It's About Time

by 7297

Summary

Clark needs the blessing of the Wayne family before proposing to Bruce.
Chapter 1

Clark paced up and down the main hall of the Fortress, fidgeting with the small, black, velvet box in his hands, opening it timidly as if the modest titanium ring that was inside would disappear if he didn't constantly check otherwise every minute.

What if he said no? Sure, they had been together for almost half a decade, but- Clark had no doubt that they loved each other, but there had always been that uncertain, lingering thought at the back of his mind that Bruce deserved a little more from him. He was an incredibly lucky man to have Bruce, and for Bruce to (willingly) have him. That in itself never ceased to amaze Clark; Bruce wasn’t exactly the easiest person to get through to; good thing Clark was unyieldingly persistent-stubbornness, Bruce had called it, but Clark doubted any of them regretted it.

They had talked about it before. A year ago Bruce had assured that a marriage was not necessary-he was never particularly fond of 'big' events (so keep it small, Clark noted to himself), but that he was not opposed to simply signing the legal papers either. Perhaps it was because they already acted like a married couple. A lot of people said they already acted like a married couple. It just wasn’t the same. Call it the old Kansas boy in him, but this was something Clark wanted.

God, he wanted to marry this man.

He checked off his mental list over and over, trying to get over the nagging feeling that he had somehow forgotten something. He had the ring, the date, the plan, the backup plan, the failsafe plan, the-

Oh.

The blessing.

Clark shook his head, silently scolding himself. How could he have forgotten that? The Kents surely didn't raise no boy without manners. Of course he had told his own parents about his plan, to which they were thankfully supportive of. You'd think asking for permission from your
boyfriend's own guardian would be the next logical step.

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"Good morning, Master Clark," Alfred greeted as usual as Clark entered from the back door into the kitchen.

"Mornin', Alfred," Clark replied. He had given up on insisting Alfred simply call him 'Clark' years ago. He used to call him 'Master Kent', so he supposed 'Master Clark' was as close as it was going to get. "Is... Is Bruce here?"

Alfred paused for a moment, eyeing him curiously before settling the plate of fresh croissants down onto the silver tray. "No, he's not. He always has a meeting around this time every month. I had assumed that you would've known that by now, sir."

Of course he did. Clark looked down at the carefully prepared breakfast tray. *It must be for Damian then*, he thought fondly.

"Oh. Well, uh..." He ran a hand through his hair sheepishly, "Sorry. Do you have a moment?"

"Of course, Master Clark."

Clark was immensely grateful that he and Alfred got along, but it didn't make the idea of telling him any easier. Hell, if he was going to be honest, telling his own parents had made him nervous.

"I- uh..."

As the words had failed him, Clark clumsily reached into the pocket on the inside of his jacket, jerking out the small box as carefully as possible. He presented in front of Alfred.

They both stood in silence for a moment. Alfred intently studied the box, and Clark did the same, but as if only as to avoid eye contact.
"My, Master Clark, I never knew you thought of me that way," Alfred mused flatly with a raised brow.

"What? Oh! No, it's for Bruce-"

"I jest, Master Clark. Of course I know," Alfred said with a slight upturn at the corners of his mouth and a twinkle in his eyes. "If you may please excuse my informality, but I have to say: it's about bloody time, sir."

"E-excuse me?"

"I assume you're seeking my approval? I doubt that you'd be showing me this for any other reason." Alfred uselessly wiped his already clean hands with a fresh cloth before fitting his gloves back over them. "Frankly, sir, I could not see anyone better suited for Master Bruce."

Clark couldn't help but grin bashfully at that. Although he knew that the underlying meaning behind the words were built upon an intrinsic familial understanding to protect, and support Bruce, but Clark was just as content to be a part of that commitment. "So... Do I have your blessing?"

"Yes."

Clark didn’t know he could grin any wider, but he has just proved himself wrong. It must have shown on his features since Alfred smiled back at him with equal warmth; Clark seemed to have that effect on people.

"Thank you, Alfred! Thank you!"

"Ah," Alfred raised a hand, stopping Clark abruptly, "I may have been Master Bruce's guardian for many years, but I would never consider myself as a substitute for his parents. None of us could be."

"Of course-"

"However, I am simply a small part of this family; the family that he has worked so hard to piece
together. I dare say, I'd like to think I know Master Bruce quite well, and I would think that he would like to include this family in a decisions like this."

Clark stared quizzically at the older man, slightly tilting his head to one side. "Alfred, you know that I already love this family like-"

"What I'm saying, sir," he stopped him again, "is that, perhaps my permission alone is not satisfactory to what you need. You may not have had the chance to ask Master Bruce's parents, but perhaps you need the approval of someone else that he places in that position." Alfred promptly picked up the breakfast tray and strode past Clark.

Oh.

"Good luck, Master Clark."

Oh.

Clark's mouth hung open slightly in dumb realisation. Sure… Getting approval from the whole entire Wayne family shouldn't be that hard, right?

His eyes followed Alfred as he walked out of the kitchen, just then remembering the butler's destination.

Oh Rao.

And suddenly, Clark looked at the dainty, little breakfast tray with a little less fondness, now replaced with an uncanny sense of... dread.
That following evening, Superman found himself hovering over the Gotham rooftops. Despite donning his hero persona, Clark still felt a tinge of nervousness that would never be associated with Superman. Though, he supposed it helped that he actively decided to firstly seek out what he considered the… easiest person to approach… compared to the rest.

The sight of a brightly clad, floating man in Gotham had clearly caught the attention of Nightwing. The young man jerked his head around as soon as the movement had entered his peripheral vision, the frown on his face quickly turning into a broad smile.

"Heya, Supes!" he greeted with a curt wave.

Superman waved back as he gently lowered himself onto the concrete wall next to Nightwing. "Hey, I need to ask something of you. Is this a bad time?"

Nightwing's smile faltered for a moment of confusion. What would the Superman need from a guy like him? "Nah, it's fine," the smile was back, "it's still pretty early for patrol. What can I do for you?"

Clark had practiced this speech, hoping that he would at least be more prepared this time, but all words had failed him yet again. Of course he couldn't afford to bring the ring with him as Superman; it was safely stored in the protection of the Fortress.

"-Superman?" No response. "Clark?" Nightwing whispered sharply. He had apparently been trying to get his attention for awhile.

"Sorry, Dick," he whispered back with a wry smile, "it's just... How do I put this..."
"Hey, you don't have to ask now if you're not ready."

Clark considered it for awhile, but- "I need your blessing," Superman blurted out. It was better to just get it over and done with.

“Uh…” Dick’s eyes darted around as if he was looking for an answer to Clark’s ambiguous statement. “Bless you?” he settled on as if Clark had just sneezed.

"I mean your permission to marry your father. I just- Please, I can't propose if you don't- and I-" Clark suddenly couldn't stop the words from coming out, resulting in him becoming stuttering mess when he eventually ran out things to say. He thought it best to just keep his mouth shut at this point.

Nightwing blinked at him, his features slowly moulding into a wide grin, his eyes large with mirth. "Are you serious? It's about time!"

"Wha-"

"Yes you can have my blessing! Hell, you can have all my blessings! God, what's been taking you so long?" Nightwing playfully teased, shaking his head in disbelief.

"I... don't know?" Superman said in confusion, hoping that it somehow answered the question.

Nightwing simply chuckled, giving him a hearty pat on the back. "But I have to wonder: why on earth are you asking me for my blessing? I mean, sure, I'm honoured, but don't you think that Alfred-"

"I have," Superman said. I'm asking the whole family."

Nightwing whistled lowly in response, and his wide, toothy grin softened with a wistful sigh. The atmosphere noticeably changed into something more solemn and calm. The two simply shared a moment of silence looking over the city, sinking in the distant sounds of the streets below as the sun slowly tucked itself away behind the horizon. Fiery, golden skies melted into deep pinks and purples, the stars which were brave enough to appear past the city fog twinkled into existence, and the world stilled.
"Mm. He *would* want that, wouldn't he."

“Yeah.”
“Behind you!” Superman called out jovially.

“What the f-.” Red Hood twisted around, throwing a punch into his momentum, knocking out the thug that was behind him to the ground, taking the briefest moment to look up at Clark before twisting back around to sock another.

“Need any help?”

“What the hell do you want, Superman?” Jason growled back whilst kicking a third thug into a fourth, pivoting on his axis to grab one by the collar.

“Don’t worry, it can wait,” Superman smiled, crossing his arms over his chest as he watched the reckless fist fight. If he had his x-ray vision activated at that time, Clark would have probably seen Jason roll his eyes under that elusive mask.

Eventually the group of hoodlums surrendered and dispersed, leaving several knocked out punks behind. Red Hood huffed, removing the heavy mask to brush back his hair, tousled and damp from the perspiration built up in the helmet. The domino mask he still wore like his brothers kept his identity.

“So. You were saying?”

Clark looked around the area. Sure, those guys were knocked out, but they weren’t making it any easier. “Do you think we can go somewhere a little more private?” He jerked his head upward and smiled apologetically, floating towards the rooftops.

“What?” Jason stretched his arms out in exasperation. “Come on! Are you kidding me? I took care of them!” he called out with agitation.

“Yeah, yeah, I know. I just… this is important to me,” Superman glanced back with a pensive look. The Man of Steel almost looked a little vulnerable like that, and, hell, that made Jason a little too uncomfortable.
“Well, shit, when you put it that way,” Jason grumbled to himself as he hastily scaled the building to meet up with Superman. As he progressed to the top, he look Superman’s outstretched hand to help pull him over the railing. Jason clambered over, turning around to settle on the edge of the railing with his feet dangling over the edge. Superman joined him, sitting down to meet the other’s level. He didn't want it to feel like he was having a one-sided conversation.

This side of Gotham was much more different than the view he shared with Dick moments before. The slight, glittering lights of central Gotham were now far and distant. It didn’t only look it, but it felt like it too. Like two completely separate creations. It was sometimes hard to believe he was even in the same city, that the two coexisted.

Unlike Metropolis, Gotham was old, tired, and tested. These areas were almost like slums; rotting, run-down buildings, and dim, flickering street-lights. Thankfully, most of the streets were abandoned too—honest families moved to temporary decent housing under the Wayne Foundation initiative in preparation for rebuilding these areas with more adequate and affordable facilities. Unfortunately, the initiative opened a gap of time for criminals to occupy the streets. With all the buildings deserted, the concentration of crime and gang wars were much higher in these areas.

Bruce often said poverty was the root of crime. Clark hoped that Bruce knew that everything he did was all for the benefit of the Mission; that Batman was born for this purpose, but Bruce Wayne was just as invaluable, no matter the circumstances that would try to deter that. *Bruce Wayne did everything Batman couldn't.* He wouldn’t openly admit it, but Bruce loved this city too much to let it fall; both sides of him loved it too much.

Clark sometimes wondered why Jason stayed in this area specifically. Unlike his brothers who would cover larger, intersecting expanses of their patrol, it was almost like Red Hood owned this domain exclusively. No one was to enter, and he didn’t seem interested to leave either. The boy—no— the young man still had a lot of pent up emotions he wasn’t willing to face. His vigilantism seemed to be another coping mechanism to deal with it. Clark had always figured it was because of the kinds of criminals here echoed the area itself; dirty, filthy, irredeemable; that Jason could let loose without much repercussion. A way to release that excess aggression.

Some part of Clark also wondered—once the Wayne Foundation project was complete, where would Jason go? Perhaps he would begin to work under the same system as his brothers. With his family. It was a nice thought, but something also prodded at the idea that life wasn’t so easy.

"So..." Jason hummed, "We're just gonna sit here or what?"

Clark laughed softly, feeling a little silly. “I need to ask something of you, but it's… important. To
“Get on with it, Superman,” Jason pushed impatiently, kicking the heels of his feet against the wall below him to let off some of the nerves building up in his stomach. He hated it when people talked so ambiguously. It always seemed so secretive, and he hated secrets too.

Get on with it? Sure, Clark could try to be direct… sometimes. “Well, uh…” A gulp. “Jason, I need your blessing.”

Incredulously. “What?”

“Your approval. I need it before I propose.”

Silence.

“Holy shit,” Jason coughed, gruffly clearing his throat. He turned to stare at Clark with wide eyes and a gaping mouth. “To Bruce?”

“Yeah.”

“No offense, but I ain’t the best person to ask,” Jason warned earnestly. He then turned away from Clark and ducked his head low, suddenly interested at the hands in his lap. “Bruce and I don’t exactly have the best history-”

“I’m asking the whole family.”

"The family?", Jason’s eyebrows knitted themselves together as if he was trying to piece together a blatantly obvious puzzle that only he couldn’t quite figure out. It took a brief moment before he seemed to settle upon a satisfying conclusion as he looked back up. “So… You're asking everyone?”

"Yep."
"Even the-" Red Hood motioned with a flat open palm just above the level of his waist to emphasise the comparative size of who he was referring to, as an opposed to calling Damian ‘demon spawn’, just as Bruce had asked of him. The gesture seemed to imply more of a small joke to lighten the mood, though he wasn’t bothered to use the proper name either.

"Yep."

"Shit, man…"

Jason muttered to himself. Clark hummed back in agreement; yeah, one of the Waynes would be a little bit of- "It’s about time..."

Oh.

Clark thought he would ignore that last clause. Was everyone so in-tune with his romantic life? “I mean, I understand if you’re not- like, I can’t force you to or anything.”

Jason lifted his left leg, tucking it close to his body as a platform to prop his elbow on his knee with a hands held up to cup the side of face in one lazy motion. His eyes seemed to trace along the central city skyline, searching for something in his hazy thoughts. Then, “Sure, I guess. You can have my blessing. Whatever.”

“Oh!” Clark turned his head to look at Jason, a smile quickly growing on his face. “Thank you, Jason. It really means a lot,” he said quietly.

The air was still again. They both sat together, staring off into the distance, though the atmosphere was noticeably different than when he shared a moment like this from Dick. There had always been that secluded aura about Jason, how he actively removed himself from everyone else. Admittedly, things were getting better between him and Bruce, but there had seemed to be a standstill in their development. They passively acted like the thought one couldn’t stand the other, but Clark knew otherwise. It was probably their own fear of affection and trust that got in the way of their reconciliation. If this marriage was going to bring two families together, Clark would rather both parties be complete, and he knew both of them would want that too.

Suddenly Jason rose to his feet, fitting the helmet back over his head. “I should get going now...” Reluctantly. “It was… nice to see you again, Supes.”
“You know, he really does care for you.” He didn’t need to mention the name for him to know who he was talking about.

Jason froze. He made a noncommittal noise before jumping down to disappear into the dark alleyways below, but it was enough to acknowledge that he knew too. He had probably always known.

Jason and Bruce were more alike than they’d like to admit; stubborn to a fault.

Chapter End Notes

This one's a little different, I think.

Surprise! Jason isn't as difficult as some of you might have thought. It's been awhile since his "return" so he's a little calmer, and a just a lot more passive.

The whole Gotham-analysis is actually a lame metaphor for Jason and Bruce's current relationship if you squint.
None
them. “Can I… can I ask you guys something?”

Tim gave him a pointed look. “Sure thing, Clark. Of course you-”

“-You have our blessing,” Cassandra interjected.

They both looked at her.

“Wha-?” Tim tilted his head to the side, much like how a puppy would upon hearing a strange sound.

Cassandra simply looked up from the book in her lap and closed it with a heavy, audible thud. “I wondered when you would ask,” she said with a sweet smile, with a hint of cheekiness playing on the edges of her lips. “Really, Clark. It’s about time.”

“H-how did you know?” Clark spluttered.

“Hang on a sec’,” Tim raised a hand, suddenly catching onto the conversation at hand. “Is this really happening? Are you-”

A sigh. “Yeah, I… I guess I’m going to propose-”

“I knew it!” he shot up, pointing an accusatory finger towards Clark. “It’s about time!”

Clark let out a slight groan, covering his face with both of his hands, hoping the two didn’t see the embarrassing blush rising in his cheeks. Was everyone just waiting around for him to step up these days?

“You even got the ring and everything?” Tim whispered despite his earlier outburst, as if Bruce could catch onto the conversation, even if he was miles away from the Manor.

Clark nodded sternly, with his hands still covering his face.
Tim hummed. “You know he’s not gonna be happy when he finds out how much you spent on it,"

Clark couldn’t help but look up from his hands and grin back sheepishly. Well. There was no denying that. Tim was right- he was right a lot of the time, honestly. “You know I like to spoil him as much as I can.” Even if it was on a reporter’s salary for a billionaire. Bruce called it being ‘self-indulgent’, but Clark was inclined to ignore the notion since his ‘self-indulgence’ always seemed to make Bruce happy anyway, though, only with begrudging admittance.


“How do you know that?” Tim questioned in an almost indicative manner. She shrugged casually in response, suggesting it was on a whim, but the look in her eye told Clark otherwise.

Tim crossed his arms behind his head, “Seems more of a rose guy to me, y’know, with the his mom’s garden and all...”

They all nodded in silent agreement.

Clark rose to his feet and offered a hand to Tim. “So... Blessings?”

Tim rose to meet him and took his hand in a firm shake. “Blessings.”

Clark gave a casual salute to the both of them, turning on his heel to head back out of the room. The moment he cracked open the slightest gap in the door, a sweet, warm scent drifted through. The three immediately inhaled deeply, leaving a pleasant impression on the senses. It reminded Clark of home.

Cassandra immediately jumped up and made a beeline towards the door in quick, long strides, with the certain stern determination in her eyes. She passed Clark, leaving behind a light breeze, with Tim soon following soon after.

“Hey, do you wanna stay for lunch?” Tim stopped just past the doorway, “Alfred’s trying his new pumpkin, sweet potato, and honey quiche recipe,” Tim offered, his eyes bright with anticipation of Alfred’s newest creation.
“Only if you’re not busy,” Cass added, however already halfway down the corridor, not showing any signs of stopping to wait for the other two.

Clark thought for a moment. It was only the beginning of the day, and, honestly, he could be over with his quest this very afternoon. *That’s right.* His sight followed Cassandra down the hall; to think that if, at the end of that hallway, he could just turn left, and on the second door to the right would be Damian’s-

*Oh.*

*On second thought...*

“Clark?” Tim patted him on the shoulder, “You alright?”

“Sorry, Tim,” Clark nodded reassuringly. Sure, he was more than eager to propose, but there technically wasn’t a deadline for him to reach, and as far as he knew, Bruce wasn’t expecting anything. He hoped. Perhaps it could wait just *one more day.* “Lunch sounds great.”
Okay. If Clark was going to be honest with himself, yeah, maybe it was a little childish of him put it off for this long. He loved Damian, he really did, but sometimes that boy could be a… handful to say the least. Clark knew that Damian only wanted to protect Bruce, but the kid had one hell of a way of showing it. Admittedly, he and Damian never really had the greatest of starts either.

Clark paused in front of the doors to the youngest Wayne’s quarters, taking a deep breath before gently rapping his knuckles at the wood.

“Come in,” said the voice from the other side.

Clark sighed, pushing away the last thoughts of doubt from his mind and pushed forward. The room was dark despite having the curtains drawn open. From the large desk at the window, Damian set down whatever he was pretending to work on. As he swiveled around in his chair, leaning back. The young ward’s Great Dane who was resting next to his master on the floor immediately perked up at Clark’s entrance. The canine jumped to its feet and skipped towards him, weaving himself between the taller man’s legs.

“Heel, Titus!” Damian sternly commanded.

Titus stopped, immediately sitting on the spot next to Clark. It sat straight and noble to please its master, but his tail continued to wag furiously, thumping audibly against the wooden floorboards. Clark chuckled lightly as he knelt down, scratching Titus behind the ear, cooing sweet endearments.

Damian coughed forcefully, as the other two looked back at him.

“It’s about time, Alien,” Damian said in a voice with forced authority. He sat up a little higher in his seat, his chin tilted up slightly. “I’ve been expecting you.”

Clark simply opted for a, “Good morning, Damian,” as he stood back up.

“Don’t think I don’t know what’s been going on. Luckily for you,” Damian continued, crossing
one leg over the other, “I have reason to believe that father does not yet suspect your covert machinations.”

“And I trust your judgement,” Clark offered a small smile, deciding to sit at the foot of the bed as a small gesture as to not seem intimidating. Whether Damian was aware of it or not, Clark had noticed the subtle body language that suggested a more defensive disposition, rather than the offensive, defiant character that Damian wanted everyone to believe. It saddened Clark to know what Damian might have thought of him. Clark hated to make excuses, but perhaps it was one of the reasons why it was so difficult for him to maintain a trusting relationship with Damian; he was afraid of stepping over unseen boundaries, which would undo everything. Though, circumstances like these really reminded Clark about how much Damian was like his father, especially when he first met Bruce. Although, if he learned anything from Bruce, perhaps he also had to be forward with Damian. Why are Waynes so difficult to talk to?

As if sensing his uneasiness, Titus skipped over to Clark and rested his head on the man’s knee.

“So, I guess you already know that-”

“You want my blessings to marry my father. Yes. I know,” Damian cut in, “However, don’t think it will be so simple-”

“I didn’t think it was going going to be easy, Damian,” Clark cut in instead, his tone cautious, “I’m sorry, Damian. I know how you feel about me and your father,” Clark was surprised at how fast his own heart was beating, “But, if there’s anything I could do that would change your-”

“Don’t patronise me, Alien,” Damian huffed, looking back at Clark with guarded eyes, “I’m not as weak as my brothers, and I have no idea how you’ve managed to persuade Cain to support your cause. You can’t trick me.”

“Damian, I’m not trying to-”

“And you’re not my parent, so you can’t tell me what to do.” The boy pursed his lips together, his hands gripping the fabric of his trousers at his knees.

And suddenly, for Clark, almost everything fell into place.

“Damian,” he said with a stern yet gentle voice, “I’m not... I’m not trying to replace your mom,
“I don’t need your pity!” Damian spat. Titus jumped in response to the sudden outburst and moved to sit at his young master’s side instead. He flexed his hands out and forced himself to regulate his breathing, going through the meditative techniques his father had taught him for whenever he felt his emotions rising. “I… I know that much. I’m not so naive…”

Clark shot the boy a sympathetic smile. “Hey, you know what? Don’t worry. I understand. I’m sorry, Damian, I didn’t mean to... we can... forget about this, okay?” He stood up from the bed, giving Titus a firm pat before making his way out of the door.

“Wait!”

Clark froze and looked back over his shoulder. Damian was now standing with his hands balled into fists, firmly placed at his sides.

“I-I don’t mean to be unreasonable,” he said quietly, “Although, I admit that, perhaps, my past actions have… suggested otherwise…”

Clark turned around, now giving Damian his full attention in uneasy anticipation.

“I know that father and mother were... never going to be a possibility,” he lowered his gaze down to the floor, careful to chose his next words. “You’ve been with father longer than we’ve known each other, and I know how... happy... you make him. He really does... like you... a lot.”

“Really, Damian, you don’t need to-”

“This is my decision to make, Kent,” he hissed the name through his teeth. He let out a heavy sigh, becoming noticeably less tense, running a hand through his short hair, ruffling it slightly in the process making him look a little more disheveled and soft. It reminded Clark just how young this kid actually was. Another huff, “Look. I’m not... Can you at least just promise me one thing?”

Clark stared at Damian, the tightness in his chest growing. The younger straightened his posture and raised his chin to look up at the older with a steely gaze.
"Promise me that you'll take care of him."

Clark’s eyes grew wide and bright. He tried to fight wide grin that was growing on his face, which left his mouth gaping open like an idiot instead.

Damian rolled his eyes. “Well? I don’t offer these things lightly.”

“Wh-what? Yes? Yes! Of course I’ll take care of him! God, yes!”

“Good,” Damian crossed his arms with a curt nod. “However, if you do otherwise, you will be the one regretting it. That, I can promise-”

Before they knew it, Clark had the boy in a tight embrace, lifting his feet off the ground. Damian immediately stiffened, with his legs kicking slightly in the air, but made no real effort to fight back.

“Thank you, Damian! Thank you!” Clark cried out. He pulled back to look at the boy, but refused to let him go. “You really are the best!” Titus began to jump and bark out loud around them at the sudden excitement in the room.

“Titus,” Damian quipped back, “Flattery will get you nowhere, Alien.” He was back to using the old ‘nickname’, but Clark didn’t care. “Now put me down before I regret it.”

Clark carefully lowered the kid back onto the floor, but not without another quick, sneaky hug. “No regrets! I promise!” he rose back up and placed a firm hand on the young Wayne’s shoulder before finally making his way to the door with a slight spring in his step.

“I-I know that father worries about us. I mean, that we sometimes don’t… get along,” he hesitated for a moment before taking a deep breath, “But know that… I don’t hate you, Kent.”

Damian looked at Clark with the most ‘serious’ face he could muster, but was met back with a wide, goofy grin.

“Love you too, Damian!” Clark said quickly before dashing out of the room, barely missing the pillow that hurled out from the room, frumping against the wall opposite of the open doors.
“Don’t you dare tell anyone, or I’ll-!” Damian’s words faded off as Clark ran further down the hallway, the laughter in his chest ringing out clearly throughout the Manor, not caring if Alfred caught him.

The light, airy feeling in Clark’s whole body beat any kind of incredible power that the Man of Steel was capable of.

Chapter End Notes

We’re almost there!!

I know a lot of you were looking forward to Damian's reaction. I hope it wasn't too out of character. Damian's actually one of my favourite Robins, but I don't have any experience writing any of these characters, let alone their interactions. Damian is extremely complex, perhaps more so than Jason, and it was hard for me to show that whilst still allowing Clark to win!

Thank you so much for sticking around! The last chapter shouldn't be take too long!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

This is it! The final chapter! And with it, I give you one that's slightly longer than the others!

Some of you might be telling me "it's about time" that I got this done! Ahahah ha ha ha... ha...... haa...

I've added the tags "fluff" and "romance", because I made myself sick just by how sugary this turned out.

I'd love to thank each and every one of you who has commented and left kudos! I never expected such a positive response, especially since I'm not really a writer.

Please- I'd love for you guys to leave your comments and thoughts. I'm so sorry I haven't been replying to all your comments. Again, they were just really unexpected and I was caught off guard, but I'll try to start replying this time!

I don't know if I'll write more, but I'd love too since I have so many Superbat ideas!

Again, thank you so much! Please enjoy!

Clark pulled over his outdated pickup truck at the base of a large, old cottonwood tree atop of a small hill that looked over the Kansas prairie. The luminous, waning moon gazed down, highlighting the tips of each blade of grass, turning the field into a shimmering expanse as it disappeared further into the darkness of the night.

The car slowed, the engine coughing and spluttering to a stop. Clark adjusted the gears before cutting off the engine. The low rumble of the motor subsided, leaving the soft chirping of crickets, and the slight rustling of the leaves to fill the air.

Clark leaned back in his seat for a few quiet seconds. He turned his head at the sound of a muffled sigh. Bruce stretched his arms up with his palms passively pushing at the roof of the car like a lazy cat.

“Hey, you,” Clark smiled lazily, lightly brushing the back of his hand across Bruce’s cheek, “You awake?”

“Mm?” Bruce shrugged off the touch, reaching down to undo his seatbelt, slightly crushing the white lily and rose bouquet that Clark had given him earlier that night against his body as he did so, the paper crinkling under the pressure. “Mmm, yeah. Of course,” he replied as if he totally
wasn’t tired in the first place.

“Mmhmm. Whatever you say,” Clark teased, undoing his own seatbelt and stepping out of the car. He stood, casually humming to himself as he stuffed his hands in the pockets of his jacket to fumble at the hidden velvet box as some strange, soothing gesture that reminded him that this was all real for the tenth time that night.

Clark walked around to meet Bruce at the back of the truck who had brought down the hamper which had contained an expensive bottle of chilled chardonnay and two flawless wine flutes, much to Alfred’s insistence, and Bruce’s dismay. He had also apparently brought the bouquet down with him, now slightly cradling the bundle of flowers to his side, subtly ducking his head down to inhale the sweet scent. What a sentimental sap Clark thought as he couldn’t help but smile at the image.

Clark removed the tarp that covered the tailgate, revealing layers of rugs, and a large, woven picnic basket covered with a cotton cloth. Bruce looked at him with a raised eyebrow. “You’ve been planning this for a long time.” It wasn’t a question.

“Yeah. I guess you’re right,” Clark replied sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck. And it was true. Not that it was originally part of the greater plan. He’d always wanted to take Bruce on this date; everything just happened to conveniently fall into place in the end. “I used to come here to relax back in the day,” back in my ‘teen-brooding days’, Clark intentionally left out as he undid the latch on the back of the tailgate. “But it’s a real nice place, I think.”

Bruce shot him a quizzical look as he approached to climb onto the back of the car. He shifted the bouquet on top of the hamper in one arm, taking the other into Clark’s extended hand to support him as he stepped up, then turning around to pull Clark up with him.

They both settled down onto the rugs, sitting with their backs against the main cage of the car with their legs outstretched towards the open end. Their view looked over lush, open country fields, but it wasn’t the landscape that told Bruce why Clark loved this location so much.

The sky was dotted with billions of tiny, brilliant, twinkling stars and quiet promises. The sight of stars as bright as these was a rare occurrence back in Gotham. When he first visited the Kent’s farm, Bruce thought he would never see stars so vividly anywhere else. He was wrong.

Clark, after carefully taking out a slightly rusted, ornate lantern which he lit with his heat vision and placed the glowing light between them, he looked at Bruce, who was still gazing up at the stars in slight bewilderment. The golden flame flickered wildly, casting soft shadows upon the man’s face, emphasising all of his severe angles and perfections. He smiled to himself, reminded at
just how incredible this man was. Bruce, suddenly out of his daze, turned to meet Clark’s stare with earnest eyes, though, they retained that distinct sharpness that just seemed to cut through the darkness.

Bruce tilted his head slightly to the side with a frown, “What?” Although, the expressions could have been considered as a ‘pout’, and Clark wanted to kiss him.

Instead, Clark blinked, taken aback at the abrupt change in mood. He shook his head with a broad grin, “Nothing!”

Bruce smirked back and reached forward to take one of the baskets, but Clark pulled back. “Nuh-uh! You didn’t take today off of work just to not relax.”

“Relax?” Bruce huffed, almost offended. “I should be saying the same thing to you. What’s up?” he said in an almost accusatory tone.

“Up?” Clark spluttered, afraid that Bruce was catching onto the plan. He busied himself by digging into one of the baskets. “What? No, nothing’s ‘up’,” he retrieved the cheese platter and placed it next to the lantern, “I just… want this to be special for you, that’s all.”

Bruce looked down at the cheese platter and back up at Clark with a pointed look before turning to unlatch the hamper with a sigh. “And I suppose Alfred was in on this plan, too?” He carefully removed both wine flutes, one at a time, from the velvet encasing by the stem with deft fingers and handed them over to Clark.

“Hm?” Clark took the glasses, acting oblivious. God, he really hoped Bruce hadn’t found out.

“You can’t have wine without cheese, no?” Bruce then removed the wine bottle and the corkscrew, removing the cork with adept, practised movements. The cork released with a loud pop, which echoed across the open, empty landscape. Clark couldn’t help but stare dully as Bruce poured the sparkling beverage into the polished glasses with expertise. He then placed the bottle to the side and took his own respective flute.

“Happy anniversary, Clark,” Bruce lifted up his glass with a curt nod and a soft, genuine smile, and God, did that just melt Clark’s heart.

“Happy anniversary, Bruce,” Clark returned, his voice a little meeker than he wanted it to be. He
lifted his glass to meet the other with a soft clink. A toast.

Suddenly, Bruce leaned in to place a sweet, chaste kiss on Clark’s lips before pulling back just as quickly to slink back to sitting at his side and taking a deliberate sip.

Clark scoffed in a lighthearted manner, grinning as he pulled Bruce in by the waist for the man to lean against his side. Bruce quipped a noise of disapproval but turned into Clark’s touch anyway, resting his head on the other’s shoulder, and extending his arm around Clark’s own waist, pulling them closer together.

The two shared a quiet moment, casually sipping their wine and listening to the night.

Which, suddenly, was not a favourable situation for Clark, whose heart was beating like a deafening jackhammer in his chest and was hoping that Bruce couldn’t hear the damned thing. He dared to look down at Bruce, who, thankfully, didn’t seem to notice as he continued to stare up at the stars under long lashes, with a now unreadable, serene expression.

Clark listened in to Bruce’s own heartbeat, which was at a slightly higher rate than normal, but far from the point of alarming. Good. It meant that Bruce actually wasn’t suspecting anything. Well, if he wasn’t using any meditative methods to control his heart rate, Clark hoped.

Some time passed, as food was eaten and shared in a comfortable silence of each other’s company.

Slowly letting out a surge of air he didn’t know that he was holding, Clark carefully set the glass flute down without a sound, then stuffed his hand into his jacket pocket to hold the velvet box firmly, but he did not move for some time afterwards.

Finally, he slowly took the box out in an enclosed fists and kept it close to his side so that is was still concealed from sight. His knuckles were turning white.

Deep breaths, Clark. This is it. Don’t back out now.

“H-hey... Bruce?” his voice was shaking. He coughed instinctually to hide his nervousness.
“Hm?” Bruce hummed, continuing to stare ahead, not moving from his position.

Clark swallowed and said nothing. He quietly flipped the top of the box open and shifted his arm over, displaying the shimmering metallic band in the open for the first time.

Bruce caught the movement at the corner of his eyes and nonchalantly looked down.

He soon tensed. He said nothing.

Clark grew worried at the extended silence. He checked into Bruce’s vitals; his heart and breathing rate had definitely elevated.

“Bruce,” Clark said all too quietly; a whisper. “Will you marry me?” The words were for him, and him alone.

Bruce swiftly turned his head to look back up at Clark. His eyes were large and full with growing mirth.

“Clark,” he breathed.

Bruce opened his mouth to reply, but bit back the words. Instead, “What about the kids?”

Clark cocked an eyebrow and Bruce’s knitted together.

“I… I’m sorry, Clark. I don’t know… It’s just… the kids…”

After a short pause, Clark began to laugh lightly, causing Bruce to frown slightly in confusion. He tightened his grip around Bruce’s waist in assurance. “They know, Bruce.”

Bruce tilted his head to the side, showing his clear dissatisfaction with Clark’s flimsy answer.
“I… asked for their blessings. For your hand in marriage, and all that,” Clark tried to sound as casual as possible as to dissipate the tense mood, despite his own rigid posture and jittery feeling at the pit of his stomach. “Did… did you know?”

Bruce’s gaze shifted to the side; a habit he had when he was thinking- contemplating a concept he did not have the adequate information to quite grasp it yet. “No,” he murmured. Clark left him to his thoughts as Bruce hummed lowly.

“Jason knows?”

“Yeah.”

“Damian?”

“Yes.” Clark grinned in triumph.

“God, you really are Superman…” Bruce mumbled under his breath.

“What?” Clark feigned ignorance. His super hearing deciphered the words fine, but he just wanted to hear Bruce say the words again. Bruce finally looked back at him, with a stern, superior expression, his chin tilted slightly upward.

“I said,” Bruce said a little louder as he came to a clear tenor in that tone of voice that cut through the silence and made everything he said sound finite, “That you are an old fashioned bastard, Clark Joseph Kent.”

Clark leaned in to briefly kiss off that irritating smirk with his own. Clark pulled back, simply to look at Bruce. To admire just how damn gorgeous he was, and everything else about him that reminded Clark that he wanted this for the rest of his life.

Clark began again, all nervousness and doubt erased from his mind. “Well?”

“Well, what?” Bruce said, managing to make it sound more like a challenge.
“Well,” he drew out, teasingly. “Will you marry me?”

Bruce’s lips drew into an impish grin. All at once, he caught the back of Clark’s head, lacing his fine fingers in his soft hair, and pulled him into an eager, heated kiss.

“Mmm. It’s about time,” Bruce murmured against Clark’s lips.

And with that, he had said yes.

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