation while the man practically worshipped him with his mouth.

No, he did not want to think of that too much or he might just lose it right there.

But then Jason’s mouth closed over the tip and a strangled sound was torn out of him.

His hand flexed in Jason’s hair. He didn’t want to grip because he might not let go but…

*Oh. That’s…*

“Jay. God. You… What are you doing to me…”

Jason looked up and met his eyes, sucking and licking, cheeks hollowing as he sank down.

Tim shuddered, hips hitching as Jason swallowed him whole, wrapping this hand at the base and stroking in time with each bob of his head.

Need clawed at him, coiling tight at the base of his spine. Just the sight of Jason right there, eyes closed and brows drawn in concentration like he was the best thing he ever tasted was enough to…

*Fuck.*

“Jay…” His hand tightened in the red strands. *Warn him.* “Jay…”

Jason hummed. The vibrations sent shivers up his spine.

*So close…* He pulled at Jason’s hair. *Tell him.* “Jay… I’m–”

That hum with the tight grip on his hip and the fucking twisting of his hand on Tim’s cock was definitely a ‘Fucking do it!’ if it was spoken out loud.

He stared. Disbelief and want and *fuck yes fuck* scrambling his mind.

Jason’s eyes opened and stared directly at him. He smirked around the head of Tim’s throbbing length. Challenging him. *Daring.*

He hummed *again.* Then his hand sped up as he swallowed Tim down.

And he lost it. His mind was officially blown.

He arched, head thrown back as his vision whitened out. His entire world whitened out. *Fuck…*

He was still softly thrusting when his brain rebooted.

*God.* And Jason’s mouth was still on him. *Too much… Too…*

“Jay… God… Stop…”

Jason hummed again, smiling. He pulled back slowly dragging his tongue along the softening length, making Tim shudder with the aftershocks. He pursed his lips, pink tongue swiping at his lower lip like he couldn’t get enough of his taste, smirk forming as he looked up. “Having fun
yet?”

His laugh was a little shaky. Then he all but tackled Jason into the mattress.

No, he wasn’t about to start a wrestling match with his junk hanging out and Jason wasn’t resisting. He was laughing as Tim reached for his jeans.

“Thank you.” Jason breathed in relief as Tim pulled his boxer briefs down his legs. “I think I was about to die from lack of blood circulation.”

Tim grinned. “We wouldn’t want that now, would we?” He stared at the part of Jason’s anatomy that was currently holding a lot of that blood in question and… Yes. That would be quite a loss indeed.

“Nope. We definitely do not want that.” Jason circled the base with that same hand he had on him.

Tim groaned feeling himself stir again just by looking. He was a horny twenty-year old who spent his teen years not having sex and suppressing his need to jack off. Goddamnit. His body was probably compensating. Oh and hey… His headache… Reduced to a dull throb. Endorphins and sex… Good.

Jason dragged his hand up and down slow. “Fuck. I can feel you staring, baby bird. Touching is free, ya know.”

He reached out, covered the length above Jason’s hand with his own as he knelt in between his legs.

His brother groaned, hips lifting to push into his hand. “Fuck. Yes. Tim that’s it. Yeah. Like that.”

He stared, unsure of how far he was allowed to go. “Jay…”

Jason met his eyes. No smirk. Just want and need and understanding. “Anything you want, Tim. Anything I can give is yours. Anything.”

And there goes all his fantasies tripping all over themselves to have at Jason. He felt like a kid in a candy store. “Oh man…”

Now there was the smirk. “Come on, Timmy. Stop thinking and don’t leave me hangin’. We got all day. And all night. And hell, you got me right here forever if you want to.”

He met Jason’s eyes then. He was smiling in the fond way again, mixed with lust. It was a good look. It made Tim all sorts of crazy.

He didn’t think too hard on the words though. This was sex and yeah, he’d like sex with Jason as long as the other man wanted him too.

“Lube and condoms in the closet.” Jason hiked his thumb at the plastic box container they put their clothes in. “Bought them this morning.”

He gave Jason’s shaft a squeeze. “Now aren’t you a little boyscout…”

Jason grinned. “Cleaned up real well too. Figured you’d want to… Ya know. First time and all that…”

His eyes widened as the words sank in. It was embarrassing how fast his cock hardened at the thought.
Jason snickered, eyes flicking down Tim’s body before meeting his eyes again. “You’re welcome, Virgin Wonder.”

He laughed, dived at Jason and captured his lips. Messy, happy kisses that both teased and taunted as they rolled around in bed and touched some more.

Damn. If he wasn’t in over his head already, he’d be smacking himself right now. But he already was, so fuck it all. If he went down on a free fall, he might as well enjoy the ride.


He scrambled for it and came back to kneel in between Jason’s legs as he rolled the condom over his length. He could barely hear through the pounding in his ears. Jason stroked himself to ease the pressure, eyes trained on Tim as he slicked himself.

Jason spread his legs, hips lifting up for him. Spreading himself. Tim wanted to lean in and lick but he’d probably lose it again before he could get Jason off.

Jason’s low moan as he circled his finger over that ring of muscle made his cock twitch.


The last word was said with a growl that had Tim taking his fingers out and pushing into him.

“God, Jay…” So... Tight. Hot. It took all his will not to come just from sinking in. He paused, trying and failing to catch his breath when he bottomed out. “You okay?”

Jason’s eyes were closed, brows drawn and lips parted in a mix of pleasure and pain. “Yes. Fuck yes. Just. Move.”

“How do you want it?” He asked as he slowly drew back, savoring the drag as his eyes threatened to roll back in his head.

Jason’s eyes were heavy lidded, face flushed and panting. “Don’t worry about me. I’m about to blow just looking at you. Just do what makes you feel good.”

Oh Jay.

He will make this good even if it killed him. He lifted Jason’s legs over his arms for leverage.

“Like this?” He snapped his hips forward.


He pulled out slow and sank back in with a snap of his hips.

“Yes! That’s it. Yes. Like that. Just like that…”

He rolled his hips and made Jason moan and writhe and beg until he stopped throwing out instructions in favor of Yes... Fuck. Tim. So good...
He watched as Jason stroked himself in time with his thrusts, grunting with heavy breaths until he couldn’t hold back anymore.

“Jay…” He sped up, pushing harder, rhythm faltering into shorter thrusts, each one dragging a grunt from Jason.

“Tim… Tim!”

The silent scream as Jason came and clamped down on him dragged his own climax out. He thrust hard and deep as Jason tensed and spilled all over his chest and stomach.

His first thought as he pulled out was… Damn.

Damn.

Damn.

“Can’t feel my legs.”

Jason smiled lazily at him as his legs fell back down on either side of Tim. “That means you did good, young Padawan.”

A smile tugged at his lips as he traced a finger from Jason’s sternum to his belly button, making a translucent line of come on the scarred skin. “I did?”

Jason snorted. “Heh. Made me come my brains out and you still want your ego stroked?”

He grinned and took the condom off, tying the end. He leaned forward and planted a kiss on Jason’s lips then pushed himself up to stand and will the starch back to his legs. “I was just verifying since there wasn’t much brains to shoot out.”

Jason threw a pillow at him. “Fuck you, replacement.”

He laughed, catching the pillow and stared down at Jason who was shamelessly come splattered and lying in bed with nothing but a grin. He smirked. “Your short term memory needs updating, Jay. I just did, remember?”

Jason snickered, shooting him one of those looks that made his heart beat a lot faster. “Yeah, baby bird. You really did.”
“What are you wearing?”

Tim curbed a grin. “The number you dialed is not yet in service.”

“Aw, come on, baby bird. You take away all my fun.” Jason whined into the comlink.

“I’m not taking away your fun. I’m merely redirecting your attention.” Tim screwed in the sides of the computer tower he just repaired. “Do you want me to link you to a porn hotline?”

“Why would I want to pay some possibly middle aged, possibly fugly woman to talk dirty to me when I have a certified sexy vigilante with a damn smokey voice right here to have free phone sex with?”

Tim twirled the screwdriver in his hand as a smile twitched his lips. Sexy, huh? “You’re only saying that because you don’t have to pay said vigilante. But be that as it may, I am not having phone sex with you. It’s your lunch break, Jason. Do something useful, like eating lunch.”

“I did already. Now I have forty five minutes to kill and I so badly want to go home and bend you over the kitchen counter and fuck you senseless.”

He was glad the comlink didn’t have a camera because he could probably stand in for a tomato from the heat that suddenly pooled in his belly at that awesome declaration.

He and Jason have been going at it like rabbits for the past week. If they weren’t working, on patrol, or sleeping, they were doing their best to fuck each other’s brains out. Well, not all the time but most of it. The rest of the time, they spent hanging out, rolling in bed, sparring and just being around each other.

Like a happy couple.

Eww. I did not just think that!

“You just have to wait ‘til you get home for that.” He said evenly, trying to keep the amusement from his voice when Jason whined in his ear. “I’ve got 2 laptops to reformat. One of which won’t even power up. Also need to cross-ref the files on those punks we ran into last night with the gangs that were in the war to see who we still have to hunt down tonight and then I need to put together the info for the cops—”

“Okay. Okay. I understand. Lots of work, no time to play. Stick your dick into a carburator, Jay.” Came the grumpy reply.

Tim snickered. “I don’t think sticking your dick in a carburator would—”

“Shut up, Nerd Wonder.”
He reached for the laptop he needed to reformat, laughing. He put the disk in to let it run while he worked on the other one. “I’m buying groceries later. Want some burgers for dinner?”

“Hell yeah. We can use that new grill pan.” Jason perked up. “Get some marshmallows too and don’t forget to buy some more of that herbal eucalyptus thing. It’s my turn to get a massage tonight. Mmm. Looking forward to that.”

*You and I both.* And there goes Jason Mraz singing in his head.

“Noted. Anything else you need?” He was sure his Jason can hear his smile.

“You. Bent over the kitchen counter.”

He grinned and ignored his brain calling Jason *his.* Jason *was not his!* “You’re awfully single-minded, Red.”

“I have to be when dealing with you. Otherwise, you’d put me aside and forget about me while you deal with everything else.”

That made Tim pause from unscrewing the laptop’s base as he realized how close to the truth that was. He did tend to ignore his life, his needs in favor of everything else that needed to be done. He constantly put his life on hold for everything else.

It was only these past few months with Jason that he got to be Tim Drake more than he was Red Robin, or Tim Drake-Wayne college student/WE Prodigy/model son.

Even now, it was Jason who pulled him back from working too much, both on and off Mission. Jason who would drag him to bed to sleep. Who would distract him from fixing things so he would take breaks.

He blinked and stared at all the broken computers on his worktable.

Now he knew why Jason kept calling him whenever he could and the realization made the warm fuzzies bloom in his chest.

*Good grief. Jason is turning me into a squishy marshmallow.*

*Never mention that to Jason.* ‘Squishy Wonder’ didn’t need to be added to his long line of nicknames.

“Tim.”

Suddenly he just wanted to glomptackle Jason and hug him to death.

*Yes. Glomptackle is a word. Shut up, brain.*

“Tim! You still there?”

“Where are you?”

“In the truck with my feet on the dash. Why?”

He settled back on his work chair and smirked. “Well I hope you have some tissues handy, because you’re gonna need it.”

Jason paused as realization set in. “Oh holy fuck—"
His grin was wicked. "There is nothing holy about sticking your hand in your pants, Jay. Unless you’re thinking of something different involving holes and such…”

He can almost hear his brother’s jaw drop. “Holy– I created a monster.” Jason cackled over the comms. “I like it.”

Tim grinned wider. Indeed.
Chapter Summary

Jason’s math is great. Especially if it involves calculating how fast he can make someone hot.

“Hey, baby bird! Look what I got!”

Tim turned his chair towards the door and found Jason brandishing a DVD with a familiar cover on it. He suppressed a wince when he saw what it was: Batman: Under The Red Hood.

He wasn’t sure how much of the movie was accurate. He’d watched it and deleted it as soon as he did so Jason wouldn’t accidentally find it, because if even half of the movie was true…

This will only end in tears.

Or maybe a bout of Jason in a snit aka Red Hood on a Rampage. Well at least, the local criminals will have more broken bones tonight.

“I borrowed it from Max.” Jason said by way of explanation. He gave Tim a kiss on the forehead as if he’d been doing it for years instead of a couple of weeks. It made Tim’s belly feel all warm and squishy. “Seems he heard of the vigilantes running around the city and wondered who they were. He was mighty disappointed that there was no Red Robin movie.”

“It’s because Red Robin is the irrelevant kid who was once Robin. But everyone will always think Robin is Dick so that kid didn’t really matter. He wasn’t important enough to get his own movie.” Tim said with half a smile.

Robin was an icon. It wasn’t his name to claim. Neither was Red Robin. Jason was Red Robin first. And Dick… In that Elseworlds story. Yes, he did his research. Thank you.

Besides, he also discovered he was Robin in a lot of animated series. Not bad for the irrelevant kid. Yay, Me!

Jason chucked his chin. “You always star in my own private porn movie, baby bird.”

Tim backhanded his stomach.

“Oof! Whaaat?!” The man had the gal to ask.

“There’s donuts in the fridge.” He said instead and turned to face his worktable. “The beef in the pot should be tender in a while. You can– Jason!”

His chair whirled around and his brother’s hands planted on either side of the low padded arms as he leaned in. “Only a few weeks and you’re giving me the tired little housewife routine.”

His eyes narrowed. Of all the– “I. Am. Not. A housewife, Jay…”

Jason raised an eyebrow. His face was so close, Tim could feel his breaths fan lightly on his face.
“Good. Because *this*— just won’t do.”

“I have no idea what you’re mmmmph!” The rest of his sentence was swallowed in a kiss.

A deep dark hungry kiss. One that left his head spinning and his arms twining on Jason’s neck without conscious thought and his legs parting as Jason leaned his knee on the chair in between his thighs.

He moaned. Some part of him registered he’d lifted up to grind against Jason’s thigh as those big hands cupped and squeezed his ass to guide him. He didn’t really care about logistics. He just wanted to keep grinding against that hard muscled thigh. Wanted Jason to keep sliding that wicked tongue against his. Wanted his hands on his ass to push harder. He wanted…

Jason’s mouth moved to his jaw as Tim panted for breath and clung to him to keep from sliding down.

Jason groaned as he trailed open mouthed kisses down his neck. He buried his face there, breaths heavy as his lips and tongue made patterns over Tim’s skin. Then his body started shaking.

It took Tim a few moments to realize Jason was laughing. He leaned back and gripped the man’s hair in his fist until the redhead looked up to meet his eyes.

*Yep. Definitely grinning.*

Nevermind that his boxers were tight, Tim found his lips twitching and more than a little curious. “What?”

“I just realized we go from cool to hot in 0.5 seconds.”

His eyebrows raised. “Not all the time..?”

“Every. Single. Time, baby bird.” Jason grinned as if he was proud of that little fact.

“Huh.” He sank back on the chair, sliding against Jason’s leg in the process, making the man grunt. He smirked.

Jason caught his nose in between his fore and middle fingers. “You’re a damn tease.”

He pulled his head back, stare challenging. “That’s what you get for starting a laughing fit while we’re making out.”

The older man let out a put-upon sigh. “So it has come to this.”

“Indeed.” Tim nodded solemnly. *We’re dorks.*

Jason regarded at him seriously. “Shall we resume?”

“The moment is past.” He wanted to snort. *Yeah right.*

A twitch of Jason’s lips. Then he snorted. “Yeah right.”

He grabbed the back of Tim’s head, gripped his hair to tip his head back then ducked in for another soul-sucking kiss that left them both panting.

“You’re right.” Tim said in between breaths. “Cool to hot in 0.5 seconds.”
“Told ya.” Jason smirked and gave his hair a firm grip. “Shall we take this upstairs?”

“What about dinner?” Tim asked though his hand was busy running up and down Jason’s thigh. *Heh.* He was a master of multi-tasking. “Would appreciate another… Yeah. That. Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” Jason chuckled as he gripped and let go of his hair. “You’re tenting your pants, baby bird.”

Tim looked down and yeah, there it was. He reached his other hand to cover the unmistakable bulge in the front of Jason’s jeans and squeezed. “Well, unless this is your Glock, you’re one to talk.”

Jason groaned and the grip on his hair tightened. “Damn. I’ve been discovered. Was trying to keep that under wraps. Great work, detective.”

Tim snickered. *Dorks.*

“Would appreciate it if you keep stroking. Just a bit… Yeah. Like that…” His voice was a little rough and he was getting that look in his eyes as he wet his lower lip with his tongue. That single-minded focused look that Tim knew meant he won’t be getting out of this short of a disaster of epic proportions.

Tim swallowed, mouth going dry. Jason was hot and hard under his palm and his brain was pretty much melting in between his ears. Before he could think to stop, not that he really wanted to, his other hand reached for the buckle on Jason’s belt. “Bet you’d appreciate this more.”

“Oh yeah.” Jason gave his hair a good tight grip in thanks.

Tim smiled. “Good to know. You might want to put your foot down if you want me in there, Red. Your pants are in the way.”

Jason’s boot hit the floor before he got to finish his sentence.

Tim was chuckling as he pushed Jason’s jeans and boxers down, letting the fabric catch over the crown to tease him. The hot clenching response in his belly made him swallow at the sight of it. He licked his lips.

Jason made a strangled sound and gripped his hair tight. “Fuck, baby bird. Do it.”

He looked up. Jason’s breaths were harsh, his pupils dilated as he stared down, brows drawn like he was about to shove Tim’s face there if he didn’t do something. Right now.

He will never say it out loud but he really had a thing for going down on Jason. The scent. The feel of him on his tongue. The noises that Jason made were addicting. *Jason* was addicting.

“Tim…” His name sounded like a deep dark need from those lips.

Tim couldn’t deny him. It was almost scary how much he couldn’t deny Jason.

So he didn’t.

He parted his lips and leaned in.
Urban Legends

Chapter Summary

They’ve made Page 3 of the Gotham Gazette.

Chapter Notes

I was cleaning out chap 16 and realized I’ll just be scrapping it so I salvaged the ‘article’ and made this intermission real quick. It’s really short but I hope you like this, Annocat! :)

“Hey Jay, look at this.” Tim turned the newspaper so Jason could see the article he was reading.

Jason scooted his chair closer and took the other end of the paper from his brother to hold it up.

“Where?”

Tim pointed to the middle portion of page 3 entitled “Gotham’s New Urban Legends”. It read:

'Local crime has seen a decrease in the past month since rumors of certain masked vigilantes have surfaced. None have managed to produce actual evidence of their existence other than eyewitness accounts from people they have saved, but the people are certain that they are out there.

The GCPD maintain that they do not support the vigilantes’ actions even with all the help they have been getting.

Most days, they only need to pick up gift wrapped criminals off the streets rather than chase after them.

In this city, that is something to be thankful for.

The decrease in crime, especially during last week’s Comic Convention, might be that Gotham’s criminal element had started considering the possibility that if the GCPD doesn’t get them, the cosplayers will.'

Jason snorted, shooting Tim a sideways look. ‘Heh. We should go to one of these conventions. Would be cool to show them your cape and tell them the blood spatter is authentic.’

Tim gave him a wry smile. ‘Pfft. You just want to fanboy over yourself. Well, other people dressed as yourself.”

Jason raised an eyebrow, looking appropriately incredulous. "They will fanboy over me, Geek Wonder. How could someone else’s costume possibly look better than mine?”
“The lack of blood, sweat and tears on the jacket is a definite plus. And I’m sure their helmets won’t have dings and scratches.”

Tim enjoyed seeing the outrage flash in Jason’s eyes. “It’s what makes it look authentic! Because it is!”

"Just sayin’.” He smiled. He kept on smiling even as Jason’s eyes narrowed dangerously. Not gonna laugh. Not gonna laugh.

“You’re messing with me, aren’t you?”

He kept smiling innocently.

Jason’s lower lip jutted out. “Jerk.”

Tim grinned. No. He was not gonna laugh no matter how much he really really wanted to. Goddamnit. "You should go to that convention.”

“Shuddup, Jerk Wonder.”

Tim snickered. "Love you too, Jay.”

“Fuck you, baby bird. Eat your breakfast.”
Like The Rodeo

Chapter Summary

His entire body felt like a bundle of nerves he couldn’t control so he’d given up trying.

Chapter Notes

Sablelighter asked if there will be a chapter showing Tim’s first time bottoming for Jay.

Wanted to write it for later but my brain latched onto it and won’t let go so here ya go… Another chapter that should’ve been titled What is Plot? lol

Tim couldn’t open his eyes. His lips parted on heavy breaths and aborted moans. He couldn’t stop. Couldn’t help himself.

His entire body felt like a bundle of nerves he couldn’t control so he’d given up trying.

Each touch and lick and kiss made him sink deeper into this almost subconscious state where nothing else mattered but lust and sensation.

“Jay…” He panted clutching the sheets in a futile attempt to anchor himself to something solid. “Jay…”

Jason hummed around him. He dragged his mouth up his length oh so slowly as his finger pushed inside Tim just as slow. In and out. So. So good…

Tim moaned. Hips arching towards Jason’s wicked lips even as he savored the sweet fullness of being filled. He couldn’t get over how much he loved this. Of Jason’s mouth on him as he slowly fucked him with his fingers. Jason loved it just as much which was how he got introduced to it.

Jason knew he liked it slow at first. Loved each push and drag until he was panting and writhing and begging Jason to go faster. Harder. Deeper. Until he finds that sweet spot that makes Tim push himself down onto his fingers and arch up to his mouth with each stroke.

“Can’t get enough of you, Tim.” The low husky voice sounded as breathless and full of want as Tim felt. Jason’s other hand slid up his thigh and pressed it against his stomach. “Spread yourself for me…”

Tim was too far gone to do anything more than obey. He cupped swell of his ass and dragged himself open, breath hitching as it stretched him around Jason’s fingers. “Nggnn. Jay… Please…”

“That’s it, baby bird. So perfect.” Jason purred, the hand on his thigh flexed as long fingers slowly twisted inside him.

“Oh. Fuck…” He couldn’t bring himself to open his eyes. He swallowed. He wanted Jason in his
mouth. Wanted to suck him as those clever fingers worked him like this but he couldn’t form the words to ask. “Oh fuck! Jason! Oh god…”

His tongue. His tongue was right there… Licking. Pushing. Teasing. Rimming him as Jason’s fingers slid in and out. The stubble on his jaw only added to the sensation. Torture. Sweet. Sweet torture.

Then his lips were on him again. Mouthing his length and Tim was sure he would just spontaneously combust any moment now. He could hear his moans. Needy and breathless. He’d be embarrassed if he could think. Big on the ‘if’.

Jason was saying something. Voice rough with lust. It took all of Tim’s concentration to hear him over the rush of blood in his ears.

“–love you like this… Want to take you… Want to sink into you and feel you around me. Want you so bad, Tim…”

“Jay…” He forced his eyes open and stared down at Jason who was nuzzling his length, lips and tongue dragging over it almost lovingly. Tim groaned and gripped the sheets to keep himself from coming. He pushed his fingers into the redhead’s hair and gripped.

Jason looked up and met his eyes.

“Fuck me.”

It took a couple of seconds before Jason’s eyes widened and his breaths came a little faster.

“Fuck me, Jay. I want you to.”

“Tim…” The hesitation and concern would’ve been endearing if Tim wasn’t already about to die of want.

He’d been curious for a while now but Jay never asked, giving him time to decide for himself. He was done being curious.

“Jason. Now.”

The shock in the command was replaced with a slow smile that made the hot ball in his belly bloom and grow hotter. Jason pulled his fingers out slowly, curving them inside making Tim arch and groan.

“Pleasepleaseplease. Hurry. Jay…”

“Shh… Slow down. Wanna do this right. Don’t want to hurt you.” Jason soothed as he pushed himself up to kneel between his legs.

“Can’t. I want… I’m about to…”

He was cut off with a kiss. Slow. Languid. Coaxing him relax. He could taste a bit of orange, kind of sweet, from the lube. But it was okay. He could taste Jason under it.

“Relax for me, Tim.” Jason whispered against his lips. “I’ll take care of you. Just… Hang on.”

He nodded and took deep breaths to slow his pulse. Thank you, Bat-training.

Breathe. He willed himself not to lose it as Jason slicked himself and poured more lube against his
already wet entrance. The cool slickness made him twitch.

“Jay! Just… Come on already!”

Jason chuckled. “Alright. Just… Fuck. I love it when you’re all bossy.”

Tim grinned back though it was more than a little strained. “Shut up and fuck me!”

Jason laughed and spread his legs, nudging his knees up. He looked at Tim and hesitated. He yelped when Jason caught his upper arms and rolled them over so he was on top.

“What are you doing?” Tim asked in confusion as he braced his palms on sweat slicked chest.

Jason pulled him up. “Ride me.”

He blinked, brain stuttering at the command. “What?”

Jason smirked. “Big brain not workin’?”

“Fuck you.” He straddled Jason’s waist.

“You’re about to – oh. Fuck!”

He sat on the red-head’s straining shaft and smirked, feeling a bit more in control as the big man arched under him. He wiggled, rubbing against the hard length sliding wetly between his ass cheeks. His smiled through harsh breaths. “You do know I’m making this up as I go along…”

“Fuck, baby bird. That feels good.” Jason groaned, the blue green of his eyes were a thin ring around his blown pupils. “If you don’t stop doing that I’ll fucking spill on you.”

“Doesn’t seem like a bad idea.” He bit his lip and rubbed the tight muscles of Jason’s stomach. It wasn’t a bad idea but… “Jay, help me? I don’t wanna mess up…”

“We’re already messy, baby bird.” Jason smiled, eyes growing soft and amused, under all that lust. “Here…” He reached for Tim’s hips and lifted him up. “Take me.”

Tim grasped him. He was so hard and thick and slick in his hand. He hovered over Jason until the tip nudged at his entrance. He bit his lip to hold back a whimper as he rubbed the head there. Jason groaned.


Jason’s fingers were digging into his hips that Tim was sure he’d find bruises there later. But no matter how tight he was hanging on, he never pulled down. Even when he seemed to arch up, he stopped himself.

“Jay…” Tim swallowed too caught up in the sensation. So good. Almost no pain. Just... His hand flexed on Jason’s stomach.

“Breathe, Tim.” He rubbed his thumbs on the sides of Tim’s pelvic bone. “So tight around me. Can you take more?”

“I…” He forced himself to relax. He was only halfway in. This was very different from fingers and Jason’s size was… Challenging. “Wait… It feels good, Jay. Let me just…”
Jason grunted when Tim tightened around him. “Barely hanging on, Timbo. Can you move?”

“I think so.” He lifted himself up slowly. They both groaned when he was almost to the tip. They caught each other’s eyes and snickered.

“Oh god. Don’t laugh.” Jason groaned. “You’re killing me here, baby bird.”

He licked his bottom lip and grinned, feeling a heady kind of power. He slowly sank back down again. Taking more of Jason and got another groan in return.

“That’s it. Feels so good, Tim. Take more.” Jason arched his hips up to meet him when he sank back down. Tim moaned, head bowing as he panted when he finally sank to the hilt.

He felt full. Stretched. It was… Strange but good. He looked up. “Jay…”

“Breathe, babe.” Jason rubbed callused palms over his thighs. “You okay?”

“Yes. Just give me a second.” He rubbed his palm over Jason’s belly, his cock twitched when his arm brushed over it. Jason grunted. Each of Tim’s movements made him tighten involuntarily around him.

Jason traced a finger up his length and Tim whimpered and twitched. Jason teased two fingers up and down the underside of his shaft, eyes trained on him, watching as Tim tried to catch his breath. “Jay. Stop it… I’ll come.”

Jason chuckled. The bastard. He cupped Tim’s nape and pulled. “C’mere.”

Leaning forward made him slip out a little. The drag and stretch made Tim moan into Jason’s kiss. “Ride me.” Jason husked against his lips.

Tim groaned. He wanted that so much.

He pushed up. Jason’s hands on his hips guided him as he lifted up and sank slowly down. He moved slow until he found a rhythm he liked.

“God, Tim. That’s it. I knew you’d… Fuck. Yes. Like that.” Jason arched up when he rolled his hips, corkscrewing on the way down. “Fuck. Perfect. You’re perfect…”

It wasn’t long before they were both panting and groaning and Tim was grunting each time Jason pulled him down as he arched up.

“Like–ah– riding a– bronco.”

“Don’t make me laugh. Not right now.” Jason said but he was chuckling even when he slammed Tim down. “Fuck!”

“Ah!” Tim threw his head back when Jason hit the spot that made him see stars. “Again, Jay.”

“Here?” Jason asked, angling Tim to his thrust.
He was sure he was going to be sore later but right now he didn’t care as long as Jason didn’t stop. *So close…*

“Here?”

“Ahh! There! Yes! There. Oh fuck. Jay… Don’t stop…”

“Not until you come for me.” Jason panted back. “Touch yourself for me, Tim. I want to see… Yes. That’s it.”

Tim gripped himself hard and slid his hand up and down as Jason guided his hips. Five strokes was all it took. He was so lost he hardly registered when Jason tensed beneath him, arching as he followed him over the edge.

They were still catching their breaths a few minutes later when Tim’s brain started working again. He was braced on Jason’s chest, hands resting on his own come. He lifted one hand and stared at it, brain lagging and not quite sure what to do with his messy hand.

He caught Jason’s eyes. They were looking at him in a mix of amusement and that fond lazy grin that only came after really good sex. Tim snickered.

Jason laughed too and raised his eyebrows at his messy hand. “Marking your territory?”

Tim considered. *Hmm. How to answer that… Hell, it’s not as if Jason’s serious. Right?*

When Tim didn’t move, Jason took his hand and pressed it on his chest. Smearing it for good measure. “There ya go. I’m all yours now.”

His heart skipped at that then he mentally shook himself. *Get your head in the game, Timbo. He’s not serious. This is just sex.* He grinned. “All mine.”

Jason grinned back, eyes trained on him playful and intent. “Good. Now let’s get cleaned up and do it again.”

Tim’s grin was wicked. “Let’s.”
“Jay. I gotta go.” Tim was out of his chair and putting on his hoodie as he talked. He took one last glance around the loft out of habit before picking up his phone.

“Where?” Jason asked, curiosity evident through the comlink.

Tim sprinted for the door and snapped on the padlock. “Police found a floater by the river near here.”

“Floater?”

“Dead body. Female. Floating in the river five blocks from here.” He explained as he walked as fast as he could in that direction without looking suspicious.

“If someone’s killing our neighbors, I wanna know.” The underlying threat for retribution didn’t need to be said aloud. Tim could hear it in Jason’s voice. “How’d you find out?”

“Police band.” He took a sharp right at an alley connecting the street behind theirs. “What do you think I listen to all day long? Radio drama?”

Jason snorted. “We have got to get you a hobby, baby bird. Or a pet. Jeez.”

He grinned. “I already have a six foot two, two hundred pound gorilla with a bad temper. I don’t need another pet.”

“Oh. Ha ha. Very funny, squirt.” He could hear Jason’s smirk at the other end. “You there yet?”

“Excited much? Almost there, Jay.” He replied as he turned the corner and ran into an interested crowd.

The stench wasn’t all that bad so he guessed the body was still pretty fresh. Of course, the frigid water would also slow down the decaying process.

“I’m here. Talk to you later.”

He would’ve loved to walk over to where the policemen were standing over the girl to get a closer look. But that’s the price they paid for being fictional, they didn’t get to be chums with the cops.

He cataloged what he could of the body from where he was a few meters away along with quite a few onlookers and some passersby.

He caught sight of Officer Young and Detective Barnes and thanked the powers that be for small favors. Those were the cops he sent intel to. Not that they knew who he was, of course, but they probably had an idea and just not telling the higher ups. After all, GCPD didn’t support them vigilantes.
If their help was needed, he might want to get creative on how he can get info this time. Fortunately, the press, snoopy people that they were, was already there. Tim got as close as he could without attracting attention. It was easy pretending to be a curious kid behind a line of other curious old folks.

He was taking mental notes when a frantic older woman broke through the crowd and ran through the police line. “Let me through! Oh god. Please let me see her! Please! I need to be sure!”

Blonde, Early forties, around 5’6, 160 pounds. Tim cataloged facial features in his head.

“Ma'am, please. Stay back.” Officer Young calmly said as he blocked her path. “This is a crime scene…”

“No! You don’t understand! My daughter. She’s been missing since Friday night. I’ve called everyone. Her friends. The hospitals. Everyone! She’s a good girl. I keep hoping she’d turn up but she hasn’t. Just please… I need to be– oh god. Oh god. No! No! Jane! Baby! No!”

Tim’s stomach clenched as the woman sank to her knees when she saw the naked corpse being placed in a body bag.

He knew that feeling.

The pain. The helplessness. The guilt over things that he could’ve done but didn’t do.

And then there was the anger.

The anger that wouldn’t ever go away. The anger that fueled the desire to do bad things to bad people.

He didn’t notice how hard he was clenching his fists and gritting his teeth until he heard Jason in his ear. “Tim? You there?”

He forced himself to relax as he watched Officer Young comfort the woman and exchange looks with Detective Barnes.

Tim picked up his phone and put it in his ear, pretending to speak to some non-existent caller while Jason talked through the coms. He was sure his brother was doing the same thing just so he didn’t look like a wacko talking to himself.

“Yes. I’m here. What’s up?”

“Just finished delivering some laser copiers. What’s up on your end?”

Tim watched as the body was put on a stretcher and carried to the nearby ambulance. “I’ll let you know when I get home.”

“That bad, huh?”

He bit back a sigh. “Yep.”

“Alright. See ya later.”

“Okay.” The crime scene guys were still marking the area but people were already thinning out now that the body was gone and the woman was being escorted to a police car. He figured it was time for his exit too. He hoped he could find something to work with when he comes back tonight.
“Hey, Tim.” Jason’s voice snapped him back to present.

He scowled, already thinking of ways to get into the morgue. “Yeah?”

“Don’t work too hard.”

He paused. Then his lips twitched into half a smile. “Right back at you, Jay.”

“Heh. Okay. I’m done being a sap today. Bye.”

Tim chuckled as he put the phone back into his pocket. The walk back home wasn’t as dreary as it would’ve been.

He smiled in spite of himself. *Thanks, Jay.*
Controlling Trolls

Chapter Summary

Tim has awesome control over his vocal chords even when Jason does his best to distract him.

“Tim?”

The loft was dark. All the lights were off save for an eerie glow up the 2nd floor and a laptop on the worktable showing the standard Windows wallpaper and a progress bar of software installing. He wasn’t exactly sure when his little bro had installed computers up the second floor but he’d hazard a guess that it was sometime between this morning and this afternoon.

*Looks like he’s been busy. Too busy to turn on the lights.* He mused as he hit the light switch in the kitchen before moving up the stairs.

What he wasn’t expecting was how busy Tim had been.

“Whoa. When did the Bunker move in here?” Only training for the unexpected kept him from taking a step back when he got his little Nerd Wonder in view.

“Hey, Jay.” Tim didn’t even turn from the array of six computer monitors as he tapped away on one of the three keyboards while his other hand worked the mouse.

There were several routers and wires and towers and other electronic shit Jason couldn’t quite name up the top of his head. Not surprising since it wasn’t exactly his area of expertise.

He was quick to note that Tim had somehow gotten a huge table up the stairs, propped three of the monitors on small crates on top of the table so he could see them clearly from the other three in front of him, and that he was using one of the plastic chairs from the kitchen as his work chair.

The screens showed different news reports, some sort of official looking website that he was sure Tim had hacked into, one screen had the familiar interface of the BatComputer and another with the surveillance feed of the loft. One of the screens was running a software installation like the laptop downstairs. *Remote access. Nice.*

“Hey.” He put a hand on Tim’s shoulder and rubbed at the tightness there. He must’ve been sitting for hours. “You’ve been busy.”

“Yeah.” Tim tapped out several commands before he closed out the official looking screen. “Had to get in and out of that one before they noticed me. I can only bounce them around for so long.”

“Hmm.” Jason cupped Tim’s neck, sliding his palm up the younger man’s chin to tip his head back. Tim’s cute little crease in between his eyebrows evened out as he looked up. Jason smiled and dipped his head to plant a kiss on those firmly pressed lips. They softened when they met his and parted to let him in. He smiled against Tims mouth, his chest going warm and tight when he felt Tim smile back.

He tilted his head to kiss him better and not give the other man a crick on the neck for having to
crane his head for the upside down kiss. Tim’s hands came up to cradle his face as he kissed him back.

They were both punch drunk when Jason finally lifted his head and grinned. “I love coming home to you, baby bird.”

Tim’s smile was pleased and amused even under the weird glow of the computer screens as he rubbed a callused thumb over the stubble on Jason’s face. “You should. Else you’ll have to find accommodations elsewhere.”

He chuckled, taking a hold of Tim’s wrists. “Up. Come on. I know you’ve been sitting for hours.”

“Jay…” It was a half-hearted protest at best as Tim let himself be dragged upright.

“Time to stretch your back, Timbo.” Jason lifted their hands above their heads and turned so they were back to back. He bent his knees and bumped his back against Tim’s, making sure the other man was aligned with him before leaning forward and pulling on his arms, taking his brother’s entire weight on his back.

He could feel Tim’s joints pop and his spine stretch as he lifted and lowered them both by the balls of his feet.

Tim gave a little grunt and a satisfied groan, relaxing behind him. “Can I just stay up here forever?”

“You wish, kiddo.” He said with a laugh and lowered Tim so he could plant his feet on the floor. “My turn. Then you can go again before I go make us some dinner.”

Tim took hold of his wrists, lowered himself so his the lower back as almost at the base of Jason’s spine and lifted the older man off his feet. Jason groaned as he felt his back and muscles relax and stretch. “This is nice.”

“Uh-huh. Like lifting a two hundred pound gorilla.” Tim quipped from under him.

“Don’t be mean, baby bird.” He smiled when Tim bounced him softly up and down and let gravity do its work for them. “Okay. Your turn again.”

His brother eagerly switch holds. When he was done, Tim made a move to go back to his chair.

“Ah! No.” Jason grabbed him by the back of his shirt and whirled him over to the direction of the mattress a few feet away. “No more working until after dinner.”

“But—”

“No.” Jason said firmly. “Whatever the fuck it is, you can do it after dinner. You can brief me while I cook. Or we can order take-out so we can roll around in bed while waiting. I had a long day.”

Tim’s eyebrows raised. “What happened?”

“We had to haul a hundred boxes of airconditioners up a ramp to the second floor.” Jason grumbled, dropping his ass on the chair to take off his work boots. “The lift at the store was broken and some other shit we had no control over. Me and Max had to use the cart and push the damned things up the plank they braced on the stairs.”
“Poor baby.” Tim gave him a pat on the head, trying and failing to hide a smile. “You can beat up a hundred thugs and not break sweat but a hundred boxes of airconditioners can get you down?”

“They’re heavy and I can’t punch them into submission.” Jason deadpanned making Tim laugh.

Tim laughter came more easily of late. It was a milestone. One for the history books. It gave him a sense of achievement when he could get a full bodied laugh out of the guy.

Jason got up to take his pants off as Tim leaned back on the loft railing to watch with a small quirk of his lips. Not quite a smirk but almost. Damn sexy. That.

“Now where’d you get this table and how’d you get it up here?” He asked as he pushed his pants past his hips and down his legs.

“Dean, one of the guys I worked for, is moving near the university. He told me he had a bunch of stuff that won’t fit in his new place when he dropped by a couple of days ago. I bought his table. We hauled it up here this morning.” Tim replied evenly as his eyes raked over Jason’s scarred legs.

“The monitors I’ve had for a while from downstairs remember?”

The customers gave them away when they decided to buy a new one.

“Who is this Dean and does he come by often?” Jason moved forward and braced his hands on the railing on either side of Tim’s elbows, caging him in. “Are you cheating on me?”

His brother’s blue eyes were full of mirth when they met his. “If I was, I wouldn’t tell now, would I?”

He grinned though he made a note to find out who that guy was. It wasn’t about not trusting Tim, it was just to make sure he knew who his brother was associating with when he wasn’t there. Yeah, right. You’re turning into one possessive son of a bitch, Todd.

Tim was barely inches away that they could feel each other’s body heat. He wanted to bury his nose at the crook of that pale neck and inhale his clean scent. Tim always smelled clean. Even after sparring, his sweat didn’t smell sour or musky. Must be all the damn vegetables. Kid’s a fucking rabbit.

“Want me to call for pizza?” Tim asked, tilting his chin in question.

He thought for a second. “Sure. Tell them to deliver in an hour.”

“That’s… Pretty long.”

“On the contrary, it’s pretty short for what I have in mind.” He grinned and caught Tim by the elbows, rubbing the skin above with his thumbs. “I need a bath. I could use a back scrubber.”

Tim’s quiet laugh as he pulled him closer did things to Jason’s insides. Goddamn.

“I thought I was supposed to brief you.” Tim said as he let himself get pulled along, snagging the towel from a hanger on the way to the bathroom.

Jason put Tim’s hands on the waistband of his boxers and threw a sly look over his shoulder. “You can de-brief me first. Save the briefing for later so it doesn’t get wet.”

“You’re hilarious.”

“No. I’m Jason Todd.” He looked behind him again and found Tim’s lips quirking. “Made you
smile.”

Tim chuckled. “Indeed. It makes one wonder about my taste in humor.”

‘Your taste leans towards goofy.’ He pulled the man into the bathroom and closed the door. Not wasting time, he pulled Tim’s t-shirt above his head. "Dark.” He pushed Tim’s sweatpants down with his boxers. “Dirty.” He dragged his own t-shirt over his head. “And kinda used up but still funny.” He gave the naked man a wicked grin. “With a sprinkling of slapstick.” He pulled at the elastic of his boxers and let it snap back in place.

Tim snickered as he put the younger man’s hands back on the waistband of his only remaining piece of clothing and raised an eyebrow.

“Wanna de-brief me now?”

Tim bit his lower lip, his hands slid to Jason’s ass and squeezed. “I think we’ll keep this on while I make a brief phone call to the pizza place.”

Jason grinned and sat on the toilet bowl. He reached for Tim’s sweatpants on the floor and took out his phone. “Alright. Be brief. I want to be de-briefed soon. Things are getting a little tight down here.”

Tim did his quiet laugh as Jason ran his callused hands up and down the outside of Tim’s thighs as his brother scrolled through his contacts. Jason could see he was already half hard. Tim gave him a little smile and put a finger to his lips before he spoke. “Hi. Yeah. I want a large Meat Busterrrrssss–Jason!”

Jason snickered at the indignant shout as he mouthed Tim’s rapidly hardening length. “Problem?” He asked, lips pressed against the underside. “I’ve already debriefed you. No use wasting time is there?”

“Yes. Yes. I’m still here. Sorry. My brother is being an ass.” Tim glared at him even as his fingers tangled in Jason’s hair. His voice was perfectly controlled though his eyes ate Jason up. “One large Meat Busters and the six-piece chicken n’ chips…” Tim’s nostrils flared and he swallowed a groan as Jason licked him from base to tip. “Yeah. That’s it.”

Jason smirked not quite sure if Tim said that to him or the person on the phone.

“No. No drinks.” The softest of grunts slipped out when Jason closed his lips over the tip. Tim rattled on their address, his voice not giving anything away. “Yes. Make it an hour. Alright. Thanks.”

Jason swirled his tongue over the crown and Tim slapped the back of his head in retaliation. He pulled back with a pop, laughing. “What?!”

Tim tossed his phone to the pile of clothes on the floor. “You are going to pay for that.”

His voice was husky and he had an evil look in his eyes that made Jason’s cock jump. He grinned. “I’m ready to be debriefed, sir.”

Tim’s low growl was all the answer he needed.

“I checked the past records and news reports, there were five cases in the past months with the
same M.O.” Tim said after swallowing a mouthful of pizza. “Rape. Physical abuse from multiple assailants. Two of the women were still alive when they were left to die. They were found in positions suggesting that they crawled a few meters before they passed.” Tim probably saw something in his eyes because he handed Jason the hot sauce to distract him. “The bodies were dumped in random places. This is the second time it washed to shore.”

“They’re probably picking the women up on the streets and then just dumping them wherever it’s convenient when they’re done.” Jason kept his voice as calm as he could though his insides burned to hunt the fuckers down and tear them limb from limb. “Give me something to work with here, baby bird. Goddamn GCPD is fucking useless.”

“The force is pretty messed up but there are some good people in there too, Jay. You and I know these cases get put in the back burner especially when the vics are from these parts of town.” Tim looked as unhappy about that fact as he felt.

“Give ’em some rich socialite to watch over and they’re tripping over themselves to help while the rest of Gotham’s citizens get mugged and raped and killed under their noses.” Jason bit out and glared at his pizza like it was the enemy.

“That’s why we’re here, Jay.” Tim said calmly and took away the Tabasco that Jason was splashing all over the pizza with a vengeance.

Jason met his eyes. “What happens when we’re not, Tim?”

Tim gave him a small smile, blue eyes sure and steady on his. “We’re here now.”

The anger in his gut loosened. Tim’s quiet calm did that to him. He could easily see how the other heroes looked to him in a crisis. If they were weapons, Jason was broad sword that could hack and carve away an enemy, while Tim was a samurai, fashioned to slice and dice with precision.

They both knew that they couldn’t stop every single crime and help everyone. Even Superman couldn’t.

Jason learned that back in his own turf. He could stop the drug dealers from dealing to kids but he couldn’t keep them from hurting their own kids in their homes. He could stop the pimps from messing up their whores but he couldn’t stop the Johns from roughing them up in seedy hotel rooms.

There was only so much they could do, no matter how hard they tried.

They promised to watch each other’s backs and that included making sure they didn’t dive into the deep end without an oxygen tank and a lifeline to get back up.

Jason wasn’t going to sacrifice the life they had now for patrolling the streets 24-7. They both had enough of that in the past years.

They will do what they can but not at the expense of their relatively normal lives. He wanted to keep what they had now for as long as he could. He’d never been this happy in a long damn time. Fucking sue him for being selfish.

They were not Batman. Their lives were more important than the Mission.

Tim was more important.

Jason gave his brother, his partner, a nod. “Tell me everything. Let’s bring these motherfuckers
down.”
“All I got was a white van roaming the streets with no license plate.” Jason said in disgust when they met up later that night on a rooftop of an old building at the Bowery. “I asked around and rattled a few snitches to get that information. One homeless dude told me it was a bunch of guys in ski masks that pushed the girl out of a van. Nothing specific. People in these parts tend to look away when a fucking crime is happening.”

“Same. Though from what I gathered, the van was usually spotted on weekends. Matches the times of death on the vics.” Tim cocked his head at Jason with a little smile on his lips. “Now who do you think would drive around town on weekends looking for some twisted kind of fun?”

Jason stilled. “Boys. Teenage boys.”

“It’s a big possibility.” Tim nodded because it was the best bet. “No school to worry about on weekends. The vics are young females who work late, mostly near the university. None of them were taken near the workplace so the perps might have been scoping them out beforehand and nabbing them closer to home. Less association and higher rate of getting away with murder on these streets.”

“Unless we’re looking at some middle aged dude who goes out on weekends to pick up chicks.” Jason said dryly but Tim could tell he didn’t believe that either even if he could not see his expression from under that red helmet.

Still better than that fire hydrant/lipstick cap he used to wear. That was just hilarious.

“Most middle aged dudes don’t run with other middle aged dudes for that kind of fun. They prefer the up close and personal kind. Not that it’s not possible of course.”

“So what do you suggest? We hit the university belt and scout around for a white van? You do know damn fucking generic white vans are the bane of every detective’s existence, right?” Jason asked making Tim grin. He dug out energy bars from his jacket and handed one over.

Tim took it and peeled off the wrapper on his peanut butter bar. “It’s a long shot but we might get lucky. I’ll go tomorrow while you’re at work. If I do get lucky, we might figure out who their next target is.”

Jason took off his helmet, revealing the red mask underneath and smirked. “Or you could put on a dress and heels and lure them out of the woodwork.” He took a bite of his rice crispies bar, looking all too pleased at the idea.

“Nice try, Red. I gave up cross-dressing when I shot past five six and bulked up.” Tim replied chuckling, then side-eyed him. “Don’t tell me that’s one of your kinks.”

“Heh. No. Just thought it’d be amusing to see you in a skirt.” He laughed as he reached for the back of Tim’s waist under the cape and gave him a possessive pat on the ass. “I prefer my men in
pants. Or naked, thanks. How about you?”

Tim smirked and took a bite out of his energy bar. “I seem to like them in jeans with a preference for leather jackets and a love for bombs and knives.”

“Really now.” Jason’s grin was feral. The kind that made hardened criminals run like fucking hell away. “I know someone like that. Want to meet him?”

Tim’s laugh made the Red Robin cowl a lot more approachable, not that anyone else was watching. “I don’t think my brother would approve. He’s kind of over-protective.”

He always defaulted back to ‘brother’ when referring to Jason, because really, even if he and Jason were something, he wasn’t exactly sure what that something was and he didn’t want to think too hard about it. Being family was better than having to fill in the blanks.

Jason leered. “Your brother’s a tough guy, huh?”

“Actually he’s a marshmallow.” Tim gave him a shit-eating grin. “Kind of crusty and singed on the outside but pretty soft and squishy on the inside.”

Jason’s red mask moved way up until he was doing the ‘foreheadbrows’. “Who you callin’ soft and squishy, Nerd Wonder?”

Tim laughed, not bothering to explain himself. Jason was a big marshmallow. A hot crusty one that can burn your tongue, but he really was squishy and sweet if you can take the heat. “I have a drug bust to go to at a building ten minutes from here. Wanna tag-along?”

Jason snorted and swallowed the rest of his energy bar. “You have t’ ask?”

He patted the pockets of his cargo pants and produced a half liter plastic bottled water, making Tim snicker at his ability to pull out random things from different compartments on his person.

“You’re like Mary Poppins.” He grinned, tipping the bottle back to take big gulps to rehydrate.

“That’s ’cuz I’m supercalifuckingawesomeespecialigorgeous.”

Water snorted out Tim’s nose and mouth. Jason was lucky he got to turn away in time else he’d have had an impromptu shower courtesy of Tim’s new water spitting abilities. You’re fucking welcome, you ass.

And here he thought Jay was over his attempts on his life. Apparently not. Now he’s resorted to drowning him with mineral water.

The damn bastard was laughing even as he rubbed Tim’s back while digging through his endless pockets.

"You okay, Red?” Jason asked in between snickers as he handed over a packet of tissues.

Tim’s glare was lost in the cowl, not that it’d do any good since Jason was still laughing. Bastard.

“Okay. Okay. Wrong question.” To his credit, Jason curbed his laughter into a grin and put a hand on his shoulder. “Breathe, baby bird. We got a drug bust to go to. Are you good to go or do you want a spoonful of sugar to make–oomph!”

Elbow to the diaphragm. Good. Tim grinned as Jason clutched his stomach.
He took off for the next building, laughing all the while. “Last one there does the laundry, Mary Poppins!”

“Ooh! You’re so fucking on, brat!” Jason yelled as he leaped after him. “I’ll put your ass over the washing machine for that!”

Somehow having Jason put his ass over the washing machine wasn’t so much as a threat as it was a reward. *Tempting to drop the race but... Nah.*

He smirked. *Maybe I'll put his ass over the washing machine.*

But knowing Jason, he’d most likely think it was a reward too.
Tim knows it’s pretty hard to blend in when you’re talking to yourself like a loon. Good thing he has a phone handy.

*Well, this brings back memories.* The sprawling buildings of Gotham University were mocking him.

Really. He could feel it in his gut. It was smirking at him. Taunting him that he would never graduate.

It was probably right.

After years of stalling due to Red Robining, yes that’s a word, and his duties at WE, he had finally taken up Mechanical Engineering at Gotham U.

He wanted to make his Dad proud. To fulfill his dream of actually graduating college and have a stable job.

Technically, he already had a stable job at WE. Still, it was the principle of the matter.

He was in his sophomore year when he and Jason were zapped here. Apparently, he forgot to factor crazy scientists from his high-risk, non-paying ‘other’ job into his plans. His thankless, pro-bono, life-threatening job with no health insurance.

*But it’s the one I’m most dedicated to.*

*Sorry, Dad.*

So now here he was, at a version of his old school, doing what he does best: Detective Work.

*So go ahead and mock me, you stupid school! It wasn’t my fault that guy had lasers!*

He had no problem blending in. Bat-training and all that. Besides, it wasn’t that hard to be inconspicuous. Most people there were older than he was.

He also had that kind of face. The one that looked deceptively younger than his real age. In jeans, sneakers and a hoodie, he was just like every other college kid. The eyeglasses he impulsively bought from a street vendor because it reminded him of his old Brentwood disguise in his younger days, came in handy.

*Nostalgia. Great. I’m growing old.*

He felt weird wearing glasses again after so long. Like he was passing himself off as Conner Kent rather than Superboy.

*Pfft. Kon would love that analogy.* He always teased Tim whenever he brought the glasses out.

*You look like one of those guys in porn films that the naughty girls try to seduce, man. They always...*
turn out to be pretty sadistic. He remembered Kon saying in that very Kon way that was full of good-natured fun.

Tim had to bite his tongue not to ask if Kon was going to seduce him now. Thankfully, his common sense always held when it came to his best friend. No use traumatizing the guy after all.

Wonder what they’re doing now…

His comlink beeped in his ear and he took out his cellphone because blending in was kind of hard when you looked like a loon talking to yourself.

A telltale smile was already gracing his lips at the thought of Jason on the line.


Shut up, brain.

“What’s up.”

“Was gonna ask you the same thing, Timbo.” Jason drawled like he had all the time in the world. “Have you had lunch yet?”

“I had a sandwich before I went out.” He kept walking, taking mental notes of the people he passed, who hung out with whom, the different cars and anything even vaguely suspicious. “I’m at Gotham U.”

“In the area or in the school?”

“The area, walking around.” There were little shops, restaurants and various places the students frequented. It was a good place to start. “I went to the diner, the library and the take-out place the vics worked. Didn’t ask around too much to raise heads. The other girl works at a mall. Haven’t been there yet.” He suppressed a shudder at the thought.

“The mall.” And judging by the horror in Jason’s voice, they shared the same sentiment. “I’ll take a gang war over those.”

“Heh. Ditto. The other one worked at the bar not far from here. I’ll check that one later tonight.”

“Hmm. Mind if I tag along?”

The request made Tim smile. “I could use the company.”

He didn’t need to see Jason’s smile to know it was there. “Is this a date?”

“We don’t have dates, remember?” He reminded the older man. “We have stakeouts… With food.”

“This is undercover… With food.” Jason countered. “So yeah. It’s like a date.”

Tim snickered. Stop being cute. Damn it, Jay. “Whatever. I already saw three white vans all with plate numbers intact, by the way.”

Jason groaned. “I fucking hate white vans.”

“Yeah well, no getting around that.” Tim chuckled and looked into a diner where a few students were having lunch in. “The plates could easily be removed and put back. It’s not rocket science.”
“Check for tampering and tool marks then.” Jason suggested.

“Done. Couldn’t see any on the two. The other one that had tool marks was a delivery van. Freshly painted. They probably removed it before the paint job. I’ll keep my eyes and ears open.”

“Wish I could help you with that, baby bird.” Jason sighed. Tim imagined him leaning back on the truck’s seat with his feet up the dashboard.

He smiled. “You can help me with the night shift to see which places are open and who’s working late. I have a few places I want to check out.”

“No problem. And, since this is a date, do I get a kiss if I bash people’s heads in for you?” The teasing note in Jason’s voice made his smile widen.

“If you’ll play nice, you’ll get more than that.”

Jason made a low pleased hum. “I’ll make sure to tenderize them bad boys for you.”

He choked back a laugh and his stomach did a little happy dance. *Turned on by violence. Awesome.* “Sometimes, I wonder if there’s something terribly wrong with me that I’m touched by your offer to do violence on my behalf.”

“Ya think?” Jason’s laughter rang in his ear. “Sides, if you didn’t like violence, I wouldn’t like you so much. Not much fun when people go fainting at the sight of a little blood.”

“Or bones breaking.” He added as he looked into a diner that he remembered served really good burgers when he was in school. “Or heads cracking…”

“Yeah. That too. Ruins the moment, ya know.” He could hear the grin right there. “Heh. We’re made for each other, kid.”

Tim bit his lower lip, biting back a smile.

“Well, goddamnit! You made me say something sappy.”

This time Tim did laugh even as his chest tightened, reminding him that yes, he did hear that loud and clear. *Shut up, chest.* “We should get you a Sap Jar. Put a buck in each time you say sappy things. Bet we’ll be having lotsa chilidogs on Saturdays with that money.”

“Are you implying that I’m a sap, Nerd Wonder? That I say shit like your eyes are bluer than the fucking sky. And your lips are as pretty and soft as damn rose petals. Who the fuck wants lips like rose petals? Those fuckers smell like a funeral. Believe me, I have first hand experience in this.”

Tim couldn’t stop snickering. Only Jason could turn anything into a crazy argument. Even with himself. He also makes jokes about his death as if he doesn’t have nightmares of them.

*Not like I can forget ‘em, kid. Just have to live with ‘em.* He said the first time it happened when they were together.

He’d always bounce back from it. After the first time, it became an unspoken rule. Jason would draw Tim to his chest, bury his face in his hair or curve of his neck and hold him tight until his breaths evened out. Tim’s heart felt a little too tight in his ribcage whenever Jason did that. Like it didn’t know if it should break or explode for Jason. He’d learned to live with that too.

The nightmares happened a handful of times the first few months but lately, none at all. When Tim
mentioned that he was sleeping better, Jason grinned saying, *Ninja pillows are effective against them.*

Tim never thought being a ninja pillow was like a superpower. *Fighting nightmares for justice.*

“I’ll drop by the loft after work. Do you need anything?” Jason asked after a while.

“Nah. I’ll be home in a while. Need to get some work done before going out again.” He had two laptops waiting to get fixed and a bit more research to do.

“I’ll see you later then.” He could hear a smile in that statement.

“Okay.”

“Tim.”

“What?”

“Go eat.”

He laughed. “Yes, mother.”

“Don’t make me spank you, young man.”

“Is that supposed to be a threat?”


“Everything makes you pop wood, Jay.”

“Hey! This is all on you! Stop being a sexy tease.”

He bit the inside of his cheek. *No. That is not an attempt to boost your ego, Tim. Sheez.*

“Get back to work, Jason.”

"You’re blushing, aren’t you?” Jason teased. When he didn’t reply Jason chuckled. “Heh. Try not to beat anyone up before I get there, baby bird.”

“I’ll endeavor not to.” Tim replied fighting back a grin.

“And quit talking like, Alfred.”

*Stop grinning. You’re going to split your face.* “Bye, Jay.”

When he cut the comlink and he put his phone back into his pocket, Tim eyed the burger joint and sighed ruefully.

*I needed a strawberry milkshake with that burger.* He pushed the door open.*My high cholesterol and blood sugar levels are all your fault, Jay.*

*Reeeally?* He can almost see Jason leer in his head. *Let me sex-ercise that out of you.*

Tim pressed his lips together to keep from laughing. He can’t even get the damn guy out of his brain for five minutes…
On second thought, having Jason sex-ercise him wasn’t such a bad idea.

He slid into a stool at the counter and smiled at the waitress. “Give me a bacon cheese burger and fries. And a strawberry milkshake please.”

*Oh yeah.* Jason was going to work hard sex-ercising this one out of his system. And he was going to enjoy the hell out of it too.
Red Team Investigation

Chapter Summary

Red Team Investigation. Where there are no good cops.

Chapter Notes

I’m having Tony Stark’s anxiety attacks over this chapter. I hope you don’t fall asleep reading this. ^^'

Shelley’s wasn’t exactly a bar but more like a diner that served hard liquor with its food and had pool tables and dart boards on the side. There were people eating with their orders of beer and a bunch of guys at the pool table.

It was where the 4th victim worked. The library where the 3rd vic did part-time for her scholarship was just a block away. After all he’s learned this afternoon, Shelley’s was a good place to start.

Tim went to the far side of the counter where he had a view of the entire room and slid on a stool a seat away from two guys nursing their beers with burgers and fries. He ordered a club sandwich and a beer, showing the bartender his fake Bat-issued i.d. which was so convincing it could be used in a different dimension.

Since the beginning, he’d been thankful for the many things in common this Earth had with the one he and Jay came from. Other than them being fictional, everything else was almost the same. Obama was still president, the same wars were still raging in parts of the world, criminals were still superstitious and even the money was identical.

It saved them a lot of trouble during the transition. Even now, they were too busy earning money for food, rent and other necessities that fighting crime had to be scheduled.

He bit back a smirk at the thought of Bruce doing laundry. The guy couldn’t even fold his own clothes. Gotham was damn lucky Batman was rich or he would have been running around the city punching criminals in a smelly suit to the shout of Dirty Holey Underwear Batman!

He was thankful for the exceptions as well. Like Lex Luthor not becoming president. Alien invasions. Crazy scientists with lasers and interdimensional gateways… And a lot of the weird stuff.

When his beer arrived, he wrapped his hand around the cold bottle with a smile of thanks to the bartender.

He’d acquired a taste for beer at Jason’s influence. He wasn’t even close to his brother’s mileage but he could hold his own now that he wouldn’t pass out after three bottles. Yay me!

Unlike the clubs with loud music, the small bars near schools and workplaces where people go to
meet up with friends and chat are a treasure trove of information if you know who to ask and what to listen to.

The guys next to him on the counter were talking about the girl found in the river and how very similar it was to the one who worked in the library a few months ago.

“The police said it might be one of the students involved in a gang doing this.” Said the tall blonde guy who looked to be his age.

“Damn. People like that are walking around the campus?” His big buff friend grimaced. He was probably into outdoor sports from how tan he looked even in Gotham. “Hope they catch them. I can’t even imagine how people can do stuff like that, ya know. It’s really…” Whatever else he wanted to say was in his look of utter disgust. “You just don’t do stuff like that. It’s sick.”

*Took the words right out of my mouth, big man.* Tim took a swallow of his beer.

“It’s happened before here too, remember?” The blonde dude said in a low voice that Tim strained to hear. “Joe, doesn’t like bringing it up though.”

Joe was the bartender, by the way the boys were side-eying him.

“I wouldn’t either. Rachel was nice. Working her way through college…”

*Rachel Harris.* The girl who worked at Shelley’s.

He listened in some more and caught other conversations around him too. You never know when some info might come in handy. Like how to remove gum from your clothes. Which was the topic of the group in table three.

When the guys left, he chatted up with the bartender, pretending to be Rachel’s friend from long ago. Told him she’d mentioned working there and wondered if she was around.

The bartender was a nice enough to tell him Rachel passed away a few months back and explained gently about the circumstances of her death. After Tim feigned -gasp- his shock and -*My God!* That’s terrible!- he subtly angled more questions in.

It was almost easy getting Joe to talk, Being a shy, unassuming, friendly boy in glasses had always gotten results. He knew the right words to say to get the right response. He didn’t even need to dangle anyone over the building ledge to get it.

He’d just about finished his beer when an all too familiar bulk sat on the stool next to him. He inclined his head at Jason, expression passive as he would at any random stranger.

The blink he got from Jason was satisfying. He stared for about two seconds before breaking stare and calling the bartender for a beer and a cheese burger. Jason looked at him again, eyes taking him in and… No. He won’t grin.

“That any good?” Jason pointed to his half-eaten club sandwich.

*Were gonna play this?* He tamped down his evil glee. “Um… Yes? Ah. It’s quite good.”

Jason was smiling with his eyes. “I’ll take your word for it then.”

Tim gave him the smallest of smiles and turned to the bar again, waiting for what his crazy brother would do.
The bartender slid Jason his beer and the redhead cocked his head at Tim’s empty bottle. Tim bit his lower lip and signaled for another before Jason could do it for him. *Ha. Not letting you buy me a drink, Mr. Whathisname Hunkypants!*

He saw Jason hide his grin by taking a chug of his drink. “So, what else is good on the menu?”

*Small talk, Jay? Really?* He swallowed his laugh with a gulp of beer. This was one for the history books. He was witnessing Jason’s mating–err–dating skills. Well, technically, this was a sham. But pfft. He wasn’t going to squint on that technicality.

“I–ah– I’m not sure.” He squinted at the menu written on a chalkboard on top of the bar. “It’s my first time here.”

“Really?” Jason grinned. “That makes both of us. Looks like we’ll just have to trust our instincts on this.”

This was making him want to laugh even as it gave him that damn giddy feeling that made a lot of people do stupid things. Stupid giddy feelings plus Jason Todd was courting disaster. But then, Disaster seemed to have become his middle name since he’d teamed up with the guy.

“My instincts are rather rusty but I think it might be prudent to stay away from anything having any extremities or organs on the name… Unless you’ve tried them, of course.”

Jason looked up and laughed. "Yeah. I see what you mean…”

Tim curbed a grin. “Definitely far away from frogs legs, ox tongue and um–fried pig tails?”

“And barbecued chicken feet.” Jason snickered and reached a hand over. “I’m Jay.”

*Don’t laugh. Goddamnit.* He gave Jay’s hand a light squeeze. “Ah–Tim.” He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

“You waiting for someone, Tim?” The redhead cocked his head with mild curiosity.

“My brother.” Tim ran his fingertips absently over the moisture on his beer bottle. “But he’s running a little late.”

Jason smiled, eyes following his fingers before going back to his face. “Lucky me.”

Tim almost snorted. Almost. “And why is that?”

“I get someone to talk to while you wait. Assuming you want to keep talking to me.” Jason’s shit-eating grin was both sexy and charming and a little bit dangerous.

Tim blinked. *Right.* “As long as you don’t–um–turn into a mass murdering psycho…”

Jason raised an eyebrow at him even as he smiled as if to say ‘That really?! Really?!’. “And if I did?”

Tim gave him a wry smile. “I’d appreciate it if I didn’t become one of the casualties.”

Jason laughed and raised his bottle at him in a toast. “I can do that.”

“Thank you.” Tim wanted laugh out loud. He wanted to smack Jason upside the head too. Because this kind of small talk wasn’t what people did right? Mass murder? Really? God. He wanted to kiss him. He picked up his club sandwich and took a bite instead.
Jason’s cheese burger arrived while he was chewing on his sandwich. He dug in and seemed to analyze the taste while he chewed. He nodded before looking at Tim. “It’s good. I’m glad I didn’t order the fried pig’s tails.”

“Or the… Blood soup.”

“That too.”

They talked about everything and nothing and if it wasn’t Jason he was with, he’d have excused himself already. Not out of boredom, no. But he realized he didn’t have the patience to do the ‘meet and greet’ thing anymore. He wanted to go out and jump on rooftops and follow the leads he had and do more important things.

Crap. I’m going to be forever alone.

He never pictured himself with anyone in the next ten years. Or having a family. But if this train of thought kept up, he may never have one. Ever.

“Tim.”

He stared at Jason whose eyebrows furrowed with concern.


And Jason.

They were his family. Sure they may not always be there but they were when it counted. It was enough. Right?

Besides, whoever said he’d still be alive in ten years?

“Tim. You okay?” Jason asked again. His eyes scanned him with the sharpness hinting he’d dropped the act altogether.

Tim pushed those thoughts away. For now. “Yes. I was just wondering where my brother was…” He gave Jason a reassuring smile that the man countered with an eyebrow raise.

He could almost hear Jason’s gruff reply of ‘Go ahead and bullshit your way out of this.’

“I–I think I’ll get going.” He stood up and pulled some bills out his wallet to pay for his meal. He gave the older man a small smile. “Have to go to the library before they close. It was nice talking to you, Jay.”

He took a sweep of the place with his eyes before leaving and headed towards the direction of the library. He was grateful for the cool night air after the smoke-laden scent of the bar. He badly needed to clear his head and get himself back in the game.

He pulled his glasses off and pinched the bridge of his nose. That’s it, Timbo. No more introspection for at least another week.

—

“So, wanna tell me what the hell that was about?” Jason asked when he caught up with Tim on the rooftop of the library ten minutes later.

Tim shrugged and looked up the Gotham night sky that was on occasion littered with stars, like
tonight. The damn things were taunting him with their winking and blinking. *Up yours, Ursa Major!*

Jason was an example of Bat-training at it’s finest. Even in civvies, his boots hardly made a sound on the cement floor as he walked, hands stuck inside the pockets of his leather hooded jacket.

“You’re going to shrug me off after your little freak out? That’s how you’re gonna play this? Do you want me to tickle the shit out of you?”

He couldn’t help the twitch of his lips. Jason had been exploiting the ever-loving fuck out of that weakness since he found out. Tim had to admit it got results faster than a speeding bullet… Well, not really, but definitely faster than a beating.

Jason was close enough now. He could make out his features in the dark from his wind-blown hair to his strong jawline and the determined look he got when he was intent of wringing someone for intel.

“Spill before I take out the big guns.” He ordered, taking out his hands from his pockets and pointing two fingers each on both hands and wiggling them.

Tim snickered. “Criminals should see this. It’ll make them wet their pants.”

“I’ll make you wet your pants when these get a hold of you.” Jason smirked, moving closer until he was standing in between his knees, almost touching but not quite as he planted his hands on either side of Tim’s hips on the ledge. He looked up, eyes taking him in with a little smile on his lips. “I didn’t know you wore glasses.”

He chuckled, hands twitching as he clasped them in between his knees. “I don’t. I picked them up earlier. Thought it’d be a nice touch.”

“Well, I almost grabbed your face and kissed your socks off earlier, Nerd Wonder.” Jason put both hands on either side of his face and squished, snickering as Tim his narrowed eyes. He grabbed the little ponytail at the back of Tim’s head that secured his bangs and tugged. “You’re damn cute.”

He thought he’d gotten over blushing after all this time. *Well then.* “I’d almost forgotten you get nerd boners.”

Jason’s grin made warm freaky things flutter in his insides as the redhead tugged on his ponytail again and his other hand curled at the back of Tim’s waist. “Only for you, kid.”

He snorted even as his stomach did flips and shit like Dick on a sugar high. “If you ask me to recite the periodic table, I’m going to smack you.”

Jason leaned in, nose almost touching his. “Actually, a nice formula for a contained explosive will do…”

“Nitroglycerin based? Or mmph–!”

He could feel the smile as Jason’s lips slid against his, coaxing, teasing, teeth nipping at his lower lip. Jason used his hold on his little ponytail to angle his head and kiss him deeper. Tim felt the groan all the way down to his toes as he pretty much melted onto the other man. He wasn’t even aware of lifting his hands until his fingers threaded into the soft red strands and his free hand curled in Jason’s jacket.

They both had loopy smiles by the time the kiss ended.
Jason adjusted his glasses and took the elastic off his hair. “You might want to fix this.”

Tim huffed and pulled his hair back into the black hair tie as his damn brother smiled in amusement. “I need a haircut.”

“I need one too.” Jason agreed, blowing the white bangs out of his eyes. “You want to go to that barbershop across the street tomorrow?”

“Sure.” He readily agreed. “I’m sick of getting hair over my eyes.”

“This works though.” One big hand gripped his ponytail making Tim raise an eyebrow. “But, you might want to leave a little bit so I can still do this thing you like.” Jason tugged on his hair making him grunt in appreciation. Jason grinned, knowing exactly how much he loved that. Then he leaned on the ledge next to Tim. “So what have you learned today?”

“That being away from my Duc is giving me separation anxiety.” He smiled ruefully. “I think I may have had a panic attack earlier.”

Jason snickered, elbowing him in the ribs. “Was that what happened? And here I thought I was getting lucky with a hot guy in glasses.”

_Hot huh?_ “You got lucky months ago when you got me drunk.”

“Best damn decision I ever made in my life.” Jason said with so much conviction it made Tim laugh.

“Anyway, I found out the first vic’s records are sealed. Took me a while to get the details but according to what I found, Trisha Bentley’s boyfriend was Phil Preston.”

“Preston… Should I know this?”

He smiled at Jason’s confusion. “Normally, you should, but no. Anyway, Preston is the older of Councilman Preston’s two sons. They’re a prominent figure here, old rich family with lots of clout. Trisha was from the lower east side and a working student on scholarship. There were rumors that she was pregnant when it happened. Not far along, maybe three months. It wasn’t on record but a lot of students knew about it.”

Jason stilled, head tilted and eyes narrowed dangerously. “And it was never confirmed?”

“Not on record. Talk around campus was that Trisha and Preston lived together against his parents’ wishes. But when Trisha died, his father did what they could to help out the girl’s family, paid for the funeral and all that.” Tim added, not bothering to disguise the disgust he felt. “It was around election time so…”

“So they covered up their shit because they didn’t want the world to find out that their son fathered a child with a woman who was raped then murdered.” The quiet edge in Jason’s voice made Tim aware of how angry he was. “What are the odds they could’ve orchestrated the entire thing?”

“A pretty high probability. The councilman’s rubbing elbows with some pretty shady people. He was angling to marry his son off to one of the mob kids.” Tim couldn’t help but snort at that.

Jason’s grin reminded him of those scary cartoon sharks. “It must be pretty good for his political career. It doesn’t explain the other cases though.”

“That’s what I’m trying to figure out. There’s a pattern to this. Trisha is the key. The other girls
might have been taken at random but there’s got to be something…” He pursed his lips together as his mind raced trying to make sense of everything. “Something…”

“Other than she was boning the councilman’s son and was pregnant with his brat…” Jason added wryly then lifted up his hands at Tim’s narrow eyed stare. “Yeah. Yeah. Low brow humor. In bad taste. Cut me some slack. I want to punch something, this is putting me on the edge.”

Tim sighed. “I know. Work here is harder. We don’t have access to all the files or the bodies in the morgue. We don’t even have a lab and I don’t want to break into someone else’s and risk getting a bad rep or needlessly put us on some higher ups radar. Hell, I don’t even have my bike!”

Jason smiled and gave him pats on the back which were more mocking than reassuring. “You’re really suffering separation anxiety from the Ducati, huh?”

Tim fixed him a look that had him chuckling. “Anyway, back to the case. The vics were clean which was disturbing. In two instances, anything linking them to the perps were washed away by the river.”

“Wait, what do you mean they’re clean?” Jason interrupted. “Like they had no priors?”

“Not just that, Jay. They were clean. Like… Aside from the dirt, grime and other things the vic accumulated ante and post mortem, they’re clinically clean. No tissue samples. No bodily fluids. Nothing to link to the perps. Like they prepared for it so well, they didn’t leave traces of themselves. Not even tissue under the nails from the struggle. Nothing. They probably had sex fully clothed and with rubber.”

“The hell–”

“Yeah.”

Jason grinned, all teeth. “Maybe they’re germophobes like you.”

“I’m allergic to you now. You’re sleeping in the kitchen.” Tim declared dryly.

The bastard laughed. “I was just kidding. What if I disinfect myself with Lysol or something? And wear a hazmat suit to bed? Will you still sleep with me?”

He couldn’t help but chuckle. “Asshole.”

“You love me anyway.” Jason grinned and grinned some more when Tim only raised an eyebrow but didn’t object.

He actually didn’t want to object because that would only make him more guilty… Which he was of course but that wasn’t the point. *Damnit. I have to stop justifying myself to myself.*

Jason slanted him a scrutinizing look. “So now you’re wondering if we should go for the direct approach or if you should keep on doing things your way.”

“It could take a few days. A week. Maybe more.” He hedged. “I need to confirm a few theories like yesterday. Before anyone ends up in the river again.”

“Hm.” The redhead was quiet for a moment, looking up at the stars. It took another few moments before Jason looked right at him. “You know, the direct approach will most likely put us on the mob’s radar as well as the cops.”
Tim made an ambiguous little cock of his head. He knew this would happen sometime. They had too little resources to keep working under the radar and there would come a point when the only way to get results was to rattle a few cages. He’d delayed it as long as he could. He was letting Jason decide this one.

And Pfaff. Jason looked absolutely delighted with the turn of events. “So, where is this Preston guy? The son, not the father.”

He bit back a grin. “He has a flat on the twenty-first floor at an apartment building uptown at 15th.”

Jason was practically thrumming with excitement. “Let’s go then.”

Tim grinned. “I get to play bad cop?”

Jason’s grin was bordering on super villany. “S’long as I get to be worse cop.”

—

There’s much to be said about the direct approach.

For one thing, it’s highly effective on wusses such as Daddy’s little rich boy, Preston. It also helps when you have a renowned trigger happy criminal with you, ready to share some of his bullets, preferably into the subject’s sorry little ass.

Well, not really, but Red Hood’s reputation pretty much preceded him and if Jason can make mob bosses piss their pants, it was cakewalk on a pampered frat boy. He wasn’t picky on how he got his intel.

“I suggest you tell us what you know, real quick before the guy with the gun loses patience.” Tim advised from the foot of the bed.

“This is a prank right? I’m being punk’d, right?” Preston laughed weakly, scrambling back to press himself against the headboard. “Is that you, Mullins?”

Jason cocked his head as he angled himself on the bed to fully face the younger man. “We’re not punking you. This isn’t a game and I’ve got an itchy trigger finger wanting desperately to put a hole into different parts of your anatomy. Now talk.”

“But… But…” Even in the dimly lit bedroom, they could see Preston hit different shades of pale as his sweat glands worked overtime on his pretty boy face. “Oh my God. You’re real. The rumors were true! Oh my God.”

Tim could just about see Jason rolling his eyes because that’s exactly what he was doing under his cowl. God freaking damn.

“Are you done with the self-realization? Because some of us are getting tired of this shit. Plus I’m hungry. And I get cranky when I’m hungry.” Jason hissed at the guy making him back up some more like he wanted to blend into the headboard. Jason turned to Tim. “Can I tenderize him? Just a little? Might make him talk faster…”

Tim sighed, ignoring the nutcase act. “Talk fast, Preston. Don’t expect me to pull him off you when he starts pounding. I’m not as altruistic as the comics say.”

That got the guy to talk real quick.
Tim gave him points for not peeing his pants though at some point his face might’ve gone the same shade as his blond hair, making the dark circles under his eyes more prominent.

He’d seen several bottles of sleeping pills and high dosage migraine meds on the bedside table along with thick textbooks. Preston was having trouble sleeping. *And when he can’t sleep, he studies. Then he gets headaches.*

The guy was going down the deep end. Tim knew how that felt like. He’d been there.

“I don’t know who they are, I swear. I know my father is involved but I don’t have any proof. I’ve tried to investigate on my own but no one will tell me anything. They tell me to leave it to the cops and I should try to move on.” His fist clenched in frustration. “My Dad’s been trying to get me to come back home for months but I refused. This is our home. Tricia lived here with me. We were planning to get married… I–I got her killed.” He said then paused as if the realization had just struck him. His eyes watered and his face crumpled with that gut deep sorrow. “I got her and our baby killed. It’s my fault…”

The desperation and the pain in the man’s voice had Tim flicking his eyes at Jason who he was sure was eyeing him under the helmet too.

“Well, so glad to hear you’re past the denial and into the remorse and acceptance stage. Now you can drink yourself to death and bask in awesome hangover and depression.” The helmet didn’t hide any of the sarcasm in Jason’s voice. Tim resisted the urge to smack him upside the head. “Now give us something we can use. They couldn’t lift any of the attackers’ DNA off the bodies. They must’ve been fully clothed or dressed head to toe in rubber to do that. Does your father have anyone on his payroll with this sort of skillset?”

“He–He has a lot of people on his payroll.” Preston admitted and grabbed a pen and the notepad on the bedside table and wrote down those he could remember. “I’ve been checking out some of these people and none of them seemed to be involved with what happened but they’re into something else altogether. I haven’t figured out what and I don’t have any evidence. I don’t even know who to go to even if I did.” He sniffed back the tears. “The department’s full of dirty cops.”

*That’s an understatement.* He didn’t say it out loud but Tim had to give him credit. Preston was going against his family to do the right thing. But then, his girlfriend and their unborn child was dead because of them.

“Dad… He’s… You’re not going to kill him, are you?” Preston asked worriedly as he handed Tim the paper.

“We hope it won’t get to that.” Tim put the list in his belt.

Jason snorted. “We’ll see.”

Preston clutched at Jason’s jacket. “Please don’t hurt my family. My mom, my brother… Please.”

“Hands off the jacket, kid. That’s a surefire way to get your paws blown off.” Jason shrugged off the man and adjusted his jacket. “Now, let’s get one thing straight. We were never here. You never saw us. Never talked to us. We’ll help you nail the scumbags that killed your girl and your kid but you gotta keep your trap shut. You breathe one word about us to anyone and the whole thing blows over. We’ll know it’s you. And I know where you live. Oh and this–” Jason waved an idle hand between himself and the guy, “is not a threat.”

Tim pressed his lips tightly together to keep himself from laughing.
“Most of the guys on this list are on the mob’s payroll. They’re involved in a lot of the cases we’ve been trying to stop for months.” Tim told Jason as he cross-referenced addresses and files from his phone to the list he got from Preston.

They managed to sabotage most of the final transactions but only managed to bag the lieutenants and not the top dogs due to the amount of work and ‘involvement’ it took to nail them. Big names meant they needed bigger evidence. Even then, it was hard making them stick. Detective Barnes and Officer Young can only take so much anonymous tips and files from well-meaning citizens before the dirtbags turned their sights on them.

“We’ll run through them one by one. I’m sure we can come up with more leads in a few days.” Jason leaned back on the wall and stretched his legs out on the floor.

They were sitting on the rooftop of a crumbling old building in the Narrows, one of the condemned ones that even the homeless didn’t sleep in for fear of falling debris.

He glanced at the red-head, under the Red Hood, err, helmet. “You seem to keep forgetting how you have a real job in the morning.”

“You’re underestimating my stamina?” He could swear Jason was raising an eyebrow at him.

He checked a grin. He had no doubts and questions about Jason’s stamina, thank you very much. “I’m just making sure you don’t run yourself to the ground.” He replied, forefinger tapping on his phone to save his data. “I’m the one who has to live with you when you get yourself sick.”

“So that is how it is then? Whatever happened to ‘in sickness and in health’? Our marriage vows mean nothing to you.” Jason tutted and let out an exaggerated sigh. “I knew you only wanted me for my body. I’m crushed. I’m okay with you wanting my body though. But still, I’m heartbroken.”

“I’m going to break a rib in that body of yours if you don’t shut it.” He elbowed Jason in the ribs chuckling. “And whoever you said those stupid vows to, it wasn’t me.”

“Oh my God. You don’t even remember?!” Jason grabbed both his upper arms and shook him. Tim’s head bobbed side to side like a hood ornament. “I—I can’t take this anymore! You desecrated the altar of our marriage and now you’re treating me like I’m your boytoy and you don’t even remember?!”

“Boytoy?” Tim was torn between laughing and wanting to smack Jason upside the head… um. Helmet. “Stop shaking me, Jay. I’m not a maraca.”

Jason chuckled and stopped but didn’t let go. “I’d kiss you but my helmet is in the way.”

Tim snickered, his hand tightened over his phone that he still hadn’t put back in his belt. “Sucks to be you.”

He could hear the grin in the gruff voice. “Take it off for me.”

_Tempting but… “No.”_ 

Jason groaned and let him go. “You take the fun out of everything.” He glanced at Tim’s phone. “Are you done now? Can we go? I want to get another run before we turn in. Maybe we can look into a couple of the guys on the list.”
“Alright. I’ll check for someone who’s closest here.” Tim looked into his phone again.

“Ok. I’m going to grab us some coffee over there.”

“No.” Tim protested on reflex and groaned when he heard Jason shucking his jacket and guns. “Jason…” He didn’t bother hiding his exasperation when the older man draped the jacket over his shoulders. The thing must weigh more than ten pounds with all the gear in it. “You can’t keep doing this. Someone might see you.”

Tim couldn’t blame him. Jason was bored. It was a slow night. At two a.m., all they’ve encountered were three idiots squaring against each other over the loot they got from an electronics store, a mugger, minor drug deal and a would-be rapist that Jason beat the crap out of before he could grab the girl.

Admittedly, Tim could use a caffeine fix. Half a block over was a 24-hour convenience store that held their *lifesblood* in its percolators. And Jason was making it his mission to get some.

“This building is older than Batman and more wrinkly than Alfred, kid. If there’s any chance of a camera, the scrambler’s taken care of it.” Jason took off his helmet, ran a hand through his hair and put the hood of his hoodie up. “I’ll be back.”

Tim looked up at him in amusement. “Did you just do The Terminator on me, Ah-nold?”

“Shut up, Nerd Wonder.” Jason grinned, caught Tim’s chin and tipped his head up. He brought their lips together in a quick kiss before Tim could protest. Tim’s lips were still tingling when Jason strolled over to the other side of the building and jumped off to the rickety fire escape.

By the time he got up and looked over the ledge, his brother was across the street, long strides eating the distance towards the store.

“Mmm… I can almost taste my mochachino.” Jason drawled through the commlink in his ear. “Want something to eat aside from my delectable body?”

Tim couldn’t keep himself from smiling. *Damn Jason and his random cuteness.* Ah. No. He wasn’t going to tell him that. “A chicken or turkey sandwich if they have some.”

“You got it.” The older man replied.

Jason had just gotten into the store when a car stopped outside but no one came out. Tim could see about three or four people inside. He frowned at that, hand already reaching for his grapple.

“Red.” He alerted Jason in the commlink. “Possible 211 going your way. Don’t compromise your cover. I’m coming.”

Three men went out of the car. The driver stayed in his seat, the lookout leaned on the passenger door and the other two went in.

“Make it quick. They’re in.” Jason hissed.

If they lived in Metropolis, there was no way to make a surprise attack from across the street, half a block away. Tim was there in less than a minute, yodeling 'AaahAaahAaaah!' like Tarzan in his head as he swung on his line and reached for his collapsible bo with one hand.

He whacked the lookout hard on the head with his bo and landed next to the fallen body. *Thank you, Gotham, for having such shittly lighted streets.*
“What the– urk!”

Cue the bo straight into the right passenger window to the side of the driver’s head. A flick of the wrist smacked the bo to his nape, and he’s out, slumped over the steering wheel.

Go Red Team!

“Backup’s asleep, Red.” Tim informed Jason as he glanced around, keeping to the shadows even when the street was empty. There were a few windows lit on some old buildings but no one was sticking their heads out. Good.

He peeked into the glass store window. The guy with the .38 was yelling at the man behind the counter to hurry. The other guy with a shotgun had it trained on Jason who was standing next to the coffee machine with his hands up, looking bored.

Tim’s lips twitched. “Just let the dogs out, Red. Be the princess in distress for once.”

Jason didn’t reply but Tim saw his lips press together in what could be an attempt to keep from saying, Fuck you, Replacement!

Luckily, Mr. 38 and Shotgun Guy went directly for the door when the cashier gave them the money.

They were one of those organized small time robbers whose M.O. was to get in and out quick and leave no casualties unless necessary. It was actually a pretty efficient gig since it was fast and easy and they could hit different locations in one night.

Unfortunately, they ran into his bo.

And his fist.

And his boot.

Oops. Sorry, guys.

Tim whacked the groaning guy on the floor with the bo to make sure he didn’t get up and run off while he returned the money.

The moment he stepped inside with the bag of cash, the cashier reached under his counter for a gun.

Yes. His job sucks sometimes.

“Hey! I’m just here to give your money back!” He lifted his hands up and slowly lowered the bag of cash on the floor. “You should call the cops, man. Those guys outside won’t be sleeping for long.”

Jason was now leaning on the coffee machine, casually sipping his cup of mochachino. Bastard.

The cashier eyed Tim wearily. “Who are you? Are you one of those costumed freaks the papers are talking about?”

Costumed freak. My life is a fucking cliche.

“Nah. I just came from a costume party over there and was gonna grab a bottle of water before going home.” He smiled innocently and hoped like hell the guy wouldn’t accidentally shoot him.
cause that would seriously suck. “Who knew those tae bo moves actually work, huh?”

Jason snickered in his ear. *Asshole.*

The cashier went for the phone and Tim took that as his cue to split.

“Hey!” Jason called from the little fridge and tossed him a bottle of water. Tim caught it in midair. Jason grinned. “On me.”

“Thanks.” He smiled and nodded at the cashier as he walked to the door. He hiked a thumb at Jason. “He said he’ll pay for it.”

“Who are you?” The cashier asked instead, pausing from talking to the police. He looked a little less shaken than when Tim walked in. The guy’s probably seen his share of shit in his life.

“Um– nobody really.” Tim hesitated.

Jason lifted a challenging eyebrow at him.

Tim’s lips twitched and he turned to the cashier, his hand already at the door handle. “I’m just your friendly neighborhood Condom Man.”
On Tim’s 21st birthday, Jason got a day off from work. He picked up his paycheck and went
directly to a little pawnshop he’d passed during patrol one night. The owner, Old Mike, wasn’t
necessarily on the up and up but he wasn’t exactly scum either. He offered a fair price and sold
them off the same way without question about who it’s for and where it came from.

It was a good setup for someone living in the Narrows where people bought and sold things that
mostly weren’t really theirs.

Jason couldn’t begrudge people who made a living out of that. After all, he used to do that too,
back in his tire-stealing days. Not that he condoned it, only that it was pretty much a staple where
he came from.

It was only when innocent people got hurt that his tolerance breaks. But that was neither here nor
there at the moment because he was at the shop to buy something, as Jay, and not the gun-toting
helmet-dude.

He haggled with Ol’ Mike over the price. He’d learned that way back too. Living in the Bowery
had its perks. It taught kids early on how to survive, even if they sometimes did not so nice things
to keep themselves fed and clothed and keep the Chesters away from their asses.

With his dad in a gang and his mom stoned half the time, it was one of the things he learned the
hard way.

But he did learn.

He learned that the only way to escape the pedos was to hit hard and run fast. He also learned that
sometimes, no matter how fast and hard you run, there are really some fuckers you can’t shake.
That was about the time he’d decided that if he was going down that road, he’d do it his own way.
And he’d get paid for it.

When he got older, smarter, faster and more vicious, he didn’t have much of that problem anymore.

Then, he jacked the Batmobile’s tires.

And the rest, as they say, was history.

He was smiling when he walked out of Ol’ Mike’s shop with his paper-bagged purchase. He even
liked the thing’s name Rebel. The old man was smiling too as he put the bills inside his old cash
register with a ding.

Jason dropped by the market on his way home, bought some steaks and fish, stopped at the grocery
across the street before he went back to the loft.

Tim was still asleep when he got there. His little brother had gotten in at 5:30 and was too wired to
sleep that Jason had to wear him out with some early morning birthday sex to get him to relax.

Jason smiled as images flashed in his head and the hard clenching in his chest reminded him of that celebratory event. He needed a repeat later. Heh. Maybe several repeats.

He made as little noise as possible as he worked in the kitchen. Tim didn’t know he’d taken the day off and he was going to make sure he didn’t wake birthday boy as he cooked lunch.

The kid needed as much sleep as he could get. He’s been on the Preston case for two weeks on top of all the other scum and minor crimes they had on patrol every day.

Tim had an almost one-track minded obsession with the case. They’d been taking down different operations of *Preston and his Mob Friends* almost every night that Tim admitted they were definitely on the mob’s hitlist now.

Lately, they’ve both been extra careful not to leave any crumbs that could lead to having their secret identities discovered. It was nothing new of course. But Jason knew that sooner or later, he may need to put a bullet into someone’s brain to shut them up if they ever found out.

He only hoped that Tim would forgive him.

He was taking the fish from the pan on top of a pot he used as a makeshift double boiler when Tim leaned over the railing. Not that the guy could actually see him at the stove since the loft was sitting on top of the kitchen but he knew where Tim’s voice came from.

“Jason? What are you doing here?”

“Making lunch, birthday boy.” He poured the lemon-oyster sauce on top of the fish fillets on a plate. “That looks good, if I may say so myself.”

“Smells good too. What is that?” Tim called from above. “And why aren’t you at work?”

He smirked. “I’m on Birthday Leave.”

"You can’t have birthday leave if it’s not your birthday, Jay.” He could hear amusement in the smoky voice.

He smiled and put the food on the table along with the mashed potatoes and a salad. “I took a day.”

A beat.

Just when he thought Tim wouldn’t answer the crazy guy dropped from the loft to a crouch just by the edge of the kitchen. He had a grin on his face as he stalked towards Jason.

“You know, there’s this thing they call stairs? Handy little fuckers… Just so you don’t jump off railings to mmrph–”

Jason’s hands gripped the edge of the counter to steady himself as Tim attacked him with a happy, wet, playful and incredibly hot, minty sweet kiss. And yes it was definitely *happy* because Tim was laughing against his mouth by the time he was done. And Jason… Oh he was sure he looked dumber than Dopey on drugs.

“You didn’t have to bother so much, you know. I’m used to not having birthdays.” Tim said, ducking, an embarrassed smile on his lips as he absentely rubbed Jason’s chest with one hand.

His chest felt way too damn tight he almost wished it’d just explode so he could give his fucking
heart as a present to the stupid smart man. “If you kiss me like that again and keep smiling like a
dork, you could sucker me into doing this every day, kiddo.”

Tim stared at him, mouth open like he was going to say something but didn’t. He smiled instead.
“Thanks, Jay.”

“Don’t thank me yet. You still haven’t gotten your present.” Tim stepped back as Jason reached
for the paper bag he’d set away from the food and handed it to him. “Happy birthday. I–um– it’s
not new but no one got killed for it. I hope… And you can probably use it on the field–”

What the fuck was he babbling about? Shut the fuck up, Todd…

Tim looked like he was going to cry as he turned his gift in his hands with so much care like he
was afraid it’d disappear. “Where did you find this?” He breathed.

“Pawnshop in the Narrows. Don’t worry. No one got robbed for that. Ol’ Mike said it belonged to a
friend of his who bought it on a whim when he went to Africa for work. When he came back, he
had some trouble and needed some fast cash so he sold it.” Jason explained. “If there’s anything
more to that story, I didn’t ask. I’m sure you’re going to put it under a blacklight anyway.”

Tim smacked his chest with the back of his hand in retaliation but he was smiling. A little watery
but it was definitely a happy smile, like Jason had given him the best gift ever, even if he was sure
Tim had gotten better and more expensive ones and could afford more than the 2nd hand Canon
SLR camera he was holding. He’d bought a Nikon DSLR for ‘photoshoots’ with Gotham’s
criminal element just a couple of months ago.

“Thanks, Jay.” He was gripping the camera with one hand and cradling it to his chest with the
other. “You don’t happen to have any film, do you?”

“Figured you’d like to take some pictures the old fashioned way since you have time. Maybe set up
a darkroom somewhere in this place.” Fuck. Jason was babbling again. Jason reached into one of the
leg pockets on his cargo pants and passed a paper bag with 2 rolls of film and batteries to him.
“Just call me Clark. The boy scout in red briefs.”

Tim snickered. “You don’t have red briefs.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Wanna bet?”

Tim bit his lower lip as his eyes strayed to Jason’s crotch. “On second thought… That’s probably a
sucker bet. You don’t bet unless you’re pretty sure you’re gonna win.” He looked up at the
redhead, blue eyes a little wide. “You bought red underwear??”

Jason grinned. “Me to know and you to find out. Later. For now, let’s eat. I’m damn hungry.” The
microwave dinged. “Wait. The cake’s done. Lemme just take it out. You set the table.”

Tim was done setting the table by the time Jason pulled the chocolate cake out of the pan. He was
setting it on the rack, cursing the damn thing for sticking to the sides of the pan, when Tim leaned
on the counter a little ways away from him. Jason heard the distinct sound of the camera’s shutter
as it took his picture.

He looked up. “Hey!”

Tim took another picture grinning. “You’re a grumpy baker.”

“Hey! Damn it.”
Tim dodged his hand and ran out to their ever-empty living room, laughing. “You’ll give Gordon Ramsay a run for his money. ‘Come out of the damn pan, you little fucker.’”

Tim evaded the leap for his shoulder, ducked and twisted out of his grasp, all the while taking pictures as he went. The kid was more slippery than an eel. *In boxers. Heh.*

“Geez! I’m too hungry to do this.” He stopped and palmed his stomach. Tim eyed him wearily a few meters away, a small smile on his lips. “Come on, birthday boy. We can do this again later.”

Tim’s eyes narrowed and Jason curbed a laugh. The kid knew him pretty well.

He let Tim sit on his rolling work chair—he’d been using it at the table after he dragged the plastic one upstairs—before he turned it away from the table and straddled the younger man’s lap. There was no protest on his weight, only amusement. “I thought we were having lunch?”

“Oh we are.” Jason assured him and loosely covered Tim’s arms with his hands on the arms of the chair. “But first…”

He leaned in and caught his brother’s mouth in a slow languid kiss, relaxing him. When Tim was moaning into his mouth, Jason nuzzled the side of his lips and he turned his head, giving him his jaw and his neck. Jason smiled against his skin, nuzzling and brushing his lips against the scar there. The scar that he’d given him all those years ago.

Tim had forgiven him for it though Jason has never truly forgiven himself. But each time he kissed that spot, it made Tim’s breath hitch and bury his hands in his hair like it made it better, so Jason did it again and again and hoped that one day it would make him forgive himself.

“Jay…” Tim’s arms flexed underneath his hands and Jason knew he wanted to touch. But he wasn’t done yet.

He smiled against Tim’s neck, lips parting like he was going to bite. He latched onto the sensitive skin, feeling Tim’s groan on his tongue.

And blew a big raspberry.

Tim stilled and started to buck. “Oh fuck! Jason! No! No! Stop!”

The chuckles turned to crazy giggles to full blown uncontrollable belly laughs in no time.

By the time he was done, Tim was limp on the chair, hair mussed, neck red with stubble burns and chest heaving with the last hiccups of laughter even as his eyes narrowed at him. “You’re despicable.”

He grinned. “Happy Birthday, baby bird.”

“Fuck you, Jay.”

Jason laughed and kissed Tim’s nose. “I love you too, babe.”

Tim grunted.

Jason didn’t expect an answer. He’d always thrown that out carelessly. Sometimes mockingly. He never says it seriously. He didn’t want to burden Tim into answering.
It was better that way. That way, he’d never get his fucking heart broken. Not that anyone would know anyway.

―

“You know, I kinda miss the time when you worked in bed.” Jason leaned his ass on Tim’s worktable and crossed his arms over his chest. “It was easier to pry you away from the laptop then.”

Tim’s lips twitched in an almost smile, not even looking up as he transferred files into his phone. “You mean the time when you’d pull the laptop away and tackle me into submission?”

“Heh.” Jason snorted, glancing at the info on the screen. They were getting closer to mopping up everyone on Preston’s list. “You don’t exactly make ‘submission’ easy.”

Tim raised an eyebrow and gave him a damn sassy look that made the redhead want to haul him up and kiss him until his toes curled. “Nothing worth fighting for is easy, Red.”

He’d gotten fond of that nickname. Jason grinned, grabbed Tim by the shoulders and hauled him up. “Damn right.”

He expected a fight. Instead, Tim arms went over his shoulders, elbows leaning on them as fingers dug into his hair. No complaints here.

“I don’t mind making it easy for you once in a while.” The smile was a challenge.

“Oh yeah?” Jason tamped down the urge to close his eyes as fingertips kneaded his scalp. Tim’s blue blue eyes were all he could see up close. He doesn’t think he’ll ever get tired of that color. “You have really nice eyes, baby bird.”

*That smirk will be the death of me. Geez.*

Tim gripped his hair tight. “Didn’t I just say I don’t mind making it easy for you?”

“Just sayin’.” He shrugged. He actually enjoyed having to coax Tim away from work. The challenge was always half the fun. It sparks his creativity. “And besides, I don’t mind having to work for you.” Jason leaned in and paused when he was about to capture Tim’s lips, eyebrows drawing together thoughtfully. “Hm. I think I owe ten bucks for the Sap Jar. Again.”

Tim snickered, nose brushing his. “Let me see if I can get you to add more then.”

“Fuck you, Replacement.”

“I think I’m gonna get you to do that too.”

The cheeky reply made him lift Tim up with a grin until his knees were on the work table on either side of Jason’s hips. He cupped Tim’s buttocks with both hands and squeezed. “Oh *that.* I’d gladly do.”

―

“You’re enjoying this way too much.” Jason observed Tim from his perch on the roof as the younger man took pictures of the gang of drug traffickers inside the warehouse. One of Councilman Preston’s bodyguard/enforcer was down there overseeing the operation.

“It is one of my least life-threatening hobbies.” Tim dangled on his cable, one leg wrapped tight
around it while the harness on his belt held his weight and one hand held the line controlling his position. It left both his hands relatively free to grasp his camera and shoot.

“I thought hacking into government offices was your least life-threatening hobby?” The redhead adjusted the lenses on his helmet to better view the distribution of merchandise below after making sure Tim wouldn’t accidentally plummet to his death.

“I did say ‘one of the least’…” Tim pointed out as he shifted to take shots from a different angle. His hand on the wire tightened to adjust position and Jason’s hand went to the wire beside his foot and took hold on reflex.

No, he wasn’t nervous. He trusted Tim’s ability to dangle precariously in midair. He was just making sure he could pull his brother up in case the cinch around the damn exhaust chimney came lose.

*Right. Go with that.* He was turning into Mother Hen. *Damn it to hell.*

“You should get paid for this. Work for the Daily Bugle or some other shit.”

“What?”

“The Daily Bugle… With Peter Parker.” Jason chuckled, scratching his nose and squinting at the white pills in zip-locked plastic bags that the enforcer put inside non-descript brown paper bags.

It was new kind of cocktail with a hallucinogenic effect and a mild sedative that was both addicting and brain-damaging. Kind of like Ecstacy with a bigger wallop. Not that it stopped anyone from buying the damned things.

“Peter… Isn’t that Spider-man?” The bewilderment in Tim’s voice was so evident, he even paused from taking pictures to look up at Jason from fifteen feet below.

“Yes, Nerd Stalker. I figured you’d know that.” He grinned, giving Tim a mock two-fingered salute.

Tim shook his head and went back to taking pictures. “You and your nerd fetish…”

“Hey! Spider-man is an awesome hero!” He defended. “He’s smart. He’s funny. He’s bendy. He’s got a nice ass. He can stick to walls. Did I mention he’s bendy?”

“Yes, you did.” Tim was totally grinning. Jason could tell in his voice. “I didn’t know you were such a Spidey fan. You know, nerd boner aside.”

“You’re the only one with the bat and bird fetish, kid. You forget I stole the tires from ol’ pointy-ears’ beloved car.” He said with a wave of nostalgia that made him smile. “Though I must say that I did have more than my share of dirty thoughts after I got to know the man behind the cowl.”

Silence.

Then more silence.

Jason looked down to check that his brother didn’t fall to his untimely demise while he wasn’t looking. “Red, don’t start freaking out while you’re dangling upside-down on the line with your feet. Do I need to pull you up?”

“No!” Was the abrupt reply. The line swayed a little and he could see the lenses of Tim’s cowl as
he curled up to look at Jason. He was probably scowling at him too. “You’re telling me that you have a crush on B? And you had to do it now?”

“Good time as any.” He shrugged though he doubted Tim could see it. “Fucked up as he is, the Boss has a certain charm.” He chuckle-snorted at that. “Don’t tell me you never had a crush on him, Stalker Boy.”

“Um…”

Jason snickered. “I rest my case. Now are you done? Can we go beat up some of those guys? My Robin-sense is tingling.”

He could hear Tim smile. “Fanboy.”

“Damn right. Why do you think I picked Jay Parker for my fake Bat-issued I.D.?”

A beat.

“Oh. Oh.”

Jason’s grin grew wider as he dropped down his line so he’s hanging right next to Tim who was now right side up and tucking his camera carefully into his reinforced backpack. He raised an eyebrow at his little brother. “Yeah. Just fill in the blank middle name and all that…”

Tim smiled in what Jason could guess was the amused i-don’t-know-what-to-do-with-you look. “You really are a fanboy. I never would’ve guessed.”

“Now you know that if you suddenly developed spider-powers, I’d probably spontaneously combust. But only after I bend you over things and have sex on a web.”

“Oh god. Shut up, Red.” Tim groaned but Jason was sure he was laughing as he dropped and landed on top of one of the goon’s shoulders.

They proceeded to beat up thugs and trash the Councilman’s operation very thoroughly after that.

It was a productive night.

–

When Jason came home from work the next day, he found a paper bag on top of the fridge with his name on it in Tim’s neat, vertical block handwriting.

Inside was a Spider-man t-shirt.

He did bend Tim over things then.

The web sex could wait.
Sometimes Tim remembers things at the most inopportune moment.

Tim can’t believe he’s reviewing his files again. They’ve almost finished sabotaging every one of Preston’s associates over the past month but he was sure none of them were responsible for the girls’ deaths.

He knew he was missing something. Some minute detail that he overlooked because he was too busy hunting down crooks and thugs and puppy dog tails. Err, not the last one but…

He let out a long breath and leaned into the callused hand rubbing his back under his tshirt. He glanced behind him at the owner of said hand, who was sprawled out on the bed, reading something from his phone.

Porn. I bet it’s porn.

It’s been a busy month for them and the cops and if Jason wanted to read porn in his free time, he’s very well entitled to it.

Tim on the other hand, needed to think. He stared at the screen of the laptop and stared blankly for a few more seconds because Jason’s fingers were drawing circular patterns at the small of his back. Damn.

He almost groaned when the hand trailed up his spine in between his shoulder blades and his dick is starting to take notice. It will get damn hard to think real quick if…

Geez… He shifted his legs and adjusted his position on the mattress. Tight boxer briefs and all that.

He glanced at Jason again only to find the man’s concentration still on his phone, his eyes a little heavy lidded and his lips smiling a lazy smile.

Yep. Definitely porn.

He tried to focus on his laptop and it really shouldn’t be so hard. He should be used to Jason absentmindedly teasing his back like this…

He reminded himself that Officer Young and Detective Barnes were in line for a promotion. Only fitting with the way they have been working these past months. They have been very much involved in the cases as Tim and Jason.

They’ve made a sort of unspoken deal with them. A truce. For Gotham.

Even when the police officers haven’t met them face to face, they corresponded the old fashioned way. With notes. Like some secret admirer who snuck things into his crush’s locker, Tim would drop the files and evidence at certain locations. Detective Barnes would pick it up and leave whatever information Tim asked of him at the same place.
It was a good system. Thankfully, none of the dirty cops nor the mob had picked up on the routine. Tim hoped it stayed that way. He didn’t want to be a vigilante in a city where cops just let the scum back out on the street after a night in the cell due to lack of evidence and no cases filed against them.

He wasn’t an idiot. He knew how the real system worked. And in places like Gotham, especially in this universe where they aren’t even supposed to exist, it was a must to work with the system.

He sighed. *This is my life now.*

Just as it was his life to have those talented fingers brushing up and down his spine, inspiring goosebumps over his skin… But he was definitely not complaining about that.

“What’s up with the moping?” Jason asked almost gently, not looking away from his phone as he skimmed his fingers over the top of the elastic on Tim’s boxers. “Want me to read some porn to you? It’s you and me and ol’ Dickie-bird getting busy in the office.”

“What?” Tim blinked.

“It’s fucking hot…” Jason continued and this time he did look meaningfully at Tim like he wanted to confirm reactions with his own eyes. “Apparently you like being the filling in a former Robin sandwich…” He smirked. “Do you fantasize about that, Tim? I know you like being bent over things–”

The hot look in those blue green eyes and the swipe of a pink tongue over that plump bottom lip will be the death of him one day. *Not a bad way to go. All things considered.*

“–But do you want to be pressed between us and taken until you’re too full and begging–”

And that crack was probably his brain breaking right there. “Oh god. Jason, if you say another word, I will duct tape your mouth…”

That got him a raised eyebrow and a look full mirth that Tim wanted to punch him. “So… Never? Like of anyone accosting you in the office and just taking you right there on the desk with your secretary just outside the door–”

*No.* The tips of his ears weren’t burning. He will deny that to his death.

“*Jason…*” He hoped he sounded threatening enough, considering who it was he was threatening. “–because there are just waaay too many things you can do in that office…”

Whatever Jason had been reading was… *No.* He wasn’t going to think about that. *God fucking damn.*

Jason did sit up then, one hand planted just behind Tim’s ass, his arm brushing his back as he leaned in and peered just over Tim’s shoulder to look down.

Tim closed his eyes because there was no denying the tent in his boxers. *Fuck it all.*

Jason’s breath fanned hot on the side of his face. “Oooh… Somebody likes the idea…”

Tim did elbow him in the ribs then. Jason laughed but didn’t relent. At all. *The ass.*

“I’d love to climb up the window in that corner office of yours and fuck you senseless, baby bird.”
He swallowed. Or tried. But his mouth had gone dry. Like Sahara Desert dry, and it wasn’t fair that Jason could do that to him with just his voice. Mother of…

Oh.

Lips ghosted over the back of his ears, by his hairline and he could feel the short hairs at the back of his neck stand and prickle and…

“I’d push your jacket off and bend you over the desk. Cup you over those fancy designer pants and squeeze. I know how you like that. You’d be hard and straining against my hand when I bite the back of your neck, won’t you?”

Teeth grazed the back of his neck making him shiver. This was crazy. And hot. And damn it! He’d laugh if he wasn’t so turned on.

He’s panting now. Straining in his boxers and Jason’s not even touching him. Not really.

He couldn’t stop his own hands from gripping his knees. Anything to keep it from grabbing Jason and encouraging him.

“I’d grip you hard and stroke and get you so worked up but I won’t take you. Even when you grind up against me. Even if you beg.” Lips and teeth brushed and caressed the back of his neck. Nose and stubble rubbed the sensitive skin and made his breaths shudder out. “You’d have to do it for me, Tim. And I’ll watch you.”

His breath caught. He secretly loved each time Jason coaxed him into touching himself while he watched with needy eyes as he whispered orders and praise in that damn voice that could make him lose reason.

“I’ll watch you unbutton your shirt and take your belt off with shaking hands. Watch you sit on that big leather chair and open your pants to show me how hard you are.”

“Oh god.” He can see it. Can see it in his mind. Like he’s transported into his old office, in that plush leather chair with his thighs spread and one leg thrown over the arm. He’s so hard it’s making him dizzy. His hand is moving. Brushing his fingers softly down his length. It’s a tease. Both for his and Jason’s sake.

His cock throbbed and he can’t be sure if it’s just in his head or he’s actually feeling it. And he looked down and he’s leaking precome, a dark wet spot on the light gray of his boxer briefs. The knuckles in his hands are white on his knees. Heat coiled in his belly. His body pulsing with each pounding of his heart.

“Show me how you bad you want it, Tim. Touch yourself for me…” Jason’s voice is lulling, dark, deep and damn him. So sexy. “I want to see. I won’t touch you. Even when you make those needy little moans that drive me crazy. Even if you beg. I won’t. Not until you come for me.”

His hands were shaking. He can feel it though he was gripping his knees so hard. His cock throbbed in his boxers. Straining. Aching inside the tight fabric.

Wanting…

Jason… Jason is behind him. He can feel his entire body. In some rational part of his brain that’s still working, he knows Jason is kneeling with his front pressed against him, crotch to chest. His body heat and his scent engulfed him, heightening his senses, making him lean back and feel.
And damn. He’s hard. So hard under his boxers and poking insistently at Tim’s lower back.

An amused chuckle slipped past his lips, in between panting breaths. “Glad I’m not the only one liking this fantasy.”

Jason’s answering laugh was rough and ragged just above his head. “Yeah. We both might need a doctor if we don’t take care of this real soon…”

Doctor.

Doctor.

“Holy—!” Tim scrambled forward and jumped to his feet, almost frantic. Erection not widthstanding. “I knew it was someone close! I knew it! We’ve been looking in all the wrong places. I have to start… Surveillance. Bugs. Holy crap! All this time… Should’ve… Damn it! Stupid. Stupid…”

“Whoa! Kid. Slow down. What the hell?” Jason was still kneeling on the bed, tent in his pants, looking at him like he’d totally lost it. “Stop—” He waved a hand at Tim’s pacing. “And the muttering… It’s fucking creepy when you do that.”

He paused, pulse racing from the sudden realization and the unfulfilled lust. “Uh… Sorry?”

Jason looked at him with a mixture of amusement and exasperation, then let out a long suffering sigh. “S’okay.” He looked down at his crotch then back at Tim with a raised eyebrow. “No chance of getting this taken care of then?”

Tim grinned, mentally calculated locations, logistics and time frames then looked at Jason’s rueful expression, which was absolutely adorable, but he wouldn’t tell him that. Ever. Because, he just might get stabbed.

“Oh-kay.” The amusement in Jason’s voice broke through his jumbled thoughts. “I’ll just go take a cold shower…”

Just as he planted one foot to stand, Tim jumped him.

Heh. Those surveillance cameras and bugs could wait.

First, he needed some nice fantasies fulfilled. They both wouldn’t want to take a trip to the local doctor after all.
Red Team Go

Chapter Summary

This is where it all goes down. The ass-kicking chapter. Literally.

Chapter Notes

Please be advised that there are lots of canon-typical violence in this chapter and a scene where violence of a sexual nature occurs. The latter is not graphic and is thwarted but I’m putting this here just in case.

“You gotta be shittin’ me.” Jason cursed again as he watched the ski-masked fuckers across the street drag the girl into an old and crumbling, long-abandoned hotel. His hands curled into fists. He needed to go in there and pound the shit out of them. Like yesterday.

“Red, we’ve talked about this. Stay put.” Tim said calmly but firmly through his comlink.

Yes. They’ve talked about it. Ever since Tim found out who the mastermind on the rape cases were. They wouldn’t be able to pull this off and put everyone in jail if they didn’t have enough evidence. He knew that. It was the only reason why he hadn’t stopped the little shits from taking the girl. The only reason he hadn’t ran into the building and started shooting.

He knew Tim had to take pictures and video as evidence but it didn’t mean he had to like it. It was going against everything he’s been doing for years. If this was their Gotham, he wouldn’t need to hold back. Wouldn’t need to wait until the girl was sufficiently manhandled just to make his move.

“You said your friends were coming.” He snarled. “Where the hell are they?”

“I’ve alerted them. They’re probably on the way.” Tim replied, calm and without affliction.

It shouldn’t put him on the edge. The way Tim sounded so unaffected, so focused and impersonal.

Bruce did that. Separated himself from the world like he was seeing everything from afar. Like nothing affected him. He knew how that worked. Knew it was essential in their chosen profession. That oftentimes it was the only way to handle all the sick things they witnessed and went through.

But knowing, seeing, feeling and doing had never quite meshed equally with him.

Knowing was a given. He could adapt in any given environment for optimum survival. Growing up in not-so-ideal surroundings made it as natural to him as breathing. Add in Bat-training and he was somewhere at the top of his class. Hell, he survived death, didn’t he?

The seeing part? He was good at that. He could take a scenario and formulate several ways to neutralize a threat. He could take apart crime scenes at a glance. He could understand body language, see different threats and counter-act on real-time. He was good at that.
What he wasn’t good at? Feeling. Especially feeling nothing.

Batman had always said he was too angry. Had chastised him too many times for letting his anger get the best of him. But what can he do? He was hard-wired to react with aggression. He grew up in a place where this was essential to survival.

You get hurt. You hurt them back. It was simple logic.

He’d managed to curb it over the years. To rein in his temper, his impulse to pound someone’s face in when they pressed his rage button. He’d learned to not let it rule him.

There were other ways to get even. Other ways to hit back without lifting his fist. He’d learned them. Mastered them. He could confidently say he was good at them. He’d studied from different masters who were the best in what they did but what they did weren’t very nice. Heh. That was why most of them were dead by the time he was done.

It was a good thing he hadn’t learned from Wolverine because that dude would’ve ended him. If he weren’t fictional. But then in this universe, weren’t they fictional too?

Christ. He’d go crazy if he tried processing these things.

Unfortunately, despite all his controlled-breathing-exercises and anger-management-fu, there were still things that triggered him and made him go from Banner to Hulk in 0.5 seconds.

On top of the list?

Hurting children.

The other?

Sexual abusers and rapists.

Which was more or less both in this case.

This was where his failure at doing-nothing showed.

He liked going in fast and hitting hard. There was no use dawdling really. But here he was waiting like a good little dog while Tim took pictures. Each passing second grated at him even as he climbed to a vantage point where he could easily jump anytime and take the fuckers down.

The girl being pushed around was barely eighteen, working her way through college at the campus bookstore. Her wide eyes were terrified and stark against her mocha colored skin. He was glad the fight hadn’t left her yet as she kicked and squirmed even with her hands bound behind her back and her angry screams muffled behind the gag.

The fuckers even rigged a small generator to power up the lights in the lobby to better see the fucked up game they played. His fingers itched to shoot each one of them. Limbs first so they could choke on their pain. He’d let them bleed themselves out a while. Maybe they’ll die and save him the effort of finishing them off.

Jason sank to his hunches, pressed to the shadows as he watched them over the balusters on the 2nd floor overlooking the ground floor lobby. The gang had picked one of the abandoned buildings in Old Gotham where the city’s rehabilitation hadn’t yet reached.

It was a kilometer-wide stretch of dilapidated buildings unsafe for habitation. There had been a
massive fire from a fireworks factory a few years back, the blaze had spread quickly, lifting chemicals and gas into the air. Fireballs had literally rained from the sky as the fireworks and other hazardous products exploded and fell on nearby houses and buildings. The residents were evacuated and relocated.

From what they’ve learned, the land was now ripe for the picking as the rehabilitation of Gotham edged in its direction. In a year or so, it will be prime property, raising its value exponentially. Which was why Preston and Friends wanted it. And why the owner had been reluctant to sell.

The move to rape and kill the girls in the area will turn the tide and most probably convince the owner to let it go. Preston was pushing forward to make up for the losses he’s been having of late. Jason was sure the mob wasn’t all that pleased with the good councilman.

His eyes narrowed in on the man in the black jacket and black pants. Those black boots were probably designer too. The blonde hair and preppy all-American good-looks were hidden under the black ski-mask but the air of authority and the sick pleasure in the bastard’s voice as he ordered the girl to dance after leaning in close and whispering into her ear was all too telling. Preston the younger had a taste for the perverse and forbidden. Not unlike his father. After all, most fruit don’t fall far from the tree and what better way to earn your father’s love than to give him what he wants. And to be what he needs you to be.

Jason knew that all too well. Had tried too hard and made that mistake many times over. And look where that led him.

It was a good thing he eventually learned his lesson. Not in death. No. Because God and the world knew exactly what he did after rising from the grave.

But now. Years after that. He was learning to live again.

Learning to live the way he’d always wanted. Not in anyone’s shadow. He wasn’t out there to prove himself worthy of anyone anymore. He was just doing what he could to make his little corner of the world more livable for those around him. And he was a doing a pretty damn good job of it too.

Well, not counting right now. Cuz right now, he was doing jack when he could be bashing skulls and making those fuckers eat their own balls.

“Red.” He prompted through gritted teeth at he watched Preston untie the girl’s hands. “You got one minute to finish up and I’m going in. You can take your pictures while I’m kicking ass, but I’m not letting this freak show go on much longer.”

“Our friends are going in first. We’re back-up. It’ll hold better in court if they do the busting, not us.” Red Robin replied, all-business. “ETA three minutes.”

“Fuck.” A lot could happen in three minutes.

“Hold your position.” Tim knew he was itching to jump and reinforced the order especially when one of the fuckers below grabbed the girl’s ass with a gloved hand as she danced.

“Strip.” One of the masked men ordered, leaning against a column just below Jason’s position. “Make it good. And we won’t hurt you. You be a nice little dancer now.”

He knew what they were doing. Giving her that sliver of hope. Something to hold onto. That maybe if she cooperated. If she was good. Maybe they’ll let her go. Maybe they won’t hurt her. Maybe they won’t kill her.
It was all wishful thinking of course. And most victims knew that too. But when you’re in the position where your choices for survival were limited, you’d latch onto that thread, no matter how frayed and insubstantial it was.

This was one of those things that truly sick minds got off on. They fed on the power that thread of hope gave them over their victims, knowing that they could take it away at any time.

One of the men pressed up against her from behind and when she darted away, he caught her by the back of her shirt and pulled her back. She slammed to his chest and his arms went around, hands cupping her breasts and squeezing. “Dance with me, honey.”

“No. Don’t…” She pleaded and squirmed to get away but another man pressed in front of her. Locking her in place.

“Let’s see what we have behind curtain number one.” The fucker said laughing as he all but ripped her blouse off.

Anger tightened in Jason’s gut and his body shook from holding it back. Enough was enough.

“Red…” Came Tim’s warning tone.

Jason snarled. “No. Fuck waiting.”

He jumped.

Tim couldn’t say he was disappointed. In fact, he was proud that Jason held onto his patience that long.

The man could plot. Could wait hours to inch his way to the Batmobile to plant a bomb. Could meticulously prepare battle strategies and plots with the patience of a saint but show him a kid in trouble and he’d jump in headfirst into shallow water.

He watched Jason throw a solid punch right into a man’s nose behind the ski-mask. The man’s head snapped back from the force as Jason yanked the girl out of his grip. He turned, pinning the girl to his back with one hand and kicked a man coming at him hard in the stomach.

The girl shrieked when one of the masked men ran towards them. Jason twisted, the girl still pinned behind him, and threw a knife at the bastard’s chest.

Well, then. Tim exhaled. At this rate, all the bastards will be dead by the time the cops got there.

He clamped his camera onto a ledge so it kept recording and jumped into the fray.

“Nice of you to join in, Princess.” The grit in Jason’s voice wasn’t lost even under the sarcasm. “Now, take Carol and go watch while I play.”

Tim bit back a cutting retort as he blocked and pushed the wrist holding a gun aimed at his face. He moved in with an upper cut to the meathead’s diaphragm and followed with an elbow to the face. His hand slid from the man’s wrist and grabbed the gun with the hand he used to block. He snagged the ski mask from the guy’s head and kicked hard on his stomach.

Oh nice. That was young Mr. Preston.

He didn’t get to congratulate himself because Jason had shoved the girl in his arms. “Here, take the
DID. You’re cramping my style.”

“Freeze! Police!”

“And now the cavalry comes.” He could almost hear Jason rolling his eyes with that comment as he threw one of the rapists to a pillar.

Tim twisted, holding the girl tight and maneuvered them out of the way. “Over here, Officers!”

Detective Barnes rushed towards him to take the girl. Tim saw movement in his peripheral vision and murmured an ‘Excuse me.’ as he turned and sprinted after one of the fleeing guys.

There were gun shots. He saw one man fall as he attempted to escape and Tim saw Jason effectively collar the other as he slammed another guy onto the reception counter when he sprinted past them.

*Damn! The runner was fast.* He probably ran track. Tim was going to get a stitch in his side just trying to keep up. He was pushing out of the exit into the empty parking lot. Unfortunately for him, Tim grew up with a speedster.

He dug out smoke pellets from his belt and pelted it in the guy’s direction. Purple smoke exploded in the air, the guy yelped, arms flailing as he ran blind making Tim gain precious seconds, enough to extend his bo and whack the guy hard at the back of his thighs and lift in a circular motion.

The runner fell backward, momentum and redirection toppling him onto his back, almost rolling over from the force of it. Before he could get up, Tim dug the end of his bo to his sternum and pushed. “Stay down.”

Officer Young was running towards them, weapon at the ready. “Roll over and put your hands behind your head!”

When the man didn’t move, Tim gave a little nudge at his diaphragm with the tip of his bo and stuck his boot under one shoulder. He levered the man onto his stomach with his staff.

Officer Young was breathing heavily as he dropped to one knee to zip tie the guy’s hands behind his back. The tall police officer was about Jason’s age, blonde and looked vaguely like Roy Harper. Tim curbed a grin.

He looked up at Tim and shook his head as if he still couldn’t believe he was there. “Your partner is with the detective. Quite a sparkling personality that one.”

Tim’s lips twitched. “It’s one of his charms.”

The officer snorted as he pulled the runaway up and dragged him back to the hotel with a gruff, “Let’s go.” Before giving Tim a once over. “I thought you’d be taller.”

“That’s what everyone says before they get their asses kicked.” He said wryly.

The policeman chuckled. “You Robins ever lose your snark?”

He grinned. “Now where’s the fun in that?”

Detective Barnes wasn’t as tall as his younger partner but the frown lines between his brows, the firm slash of his lips and the sharp world-weary look in his eyes told more about the man than his
height and average build. He was a man who’d seen too much of the grim side of the world than most people ever would in their lifetimes. He was someone who took no shit from anyone but was open-minded enough not to arrest two vigilantes on sight.

“I was only doing my civic duty to help my fellow citizen, Detective.”

Tim could tell Jason was speaking through gritted teeth, impatience ringing in his tone.

“Would it have been better if I let them rip her clothes off while I twiddle my fucking thumbs and waited for you to arrive?”

*Yep. Definitely pissed off.*

Tim could hear sirens closing in. All five of the men were unmasked and ziptied. Three of which were still down and two were bleeding. One from a knife wound on his chest and the other from the gunshot to his stomach. Not that Jason nor the good detective bothered to help them put pressure on their wounds.

Preston the younger was favoring his left side, face pained as he sprawled on the floor. Tim felt satisfaction in the thought that he probably broke two of the bastard’s ribs.

Officer Young pushed the runner down on the ground next to him ordering, “Stay.” then moved to check on the shaken woman sitting on an old stool, wearing Detective Barnes’ trenchcoat over her shoulders.

Tim gave the older policeman a nod. “I’ll get the camera.” He didn’t wait for a reply, just shot his grapple up to the 2nd floor where he’d left it and retrieved the device, along with a manila envelope. He came back a couple of minutes later and handed them to the detective after taking out the chip from inside the cam.

They moved out of earshot from the group before Tim spoke. “In Hood’s defense, we waited as long as we could, Sir. They would’ve done worse if we didn’t move in when we did.”

“I understand what happened. But with this as evidence, you have exposed yourselves and you may be called in court to testify.” The older man replied.

“Only if it’s in costume.” Jason cut in.

Detective Barnes gave him a look that told them exactly what he thought of that statement.

“The evidence may be enough to put them in jail, Sir.” Tim said as he stood next to his belligerent brother. “We understand it’s not ideal but we can’t compromise our identities and put our families at risk. We’ve accumulated quite a lot of enemies by taking this case. I hope you understand.”

The detective’s lips thinned and Tim could feel Jason tense beside him. The police cars were parking outside and they could hear the familiar ruckus that came with it. The older man lifted his chin in a silent shooing motion old people gave pesky kids. “Get outta here.”

“You’re welcome.” Jason grumbled but turned and shot his grapple after Tim.

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They quickly moved to another building across the street through the rooftops and watched the authorities move the gang into squad cars after checking with the paramedics.
Tim was pretty happy to note that Councilman Preston was not on the scene. What he’d give to be a fly on the wall when the man gets a call from his son at the lockup.

No matter what he did, he couldn’t feel sorry for the guy. They were about the same age. He was rich, privileged and studying to be a doctor but instead of helping people, he spent his free time committing rape and murder. Not that it was all his fault. After all, dear ol’ dad asked him to take care of his big brother’s girlfriend. Seems he’d acquired a taste for it and started doing it to others too.

Tim was glad he was off the streets. Daddy Preston was next. They can give each other I love You cards in jail.

He and Jason were silent for a long while as the cops cleared the area. He’d bet his brother was trying to sense his mood until he finally spoke up, “Can’t risk our identities and put our families at risk huh?”

Tim shrugged.

“What family?” Jason asked with a chuckle. “There’s only me and you.”

He slanted the redhead a glance. ”I don’t know about you but last I checked you’re still my brother.”

Jason’s helmet cocked to the side, as if he was eyeing Tim under it. Then he slung an arm over his shoulder and pulled him in a half hug and a noogie. “How can I stay mad at you when you say shit like that, jerkface?”

“Mad at me?” He pushed at Jason’s arm but only managed to get headlocked in a guillotine choke. “You’re the one who deliberately disobeyed orders and compromised us!”

“I thought we were past this?” Jason dragged him forward by the neck. “You even defended me to–”

A distinctive sound of bullet on metal sliced through the air. “Fuck! Sniper! Take cover!”

Jason was practically on top of him as he pushed Tim to the back of the rooftop entrance. Tim scanned the nearby buildings that could be used as vantage points. “Are you hit?”

“My helmet. It’s bullet proof. So’s the rest of my armor. But your cowl isn’t.” Jason pushed Tim’s head down to his chest blocking his head from the sniper’s sights. “Goddamnit, get down!”

“I can’t see a damn thing, Red!” He protested as he groped for his phone in his belt. There were more shots from another direction. “Fuck! Two shooters!”

“I see one!” Jason took out his gun and fired to his left. “I’m going after him! Stay down!”

Tim was pushed out from under his arm as Jason sprinted and leapt to the direction of the shooter. He dialed Detective Barnes as he switched his cowl lenses to thermal imaging.

“What the hell is happening?!” The detective demanded as a greeting.

“Snipers. On the roof. Two. Possibly three.” Tim peeked over the side of his hiding spot and got three bullets fired in his direction. Heat signatures from his cowl showed where it came from. “Building across the street from you. Eleventh floor. Fifth window!”
Detective Barnes was shouting out orders even before Tim could finish speaking. “Squad cars take your prize back home. The rest fan out and take cover. There are two possibly three snipers in the perimeter. You, you and you up the eleventh floor, west side. You, Smith and Cruz, cover the exits. Where are you, R?”

“Rooftop across the street. Hood ran after the other one, two buildings over.”

He saw the third shooter to his right and dove behind an old exhaust chimney as bullets rained on him. “Sir, third sniper is two buildings away. At the old theater!”

He ran towards that direction, diving under several obstacles along the way to keep his brains from being splattered. He jumped to the next building, heading off his landing with smoke pellets and using his memory to navigate until he was clear. The sniper was running down the stairs, knowing he needed to escape before he got caught.

“He’s going for the back!” Tim yelled as he jumped to the fire escape on the side and pushed his way in.

“Motherfucker!” Jason yelled when Tim turned on his comlink. He could hear grunts and scuffling. “Stay the fuck down or I’ll fucking kill you!”

He heard the man scream and suspected Jason broke something important. Like a femur.

“You okay, R?” Jason was panting. “Motherfucker made me run two blocks.”

“I’m fine. Going after the other guy.” He said in a low voice. “Talk later.”

“Be careful.” Jason replied. He heard his brother say, “Let’s go, dickhead. Lift your damn leg.” before the line switched off.

The building was dark and eerily empty with soot blackened walls and broken chairs. The screen was cracked and burnt, the vinyl on some seats were melted and torn. Tim moved with his back to the wall, using his hand as a guide while his other hand held his bo close at the back of his arm. He couldn’t see well enough in the darkness filled with inanimate objects to keep using thermal imaging so he switched it off, cursing silently when he realized he hadn’t fixed the infrared when it went wonky the other night.

It wasn’t so bad when his eyes adjusted to the darkness. He was used to working in the dark, instinct and training guided him through the motions.

The air was stale in the theater but he detected a hint of cigarette smoke. The sniper was a smoker. He must’ve smoked in there while waiting and Tim guessed he’d been there a while before Preston’s crew even got there.

_They knew we were closing in. They planted snipers in the area to take us out._ He thought. _But why not take us out before we could get Preston?_

_Because they aren’t Preston’s men._

_Fuck._

_One of the mob bosses sent the hit._
If they couldn’t catch all the snipers, he and Jason couldn’t risk going back to the loft. Even if they did catch them all, they’d still have to make sure no one tailed them.

*This sucks.*

He sensed movement near the back of the theater. Sticking to the shadows, he slinked towards it, scanning the area as he went. The side aisles were wide and inclined as he moved to the back.

There was a noise, scraping metal against the wall.

He glanced to the right, and ran his face smack into the butt of a sniper rifle.

His neck snapped back and the back of his head hit the wall hard.

Pain exploded in his skull as he staggered backward, hand scrabbling the wall for purchase but couldn’t find a handhold. A dark shadow loomed over him, he couldn’t make out the face.

With blurred vision, he swung his bo. He heard a yelp as it connected and an almost silent rifle fire, the bullet going right past his ear.

*Crap.*

He swayed back but gained his footing. Head still spinning, he swung his bo again in a wide arc.

He hit his attacker, he wasn’t even sure where, just that it hit. Using the extended reach of his staff, he hit again and again, relentlessly aiming for the blur that was in front of him as he struggled to gain his focus.

He heard the rifle fall and hit harder.

He heard a crack and his attacker screamed in pain. Tim swung again at what he hoped was the guy’s head. It connected with a satisfying *thunk.* The shadow fell like a heap on the aisle.

He leaned against the wall and hoped like hell the guy didn’t have a backup. He was a sitting duck right there.

“R! Where are you?” Barnes called as he burst from the side of the broken movie screen from the back exit.

“Here!” He called, still not trusting himself to move from the wall without tripping over his feet. He blinked a few times and squeezed his eyes shut to stop the world from spinning and blurring.

“You okay kid?” Detective Barnes reached him just as other cops got in the door.

“Just need to sit down. Ran my face into his rifle.” He said as the detective helped him onto one of the theater seats. He squinted at the glare from the flashlights.

“You might have a concussion. Want to have the medics take a look?”

“No. I’ll be fine. Did you see anyone else around? There could be more of these guys.” He clutched his head as a wave of nausea hit. “Damn. I think I have a concussion.”

“Have someone look at you.” Barnes said again placing a hand on his shoulder.

“It’s okay. I’ll take him.” There was no mistaking Jason’s voice and Tim was so relieved to hear him, he smiled. Jason leaned over him. “What happened? You okay?”
I’ll live. Good to have a hard head.” He squinted again when Jason’s helmet doubled. “Oh great. Please tell me there’s only one of you. I don’t think I can handle two Red Hoods.”

Jason chuckled. “Got you pretty good, didn’t he? Damn. You fought that fucker with a concussion?”

“Yeah. Why?” Tim tried to see past the policemen hauling the sniper on a stretcher but couldn’t.

“He’s about six-eight and built like a tank.” There was amusement and awe in Jason’s voice.

“Oh.” Tim smirked drunkenly leaning his head on the backrest. “That was probably why I never missed.”

Both Jason and Barnes laughed.

Then he remembered and clasped Jason’s arm. “Listen, the hit was sent by one of the mob. Hell, maybe all of them. They were just waiting for us to finish with Preston’s gang so they could take us out. They could hit two birds with one stone in a night.”

“Fuck.” Jason swore. “The guy I caught had a Viper tattoo.”

“This other guy is with the Russians.” Detective Barnes confirmed. “And the other one we caught was with the Aces. They all operate under the Russians.” Tim’s head wasn’t all that muddled but it hurt to think. He turned to the detective. “Sir, I think they’re planning to take out the councilman. He knows too much and he’s messed up way too many times. With his son in jail linking him to the murders on top of everything else, he’s a liability.”

“Shit.” Barnes swore and called one of his men to check on Preston Sr. “Have someone watch the house. I’ll be there in a while. I need to call the captain. Where the hell is Young?”

“We need to get you home.” Jason said as the cops milled around and swept through the area.

“There could be someone tailing us.” He was glad his vision was clearing. He can only wish his head would stop pounding. “Don’t want to risk it.”

“You have your EMP mask?” Jason asked.

“Yeah.”

“Okay then.” Jason straightened and turned to Detective Barnes. “Hey, Detective. You don’t happen to have some clothes to spare, do you?”

A quick change of clothes and faces with the EMP mask later, Tim went with Detective Barnes to the Police Headquarters. He stayed less than five minutes then slid into the sidestreet, changing out of the police uniform into a hoodie, tucking in Detective Barnes’ jacket inside of it.

He finally made it to the right bus stop almost an hour later. He’d put on the jacket and a baseball cap sometime back after backtracking and circling so many times that if someone did follow him home, the stalker deserved the right to slit his throat while he slept.

While he had some dizzy spells and a splitting headache from moving too much with a concussion, he made it to the loft without a hitch. He’d certainly given anyone who wanted to, enough times to kill him along the way but since no one did, he probably either lost them or they were waiting for
him to lead them home so they could take both him and Jason out in one go.

He got back before Jason did and silently hoped that his brother was okay wherever he was. Jason borrowed one of the sniper’s motorcycles and took off in the opposite direction in his own clothes to lure out anyone who wanted to follow away from Tim.

As Tim stared at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, he understood the pained expression Jason had when he saw his face before putting on the EMP mask. The bump on his right temple was huge. It swelled like half a tennis ball and was starting to get the purplish tint along with the red.

He guessed there was probably a fracture in his skull and hoped for the best that he didn’t get a seizure or something. He could feel the other bump at the back of his head where it smacked against the wall and winced. His right cheek was purpling too. He was going to make sure no one sees his face in the coming days.

He stuck himself under the shower to clean up and when he accidentally dropped the soap and ducked to pick it up, the world spun so hard he spent the next few minutes with his head in the toilet bowl.

Somehow, he managed to finish bathing and brush his teeth but couldn’t get himself to get up from sitting on the toilet to dress. The ‘closet’ was too far away and he didn’t want to risk falling flat on his face on the way there.

*Should stay here for another five minutes.* He reached for the bottle of pain reliever on top of the sink and downed two, swallowing them dry.

It felt like they stuck at the back of his throat but at least he didn’t choke on them. He couldn’t stop the chuckle that escaped him at the thought. *Cracked my skull and I’m worried about choking on pain pills.*

That’s how Jason found him. Buck ass naked on the toilet bowl, laughing to himself.

“Is this a private thing or have you lost your mind while I was away?” Jason cautiously moved into the bathroom like he was afraid Tim would pounce and rip his throat out.

He smiled. “Hey, Jay. Glad you’re alive.”

Jason made a non-committal sound and moved inside. “Why are you just sitting here naked? Damn. That looks worse than earlier.”

“It was dark earlier.” Tim reminded him. “Did someone follow you?”

Jason’s jaw tightened then relaxed. “I took care of it.”

“Yes, I followed you?!”

“I took care of it.” Each word was enunciated in a way that didn’t leave any doubt as to what his brother did but for some reason, Tim couldn’t bring himself to care. Not right now, anyway.

A splitting headache. A cracked skull, nausea and vomiting, plus the fact that had Jason’s helmet not been bullet proof, his brother wouldn’t be standing here right now, did things to what he thought of the ‘No Killing’ rule.

Jason took hold of his arm and slung it over his shoulder. “Come on, let’s get you dressed.”
“I can walk.” He protested when Jason picked him up, bridal style.

“I know you can, kid. Just don’t want you falling on your face. It’s colorful enough as it is.” A few long strides and Tim’s on the bed, clutching his head. Jason rooted through the box they called a closet and came back with a t-shirt and boxers. “Arms up.”

Tim’s lips quirked as he lifted his arms and the redhead slid the shirt on him in one go. He put his boxers on with some wiggling and shimmying that made Jason smile though he didn’t help.

“Lie down. I’ll be right back.”

It was dizzying to lie flat so he propped his head on a few pillows. Jason came back with a ziplocked bag of frozen sponge they use as an icepack. They soaked it in water and stuck it in the freezer. It was better and less messier than frozen steak.

“How you feeling?” Jason asked when Tim had gingerly pressed the bag to the lump on his face.

“Better now that I know you’re alive.” He grumbled, making Jason grin.

“Sorry about that.” Jason replied from under his shirt as he pulled it off. He sat on the chair at the computer table, untied his boots and kicked them off. “I was kind of busy and didn’t want to worry you too much.”

“Let’s have it.” Tim pushed himself to a sitting position, ignoring Jason’s glare as he pulled his socks off. Tim raised his eyebrows.

Jason sighed and started taking off his pants as he talked. “I called Preston Junior. I told him to get ready to take his mom out of town. The fuckers were already in the house when I got there. The damn house was so big the police outside the gate didn’t even know the assholes were inside. I had to call Barnes while I cleaned up. It was a good thing there were only three. They probably figured that since most of the cops were busy at the other place, they didn’t need to send the galactic armada to get the attention. They were trashing the place, trying to make it look like a robbery while the Prestons were locked in the panic room. Panicking.”

Tim pressed his lips together to keep from smiling. “Barnes got there fast?”

“Yeah. My tail showed while I was tying up one of the bastards. He tried to stab me. Probably since he couldn’t get a bullet through.”

“Did he get through?” Tim asked, eyes scanning Jason in the lamplight.

“Just a scratch. I got to twist out of the way just in time.” He turned and showed a cut on the left of his back, just above his floating rib. “Never let me complain about Bat-issued armor again.”

“Looks like he got a lot of good hits though.” He could see scattered bruises over Jason’s upper body.

“Yeah. Good fighter. But I’m better.”

Tim grinned and ignored the twinge on his cheek. “Humble too.”

“Heh.” Jason crawled to the mattress and leaned back on the wall, pulling Tim between his thighs. He scanned Tim’s battered face and sighed as he gingerly touched the lump on his temple. “Purple is not your color, baby bird.”
Tim snorted and leaned back on his chest, head pillowed on the red-head’s shoulder. “There’s a matching lump at the back. Be glad I have hair to cover it up.” He sucked a breath when Jason felt for it.


“I need to stop running my face into rifle butts.” Tim said chuckling, happy to have Jason there, smelling of body armor, sweat and himself. It was a comforting, familiar scent. Like Jason’s body heat and low rumbling voice. “I almost lost you today. I promise not to taunt you about the helmet for a week.”

“Only a week?” He could hear Jason’s smile as he planted a kiss on the uninjured side of Tim’s head and buried his face in his neck, breathing him in. He wrapped both arms around him, clasping his hands over Tim’s stomach and locking his ankles over his legs in a full body hug. Jason squeezed him close telling him more than any words could say.

Tim smiled, moving to get more comfortable. He sighed when he was nicely pillowed and draped over Jason. He felt safe just being there. “We should put some antiseptic on that cut of yours.”

“Later.” Jason replied as he reached for the frozen sponge. He gently placed it on top of Tim’s lump, balancing it so it won’t fall.

“It’s three inches long, Jay.”

“It can wait.”

“It can get infected.” Tim reminded him.

“Not moving, Tim. Shut up. Go to sleep.”

Tim grinned, ignored the throbbing of his head, closed his eyes and let Jason’s heartbeat lull him to sleep.
Tim kept his eyes closed as his brain scrambled to get himself fully awake. He blearily squinted at the sunlight streaming through that little window above his head.

The good thing was, his head stopped hurting. The not so good was that he accidentally smacked his hand on the bump so he spent a minute or so cursing over his self-inflicted injury.

Jason wasn’t anywhere in the loft because it was too quiet. He snorted in amusement when he spied a note on the pillow next to him. *Really, Jason? Really?!*

He picked it up and felt his lips twitch as he read through the bold black scrawl.

*Went to work. Be back by lunch or so. Left food in the styro. Don’t get up. Don’t go down the stairs. Don’t fucking go out. I mean it, Tim. Call me.*

There was no signature because that’d just be stupid seeing as it was only them living there after all.

He reached above his head for his phone and after groping and not finding it, he leaned up on his elbows to look. His eyes narrowed. There was his com-link but no phone.

He put it on and patched into Jason’s frequency. His brother was online after two beeps, so goddamn cheerful too.

“Hey, Timbo! How are you feeling?”

“Alive. Not nauseated. My head only hurt when I bumped the bump. Where’s my phone?”

“Aha! I knew you’d be itching to use it and strain your eyes so I’m holding it hostage until you’re not yakking your guts out.” Tim could hear the smug grin with the tone. “Don’t worry. I won’t delete any pictures of the super clone. There’s like a gazzilion of them. Do you jack off to these?”

“Fuck you, Jay.” He shot back making Jason laugh.

*Yes. Well, okay. Fine!*

He has lots of pictures of him and Kon but only because Kon was messing with his phone and trying to master the ‘Art of Taking Selfies’. Selfies that included squeezing Tim in the picture with him. They ended up making faces at the camera, and he couldn’t bring himself to erase the damn things because it made him snicker whenever he looked at their stupid mugs.

“I didn’t even know you can look like a constipated cow.” Jason chuckled. “You are so fucking gay for each other.”

He sighed. Telling him to stop will only bring on more taunting so Tim sat on the mattress and...
reached for the styro box and flipped the lid instead. “Why are you at work? It’s Saturday.”

“Smooth move, changing the topic there, baby bird. The boss called because the other truck got stuck out of town. Me and Max had to fill in for a scheduled delivery. It’s half a day for a full day’s pay. No use passing it up.” Jason explained. “Where do you put these?”

Tim’s eyebrows raised, then he realized Jason wasn’t asking him but whoever it was he was talking to.

“Okay. Thanks.” Jason said then jumped back into their conversation without missing a beat.

“Anyway, it’s not heavy lifting. Just a lot of going back and forth. Five thousand boxes of imported cup noodles from Korea.”

“That’s a lot of noodles.” Tim smiled. He used to live on those things back at his own place whenever he was hungry at 4am. He hadn’t eaten as much real food in years until he got stuck with Jason in this dimension.

“Yep.” Jason agreed. “Hey. You need me to pick anything up on the way home?”

Tim made a mental inventory of all the toiletries and the groceries and of the things they’ve written down on the board in the kitchen. “I think everything’s on the chalkboard.”


Tim chuckled and unwrapped the chicken sandwich he found. “A new skull would be nice.”

“You don’t want me? I’m crushed. My heart is bleeding right now. Really. I think I’ll go cry over these cup noodles.”

Tim chuckle-snorted. “Spare the noodles from your false emo-tears, Jay. They deserve some mercy.” He should brush his teeth. He really should. Heh. *Fuck it.* He brushed five hours ago. And he was hungry. He bit into the sandwich and let out a little moan. *Yum.*

“That sounded obscene.” Jason’s tone was more amused than it should be. “Are you jacking off?”

Tim almost choked. “No!” He sputtered through the food in his mouth. “Damn it, Jay.”

“Whaaat?! You were moaning.” Jason was laughing. The bastard.

He forced down the food and downed it with homemade iced tea. “I was eating a sandwich.”

Jason was still laughing. “Well, my bad.”

He took another bite of sandwich and tried not to moan this time. “Go back to work, Jason.”

“Okay, fine.” His brother muttered. “By the way, don’t even bother to turn on the computers. I took the wires with me. Just lie back and relax. Go back to sleep or something. Don’t want you straining your head and puking all over the place. I’ll see you in a couple of hours.”

He rolled his eyes. “Yes, doctor.”

“No jacking off either. I’ll do that for you.”

He could see the leer with the statement and Tim couldn’t help laughing. “Perv.”

“Pfft. You like it.”
Tim smiled and didn’t answer because damn it all, he did.

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Jason held his phone hostage for two weeks until he was sure Tim wouldn’t be straining his eyes or spending all his time on the computer. He even answered Tim’s business calls checking on repairs and only allowed him time to finish his pending jobs before taking away his tools, his belt, all the chords on the computers and batteries for his laptops with him in a backpack when he went to work. Tim only got to use the computer for an hour each night and Jason didn’t go out on patrol to keep an eye on him as if he was some sort of untrustworthy deadly criminal.

Not that Tim could blame him since the man had to pry him off the computer each time his allotted hour was done. He’d been bribed with food, massages and sex among other things.

He wasn’t complaining, really. It was good when Jason was home. It was only when he was at work that Tim wanted to climb walls out of boredom. Which of course he wasn’t allowed to do either, according to good old Doctor Todd. The bastard.

On the fourth day, Jason gave back one of the laptops and his tools.

By that time, Tim was on the verge of tearing his hair out with nothing to do. He couldn’t get out of the house either because of his purple face so he had way too much time on his hands.

“Swear to me that you wouldn’t spend all day on it or make your head hurt by sitting and squinting while repairing things.” Jason said while holding the laptop and tools behind his back. Just as Tim was about to answer, the red-head put his finger up. “Wait let me see your hands. I don’t want you crossing your fingers on me.”

Tim rolled his eyes and held his hands up. “I swear I won’t make my head hurt and whatever else you said. Satisfied?”

Jason suspiciously narrowed his eyes at him but grudgingly handed him his laptop and tools. “Don’t work all fuckin’ day or I’ll take those back.”

“Yeah. Yeah. Go away.” Tim waved him off and clutched the laptop to his chest like a long lost lover, cooing. “Hello there, baby. I missed you. I’ve been so lonely without you…”

“This is sooo fuckin’ good for my ego. You know, being passed over for microchips and a processor.” Jason grumbled at his back.

Tim turned and arched an eyebrow at him. “It’s okay. Your ego can take it.” Then he went back and patted the laptop. “Isn’t that right, my cute little lambchop?”

Tim didn’t get to spend quality time with his cute little lambchop that night though because Jason was determined to prove that he was better than a rectangular battery powered machine.

Tim couldn’t complain since he was, well, fully satisfied with Jason’s performance.

--

Having the laptop for the rest of the week was a much welcome diversion. Jason leaves it fully charged and takes the charger to work so Tim would be forced to stop when the battery was empty. The Bastard.

The minimal amount of computer time and no strenuous activity made for his quick recovery.
When he didn’t get any more headaches or dizziness in a week, Jason took him for a jog early in the morning. Physical activity slowly progressed from there and by midweek, they were sparring for an hour.

“If you get dizzy or anything, tell me and we stop. Okay?” Jason eyed him a little worriedly, assessing his well-being before they even got started. “I’m serious, Tim. I don’t want you getting relapse or any of that shit.”

He curbed a grin and extended his bo. “Yes, doctor.”

Jason grinned at that and took hold of his own bo, a rattan one he bought from an Asian store. “Alright. Come at me, bro.”

Tim chuckled and swung his bo at the older man. “When you say that, it sounds dirty.”

Jason’s leer was downright challenging when he deflected the blow. “That only means you’re learning, young padawan.”

Tim struck three short strikes. Jason deflected two and ducked under the third. “Learning what, Master Yoda?”

Jason grinned, flashing teeth. “The art of having a dirty mind. I’m so damn proud.”

–

When Tim finally got his phone back the next week, he eagerly switched it on so he could play some music while he updated his files. He got as far as the wallpaper before he started snickering.

Jason replaced his wallpaper with a picture of himself, eyebrow raised in the most comical version of his ‘The hell are you lookin’ at?’ expression. Tim laughed some more at the thought of Jason taking selfies with his phone.

Five minutes later, he almost dropped the damned thing when it yelled, “Whaaat?!” in Jason’s voice before he realized it was his new message alert tone. The hell.

You like your customized theme, Nerd Wonder? Wait ’til you hear the ring tone.

Tim would swear it was curiosity and dread, not amusement that had him rooting out said ring tone.

It was suspiciously named, theme_song.mp3.

He cautiously pressed play and collapsed laughing.

It was Jason singing ‘I Will Survive’ in the shower.
Jason’s a lucky SOB. And Tim is a stalker.

Jason wasn’t a genius. He knew that. He’d accepted it and had been doing quite well not being one.

What he was on the other hand was lucky. Though to be honest, he’d never really thought of it that way when shit kept fucking up his life, but looking back now, he was.

Hell, there weren’t a lot of people who could say they one-upped Death and got an extra-life.

He was also probably one of the few people in the multiverse who’d thank an evil villain for sending him through another dimension. But what the hell; he liked being contrary.

He liked his life now. It was relatively normal. He got a real job on top of his secret job, a place to live that was not a safe house, and more importantly; he got Tim.

So yeah. He was a lucky SOB.

But that’s not why he bought the 3-in-1 pack of green briefs with one having a clover pattern on them. It was an impulse buy out of morbid curiosity to see how Tim would react. The guy could be damn freaky and it amused Jason to no end when Tim did Tim-things.

Little things that were out of ordinary ranging from funny and adorable to the full blown weird with the muttering and pacing when he was making his brain overload.

Call it experimentation on his part. He liked seeing how his little Nerd Wonder reacted to different things.

So here he was, dropping his towel and pulling on a red t-shirt over said green briefs, – the ones without the clover pattern, thanks, – and bent over the huge plastic box they called a closet. Ass in the air as he rooted for his pants, he could feel Tim’s eyes on him.

Okay, not really, but he knew Tim was staring if the lack of tapping on the keyboard was a clue. That and he heard the scrape of the wheels on the office chair before he felt hands settle on his hips and squeeze before they moved back to rub his ass.

“Hello, there Robin. Nice to see you again.” He could hear the smirk in Tim’s smoky voice along with a little pat on his ass like greeting an old friend.

He chuckled, glanced back, confirmed the smirk – Damn that’s sexy – and raised an eyebrow. “A guy can’t get dressed without being assaulted these days. What’s Gotham coming to?”

“Was that what you were trying to do?” Tim asked archly, hands moving up and under Jason’s red t-shirt to splay at his lower back which shouldn’t be as arousing as it should but it was. “I was under the impression that you were taunting me. Tsk. I guess I was wrong.”
He knew the guy was teasing but he was about to roll his office chair back to the middle of the desk and that wasn’t an option. Jason caught his wrist and turned fully. “Not so fast you—assaulterer.”

Tim snickered. “Is that even a word?”

Jason snorted, hip cocked to the side, not the least bit bothered by the fact that he was in green briefs and Tim’s face was just a few inches away from it.

He had spent years of his life running around Gotham in scaly panties! Tim’s face at his crotch shouldn’t affect…

Tim’s eyes flicked down. He bit his lip and raised his blue eyes back to meet his— and hot damn.

Okay. It does.

Yep. He was a sick bastard.

He stared Tim down. “My grammar shouldn’t be your concern, kid.”

And there was the raised eyebrow and the smirk again, making him twitch in his briefs.

“And what should?” Long lean fingers of Tim’s free hand reached out and pressed against his naked thigh. “This?”

Callused fingertips slowly dragged over his skin and Jason held his breath to hold back a sharp intake of air because damn it to hell, Tim was being a fucking tease.

“I took countless pictures of Robin while I was growing up.” The younger man said casually.

Jason knew this was where he taunted Tim for being a little stalker but the words stuck in his throat, mesmerized by the smoky voice and the slightly reminiscent expression in those baby blues.

“I’d spend hours on rooftops and alleys I wasn’t supposed to go to, taking pictures of anything and everything while waiting for Robin to show up.” He smiled then, his hand caressing Jason’s thigh absently. “It was always the highlight of my night when he did. Even when it rained or snowed and I was freezing my scrawny ass off.”

At the back of Jason’s mind, he was cursing at Tim’s parents for letting him roam those dangerous streets alone but it was all drowned out by Tim’s voice and the hand on his thigh.

He gave the strong wrist in his grip a squeeze and placed it above his other thigh. Tim smiled wistfully, leaned his chin on top of Jason’s abdomen and he looked up. He had to inhale then because… One dip of his head and he’ll be…

Heh. He was seriously getting ahead of himself.

Tim’s hands caressed the outer sides of his thighs, right up to the curve of his ass and back again as he smiled lazily up at Jason. “I can tell you and Dick apart just by looking at your thighs…”

Jason’s retort on skin tone was cut off when Tim added, “In a black and white photo…”

He laughed. “Fanboy.”

“Hmm.” Tim grinned and nuzzled Jason’s navel through the shirt.

He could feel the warm breaths and his briefs were seriously tight now as long fingers traced the
Tim looked up again, smiling, as his hands moved to cup his ass and kneaded, slowly and firmly.

Damn. Jason bit his lip and gripped the edge of the table for stability.

“It confused me, you know.” Tim said conversationally, totally at odds with the slow caress he was giving Jason’s ass and thighs. Hands slid up, under the hem of his shirt and lifted just enough for Tim to nose the fabric out of the way and press warm lips against the light trail of hair below his navel. He looked up again, small smile on his lips as he leaned his chin where his mouth had pressed. “When puberty hit.”

Oh.

Tim kissed the spot again, callused hands trailing up his sides, leaving his skin tingling in its wake. He realized he wasn’t breathing and let out a whoosh of air.

“Here I was, hand in my pajamas, thinking of Zatanna, Catwoman and other pretty ladies… And all of a sudden…” He grinned, looked up, catching Jason’s eyes. “There was you.”

Oh. Fuck.

He had to swallow or choke on air. He kind of croaked. “Really?”

“Hmm.” Tim smiled that lazy smile and nosed and pressed slow kisses down the trail of red hair until he reached the green waistband of his briefs.

Jason couldn’t take his eyes away from the man who ruefully smiled at the sight of it. Hell, his heart was hammering in his chest and he was damn sure Tim could hear it; freaky little bat he was.

He was light-headed with lust and he’d bet all his blood was pumping straight to his groin. Because, yeah. Tim practically admitted to jacking off to thoughts of him.

And Tim. So cool and in control it made Jason want to pin him down and shove him into submission, yet he couldn’t. Because he craved Tim like this.

“It was always you. Never Dick. It was curious. The way that was…” Hands trailed down his thighs, fingers digging just right, catching on scars and squeezing before they swept up to clutch his ass. “Maybe because I was older when I saw you. I don’t know…”

And he really didn’t know what to say to that. If he could think. “Tim…”

Tim gave him that sexy upturn of his lips then ducked to nuzzle the hard bulge hidden inside the green briefs and all of Jason’s words ended in a groan.

Hot breaths. Light touches. Almost teasing as his nose and lips traced the outline curving under the cloth. Jason bit back a whimper, fisted one hand and gripped the table with the other to keep himself from thrusting at Tim’s face.

“Smell good, Jay.” He smiled, eyes hot and teasing, the tip of his nose and top of his lip pressed against Jason’s cloth covered shaft.

“Fuck.” And there went his impressive conversational skills. It was embarrassing how fast the man could turn him inside out.

Tim ducked again, rubbing his nose and lips and face against him through the cloth, working his
way down until he could nuzzle Jason’s sack making his mouth go dry.

“I’d lie in bed, gripping myself and all I could think about was Robin. You. Your thighs. How they’d feel wrapped around me. How you’d feel in my hand.” He ran his nose up Jason’s hard length before he pressed his lips at the point under the head and whispered. “How this would feel in my mouth.”

“Fuck. Tim…”

He was straining against his briefs. The dark wet spot grew against the head as Tim played and teased and it was all he could do not to take himself in hand and beg Tim to suck him.

Tim kissed his way down slowly. Hot breaths making Jason twitch against his swollen lips. He wanted that mouth on him. He grunted when clever fingers eased just under the leg holes of his briefs and squeezed his ass.

“Fuck. You gonna do something about this?” He asked, breathless. His hand snaked to Tim’s nape, threading through his hair. Not pulling. Just… He just wanted to touch. Anchor himself. Because he could now. And he could give Tim this. And because he was gonna spill in his fucking briefs if Tim didn’t stop nuzzling and running his lips over him. And kept talking. Because fuck…

“I’m thinking about it.” He could hear the smirk in that statement. Lips closed over the tip through the cloth and Jason let out a strangled sound that made Tim chuckle against him.

Hot breaths puffed over his cock, and then Tim was pushing his tongue against the slit, scraping lightly with his teeth and Jason’s eyes rolled back in his head. “Fuck!”

Hands flexed on his ass and eased further inside, pulling his cheeks. He clenched against the feel of it.

He wanted Tim against him. In him. Wanted to be pressed down on the mattress as Tim made him lose his mind. He wanted everything.

“Do something.” He growled, hand clenching involuntarily in Tim’s hair.

Teeth scraped at the head with just enough pressure that he bucked, cursing. Tim grinned looking up. “I am. Doing something.”

“Fucking– You– you’re killing– ngh m-me.” Hot, wet pressure through the cloth and Jason couldn’t help but rock his hips. “Fuck. Fuck. Ngghn… Your mouth…”

“Full sentences, Jay.” Tim was snickering before he went back to sucking and teasing and all Jason could do was grunt and groan.

Little bastard was going to kill him.

“Fuck y–ah!”

The cloth was gone. Cool air washed over his skin, already over-sensitized with friction. And Tim’s hot mouth was on him. Tight. Wet. Engulfing the crown.

His head bowed as he panted heavy breaths. His hand was probably making dents on the wood and he was groaning and he really would be denying that high-pitched sound when Tim’s tongue teased the tip over and over.
“Fuck– nnn–yeah.”

Then his mouth was gone.

Jason’s vision was blurring but there was no mistaking the smirk on Tim’s lips resting against this shaft, just below the head. “Like that?”

“I’m going to come on your face if you don’t do something, you damn tease.” He grated and the bastard chuckled and ran his lips against him.

“Patience, Robin.” A kiss at the tip. “We–” A lick at the slit. “Haven’t even gotten–“ Mouth closed over the head and sucked. Once. *Fuck.* "To the good part yet."

“I’ll come before you even get to the–ah–Fuck!”

He could swear Tim was smirking- the bastard- as his hot sexy mouth closed over Jason and went down. Down. *Down.* And god. That was hot. And even hotter when he moved up and tilted his head so he could meet Jason’s eyes as his tongue lapped at the slit and twirled and he didn’t even know anymore. It was too good and he was too far gone and those swollen red lips were going make him lose his mind.

Need coiled inside him. So tight. And tighter still.

He was babbling and he couldn’t stop.

“Fuck. Tim– yes–don’t stop. God. So hot. Nngh… So good… So fucking sexy…”

Tim hummed and made little sexy noises as Jason ran his mouth.

Hands pulled guiding him to rock his hips and he did.

“Want you to–mnnh– fuck me so bad–nnh- Tim– Pin me down. Want you inside me. So– ah fuck. Love you like this– babe– so fucking sexy– don’t stop. Make me– don’t fucking st–”

One of Tim’s hands. Strong, scarred and calloused, rubbed and squeezed his balls as his hot hot mouth moved over him.

Jason groaned.

Down. *Down.*

As far as he could go.

The hand on his ass gripped tight.

And he hummed.

“Fuck–”

Pleasure like a jolt up his spine. His entire body thrummed with it.

Tim hummed again.

He shuddered. Thrusting against that hot hot mouth.

He could see Tim right there. And the younger Tim in his head. Hand around his cock and jacking
off to thoughts of him…

Him.

They blended together. He could see his Tim, back arching as he thrust into his fist, biting his hand to muffle his groan as he came.

And he was done.

Lost.

Coming so hard in his Tim’s mouth that it felt like forever before his vision cleared and the rest of his senses came back. He was panting worse than when he’d squared off with Bane.

It was a miracle he was still standing. His hand probably needed to be pried away from the table.

He gripped Tim’s hair. Blue blue eyes met his, lips still wrapped around the tip before he slowly pulled off.

God that’s hot.

Tim licked his swollen lower lip as if he couldn’t get enough of Jason’s taste and grinned in amusement. "Speechless, Robin?"

Jason’s heart was beating too fast and hard to hear his own groan.

God fucking damn.

He gripped Tim’s hair and hauled him up, meeting him halfway to kiss that grin off him. Because damn if he didn’t.

He needed this kiss. Needed the taste of Tim laced with himself. Needed those lips and tongue on him.

“Fuck, Tim. You– I– can’t even– fuck…” He growled in between kisses.

Tim was laughing against his lips. “You’re not making any sense.”

“All my sense got shot outta my dick.” He replied making the other man laugh more. “God. You little…” He pulled back to look into Tim’s eyes. “You really jacked off to… Me?”

The damn man replied with a grin and raised eyebrows.

“Heh. No taking it back, stalker boy.” He knew his grin was loopy. “God. You–”

And kissed him again. Deeper and harder, pulling him tighter. Tim clutched his shoulders and groaned into his mouth.

Oh. Yeah.

Tim’s hard length was like a warm pole pressed to the side of his balls.

He grinned, nipping at Tim’s lower lip, still punch drunk and not wanting this madness to end anytime soon.

“Bet you want to fuck me through the mattress, Stalker Boy.”
Tim bit his lower lip hard, pulling a little. Jesus. If that wasn’t hot.

“I’m going to shank you in your sleep if you don’t stop calling—”

He grinned. “Shank me with your cock? I’m up for that.”

Tim chuckled. “You’re an ass.”

“I recall you loving my ass a few seconds ago.” He squished Tim’s face in both his hands. “So fucking cute. Ow!”

Tim spanked him and grinned in his face. All teeth. “Ass. Bed. Now.”

He laughed and only paused to pull his briefs up. Because really; he liked it when Tim debriefed him. Heh.

And Tim said ‘Now.’ in his Red Robin voice. Geez… He was seriously in over his head with the guy.

“Move, Robin.”

Tim slapped his ass again and they both laughed when Jason replied, “Yes, sir.” And practically jumped on the mattress. Then Tim jumped him, knocked the air out of his lungs and they ended up rolling around wrestling and laughing like crazy.

Well, until the man pinned him down and started teasing. Again.

Yeah. He was a lucky bastard.

And he planned to keep it that way.

For as long as he could.
Be My Guest

Chapter Summary

Unexpected guests make Tim dizzy.

*Not much crime out tonight.* Tim curbed a laugh at his train of thought even as he kicked a druggie in the gut. *Right, complain about that, why don’t you…*

It had been over a year. Between him and Jason and the good folks of the GCPD, they’ve managed to trim down the crime rate more than 50%.

Even the mob was treading lightly. They’d made a sort of truce between them too. There were no dealers near the schools and playgrounds anymore. Jason made good examples of those who did. Tim could still hear the cracking of fingers and as Jason broke them one at a time with the promise of cutting them off the next time. Which, Tim had a suspicion his brother did, but he wasn’t there so… Plausible deniability. Yep.

Jason was good at what he did. Back in their Gotham, he covered the worst turf but not surprisingly, his had the least trouble. Kids actually played in the streets and the playgrounds that used to be swarming with gangs and drug dealers.

Batman may not agree with his methods but they were effective. Tim silently acknowledged that. Respected it. It was what got them working their first case together during the time kids started disappearing from Gotham. They found out they were either sold as sex slaves or to wealthy couples looking to adopt.

It had been the first of their series of partnerships which lasted up to, well… Now.

Tim zip-tied the scumbags as the two women they’d been about to rob called the cops. People were more or less used to them now. They didn’t get that many odd looks anymore and well, they even got ‘thank yous’ or offers of meals and coffee once in a while. It was actually kind of nice.

He stifled the urge to look to the direction of the loft and smile. Jason had turned in an hour ago. He had work in the morning and it was already 4am. People were waking up for the 6am shift. Some were already on their way to work, like the ladies he just helped.

*Hmm…* He mused. *I’ll make him that chicken spread he likes for breakfast before I go to bed.*

A gust of wind to his left made him pause and by the startled looks on the women’s faces, he knew there was someone behind him before he even turned to look.

The ladies were pointing at him in disbelief. “You’re… You’re…”

“Not Superman.” A voice replied behind him, good-naturedly. “But close.”

Tim’s heart stopped. He was probably hallucinating because he knew that voice. And he hadn’t heard it in a long, long time.

“Hey, Wonder Boy.”
Oh God. He whirled around, heart suddenly hammering in his chest. And found himself staring at the red S spread over a wide chest in a black t-shirt.

He stared transfixed at the familiar smile on that all too familiar face and he couldn’t move. It felt like that night again years ago on top of the old building in Gotham.

“I know that look.” Kon’s smile was incredibly pleased and Tim knew he was looking at him through the cowl. He gave a quick glance at the women behind Tim. “Excuse us, ladies. I’m gonna borrow my best friend for a while.”

Then Tim was in the air. Lifted by the armpits like a damn cat and carried to the top of the nearest tall building with an empty rooftop.

Kon’s TTK engulfed him like an embrace, as if the meta was afraid he’s drop him or that he’d try to get away or something.

He swallowed and swallowed but the lump in his throat wouldn’t go away and he felt stupid. And happy to see Kon. And even stupider that he couldn’t even talk.

Kon set him on his feet at the rooftop, stared at him with a wide grin, hands moving from his armpits to his shoulders. “Rob. That is you in there, right? I know your heartbeat. I know it’s you. I know. But I– Please say something…”

Tim swallowed again and he could feel the smile grow on his lips. “Yes. It’s me, Kon. I–”

“Yes!” Kon pumped a fist in the air, then all the wind was knocked out of Tim’s lungs as he was pulled in a bone crushing hug and lifted in the air and turned in what felt like a flying roller coaster loop-de-loop in Kon’s version of a victory dance.

He was dizzy by the time the meta stopped. They hovered ten feet off the rooftop, him in a warm hug before Kon moved back, holding him by the shoulders as his TTK kept him afloat, triumphant smile in place. “Wow. You bulked up a bit. Oh man! I can’t believe I finally found you. You don’t know how long I’ve been looking for you, Rob!”

“Oof!” Kon hugged him again. As much as Tim liked it and as much as he missed Kon… “Dude, I think we should get down. I don’t think people here have ever seen anyone actually fly.”

“Oh!” Kon lowered them back to the roof and stepped back but stayed within reach. “Sorry, man! Just got a little too excited.”

Tim chuckled. “I can see that.”

“Oh wait! I gotta tell Nightwing…”

“Nightwing is here!?” He blurted out before he even registered what he’d said. Then it all came crashing back. All the things that Kon’s arrival had practically hugged out of his brain. “You’re taking us home?”

“Well, duh! Yeah. Why else would I be here?” Kon’s look of amusement was cut off when he had to speak to his communicator. “He’s here! Yes! It’s him. It really is him! Alright, fine.” Kon made a face and asked Tim. “Tell me two things only we would know.”

“You broke into my house when I wasn’t Robin and insulted my CD collection.” Tim deadpanned. “And you thought it was cool to have a fade cut and an earring. Which is really not no matter which decade–”
“Dude! Low blow. You can shut up now, seriously. And it was cool!” Kon insisted before he went back to talking to his comm. “It’s definitely him.”

As Tim looked at Kon, his thoughts flew to Jason. He could almost imagine two different reactions from the man.

Surprise and disappointment.

Surprise and maybe delight that people had cared enough to find them even if it took a year and a half, and disappointment, because Tim knew he liked it here even if they were both financially unstable and it took a lot of work just to be able to buy a high-grade cable to replace the worn out ones for their grapple guns.

Jason was happy here. He was happy here. They’d done good in this Gotham in their own little ways. They’d earned people’s trusts. They’d made friends.

They’d made a home.

Now they were leaving it behind.

Tim only hoped that things wouldn’t change when they went back.

Then again, they were thrown together in this place where all they had was each other. It wouldn’t be a surprise if Jason decided to get his freedom back to spread his wings again. Birds in a cage sent back to the wild and all that.

Yes, chest. I feel you. Stop it.

“Dude, Nightwing wants to know where your crazy brother is.”

Tim looked at his best friend’s wrinkling nose as if even the question annoyed him. “He’s back home.”

“Home?” Kon looked surprised. “You have a house? Like not a safehouse?”

“No. We live in the kennel at the dog pound. Of course we live somewhere!” He rolled his eyes. “And it’s not a safehouse.”

Kon snickered. “Nightwing says he’s coming over.”

Tim groaned and reset his comm to his old frequency. He could hear Dick on the other end, babbling excitedly about jumping on his bike. Tim couldn’t help but grin. God he missed his brother.

“Nightwing.” He cut in. “You’re not stepping anywhere near the loft unless you’re in civvies.”

“Tim!” Dick practically yelled. “I mean, well what the hell. It’s not like anyone can hear me. God. Little brother! It’s good to hear you. I can see your location on the PDA! You’re blipping again! You don’t know how happy I am to see that red blinking dot.”

He just might split his face any time now from all this grinning. “Good to hear you too.” He looked at Kon’s grin and felt a little overwhelmed with the welcome. “I–uh– Hood’s back at our place. Kon can pick you up and we can go back there together…”

“Yeah? Okay. And I am in civvies, bro. We’ve ran through enough trouble in the multiverse whenever we pop up in uniform.” Dick replied and Tim could hear him revving up his bike. “You
guys get going. I’ll tell you my ETA when you’ve gotten to where you’re bunking. Nightwing out.”

Tim looked at Kon. He had so many questions, starting with, “Just how many places in the multiverse have you gone to?”

Kon rubbed the back of his neck and looked a little embarrassed. “More than a thousand. Give or take…”

His jaw dropped. “Kon!”

“Yeah, well. I had to. You know. You’re my best friend. And I remember how bad it was for you when I died. I didn’t want to just give up when I knew you were out there somewhere. Oof!”

Now it was his turn to hug the idiot. Kon hugged him back.

“Damn. I’m such a sap today. I owe like fifty bucks in the jar now.” Tim snickered into Kon’s shoulder before stepping back. “You have to tell me all about those places you went to.”

Kon snorted, giving him a look. “Your priorities astound, man.”

“Hey. You traveled the Multiverse! I’m curious!” He defended. “Come on. You can talk while we go get Jay.”

Kon looked him up and down and raised his eyebrows. "You know, I can fly you anywhere without anyone noticing. I promise.”

Tim paused, staring at his best friend. He snorted. “What the hell. Let’s go, Clone Boy.”

Kon’s grin was as wide as his as the meta picked him up by the waist, drew him close and flew him up, up and away.
“It took Dick a month to track down the scientist dude who zapped you but he was already dead and he burned all his notes. Seemed he owed a lotta bad guys a lotta money and they went after him to collect. With nothing to show for it, well, they collected differently.” Kon explained as they walked the rest of the way to the loft after Tim changed out of uniform at one of their hidey-holes.

“It took Vic another month to reverse engineer the gateway you guys blew up. Another two weeks before he and Bats built and tested the new one. Then we started looking.”

“But there are millions of different worlds out there. How’d you even know where to start?”

“There were numbers. Up to five digits,” Kon raised his hands in a placating gesture at Tim’s wide eyes. “Hey! We knew you guys were out here. We just had to be patient and look. We were actually lucky to find you at Earth 1297 in just 8 months…”

Tim let out a choked laugh of disbelief. “How’d you even find time to… Wait. Eight months?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“We’ve been here a year and a half, Kon.”

Kon looked confused. “That long? Damn. Vic said time and space are fluid, that’s why some places have younger or older versions of us. In some places, time moves slower or faster. Sorry, we didn’t find you sooner.”

“Sheez. It’s not your fault. But seems like I missed a lot of your adventures.” He said ruefully, slapping Kon in the back making him smile again.

“Maybe Vic will let us use it when you’re back.” Kon wiggled his eyebrows. “We can bribe him with… Uh. What the hell do you even bribe a guy who doesn’t eat or sleep or date?”

“Riddle of the day.” Tim mused making Kon laugh. “So how’d you even get to cover that many places in really short time?”

“Dude. You have friends and family who care about you. We take turns. It’s only two hours a day after patrol. I take four days a week, Clark and Kara take the other three. We pair up with Dick, Bart, Steph or either of the two Cassies while Bats or Vic or Oracle stand by the control room.”

Tim didn’t really know what to say to that. He couldn’t believe how many people got involved looking for them. And that Bruce actually looked. Huh.

“After the first month, it was pretty routine. Our partners stay with a vehicle ready at a secure location while we scout ahead to listen for your heartbeat. Check to see if it’s really you. Tick it off the list if it’s not.” Tim noticed Kon’s eyes only strayed from him to take in the neighborhood then they come right back to him as if to make sure he was really there. “We’ve been to some really weird places, man! There was this one place where everyone was younger but kinda weird. And
the guy wearing your costume had your name but is not even you! And he was sleeping with Cassie and then kissing another girl not even a few hours later… And he was all creepy and stuff—”

“Kon, just how much time did you spend stalking that guy?”

The meta had the grace to wince. “Uh… Well, I think I used up my two hours and then some. But everyone there was weird. It was like Angstville Earth. And red. Red seems to be a thing there. I was in red. Even Nightwing was in red!”

“Nightwing!?” He laughed because it was ridiculous. Dick loved blue. “That’s… Everyone was color coded?”

“I know, right?!”

He gave Kon a look. “You named it Angstville?”

The meta nodded earnestly. “It was that depressing.”

Tim snickered. “Let’s not go there. Ever.”

Kon chuckled an affirmative then told him about some of the other worlds and the Tims he’d seen. “I hardly approached any of them because almost all the time, I knew right away that it wasn’t you. It was how we went through a lot of Earths pretty fast.”

It was kind of awesome and it gave him a funny warm feeling that Kon knew him that well.

Tim told him about this Earth and how they were comic book characters. Kon winced. “Well, at least you didn’t end up on Earth Prime.”

Tim couldn’t agree more.

–

When they got to the loft, Tim knew it was going to be one of those blue gray mornings that most people find depressing but was quite normal in Gotham. It was kind of hard to be depressed about the weather in this city unless you’re on a stakeout in the rain, soaking wet and shivering, with no way of knowing if your suspects were going to show.

It was even harder to be depressed now, with Kon next to him, and Dick on the way. Still, he hesitated at the door, hand resting on the handle after he’d turned the lock.

He faced at his best friend. “Let me go in first. I don’t want to spook him and give him a reason to shoot you.”

“Invulnerable.” Kon reminded him.

“I know.” He chuckled. “I just don’t want you guys fighting. So stay here.”

“Woof. Woof.” Kon mocked, making him laugh as he opened the door.

Tim didn’t have time to run through what he was going to say. Jason was already up, half-asleep really, peering into the refrigerator. He gave Tim a sleepy grin as he straightened with a jug in hand. “Hey, babe. Just gettin’ some water.”

It made him smile, seeing how comfortable Jason was now. He didn’t draw a gun at first glance
“Hey. We have guests…”

_Guests. Good one, dork._

Jason seemed to wake up at that. Spine straightening and eyes looking sharper under all the stubble and red hair sticking up from sleep. “Guests?”

Tim moved inside, leaving the door open. “From back home…”

That had Jason narrowing his eyes. How he managed to look menacing in an old t-shirt and boxers and a serious case of bed head is beyond Tim. “Who?”

Tim didn’t need to answer. He could feel Kon’s presence behind him. His best friend had the subtlety of a mack truck.

“Me.”

Jason’s eyebrow lifted, unimpressed. He didn’t even question if Kon was the real one, just poured himself a glass of water and chugged it down.

Tim could see the tension in his shoulders before he masked it, willed himself not to grip the glass and put it down. Tim wanted to rub his back and tell him it was okay. That this won’t change anything… Much. But he knew it wasn’t the time. And to be honest, he didn’t even know what Jason wanted. If Jason would still want to keep whatever they had now when they go back.

“Jay…”

Jason swiped the back of his hand over his mouth. He caught Tim’s eyes but his were unreadable. Tim could feel his chest tightening.

_Goddamn it. Get a grip._

“How long before the rest of the cavalry arrives?” Jason asked Kon.

“Nightwing is on his way. ETA twenty minutes. Then Vic picks us up in two hours…”

“No!”

Kon stared at them back and forth at the unified protest. “What do you mean ‘no’?”

Jason waved a dismissive hand at them. “You explain to the Super Clone. I’m going back to bed.”

“Jay–”

Jason didn’t even glance back, just took the stairs two at a time. “Goodnight, kids.”

Tim groaned. “Goddamn it, Jason!”

“I’m asleep. Don’t talk to me.”

He heard a thump from the loft and Tim guessed Jason jumped on the mattress and decided the rest of the world didn’t exist.

Why is this even his life?

Kon’s eyes were trained upstairs before he turned to Tim. “You brother’s an ass.”
Yes he was. But Jason was his ass. And he needed time to think. Because for all the bluster and assholery, he knew Jason wouldn’t be able to go back to sleep.

God. He just wanted to roll in bed with Jason, hug him and not let go. He needed sleep too. But it looks like he won’t be getting any anytime soon. *Oh joy.*

*Focus, Timbo.*

“So, what do you mean 'no’?” Kon asked again.

Tim sighed and walked to the kitchen, dropping his duffel on the floor next to the sink. He picked up the Batman mug. “Want some coffee?”

“Yes. But not in that. That scares me. Not in the brat’s either.”

Tim raised an eyebrow at Kon, his hand hovering over the Robin mug.

“Dude. Just no.”

Tim snickered and picked up the Nightwing one. “I knew you were Dick’s fanboy.”

“Of course. Everyone loves the D.”

Tim paused. Stared. Locking eyes with Kon.

They both burst out laughing.

–

“What do you mean, 'Come back in two days?!’” Dick burst out when Tim told him so.

The older man had no trouble finding them. He’d been subjected to a number of Dick Grayson hugs in the last few minutes and Jason, the bastard, still hadn’t come down yet.

“We can’t just leave, Dick. We have lives here. I have to clean this place up. Finish work.” He gestured to his worktable. “Talk to our friends at the force. The landlord…” He planned to pay the rest of the year’s rent with the money he saved just in case he or Jason has a chance to visit, seeing as they had the means now. “And Jason has to quit his job…”

“Jason has a job?!”

That was both Dick and Kon. At the same time. With the same incredulous disbelief on their faces.

“No. I kill people for money to pay the rent, dickwads.”

And there was his brother, unshaven, in jeans, a t-shirt and flip-flops, toweling off his wet hair as he descended the stairs.

His eyes caught Tim’s and he could see a little smile in them. Tim felt himself relax. Jason ruffled his hair as he passed by the kitchen table and snagged the Batman mug he was using to drink Tim’s coffee.

Dick mouthed. “He has a job?!”

Tim rolled his eyes. “He’s a delivery guy at a local cargo company.” He held his hand out in a ‘gimme’ motion to Jason and the older man handed him back the almost empty mug. He narrowed
his eyes.

Jason cocked his head and shrugged.

Tim’s eyes narrowed some more, threateningly.

“Geez. Fine! Gimme that!” He snatched the mug back and trudged to the thermos to make more coffee.

“Oh my God!” The awe in Dick’s voice had them looking at him.

When he didn’t say anything more, Jason spat. “What now, dickface?!”

“You–” The older man’s finger swung from Tim to Jason and back. “You did the old married couple thing.”

It was Tim’s turn to gape. He was vaguely aware that Kon was very quiet and observant during all this. “What old married couple thing?”

“The not talking-talking thing,” Dick gestured wildly. “You know–”

“I think he means, you didn’t say anything but you understood each other.” Kon supplied helpfully. “Ma and Pa does that all the time.”

Jason snickered at Tim’s glare though he was kind of honored to be in the same league as Ma and Pa Kent. Kind of.

“What?!” Jason was still snickering.

“Shut it, Jay.” He muttered though he could feel his lips twitching.

“Oh my god!” Dick said again, probably with another epiphany judging by the way he tensed and stood up, hands planted on the plastic dining table, eyes skewering Jason who was rinsing out the mug. “There’s something going on with you two…”

Jason smirked. “Are you drunk, golden boy?”

Dick suspiciously narrowed his eyes at the taller man. “Are you sleeping with my little brother?!”

Tim was grateful he wasn’t drinking coffee or Dick would be wearing it now, sprayed through his nose. He could feel the heat rise to his face. How the hell did Dick even guess that? Maybe he has a secret sex gaydar.

Oh haha. Good one, brain.

Tim bit back a groan. He covertly eyed Kon who was looking from Dick to Jason like he wasn’t exactly sure if he should intervene or something.

“Yes. Dick. I am sleeping with him. Every night. On the same mattress. For a year and a half.” Jason drawled and reached for the sieve they use to strain the coffee. “Jeez. You’d think a guy with a name like yours would get so high and mighty about shit like that.”

“Jason! I’m serious!” Dick huffed.

“Um–” Kon looked at Tim.
Tim shook his head. *Divert the topic. Now.* “Guys. Stop it. Not even five minutes and you’re already bickering like old ladies.”

“It’s Dickiebird’s form of foreplay.” Jason leered earning a 'Hey!' from Dick.

“Answer me straight, Jay.” Dick insisted.

Jason grinned, shark-like. “Heh. Last time I checked, I wasn’t.”

Tim chuckled. He had a thing for Jason’s humor, okay. Dick gave him a sharp look of suspicion.

Tim turned to Kon instead. It was comforting to know that some things didn’t change. When he pushed his chair back, Kon did too. It was always fun to watch his two older brothers shower affection through insults and punches as long as he didn’t get caught in the crossfire. “Want me to show you around?”

Kon eyed the older men warily. “Sure.”

Then Jason said, “If you’re so intent to find out, why don’t you ask your precious little brother?”

Tim froze. He looked at Dick then at Jason who was staring directly at him.

He knew that look. It was the one Jason gave him when he trusted Tim to make big decisions for them.

He was making this thing between them, whatever it was, his choice.

Because Jason didn’t want to say anything that Tim didn’t willingly agree to.

He resisted the urge to bite his lip. It was all on him now. *Jay, you bastard!*

Jason raised his eyebrows at him, clearly asking, 'Well?'

He glared. Jason rolled his eyes.

He raised his eyebrows too. *What do you want me to say?!

Jason cocked his head and shrugged. Tim could almost hear him in his head. *Your call, baby bird.*

He looked at Dick. And Kon. They both stared back at him like they were waiting for the inevitable impact as a guided missile sliced through the air.

*This is my chance to tell the world– well two of the most important people in my life, about us. No pressure then.***

Tim could feel his heart pick up speed. Knew Kon could hear it. Could see as his best friend’s expression change from confusion to comprehension. Then disbelief.

Tim’s lips twitched. Jason’s eyebrows raised as he put the sieve down and leaned back on the kitchen counter. Waiting. Oh so patiently waiting.

Tim took a deep breath and walked towards him, closing the gap in five purposeful strides, each step making Jason smile wider. Tim grinned up at him, planting his hands on Jason’s chest, clutching his shirt to pull him down as he leaned up and captured the man’s smiling mouth.

*Mmm…* He smiled into the kiss. Warmth spread in his belly to his chest as callused hands slipped
across his back, lifting him a little and pressing him closer. He almost forgot about their audience as Jason’s lips slid over his, not quite pornographic but just hot enough that he was sure he heard Dick whimper behind him, reminding him that they were not alone.

When they broke apart, Jason was smiling at him. A happy smile that made Tim kind of giddy and stupidly proud of himself. Then Jason’s smile slid to a sly smirk when he gave a barely there nod in Dick’s direction.

Tim turned to find their big brother sporting a blush under his tan, mouth slightly ajar in disbelief.

“Does that answer your question, Dickiebird?” Jason asked grinning as he tucked Tim to his side and slung an arm over his shoulder.

Dick sank to his chair, looking shell-shocked. Tim wondered if he really was too–something–that Dick didn’t even consider him ever having sex.

Kon was blushing too, the cornball, and trying to look everywhere but directly at him.

When Dick finally got a grip enough to wrap his head around what he just witnessed, he asked, “You’re not just messing with me? Because I’m totally okay with this but I’m just a little overwhelmed right now… I don’t want you hurting Tim, Jason.”

Jason stared pointedly at Tim, looking affronted. “Why does everyone always assume that I’m going to hurt you?”

Tim shrugged. “I dunno. Maybe because you tried to kill me more than a few times–?”

“Oh, come on! I’ve been trying to make up for that for years now…” Jason pulled him in, elbow tightening by the side of his neck in a hug/choke sort of thing.

“Then maybe because everyone thinks you’re kind of nuts?” Tim snickered, jabbing Jason’s ticklish ribs with his knuckles to get him to stop choking him.

Jason yelped when one jab got him just right. He clipped Tim’s offending arm to his side and gave him a noogie. “Says the guy who paces and mutters to himself like a loon.”

"I’m not–unf! Dammit!” Tim used his other hand to swat Jason’s knuckles away from his head. “–the one who swears at the microwave and the Pyrex dish, Jay.”

“Well, it’s not like you’re a picture of mental health, babe…” Jason pushed down, making Tim bend with his neck in a headlock. “With all that black and red leather fetish of yours…”

“That was your old suit. And mine’s not even leather now…” He jabbed and tickled Jason hard on the ribs, making the red-head gasp out a laugh.

“Goddamn it! You’re gonna pay for that!” And with that statement, Jason swung him around so he could do some payback.

“Eep! Nope!” Tim twisted, evading the grasp and started running, because, yeah. They still had no furniture.

Jason sprinted after him. “Come back here, shrimp!”

Dick threw his hands up. “I give up! You two! Stop!”

Tim skidded to a halt at the Batman voice. Jason took that as his chance to tackle him. They
dropped and rolled on the floor laughing until Tim straddled Jason and sat on hard on his stomach, effectively knocking the wind out of him with a big, “Oomph!”

Tim looked up caught Dick turn to Kon in disbelief. “Are you sure we didn’t get sucked into the Twilight Zone?”

Kon smiled in amusement. “I’m actually just kind of waiting for the creepy soundtrack to start playing.”

Tim snickered and jabbed Jason’s diaphragm.
Tim doesn’t want to think so he works.

“Tim…”

“Hmm…” He acknowledged distractedly. He didn’t bother turning around, opting to tap out commands on the keyboard and keep his eyes on the computer screens instead.

Big hands settled on his shoulders, not kneading, not moving, just… There. A familiar weight. Warm. Comforting. Like the low smoke-roughened voice the hands belonged to. “You need sleep.”

“Later. I need to wipe these drives clean. I need to wipe everything clean.” He gestured in the general direction of the rack where he set up all the routers and equipment he used in the past year to keep anyone out of his poor excuse of a Batcomputer. “We only have–”

“Two days.” Jason finished for him as he stood behind his rolling chair. His hand squeezed lightly at his shoulders. “It’s more than enough time to get all this done. But you need to sleep first.”

Tim bit back a whine. He knew that. Just as he knew all possible traces of DNA, prints and whatnot will be cleaned from the loft before they leave.

He started working when Dick and Kon left and Jason had gone to hand in his resignation. Two hours later, Jason was back and he was still there. Compiling notes, deleting files and generally not sleeping.

Because… He was– nervous? Excited? He didn’t really know. He was a volatile mix of emotions right now and he’d rather work than get on the mattress and start thinking.

A year and a half away from their Gotham and being here with Jason had settled him into a false sense of security and stability, no matter the irony that they were neither physically secure nor financially stable. It was still more than Tim had in their own Gotham.

Here, he was independent but not alone. Not rich but content. Constantly busy but happy. And though there was no Commissioner Gordon, Bruce Wayne nor Batman, people trusted them. Grudgingly for some, but it was more than enough. They had respect that they earned themselves and not because they were living under someone’s long shadow. It was humbling and at the same time, fulfilling.

The life they built here, it was good.

Jason made it even better. Made it so he didn’t feel like he was going through the motions. Living but not living. That each day wasn’t just one mission after another. Made him realize that there was still Tim under the cowl. Under all the other masks.

Tim. The geek who spends his days in a ratty t-shirt and boxers playing online games and cursing at the computer.
Tim the kid who likes pizza and junk food and rooftop tag.

Tim the dork who read comics and takes pictures of everything, sings-off-key and headbangs to Offspring and Metallica.

The old Tim. The one who laughed. The one who fell in love with Robin in scaly green panties and followed him around like a creepy little stalker.

The Tim before everything became too much of the cowl and the fake smiles for the camera and the demands of the mission.

Jason gave him back a little of himself. The part he thought he’d lost forever.

He liked living here with Jason.

He liked seeing Jason smile. Liked hearing him laugh. Liked his quick wit and sharp tongue. His crude humor and his tight hugs. He liked his cooking. Liked that he’d bitch at the microwave and toaster. Liked that he hit child molesters and abusers extra-hard. Liked that he could be more than kind to kids. Liked his drugging kisses. His blunt honesty. His sly smirks. His filthy mouth and his often underestimated intelligence. He even liked the way he worked which was so opposed to the Code that it definitely says something about how much he more than liked Jason.

But now they were going back.

And he really didn’t know what will happen once they do.

So yeah. Sue him for not wanting to sleep. Or think. Or whatever the hell else.

He just wanted to get everything over with and go back to their Earth in two days so he could fall flat on his face in exhaustion and pretend everything in the past eighteen months was a dream.

Hands slid down his chest reminding him of where he was. One rough palm moved to cup his chin and tilt his head up and up until his eyes met curious blue green ones and the back of his head met the cushioned backrest of his work chair.

Jason raised his eyebrows. “Hey. Where did you go?”

_Huh? Oh._ He’d stopped typing. “I–um–”

Jason’s callused thumb brushed against Tim’s bottom lip even as his eyes smiled. “Freaking out internally?”

It was funny and scary how Jason could read him now. “I–yes. A little?”

“Excited to go back?”

The thumb brushing his lower lip was distracting. So were the warmth of those big hands. But. “It’s the opposite actually.”

“Really?” Disbelief was evident in his brother’s voice.

“I know. It’s stupid. Eight months isn’t much. Even a year and a half isn’t much.” He closed his eyes unable to keep staring at those too perceptive eyes. “I’ve been away longer and no one cared then.”

“Heh. I was dead for years and no one cared, Tim.” Jason said quietly. There was no anger in his
voice. He seemed a little self-depreciating. Amused even.

It got Tim’s eyes open. Wide. He gripped Jason’s wrists, feeling a spike of anger and indignation. “How can you say that?! You changed everything. You changed Bruce. Batman was never the same. Bruce was never the same, Jason. I know everyone says Dick is his favorite. But he loved you. He loved you more than anyone. Don’t even believe for a moment that I’m the reason Bruce kept looking. Conner’s just a means to an end. Like a metal detector. When he finds me, Bruce knows he’ll find you. This is all for you, Jay. He doesn’t want to lose you again.”

Jason stilled. Like he hadn’t expected that. Had he really thought for a second that Tim was the reason Bruce bothered? He was the dispensable one. The Robin no one really wanted. He’d insinuated himself in their lives. Made himself needed. People got used to him. But they never really wanted him there. He was just—convenient. Batman needed a Robin. A good little soldier. So he became one.

But Jason. Bruce loved him. It was a high bar that Tim could never seem to reach and that wasn’t just because he was short.

“I really hope you guys would just hug it out, y’know. It’s pretty painful to see you tiptoeing around each other like idiots.” He sighed, closed his eyes again and let go of Jason’s wrists. “Just start cleaning up downstairs. I’ll finish this. We need to talk to our friends in Gotham’s finest tonight. Give them all the files on pending cases…”

The sudden shift in balance when his chair was turned made Tim’s eyes open. But he felt dizzy so he closed them tight before opening them again, blinking as he was faced with Jason’s bulk.

His arms were lifted as Jason bent then in one smooth motion, strong arms went under his knees and another behind his back.

“Wha—”

Then he was thrown over one massive shoulder like a sack of potatoes. “How many times do I have to tell you that when you get all emo like that, you need to sleep it off.”

“Bastard.” He slapped Jason’s butt making the man chuckle. He knows the futility of struggling. Jason will just wrestle him into submission. Wear him out until he’d have no choice but to rest. He still tries though. “Put me down.”

He does. Pretty much tossed him on the mattress really. Then followed him down, kneeling, picking one then his other flipflop from his feet and tossing them aside as he crawled towards him, muscles and powerful limbs moving slowly, eyes watchful and intent like a predator.

“Now what do I need to do to keep you here, hmm?” He asked in a low rumbling voice that always made Tim’s insides melt. “Do I need to pin you down? Tie you up? Glue you to the mattress?”

That made him laugh, making Jason smile in return. He paused in between Tim’s bent legs, settled on his knees and pulled his t-shirt up and off.

Tim swallowed, licking his lips as he leaned back on his elbows, watching. He loved looking at Jason. Like that’s a surprise.

Jason stared back, gauging his mood. “If half of what you said about B is true, he’d fucking turn the multiverse inside out looking for you. You’re more than his soldier, Tim. You’re his son too. Hell,” Jason scoffed. “Even back when you were wearing red and green, he already trusted you more than he trusted any one of us at that age. Why do you think I was so pissed off at you apart...
from the whole ‘other issue’?"

He really didn’t know how to answer that. “Uh…”

Jason winced. “On second thought, don’t answer that.”

His lips twitched. “Thanks?”

“Heh.” Jason smiled wryly before he sobered, placing his hands on Tim’s knee. “You always think
too little of yourself, Tim. And here I thought I’d beaten that out of you.”

“Was that what you were doing?” He raised an eyebrow and curbed a grin. “I thought you were
just enjoying beating something else on my person.”

Jason’s eyes darted to his crotch then back to his face. Then he laughed. “You’re an ass.”

“Been called worse.” Tim grinned. Suddenly feeling a little lighter. Like a fog somehow lifted. A
little. The worries were still at the back of his mind but they seemed far away for now.

Jason caught his hips, his big hands slid beneath Tim’s t-shirt, callused palms pressed to his skin as
his shirt rode up. Warm rough hands swept slowly up his rib cage, making him shiver. “I like it
here. With you.”

Tim’s breath hitched. Jason wasn’t looking at him. He was staring his hands, moving over Tim’s
body. Like the admission took a lot out of him. Tim’s chest felt tight. “Me too, Jay.”

That got Jason to meet his eyes. His hands stilled on Tim’s waist. There was something like hope in
his eyes. “We can stay…”

Tim bit his lower lip. He wished… He shook his head. “No. We can’t. We don’t belong here.”

“We’ve been living here for more than a year. It doesn’t matter that we’re not there. There are
enough people in B’s little army. We can stay here.” Jason’s fingers dug at his sides, almost
bruising.

“They looked for us, Jay. We disrupted everyone’s lives. We owe it to them to return.” It would be
so easy to say ‘yes’. He wanted to say yes so badly. “We don’t even know if we’re disrupting the
balance of this Earth by simply being here.”

“Fuck that. You know that’s bullshit.” Jason sat back on his heels and jerked a hand through his
hair in frustration. “If there was any effect on our world, they would’ve told us. We would have
seen it here. There’s nothing! Nothing to stop us from staying except your willingness to go back!
Back to your friends. Your family. Your little alien clone.”

“Don’t drag him into this, Jay!” He sat up, back against the wall, pulling his legs in, away from
Jason, suddenly on the defensive. This. They’ve never argued like this. It was weird. Disorienting.
He needed to think. To stop this from escalating.

“Why? Why shouldn’t I? You’d jump hoops for him if he so much as asked. But he never did. And
you never tried. So scared he might reject you.” Jason wasn’t shouting but he might as well have.
“But now you could. Go back with him and you could!”

“I wouldn’t!” Tim wanted to deny the rest. That he wouldn’t do just about anything for Conner but
he couldn’t. But he’d do the same thing for Jason. For Dick. It was his flaw. He’d step up and do
what needed to be done when everyone else wouldn’t. Especially for people he cared about. “I
“You should. He crossed worlds to find you, Tim.” Jason’s voice, his expression was a mix of grudging respect and something like sadness. “I can’t compete with that.”

Those words. It’s was like having the rug pulled out from under him. “Jay…”

“You should give him the benefit of the doubt. Come clean. Ask him out or something. You deserve that happiness.” Jason wiped his palms on his jeans, looked to the far side of the loft. At something. At nothing, beyond the railing. He pressed his lips together. Seemed to gather his resolve. Tim could see the change. The walls going up. The emotional lockdown, shutting him out. It made his chest ache. He should say something. Anything. But his throat closed up. Goddamn it. Say something, wuss.

Jason let out a breath. When he looked back at Tim, the anger was gone. Replaced by a cocky smirk that Tim knew so well. Bat-training at its finest. “Hell, I’m being all selfless here. Appreciate it, kid.”

The entire exchange felt surreal. His emotions were being pulled in a hundred different directions, it was a wonder he didn’t break his neck in the emotional whiplash.

Jason slapped his palms on his thighs, squat on his toes to get up. “Get some sleep. I’ll clean up downstairs.”

He stared as Jason stood. He looked relaxed but his jaw was tight as he picked up his discarded shirt.

Tim wanted to reach out. Stop him from moving. From leaving. Say something! “It’s bad to grit your teeth like that.”

“What?” Jason’s look of annoyance and disbelief should’ve stopped him from talking. But once he got started he couldn’t stop.

“As much as I want to stay here with you, we can’t. And it’s got nothing to do with anyone on the other side. We don’t belong here, Jay. We need to go back. We can’t just stay here and pretend that the rest of our world doesn’t exist. Or that our friends and family don’t care where we are. Maybe we can visit someday. We’ll ask Vic. Hell, we’ll ask Bruce. But we can’t stay.” He took a deep breath and let it out, willing Jason to understand. To listen. “But that doesn’t mean we can’t be together back in our place. If, you know, you still want–” Me. “to.”

That got Jason to stop and stare at him. The fake calm disappearing, going back to just Jason. “I’m a fucking criminal, Tim. Everyone and their mother are after me. It doesn’t matter what I want. You deserve someone better.”

Tim let out a laugh but there was no real humor behind it. “I recall someone telling me the exact same thing a year ago while I was drunk and I found the courage to kiss him.”

Jason looked like he wanted to smile. Tim really wanted him to. “I’m not kidding, Tim. People think I’m a mass murdering nutball. You wouldn’t want to be seen in public with me.”

“Is that your excuse?” He raised an eyebrow in disbelief as he looked up at the man. “In Gotham? Where Two Face and Black Mask go out in broad daylight and play golf with the Penguin. That’s your excuse not to be with me?”

Jason opened his mouth to object then seemed to think better of it. He clutched his shirt tightly in
his hand as he stared Tim down. As if willing him to shut up.

No. He wasn’t backing down. Not when he could lose Jason because of some fucking moral standard that didn’t apply to them.

He tilted his chin defiantly. “If that’s your excuse, I think I’m going to have to rethink my opinion of you. I had no idea the Red Hood was a wuss.”

Jason’s eyes narrowed. “That’s rich, coming from a guy who can’t even admit he’s in love with an alien clone.”

“Yes. I love him.” He admitted he felt a bit of sadistic glee at seeing Jason’s jaw clench. “But I’m not in love with him.”

_Not anymore_. He wanted to add but swallowed it down.

“Yes.” Jason snorted. “Keep telling yourself that.”

_I love you, you mass murdering nutball!_

He rolled his eyes. Showing more confidence than he felt. “So you’re saying that we shouldn’t be carrying this thing between us over to the other side because you’re a criminal and I should just fuck my best friend instead.”

“No I–”

Tim raised his eyebrows. He could almost hear Jason thinking. Could see that exact moment he’d made up his mind. When he narrowed his eyes and dropped his shirt on the floor.

He will not smirk. He really won’t. He won’t do a victory dance either. Well not yet. God he was such a dork.

Heh.

Jason grabbed both his raised knees in a firm grip as he knelt between them. “You’re a little shit, you know that?”

Tim smirked as he reached for Jason’s arms. He felt like he’d dodged a missile, because bullets were pretty small in comparison to the relief he was feeling right now. “Pots and kettles, Red.”

Jason’s lips curved into an amused grin as he sat on his heels again and rubbed down Tim’s legs over his sweatpants. “You sure you’d rather have me than the super clone?”

“You sure you’d rather have me than a harem?” Tim asked back, biting his lower lip to keep himself from blurting out something he’ll regret.

“I don’t know where you got your intel but I don’t sleep around. I’ve told you this, remember? Sure, I flirt a lot but it’s just that. Few times I actually did it are few and far between.” Jason pressed his lips together, frowning a little. “Some for not entirely good reasons either.”

_Jay..._ Tim sighed and rubbed Jason’s upper arms affectionately.

Jason groaned, raising his eyes to the ceiling. “Damn it. I owe like 300 bucks in the sap jar now.”

Tim snickered. “Yeah? Well, c’mere. Give me a hug and let’s call it even.”

He yelped when Jason pulled his legs so he’s lying down and fell onto him, arms spread, face buried on his chest. He laughed, combing his fingers through Jason’s red hair.
“Fucking hell.” Jason grumbled into his chest. “When did I turn into a fucking sap?”

Tim smiled as he massaged Jason’s scalp. “Sure you’re not one to start with?”

“Fuck you, kid.” He turned his face to get comfortable and sighed, the kind that sounded a lot like the relief Tim was feeling. “Go to sleep.”

Chuckling, Tim scooted around to settle into a good position with Jason sprawled over him like a heavy comforting blanket. “You going to sleep in your jeans?”

Jason made a growling sound and dropped beside him as he fumbled with the button and zipper of his jeans. He raised his hips and shoved it down, shimmying and kicking until he got it off, leaving him in boxers. Then he slung an arm and a leg over Tim and pulled him in. He banged his head a few times on the pillow to get a nice dent to cradle his head. “Go to sleep, Timbo.”

Tim turned to face him, chest warm and tight, and a little overwhelmed with all the crazy things he felt for this man. Sometimes, just looking at Jason made him feel too much. “Jay…”

Jason met his eyes, lips curved in a fond smile that made Tim’s chest ache some more, in a damn good way. His brother leaned in and gave him a chaste kiss on the lips.

Ugh. If he had to calculate, he’d probably need a new jar for all the sappy feelings he’s been going through all day. Fuckitall.

“Stop thinking and go to sleep.” Jason said again, glaring a little.

He smirked. “What? No bedtime therapeutic sex?”

His brother snorted, squeezing him closer until the side of his temple pressed against Jason’s nose. He can hear the smile as he rumbled. “Sleep first. Then you can have awesome wake up sex.”

Tim bit his lip and smiled, turning fully to lie on his side, facing the taller man. He slung an arm across Jason’s ribcage, their legs tangled to accommodate the new position. One of Jason’s snuck between both of his, locking them in place like pieces of a puzzle. “That’s a great incentive.”

“I strive for excellence.”

Tim smirked. “You’re lucky I have pretty low standards.”

“Hey!”

Tim snickered and kissed Jason’s collarbone. “I’ll expect excellent wake up sex later.”

“As a former logistics specialist, I promise it shall be delivered. Heh. Enthusiastically.”

Tim laughed. “Dork.”

“Jerk.”

“Bastard.”

“Ass.”

“Sap.”

“Oh fuck you, Nerd Wonder.”
Tim burst out laughing, tilting up to kiss Jason’s stubble-covered chin. “Fuck you too, Jay.”
Acquired Taste

Chapter Summary

Jason’s acquired tastes are… Something.

Tim’s still trying to get his breathing under control when he drops to his side next to Jason. Not quite touching. Not quite…

Jason is panting, trying to do the same. He huffs out a laugh and Tim can almost guess what he’s thinking.

_We’re going to kill ourselves doing this one day, babe._

It’s a novel declaration. And it’s not a bad way to go– coming your brains out– definitely a whole lot of steps up from bleeding out in the gutter.

Jason’s come splattered from chest to groin but he’s not moving to reach for the tissues. Not yet.

Tim feels his brother’s hand move. Then long fingers and rough palm meet his, squeezing gently and holds his own, twining fingers and pressing callused palms together.

His lips quirk. Jacking off shouldn’t be giving him this much warmth in his chest. But it does. _It does._ When Jason finds it more essential to hold his hand than to clean their come off his chest.

It says _something_. Or maybe he’s just… Well. It probably says something more than just… Laziness and post-coital bliss. _Maybe_.

He watches at Jason smiles lazily and lifts his other hand up, the hand he used to grip them together, still slick but quickly drying with mingled come, and lowers it, parting his lips to close over the side of his thumb. He stares as Jason’s tongue drags over the skin, cleaning, tasting, licking the wetness off and slicking it anew with his own spit.

He hears a groan. Takes a moment to realize it’s his. That he’s squeezing Jason’s hand as he watches the man suck their come off the other.

It’s almost too soon but the heat in his belly and the almost painful feeling below reminds him that his dick is taking notice. His free hand clenches on the sheets. He chuckles. _Maybe in a few minutes._

Jason’s smiling at him. Amusement clear as he licks the last of the come off his palm. He’s not even teasing, the way he does it, just efficiently thoroughly cleaning like one would were he to lick melted chocolate off his hand. Well, assuming one actually _likes_ licking melted chocolate… But then who would want good chocolate to go to waste?

He blinks. Grunts at the realization and lets out another laugh as he stares at Jason. “You really like that?”

The low rumbling sound is almost a growl and Tim can’t help but grin back. Amusement and fondness. And a whole lot more things he doesn’t want to name filling his not quite empty chest cavity with warmth. He leans up on his elbow and plants a kiss on Jason’s lips before he can think to stop.

He meant it to be quick. Out of impulse. Because sometimes, a guy can’t stand the cuteness that you just need to– kiss, hug, squish someone’s cheeks, you know.

But just as he pulls back, Jason smiles and catches his nape with the hand he was licking. Cups the back of his skull with it and tugs him in for another kiss.


Mmmn. That acquired taste. He’s acquired it too.

And Jason’s other hand squeezes his and well…

Maybe for a few more minutes.

His chest hurts. But it’s good pain. Love pain. Love.

He smiles into Jason’s kiss.

Jason bites his lower lip. Drags his tongue over it. Sips. Let’s go and leans back enough to look into his eyes. Grins.

“We’ll kill ourselves doing this someday, babe.”

That warmth squeezing his chest is actually not a bad way to go. Tim grins back. "Yeah."

And kisses Jason again.
Carry On, Wayward Sons

Chapter Summary

Tim’s discovered it’s not as hard to ask questions now than it was a year and a half ago.

Chapter Notes

So it has come to this. Heh. The last chapter of what started as a crack fic about Jay and Tim discovering fanfiction. XD

There are a lot of things I wish I could change, especially the weird tenses that shift each chapter, but I won’t. It’s been a fun ride and I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing them.

Thank you so much again for reading. See you on the sequel. :D

ps. This is me, putting my virtual 10 bucks in the sap jar. lol

“You’re leaving? Just like that, huh?” Recently promoted Detective Young, obviously wasn’t thrilled about the news. It made Tim want to grin. He didn’t of course.

“We have to. It’s not something we want to do nor something we can put off.” He didn’t want to explain too much but he also didn’t want the only two people who gave them the benefit of the doubt from the start to think they were just ditching them.

“You’ve done more than enough for the city. I think it’s about time we pulled more than our load too.” Detective Barnes said amiably but a worried crease showed on his forehead as he eyed Tim. “Are you in some kind of trouble? More than you usually have, I mean. Is there anything we can help with–?”

Tim was so shocked and humbled by the offer that he actually paused and blinked dumbly at the man from behind the cowl. It was a good thing he had opaque lenses. When he got some sense back, he smiled reassuringly. “We’re not in trouble, sir. We’re– going home.”

“Oh. So you’re not from around here? We’d assumed you were. Well–” He drifted off.

“We are. Just not from this Gotham.” His lips twitched. “It’s complicated.” Tim handed him a bundle of folders and a USB stick. “This is everything we have on all the current cases.”

“Thank you. We’ll take it from here.” Detective Barnes clipped the folders to his side and slid the USB into his trench coat pocket. “You boys have a safe trip.”

Jason leaned back on the wall and watched the exchange in silence. It was always like that. Tim knew it was Jason’s way keeping the cops on their toes and being an ass. Jason liked being a wild card. It made people wary and that was a good thing.
“Does your ‘going home’ have anything to do with the flying man the women saw?” Detective Young asked, eyes narrowing on Tim.

They all turned towards Jason who snickered. “You mean his Superboyfriend?”

Tim’s glare was lost in the cowl. *Really, Jason. Really?!

“Wait. This kid is real?” The younger detective asked, staring at Tim, curious and surprised. “It wasn’t just some parlor trick or hallucination those women thought they saw?”

“I didn’t read that on the report…”

“It wasn’t on the report, Nick.” Young shook his head at the older man. “They mentioned it to the desk officer. Cortez thought it was too farfetched and cut it out since it wasn’t relevant to the arrest anyway.”

“Ian.” Detective Barnes cut in, silencing his partner. “We’ve seen quite a lot of crazy things in our line of work. I think it would be better not to involve some Superman…”

“Superboy.” Detective Young corrected and Tim had to press his lips together to mask a smile. The younger detective scratched the back of his neck. “Read a lot of comics growing up…”

“Whether he’s real or not, is not our concern.” His partner continued, “I don’t think the world is ready for any kind of flying man.”

Tim had to agree with him. If people found out about Conner, they would want to cage him and slice him up like a lab rat to know what makes him tick. Though he doubted there was anything in this world that could keep Superboy from escaping, he’d rather not test that.

“Maybe we’ll drop by again someday, Sir.” Tim said to the older detective. “It was good working with you.”

They exchanged handshakes. Jason gave them a nod from where he stood.

“Is there any chance of meeting Superboy? If he’s real of course…” Detective Young winced, embarrassed, like he’d blurted out something he shouldn’t have. It made Tim smile.

“Your boyfriend’s got himself a fanboy.” Jason drawled unhelpfully. “Live a little and let them meet. It’s not like Super Clone doesn’t like the attention.”

He wanted to smack Jason with his bo somewhere painful and vital. He bit back a sigh and turned to the detective. “No promises but I’ll ask.”

Really?! That excitement couldn’t be masked. And damn if it wasn’t amusing to see a grown man so excited to meet a proverbial comic book hero that may or may not really fly.

“I’ll let you know.” He nodded to the detectives and they took their leave.

Just as they were at the ledge, Jason paused to pull out his grapple. “Aww. Are you excited to tell your superboyfriend?”

Tim punched him on the shoulder. “Shuddup, Red. I will sic Kon on you one of these days.” He shot his grapple gun towards the tall building across the street and gave his brother a meaningful look, heavy on the ‘mean’. “Tactile Telekinesis has lots of uses.”

He was sure Jason was leering under the helmet. “Kinky. Might have to set up a threesome. Have
him hold you down while we play with you, yeah?"

Tim groaned in exasperation as his brain pretty much melted at the idea. He should really stop thinking about it before his jock got any tighter. Look at your life-choices, Tim. Look.

Then again, it wasn’t like Jason would actually do it. He was quite… Possessive.


And no. He wasn’t blushing. It was just hot tonight. Goddamn. Hmm… “That’s a nice thought, Hood. Too bad it’s staying there.”

Before Jason could respond, he swung to the opposite building, loving the rush of cool wind on his face as the line pulled taut and pendulumed up.

“You know,” He could hear the evil smirk in Jason’s voice through the comlink. “I wouldn’t be averse to – sharing – if it’d make you happy. As long as I’m an active participant of course.”

And the rest of Tim’s brain fricasseed.

—

Cleaning and finishing whatever needed to be done took up the rest of the day. Tim left talking to the landlord and wrapping up his pending jobs for tomorrow.

They’ve already put their clothes and incriminating things in the plastic box they’ve been using as a closet and set it aside for transport. It was better than leaving evidence behind. The only thing left to do was to strip the mattress and pillows off the bed and clean up the toiletries. Tim’s saving that for last minute packing.

Jason was cooking dinner by the time he was done sorting through the computers and taking a shower. He put on cargo shorts and a tshirt while listening to Jason sing along to Linkin’ Park on his phone’s MP3.

Jason’s voice was low, grungy and rough and sometimes a little offkey. It made him think of warm beds, callused hands, sexy grins and hot hot kisses.

He grinned when he came down the stairs and saw the man bobbing his head and moving lean hips to the beat of Nine Day’s ‘If I Am’ as he flipped the burgers on the skillet. The loft smelled of meat frying and Tim’s stomach grumbled at the scent.

Jason looked up and smiled with his eyes. “Give me a little credit. Have in me a little faith. I want to be with you forever, if tomorrow’s not too late.”

Tim chuckled and joined in like the dork he was. “But it’s always too late when you’ve got nothin’…”

“So you say…” Jason sang back, grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him in. “But you should never let the sun set on tomorrow before the sun rises today.”

Tim let himself be dragged into the lose embrace and laughed some more when Jason kept singing, swaying with the music in what had to be the clumsiest slow dance ever.

“If I am another waste of everything you hoped for, I will let you down.” Jason belted out, making him snicker though the words hit him right in the gut. “If I am, only here to watch you as you
suffer, I will let you down.”

Jason turned them in a circle, making him laugh more. “So you’re standing on the ledge, it looks like you might fall.”

They wrestled through the chorus when Jason tried to dip him like one of those cheesy dance moves and Tim punched him in the chest. He was yanked back into Jason’s arms when he tried to escape. “The answers we find are never what we had in mind so we make it up as we go along.”

Tim laughed and sang along with his favorite verse. “If you don’t talk of dreams, I won’t mention tomorrow. We won’t make those promises that we can’t keep.”

Jason nuzzled his nose. “I will never leave you. I will not let you down…”

Tim bit his lip but couldn’t help his wistful smile at how that song hit all his fears and everything he had with Jason.

The music faded and shifted into Offspring’s ‘Why don’t you get a job?’ but Jason didn’t let go, sticking them together from abs to thighs.

The red-head smiled, the look in his eyes warming Tim all the way down to his toes. *Yes chest. Fuck you. Shut up.*

Jason pressed his lips together, looking like he wanted to say something. Something… That made Tim swallow.

Jay knocked their foreheads together and ducked in for a quick kiss instead. “Dinner’s almost ready.”

Tim bit back an exhale, half relieved, half disappointed. Both of which he never showed in his smile even with the tightness in his throat. “Good. I’m hungry.”

Jason let go, giving his butt a playful slap and turned towards the stove. Tim chuckled as he got the plates to set the table and bobbed along with Offspring, relaxing again.

“Tim…”

He stilled, hand with a fork hovering a few inches off the table. The tension was back with a vengeance. He could see Jason’s blurred back in his peripheral vision. “Yeah?”

“You do know you’re stuck with me, right?”

The lump on his throat reminded him to swallow. And swallow again…

It wasn’t…

He didn’t know he wanted, no, *needed* to hear that until he did.

Seconds ticked by with only the sound of burgers frying and a honk of a passing car filling the air.

Something warm bubbled in his chest, growing, and *growing*, making him smile like an idiot. “Yeah.”

“Good.” Jason’s voice gruff but he could hear the smile there. The relief.

He chanced a glance behind him. The redhead’s ears were pink above his broad back and he was
holding the skillet a little too tight. He could almost see Jason wincing at his own words.

Damn but he loved the idiot.

It made him grin. Laughter welled up inside him. A helpless kind of happiness like… Like that
time he fell through the window after facing off against Ra’s.

He knew he was going to die then but everyone he loved was safe.

It felt like winning the lottery against the devil. An awesome victory eventhough he knew he was
falling to his death. Well, until Dick saved him. But that was neither here nor there.

What he had with Jason was a shot in the dark. He took it and now he was happily falling to his
death.

He knew there will be a splat sometime but he was going to enjoy the freefall, however long it
lasted.

Let it never be said that he didn’t take Dick’s advices to heart.

_The best way to fall is not to fight it, little brother. You’ll be surprised at what you can do when you
let the wind guide you._

So yeah. He was riding that wind now. Fuck the splat.

He slapped Jason’s ass.

Jason’s indignant “Hey!” made him snicker because the pink was on his nose too.

Tim grinned. “You’re stuck with me too, dork face.”

Jason snorted but the smile in his eyes mirrored his. “Like I could forget that.”

He walked over to the stove to peer at the skillet, more to get closer to Jason than anything. The
burgers had been flipped and the other side had browned nicely. He leaned on the counter to face
his brother. “Where are you staying when we get back?”

Jason had safehouses scattered all over the city. He moved around a lot, never stayed too long in
one place to be compromised. _Better to keep moving than to be dead, kid._

Tim knew how exhausting that was. Jason’s safehouses weren’t exactly Hilton. Neither were his,
but at least he had an apartment. Granted, some of their hidey holes had a bed, a kitchen and a
heater, it still wasn’t the same as having a secure place to come home to.

After living with him here, he felt guilty for dragging Jason back to that life. A fugitive’s life.

Jason looked surprised by the question before he shrugged carelessly. “Wherever’s close. That’s
assuming Bruce lets me go after running us through the scans.”

Tim scrunched his nose at the thought of being poked and prodded until he was deemed healthy
and disease free. “Almost forgot about that.”

Jason made a face. “I used to pretend the decontamination chamber was a carwash. It made me feel
better about being sprayed and dried.”

Tim smiled at that. “And the full physical?”
“Let’s just say, it was hard hiding a boner when Batman’s poking your ass with a rubber glove.”

Jason grinned suggestively lifting his eyebrows up and down. Tim punched him on the shoulder laughing. “What? It’s not my fault I was a horny kid with a hot psychotic mentor.”

And that was an image he didn’t want seared in his brain but there it was. Sometimes having an overactive imagination wasn’t good for his health. Then again, Robin on Batman’s examination table was kind of hot.

And now he badly wanted to bleach his brain. But not really. Ugh. Jason was making him really conflicted.

Jason leered and caught his hips, stepping closer. “Got you thinking about it, huh, stalker boy?”

He groaned pressing a hand on Jason’s chest. “Sometimes I forget why I even like you.”

“Because I’m awesome, charming and funny.” Jason declared and leaned next to his ear. “And I can make you come with just my voice.”

He raised an eyebrow. “That’s just pushing it.”

Jason nuzzled his ear. “Wanna bet?”

He will not shiver. Nope. Oops. Too late.

Jason chuckled, jostling him by the waist before he let go to take the burgers from the skillet. “You going back to your place after the scans?”

He thought about his place under the theater in Crime Alley. Of his big empty bed and his gleaming modern kitchen which never got used much and how Jason would love it there…

“Yeah. Wanna crash with me?” The words were out before he could stop them.

Jason stared at him.

The question hung between them. Heavy and pregnant. If this was a horror movie, there’d be a dramatic thunder clap right about now.

Jason’s adam’s apple bobbed when he swallowed. “For the night? Sure. Yeah. Why not? It’s not like I haven’t done that before just to annoy you… Especially when the clone’s around. Heh.”

The wry self-deprecating grin was all Tim could take. He wanted to haul Jason in his arms and squeeze, never mind that the guy was five inches taller and fifty pounds heavier. He settled for punching Jason’s chest. Lightly. “I gave you the codes, you know you can crash there anytime.”

Jason’s grin was quick this time. “You gave them to me only ’cause I kept breaking in, kid.”

“And kept bleeding all over my stuff.”

“That too.” Jason put sliced cheese on top of the meat and they watched it melt and mold over the patties.

Tim took a deep breath. He didn’t want to think this through. If he did, he wouldn’t be able to ask. Ever. “If I asked you to live with me, would you?”

“Seriously? Like what? A kept man or somethin’?” Jason snickered at that but Tim knew he was uncomfortable.
His punch landed squarely on Jason’s shoulder, earning him a yelp. “Like here, you ass.”

Jason laughed, rubbing his sore bicep. “Are you forgetting that I don’t have a job? I’m not sure you’re going to take my blood money to pay half of the bills.”

Oh Jay. Tim grabbed a handful of Jason’s t-shirt in his fist and pulled him in as he looked up with a sly smile. “That’s why you’re going to help me with the housework. And pay me back with sex.”

Jason choked on a laugh even as his arms folded around Tim’s smaller frame. Hands slid up Tim’s back until they cupped his nape. “That’s what I said. A kept man.”

He knew Jason’s pride ran deep. Tread lightly. “Think of it as a barter system. Even if you don’t come home every night, at least you know the bunker’s always open. And I’ll get to crash in your safehouses too.”

Jason smiled, fingers tangling in his hair. “You crash in them anyway. Mi casa es su casa and all that shit…”

He leaned into the kneading fingertips on his scalp, closing his eyes. “You can have a separate room if you–ah!”

His eyes snapped open at the tight grip in his hair. “The hell would I want a separate room? Only reason I’m moving in is to have you crawl all over me.”

His laugh was both in surprise and disbelief. Tim felt like he’d dodged another missile. God. His grin was going to break his face. Jason grinned back and gave his hair another squeeze.

He hummed appreciatively. Something was… He sniffed.

Uh-oh.

“Jay, the burgers are burning.”

“Shit!”

They jumped apart. Jason grabbed the spatula to take the burgers out, cursing all the while. Tim bit his tongue to keep from laughing.

“Mother of fuck!” Jason lifted a patty to see the extent of the damage and scowled at it. “We can still eat this. It’s only a little burnt on one side.”

Tim let out the laugh he’d been holding even as he said, “Okay.”

Jason raised an eyebrow, amusement clear in his eyes. “So… Are we a thing now? Or are we still dancing around that particular subject? Because y’know, I’m not in a habit of sleeping with people for free board and lodging.”

No. Stop it heart. I don’t need you pounding in my ears right now. Tim leaned back against the counter again because he really didn’t trust his knees at the moment. “Do you want us to be a thing?”

Jason rolled his eyes, folding his arms over his massive chest. “Do I want us to be a thing? I’ve been trying for years. Years, Tim! Turns out I needed to get you drunk enough to try with me. Great work, Detective. I’m demoting you to patrolman.”

Tim chuckled at the accusing look. “Years?! But you never–” He pressed his lips together when Jason’s eyes narrowed. “Okay. I just– Alright! I’m not going to defend my reasons for not taking you seriously. Jason! Stop glaring at me!”
Jason grinned wide when Tim dissolved in laughter. He stepped forward, eying him like a predator. “So…” And that was almost a growl. “When do I pay you back with sex?”

Tim pushed away from the counter and leaned in to plant a kiss on his partner’s lips. He smiled cheekily and ducked away before he could get caged in. “We’re not even there yet, Red.”

Jason leered. “Don’t you want a downpayment?”

They were due for pickup in three hours. Jason and Tim stood over the Gotham they’d been protecting for a year and half. On their perch on top of the clock tower, the lights from the windows of surrounding buildings illuminated the darkness like thousands of fireflies hovering in a vast meadow. The comparison wasn’t quite apt, but, heh, he was feeling weirdly poetic tonight.

They’d cleaned up this city the best they could but there were will always be monsters lurking in the shadows waiting for their chance to strike. Still, they’d given the people there a fighting chance. They were less afraid now. More proactive. Even the cops were more vigilant. A year and a half wasn’t much time but they’d done what they could.

Now it was time to move on. Or in their case, go back.

To their Gotham. Their city.

No. *This* was *their* city.

The Gotham they were returning to was Batman’s.

But that was okay. It was still home.

As long as it had Jason, it was home.

Tim curbed a smile at how cheesy he was getting. *Another ten bucks for the Sap Jar.*

“You wanna give this place one last run, Red?” Jason’s voice was casual under the helmet but Tim could tell that he was feeling that unsaid something that Tim was feeling too.

They both owed the jar ten bucks.

And that evil scientist a *Thank you* wherever the hell he landed.

“Red?”

Tim took a deep fortifying breath of Gotham’s fumes. Nothing like the local carbon monoxide to pump one’s system before patrol.

He cocked his head at Jason and grinned. “Let’s go!”
Nuts (Art)

Chapter Summary

Art for Chapter 7 (Nuts)

(slightly NSFW)

Chapter Notes

This was commissioned by the lovely 2old4this4real last year. :)

I can't tell you how honored and excited I was to be commissioned to draw something for my own fic. omg. ^_^
For the full nsfw version, pls visit her tumblr here.

End Notes
Come visit me at my tumblr. :) 

Works inspired by this one: [Stuck by Snowzapped by ShadowSpires](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!