This is a collection of oneshots I wrote.
I'll write some Smut in it (if requested) and forgive my grammar.

You can check me out on Tumblr: thatawesomenerdygirl
Quotev: @thatawesomenerd (Kaz)
Wattpad: @KR_Rose- (former) @problematicwoman- (current)

Just in case I didn't update in here I'll probably update on one of them!
-Kaz!
It's Been Fun [Damian Wayne]

Just in case if you don’t know the Reader Insert Keys. (H/L) (H/C) your Hair Length and Color. (Y/N) is Your Name lastly, (F/N) here is Friend’s Name

Reading., Reading, that’s what you do everyday at school. You were the nerd type at your school, (H/L) (H/C) braided twintails, big glasses, up to knee socks, pair of shorts and a jacket to cover your body shape. And of course to make things cliché, you were bullied. But the good thing is you were dating the school prince. Damian flippin’ Wayne for 4 years. Nobody knew about you dating him. You told Damian to promise you not to tell anybody which he kept his promise but you knew for sure. It won’t be long.

You were about to flip to the next page, but something or someone slam their hands onto your table.

“(Y/N)!” (F/N) yelled, slapping the table with her palms.

“Yes?” You answered, not looking up from your book. She also didn’t know about you dating Damian of course, she was the most beautiful girl in the school. Yes ‘popular girl’ type. Why did wanted to be your friend anyway? To use you of course, what else?

She closed your book making you looking up at her with a frown, “What was that for?” You asked trying to be patient with her, when actually you were pissed. Your question were answered when you heard the girls from your class cheering. You already knew the answer, “Wayne..” You muttered under your breath.

He walked to your table, you arched an eyebrow at him giving him ‘What are you doing here’ look. Him being an ass he ignored you.

(F/N) clapped her hands whilst squealing like an idiot, she ran over Damian. “Damian! What are you doing here?” She asked with her high pitched voice as you opened your book back to continue reading. The girls surrounded Damian asking him to go somewhere with them or do something with them. You weren’t jealous, you were used to it. Okay.. It was a lie, you were jealous so jealous you just wanted to kill them right there right now, well you could with you ability with sharp things even guns since you were an assassin. But you couldn’t Damian would hate you if you do that.

“Damian let’s go..” You heard (F/N) chirped, trying to ignore it but no avail. You took a glance at them with a blank expression but turned into a frown when you saw (F/N) and the girls (some of them are your bullies) clinging onto him. They linked their arms with his, a girl even wrapped her arms around his torso. Your felt your blood boiled, pure anger in your eyes and that’s when you realized you had enough of this bullshit. Even Damian trying to get out from their filthy touches.
“THAT’S IT!” You screamed, surprising the girls and some boys in the class even (F/N) and Damian. You ripped off your braided twintails fixing it to it’s normal look, removed your glasses revealing your full delicate face, taking off your jacket revealing a turtleneck shirt that matched your shorts that fits your body perfectly showing your curves. They looked at you with their mouth agape, “What? Is there something on my face?” You asked innocently.

Damian looked at you an amused expression on his face. “I thought you will never do that.” He said amusement in his voice.

You walked over him moving gracefully not bumping into anybody, “I just can’t take it anymore.” You simply said, “Hands off my man.” You growled, removing the girls arms from your boyfriend’s muscular body after you were in front of him. Their eyes widened more it almost looked like their eyes would fall off from their sockets.

“Your man?” (F/N) asked, you nodded confidently with a charming smile.

You looked straight at Damian with a gentle loving smile before saying, “I’ve been dating him for 4 years.” and pecking his cheek, making them more shocked than they already has.

“But Damian dated the famous model!” One of the girls exclaimed, you nodded again.

“May I know her name?” You asked, crossing your arms over your chest smile not leaving your lips.

“(Y/N) (L/N).” She answered then they gasped. “I- I– It’s you! YOU ARE HER!” They screeched pointing at you with a scared look. Your supermodel job was just something to do in your free time.

You chuckled dryly as you shook your head. Feeling an arm wrapped around your waist you turn your head slightly to look at a smirking Damian.

“Having fun Beloved?” He asked, amusement still in his voice.

You turned around, fully facing him this time. “I always do my love. Their expression were priceless and amusing to look at.” You looked at your surrounding, scanning their still shocked faces with a little laugh.

Damian scoffed, “They messed with a wrong person.” He copied your action, looking at his surrounding before looking back at you, “I can not believe that they didn’t notice. It was so obvious, the only thing that different was your hairstyle. They were tricked by the glasses too? How stupid.” He mocked.

You giggled, “Why don’t we leave. It is time to go home anyway.” You suggested, he nodded as an answer.

You walked hand-in-hand with Damian after grabbing your things, when you were about to exit
the class your looked back at them, “It’s been fun guys. The bullying..” You trailed off, looking at (F/N) with a twisted smile, “fake friendship, acting as a nerd. Don’t treat me different after this. I’ll see you tomorrow.” You winked at them before leaving the class with Damian.
“Dick!” You called for your boyfriend, who just came back from his nightly patrol. Yes you knew about his ‘Nightly Job’ as he liked to call it. His head snapped at you as his piercing blue eyes looked at you and his lips curled up to a smile, you jumped into his arms. Wrapping your limbs around his neck and waist with a giggle, he chuckled at you.

“Miss me much?” He asked, he looked at you whilst wrapping his muscular arms around your small frame to support you, his smile still gracing on his lips.

“HAHA! You wish.” You said sarcastically, you missed him like a lot. He was just gone for a few hours but you missed him so much, well you couldn’t help it. His smile widens a bit before went into a frown as if he just realized something.

“Wait..” He started, “Why aren’t you asleep yet?” He asked, arched an eyebrow at you.

You gave him a nervous laugh as you get off of him. He forbid you to stay up late, whatever reason you have he wouldn’t buy it. You knew he just didn’t want you to got sick or whatever, but being a rebel that you were you decided to stay up late. It was 3 AM.

You clapped your hands together before giving him a puppy eyes you knew very well he couldn’t resist. “I just want to cuddle with you..” You looked at him dead in the eyes before continuing, “..Can I? Besides.. I only stay up late for tonight and tomorrow is weekend..Please?” You reasoned. He opened his mouth to argue but you quickly cut him off. “Please Dick..” You pleaded. He let out a sigh in defeat.

“Fine..” He said giving up because of your irresistible puppy eyes. You squealed startling him, quickly he put a hand onto your mouth to shut you up. “You’ll wake the neighbour!” He scolded, but ended up laughing slightly.

He took off his suit and wore only a pair of black sweatpants. You climbed onto the bed with him, when you both laid down you rested your head onto his bare chest as a finger tracing it’s way down from his chest to his abs lovingly. He wrapped an arm around your waist pulling you closer if it was physically possible and kissed the top of your head gently making you let out a sigh in content.
“How was it?” You asked, looking up at him.

“Same as always” He answered.

You cocked an eyebrow, “Thugs?”

He nodded.

You buried your face into his chest and took a deep breath, his cologne filled your nostrils. He laughed at you before asking, “What is it baby?”. 

You just shook your head as a reply and mumbled ‘Nothing’ against his skin. Little did he know you smelt other thing besides his cologne, a faint woman perfume. But you shrugged it off, ‘probably he saved a girl’ you thought, trying to think positive.

30 minutes has passed, he fell asleep still holding you in his arms. But your eyes still wide awake, you looked back up at him before slightly squinting your eyes. Your heart ached when you saw a faint red lipstick mark on his lips.

And it’s been a few months after that.

You still smelt the same perfume, but no faint lipstick mark. And the different inflection when he said your name. Usually it sent chill down to your spine, but now it just felt cold.

He still kissed you, still giving you the same dose of kisses, but it doesn’t taste the same you could taste her lipstick it felt like you also kissed her too.

Was it real? Were you out of your mind?

“Barbara..” You heard him talked about her in his sleep. You knew her, Hell! She was the prettiest, hottest, strongest, smartest girl you’ve ever met. She is perfect. She even knew Dick before you. With that you could love her like him too. Like him.

You weren’t good enough. You knew that. You wanted to ask him about this but you couldn’t bear to even say her name.

You could see her laying across his chest, how does she touched him? Can you try it too? You wanna know how could she made him cheat on you.

“I’ll be back on 2 days princess, I’ll call you! Love you!” He said giving you a quick kiss on the lips.

It’s been a week and he didn’t even called. You visited the manor and the boys were there. Even Jason was there too, but no Dick Grayson. You couldn’t find him nowhere. Then you did. You did found him, he was in the cave sitting in front of the computer with her.

She was on his lap, an arm wrapped around his neck and a hand rested on his cheek whilst his arms wrapped around her waist pulling her closer as they kissed so passionately.

You could feel your heart dropped as it beats faster and faster and more faster if it was possible. You went back to your shared apartment with tears brimming in your eyes, the boys saw it. They gave you an apologetic look and you just smiled at them. Well you tried. You were already depressed too before. He met you when you were at your worst, all beaten up, blank (E/C) orbs, dirty, your (H/C) locks were a mess. But he picked you up, cheering you up, lifting you up, he promised that he wouldn’t leave you when he said he loved you.

But now he is also the one who destroy you. You were hurt mentally and physically, you tried to paint to ease the pain. No avail, useless. You cried and cried, blaming yourself, telling yourself that
you weren’t good enough. And there’s one thing you could do. The thing you always wanted to do back then…

Dick went back home the boys also came with him to play but they stopped dead in their tracks when they saw you, he regretted everything when he saw you. He slumped down onto the cold floor in your apartment, tears ran down to his cheeks. He hugged himself, he broke down, he screamed. You were there, thick rope wrapped around your neck tightly, your legs were swinging, there was a chair below you but it was kicked. You hung yourself. You Committed suicide.

There was a note on the desk beside your corpse, the boys read it.

“Hope you are happy.! :) I’m sorry I’m not good enough. You two looked perfect together!! :) <3 I love you. I always do.
–Your Princess”

The boys punched him as hard as they could before helping him up, they liked you, they saw you as a sister. But their stupid and egoist brother decided to hurt you. They should’ve stopped you. Dick should’ve realized that you knew. No. He knew, but he decided not to bring it up because he thought you didn’t mind. God he was wrong. So fucking wrong. He regretted it, the love of his life died and it was because of him. The only thing that he could make out was, “I’m sorry.”

But it’s too late.
The first time he met her, he was the first girl he landed his eyes on in that place.

He was at a bar, he saw her sitting alone at the bar counter one hand twirling her drink and the other held her head, her eyebrows knitted together like she was thinking about something. Her plump lips was in between her teeth, her (E/C) orbs looking down, (H/C) locks tied in a messy bun. She wore a strapless tight red mini dress showing her body shape that would make any men drooling with the sight of it.

He decided to approach her slowly, he sat beside of her ordering a glass of drink for himself which he finished with a few gulps before gently slamming the glass making a low thud but loud enough to make the girl noticed his presence.

Slowly she moved her head towards the source of the sound, her (E/C) orbs eyeing the glass before went up to his face with her still frowning face.

"Rough day?" She said, deciding to start a conversation with him.

Her voice sounded so beautiful. He loved her voice, it's like a music in his ears. His eyes widened slightly before went back into it's blank looks, lucky for him she didn't notice it. He just nodded as a response.

The girl hummed as she nodded also. After a few drinks she was drunk, her (S/C) flushed pink. She rested her head on his shoulder making him flinch at her sudden action but she was too drunk to even notice.

"(Y/N).." She mumbled.

His head snapped towards her, "What?"

"I'm (Y/N)..

"Jason." He said, he chugged on a few drinks before getting slightly drunk.

She stood up from her seat making a slight creak, she leaned closer to his ear her sweet scent filled his nostrils as she whispered, "Distract me Jason.." making chill went down to his spine.

The next thing they know they were in a hotel room. Alone, just the two of them. He hovered above her, her arms and legs wrapped around his waist and neck. As they kissed their tongue battling for dominance which resulting Jason as the winner.
When they pulled away a thick string of saliva connecting each of their tongue. Jason's emerald orbs boring at her (E/C) ones.

"How did we ended up in here again?" She laughed.

"You said you wanted me to distract you." He simply said before attacking her neck emitting soft moans from her making him smirk.

Her hands moved from the back of his neck to his raven hair, enjoying his soft chapped lips on her warm skin. Her hands began to tug when he found her sweet spot this didn't go unnoticed by Jason, he licked the skin before gently nipping on it.

She bucked her hips upwards, soon started grinding her wet core against his hardened shaft.

He pulled away and start undressing and she sat then doing the same leaving them in their undergarments. Both of them staring each other's bodies no words came out from their mouth, she couldn't stop herself from eyeing his perfect pack whilst her fingers unconsciously and teasingly tracing his abs again making shiver went down his spine.

 Couldn't take it anymore, he ripped her bra and threw it else where pushed her to lay back on the bed, then leaning in to take her already hard bud into his warm mouth whilst his hand massaging the other one earning soft gasp and soon the gasp turning into moans.

His mouth went downwards taking the edge of her panties between his teeth dragging it along revealing her already wet pink pussy.

"Fuck.." He muttered under his breath feeling his shaft getting harder under his boxer, his thumb tracing circles on her clit earning yet another moans from her.

"Just..do me..already." She said between moans, Jason complied taking off his boxer then putting on a condom.

She gasped at his length and how thick it was, How the fuck that cou--. Her thoughts was cut off by Jason roughly thrusting his shaft into her filling her entirely.

Her eyes snapped open, "Ah-Oh! God!" Her hands digging into his back due to the pleasure she received as Jason start pounding. A sound of skin against skin, moans and grunts filled the room. Their voices probably can be heard outside the room but they could careless.

His finger that still on his clit starting to do it's job again, a wave of pleasure filling her mind as her walls tightened around him. His hard cock accidentally hit a spot that indeed made her scream.

"Mmh--Ah! Shit! Yes right there!" She screamed making Jason smirk slightly. He pulled out only to threw her legs over his shoulder then move back into her. His thrusts became harder and deeper and soon became rather sloppy but still hitting her g-spot making her a moaning mess under him.

They knew that one of them will leave in the morning, it's a *One night stand* after all. But it was a problem to solve in the morning, now they just focused with pleasing themselves.

She could feel a tight knot starting to perform in her stomach and his cock throbbed inside her, She looked at him trying to not break any eye contact between them. Jason leaned closer to give her a rough but still enjoyable kiss, they kissed until they both reached their climax before slumped onto the bed and fell asleep.

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Jason woke up when a slight ray of sunlight hit his face, he groaned rubbing his temples as he sat. Looking around he noticed that the gir-- (Y/N) already gone from the bed, he put on his boxer before walking towards the shower but stopped when he heard the shower already occupied and a faint humming.

He walked in to the shower to join her with a faint smile that already creeping up to his face knowing that their relationship will not be a One night stand.

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A/N: Yay done! Sorry for the grammar errors and if this chapter sucks (like the others..) it's my first smut and I was kinda distracted while writing. Please be gentle with the comments.

AND IT WAS AWKWARD TO WRITE! But still.. I'm having fun writing this. I'll try my very best for the next one!

-K!
I'm The New Supergirl!

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Reader is Superman's daughter, obviously that includes her having his power - and what not. Maybe Lex decides to team up with the Joker: Resulting Damian and Batman finally meeting Clark's daughter - meaning she's the new Supergirl. Oh! She can be all fluffy like Superman.

I love this one!

"Mommy! Daddy! I'm home!" Said a little girl, her cute voice ringed throughout the house.

The (H/C) haired girl tilted her head to the right in confusion, her twintails also went to the side along with her head. Usually her mom or dad will answer her but this time it was silence. So she decided to use her super-hearing that she has because of his dad.

(Y/N) Kent, 12 years old. Clark's and Lois's cute little daughter, the new Supergirl.

"Luthor is working with The Joker Bruce!" She heard her father's voice as she headed towards the kitchen.

Or more like flying.
She loved to do that around the house, but of course when it was just the three of them.

She spotted her father, being a cute little girl that she is she gave him a back hug. She wrapped her arms around his back, which in fact she could reach because she was hovering above the ground.

"I'm home daddy." She whispered. Clark turned his head before cracking a smile to his little girl.

"Welcome back princess." He greeted back, "I'll talk to you later Bruce." He ended the call, he turned around completely to face his daughter before attacking her face in kisses earning giggles from the little girl.

"I love you too daddy." She giggled, "Where is mommy? And who was that?"

She did know the Batman, but didn't know who Bruce was because Clark forgot to told her about who the Batman's identity.

"Mommy will come home late and that was my friend. Now go eat your lunch and prepare your stuff, we'll go to Gotham." Clark answered.

Her eyes widened when she heard 'Gotham', she then clapped her hands excitedly before twirling around in the air her twintails cutely moving along, "Is that mean that I'll meet the famous duo!?"
She asked looking straight into her dad's bright blue eyes when she was done twirling.

Her question received a chuckle from him, "Better yet, you'll get to visit the Batcave."

The girl squealed, "YOU'RE THE BEST.DAD.EVER!" She pecked his forehead and cheeks before flying upstairs to her room only to pack her favorite teddy bear.
Clark smiled and shook his head, preparing his girl's favorite food that *will* make her more happier.

"I'm so lucky." He whispered to himself.

(Y/N) on the other hand changed into her Supergirl outfit, she did her hair into a side braid like usual, so it wouldn't disturb her when fighting.

When she done she zoomed to the kitchen with her (F/C) bag on her back. She sniffed something familiar as she got closer to the kitchen.

"Yass! (F/F)!

Giggling, she took a seat then quickly finished her food.

"DONE! LET'S GO!" She said, jumping from his seat. Clark nodded, went to his and his wife's shared room to change.

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They headed towards Gotham city in high speed.

Before they knew, they already arrived at the cave.

(Y/N) squealed. Her blue eyes (that she got from her father) eyeing the cave, "AMAZING!" Her voice echoed throughout the cave.

On the other hand, Damian and Bruce (who was still in their outfit) heard her squealing then headed to the cave to see who it was.

"So noisy.." Damian growled as he walked to the cave entrance with his father.

When the superfamily was in sight they heard another squeal from the not-familiar girl who was hovering above the ground beside Superman who was standing. Her eyes were bright and wide as saucers, her (S/C) cheeks was covered in a light shade of pink because of how excited she was, a gasp escaped her lips.

Damian raised an eyebrow then scoffed, "Superman's sidekick?"

(Y/N) walked towards him, "I'm (Y/N) Kent! His daughter." She said with a toothy grin, she let out her hand for him to shake.

Clark shook his head with a smile whilst Damian let out another scoff escaped his lips. "So much for secret identity." He said with sarcasm ignoring the girl's hand.

Earning a flick on the forehead from her.

"It's rude to keep a girl waiting." She scolded.

Damian rubbed his forehead with a growl, "I see no girl here." He spat.

Instead of arguing back she let her lips curled up into a smile whilst Damian let out another scoff escaped his lips. "So much for secret identity." He said with sarcasm ignoring the girl's hand.

Earning a flick on the forehead from her.

"Bruce Wayne." He said simply before glancing over at Clark, giving him a 'I don't know you had a daughter' look. Clark shrugged.

"We need to talk Bruce."
He nodded, "Damian, accompany Ms. Kent while I talk to him." He said, gesturing towards the computer to Clark.

"Do I really have to?" He muttered under his breath.

"I heard that! And yes, show me around please." She said, taking Damian's hand with both of her hands.

Damian roughly slapped her hands away, "No touching."

They headed out from the cave to the manor, there she met Alfred,

"Who might you be young miss?" The Butler asked politely.

"(Y/N) Kent. Clark and Lois's Kent daughter. The new Supergirl and now Damian's friend!"

Alfred seemed shocked at her words, because he never heard anything about Superman's daughter. Let alone that, she even introduced herself as Damian's friend even though they just met.

"I'm Alfred Pennyworth."

"Nice to meet ya' Alfred!" She said, smile still plastered on her face before waving goodbye when she noticed Damian left her behind walking towards the garden. "Bye Alfie! See you later!"

Again, Alfred received another surprise from the girls.

"Alfie?" He questioned then shrugged, walking to the cave.

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She stared in awe as she glanced around the garden. She pulled out her teddy bear from her bag, hugging it tight she mumbled, "Look teddy, flowers.."

Damian scoffed, again. "Childish." Earning a glance from the girl.

She handed the teddy to him, it smelled just like her because she always hugged it. Her sweet scent filled his nostrils making him blush unconsciously.

"Hug it! It's comfy!" She said, shoving her teddy further to him.

He slapped the teddy away, tossed it onto the ground. Tears bothering to spill from (Y/N)'s blue eyes, but she quickly brushed them off with her fists. Quickly she fly over to the teddy, brushing it from the dirt and putting it back into the back after she picked it up.

Then she froze.

"What is it?" Damian asked coldly despite his action earlier.

She brought up her index finger to her lips, motioning him to 'shut up' for a while as she listened closely, she heard an insane cackles and a woman's scream. She looked at Damian wide eyed, she scooped him up. Bridal style, since she possessed her father's strength.

A squeak escaped Damian's lips, "W-what are you doing!?!" He stuttered out his cheeks flushed deep red, but got ignored by her.

She ran with Damian in her arms to the cave, eyes scanning for her father and Bruce. Her gaze
stopped at the two men who already prepared to go outside. She walked closer to them still with Damian in her arms.

Her dad snorted and soon turned into a loud laugh at the sight of his little girl carrying *Robin* in her arms meanwhile she just stared up at him in confusion. For Bruce on the other hand, his lips curled up into a smug smirk as he opened his mouth to talk,

"Juliet finally found her prince." His gruff voice said, trying his hardest not to chuckle and ruin his Batman persona.

She looked at Damian who was scowling deeply, feeling humiliated. She laughed.

Putting him back down she muttered an, "Oops." before continuing "Anyway..Daddy, I heard someone screamed earlier, why don't we hurry?" Then started to hover above the ground preparing to leave the cave.

Clark nodded, "Let's go." He grabbed her small hand in his as they fly out from the cave.

"See you on the field Dami!" She said, blowing a kiss to him with a wink then waved.

Damian huffed while his father smirk grew bigger at the sight. They walked to the Batmobile together, to finish their first mission with the new Supergirl.

*P.S : Was taken and requested in my Wattpad account!*
Grounded

Chapter Summary

Part two from I'm The New Supergirl!

Part.2 From: I'm The New Supergirl!

If you haven't read that yet you better check it out first!

9Zio6TSIOX ! Dundun ! Part 2!

Prompt: Mind making a part two? Either she saves Damian from a fatal blow, or She gets grounded for destroying an entire building during the fight.

Frown on her face as she puffed her cheeks. Not liking the idea of getting grounded by her father.

(Y/N) was grounded, why? Because she accidentally destroyed a coffee shop when they fought. She didn't have any other choice, it's not like it was her fault.

How about we flashback a little bit?

They arrived at the Gotham Bank and was greeted by The Joker himself with his crazy clowns behind him while Luthor was nowhere to be seen yet. Her dad and Bruce in front of her while Damian is on her right.

Bruce's scowl got deeper as Clark muttered, "Joker." Under his breath.

"Look who just arrived to the party!"

(Y/N) looked or more like peeking through Bruce and Clark to take a good look at the mad man in front of them, she felt her heart thumped when she saw him. Not in that way. His smile was wide and it wasn't a good smile either. It was a smile a psychopath would wear when they are done with their victims.

And that guy is a Psychopath himself. A psychopath in a clown clothing. Nervousness was taking over, a hand unconsciously took Damian's. This time he didn't budge as if he could sense her nervousness.

"He's scary.." She muttered.

His smile didn't even fade from his face and it got wider when his gaze went down to her. His green orbs catching her blue ones.

Joker clapped his hands, "Ah! Look at that little girly! So adorable Harley will love her!" He exclaimed making her a chill went down her spine, her grip on Damian's got a bit tighter before she parted their hands.
A squeal came out behind the Joker.

"Ah Harley! Look at that, a little girl! A beautiful one too.." He said before cackling, putting a hand on her shoulder.

"She's adorable indeed puddin'! Can we take her home after this!?" She said with a wide smile but not as wide as her 'Partner'.

Clark's hand twitched hearing them talking about his daughter, he pushed her more behind him to protect her from those crazy clowns.

"Of course Harley. We--"

"You're not taking her!" He growled, cutting Joker's words.

He brought his hand up before waving his gloved finger side to side, clicking his tongue a few times he glanced at the man who cut him off before went down to (Y/N) who was looking at him with wide eyes and said, "That was rude. Don't copy his action yes little girl."

'Ring ring'

She tilted her head, "Cellphone?"

Her hunch was right, Joker rummaged his pocket, revealing a purple phone. He brought it up to his ear, "Ah Lexy! Yes yes, Superman is here. Supergirl?--Ah that little girl. Yes--. the bat and his bird also here to-- WHAT?!-- Fine, I'll go there. You're no fun." With that he hung up and turned around.

"I'll leave this to you and the boys." He said to Harley as she nodded. "I can't believe I agreed to work with him, he's no fun." He muttered under his breath.

One of his men went to him and asked, "What's the plan boss? We've never got any plan." Earning a cackle from him.

"Do I really look like a guy with a plan? You know what I am? I'm a dog chasing cars. I wouldn't know what to do with one if I caught it! You know, I just... do things." He answered then walked away. Bruce took a glance to his son and Clark, when he earned a nods from Damian he turned his attention fully to Clark.

"Let's go." He simply said.

"I'm not leaving her." Clark argued.

"Just trust her with this Superman, she'll be fine. Damian will protect her."

"They'll take her, I can't let them do that."

"I'll be okay Superman." She chimed in, her voice wasn't her usual cheerful and childish one, it's sounds a bit mature which shocked her dad.

He stared at her with wide eyes, then it softens. Putting a hand on her head before ruffling it, "Alright. Let's go Batman. Be careful darling."

She gave him a pout, "I'll be fine, go go!" With that he left with Bruce.

"FINALLY!" Harley exclaimed, bringing out her huge hammer out of nowhere she continued.
goodbyes took so long!"

Her minions charged towards her and Damian who already unsheathed his katana.

There's about 25 of them, "Go take Harley, I'll catch up after I take care of those peasants." He said, looking at (Y/N) giving her a nod.

Flying towards Harley with a scowl, she looked back at Damian who already took down 7 men, then back to Harley.

"So pretty! I can't wait to bring you and make you ours!" She said with excitement.

A bunch of scary thoughts went into her head, 'make me theirs?' She questioned internally, but was cut off when Harley swung her hammer at her. Luckily her reflects was good so she dodged it in time. The hammer made contact with the ground, revealing a crack on the ground when Harley brought it back up.

"Nice reflects too! You'll make a good daughter! Can't wait to show my puddin!'" She praised..?

Not saying anything, (Y/N) sent a kick towards Harley but she dodged it. Instead Harley swung her hammer back to her, but this time it hit her face. Sending her towards a coffee shop, the impact destroyed it. Thank god there was no one inside.

Damian noticed, "Supergirl!" Punching one last guy he headed towards her.

A sigh of relieve escaped his lips, he helped her back up to her feet before scoffing. Back to his old self.

"I told you to be careful." He said in mocking tone, she rolled her eyes at him hissing in a slight pain. He continued to ask, "I thought you were the man of steel daughter, how can you get a bruise from that?"

Again she rolled her eyes, "Well, I'm half human half kryptonian you silly bird."

"ARE YOU LOVEBIRDS DONE?!!" They heard Harley's voice boomed, Damian's eye twitched.

"WE'RE NOT A COUPLE!" They said in unison with a scowl, their eyes went wide when they realized what just happened.

Looking at each other they opened their mouth again only to do that again, "DON'T SAY WHAT I'M GONNA SAY!"

"STOP COPYING ME!"

Distracted with their little fight Harley shrugged, taking it as a chance to attack since their guard was down. She took out a handgun and pointed it towards Damian since he was the closest target.

'Click'

(Y/N)'s head snapped towards the sound.

'Bang'

A rush of adrenaline made her pushed Damian aside just in time and replaced him to took the hit. She did. A bullet went through her chest near her heart instead of Damian's but the impact was not enough to make her stumble back, as a pained scream escaped her lips.
"(Y/N)!!" She heard her father panicked voice from afar.

Her father who just got back since he heard his daughter's scream took Harley quickly before fell down and blacked out.

Cliché right?

She did told her father that wasn't her fault, but his mind was clouded with something she will never know.

'Adult business' He said.

While she was sulking Damian was downstairs, outside her house.

Damian knocked a few times, revealing her smiling mother, Lois.

"Damian Wayne?" She asked, even though she already knows the answer.

He nodded, "Mrs. Kent, I'm looking for (Y/N) is she here?"

Pointing at the stairs that could be seen slightly from the entrance she answered, "She is grounded by her father, come in. She's upstairs in her room." Not bothering to ask why he was here.

He mumbled a 'thanks' and went upstairs. He arrived at a door, noticing a sign hanged on the door:

"Clark's and Lois's Kent baby girl room. Please knock but not too loud just in case she already sleeping. You don't want to get slapped.

-Clark & Lois- "

He squinted his eyes noticing there's more than that, a small handwritten words, it said:

"She is more precious than Jewels."

He raised an eyebrow, what it could possibly mean? Again he knocked the door before coming in. Rustling noises was heard from her room.

"Come in!" He turned the door knob opening the door then walked inside. Closing the door behind him, he looked at her.

She was in her in a white lace cotton nightgown. Sitting on her bed, her cheeks was pink and puffed as her lips poked out into a pout, eyebrows furrowed. Her knees was close to her chest while her arms wrapped around her knees with her chin rested above them.

A blush creeping up to his cheeks, finding the sight before him was cute. But of course he didn't know that.

He cleared his throat gaining her attention. She looked at him with the same expression.

"What?" She said rather coldly, even though she wasn't mad at him. She motioned Damian to take a seat on her bed, which he did.

"Thank you.." He started after he sat on the bed, (Y/N) about to question his 'thanks' but he continued, "For saving me."
She blinked a few times, her lips curled up into a smile. His words brightened her day a little bit.

"Anytime Dami." She spoke up smile still rested on her face, he scoffed. "Did you came here just to say that?"

"No." He sighed, "Father told me to spend some time with you.." He trailed off, "Since the reason you are grounded was me."

Her blue eyes lit up at this, she took Damian's hands in hers silently telling him it was a good idea. So they spend the rest of the day watching movies, playing video games, eating snacks that Damian bought on his way, at her room.

Clark got home, greeted by his wife with a kiss on the cheek then the lips.

"We have a guest." She said after they pulled away.

"Who?"

She dragged him upstairs to (Y/N)'s room, making Clark confused.

"Why (Y/N)'s room?"

"Shh.." She hushed, bringing a finger in front of her lips as she slowly opened the bedroom door. Revealing two kids on the bed.

Clark's face turned dark while Lois's have the most wide smile on her face.

Their backs were rested against the bed headboard, (Y/N)'s head rested on Damian's shoulder while his head rested on hers, her arms were linked with his. Their chests moving up and down signaling that breaths were slow and calm as they slept.

Let's just say that Bruce receiving a call from an angry Clark saying that his son better stay away from his precious little cinnamon roll meanwhile Lois shipped them so hard she took 100 pictures and printed all of them.

3 best ones was printed separately with frames and was hanged on the stairs, and some was sent to Bruce.

The Best of the best was in the biggest frame, printed into two. One to hang in the living room, beside their family pictures and the other one yet again sent to Bruce.

He and Alfred also hung it at his living room.

Poor Damian, will be teased so hard by his brothers. But for now let's just enjoy their cuteness..
Bonding

Chapter Summary

Batmom and Damian Wayne!

Another Imagine with the Demon Spawn of Wayne's!

9Zio6TSIOX !! Here~

Request: Batmom x Damian
Relationship: Mother and son bonding.
Prompt: "Damian and Batmom goes to grocery shopping. It's like ... a bonding experience. Batmom gets hit on by a guy while Damian is at the candy aisle. When I say 'hit on' it's like nonstop harassment: always end up in the same aisles, small touches on her arms, etc. She's dead set in finishing shopping and going home. At the end Damian blows up at the man, he's like, "what kind of man hits on another person's mother!?" That's like the first time he acknowledged her as his mother."

Warning: There's some curse words.

"No, Alfred it's okay! I'll go grocery shopping." You insisted.

Alfred was sick, his face is so pale as if he was turned into a vampire. He got a fever, it wasn't that bad but still he got sick and need to rest. His voice was also sore besides he almost never got any chance to rest, staying up until late only to wait for Bruce or the boys to return just to patch them up.

You could do that too, but Alfred didn't want you to. Why? Because he said it was his job, he's a rebel.

But not today..

"Please Mrs. Wayne, I'm fine." He argued, his voice was shaky and sounded dry. You rolled your eyes at his argument.

"Well then, if you want to do it that way Alfred." You said, pausing for a moment to clear your throat.

"Ahem.. Alfred I want you to rest until your fever is gone. And I will do your chores." You stated sternly, he opened his mouth to argue but before any words came out from him you continued, "No Ifs no Buts. Rest Alfred. If you need anything just call me, the boys or Bruce."

He let out a heavy sigh in defeat, "If you insist..".

And that was how you ended up in here. At the grocery store, with the one and only Damian
Wayne.

His small figure walked in front of you with his arms crossed and of course with a scowl. He was forced to come with you since Dick and Tim were watching their favorite TV show meanwhile Bruce and Jason were arguing in the kitchen, so he was the only one who could come with.

Letting out a silent sigh you walked towards Dairy aisle, looking through some milk when you arrived.

Damian tugged your sleeve to get your attention, you looked down to look at him. A small motherly smile already plastered your face.

"What is it Doodle-bug?" You questioned with a motherly voice that fits your smile.

He scoffed, not used with the nickname you gave him, but it doesn't mean he didn't like it, oh he loved it. You called him that since you caught him doodling Titus and random things, a bunch of times.

"I'm going to the other aisle, I'll be back after I found what I need."

You nodded, he walked away from you but not before receiving a kiss on the cheek from you. When you did that you noticed a slight crimson hue on his face, you couldn't help but smile at the sight.

Putting the milk inside the trolley, "3 box of milk." You trailed off, ticking the shopping list with a smile. "Check. Cereal.. Hmm.. Cereal cereal." You murmured, (E/C) orbs looking for the item you needed only to mentally groaning.

It's not like you didn't found it, oh you did. But it was so high you couldn't even got it even if you tip toed.

A hand reached for it before you could even ask for help, as if the person reads your mind.

"It's this one?" Th-- He asked.

You turned around to face the guy.

His lips curled up into a smile when he looked at you, his smile was genuine. But not as genuine and charming as Dick's.

He was tall but not as tall as Jason.

He looked smart but not as smart as Tim.

He has a pair of beautiful eyes but not as beautiful as Damian's.

Lastly but not least he was.. Handsome, but of course. Your beloved husband, Bruce Wayne was a whole lot handsomer and muscular than him.

You could list all every reason why your boys were flawless. Hell, even Alfred was flawless!

Breaking your thoughts, you sent him a smile. "Yes, thank you very much." You said, reaching out to take the box from him, accidentally making a skin to skin contact.

He nodded, not making any move to walk away.
"Thanks again.." You said, walking away from him. Brushing off the feeling that someone was staring and following you.

You were wearing a loose red off the shoulder jumper paired with a black leggings and a pair of black ankle boots and it was chosen by Damian himself.

Why? Who knows..

But also receiving you some dirty looks from the men in the store, you looked like a woman in her early 20s, meanwhile you were in your late 30s just like your husband.

You went to pick some meat for dinner, you were about to take the last steak but your hands accidentally brushed against a familiar hand.

Your head whipped to the side, finding the same guy as before.

"Ah, you can take that.." You said to him, giving him the same smile as before.

"No no!" He argued, "Please take it."

"But--"

"Please I insist." He said, cutting you off.

"Alright." You said, taking the steak and put it inside your trolley before ticking the shopping list, "Thanks.. Again." You laughed.

He nodded. "No problem."

You swore you could see a slight blush dusted his cheeks before you walked away, waving goodbye at him.

You found the same guy every time you went to the different aisles, it was creepy. And a skin to skin contact always happened. Feeling crepted out you decided to find Damian.

He was actually looking at you from behind, hiding to be exact. He already got some of his favorite sour candies and chocolate cookies. Even though he loved Alfred's but since he was sick he had to buy one.

He watched your every move. Of course he noticed the same guy that you met literally at every aisles and also your discomfort when your skin brushed against his.

Then it happened again.

Decided that it was enough he walked towards you with his candies and cookies in his arms. He put it inside the trolley before walking beside you taking your hand in his.

"Are you done Dami?" You asked with another motherly smile.

"Yes, let's go. I already called the others to pick us up." He said.

You walked away from that creepy guy to the cashier with Damian hand in hand, your free hand gripping the trolley.

Waiting in line, again you met that guy. He stood behind you.
"Really?" You muttered under your breath, since it was noisy because of people's chatter nobody heard your voice. But Damian did.

You wanted to hide your face, too bad your hair was tied in a messy bun. You mentally kicked yourself for your hairstyle choice.

"Ah you again." His too familiar voice ringed in your ear, making you cringe.

You turned your head around, your (E/C) met his brown ones. Trying to not avert his gaze you spoke. "Hi.." You said, giving him a little wave.

He walked to your side, your left side since Damian was on your right. He put a hand on your shoulder.

"We meet...again." He joked, obviously trying to talk to you.

You nodded as Damian looked up at him with a deep frown on his face. His eyes met the guy's.

"Who is this big guy?" He asked you, motioning towards Damian.

You hesitated for a while, Damian never acknowledged you as his mother. You really wanted to call him your son, but afraid he would get mad at you and start hating you.

You were too busy with your train of thoughts until Damian spoke up for you.

"I'm her son." He hissed.

The guy's grip on your shoulder tightened, making you flinch a bit.

"Son? Aren't you too young to have a son?" He flirted with a smug smirk.

Oh you wish you could just punch him where the sun don't shine to wipe that disgusting smirk off his face.

Without you knowing, he grabbed your chin gently turning your head to look up at him.

"You're so beautiful.." He breathed out. Ugh, his breath reek of alcohol. Did I just noticed this? You thought.

You moved his hand off your face gently, "Thanks.. I guess.."

Damian scoffed, "What kind of man are you? Hitting on another person's mother."

Your eyes widened, what did he say? Mother? You looked down, all of a sudden finding the white marbles interesting in attempt to hide your huge smile.

The man didn't pay any attention making his blood built up in rage.

"HANDS OFF MY MOTHER!" He exclaimed harshly enough to make the man flinch and your smile got wider.

As if on cue, familiar voices calling you.

"Mom!" They said, instead of your name.

Your eyes widened, almost rolled out of their sockets. You looked at the source of the voices to
find Dick, Jason and Tim walking towards you. With Bruce behind them.

Of course this caught every single person in the store, especially when The Bruce Wayne was in sight. They brought out their phone to take some pictures of the Playboy Billionaire.

Meanwhile the man just stared in confusion, but not letting go his hand from your shoulder.

"Are you okay?" Dick asked, earning a nod from you as a sign that you are fine.

"What took you so long." Damian scoffed.

"Uh what's with the hand dude?" Jason chimed in his eyebrows knitted together not liking the sight, pointing at the guy's hand. Luck for him that Jason didn't have his gun at the time. If he does, well. He better run.

Tim gave the man a murderous glare, but still not enough to make the guy's hand move.

Then Bruce came in.

"I'm sorry, but she's my wife." He stated, prying off the man's hand from your shoulder and pulled you closer to him. You were too overwhelmed with this situation to even speak.

"Father.." Damian said trying to get Bruce's attention, which he did. "He followed my mother everywhere. Literally everywhere." He trailed off, glancing at the man who looked so scared and regretted every decision he made in life.

"He touched her on purpose, making excuse such as accidentally brushing his filthy hands against hers." He continued sternly and confidently. Pressing on some words to prove his point and to prove that he was serious.

You heard Bruce growled in annoyance and anger as his grip tightened on your hip. He then cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry but I need to report you for sexual harassment that you did to my wife." He said, rather harshly.

"Bu--"

"Nope, no buts. Or I'll fucking beat you up." Jason hissed as he cracked his knuckles walking towards the man making him backed off from the Waynes. "I'll count to three." He started, "One.."

Crack! He got closer towering over the man.

"Two.."

Crack!

"Thr--" before he could finish counting, the creep started to run away. "--ee... Pfft, he's much worse than a chicken and he tried to flirt with our mother." He scoffed, "Yea right."

Your face were flushed red, lips curled up into a wide smile as you looked up at them then Damian.

Pulling away from Bruce's grip you picked up Damian, twirling him in the air as giggles escaped your lips.
The boys stared at you in confusion, Bruce was smirking since he knows exactly what happened.

You attacked his face in kisses, pulling him close to you with a motherly hug.

"You called me mother Dami! You called me mother.." You said excitedly whispering the last sentence. He blinked a few times, trying to catch what you said. Then realization hit him like a train, He did called you mother and it was from the bottom of his heart.

His face turned into crimson color when he heard snickering from his brothers even his father joined but he was chuckling. Feeling defeated he sighed.

"I did." He mumbled.

You pulled away from the hug enough to see his beautiful emerald orbs, "Yes! I never thought you'll say that Doodle-bug!!" You said, pulling him back into a hug.

He hesitantly hugged back, his lips curled up into a smile a true genuine smile.

"Yes mother I did." He said it again, the word mother rolled out from his lips and it was dedicated to you, he couldn't help but smile.

"The Demon Spawn smiled guys.." Tim said, cringing as the others continue to snicker.

You and the others payed for the things and brought it to the manor. Dick, Jason, Tim and Bruce helped, meanwhile you carrying Damian, not even letting go for a minute. The rest of the boys teased him of course, but Damian could careless. It was the first time he truly felt how a mother should be, how a mother should love her son.

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Alfred was back to his normal self the next day, he reads a paper almost spilling his tea as he did.

There was a picture of you and the others laughing, you carrying Damian, kissing his cheeks, even when he smiled was there too.

Alfred felt kind of grateful he sick that day, but also regretted it because he couldn't see it himself. But he saw the other side of Damian, clinging onto you entire time and it brought a smile to his face.

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Hope you enjoyed! Sorry for grammar errors!

-K!
Chapter Summary

Request: Different Dimension Batfam + Alfred x Batfam with Batmom.

Prompt: "Something caused diff dimension Batfam (Basically canon Batfam) to come across the headcanon world that's exactly like their dimension; only, this dimension has Batmom."

Warning: Cursing.

Another request from: 9Zio6TSIOX~!!

"What.. The actual.. Fuck..?" Jason cursed, meanwhile Dick just sent you his usual smile. But it seems off.

You on the other hand trying to process what the hell just happened. No your boys weren't dying or came home all bloody and such, no. They doubled?

Blinking a few times you gave it another thought, wait.. Dick and Jason were upstairs sleeping in their rooms. How did you know? Well you always checked on your boys to see if they need anything, you even checked on Alfred. Those Jason and Dick wore their outfit.

"What is it?" A too familiar kid-like voice asked, you glanced down to see Damian. Wait, he was sleeping too. This Damian wore his Robin outfit. There's Bruce in his Batman outfit and Alfred?..?

"What?" You blurted out, looking at them in confusion glancing at the stairs every now and then to think. "Wha--?"

"May I know who are you.?" 'Bruce' asked.

"I'm.. (Y/N) (L/N) once.. Now I'm (Y/N) Wayne." You answered, making him look at you in confusion. But his confusion can't match yours.

Damian scoffed, "Wayne?" You nodded. "I don't remember father adopting a woman into our family."

Now this time you were offended, so you decided to ask who the hell are they. "Ha..Ha.." You laughed sarcastically, "Funny 'Damian'." You said. You could practically saw his eyes widened under the lens of his Domino Mask.

"How did you know?" 'Tim' asked, he pulled out his bo staff in attempt to attack you.

"Of course I know, 'Tim'." You said, his eyes also widened under his mask. "Calm down, you heard that I said I was (Y/N) Wayne right? Of course I know all of this superhero secret."

'Jason' took a few steps towards you, taking your chin between his thumb and index finger gently before tilting your head side to side then upwards to make you look at him as if he was observing something. And he did. He was observing your beautiful face.
"Heh, beautiful.." He said, before backing up to the others.

"Who are you?" You asked.

"You already know who are we." 'Bruce' answered.

"No. My husband and my boys are upstairs, sleeping same goes for Alfred." You answered.

"Husband? Boys? Me?" Alfred chimed in.

As if on cue your Damian's voice was heard, "What happened?" Your head turned towards Damian, your lips automatically curled up into a smile. That happened everytime you saw him, who doesn't love that adorable little child? Well, his brothers don't. At least it's what he thought.

You kneeled down to his level when he reached you, you gave him a hug then picked him up to your arms. Turning back to the 'doppelganger' only to find them looking at you with wide eyes, especially 'Damian'.

"I have a weird dream." Your Damian mumbled in his still sleepy state.

"Hm?"

"I think there is two me.."

You gave him a nervous chuckle, "Uh.. But there is actually two you Dami." You said.

His eyes snapped open, "So I'm not dreaming!?" He screeched a little too loud, a loud 'thud' was heard from upstairs. Oh great, the boys woke up.

"No you are not." Said the other 'Damian' as you put your Damian down to his feet.

"What..The actual..Fuck..?" You heard this time your Jason cursed from behind you.

"Oh great." The other 'Jason' said, rolling his eyes. "Hello..Me."

Your family and uh the other family that seems to be from the other universe, that's what they said- Were in the batcave.

"So.." You started breaking the silence that have filled the room after 'Bruce' explained what he thought really happened to them and your Bruce said that there is a chance that it could happen. All of their heads turning towards you, making you nervous.

Clearing your throat you continued, "Don't look at me like I just discover 'how to make Joker stays in his cell'." You trailed off, sighing you continued again. "Okay so you were saying that you are from the other dimension'. Making an air quote with your fingers when you said 'other dimension' receiving a nod from the other 'Bruce'.

"Now I've seen everything.." You mumbled, glancing at your husband then your boys who just gave you a shrug.

"Wait..Hold up, you're working with them but never thought that this could happen?" Other 'Dick' chimed in, you gave him a nod.

Of course who would've thought that there is another world. Bruce never told you about it but he seems to know, 'What an asshole..' You thought.
"You all can live here until we.." Your husband said, he motioned to the other 'Bruce' who was standing beside him, "Found some solution." With that he began to walk to change into his Batman outfit. Great.. Now there will be two Batman you'll have a hard time to tell the difference between them.

A light bulb pop up above your head.

When Bruce were done changing he walked back to the group, he wasn't wearing his cowl..Yet. Thank God. You walked towards him, pulling off his left glove.

He arched an eyebrow at you, so does the others. "What are you going to do?" He asked you. You put a finger up to tell him to shut up.

"Well, Batman.." You said, pulling off his marriage ring from his ring finger then put his glove back on along with his cowl. "I'm obviously doing something.." After that you went on your knees, copying how he proposed to you 10 years ago.

But of course with no Batman outfit, not in the cave, you were not wearing your nightgown, their doppelganger is not here

He gave you a little chuckle realizing what are you doing and why are you doing it while you just grinned, "Will you marry me?" You continued wiggling your eyebrows in a weird way.

He sent you a 'just put it on already' look, which you did with a laugh. Turning around after you stood up only to find the others amused and disgusted faces, some trying to hold their laughter. Jason and Dick were snickering. Your boys of course. But their doppelgangers? Not so good.

"Waaaaait a second.." the other 'Tim' chimed in, holding his hands up. "So.. You mention 'your husband' earlier.. Does that mean.." He trailed off, trying to take the new information slowly.

"Yes. I'm married with this big bad bat over here." You gestured to your husband behind you, "And I did that earlier to help me tell the difference between your 'Bruce' and our 'Bruce'." You explained your action earlier to them, pointing the two men as you did so.

"I'm going to get some help from the league." Your Bruce said.

"I'll come with." The other 'Bruce' said.

With that they left, leaving their boys and two Alfred with you.

"This..Is going to be a long night..." You muttered under your breath.

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*sorry for grammar errors! -K!*
Part 2 of Doppelganger?  
Was requested on my Wattpad account!

Since those 'doppelgangers' stay in the manor, your head felt it was going to blow. Why? God damn, they always pulled a prank against each other. They would team up with their other self from the other dimension and crash the manor. Making it looked like an abandoned haunted house instead of a manor. It's been 3 days.

'Crash'.

You sighed, putting your (H/C) locks in a messy bun preparing to work, the boys are at it again. But hey, at least you got two Alfreds now! The funny thing about both Alfred was, they almost did everything in unison.

You walked down from your shared room to where the boys were bickering, there. Two Alfred stood up, shaking their heads in disbelief in rhythm.

"Bloody hell." They muttered under their breath, making you stifled a laugh. They were too frustrated to realize what are they doing.

The couch were flipped, nuts scattered all over the floor. Hell, even cracked eggs and flour too. The flour looked like they were trailed to somewhere so you decided to follow the trail. It leads down to the cave.

You groaned, both Bruce will come home anytime soon. And the cave looked like..A CAVE!
Duh, no it was more like Alfred tried to cook in the batcave but he ended up making a flour bomb and it exploded in this cave.

"How will I clean this.."

Deciding that the boys had done enough you walked to the living room.

"BOYS! YOU BETTER GET DOWN HERE!" You screamed, a few footsteps were heard. They were rushing, your frown deepened. "BY I MEAN BOYS THAT MEANS ALL OF YOU! ALL.OF.YOU!"

And there you have it, your boys and their doubles. You gave them your best bat-glare before walked away. Leaving them confused but then they frowned, you came back with buckets full of water and mops. Resting them against the wall you cleared your throat.

"I won't ask you how all of this happened because you will blame each other so I want you boys to clean all of this mess before both of Bruce come back." You stated sternly with a glare you scanned all of their faces, they gave you a small nod. Your face softens and smiled.

"Good! Now get to work." You said still smiling, which make things creepier. You told both Alfred to rest, of course they didn't listen so you 'demanded' them to rest. They obliged.
The boys..All of them, ran to do their jobs. The oldest in the cave and the rest in the manor, meanwhile you replaced Alfred to cook dinner along with a batch of cookies for them.

After a few hours of cooking you were done, you placed all of the dinner in the dining room. Sighing in satisfaction you looked at your *works* with sparkly (E/C) orbs.

"I'm finally done." You muttered to yourself, proud of your job of replacing Alfred.

You walked towards the now clean living room, your smile went wider but the poor boys were sprawled on the floor as they panted, like a bunch of dying starfish.

Tim was the one who noticed you, "Mom we're done.." He panted out. Oh, yes your boys called you mom since you had a hard time to tell the difference between them.

A soft laugh escaped your lips, "Yes good job boys." You praised, then you remembered their *reward.* "I've made cookies enough for all of you, now go clean up."

Their heads perked up when they heard the words *cookies* they stormed to their room.

--Dinner Time--

All of the men-- and boys of course were in the dining room with you. You sat beside Dick, across from you was 'Damian', both of Bruce(s) were at the each head of the table. The rest? They sat from the oldest to the youngest.

There was a silence but 'Dick' broke it.

"So how did you met that Bruce?"

You choked your homemade pasta as your eyes widened clearly not expecting that question even though it was obvious that one of them would ask you, Bruce patted your back to help you cough and gave you a glass of water.

You coughed a 'Thank You' which he responded with a small smile before answering 'Dick's' question.

"I uh.. Met him before he met this Dick." You started pointing at the Dick that sat beside you, then continued. "Would you believe me.. If I told you I was Joker's 2nd partner after Harley?"

Another cough can be heard, but now it's not from you but from all of your family doubles. They copied your earlier action, staring at you wide eyed.

Shrugging you continued, "Yeah I know what are you thinking, 'That means you were insane'." You waved your hand side to side to dismissed those thought from their heads.

"Alfred and the rest of the boys also thought so when I told them this, but no." You shook your head, "I don't know if you also have me in your dimension or not. But I was called Jester."

'Jason' raised his hand slightly, he was leaning on his chair interested with your story. You gave him a nod to continue.

"Were you there when I--" He cleared his throat and pointed at his other self, "He died? I mean did you still work with him when he died?"

You nodded, 'Jason' flinched and glared at you, even though you were not there when he died at his dimension he still didn't like it. But before he could insult you, Alfred spoke up.
"She was the one who found Master Jason's body and informed Master Bruce."

"Yes, I wasn't there when the bomb exploded and all. But I know where he was. I already told Joker it's not worth the time and energy. Well you know Joker being his crazy self, he cackled and ignored me." You explained.

"Do you still work with him? If not, why?" 'Bruce' questioned.

You shook your head and leaned against the chair, "I ran from him after Jason died. I was abused too. But I'm still close with Harley. We're basically sisters."

'Bruce' cocked an eyebrow, "Harley Quinn?"

"Yeah, not at night though. We go to the mall together, talked about our partner, gym, life, how is the boys and all."

"If you don't mind me asking Mrs. Wayne, how did you become so close with Master Bruce?" 'Alfred' asked.

You groaned mentally at the feeling of being interrogated, but chuckled softly at 'Alfred's' question.

"He found me dying in an alley. Remember when I told you I was abused?" You asked them which earning a nod and a series of 'Yes' and 'Uh-huh'.

"Well, he was chasing after me because I ran from his 'funtime' which is literally a torture for me. When Bruce asked 'Do you have a family?' I shook my head and he took me in with the provision of taking care Dick Grayson." You paused squeezing Dick's cheek earning a groan from him and snickers from the others, "Then He told me how to be good and fight properly, I joined the League, The girls tried to hook me up with him which we did and get married after 2 years of dating..so cliché..

Before you could ask if they have any more question 'Damian' spoke up making you groan. "Did you know about his affairs with Catwoman and basically my mother but since this is your dimension.. His mother?" He said after a bit of rambling. Thus earned a series of 'ooh' 'aah' 'ugh'.

You gave him a loud LOUD laugh, "Yes." You simply answered after done laughing and your voice laced with hatred and rage.

'Damian' wanted to ask you further but 'Tim' shoved a spoonful of pasta into his mouth.

Dinner was great after they were done asking you of course, all of them gave their opinion about you. They called you 'A good mother', 'Badass', 'Too beautiful to be true', 'Can I take you home?', 'Despite your age you look so young', etc. They showered you with compliments and you didn't mind.

Without you knowing time passed, both Bruce already found the way to send them back to their dimension. Making you sad, but they need to go back, many people need them.

You stood in front of a huge portal with them, the portal connects two dimension.

"It was fun meeting you guys but we need to go back." Was the only words you heard before all of them hurried their way back.

But of course not after you packed them cookies, both Bruce shook each other's hand, the boys
talked something that god knows what and Alfred gave his other self your weird but still delicious food recipes.

Whooh! Yeyah finished! The ending sucks XD I ran out of idea Sssss .... (Lies, she's just lazy)

Sorry for grammar errors!

-K!
Perfect Clone

Chapter Summary

Requested by : 9Zio6TSIOX

Relationship : Kryptonian! Reader x Tim Drake (Robin)

Prompt : In the future the League figures out that Cadmus created another clone. She was already at her full power: Superhuman strength, superhuman speed, superhuman senses (Including telescopic vision, x-ray vision, superhuman hearing, microscopic vision), Invulnerability, superhuman breath, Flight (Initially enhanced jumping, super leaping), vocal abilities, including ventriloquism. Etc. But the thing is—she doesn't know how to control it! She makes it back in the past with Bart and now needs to survive a jealous Wondergirl who—in some mindset—thinks you are going to replace her.

They thought you were a perfect human, they thought you could do anything you wanted, they were scared of you.

You scoffed as those thoughts that yet again went through your damn head, no you were not perfect at all.

Okay you admit it, you have everything that Superman has. Even better, you were cooler, greater and more perfect that he was. But you were not human at all, a clone. That's what you are.

You're just a clone who has feelings, nothing but a bundle of a successful—result of the experiment Cadmus had done for more than 14 years.

But the downside was, you can't control your powers correctly. You did control some of them, such as ventriloquism (You use it more for entertainment sometimes to manipulate others), flying and super speed but you were scared to use the rest.

You came back with Bart Allen to the past, asking for other heroes for help.

And that was why you ended up in this situation, sitting on the couch doing nothing with Wondergirl who was glaring at you on your right side and Robin on the other side.

You didn't mind at all with her glaring; you could kill her anytime you wanted to. But you were not some crazy clone on the loose. So instead of hitting her to her misery you decided to spoke up.

"Why are you glaring at me like that?"

Her eyebrows knitted together, "Making sure you're not going to do anything stupid." She spat.

Rolling your eyes you stood up, "No I won't do anything stupid such as stealing your boyfriend."

You spat back calmly then walked away.

Being treated like a damn threat was stressful, you already told them that you were not going to do anything. But no, they didn't believe you.
You slumped onto the bed, tears rolling down your cheeks.

You didn't have anybody, no family, no friends. Despite your perfectness you were lonely. Everyone in the mountain has their own friends, mentor, hell even some of them were dating.

You? Despite your good looks-- that every women would kill to get it- it seems like no one dares to approach you because of your damned powers. You were too overpowered.

You broke down and decided to go outside to refresh your basically an artificial brain.

Sniffling you stood up, grabbing your jacket and cover your face with the hoodie.

You were strolling on the beach since it was the closest, you couldn't get too far since they gave you something like a bracelet to keep their eyes on you.

It was only a tracker, but it still broke your heart. You walked to the water, dipping your feet. The sound of wave and the smell of the ocean calms you down.

"You okay?" Asked a familiar voice behind you.

Turning your head slightly you saw Robin in his casual clothes and sunglasses. You fight back the urge to roll your eyes. Mentally clicking your tongue. 'Secret identity.' You thought.

"I'd love to say yes but I couldn't since all of you treating me like some kind of homicidal maniac."

Robin sighed and walked towards you, before he could get any closer you spoke up.

"Don't come here, you'll get hurt." You warned.

"No I won't."

You sent him a glare, but he didn't budge at all. You could swore that this guy is annoying. And that was why you liked him, to put it bluntly you have developed a feeling for Batman's sidekick.

Instead of giving him a reason to back off, you did it yourself. You didn't want to accidentally hurt him with your super strength or accidentally shoot him with your heat vision or even accidentally froze him with your freeze breath.

You were too busy with your thought you didn't realize you stumbled and fell because of a damn rock. And you were too caught off guard to even prevent yourself from falling.

You shut your eyes waiting for the impact, waiting for the sand hit your face. But it never come. Opening your eyes only to see Robin's face in front of you.

You groaned, "And I thought this cliché thing can only happen in movies."

"You're welcome."

He helped you stood back on your feet, his eyes glancing at you once in a while before it became a full stare. This didn't go unnoticed by you, raising an eyebrow you spoke up.

"What?"

He raised an eyebrow at you as his lips curled up into a rather smug smirk. Then realization hit you. He's okay, you didn't hurt him at all.
But before you could say anything someone charged their fists at you, making you stumble back a little bit. Their or should I say her punch didn't affect you.

You already knew who did that.

"What's your problem!" You hissed at Cassie after gaining your composure. She didn't answer you at all. 'That girl.' You thought as you sent her a glare.

"You know what? I've Enough of this." You snapped, flinging your punch to her. As soon as your fist made a contact with her cheek, she was sent backwards, hitting a huge boulder.

You knew very well that you would get scolded even kicked from the team. But heck, you didn't care anymore. Their behavior towards you just pissed you off, sending you over the edge.

You were about to fly away to Cassie, giving her another punch but a hand stopped you. You turned your head around to see Robin.

"Enough." He said.

"Why should I? I had enough of this Robin."

His grip on your hand tightened as he pulled you down since you were hovering out of rage. Cassie on the other hand tried to pull herself together but ended up blacking out.

Letting out a heavy sigh you slapped your hand away from his grip. "Just help her." You said as you ripped the tracker off your wrist and giving it to him when you were done.

"What are you doing?"

"Quitting."
Perfect Clone Pt.2

After you left the team a few years ago, you had nothing to do, you didn't really need to sleep nor eat. But to fill your free time and since you need a place to live, you work as a waiter at a coffee shop in Gotham and live at a small apartment which is enough for you.

You knew that one day for sure you would meet that damned Robin again and his mentor. Gotham is their territory after all.

You even bet that they were searching for you, it's not like they didn't know your face. Oh hell they knew. But you tried to kept a 'low profile'. You were trying to avoid the Batman not some kind of normal detective.

And you were sure they'll find you soon enough.

"Ms. (L/N)! Can you take order at table 3?" Your boss called breaking you from your train of thoughts.

"On it!" You answered, walking to the counter to take their orders.

You walked towards the table near the window, there was a guy sitting there. He looked familiar, he reminds you of Robin but you brushed it off.

You have X-ray vision, but you've never thought of using it on him. You respect his privacy.

You gently put the cup of black coffee and a plate of fries to the table. "Sorry to keep you waiting." You said softly. "Is there anything else?"

The guy turned his head up to look at you, he has a pair of blue eyes. They were the prettiest eyes you've ever seen, his raven hair matched his looks.

He stared at you for a while, it seems like he were examining you. Then he shook his head.

"No, I'm good. Thanks." He said, his voice sounded like a deeper version of Robin's.

You sent him a smile before leaving. Your heart beats faster around him earlier. Why though?

After a few hours of working you finally got back to your apartment, as soon as you reached your room you flopped down onto the bed. You didn't feel tired at all, but you loved to sleep as much as you could. It helped you to get your problem off your mind.

It was only 2 AM when you woke up, you hate when this happened. Waiting for 7 more hours to get ready to work. That was your life, 'sleep', 'eat', bathe, work and repeat.

What a miserable life.

You walked to your closet, rummaging for something. Your old outfit, oh how you miss your 'superhero' times.

Even though you were just a clone.

Taking off your work uniform that you accidentally wear to sleep, you hoped that it would still fit.

"It fits." You laughed when you were done. Twirling around in front of the mirror with a wide
smile.

You were too busy with your reflection, you didn't notice an intruder going in through your window.

"Still the same huh." A voice said.

You turned around to find the Red Robin, giving him a glare you spoke up.

"What are you doing here?"

"Checking an old friend." He simply answered.

You charged towards him, making his back hit the thin wall. Surprisingly he didn't dodge or flinch.

"I have no friend." You growled, lifting him up against the wall by the collar.

A smirk creeping up to his face, "Already able to control your power I see." He said smugly making your eyes widened. Where did he knows about your powers.

Realization hit you, mentally slapping and scolding yourself. He was related to Batman. Wait.. What?

"Robin?" You asked, confusion can be seen in your face.

"Nu uh, it's Red now." You put him down and backed away.

"Wha-- You- How?!" You stuttered out, you have to leave, you have to go. But where?

"It seems like you haven't seen my face yet."

You cocked an eyebrow, backing more further from him but he walked towards you. 'Oh nostalgia.' You thought mentally rolling your eyes remembering when the same thing happened years ago at the beach.

"Of course I haven't!"

He put both his hands under his cowl, pulling it up slowly as if he was hesitating. He even stopped, but continued to peel his cowl revealing a pair of blue eyes that you saw earlier. A pair of blue eyes that you adored when you saw them.

A small gasp escaped your lips. "You?"

"That guy you served? Yes me." He said rather smugly.

You sent him another glare, now questioning what he wanted from you, kill you? Lock you up? A train of thoughts went trough your mind. But he broke it.

Robin or now Tim, "No I won't do nasty things to you. I just want you to join me."

His words shocked you, but your glare managed to stay plastered on your face. Quickly you shook your head, declining his offer.

"No thanks, I don't want to. I'm happy now. I just want a normal life like you humans." You stated sternly, true it was one your main reasons to leave the team. Sick of being caged, not being trusted, liked, loved. They took your freedom from you.
"We won't, I've make sure that they won't lock you up." He promised.

You shook your head once more, you've made your mind you wouldn't join them anymore. You just wanted to be normal that's all.

"No I'm sorry, now leave."

"Plea--"

"Leave Tim." You said sternly, cutting him off.

He let out a sigh in defeat and put his cowl back on, walking to the window. He turned his head to the side to look at you.

"Tell me if you change your mind." He said, before leaving you alone again. Not looking back this time.

You won't change your mind, no matter what. You've promised yourself, this is what you wanted. Freedom.
"Bitch! Filthy Whore!" The girls screamed at you, "Slut!" She shouted again, then one of the girls accidentally bumped into you, she whispered something in your ear. "Tim would never like you.. He loves (F/N)."

You have a crush with this.. Boy, Tim Drake. But your so called friend (F/N) stole him from you. You've loved him longer than her, even when you think about her it made you gag. She was your friend yes, she was that innocent, cute, pure type of girl. But you know for sure deep down she was the exact opposite of that.

(F/N) won't admit it, but you know she was the one who spread the false gossips about you. They talked about you working in some kind of clubs which in fact you do have your own nightclubs, being a sex slave for a living. You clicked your tongue, remembering that. The truth is you worked as a Mercenary, Beast the number 1 Mercenary in Gotham. They didn't know about your name, gender or face even the famous vigilante Batman didn't know about you, you didn't do the dirty works but you would if things get.. Sticky. You also know (F/N)'s deep dark secret thanks to your job.

She worked at your club, she gave the customer a 'special service' every weekend. Did Tim knows? Nope. He knows nothing about his girlfriend 'special job'. Actually with him being Robin which you also knew because of your job, should've known, but he respected her too much so he decided not to question her and you couldn't let her just like that. So now you decided to confront her after 2 weeks waiting for the right time.

Your hair, katanas that rested on your back complete with small knives and guns wrapped around your waist, tight jumpsuit and combat boots were covered by your long cloak, your face was also covered by your full face tiger mask, you walked into your club as the crowd began whispering, you heard them.

"Is that him?", "Who is it?", "He looks too short to be a Mercenary." But they stopped when you turned around to look at them before you continue to walk to the stage. You turned on your voice changer.

"Ladies and Gents!" You greeted, your voice became deep and intimidating. Slightly distorted. "What do you think about my club?" You asked, the crowd began to cheer signing that they liked your club and the 'services'. You smirked behind the mask.

As on cue the windows shattered, two figures landed gracefully onto the floor. The crowd gasped and began to stand up. It was Batman and Robin, your smirk widened. You knew what they wanted.

"AH! Batman and Robin!" You exclaimed, "What an honour for you to crash into this place!" You clapped your hands together.

Batman stepped closer to you with Robin, "We need to talk." His deep voice said.

"AH YES! Of course! Follow me.." You walked to the backstage but motioning the two vigilantes to wait. "Wait a minute." You walked to one of your henchman, "Lean down please.." He leaned down a bit, enough for you to whisper into his ear, "No eavesdropping!" You warned Batman, knowing he would do it.
You whispered something to him, he nodded and went to do his task. You turned around, turning your attention back to them. "This way.." You said as you began to walk again.

You opened a rather black tall door, "Come in come in!" You told them, they walked inside with you following behind. When all of you were inside you closed the door behind you.

"What do you want?" You asked.

"Information." Robin answered.

You tapped your mask, pretended to think. "Hmm.." You began, "You don't really think that I will give you the information without a price right?" You finished, taking a seat on the couch.

Robin opened his mouth, "What d--"

"Robin.. Robin.. Robin.." You cut him off waving a finger at him. "I'm not talking about money or else. In fact.. I will gladly give you the information even two of them!" You said, jumping from your seat. ",(F/N)! Come in!" You ordered.

A grin making it's way onto your lips when you saw him twitched, Batman just decided to kept silent. (F/N) came in with the other 4 guards. You could practically felt his eyes widened under the mask.

You sat back on the couch, (F/N) looked at you terrified but slightly seducing you because she thought you were a man. 'Horny bitch.' You thought. She wore a revealing bunny outfit, by I mean revealing it was barely covered her boobs and butt.

"Come here baby girl." You purred your voice still deep and distorted, patting the empty space beside you. She walked over and gladly took a seat on it, you leaned closer to as your gloved hand caressing her cheek down to her collarbone then her shoulder. You felt her shivered.

"What do you think about this place?" You asked making her looked at you with a seductive smile.

"I love it here!" She chirped, wrapping her hands around your neck. You were disgusted by her action but she couldn't see it.

"I see, I heard you have a boyfriend? Tell me his name." You demanded but still in a calm manner.

She gulped before answering, "Tim Drake.." She trailed off, "But he don't know I work here, I promise." She blurted, you have to hold a laugh at this. You gave her a disc.

"Give it to Robin then you can leave." You ordered, she nodded. Walking towards Robin, you could tell he was disappointed but it was the only way to make him stay away from her.

"Here." She said giving the disc to him before leaving the room.

When she left the room, you spoke, "That's the information you needed." You paused, "Tim Drake."

The vigilantes snapped their heads at you, "What?" Robin asked in disbelief.

"Oh you don't have to hide it, I already know. You Batman is Bruce Wayne, the first Robin is Dick Grayson now he's Nightwing, second Robin is Jason Todd but he's dead." You told them bluntly, you moved your hands to your cloak before taking it off.

"You're not a man?" He asked then he shook his head.
"Who're you." Batman growled, you saw him preparing his batarang, but before he could do anything you opened your mouth again.

"Shh, batsy batsy batsy.." You shook your head with a laugh, "I'm 'bout to reveal it y'know?" You took off your mask slightly.

"It's me Tim your classmate." You said, your voice went back to normal. Tim almost dropped the disc.

"(L-L/N)?" He stuttered, nodding you walked closer to him.

"You probably gonna ask why am I doing this, truth is.. I like you. Way longer than that slut earlier." You said with a smirk gracing on your lips. "I just don't want you to break your heart." You admitted, removing his domino mask revealing his blue eyes that you adored the most.

"Wasn't that to extreme to expose her like that.?" Batman asked for Tim.

You laughed at his question. "Of course not. She deserve it. Besides, nobody knows except you, me and Tim." You stated. "And oh, don't worry about secret identity I won't tell anybody." You stroked his cheek lovingly before putting back his mask for him.

"Anyway gotta go, it's late. We have a test tomorrow, don't we?" You reminded.

"OH MY GOD YES A TEST!" Tim gasped, Batman looked down at him with a blank expression.

"See ya tomorrow Robin!" You said, pecking his cheek before wearing back your coat and your mask and leaving them alone.

"Robin.." Batman called, Tim looked up at him. "You better do good in your test tomorrow or no patrolling for a week."

Tim groaned, "Fudge."
A Fight

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Batmom didn't have a clue that Bruce was raped (by Talia. Ya' know. Drugged his drink), so when she came face-to-face with Damian...weeeell...let's just say there was a screaming match and Batmom walking out to cool off. Of course, it could be Fluff at the end.

Warning: A slight cursing and a slight Angst. (Trying to make fluff here... XD)

You walked into the Batcave as always, holding a med-kit and excited to saw him after being separated for a few hours as always. You did everything as you always do with a happy smile on your face that would always bring him to smile even if he's still in his cowl.

There you have it, your husband-- with a boy? That boy looks like him when he was little but the difference was he has a pair of beautiful emerald eyes.

"Hey, Bruce, a new guy I see?" You asked, walking towards them smile still on your face.

A smile that you didn't know will fall when he opened his mouth to talk. But instead of him, it was the boy who opened his mouth.

"Damian Al-Ghul, you may call me Damian Wayne from now on." He said politely.

But what he said next dropped your heart, shattering it to pieces.

"His blood-son, and you are?"

Your eyes widened, what was that supposed to mean? Did. Did Bruce cheat on you? No, he would never do that... Wouldn't he? He's a playboy, after all, no he was a playboy he has you now. But he has that thing that will always make a girl swing and there is a lot of prettier girl outside. Your mind got clouded with every possibility you could think of, every ifs and but and it wasn't a positive one either.

"I'm sorry?"

"You heard me, now answer my question." The boy that you know his name is Damian demanded. You were trying to process what he said, what he told you.

"I - I'm his maid.." You mumbled trying to cover your wedding ring by hiding your hand behind your back, ".Yeah! I'm his maid! Nice to meet you, Master Damian."

Lie. Wrong. You're his wife, one and only. The one who he always cherished the most, the one who he always loved, the one who made him happy, the one who always there when he needed help. You're his everything.

"You're not my maid (Y/N)." Bruce chimed in, removing his cowl so you can see his face. "You're"

"Then who the fuck am I, Bruce?!" You exclaimed cutting him off, your mind was clouded you
couldn't take it anymore. He cheated on you and brought his son to you, you always wanted one of your own but he said not now.

He said not now, it made you sad. But you pulled through and managed to say 'Okay. I'll wait until you're ready.' but now, he brought a boy and the boy is his son.

"You're my wife for god sake!" He screamed at you, you flinched at his harsh tone but still stayed strong. Trying not to cry was hard but you knew you can't just give up. "God just let me explain!"
He continued not dropping his harsh tone, not even a bit.

You understood he was tired, you knew he needed to rest, you knew he has his reason. But you just couldn't bear to hear it, you couldn't bear to hear another word from him. The pain already got into your mind making it hard to think rationally.

"What do you want me to hear Bruce!?"

He walked towards you as soon as you finished talking, towering you. He used his intimidating stare towards you, but you still won't move. No, you're not scared.

"Just shut up! Stop being so sensitive and hear me out!" He blurted out without thinking.

That's it, you broke down. But no tears were spilled nothing came out from your eyes, his words hurt you deeply. He never acts like this towards you no matter how mad he is. Bruce, on the other hand, seemed just realized what he has done to you.

"I'm sorry." He apologized.

You shook your head, shoving the med-kit to him before turning around to leave the cave. He reached to grab your hand but you swiftly moved it away. You need to clear your head. You know you were wrong for not wanting to hear him out, but you also need this. You need to take a walk to cool your mind and your heart.

You bought a cup of hot cocoa, to help you clear your mind. Gotham was rather cold at night and you mentally scolded yourself for not bringing a coat since you were too caught up with your pain.

A sigh of relief left your lips as you took a sip of it, chocolate always calms you down. You sat down on a nearby bench, fiddling with your wedding ring.

"Should I go back and apologize?" You whispered to yourself, looking at the ring. Reaching your hand up as if you were about to grab the moon as the other held the cup.

Finally, a tear rolled down your cheek, then you cried your eyes out. Covering your mouth with a hand to muffle your sobs as you looked up to the night sky, it was beautiful a dozen of stars decorating the sky above you. You wanted to adore them but it just hurt so much. It hurts like a bitch, but you do realize it wasn't his fault. If it was he would never bring his son back home to show you.

You made up your mind, you'll come back home and talk this through like adults should. Before you could go far from your place a hand grabbed you, your cup fell and spilled all over the ground. The smell of alcohol filled up your nostrils, making you gag. You've never liked alcohol.

You turned around to see 3 thugs, they were wasted.

"What a pretty gal like you do at a beautiful night like this?" A guy said as the rest walked towards you to surround you.
"Oh did you cried? Did your boyfriend dumped you?" Another guy chimed in from your right.

"Let her go." A gruff voice that you knew and love the most interrupted them before things go any further.

All of them looked towards your husband, instead of running for their pathetic lives they brought out a knife, the one that holds you pulled you closer and pointed the knife at you. Making you roll your eyes at them. Even though they couldn't see it.

"If you move, she'll die." The thug said smugly. Ugh, he reeks of alcohol.

Your patience ran out, you elbowed his face and kicked him in the nuts emitting a scream of pain and agony left his filthy lips. He stumbled and fell onto the cold ground clutching his crotch.

"Bitch!" He cried out, you smacked his head onto the ground not too hard. But enough to make him pass out.

A grunt and groan were heard from behind you, then they stopped. Turning around only to see Batman standing between the unconscious thugs. Leaving you and him alone.

You stared at him and so did he, an awkward silence filled the air around you and him, you were just made up your mind to apologize. 'It wasn't the time to chicken out!' You mentally encouraged yourself.

"Bruce I--" He cut you off by pulling you into his chest, covering you with his cape. He shook his head slowly.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that." He whispered into your ear in his regular voice.

"And I'm sorry. I should've listened to your explanation first before jumping into a conclusion." You whispered back.

Realization hit you and him, laughing you pulled away from his hug hands still on his chest.

"I acted like a damn teenager."

"And looks like one too." He added, making you sent a playful glare at him.

"Let's go back, you got a lot of explaining to do Batman."
Awkward

Chapter Summary

Note: I'll be here = Kaz!

Cursing and Slight sexual content
NO SMUT! Just me motioning..His..*cough*

Dick Grayson X Reader + Me and Jason!

Chapter Notes

I forgot to mention this, but this was inspired by one of Buzzfeed's video!
I was like, hey, what if it happens to Dick? So, here it is!

You woke up in the morning, eyes fluttered open slowly as you turned your head to the side. You were drunk last night and didn't really remember anything. Well, at least not now.

Everything was a blur at first, a raven-haired... Man? He's still sleeping. 'Huh.' You internally scoffed, 'wait? A raven-haired... MAN?!

You bit your lip, slowly getting up careful not to wake the man beside you. Your head snapped towards him when he shifted but sighed in relief when you knew he was just changing a sleep position.

Slowly you went to the door, opening it slowly. Fist pumped the air as soon as you reached outside.

Kaz already waiting for you outside, she was leaning against the car door slurping a cup of.. Wine? Huh?

"There you are!" She exclaimed, spreading both of her arms as she did so. Thank god her cup didn't fall.

"Are you drunk?"

"Yeah, you're driving." She said, throwing the car keys towards you which you catch it with ease since you got a good reflect. You rolled your eyes as you walked towards the driver seat meanwhile she went to the passenger seat.

You raised an eyebrow at her, "How can you be drunk already?" You asked, taking a seat before closing the door and she did the same.

"You were taking so long!" She whined. "It's just a tomato juice.."

'Yeah, she's drunk alright.' She can't stop slurping her drink in the car, it was so loud. You frowned
at her, giving her a glare.

"Do you really have to be that loud?" She just shrugged, making you glare more at her.

"Okay okay sorry! I'll chug it." She apologized but kept on slurping her drink loudly.

You ignored her, feeling something was missing, but what is it? A gasp left your lips when you realize what's wrong. "Oh, Fuck!" You cursed, rubbing your temple as your elbow rested on the wheel.

"Sorry! I'll be quiet!"

"No dude no, I left my purse inside!" You panicked, she just gave you a confused look.

"Well then go get it. I'll wait here."

Turning your body to the side so you can properly look at her and grab her empty hand giving her a puppy eyes. This time it was her who rolled her eyes at you, she knows what you wanted.

"We?"

"Yes we, I can't just go back inside alone now." You pleaded, opening the door and stepped a foot outside.

She groaned in defeat, still slurping her drink loudly she followed you. Walking back towards the apartment. Carefully opened the door, you poked your head inside. But Kaz? Oh no, she went in as if it was hers.

"Hoohh, he got a nice apartment!" She said excitedly with her loud voice, you shushed at her telling her to shut her damn mouth as you closed the door slowly. "Sorry!" She whispered loudly, placing her cup on the kitchen counter.

"Oh my god you're going to wake him up!"

Kaz ignored you and took off her jacket letting it fall down to the floor making you groan, seriously this girl has to be stopped. She found a Kumquat, a gasp escaped her lips. "Look at these tiny babies!" She whispered loudly.

"Shush! Now go! I'll look in the living room."

She nodded, "And I'll look in the bathroom!" She said, rushing to the bathroom. Bathroom? You shrugged and went to the living room continuing your mission to look for your purse. You tiptoed your way there, hurriedly but silently rummaging everything.

But stopped when you hear a flush from the bathroom.

"That woman.." You sighed, walking towards the bathroom. And there she is just came out from the bathroom, crossing your arms across your chest in irritation. A foot rapidly stomped on the ground.

"Need to pee.." She said sheepishly.

"You. Need to think before you act!" You whisper yelled at her, "Thank you for helping me--"

"You're welcome." She cut you off.
"But you need to think before you move!" You told her, she slapped you making you gasp. After gaining your composure you slapped her back, she did the same. Gasped.

"Okay sorry, let's get back on track here. Did you checked the bedroom? It's the most obvious place!" Kaz whispered, finally she thinks like a normal human.

"No, I haven't."

Kaz sent you a 'really?' look and pushed you into the bedroom, since it wasn't really big it was easy to find it. Slowly you opened the door, peeking your head inside. Kaz again, she casually walked in pushing you aside making you fall. Deja vu?

She gasped, her mouth opened wide as an eye squinted and eyebrows narrowed when she saw the man you were sleeping with.

"This is him!?!" She whispered loudly in disbelief, eyeing the shirtless sleeping man who was snoring softly. Not knowing what was happening in his room.

"Get out get out!" You whispered.

"Are you fucking kidding me!??" She whisper yelled, looking at you with wide eyes. Ruffling her hair. "You get back here!" You tiptoed closer to the bed.

"He's hot! You take off your pants right now! Get in this bed NOW!" She demanded in a whisper, pointing at the empty spot beside the man. "Fuck, does he has a brother?" She muttered to herself.

"I never took off my pants in the first place!" Kaz looked at you, mouthed a 'what!?'. "I'm not ready for a One Night Stand!"

"But look at him! He's gorgeous! He's a cutie!"

"The kind of cute that will be mean to me in the morning!"

Suddenly she kneeled down, pointing towards where his manhood supposed to be.

"Look at this bulge! Do you see it?!" She whispered.

"I see it! Now shut up!"

She then standing back up. Taking both of your hands in hers. "Not all men are assholes (Y/N)!" She assured. Suddenly the man shifted, making you and her panic.

"Get back in his bed!!" She whispered with panic laced in her voice and rushed outside. You on the other hand quickly got into the blankets, acting as if you just woke up.

"Hey." You greeted. The man looked surprised but cracked a smile at you. His smile almost made you fan your face right now and then, a smile that could make any girls swoon. His bright blue eyes.. 'Oh my god.. Yes please.' You internally fangirling over him. They fit him so perfectly.

"Hey, Morning." He greeted back with his husky deep morning voice.

You swore you would melt right away if it wasn't for Kaz, peaking from the door crack. You whispered 'Stupid' to her. But too bad this didn't go unnoticed by the guy.

"Stupid?" He asked. You knew this man couldn't be fooled. It was written all over his face!
"Stupid.. Dream, I have a dumb dream." You said, laughing it off hoping this man would buy it. Your eyes landed back on Kaz, who's mouthing a 'Fuck him!' towards you.

Sending her a glare, he noticed looking behind him since he slept near the door. Kaz quickly hid back as soon as the man's head whipped towards her.

"Is there something wrong with my door?" He asked.

"No no! It's just I think I saw something, but no. I think it was my imagination." You explained sheepishly, fiddling with your fingers on top of the blanket.

"Oh the name's Dick Grayson." He said, reaching a hand for you to shake which you gladly took.

"(Y/N) (L/N)." Shaking his hand, you felt small. His hand was so huge.

He stood up, you were practically drooling over his body. He was shirtless and only wearing sweat pants. God damn that bulging muscles, his biceps. 'Lucky me..' You thought, biting back a smirk and gulping your own saliva.

He went outside the room after wearing a shirt. A tight shirt, it looked like his damn muscles would rip it any seconds. Breaking yourself from your imagination you gasped, Kaz was there!

Jumping from the bed, fast walking towards Dick. Only to find no one, you heard a 'beep' from a room-- the kitchen.

"---Coffee?" Dick asked you when he saw you poking your head from around the corner.

"Yes sure."

Now the thing that bothered your mind is, where the hell is she... But it was soon answered when you spotted her hiding under the counter. 'Oh my god..'

You need to get him outta the kitchen before he saw her. Oh you didn't want to get into a trouble now, not with him around.

"Oh hey. I'll make the coffee, you can.. Do whatever you wanted to do."

He gave you a confused look not catching your blabbering.

"Uh you can take a bath or something, I'll make the coffee for us." You told him clearly this time, to be honest. You felt a little tingle towards this guy.

"You sure?" You gently nodded as an answer, on the inside you were screaming at his handsomeness, "Okay, then I'll leave it to you." Dick said, smiling at you before leaving you alone-- well not really since your friend was hiding.

"That was so close!" Kaz breathed, letting go a breath she didn't know she was holding as she crawled outside her hiding spot. But now the door opened, revealing another man. He has a raven hair like Dick, but there was a white streak on his bangs and his eyes were green.

He raised an eyebrow at you and her, "Uh?"

Dick came out from his room, his eyes landed on Kaz and the other man as a confused expression started to show on his face. "Your girlfriend Jay?"

Before this Jay can answer, Kaz blabbered first. "No no-- I hope I was--" You facepalmed at her
stupidity, "--I mean I'm (Y/N)'s friend! Yeah... Call me Kaz."

"Ah, Dick Grayson and that's my little brother--"

"-- Adoptive, unrelated, non-biological. Brother, Jason." Jason corrected coldly.

Kaz scooted closer to you, leaning into your ear as a hand covering her mouth to prevent them hearing her words she about to say. "He has a brother!" She whispered, you could tell she was fangirling like her life depended on it in her mind as soon as you heard her voice.

'Looks like someone got a new obsession..' You thought. Sighing you continued to make 4 cups of coffee, the others went into the living room. Or so you thought.

"Let me help." Dick said from beside you, almost making you dropped his cup. "Did I startle you?"

Quickly you shook your head, "No."

You continued to do your job, your hand would accidentally brushed against his every now and then. Was he teasing you? Nah.

Walking to the living room with a tray of cookies in your hands and Dick holding the coffee, you were greeted by your friend blushing beside Dick's brother.

She noticed you giving you a 'help me' look. Okay it might be too late, but both of you could communicate with just looking at each other. Your bond with her was that strong.

You replied her look by smirked slightly and widened your eyes evilly. 'Bitch, SUFFER!' You mentally told her receiving a puppy eyes but eh you didn't care, putting the tray down you sent her a smile making her rolled her eyes.

The rest of the day you chatted with them, getting to know each other. Jason would tease Kaz once in a while, Dick would tease Jason back, and you did the same to Dick and Kaz did the same to you. You would laugh at Dick's compliments you found them funny, even dirty jokes.

Without you knowing the time was up, it was already 8 PM.

"I've never been in your house this long." Jason chuckled, Dick nodded and glanced at you.

"I think we should do something like this one day, just the two of us? You know, without getting drunk and one-night stand thingy?" He whispered to you.

"I'd be glad to." You whispered back, leaning up to kiss his lips for a brief moment. "Gotta go." You said, standing up and rummaged your pocket to gave him your business card.

"Business card?" He asked, taking the card from your hand.

"No time to write my number so here and bye Dick." You waved walking towards the door and went out from the apartment building. Kaz on the other hand already outside waiting for you. She was holding your purse.

"Your purse." She said, giving it to you.

"My purse!" You cried out.

"Yes your purse, and you have to screw him next time."
“Fuck you.”
This was supposed to be Jason but, he doesn't fit. It doesn't click at all. I DON'T KNOW WHO I SHOULD MAKE THIS ONE SHOT WITH!

So I come to a conclusion, Tim it is.

Warning: Idk if this will be sad for you so...It depends on the reader, Curse Words.

Staring at the now withered bouquet of roses. The gift that he gave to you a few days ago when it was just you and him. When she hasn't come to your life, the life that destined for two people only.

Your delicate fingers brushed against the now brown petals as a tear escaped your (E/C) orbs, a bunch of happy memories floats into your mind. Ignoring the salty tear that has reached your upper lip, your lips cracked into a small smile.

You remember when Tim sang for you from the outside of your apartment as he played the guitar in his hands, he was so cute. He was just so dorky and cheesy but you loved it, his dorkiness is what made you fell for him.

And that time when he admitted that he was the Red Robin? He surprised you in many ways, he thought you would leave him. But you stayed, why would you leave he was a gift!

You got up from the couch walking to your desk, placing both of your palms on it, you checked yourself.

God, you are a mess. Your hair is all messy, eyes are red and puffy, lips cracked, sticky tear stains on your cheeks.

You laugh at yourself.

"God I'm a mess." You muttered to yourself, trying to cheer yourself up. It worked, but as soon as your fingers touched the top drawer and pulled the handle, you frowned.

There was a black box, oh you knew what it was.

A ring.

Your damned engagement ring. Yes, you were his fiancée. His fucking fiancée, the woman that supposed to marry him!

But he replaced you, he replaced you with another woman. Fuck, you thought he was your hero.
You still remembered the day he betrayed you like it was just a few minutes ago.

You cried your eyes out in front of them, falling down to your knees both palms covered your eyes. Your eyes hurt that time. They watched you went down and drown in your own tears, they watched your heart scattered into tiny pieces. Not caring what others think of you.
But you stopped, standing up with a bright smile on your face you told them.

"Yeah that.... That hurt." You paused, fixing your hair with a cheerful smile despite the aching pain in your chest you let out a giggle. "I hope one day I'll pop in your head and think, 'I shouldn't have let her go'." And left.

You never saw him since. It's not like you wanted to meet him.

You need to go outside, meet someone new. You knew forgetting him will be a pain in the ass and even if you find someone new, they took your heart.

The crack that he had made will always be there.

But you need to stay strong, make them wonder.

*How you're still smiling.*
Tonight is Bruce's birthday, and everyone is going to come. Including Jason, Dick and Babs even though they were busy planning their wedding for next week, Oliver will be there with Dinah.

But... There was one certain little guy, who didn't like the idea of partying. Damian, your boyfriend.

You tried to convince him that it will be fun.

"Come on Dami! It'll be a blast I promise!"

"No Beloved, I prefer to train than attending such unnecessary event." He retorted, continuing to doodle whatever it was.

Did he thought that his words going to stop you? HAHA--- Nope. He WILL come no matter how much he didn't want to.

You tried for solid 9 hours convincing him to come with you, heck you even told him that you'll go with someone else if he didn't come with you.

"Damian Wayne, if you don't come with me I'll go with someone else." You told him sternly with hands crosses across your chest when you were having a lunch break, you weren't serious though just wanted to scare him.

"No." He answered. That was it, you have to drag him.

**He has to go with you no matter what.**

You went to the manor, all dolled-up. Light make up, high-low red dress, a pair red stilettos, necklace, earrings, bracelets and hair tied up in so it wouldn't look messy.

Your stilettos made a clicking sound as you went up to Damian's room, he was there just had a bath and a towel wrapped around his waist.

He was blushing.

"Wh-- What are you doing!?!" He exclaimed, clearly panicking as he stumbled to wear his clothes that was placed on the bed. You ignored him, walking to his closet you brought out his tuxedo.

"I'm sorry Dami, but I have to do this." You apologized, you knew you were pushy towards him but you had to, you didn't want to go alone. You knew no one, okay you knew his brothers but it would still be awkward without him.

*Being an introvert is hard.*

Helping or more like forcing him to wear the tux, you bit your lip as you tried to fix the tie to finish the look. After you were done, you dragged him.

You did drag him, *literally.*

Dragging him by the back of the collar, downstairs towards the room where the party was held. Damian on the other hand, frowning the entire way and his lips poked out into a pout. You didn't
notice it until you were there and fixed his looks..Again.

"Aww, I'm sorry.." You cooed, fixing his messed hair. "I had to." Kissing his lips after you were done.

He sighed, "It's okay, just.. Don't do this again."

"No promises my pouty prince!" You giggled as you linked your arms with his and walked towards the others. He groaned at you but walked with you anyway.

He was teased by his family, even Bruce mimicked his face when he was dragged down by you. Dick told you to do that again which made him received a death glare from Damian. But...

Yeah, you're totally going to do that again.

It was cute.
“Guys hurry up! It’s their last show!” Dick shouted excitedly, the rest of the boys followed him with a grunt.

They were forced, except for Dick, of course, you and Bruce had planned about this for a long time ago. The boys and Bruce’s nightly jobs didn’t help either.

You always spend the day with Alfred, it’s not like you don’t like it, you loved it. The problem is, you wanted your husband and your sons to hang with you too. So you forced them to come with you to a show that involved ice skating.

“Do we really have to go too?” You heard Tim groaned, he doesn’t really like this kind of thing. He only loves things that have something to do with technology.

What a cute dork.

“Yes.” You replied, your answer emitted another groan from them.

—

You sat between Bruce, Dick to your right, Jason next to him, Tim next to Jason and Damian next to Tim. Alfred on Bruce’s right.

You sat in the VIP seats of course, close to the ring, it’s Bruce we’re talking about. He always wanted the best for his family but him being...him, he would never admit it.

The show went well, you loved every minute of it. Especially when a couple showed up and danced their heart out in the ring, the way they move. Smiles on their faces, it almost made you cry.

It wasn’t the best part, it was about to come.

“The grand finale, the one we were waiting for--” the MC’s words was drowned when you stood up.

“Where are you going?” Jason asked, his head already turned towards you, so does the others. Was it just you or Jason’s voice was a bit deeper than usual?

Dick now somehow look like a happier version of Bruce,
Tim’s hair got a little bit longer, he has dark circles under his blue irises,

Damian got taller and you couldn’t help but notice he looked like a young playboy,

And Bruce got some gray hair, still handsome though.

You made a great decision by bringing them here.

“Girl’s problem.” You answered, you were about to leave but Dick’s words made you stop in your tracks.

“But ma, the awesome part is about to start!” He said, flailing his hands like a little kid, like when he was 9.

Turning around to face him, a smile already gracing your beautiful features, you walked towards him.

A hand reached up to ruffle his raven hair, his locks were smooth. Oh, how much you missed to cuddle with them and you’re so going to do that after you got back.

“I’ll be back soon, don’t worry.” You promised, placing a motherly kiss on top of his head before leaving.

—-

A few minutes after you left, a skater makes an appearance in the rink.

Dick cheered so hard, until all people’s attention turned to him, making him sit back down.

Her face was covered with a mask, she was famous because of her moves and the way she kept her face hidden. Her fans, however, place random faces on the internet saying ‘the mysterious skater’s face’ and none of them got it right.

But tonight, they got to see her face since it’s her last show in the rink.

“Oh my god! She’s going to miss the show!”

Dick stood up in an attempt to search for you but Bruce stops him, “No, she won’t miss this.” He assured.

“Then where is she?”

“Don’t worry about her master Dick,” Alfred spoke up, “I am sure she will be back soon.”

The music started, gaining Dick’s attention back to the rink where the skater was bowing before she started to move aside, exiting the ring. She successfully made the audiences confused.

Another figure skaters showed up, it was two kids. A girl and a boy, they were about 7 years old. The boy wears a tux? And the girl wears a casual outfit with the same mask the mysterious figure skater wore.

“Huh?”

“I thought this was a figure skating?” Damian questioned, his emerald eyes still boring on the rink waiting for the next move.
“It is, I think she’s trying to tell a story.” Tim wondered out loud, his index finger was placed in front of his lips and his head was tilted slightly to the side.

They went silent as they watched the show intensely.

The girl took the boy’s hands in hers, she moved around the rink guiding and teaching the boy how to skate, they looked so happy, spinning around, twirling and playing around until the lights dimmed.

The boy fell down, his face held a broken look, blank and unreadable. The girl skated towards the boy, she knelt down and wrapped her arms around him as if to comfort him. Instead of hugging back the boy shoves the girl away and left the rink, the girl did the same soon after.

“What a good act,” Damian commented with a scoff, Dick threw a paper, from god knows where at Damian to shut him up.

Other skaters went into the ring, the girl also wore the same mask. They’re older, about 20? Probably.

Both of them skated around the rink as they danced, the way they moved were faster than the kids before as if they were fighting, but soon after they stopped and begun to slow danced on the ice towards the edge of the rink.

The same boy showed up, this time he wears a circus outfit. Dick’s eyes widened at the sight but decided not to say anything and let whatever those figure skaters do what they had in mind.

He immediately stopped in the center of the rink and slumped down to his knees, the lights were pointed at him. The older skaters knelt down to his level, both of them opened their arms for the boy which he gladly accept by jumping towards them.

A bunch of ‘aw’s and ‘cute’s can be heard, Dick of course also one of them. He couldn’t shake off the familiar feeling that started to bubble up, same goes for the other boys.

—-

Things getting more suspicious by the end, the more they looked at the mysterious skater, the more the familiar feelings started to bubble up.

She has the same reflects as their mom a.k.a you. The way she moves on the ring earlier, when she twirls as she jumped, when she did some moves they didn’t know how to put it because it was so complicated and lastly when she hugged the boy earlier, the way she took him under her wings.

She was standing in the center of the rink, both of her gloved hands were placed on her mask, ready to take it off.

“This is what you’ve been waiting for… Face reveal..”

Her hands moved up to slip the mask off her face.

“MOM!”

“UMMI!”

“I fucking called it.” Jason snapped his fingers.

You waved at them, a hand holding your mask. A smile gracing your delicate features, you could
feel all eyes were fixed on you, including your partners earlier.

“Hey boys!” You exclaimed, “I’m (Y/N) Wayne.” You turned around to see the rest of the audience, still waving at them.

“As you know, this is my last show…” You trailed off, turning around once again to your family, “..I’m married with that playboy over there, I have 4 handsome boys, one awesome best of friend slash father-in-law,” you waved at Alfred who was smiling at you, “and another soon to be member of the Wayne family!” You rubbed your stomach.

Your statement made Bruce’s eyes brightened as they widened in shock and joy, same goes for Alfred.

All the people cheered and clapped for you, you heard a bunch of congrats from them, you smiled. “Thank you for all of your support for all these years, I appreciate it so much, and as you can see. My performance today wasn’t the same as I used to,” you explained, not noticing your family had gone from their seats.

As you continued your speech, you felt some arms wrapping themselves around you gently. You softly laughed at the warm feeling, knowing who exactly these arms belong to.

“Why don’t you tell me you could skate?” Damian questioned, his arms wrapped around your waist, you could hear the amusement and adoration that laced his tone.

“I thought you would’ve known Dami.” You laughed and gently stroking his head.

“I can’t believe it, I’ve been fanboying over my own mother after all these years.” You heard Dick chirped from behind.

“And I thought you couldn’t be more awesome than you already are.” Jason chimed in with a grin that he always pulled off when he was 13.

“I am speechless.” Tim breathed in awe.

“So am I master Tim,”

You glanced over at Bruce who was staring at you with bright eyes and the biggest smile he ever plastered on his handsome face.

From that you knew, there will be the most fanciest Gala / Party or whatever he has in mind tonight.
"I'm bored!" You whined, throwing a ball to the wall as you slumped on the couch making it bounced back to you and hit your forehead. "Ouch!" You cried out.

You've finished your work, you've read every book. You even finished all of the tests that the books have! You need something thrilling, something to make adrenaline rush in your veins, to make you think.

But it was answered when you heard a police siren went off from the outside of your apartment. You poked your head out to see what happened at the alleyway beside your apartment, you were on the second floor. It wasn't that clear but looking at the situation it seems like a murder scene.

"Batman will be here anytime soon!" You chirped excitedly, putting on a coat since Gotham is cold at night.

And you were right, he was there when you reached the alleyway. But it wasn't that clear, you were too far from the scene but you could make out what they said a little bit.

".... No weapon....Trace...." You heard a slightly gruff voice murmured.

You pushed all the cops to the side to make a way for you to walk through them since you couldn't take it anymore, you were curious. Of course, a cop needed to stop you by grabbing your arm harshly.

"What are you doing? It's a crime scene!" He told you sternly, pulling you farther from the scene.

"I wanna help!" You argued which emitting a laugh from him.

"You? Help? A kid like you better back off and cuddle with your mom." He mocked you, you sent him a glare and decided to gave him a little deduction.

Your eyes went from his head to his toe then went back up, as your brain starting to work.

Black lips, yellow teeth, a smoker for 10 years, a slight wrinkle can be seen on his forehead and right below the eyes he's at his late 40s, poor hygiene, ----Your eyes then went down to his hand and shirt---Married for more than 8 years, he rarely took off his ring because of how dirty it is there is a few scratches too and is having an affair with two women, can be seen from smudged lipstick stains on his collar and they were in different colors too.

"Did your wife know?" You blurted out, he didn't answer instead, a terrified and confused expression can be seen on his features. "How is it feels like to have an affair?"

His eyes widened and let you go, he probably thought you were his wife's friend, sending him a victory smirk you continued to walk towards Jim Gordon and Batman. They looked so confused making you giggle, your giggle made their heads snapped towards you.

"Who let this little girl get into the crime scene?!" You heard Gordon questioned a bit angrily, you could easily tell that he was frustrated.

"Oh hey kind sir, thank you for the compliment but I'm not that young," you said casually with sarcasm laced in your tone as you inspected the area around you. "And it would be that man over
You pointed towards the cop earlier and happily waltz your way to the scene.

You could felt the intense stare Batman gave you, that would only mean two things. First, he doesn't like your presence in his territory, secondly, he was watching you with interest.

Honestly, he was the only man you couldn't deduct.

"Eh.. Weird," you mumbled, kneeling towards the corpse.

"Stay aw--" you cut Jim off with bringing up your index finger, silently telling him to shut his mouth. Batman, on the other hand, kept silent, but he did move to your side.

He knew about your ability, deducting people was your thing. You loved to do it.

You narrowed your eyes and leaned closer to the corpse, "what if he's not from here?" You mumbled to yourself but the big bat heard you.

"As if, he was killed somewhere else?"

This caught your attention, you looked at him with a determined expression as you nod.

"Exactly," you snapped your fingers before using them to point at the man. "Sniff him."

He gave you a weird look under his cowl but complied, he breathed in the man's scent for a brief moment. "Alcohol? He was drunk?"

"Anybody have a napkin? Cloth? Tissue? Anything?!" You paused waiting for an answer, "never mind I asked." You huffed when your questions were answered by silence, and then proceeded to open the man's mouth with your hands. Your face scrunched up in disgust as you did so.

"Broken teeth." The Bat inspected once more before standing up with you following after.

"This man wasn't killed here, probably in a bar or something. He was resisting and because of that he received a punch in the face. He was poisoned, because there is no blood on his clothes," You wondered out loud, Jim scoffed at you. You knew very well he didn't believe you until Batman nodded and surprisingly patted your head.

"So you were saying this is only some normal murder case?" Jim sighed, he gave some instructions to his subordinates to take care of the corpse.

"Yep, but to be more specific it was a fight. Probably 4 people beat him up senseless." You corrected, "The way they hid the evidence was smart! But not smart enough."

"So Bat--" Jim stopped, looking around for the big bat but he was nowhere to be found, "--Again?"

You opened your apartment door, taking off your coat and threw it on the couch since you were too lazy to hang it. You were about to change into your nightwear until you sensed a presence from behind you,

"Can't a lady get some privacy here?" You huffed turning around to see Batman without his cowl.

Bruce grunted and walked towards you, "You should've been asleep by now." He said, motioning towards the digital clock beside your table.
Your eyes widened, "Oh holy crackers! I'd be damned!!"

"That's what you get for wasting your time in a crime scene."

"I can't help it, I'm bored! Besides my boss will understand."

Bruce let out a frustrated sigh and kissed your lips passionately, his arms wrapping themselves around you as you kissed him back.

"Your boss will happily punish you if you fall asleep at work." Bruce smirked putting his cowl back on after he broke the kiss.

You stood still for a moment, processing whatever he had said. "Oh no dude, you did not!" You stared up at him in horror, he made his way out of your apartment through the window before you could beat him up.

Sighing you changed into your nightwear and sat down on the bed, putting your head in your hands, you shook your head with a small forced laugh.

"My innocence."
"Alright boys," you began, looking over at your family with both hands on your hips, clearly showing who is in control tonight. Everyone was there, except Alfred since he was busy. "While I'm buying the tickets, you better stay still until I'm back. No fighting, no bickering, no nothing. Got it?" You stated sternly.

They gave you a nod and with that, you were gone. After you're out of sight they began whispering to each other.

"Why do I have to come again?" Damian groaned, he was leaning against the wall while his arms crossed over his chest. His face clearly showing that he didn't like the idea of watching in the cinema. Especially watching a movie for kids.

"Because, if we didn't bring you here..." Tim trailed off,

"People will call us a freak for watching a kid's movie without actually bringing a kid." Jason continued for Tim, a smirk already plastered on his face. He emphasized the word 'kid' to piss Damian off.

As they were about to beat each other up Bruce cleared his throat, catching their attentions.

"What did your mom said?" He asked with a warning tone, he now used to be a father figure for them. It was weird at first, really. He once accidentally used his fatherly manner on a mission.

The boys glanced at each other, they let out a groan before answering him with the exact same words you had said earlier.

After a few minutes of waiting you finally came back. Yes, you actually could just ask Bruce for it and he would get the tickets easily. But you didn't let him.

"I got the tickets." You waved the tickets with a smile and gave them to Dick which he took.

Your smile made them cracking a smile of their own too, they love to see you happy. They forgot about the bickering they did earlier because of it.

You walked with them towards the entrance, an arm was linked with Bruce's while the free one was grabbed by Damian. He was surprisingly clingy, the others were the same. But they showed it in their own ways.

----

The movie was good, you enjoyed it. The others did too, what's more surprising were.. None of
them fell asleep as the movie played, no bickering, no popcorn wars, no whispering and all that.
You even checked on them to make sure they weren't bored.

And they weren't! They focused on the movie, their faces were so precious. This had never happened before, it blew your mind.

When the sad scenes played, Tim cried both of his hands were covering his face, Dick cried into Jason's shoulder which Jason let, Damian sniffed trying his best to act tough, Jason was frowning with teary eyes, Bruce? He held a blank look but his eyes were also teary.

You? You couldn't even sob or sniff, no tears were spilled since you were trying your hardest not to laugh at them.

"That was awesome..." Dick sobbed, yes. He's still crying, it seems like the movie hit him the hardest.

You handed him a tissue, he took it immediately to wipe his tears away.

"We should do this more often." Bruce suggested, sneaking his arm around your waist. You leaned against him as you walked out from the cinema.

A series of 'yes' and 'uh huh' were heard.

"If you guys not on patrol that is." You replied when you were outside, you opened the passenger seat of the car and get in with the others following, taking a seat in the back and Bruce on your side, in the driver seat.

---

The whole ride to the manor was filled with them discussing the movie until they fell asleep and woke up when arrived.

They immediately scatter to their own room since it was late, Bruce also went to your shared room. You told him you'll catch up because you needed to find Alfred.

"How was the movie, Mrs. Wayne?" Alfred asked from behind you, making you jump in surprise.

"Oh Lord Alfred, you scared me," you breathed out, Alfred apologized which you shook off, it wasn't that bad really. "Anyway, the movie was great."

"Too bad I can't see it." He sighed, putting down his tea cup onto the coffee table in the living room you were currently in.

"Oh no Alfred," you shook your head knowing what he meant by 'I can't see it', patting the empty spot beside you, telling him to sit down, he did as you told and watched you with interest. This always happens when you two were alone.

Let's just say, you have your own secret with him. Which including some planned pranks that you two always pull off and get away with smoothly.

"I caught it on tape," you continued, you saw his eyes brightened.

"Why don't we watch it, Mrs. Wayne?"

"Of course Alfred, of course."
A hand was holding your lunch as the other held up a pen, you were currently finishing the task in hand a.k.a homework you hadn't finished last night because you were tired.

You sat beside your friends, they were gossiping about that new guy in your class. You didn't know and hadn't seen him since you were sleeping soundly but stealthily on your table.

Muttering a few words under your breath, you proceeded to write them on your book. As you were about to write some calculation your oh-so-helpful friend slapped your book away, it fell down on the cafeteria's dirty floor.

"You little piece of flipping horse poop!" You groaned, looking over at the culprit who was grinning like an idiot while your hand put your lunch down into your lunch box.

"I'm so sorry!" They apologized, hands clasped together before picking the book up and handed it to you.

They flinched when you took the book from their grasp harshly, they knew they shouldn't have done that, the last thing they wanted was to get a black eye.

(E/C) eyes examined the book, thank god it wasn't that dirty.

You put the book down after closing it and looked towards your friend with a glare.

"Shoot." You demanded, waiting for them to open their mouth and explain what's so important until they had to slap your book away while you were concentrating.

You could see and hear them gulping before answering your question.

"Have you see the new guy in our class?" They finally spoke up, you raised an eyebrow wondering what they meant. They saw your confusion and continued, "that's what you get for sleeping in the class." They sighed.

You gave them a shrug, plopping the last bite of your lunch into your mouth.

"Tired. Anyway, what's with him?" You asked after emptying your mouth as you clean your things from the table.

"He's hot! You should've seen him! I mean, oh Lord!" They cut their own words by swooning over the new guy. They fan their face with their hands as if the cafeteria was on fire.
Was he really that good looking?

----

You spent your lunch break by listening to your friend blabbering and praising the new guy that you knew his name was Jason Todd.

His name gave a bad boy vibe for some reason.

"Now, Mr. Todd, raise your hand please?" Your science teacher asked kindly, turning around from the board to look at the students.

You felt someone beside you raises their hand, you hadn't noticed that the empty seat beside you was occupied now.

You turned your head to look at them or him. He got quite attractive features, sleepy yet beautiful emerald eyes, raven hair, that jawline, he was quite muscular too.

You hadn't noticed you were staring until he looked at you.

"What?" He whispered.

"Just noticed your existence," you said smoothly as you reached a handout, "(Y/N)."

"Jason." He shook your hand.

He stood up to answer a question that the teacher had given him. Tapping his arm gently to gain his attention after you noticed his troubled expression and showed your notebook to him that had the answer for the question on the board.

He looked down, memorizing each word before walking towards the board, where your teacher was currently waiting. He took the marker and began to write everything correctly.

"Correct!" Your teacher praised.

Jason ignored her, he yawned as he walked back towards the seat.

"Thanks." He whispered to you, making you look up at him in confusion as he sat back down. You let on an 'ah' before answering.

"Don't mention it. Been there," you answered casually.

You could felt all students staring at you, but you could care less about that. Continuing on writing.

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"(Y/N)!" Your friends called from the school gates, it was already 6.30 PM, you were held because of your stupid math teacher, your friends were loyal enough to wait for you, the teacher didn't let anybody came out from the classroom until the one who hadn't done their papers, finished their works.

You weren't one of them but there was no exception, except for Jason, He was new, so he didn't get punished and got to went home early.

Scoffing, you waved at your friends and walked home with them.
"Took you long enough, you look horrible." One of them started, fixing the strap of their bag.

"No shit." You fired back, rolling your eyes as you walked.

Today was already shitty enough, you thought it couldn't get worse. But it did. It fucking did.

You accidentally bumped into a huge buff guy, he was holding a cigarette in his right hand while a cup of coffee on the other.

The coffee spilled on his white shirt, you knew what was gonna happen. He wasn't alone either, his friends showed up a few seconds later. It was planned.

Why'd this has to happen to me, you thought with a silent sigh.

"Look what you've done to my shirt!" The guy roared, he was clearly pissed off by this.

You glanced up with an uninterested expression as you crossed your arms.

"Well dude," you started calmly while your friends cowering behind you, seeking for protection. "You were clearly bumping into me purposely so you can get something from me, which is not gonna happen."

He growled in irritation and attacked you, but before his fist could make a contact with your skin you caught it effortlessly. Your hand gripping his hand tightly.

You saw him winced, you might be small, but you were strong. It shocked the rest of the men, you surprised them more when you kicked the biggest guy in your grip in the most sacred place.

You heard a faint crack as he hissed, clutching his crotch. A smirk of satisfaction gracing your lips.

You heard another hiss from behind the men, "Right in the baby maker. You might not be able to use it for awhile." The voice chuckled.

You recognized the voice, in fact, it was the voice you heard in class this afternoon. You moved to the side slightly to saw Jason walked towards you with grocery bags in his hands.

"I thought you were home." You quizzed, a brow raised. Ignoring the men who were glaring daggers at both of you.

"Oh, trust me beautiful, I was." He growled, stopping right beside you, ignoring your friends that were gawking at him. Looking at him as if he was a piece of meat.

"You little shits, don't ignore us!" The men yelled in pure rage.

"Need some help?" Jason offered, putting his bags down on the ground. Your lips curled up into a smirk.

"The new prince can fight?"

"Can you?" He challenged, giving you a smirk of his own.

"You'll see, handsome." You purred.

The men charged towards the both of you as your friends backing away, not wanting to get some hit. You and Jason fought as if you've done this before, it was more like a dance than fighting.
You finished all of the men easily, without breaking a sweat. Thanks to Jason's help.

"You got some move," he praised, smirk still gracing his features. You turned around, fixing your messy hair by combing it with your fingers.

Before you could say anything, one of your friends cut you off.

"Everybody are scared of her not for nothing." They said proudly, you rolled your eyes and scoffed.

"I won't hit people randomly."

"How about a date?" Jason blurted out confidently as he picked up his groceries from the ground.

You turned your attention to him.

"Huh?"

"You heard me."

You pointed to yourself, he nodded. You didn't know how to react, there was some silence between both of you until your friend yet again spoke up for you.

"Oh, that'll be great! She needs to go out and hang with boys more!"

You hit their shoulder with a glare making them shut their mouth. But it was too late.

"Tomorrow, after school." He then left without any more words.

You stood there for a minute, processing what happened before turning around to your friends who were grinning. For the second time.

"I'll count to three, you better be running." You paused, "one.."

Without any more words, they run away from you as fast as they could. You chase them after you done counting, deep inside you knew. Maybe tomorrow won't be that bad.
"No, Mrs. Wayne!" Alfred shook his head, blocking your way by expanding his arms and copying your every move. You growled face held a pure rage.

You just got home from a charity event, replacing Bruce because he got a job to do, as soon as you got home. Instead of being greeted by a group hug Dick always does, by dragging the others and force them to hug each other, you were greeted by them sprawling on the couch. All bandaged up.

Even Alfred got hurt! He was in the kitchen, cleaning up the dishes until some looneys went inside to the manor, breaking all the stuff and attacked Alfred. Making it looked like freaking shipwreck and Alfred got some injuries, but he took care of them right as soon as you got home.

You were all geared up, ready to beat the crap out of whoever did this to your family. Nobody, nobody could lay their dirty hands on them.

"Alfred, let. Me. Go." You demanded through gritted teeth, a hand gripping Jason's gun as the other clenched into a fist. As if they went into different ways, lethal and non-lethal.

You were good either way, you just wanted them to suffer. Dying.

You stepped to the left slightly, Alfred following, you quickly took a large step to the right, successfully getting around him without having to argue any further.

You jumped onto your husband's bike, revving the engine. Not even bothering to put on the helmet.

"Mrs. Wayne! Sto--" Alfred's voice drowned out, you ignored him. You felt bad but just for tonight, tonight.

You'll make them pay.

Your eyes under the lenses scanning the empty street of Gotham, you had received some information from Jim Gordon about who your husband and the kids had fought earlier.

Now you were about to pay Killer Croc a visit, Jim told you he was seen in a bank and is still there. Tim was found unconscious on the security table, he got a broken arm.

The thought made your blood boil more, stopping your bike, you parked it in an alley out of anyone's sight.

As you walked inside casually, you heard a faint cackle.

"Tonight is going to be fun." You muttered with a wide smirk.
Walking further into the bank, your eyes were greeted by the crazy clown a.k.a The Joker and his goons, the big green reptile stood beside him along with Harley on the other.

"Heya! Seems like someone's decided to join our party!" The familiar high-pitched voice chirped, swinging her huge hammer side to side happily.

"Hope I'm not late." Your robotic voice replied.

----

"Alfred? Where's (Y/N)?" Bruce asked from up the stairs, searching for you.

He walked down, blue eyes scanning all over the manor, his injuries were not that bad, it was already late you usually were there, snuggling with him but you were nowhere to be found. Alfred showed up from Bruce's study, with you following behind. Hands full of stuff, souvenirs as you loved to said it.

"Hello, darling." You waved to your husband after putting down the hammer you just got, he looked at you with an eyebrow raised. You chuckled when you saw his cute confused expression, "I'll explain later."

All of a sudden the boys came down from their bedrooms as if they were having a nightmare, looking at them curiously you cleared your throat to gain their attention.

They looked at you wide-eyed, gasping when they saw your souvenirs.

"I just read the news," Dick started, "the looneys we fought earlier were in Asylum now."

"I read that too, they were... In a very very bad shape." Tim continued for Dick as the other nodded, confirming that they knew about it too.

"That human reptile lost the skin on his leg," Damian told them, scrolling through his phone before putting it in his pocket.

Bruce looked at you then Alfred who was nodding, then back at you. You just gave him a little innocent smile that always sent a shiver down his spine. But this time it was a different case, he got chills all over his body and decided not to push the topic any further.

"So.." You grinned, pulling out a reptile skin from your bag along with a purple cloth, letting them fall down onto the floor before you swung your new hammer.

"Do someone willing to help me decor my new hammer?"
You just escaped death tonight, your father killed your mother just because he lost the bet and he needed some money. For a 7 years old it was hard and it still is. Currently, you were running from your father, tears running down your cheeks. it was dark outside making everything looked scarier than it already was.

Especially when you were just a little kid.

Gotham is dangerous at night, but you didn't know about that. Your mind already filled with fear, little pants left your throat as you ran. (E/C) eyes looking everywhere for help or a place to hide.

You didn't found anyone, the street was empty. Your eyes darted towards an empty building and you decided to hide there.

Sliding down onto the ground, your back leaned against the huge pillar you silently sobbed, praying somebody would find you. Your little hands covering your lips to prevent a loud cry.

"Come out come out wherever you are." Your father voice slurred from outside, the building you were currently in didn't have any doors, it was just empty besides for some pillars that help it stood.

His voice was echoed throughout the building, your throat and body preventing you from staying hidden. A small whimper left your lips as your body shook in fear.

"I heard you, come to papa."

You could hear the smirk from his voice, you heard the footsteps getting closer, but then it stopped and replaced with a grunt before a loud thud following.

You poked your head from the pillar to peek at what was happening, your father was there, laying on the ground. He was unconscious. A dark figure towering beside his unconscious body, looking down what you guess was disgust.

You panicked when he caught you staring, he walked towards you. Scared, you crawled further from him, your heart felt like it was about to escape your chest when your back hit the cement wall. You bring your knees up to your chest, hoping he will leave you alone.

"Please don't hurt me," you begged shakily, "I promise I'll be good."

He was standing right in front of you and you knew it, waiting for a hit to come but it never did. Instead, you were gently lifted from the ground, you squeaked and shut your eyes tightly. Not wanting to see him.

Your body was weak and exhausted making you struggling just to stay awake, scared by where he
would bring you to.

You felt a gust of wind hit your face, your 7 years old brain assumed you were flying before landing with a soft thud on the ground. When you opened your eyes you were already inside the GCPD.

"Batman." You heard someone said, you hesitantly glanced over at the source. Whimpering when he reached out a hand to touch you. He retracted his hand, he looked at you with pity and you didn't like that.

"I'll take her with me." Batman said, after earning a nod of approval from Jim he went out from there still with you in hand. You started to left the ground again, but when you look up he was using a device to help him fly.

"Where are we going?" You asked shyly, finally have the courage to talk to him even though it was just a bit, he didn't answer you. After a few moments of what you still assume as flying, you landed once more on the ground.

You stared in awe at the black car in front of you, he jumped inside effortlessly before putting you on the passenger seat, gently buckling the seatbelt.

"Home." He finally answered. He didn't talk much, you knew it because every time you asked a question to distract your mind from the traumatizing incidents you just experienced, he didn't answer sometimes he just gave a few words. You didn't mind though, you were tired and he doesn't have to answer anyway.

The car that you knew as Batmobile finally stopped, it was a short ride but you enjoyed it. You unbuckled your seatbelt before stretching. He picked you up again just to help you get out then put you back down on the ground. You gasped at the sight of the cave, it was cool.

You diverted your eyes from the cave to him, he didn't wear his cowl anymore which made him show his bare face to you. You felt like you've seen him somewhere, then it hit you. He's that guy that always show up on the TV!

"Father who is that?" Asked a boy who seemed just a few years older than you, he had his arms crossed over his chest.

"(Y/N) Wayne." Batman replied.

"Wayne?" You asked bluntly, head tilted because he was tall and you were just a small little girl.

"I'm adopting you."

"A little sister!?" Another voice exclaimed, you jumped in surprise and clung onto the Bat's leg, hiding in the black cape that successfully covered your body. He lifted his cape slightly to show you to the others that suddenly had appeared RIGHT. IN. FRONT. OF. YOU.

"She's so small." The other said, you had opened yourself to Batman a little bit but not these guys.

"I'm Dick Grayson!" The one that you assumed was the eldest introduced himself with the biggest smile on his face. He then pointed towards the other guys.. and boy, when he was pointing they told you their names.

To your surprise, the only blood son was Damian. The first boy you encountered. Then there's Alfred.
It took months for you to open yourself to them, you only clung onto Alfred, graddaddy as you loved to call him, which he didn't mind. Bruce was always busy and you understand.

When you knew that the other boys were Vigilantes, you gawked. You were just an average little girl, who almost died because of your own father, and now you got to live with someone who is a billionaire playboy by day and a vigilante at night. Plus his sons.

There's also times when you missed your mom, you would have nightmares and wake one of the boys, Bruce or Alfred. Depends on who were there.

They would tell you to sleep with them, except for Damian, he'll tell you to go back to your room. Sometimes you'll just sneak onto their beds and sleep with them without them knowing, or so you thought.

Sometimes, Dick would take you to your mother's grave and you will always do the same for him.

Jason would teach you how to kick ass and be sassy. Don't forget cursing, because he can.

Tim teach you how to hack and all things that had to do with computers.

Damian not too far from Jason, but he teaches you how to use a freaking katana.

Alfred teaches you how to cook, table manners and all that, the exact opposites of Jason's teaching.

Lastly, Bruce teaches you about self-defense. (And a bunch of different languages because he told you that you'll need it.)

Of course, there are times when you would get into a big fight with them, but no matter what happens, you love them.

And they're still your family.
"Umml!" Damian called for you from upstairs, you were helping Alfred preparing lunch for them, taking a glance at Alfred who was nodding with an apologetic look you sighed, walking up to his room.

You slowly opened the door, revealing Damian who was struggling to open a cookie jar. Honestly, he should've able to open it easily, he had been so clingy since you babied him. He loves the feeling of being babied but never talked about it and you never complain about it either.

"What is it Dami?" You asked softly, walking towards the bed where he had been sitting and joined him. He bounced slightly, looking at you with his big emerald eyes that somehow always looked like puppy eyes.

Instead of answering you, he lifted the jar up with both of his hands with a tiny unrecognizable pout. Really, this boy knows how to melt your heart. He never acts like this towards the others, he will always act tough and all that.

You took the jar gently and easily opened it, "Here." You handed it back to him. He immediately shoved his hand inside and ate a cookie after he found it.

"Ummi, I ne--"

"Mom!!" You heard Dick shouted from downstairs cutting Damian off, you sighed softly and looked down at Damian who was frowning. You leaned over, kissing his cheek softly.

"Sorry baby, I'm afraid it's important." You apologized and stood up, you left the room leaving Damian alone.

Dick was downstairs in the living room, doing some ridiculous tricks that he had been doing lately. He said it helped his reflects and such. It made your heart jumped when he did it, like he tried to get inside a case and fit his body in it, a freaking case! He also walked like a spider once, you know on all fours but not like a dog, it was more complicated.

You honestly thought that this guy has no bones.

"What's wrong?" You tried to calm your nerves when you saw him.

"Can you bride my hair please?" He asked shamelessly, he was watching Cinderella, his elbows supporting his torso that was resting on the couch while his legs and butt were dangling in the air.

What kind of pose is that!
"Of course, but Dick, baby.." You sighed, taking a seat on the empty spot he had left for you. "Can you sit properly?"

He complied, doing as you asked.

"Thank you," you said in relief and proceeded to braid his raven locks since he got a quite long hair it was easy for you. You finished the look by tying them with a heart hair tie. "There, anything else?"

"Watch with me and then can we spar?"

Before you could answer Tim was staring at you from behind the couch, you sighed again.

"I'm sorry, maybe later." You said with an apologetic smile, giving him the same kiss you had given Damian earlier before leaving him with Tim who needed your help with his homework.

You felt like they were trying to dominate you, not in that way, you brushed off the feeling and sat on Tim's bed.

"Alright, what do you need my help with?"

He sat next to you with legs crossed and a pen was tucked on his ear.

"This, can you explain it to me?" He pointed to some questions that he hadn't answered yet.

Giving him a nod you explained everything that he needed to know, funny, this reminded you when he was just a little boy, where he would always run to you for help instead of Bruce.

It didn't take long for smartasses like the two of you to finish his homework, it took you 11 minutes and 3 seconds.

"Okay, I'm gonna go to Jason now." You told him, giving a kiss on his cheek before leaving yet again to search for Jason. Just in case he needed you too.

You walked towards the Batcave and your hunch was right, he was just about to look for you when you passed the huge computer, he motioned towards his bike.

"Another modification?"

"Yeah, I need to make this bad boy faster." He patted his bike gently as if it was going to break if he hit it too hard.

"Isn't it already fast enough? If it's too fast it'll be dangerous for you." You pointed out, grabbing a wrench from the tool box that was placed on the ground and walked towards him before kneeling down to take a look at his baby.

"That's why I need your help ma." He replied rolling his eyes, arms crossed over his chest.

"I thought you can do it yourself, you said it a week ago Jay." You reminded him, rolling your sleeves up so they won't get dirty.

"No, ma, I can do it myself." He told you with a scoff and continued to work on his bike.

This time it was you who rolled your eyes at the memory as you worked. Jason brushed off your statements and helped you to finish it faster.
Your hands and face were covered in oil, same goes for Jason. Both of you looked like a mess, you look like a kid who just got home after playing in the mud.

You heard rapid footsteps coming down from the stairs, you knew exactly whose footsteps are those.

"MOM!"

"UMMI!"

"What is it, boys?" Standing up from your earlier position, (H/C) locks were stuck on your cheeks and forehead.

"Watch a movie with me!" Dick spoke up first, running from the others towards you before he got tackled onto the ground by them.

"No! Ummi! Bake cookies with me!" Damian was covering Dick's mouth.

"Since when you, demon spawn, wanted to bake." Jason sneered, earning a scoff from the boy.

"Mom! Ignore them and help me with the co--"

Dick cut Tim off by effortlessly standing up, making the two boys on him fell.

And now they were bickering, giving you some weird and hard decisions, they insisted you to answer but you stayed quiet. They looked at each other and continue on bickering, like who was the best son, who was the smartest and all that.

What they didn't notice was, Bruce went down into the cave, shaking his head at the sight upon him. He stealthily picked you up and took you upstairs back to the manor for the date you had forgotten without the boys knowing since they were too busy fighting.

"Thank you for saving me from them." You breathed in relief, resting your head on his toned chest.

"Honestly, I just wanted to take you from them." He replied bluntly earning a gentle slap to his chest from you.

The boys realized that you weren't there anymore when you were about to step out from the manor after you were all cleaned up.

"BRUCE!"

"FATHER!"

You and Bruce looked at each other with wide eyes.

"Run!"
"Tell me what happen." Diana asked, twirling the fork in her hand as she looked at you.

Bruce rarely talked to you since a month ago, he was too busy with the league so he couldn't spend the time with you. Honestly, at first you were fine with it, you tried to understand but now you just couldn't stand it anymore, every time you go to sleep he's not there to lay beside you and when you wake up he's already awake and ready to go to work. It's frustrating.

That's what brought you here, in the watchtower, cafeteria to be exact. Telling your miserable love life to the Amazonian in front of you, you don't need her to response, you just need to get it out if your chest to make you feel better.

"So you were saying, your husband ditched you for work." You turned around to see Dinah walking with a tray in her hands, she walked towards your table and took a seat beside Diana so she could talk to you properly.

"No, not ditching. It's just I don't know," you take a bite of your food uninterestedly as you brushed her statement off, "I just miss him. I hadn't seen him today." You pushed your food aside to rest your head on the table, looking more miserable than ever.

"I don't really understand how marriage works, but I think you need to talk to him." Diana suggested softly gaining your attention, Dinah who was sitting beside her nodded in agreement as she eats.

"No, it's embarrassing."

"Embarrassing? The two of you had already seen each other naked, he was the one who took your virginity, there's no need to be embarrassed." Dinah pointed out bluntly, not regretting her choice of words one bit.

You, on the other hand, hiding your now red face in your gloved hands as embarrassment starting to eat you up, all eyes were fixed on you as if they were judging you. You knew you'll regret talking about this with them as soon as you arrived in this place, but she had a point.
"You didn't need to say that out loud!" You whisper yelled, face still flushed red while your hands still covering it.

"I'm sorry but that was the truth." She said with a tinge of mischievousness in her tone.

You groaned at her words, bringing your head up when the heat on your cheeks subsided to look at the two women in front of you.

"But you didn't have to say that loud!" You argued, crossing your arms over your chest. "What if my husband hear you?"

"What if I heard what?"

You froze at the gruff yet familiar voice coming from behind you, meanwhile, both women were trying to make their way out of the trouble. Before they could even get up from their seat you sent them a death glare which made them sit back down.

You tried to collect the courage to look behind you as you felt him get closer to you, when you finally felt brave enough it was too late. He already stood right beside you, looking down at you behind his cowl making you gulp nervously.

"Um... Nothing..." You trailed off not really wanting to answer him, darting your eyes to see somewhere else. Anywhere else but him.

"Oh, we were discussing about who took her purity away." You threw your fork towards Dinah who dodged it easily. Diana shook her head at Dinah's bluntness before standing up and walked away, not before giving you a reassuring smile though.

But it didn't help!

You heard Bruce make a grunting noise as he turned on his heels and walked away.

This freaking man.

Dinah mouthed a 'talk to him', her hand pointing at the dark knight while the other holding the spoon. You shook your head, still thinking as it was something embarrassing to do. She stood from her seat, cupping her hands on the either sides of her lips.

"Bats! She wanted to talk to you!" She exclaimed before rushing out from there, leaving you--not completely--alone with your husband.

"Ah, euh." You stuttered, your words were stuck in your throat as it suddenly became dry, he walked towards you slowly before stopping which made him towering over you making you more nervous than you already were.

He raised an eyebrow under his cowl, patiently waiting for you to talk. You brought your head up but before you could really talk, he was already gone for another mission.

A heavy sigh left your lips, this happened again.

----

When you arrived at the manor, it was already dark. Alfred was waiting for you, he also knew about what happened with you and Bruce- Hell, he was the first one who knew.

He served you a cup of warm tea, putting it down on the nightstand beside the bed you shared with
your husband. Giving him a small 'thank you' you gladly picked up the cup and take a sip as he left the room to give you some time alone.

A few minutes after he left, someone knocked on the door a few times before stopping to wait for your answer.

"Come in Alfie, it's not locked." You answered, thinking it was Alfred you didn't bother to look at the door that was slowly opening. Eyes continuing to scan the words on the book you currently reading.

"(Y/N)?" Bruce's voice ringed in your ears.

You hesitantly looked up from your book, rubbing your eyes since you weren't sure it was really him, standing in front of you with a bouquet in his hands and he was wearing his casual clothing.

"Oh!" You said in surprise, "it's you."

He handed the flowers to you which you gladly took with a smile, your delicate and soft fingers brushing against the petals as the sweet scent of different flowers filled your nostrils.

"They're pretty." You breathed in awe, smile still gracing your beautiful features.

Sure this was cheesy but either way, you liked it, he always knew that simple things made you happy. He wrapped his arms around you tightly enough to leave you to breathe but moving.

You were shocked when he embraced you, you missed the feeling so much until you forgot what it felt like. The warmth of his body, the way his arms support your body when you were leaning against him, the way your ear pressed against his chest so you could hear his steady heartbeat that always calms you down.

Without you knowing a tear slipped from your eye, rolling down your cheek and into your lips. The saltiness of it broke your thoughts. You returned his embrace just as tight as you sobbed.

His hand went up to your back, soothingly rubbing in circles to calm you down. It supposed to work but it only made your tears brims in your eyes.

"I'm sorry, I should've spent more time with you." He whispered into your ear, knowing the reason why you cried, as he pulled you closer to his body. You quickly shook your head, brushing off his apology. A hand rested on his chest as your head tilted up to look at him.

"I understand, you were busy. I just missed you so much." You replied honestly, choking back another sob. You hated being such a crybaby, you couldn't help it. You missed him so much, the lack of affection is too much to bear. A month, you endured it for a month. No cuddling, hugging, not even a single kiss on the cheek or forehead.

Even someone as strong as you still need someone to cling onto.

"How can I make up for it?" Bruce asked, pulling away from the hug slightly so he could look at you. You blinked, but it was enough for him to know that you were confused. "Make up for the lost of times that we should've spend our time together on."

"I think there is a way." You replied, cracking a smile that he hadn't seen in a while.

You put both your hands on his cheeks, thumbs rubbing on them as you brought your face close to him, giving a soft kiss on his chapped lips.
He kissed you back almost immediately, he missed the feeling of your soft lips collided with his rough ones.

Too bad, the lack of air made the both of you had to broke the kiss unwillingly. Breathing heavily, you smiled up at him which he returned with one of his own.

"Want to go out?" He asked.

You shook your head once more, this time he was the one who's confused. You laughed at his expression before answering,

"What about cuddling for tonight and a date tomorrow?"

"Anything."

Chapter End Notes

What is this..? This is shit. I'm sorry.
I hope you enjoyed (though)! And sorry for grammar errors.

I still open requests~ until tomorrow. Probably. I dunno. FEEL FREE TO LEAVE 'EM! XD

-K!
Monopoly

Chapter Summary

Requested by; TheCatSaysMiaw

Prompt; Batfamily (Plus Batmom) decides to play Clue! XD Or Monopoly
Welp, I still don’t understand how to play Clue/Cluedo until I really played it. I’ve
read and watch so many videos about it and I still don’t get it. So, I’m so sorry I’ll go
with Monopoly.

(I even forgot how to play Monopoly…)

You just got back from your date with Bruce, your arms still linked with his and smile plastered on
both of your faces. Bruce, being the real gentleman that he is, opened the door for you. Instead of
Alfred greeting you, you were greeted by inaudible screaming and mumbling.

“You cheated Todd!” You heard Damian screeched from upstairs. You stole a glance at Bruce
who was as confused as you.

“I think we should see whatever the hell is happening.” You suggested, rushing upstairs with your
husband hot on your heels.

The muttering and arguing were getting louder and louder in Dick’s room. You entered the room
without even bothering to knock and there they were, sitting in a circle with Alfred on a chair
shaking his head. The room was messy, the clothes were scattered all over the floor. Only God
knows what kind of storm that hit this room.

In front of them was a board game you’ve hadn’t played in a long time, they were still bickering
and arguing not noticing your presence. The one who did was, of course, Alfred.

“Ah, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne!” Alfred said, he stood up from the chair. A wave of relief can be seen
on his face, it was so obvious that the boys had been arguing when the two of you were gone.

“Hello, Alfred.”

The boys’ head turned towards you who had crossed your arms in a demanding manner but you
didn’t mean it like that. They were prepared for your scolding, but no screeching was heard.

Instead, you sat beside Damian looking at the messy board.

“I wanna join too.” You clapped your hands together happily, a bright smile on your face. There
was an awkward silence among the boys, they were confused, you could tell.

“Darling, you told me you were going to rest?” Bruce broke the silence after telling Alfred that he
could rest, he had watched over the boys for 18 hours and he needed it.

“Nah, I’m going to play with the boys for a moment.”

“Are you sure?”
You nodded as the boys cleaned up their mess and sat back down. Dick cleaned up the board, redoing their game since you had joined and split the monopoly money evenly.

Bruce was about to left the room but you stopped him.

“Bruce… Join us.” You practically pleaded, giving him a puppy eye look. You knew you won when he sighed and took a seat beside you.

---

After hours of playing, Dick went bankrupt first then Damian, Jason and Tim a few moments later which left you and Bruce. Alfred went back into the room after taking a tea break and he now playing as the banker.

“I can’t believe this.” Damian scoffed, he looked at the pile of monopoly money in front of you. “I don’t think this will end anytime soon.”

Tim tapped Damian shoulder when he did gain the young Wayne’s attention he pointed towards you who were about to lose. Bruce almost won, the boys could see the slightly smug look that gracing his face.

“Aw man,” you whined, your pawn stopped at Bruce’s territory and you needed to pay which made you went bankrupt. “I lose.”

“I’m sorry Mrs. Wayne, it seems like Master Bruce won this time.” Alfred said, cleaning up the mess that you and the others made.

“Wait a minute..” Dick interrupts, holding both of his hands up. “This time?”

You and Bruce looked at each other before a chuckle left your now sore throat as you nod.

“Yes, this time.” You answered, standing up along with your husband with the others following. “We played at least two board games a week in the cave.”

“Hold up, how come I didn’t know about this?”

“Do you really wanna know everything I and Bruce do when we’re alone?” Walking towards the door as you yawned, you turned your head slightly. “Night boys.” You said, leaving the room with Alfred and Bruce.

“Ew!!” They screamed in disgust.
Prompt; Oh boy. Okay. But loook, a Batfam x Batsis. Batsis doesn’t like any of the girls that Bruce brings home; like she gets all clingy and sometimes gives Bruce ‘the look’ before going to Alfred. As in, she doesn’t speak to Bruce in a week. Like a 6 or 7 yr old ignoring Batdad.

Chapter Notes

It's a bit off from the prompt.

You were playing with Jason, a flute in your tiny hand while he played the piano. It was his turn to take care of you as the others do their duties.

You were supposed to play the flute but ended up singing along with him. No, it wasn’t like this at first. The both of you did pull a prank on Damian, his face was covered in glitters and other girly accessories.

You also played with guns. Yes, Jason’s guns collections. Yes, real ones. Yes, also with some grenades and a bazooka.

“Welcome back master Bruce.”

Alfred’s voice made you stop singing. You dropped the flute and went out from the room you were in, leaving Jason alone. Your short legs brought you towards the huge door where Alfred and Bruce currently stood.

“Daddy!” You beamed, running straight into the billionaire’s legs to clung onto it. He smiled at your cheerful voice and bent down to pick you up into his arms.

“How was work? Can we play now!?” You excitedly asked, you missed adoptive father since he didn’t have the time to spend at least an hour to play with you yesterday.

“Of course and I brought someone to play along.”

You frowned.

(E/C) eyes looking over his shoulder, finding a blonde woman with thick make-up on her face. She was wearing a slightly revealing clothes, her red lips curled into a smile when she looked at you with her blue eyes.

Bruce always brought at least a girl every 3 days. But this woman has been with him for a month now, you didn’t know her name yet. The woman he brought, they always looked the same to you,
they wanted your father’s money, not his love. You might be a 6 years old but you understand this kind of thing.

Your former family always gave you fake attentions, love and care. They used you, you were a gorgeous little girl. A magazine wanted you to be their model. You didn’t want to but your parents abused you for rejecting.

That was why you ran. You didn’t meet Batman though, you met Robin then he brought you to Batman and now here you are.

“Um, who is she again?”

“A close friend of mine.” The woman now has her arm wrapped around his waist, she stood proudly beside your father. Her head rested on his shoulder as she looked at you under her fake lashes.

You wiggled your way out from his grip when he loosened his arms to hold you properly you slid down and landed safely on the floor making the stranger stared at you wide eyed.

Bruce was a whole lot taller than you (obviously), he looked like a tower if you stand on the ground.

“I don’t like her.” You scoffed, sassily fixing your twin tails before turning around to search for the others. Not after giving your father the look.

Honestly, how could he not see it? It was so obvious. He is rich, handsome, strong, smart. He is like a piece of meat for those girls. They just wanted to manipulate him.

—-

“What’s wrong (Y/N)?” Dick asked you. You burst into his room right on time where he just finished changing.

“Daddy brought that woman again.” You sighed, climbing onto his bed and brought your knees onto your chest. Your small arms wrapped around your knees tightly as your cheek rested on them.

“What’s wrong with it?”

“Everything! I mean, he spends less time with me now. All he does is talking about boring things with her!” You huffed, the bed creaked slightly when Dick sat beside you. “Even after patrol, he went straight to sleep.”

“Did you know why he does that?”

You shook your head at his question meanwhile he chuckled as he scooted closer to you, his arm moved to pull you into a hug.

“He does that because he needs to keep his identity as a Batman a secret…” Dick started, he picked you up so you sit on his lap. “He needs to mingle so the others won’t get suspicious.” Dick finishes, he made an air quote at the word mingle.

“What do you mean?--”

“What will happen if a playboy billionaire suddenly doesn’t come out from his place?” Tim’s voice cuts you off from the door.
“The paparazzi won’t leave him alone? And try to spy on him?” You guessed, looking over at Tim who was now walking towards you.

“Exactly.” Suddenly Damian showed up, he was already leaning against the nightstand with arms crossed over his chest making you jump. You nervously looked at him, his emerald eyes already fixed on you.

“Hi, Damian.” You gulped.

“Brat. Father is looking for you. His study.” He told you not moving from his position.

“(Y/N)! Before you leave, I have something you might be interested in.” You raised an eyebrow at Tim, interested with whatever he had in mind. After a few moments of talking, you stood up from Dick’s lap and jumped off the bed. “Thanks, guys!” You waved, running towards your father’s office but you need to find Jason first.

You stopped in his room, he was reading a book on his bed until you took the book away from him.

“Leave me alone!” He roared, irritated that his precious reading time was disturbed by you.

“I need your help.” You answered, putting the book down on the other side of the bed. Jason’s frown slowly turned into a huge mischievous smile as you explained the situation to him.

It didn’t take long for him to plant the plans into your brain, you were smart after all.

When you walked towards the study you bumped into Alfred he was bringing a tray of snacks.

“Alfie! Let me bring that!”

Alfred quickly shook his head in the negative, the tray was quite heavy. But you insisted on taking and bringing it to your father study. After a few arguments and pouting, he obliged with a sigh and gave the tray to you.

He opened the door for you since both of your hands are full, muttering a ‘thanks’ you walked in and placed the tray on the table.

Before Bruce could say anything you extended your hand towards the blonde woman, a smile plastered on your cute face. It was forced since you were good at acting it didn’t show.

“Sorry for the rudeness earlier, I’m (Y/N).”

“I’m Victoria. Nice to finally meet you (Y/N), Bruce told me so much about you.” She shook your hand gently as she returned your smile.

“You look… Familiar.” You draw your hand back from her grasp and took a seat beside your father. A leg crossed over the other, this pose made you more mature than your actual age. Bruce looked at you, he didn’t know should he be impressed or scared that you grew up too fast, mentally.

The girl that claimed as ‘Victoria’ gave a glimpse of panicking before it disappears like nothing had happened. It was enough for you though.

“Ah! I showed up in some magazines and advertisements.” She said proudly, “I’m also starring in some movie.”
You looked at your father, he was sipping his coffee then back towards the blonde.

“I see.” You nod your head, taking a bite of strawberry cake that Alfred had prepared for you. “You looked like someone I had met before, not met though, but bumped into.”

She shifted in her seat, her expression changed slightly. You looked up to your father, he was looking at you curiously. A slight interest was obvious on his face.

“Ah, I met you at the Gotham Academy when I’m picking my little brother up.” The blonde chimed, breaking the awkward silence that filled the room.

“You met her?” Your father asked this time. You proudly nodded, uncrossing your legs before crawling into his lap.

“Dad, do you remember my new friend?” You questioned innocently, shoving a fork full of cake to his face. He sighed before taking the delicious cake that full of whipped cream into his mouth.

“Isaac?”

“Mhm,” you hummed, putting the empty plate back on the table. Your big (E/C) eyes innocently looking back towards Victoria. “He said you are his mom.”

A knock on the door interrupted your talk, the intense atmosphere was gone in a flash. A wave of relief washed the woman’s face.

“Come in.” Bruce said, standing up from his seat.

“I brought him (Y/N)!” Jason exclaimed after kicking the door, a quite handsome man standing behind him. To be exact, you knew him. He’s your math teacher, your favorite teacher of all times.

Mr. Paul!

“Hi, mister Paul!” You greeted, jumping from your seat and ran towards him.

“(Y/N)? Why are you calling me?”

“Eh, I have some questions!” You purposely pulled him inside, away from the doorway. “We have a test tomorrow, right? So, I was won--”

“Victoria?” He cut you off, shock lacing his voice. You stopped, looking at him, Victoria then back at him. Letting his hand go before waltzing your way towards your father and Jason who were watching.

*Your plan is working.*

“You know her?” You asked innocently, standing in front of Bruce who decides to not say anything and watch the show you’ve presented to him.

“She’s my wife.”

“You told me you’re single Mrs. Claire?” Your father spoke up, he now has his arms crossed over his chest.

“Mrs. Claire? Single? You’re Victoria Paul!” Your teacher exploded, he stomped towards his wife taking her hand bringing it up. He pointed towards her ring finger, where a ring wrapped around it. “See!” He took it off, “it has my name in it!”
Victoria kept silent, you heard a slight barely audible laughing from behind you.

“That’s it, woman!” Mr. Paul turned to leave the room, his face was red due to his anger.

“No, honey! Listen to me!” She called, rushing to catch up with him.

“Don’t honey me!”

Their bickering was soon faded, replaced by Jason’s laughter echoing throughout the room. He seemed so satisfied with the drama earlier.

“That was worth it. The look on her face.” Jason breathed, he ruffles your hair before leaving the room knowing his job was done. He closed the door leaving you and Bruce alone.

“Why did you do that?”

“It’s because you never play with me anymore dad!” You answered, looking up at him. A sad expression replaced your smile earlier as you explained everything. Tim’s information and when you asked Jason to call your teacher as you cried.

Bruce gently picked you up, wiping your tears away with his big palm. “I’m not mad baby bat.” He shushed you, “you saved me.”

“I did?”

“Yes, she was blabbering about her careers and all that. It was boring, to be honest. So, thank you.”

His words bring a smile to your face soon it turned into a big goofy grin.

“Was it fun to watch?” You asked as he walked towards the door to get out from his study.

He nods.

“Can I be the Batgirl now?”

“No.”
For You

Chapter Summary

Requested by: fanficRuinedMe and 9Zio6TSIOX!

Prompt; Please do more Dick Grayson x reader / Dick Grayson x Gymnast! Reader
He goes to her competition.

Warning: Um… None!
Dick is still Robin here.

Dick has been seeing this certain girl at Gotham Academy, she is so bright, her (E/C) eyes always leave him breathless, her beautiful smile never disappear from her delicate face. Everybody loves her.

(Y/N) is her name.

She is so flawless in his eyes, she’s smart and loves to do some acrobatic moves. Just like him. In fact, she’s a young gymnast. She won a lot of trophies, from a local competition to national ones.

She has a lot of talents, everybody adores her. She’s the kindest girl he ever met in his life.

The bell rang, breaking him from his daydreaming and signaling that the class is over for a lunch break.

“Dick!” The sweet voice called.

He automatically turned around to see the beauty of the Academy and also his very best friend. Her (H/C) hair tied up in a ponytail making every inch of her bright face visible to him.

“(Y/N).” Dick waved happily towards the girl after slinging his back over his shoulder.

The girl stopped in front of him, sparkling (E/C) eyes looking at his blue ones.

“I- um…” The girl stuttered, instead of continuing her words she rummaged her jacket pocket. After finding what she was looking for she gave it to Dick which he gladly accepts with a confused face.

She sensed his confusion, still with a smile and a determined face she went to explain. “Today’s my competition, I want you to come! That’s the ticket for the VIP seats.”

“Wait, ‘seats’?”

She nodded, her hands went inside to the pockets of her jeans. “You can bring your family members. But, if you’re busy it’s okay if you can’t come.”

With an audible gasp, Dick shook his head frantically in the negative. “No, I’m not busy. Tomorrow is weekend anyway, so I’ll come.”

(Y/N) pulled him into a brief hug, “Thanks!” She pulled away from the hug and walked away.
“Bye, Dick! See you there.”

Little did she know she left the Batman’s sidekick breathless, her sweet and fresh scent still lingering on his uniform and in his nostrils. His eyes were wide as saucers.

Yes, it was only a friendly hug and it was enough to make his heart jumps from his ribcage.

—-

The night came, Dick went by himself since his adopted father has a job to do. He somehow managed to take a day-off being a Vigilante for awhile.

He went into the VIP seat after showing the security his ticket. He took a seat and waited for the competition to start.

After a few minutes, it was boring for him.

Sure, all the contestants are skilled. But he was there for (Y/N) in the first place. His hand gripping a bouquet of flower he bought and picked personally right before he got home.

He checked the schedule for the performance, his sleepy eyes scanning over the words and alphabets for her name.

He started to doze off, eyes giving up to stay awake. His elbow placed on the seat as his cheek rested on his knuckles, her name was announced. Too late, Dick has fallen asleep on his seat until the clap of the audience wakes him up.

He slaps himself, hard, for falling asleep. How is he gonna face her? The question repeats in his head as he walked out from the seat to the backstage, where she told him to meet her after the competition.

He saw her talking to the other gymnasts, her blue and black colored tight leotard hugged her body perfectly showing her beautiful body lines.

He was jealous of the leotard.

He felt heat rising up to his cheek, feeling stupid for getting jealous because a leotard he shook his head and walked towards her still with a bouquet in his hand. Successfully surprised her when he placed his rough palm on her bare arm.

“God, you surprised me!” (Y/N) breathed out, her hands now placed on top of her chest where her heart suppose to be.

“I’m sorry, here.” He said, giving her the bouquet full of beautiful flowers. She stared at it with a blank face for a moment before gratefully taking it from his hand.

“Thank youu!” She chirped, placing a kiss on his cheek making a light blush visible on his cheeks.

The other gymnasts waved her goodbye, preparing themselves for the result of the competition.

“Sooo…” (Y/N) started, her delicate finger brushing against the flowers, “what do you think?”

Dick raised his eyebrow, “about what?”

“My performance.”
He hissed, face palming as he tears his gaze from her to the ground. “Ahh.. About that--”

She grew confused, waiting for him to finish his words.

“–I might or might not fall asleep earlier. I’m so sorry (Y/N)!“ Dick apologized, scratching the back of his neck nervously bringing his gaze back up to her who was pouting.

Dick panicked for a second but then he was the one who grew confused. “It was boring, wasn’t it?” She giggled, before he could complain or argue she continued. “I understand, I also fell asleep the first time I came to see gymnastics!”

They both laugh and soon it faded. A smile still remaining on their faces. An announcement was heard from the speaker on the wall telling them that the judge had made their decisions about who will be the winner of the competition.

“I gotta go.” She said, hugging the bouquet close to her chest. Dick nodded, he was about to leave until her voice stopped him. “I think I could do it again.”

Those words made him turned back towards her, his face held a confused expression.

“I’ll perform again just for you.” She turned on her heels, ready to leave. “Tomorrow, 8 AM. I’ll meet you at the park. See you tomorrow Dick!” She then ran.

Again, she left him breathless.

“For me.” He breathed, a wide and stupid smile gracing across his handsome face as he went out from backstage. Her words keep on repeating in his head, giving him a sweet dream in his sleep.
Mistakes

Chapter Summary

Requested by: Literally_me06

Prompt: Sad: Can you do one where Batmom dies on a mission and the batfamily can’t save her but she comes back to life a year later when Bruce is dating another woman who acts fake. Batmom will work with Talia. I know. It doesn’t make sense since ya’ know Batmom is Bruce’s wife and all that. But bear with me.

*TRIGGER WARNING: SLIGHT ANGST, DEATH, HEARTBREAK, CURSING/PROFANITIES AND MORE NEGATIVE THINGS I CAN’T DESCRIBE*

Chapter Notes

Don’t read if you're sensitive...Please?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Bruce?” You called, your smile, somehow, brightened the dark room.

Bruce turned around his eyes widening when he heard your voice and at the sight of you. “(Y/N)?” He finally responded, walking towards you shock still evident on his face.

Your smile widened as you ran happily towards him who already extended his arms waiting for you to jump into his warm embrace, but before you could reach him a bullet when through your chest.

“God, No!” He exclaimed, catching you into his arms he kneeled down with tears brimming in his beautiful eyes. He ran his thumb along your lips brushing away the blood from them.

Your lips stayed in a form of a smile, it confuses him your face now as pale as a corpse, barely breathing. “Bruce? Why didn’t you save me.” You croaked out.

“Why?” You kept on asking, a hand went up to rest on his cheek rubbing it softly with your thumb. “Don’t you love me? You do, don’t you?”

Bruce gasped as he sat up on his bed, cold sweat dripped down from his chin to the cover. Another nightmare. He looked to the other side of the bed where a red-haired woman was sleeping.

“Bruce?” Her sleepy voice called, she sat up placing her hand on his shoulder in a reassuring manner. “Are you okay sweetheart?”

Bruce cracked a smile as a response, “Yes, I’m fine Angela.” He assured, leaning over to place a kiss on his new lover’s lips which she happily returned.
It’s been a year and a half after your death, Bruce and the others couldn’t believe it that you were dead. It was his fault for sending you on a mission to catch a certain Villain who worked with the Joker, alone, it was his mistake, guilt was eating him alive back then but soon he went through it and got over you after finding another woman.

She’s also pretty, Angela Smith is her name. She stole Bruce’s heart and now going out with him for a half year, working at Wayne Enterprises as his new secretary 3 days after your death. She helped him to get through his guilt, through thick and thin. She also knows about his identity as Batman, he trusted her.

Angela placed her hand on his well-toned chest before breaking the kiss. “If you have something that bothers your mind, just tell me.” She stated.

Bruce gave her a nod so she continued, “now, shall we go back to sleep?” This time Bruce shook his head with a smirk he pushed her back down to the bed.

She started blushing, knowing what he gonna do.

Little did they know you were alive, Talia brought you to Lazarus pit a few months ago she dug your grave and personally took you to that place.

She owes you her life, you saved her from death back then. She kept her promise and brought you back to life. She was expecting you to go on a rampage just like Jason did, but nothing came.

Instead, you looked at her flashing a smile. You now have a white streak on your once (H/C) locks, it fits you well.

Talia also had another reason, she needs you to help her to catch her prey. She knew that you are the only one who is capable of doing that because it involved Bruce.

You trained with her, you have good combat skills despite the fact that you were a housewife, you also could use any kind of weapons which was a surprise to her and her father-

“Do I get a new costume or something?” You questioned jokingly, Talia rolled her eyes at you.

“Yes, you do.”

“Wait, I do?” She then handed you a new set of a suit, it’s some kind of an assassin uniform. It looks good though. You gladly took it from her hands, “Sheesh, I was joking. Thank you by the way.”

“For what?”

“This, training me and all that.”

Talia gave you a chuckle as she walked towards the door of your room with you following, “I owe you, for saving me… And for taking care of Damian.”

“Huh? I thought you wanted Damian back?”

“In the past, (Y/N).” She sighed, “Now get ready, I’ll escort you back to Gotham.”

You pulled her into a hug, she tensed just like Damian did back then but soon returning it awkwardly.

Talia kept her words and escort you back to Gotham, arriving at night by ship. She didn’t let you
find Bruce—Batman, alone. She wears her suit and you wear yours. The tight latex fits perfectly with the mask.

Standing on a rooftop, you couldn’t help but smile at the sight upon you. You missed this place like a lot. Sure there are a lot of crazy Villains in here, especially your killer. It didn’t bother you.

“Talia.” A familiar gruff and deep voice came from behind you, slowly but surely you turned around to see your husband. Former husband.

Yes, you knew about his new lover. How? Because she’s your target. Talia fed you with every information she had. About the boys, Alfred, the town, Villains and the main Wayne. It shatters you, it hurts you so bad.

“Batman.”

You didn’t say anything, the wind blew your hair to the back softly. The full faced mask covered your face so he didn’t recognize you, yet.

Back then, he could recognize you by seeing your features, it looks like he did get over you.

“What are you doing here?” He grunted, you noticed he still doesn’t like her one bit. “We’ve been trough this. He--”

“Batman!” His new partner cut him off, she landed right beside him.

“That’s her.” Talia whispered to you.

Your eyes narrowed under the mask, you knew that woman, she was there when you died she was the one who took you to the Joker and helped him killed you. This is bad news. You thanked all the gods that they didn’t see your face.

“She was the one who killed me,” you whispered back with anger lacing your voice, “how, why? Oh no.”

The boys came next, they landed gracefully. Oh how much you missed them. Tears were pricking in your eyes bothering to came out.

“Keep it together (Y/N).”

“Mother, what are you doing here?” Damian spoke up.

“I came for her.” Talia pointed towards the new family member.

The boys suddenly stood up in front of her to protect her, all of them are ready for a fight.

“You are not taking her.” Tim hissed.

“Yeah Talia, skedaddle! Bring your pet away too.” Dick snapped.

You were about to break, jealousy started to bubble up in your guts along with anger and rage. Taking a deep breath trying to calm your nerves, you unsheathed your blade from its sheath that rested on your waist.

“You brought that woman back to life too, huh?” Jason piped in, pointing his gun towards your head. He noticed the streak on your hair.
Talia nodded as a response as she placed a hand on your shoulder, “Yes, I did.” You also nodded then she continued, “That girl, Bruce, she’s using you.”

“Say that to yourself.” Bruce fired back.

You bit back a laugh at his comeback, instead of a laugh a sharp breath left your lips which caught Talia’s attention. She nudged your side with her elbow and glared at you.

“Leave Talia, I won’t give her to you.”

“New lover, I see?” She cooed walking towards the bat. “What about your wife? How will she reacts that you fall in love with her killer.” She stopped right in front of the buff man.

Bruce was surprised at her statements, he was unsure but soon gained his composure back and confidently objected her statements.

“What if… I have the evidence?”

Bruce seemed to have enough of her bullshits since he launched his fist at her. As a reflect instead of Talia, you blocked his punch and returned it to him just as hard.

“I’m sorry.” You muttered even though he couldn’t hear you.

That’s when hell breaks loose, 6 versus 2. Unfair? Indeed. It seems like they would do anything so you and Talia won’t take her away from them.

How they couldn’t see it, you fought Angela, Dick and Bruce as Talia took the rest. It pains you to fight the one you love. Angela excluded. Especially when they fight for the wrong side.

“How can I make you believe me?” You whispered into where Bruce’s ear supposed to be. He froze his punch right before it hits your stomach.

“What’s wrong?” Dick asked, he also stop his hand from swinging his enigma sticks from hitting your back.

“Why didn’t you save me?”

Those words that left your lips surprised him, he took a step back from you. Before you could talk any further, somehow Jason’s bullet hit your mask making it crack and shatter enough to reveal your familiar (E/C) eyes. The mask was thick enough to protect your skull from regular bullets.

“Why didn’t you look for me?” You kept on going just like in his dream. “I thought… I thought I mattered,” the words kept on flowing out from your trembling lips, “why didn’t you look for my murderer? For the one who killed me Bruce.”

You stopped, taking a deep breath trying to stop your emotions from pouring. “You don’t have to kill the Joker… Or her to avenge me, to bring justice.” You continued through your clenched teeth as you pointed towards Angela who tried her best to keep her postures. “Just put them behind bars or the asylum! Anything Bruce, I won’t ask much from you! I never do!” You roared.

Without you knowing the fight has stopped.

“That’s all I wanted, but instead… Instead, you fell for her, you kissed her, you made love to her! I saw it all, I knew it all!” Bruce kept silent, so does the others. “You’re killing me, Bruce Wayne. Let me show you something.”
You jumped down from the building and came back with the Joker over your shoulder, all tied up. He doesn’t have his mouth covered, so he was cackling nonstop when you grappled back.

“Whoo, HAHA! --oof!” Joker breathed in excitement and grunted when you threw him onto the roof with his ass first. “Batsy!” He cheered with his usual grin when his eyes landed on Bruce’s new lover his grin went wider. “Ooo! Angela! There you are! I’ve been looking for you!”

You weren’t surprised when Joker noticed her at the first glance, she was and still is Joker’s new toy after Harley. You knew that she couldn’t betray the clown, she’s almost as loyal as Harley. It was so obvious that she was trembling at the fact you just touched Joker, you carried him, she never had the chance to do so.

Bruce looked towards Angela who couldn’t keep her eyes off Joker.

“Just spill it, Arachne.” Talia taunted, getting enough of Angela’s acting when it was so obvious.

“Arachne? The spider?” Tim gasped.

“The more you know kid.”

Joker cackled loudly, his cackles sure did send shivers down Angela’s spine. “It seems like your plan is ruined, doll.”

“What?” Bruce finally spoke up, a hint of hurt and betrayal was obvious in his tone. He was hurt, the one who healed his scars was also the one who opened them back. Hell! She even made a new one.

Angela clicks her tongue as she charged at you, she had ripped your old suit showing her own. Her small combat knife sliced your cheek and her fist made contact with your old wounds, spitting our blood you fell down onto the cold pavements.

“Now’s your chance, Talia.” You breathed out, holding your aching side. Talia nodded and hit Angela’s head enough to make her unconscious.

Wow, that was easy, you should’ve done it sooner.

“Aw! You ruined the fun!” Joker whined, “I wanna see the bat cries!” Sighing you stood up and take his chin into your hand.

“Night!” You chirped and slammed his head onto the ground making another person unconscious.

“You believe me now?”

All of them stared at you, they either wanted to cry or scream in anger that they just made a mistake. They hurt you mentally, you didn’t blame them though.

“I’m sorry.” Bruce whispered.

“No, don’t be. I know you didn’t mean it.” You assured with a smile after taking off your cracked mask. The same smile you always wore when you were around him.

“Us too.” The boys said in unison.

“No, boys. It’s okay.”

“(Y/N), we have to leave!” Talia called from the edge of the roof, Angela was limp on her shoulder.
“I’ll catch up!” Talia left as soon as she heard your words, turning back towards your former family with a sad face you laughed forcefully. “You heard the boss, gotta go.”

“Don’t leave, not again.” Damian pleaded, taking off his domino mask as he runs up to you. You caught him into your arms, the others following after.

“Sorry boys, I have to.” You broke the group hug to walk towards the Batman who was breathless and hurt. “Bruce?”

He looked down at you as your reached your hand up, removing his cowl. You smiled widely when you saw his handsome face, placing a kiss on his cheek your arms wrapping themselves around his torso,

“I’ll miss you, again.” You laughed, pulling away from the hug. Taking off your gloves from your hands to took off your wedding ring and gave it to him. “Here.” You placed the small ring into his gloved palm.

“No.” He shook his head trying to give it back to you which you rejected.

“Bruce, I want you to take it back. It has no meaning anymore. You don’t love me anymore.” You paused, placing both hands on his cheeks so he could look at you properly since he couldn’t keep his gaze on you still. “Tell me you love me once more when you’re ready then I’ll be back. Until then, I won’t show up in your life. I still love you Bruce Wayne and goodbye.”

After saying your farewell, you jumped off from the roof to catch up with Talia. Bruce stared at the ring, sighing he put your ring into his utility belt and put his cowl back on.

He made another mistake.

Chapter End Notes

I can't breathe... -K
Starting Over

Chapter Summary

I decided to make a part 2 since a few people requested for it.

If you liked Mistakes just the way it is without continuation whatsoever, don’t read this one! I’m bad at writing… This will (hopefully) be short, I’m afraid this won’t make sense at all and ruin the first one shot. So, I suggest you to not to.

Chapter Notes

Honestly I really don't expect for someone to notice my writing, giving it Kudos and Bookmark it...
180 Kudos are just crazy dude.
I'm a horrible writer but someone still liked this it's just... No, my question is just...
Why?

Thank you for your support by the way! :)

Currently waiting for your new friend, it’s been 2 months since your encounter with your former family. You missed them so much but you couldn’t do anything about that, you kept your words. You came back to Gotham because living with Talia starts to get boring. All you saw were people sparring, killing each other, experiments, Talia screaming at her men and many other things. You need to see something, or at least someone new to finally move on. Your death didn’t reach Gotham, Bruce kept it as a secret. No, he kept you as a secret. Nobody knew you because you told him to shut that charming mouth of his.

Despite all of Talia’s attempts on keeping you with her to help her since you were a good tutor for her men, she lets you go nonetheless and about Angela… She was taken care of, so you don’t have to worry about her. You could care less about whatever Talia gonna do to her.

Well, seems like the Lazarus Pit did change you after all.

You still keep in touch with her, just in case. Now, you work at a café in Gotham, it’s quite popular too, because of you though. Your beauty makes the café popular. You made some new friends and try to live a normal life. Forgetting all the heartbreak you went through.

You became close with another beauty, Nicole is her name. She became your best friend and you tell everything to her including your love life. (Except for the secret detail and your husband was Bruce Wayne) and did she let you stay single? Nope.

“Wait for me after work! I’ll introduce you to a friend of mine.” She said in a cheerful tone.
That’s why you were there in the first place, waiting for Nicole in front of your workplace for a double date. She will bring her friends- and whoops there she is.

“(Y/N).” She patted your shoulder as the door behind her closed. “Let’s go.”

You raised an eyebrow at her, seeing no man anywhere. “Where is this friend of yours?”

“Where are they.” She corrected, “he’ll bring another friend, he said we’ll know him.” She then proceeded to drag you towards a restaurant.

It was a fancy restaurant, to be honest, you felt a bit out of place. When you dated with Bruce he also did take you to this kind of place, after a while, you begged him to stop and just do a not too fancy kind of date.

You felt eyes staring at the both of you, your clothes weren’t that revealing but it still hugged your curves perfectly, different with Nicole who wore a quite revealing dress.

“There they are.” She waved towards the men who were sitting facing each other.

And one of the men has to be Bruce Wayne.

He also seems surprised by the sight of you, soon he gave you a smile. His signature smile. You returned it with one of your own as you sat side to side with Nicole when the other guy had stood up and offered his seat to her.

You guys chatted for a while, you and Bruce pretended not knowing each other. When Nicole and her date were flirting with each other you took the chance to talk with your former husband.

“What are you doing here?” You mouthed, ignoring the fact that you had accidentally breaking your words by not showing up in his life.

Giving you a shrug, he glanced towards the man he is with. You assumed he was dragged too, just like you. But does it really has to be Bruce!

“So, how did you two met?” Nicole asked the man named Ron.

“Oh! I was his acquaintance. I worked with him in Wayne Enterprises, well you can say he’s my boss at work but a friend outside of the building. I’ve been there since his former wife died and his girlfriend cheated on him.” He proudly explained.

You bit back the urge to roll your eyes and scream, 'his former wife is right here, I'm his former wife, heyho! Look at me!'

Bruce saw your childishness behind your eyes and chuckled, making you blush all over your face. Quickly you clear your throat silently to fade it away and it did, but it was too late since Bruce noticed.

“(Y/N), you better not cheat on Bruce.” Nicole nudged your side jokingly with her elbow as she whispered those words.

This time you rolled your eyes and scoffed loudly enough for the three of them to hear, “as I remember I also got cheated on.” You retorted, stealing a glance at Bruce.

Guilt started to ate him once more when he heard your words.

After a few hours of chatting, trying to ignore your ex-husband and eating, the lovebirds decided to
take a walk, you and your former husband trailing behind them walking in silence meanwhile they linked their arms together and talked happily.

“I’m sorry.” Bruce mumbled as you passed a pet store breaking the intense silence around the two of you, his hand that was in his trousers pockets now went up to pat your head when his friend looked at the both of you.

You gently brushed his hand away, feeling a bit sad at the pain you caused him. You were the reason why he felt guilty, but it also wasn’t your fault.

“It was in the past, Wayne.” You called him by his surname, making his chest tightened at the thought of you trying to distance yourself from him. “I don’t really care about it anymore.” Lie.

“As disgusting as this will sound…” He paused, looking at you with those blue eyes of his that somehow still make your heart flutter. “Can you give me another chance?”

You snorted softly looking towards your friend who was happily laughing at whatever joke Ron had pulled off, “Did you even paid attention to what I said a few months ago? ‘I love you, Bruce Wayne.’” You paused looking back at him, “And I still am. Despite the fact that you moved on so easily.”

Another uncomfortable feeling hit his chest, yet again his guts filled with guilt but soon disappear when he saw your kind smile. You are so forgiving.

You looked up to his hand that he used to ran his fingers through his raven locks, you noticed a ring that around his finger.

“Bruce, you know you shouldn’t have wear a ring on a… Blind date right? You’ll make the girls stay away from you.” You laughed, pointing towards the golden ring.

“But you didn’t, did you?” He teased with a blank face but it was enough for you to groan in embarrassment, “besides, I did it on purpose. I don’t want to fall for the wrong woman, like I did.” He sighed, fiddling with the ring.

As you were about to say something to comfort him, his phone buzzed in his pocket and the both of you stopped walking, letting the couple kept on walking. He picked it up and suddenly his expression became serious.

“Go. I’ll cover you.” You patted his shoulder in a friendly manner when he stuffed his phone back into his pocket, he seemed hesitant at first until you quickly urged him to go, “go, Batman, save the city, protect the city. Protect me.” You whispered the last words softly, eyes looking at his.

“Thank you.” Pulling you into a tight hug he whispered, “to make up that I didn’t return yours and please do come to the manor, they missed you.”

He then vanished in an alleyway, leaving you alone. When you catch up with your friend they started to question where the hell were you and where was Bruce which you told him that there’s a family business.

“I’m sorry, he always leaves his date.” Ron apologized with a sigh to you which you brushed off.

You knew where he went, you know who he is, what he does, his sacrifices. Maybe, starting over won’t be so bad? And this time, you’ll make sure he’ll only see you.
Chapter End Notes

See, I told you it doesn't make sense.

But please do tell me what you think.

-K!
Past

Chapter Summary

Yep, a few people asked me for a part 3 for Mistakes.

If you liked Mistakes and Starting Over just the way they are without continuation whatsoever, don't read this one! I'm still afraid that this won't make sense and you'll end up getting confused so I recommend you not to read it. I hope I can make it a bit shorter so it won't bore you.

But yeah, anyway, the decision is up to you!

This will be the last part.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Another week had passed, you still couldn't believe it that you met Bruce just right a week ago. On a goddamn blind date.

Hands holding a tray with a cup of black coffee and a burger, you walked towards the table next to the window. Gently placing the order as you spoke up making the customer that you had known was a boy turning his head to you from his phone.

"Is there another thing I can help you with?"

Instead of hearing the usual, 'no, thank you's you heard something else.

"Mom?"

Thus make you squint your eyes at him, or... Tim.

"Timmy?" You practically gasped at this point. Oh, great.

"Mom! I thought you were--" he trailed off, you saw the same look Bruce had when he talked about what happened months ago. Guilt. Tim didn't seem he was going to finish his words, so you sighed.

"I came back months ago, living with Talia was quite boring, if I might say." You kept your politeness intact since you were working.

"Oh," he took a sip of his coffee and closed his laptop, "why didn't you come back to the manor? We missed you, I missed you."

This hurt you deeply, you also missed them too. Their laugh, bickering, cry, everything. Your coworker's voice cuts your train of thoughts bringing you back to reality.

"I'll explain later, don't tell the others that I'm back." After receiving a nod and a look of confusion which you ignored you went back to the kitchen to take another order.
The sun had set which means that your shift was over, after saying your goodbye to your coworkers the door behind you closed. Calling a taxi and told the driver your destination.

Standing in front of the huge doors, you pressed the door bell a few times until they opened revealing a familiar old man that you called father for years your marriage with the main Wayne.

"Hi, Alfred." You greeted.

His eyes widening in surprise as if his life had gave him a plot twist.

"Miss (Y/N)." He was on the verge of crying, without hesitating and ditching the politeness he always pulls off no matter what the situation is, he pulled you into a warm hug. "I thought you will never come back."

You laughed softly at that, "but I did, thanks to Talia for that." You tried to joke but it made him cries, remembering that you died and he accepted that new woman into the family without even giving her a second glance.

It seems like guilt had buried itself in their hearts.

"Alfred, it's okay. It's all in the past. I missed you too." You smiled, he returned your smile and finally letting you in after the emotional moments.

Alfred filled you up with what happened in the family ever since you died.

Bruce almost lost his mind, Dick became a bit grumpy and snappy, Jason who was already in those state became worse, Tim got less and less sleep (which explained why he had bad dark circles under his eyes when you met again), Damian always put his enemies on the verge of dying.

This sadden you, you had such an impact on them. Sighing, you took Alfred's old hand into yours, squeezing it to assure him everything is fine now because you are back.

"Where are the others?" You asked, changing the topic.

"They're in the cave replacing Bruce since he got quite a fight yesterday." Alfred sighed, retreating his hand from you to massage his temples.

"Is he hurt?"

"Sadly, Miss (Y/N). He is hurt quite bad."

"I'll go check up on him, go rest, Alfred."

With another hug, you finally went up to his room not without going into the kitchen to cook for him though. A few knocks were enough to emit a groggy, 'it's not locked, come in' from inside. You assumed Bruce was sleeping before you knocked remembering he was and still is a light sleeper, different from you.

Putting your free hand on the doorknob as the other held a tray for the thousandth time that day, you slowly turned it, the door made a slight creaking sound which you noted for later. He seemed surprised to see you, again, instead of Alfred.

"How are you feeling?" You stepped in before closing the door behind you then walking closer to his bed.

He didn't question why you were there in the first place and answered you, "Better." He grunted,
sitting up on his bed.

You placed the tray full of medkit and his food on the nightstand, the room didn't change the slightest. Just the fact other woman had slept on that bed with him was the only thing that makes it different. Your heart clenched at the thought, shaking your head to forget it since it was in the past.

"Eat up." You handed him the soup, "then take your medicine while I change your bandage.

He took the bowl from you and start to eat meanwhile you unwrapped the bloody bandage from his muscular torso after sitting on the bed. It was weird to feel his warm skin under your fingertips again and it also the same for him. He hadn't noticed how much he missed you until he felt your gentle touch.

It was so different than Angela.

His breath hitched when the thought came back into his head and you noticed it. Without warning, you placed a soft kiss on the crook of his neck, the habit you had when you were still his wife.

Noticing what you did, you awkwardly cleaned his bloody torso. "Sorry, my bad." You mumbled, eyes focusing on your task as your brain screamed awkward in your head.

Bruce shook his head not minding at all as he continued to eat.

"Did you make this?" He broke the silence.

Tilting your head up slightly, you finally looked at him, hands still doing their job. "Hum? Oh! How did you know?"

He brought the spoon up making you raise your eyebrow, "Alfred never made a flower shaped vegetable." He chuckled, you breathed an 'oh' looking towards the flower shaped carrot on the spoon before he ate it up.

"Did you not like it?" You asked as you wrapped the bandage.

Shaking his head he takes the last bite. "No, it's delicious."

A small talk went on and on between you and him. A joke and bad puns that make you cringe also included. It was weird really, it was like nothing had happened like you never die in the first place, Angela never exists in your and his life. Soon you finished bandaging him and stood up.

"There, good as new." You grinned proudly at your work.

"Thank you."

"For what?"

"Everything." You sent him a confused look which he took as a sign to continue, "for bandaging me, treating me, taking a good care of the boys being a good mother and wife, forgiving me... Loving me."

There it was, that talk again. You sighed, sitting on the edge of his bed taking a firm but gentle hold of his larger hands.

"Bruce, please, I told you. It was all in the past." You squeezed his hand, "just forget about it, okay? I was never mad at you in the first place, yes, I did get a bit disappointed." You admitted, his expression dropped slightly, "but that was it, Bruce. I don't care about it anymore. I don't want you
to keep blaming yourself, I'm here now, I'm back."

He nodded earning a gentle smile from you as you let his hands go and stood up.

"I'm gonna go surprise the boys."

You left the room and he laid back to rest. He felt better now, you forgive him that's all that matters.

After a few moments of silence just as he was about to sleep, a scream was heard from downstairs then a faint crying and sobbing came after. He guessed that you had surprised them well.

A sigh left his lips.

"It's all in the past, Bruce Wayne."

[END]

Chapter End Notes

YAAAS, FINISHED!
I know guys, it doesn't make sense. I should've made it a bit complicated. But I can't think of any other way...

I hope you enjoyed though.

Tell me what you think! I'd love to know!
Insecurities

Chapter Summary

Requested on my Wattpad!

Summary; Batmom feels insecure and self-conscious about herself because of Bruce's exes!

Chapter Notes

Warning: Self hate, too much dieting (don't do that), cringy story, insecurities, self-consciousness.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Ugh." You groaned, staring at your reflection in the mirror with a glare. You pinch a tiny bundle of fat on your stomach, making a disgusted expression you flicked it with your fingers.

A few days ago you discovered a dress that Bruce had put in a gift box, unwrapped, in your shared closet. You were searching for your stilettos to mix and match for the gala your husband gonna hold that night. Curiosity got the best of you, you decided to have a little peek.

You frowned as you found a little letter that was a bit crumpled,

To: Grace Cameron

I won't write much, I'm just going to say hope you liked my little present for Valentine's Day. See you tonight, darling.
Love,

- B. Wayne

"So cheesy Bruce." You laughed, remembering your husband's writing in the letter. You knew the girl. She was a cute and cheerful brunette, unfortunately, and thank god, they broke up as soon as Bruce found out she was marrying another guy.

She loved the guy so it was easy for her to move on and forget everything that had happened between them, but it was hard for Bruce. You were mad at the woman and cheer Bruce up which made him fell for you.

Sighing you went downstairs deciding that you were going to cut your meal for a few days, maybe a month until you satisfied with your weight.

A week passed, you looked a bit paler than usual. The boys got worried as days passed. They decided to confront you.

"(Y/N)!" Your older son called from the stairs, his hair was messy so you assumed he just got up from his beauty sleep, you, on the other hand, just got back from the gym.

"Oh! Dick." You turned around to face the raven haired boy, tilting your head up a bit since he was just a little taller than you. "What is it, sweetheart?"

He didn't answer, his eyes eyeing your figure up and down.

"Did you lose some weight?"

You blushed as you tore your gaze from him to your body, you didn't notice any differences though, "you think so? I'm glad. I thought I gain more weight."

"No, no. This is not good!" He exclaimed, throwing his arms into the air. "No! Bruce is going to kill me, and the others!"

"What?"

"(Y/N)! Look at you, you're so pale! Your eyes, oh my god, look at those dark circles! You are so thin! It's not healthy!" He shook your shoulder making you stumble. "Are you doing a diet?!"

"Uh..." You scratched the back of your head nervously, what? You were supposed to be the mom here. Not him. "Yeah, kinda."

He pulled his phone out, backing away slightly as he took a picture of you.

"What are you doing?"

"Look!"

You took the phone from him, looking at your photo with your eyes already squinted trying to find the differences and you did. You did look a bit paler and thinner than you were before. Dark circles were visible under your eyes. Did you go too far?

"Whoa, it's me?" You whispered, a tinge of sadness and disappointment were obvious in your tone.

"Yes, why did you do this to yourself?"
A tear slipped from your eye, you didn't feel sad. Hell, when you found the box and the letter you even burst out laughing loudly.

Your tears made Dick panic, he flailed his arms trying to think of something to calm you down before he could do anything though the others had surrounded the both of you. Glaring daggers at the oldest boy and started to question him.

"What did you do, Grayson?!

"Dick, what the fuck?"

"Shame on you."

Those words from your kids made you laugh, especially Dick's guilty expression. Soon after you calm down because you had received a gentle back rub from Tim you started to explain to them. That it wasn't Dick's fault that you cried.

"So you were saying..." Tim started,

"That you were crying..." Jason continued,

"Because you were jealous of Father's exes?" Damian finished.

You could've snorted if you weren't so sad. Slowly you nodded as an answer since you couldn't trust your mouth at the moment. They didn't say anything else, you didn't even realize that Dick had gone from the room to bring you a food Alfred made that morning.

"Eat up mother," Damian took the plate from Dick and placed it in front of you, "You are uglier than father's exes.." Your heart sank hearing those words, when you were about to put the plate away and the others about to hit him in the face he continued, "in your current state... You look like a demon. I want your old healthy self back."

"Aww Damian, I feel better now. Thank you." You cracked a small smile. "All of you!"

When you wake up the next morning, you found a bunch of chocolate and a bouquet of flowers near your bed. There's a small letter beside them that said;

To : My Beloved wife .
I ' m sorry for making you sad , I thought I had thrown those stuff away . But it seems like I forgot about them . I'm going to make this short , I love you ( Y / N ) Wayne , I don ' t care how much weight you gain , how old and crazy you could get . I ' ll always love you and none of those things would change my mind .
Love,
Your one and only ,
Bruce Wayne a . k . a your boo bear .
Nooo, this is not my best work..._.
And I'm sorry for it.. I'm sorry!

I suck, okay! *sad face* XD

I'll try my best for the next one, sorry if it's weird and has a lot of errors!

I don't want to publish this...but I had to.

-K
Mature Way

Chapter Summary

Reader is Damian's twin sister!
On with the story, hope you enjoy!

Relationship: Damian x Sister!Reader. Both 12.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You were different from Damian, that's for sure. It confuses Talia when you grew up, Damian's combat skill is much different from yours. You were clumsier than him, the way you held your weapon also different. It was like you were a baby who tried to hold a spoon for the first time.

You were cheerful and energetic than Damian who loves to procrastinate and scoff every time.

That was why the sight of you crying in the kitchen is rare for the family. You were 12 at the moment, you almost never cry. At least not in front of them. Dick who was the closest to Damian informed him, with a sigh he nodded and walked to the kitchen.

There you were, crying your heart out. Knees were close to your chest as you sat in front of the fridge. He, of course, pretended that he didn't see you until he stopped right beside you.

His shadow making you stop crying and looked up.

"Oh." You sniffed, a hiccup left your throat as you rub your eyes from the tears. "Hi, Damian. What are you doing?"

He didn't answer Instead, he glanced towards the fridge you were leaning against. Quickly taking what he meant you stood up, muttering a sorry and began to leave.

"(Y/N)." He called for you, making you stop in your tracks tears rolling down your cheeks. "Why were you crying?"

You turned back to him, he now holding 2 glass of orange juice in his hand. He walked towards you and offered you one which you took with a grateful smile on your face.

"I tripped...?" It was more like a question than an answer. He scoffed, taking a sip of the cold juice.

"You are horrible at lying."

This made you frown, the two of you walked to the living room to talk further. Without sharing a word you sat on the couch with him following, then silence.

"Spill, sister." He demanded.

With a gulp, you finally answered, "well," you sipped on your juice, "it's..." Another sip, "complicated." Another sip, "it's no--" he cut you off with calling your name in a warning tone.
"I'm nervous okay!" You groaned, "I don't want you to kill my friends because they-- not literally--stabbed me in the back by calling me names behind my back!" You blurted out before clasping your lips with your hands.

His eyes widened, "what?"

"Nothing!"

"No, that wasn't nothing!"

"Then you heard me!"

He scoffed at you, "I can't believe you cried just because they call you names. You were an assassin (Y/N), Batman's daughter." There, he didn't comfort you but instead, he made it worse. It was obvious, especially when your face dropped.

"I'm sorry for having a heart." You retorted, hand clutching on the half full glass, "I'm sorry for not being strong, I'm not you brother."

Damian sighed, scooting closer to you. He wasn't the person who apologize easily since he got quite the ego, but now he did by resting his palm on your shoulder.

The both of you were 12 and holy hell the way you two handle a problem always in the most mature way possible.

"I didn't mean it like that, I'll make them pay. I promise."

After casually finishing his words he immediately stood up from the couch. You blinked a few times.

"Damian, no!" You paused, "I mean, sure, but don't kill them!"

Well, not always.

Chapter End Notes

I'm just bored so I made it.. I know xD it's weird.

-K!
Standing on the edge of a roof, Jason huffed under his helmet. It was supposed to be his calm and relaxing day, but no... Bruce had to need his help since he had another thing to do.

Jason was sprawled on his bed, a hand held a cigarette while he stared up at the ceiling in one of his safe house puffing smoke from his mouth until Bruce called him.

Actually, he didn't hate going to patrol so much, there was one thing he hated the most.

You. And speaking of the devil.

"Oi! Bucket-head!" Your voice ringed in his ear making him cringe.

Letting out a groan not bothering to turn around he answered, "what?"

"Watcha doin'?" You asked rather excitedly as you walked towards him and stopped right beside him after you landed safely on the roof.

"Are you blind?"

You shook your head, though, instead of answering you shoot him other questions making his eye twitch in annoyance. "Who are you looking for? Oooh, is it Sionis again?!"

Honestly, at first, he thought you were the quiet type of gal when he met you at the manor when Bruce took you in. You didn't speak a word as you fought on his side for the first time. He spoke too fast.

After a few weeks you started to ramble, squeal, scream and made more weird noises around the manor for God knows why. Nobody seemed to mind though, not even Damian. The Demon spawn somehow loved to talk to you, maybe because of the same interest? Who knew. It was just him who seemed so annoyed with your presence so he always went to his safehouse if he missed silence.

You kept on talking and talking and talking. Even when you supposed to fight you didn't stop on rambling on how it wasn't fair because they were a lot, why they had to wear the same outfit, etc.

Soon he had enough, he punched the last man a little too hard until his nose started to bleed as he fell unconscious. You, on the other hand, gasped, eyes widening behind the domino mask.

"Jason! Ca--!"
"(Y/N), shut the fuck up!" He snapped, turning around to glare at you after he took off his helmet resulting you to flinch on his harsh tone, "You just won't stop babbling, will you? Did you fucking know how noisy you are? How annoying you are? All you do just talk, ramble, babbling. I don't fucking care (Y/N), I don't give a shit about whatever the fuck happened with your life before. Just shut up!"

Your usual cheerful face dropped as he panted slightly due to the anger he just let out. You bit your plump lip in an act of nervousness as tears bothering to came out from your eyes, he saw it and curse himself. He just meant to tell you to shut up but it came out harsher than he intended.

"Oh. Sorry." You scratched the back of your neck, looking to the side avoiding his emerald eyes that held guilt in them. You stretched and sighed, pretending his words were nothing, "Well then, I'll go the other way so I won't bother you. Bai-bai!"

He watched you wave and leave.

"Oh shit, I didn't mean it like that."

You hadn't talked to him since you didn't avoid him though. You still went on some mission and help him, didn't say or mutter any words.

Again, nobody seemed to be bothered that you didn't talk much. Weirdly enough it did bother him, he didn't admit it but he missed your voice and laugh. He just pretends that nothing had happened between the two of you despite the fact he wanted to apologize.

"Todd."

Jason averted his gaze from the tv to look towards the youngest Wayne who just came out from the kitchen, "what is it, spawn of the devil?" He smirked.

Damian simply scoffs as he took a cookie from the plate he held in his left hand. "You're stupid, aren't you?" A vein popped on Jason's forehead, Damian casually munched on the cookie before continuing, "She likes you."

"Who?"

"Yeah, Jason you're dumb." Dick chimed, showing up out of nowhere before leaving the room.

"What's up with you guys calling me stupid." He muttered not bothering to smack their heads, looking back towards the screen. "And what the hell did you mean by 'she likes you.'"

"Isn't it obvious." This time it was Tim, he held a cup of coffee in his hand. He walked towards Damian and stole his cookie before running away. "Thank you Demon!"

"DRAKE!" Damian screeched looking down to his pile of cookies on the plate and went after him.

"What the fuck, can't you at least explain before leaving." He huffed, not bothering to use his brain to think since he just wanted to be a potato today.

The couch shifted beside him, turning his head only to be greeted with your messy face. Eyes red and puffy, lips tugged into a pout along with messy hair that you tied into a bun lazily.

"What happen to you?" He asked curiously.

"Are you blind?"
Wow. Didn't see that coming.

"No, why were you crying?"

No answer.

Soon after a brief silence, Damian came back, his face was beaten up but somehow he still had his cookies on his hand. He shoved a cookie in front of you face as an act to feed you which you gladly took a bite of.

"Are you two dating or something?" Jason laughed.

You were only a year younger than Jason, you looked at Damian as a little brother and vice versa. Quickly you shook your head no as you chewed on the sweet treat that always lifted up your mood.

"He still doesn't get it, does he?"

You shook your head.

"Seriously." Then Damian left once again.

"God! Just fucking tell me already, stop with the codes and hints!"

"I like you, Mister." You huffed, finally admitting your feelings. Jason didn't seem that he was going to answer or talk anytime soon so you continued, "honestly, I talked much just to gain your attention."

Silence,

"You're not gonna apologize for your words, Red Hood?"

Another silence.

"Figures."

You stood up to leave him alone with his thoughts until he finally open those sexy lips of his to talk,

"Okay, fine, sorry."

"That's how you apologize?"

"I, Jason Todd wanted to apologize to you (Full Name) for my words a few days back." He finally said through gritted teeth.

You burst out laughing, falling onto your back on the couch. Tears rolled down your cheek as you did.

"Oh Jay, that was priceless." You finally stopped laughing and looked at him with a smile. "I already forgive you."

"Seriously, what was that?"

"What was what?"

"The sudden change of attitude."
You softly snorted, covering half of your face with both of your hands, "There was no 'sudden change of attitude', I was just tired and wanted to tease you a bit."

"Oh, wait, what?"

You ignored him, "Your answer?"

"For?"

"My confession, you jackass." You face palmed, "since when you get so absentminded?"

"Oh, yeah. How about a date first?"

You rolled your eyes. "Oh no, you ain't gonna leaving me hanging, are you?" He shrugged.

"Nah."

Chapter End Notes

Ahh... Yeah, what the fug was that lol.
I hope you didn't read it and just scroll down to the notes... XD

-K
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Dad?"

She called for him from her bed, her body was covered in a thick blanket. She was laying on her side facing her father who was sitting on a chair right in front of her. Her bright eyes looking at him with admiration.

Bruce hummed as a response, he bent his body forward to tuck a strand of hair from her face behind her ear.

He had changed, not completely, but he did. He spent more time with his kids even though it's just watching or talk with them. He changed when he met her. She was cold, waiting in front of a garbage bin for god knows what.

He took her in, raising her like a daughter of his own. Her cheerful demeanor changed him.

"Are you going to sing that lullaby for me again?" She asked, her voice was soft due to the exhaustion she felt but it didn't make the happiness in her tone change.

He chuckled as he nodded. "Yes, I am. I've promised right?" He replied.

She giggled as an answer, soon she rolled over again to lay on her back as Bruce moved from his chair to sit on the edge of her bed. He reached his hand to brush her hair softly.

He started to hum the tune of the lullaby she loves the most. The lullaby they made a week ago when she couldn't sleep.

"You're my sunshine." He sang, his blue eyes looking at his adopted daughter while the corner of his lips curled into a small smile. Watching her eyes slowly closing.

"Your smile, giggle and laugh brighten up my dark days." He continued, placing his warm palm on her slightly cold cheek. "You're a punny little girl."

He heard her laugh weakly, remembering that lyric was her idea. He watched her eyes closed and her breathing became slow, much slower than usual.

"No matter how much we fight, argue and bicker. Harsh words that left my mouth. You always
knew I didn't mean it."

He lifted her up by the back of her head gently, feeling her weakened under his arms his expression fell.

"Darling, you know how much I love you.." When he felt she didn't move anymore. A tear slipped from his eye, hugging her closer to his chest.

"Please don't take my sunshine away."

After a few minutes, a faint knock was heard on her door. Bruce stood up from the bed, putting her back onto the bed gently and fixed the blanket to warm her up more.

He walked out from the room and was greeted by Alfred.

"Master Bruce, is she..." Alfred couldn't even finish his words, they were stuck in his throat. And it got worse when Bruce nodded.

"Call the boys Alfred, I have an appointment with that clown."

Chapter End Notes

Yes, she is killed.
Yes, Joker again.

BLAME HIM

-K!
"J'onn!" You screeched to the about 3 years old green alien as he ran all around the manor.

It happened just a few hours ago, Zatanna was experimenting her magic without any kind of protection, warning and she didn't even do it in a room. She just did it in an open space. The flippin’ main room.

She was trying to find a new spell but it backfired and somehow turned all of the superheroes and vigilantes in the watchtower into toddlers even babies, it should've been okay if those babies and toddlers didn't have their powers.

That incident was the thing that made you stuck in that situation. Babysitting super and smart babies.

"Mrs. (Y/N)!" Alfred called from upstairs, lifting your head up to look at the old man you were greeted by the sight of him having 2 babies in his arms as a supertoddler a.k.a Clark Kent was hovering right above his head.

"What is it Alfred?!" You responded after finally catching J'onn into your arms and calm him down with a bottle of milk. You didn't even have the time to care that it was just some regular baby's milk but he managed to stay still and sucked on the bottle.

"Master Bruce, Dick and Wally are gone!" He informed, clearly panicking. The babies in his arms sensed his panics and began to cry loudly. Alfred sighed, rocking his body side to side. Professionally calmed the babies down as they began to sleep.

"Oh my God!" You sighed, placing the green baby down on the sofa as you rushed outside after grabbing the car key. Suddenly you stopped, realizing that you couldn't just leave Alfred alone with the troublesome babies. "What about you, Alfred?"

"It is okay with me Mrs. (Y/N), just look for them." He assured, walking down the stairs with the
babies in his arms and Clark flying behind him. "I'm afraid that something will happen to them."

With a nod you rushed outside, immediately running towards your car. Starting the engine and drove out from the manor, looking for one 'my parents died and I'm sad but I need to save the city by becoming a brooding bat vigilante' toddler, one 'I'm so happy I just wanna do crazy tricks that involves bending my body like a snake everyday' toddler and one 'look I'm so fast and I love to eat to keep my energy up and running' toddler.

When it felt like 40 minutes had passed you sighed, parking the car in a grocery store's parking lot and start walking since you couldn't find them.

You knew you made a right decision when you found them sitting on a bench in front of a candy store, with their short legs dangling. Bruce, Dick, Wally!" You called for them.

They whipped their heads from whatever they were seeing earlier towards you then jumped down from the bench. Dick's face lit up along with Wally's meanwhile Bruce just stared at you with an unreadable expression as they watched you running towards them and pulling the tree of them into a bear hug.

"You guys worried me to death!" You pulled away from the hug enough to look at their cute faces. "How did you even manage to ran away?!"

You didn't get any respond, instead, Bruce looked towards the younger toddlers with a glare before he finally spoke up. "I was chasing them." It was enough for you to figure the answer out, the two probably bored staying in the manor for too long.

You sighed, ruffling their heads before standing up. "Let's go back."

"Wait!" Wally called for you, raising a hand up to tug on your jeans. You raised a brow at the speedster as you watched him walked away from you over to a nearby alleyway. You followed him since you couldn't leave him alone. Soon you found other kids, they were about 3 or 4 years old, they looked similar so you assumed they were twins.

"Who are they?"

"I don't know, I just noticed them." Dick replied innocently.

You kneeled down in front of the twins, they looked scared which made your eyes softened at the sight. "May I know your names?"

You watched them looking at each other and sharing looks. They turned their heads back at you to nod. "I'm Kale." Said the boy, "I'm Kayla." The girl continued soon after.

Nodding, you flashed them a sweet motherly smile. "Are you lost?"

They did the exact same thing as earlier, looking at each other before answering. They shook their heads. "No." The boy answered simply then again, the girl continued for him. "We don't have anybody. We don't know our parents."

Her words made you frown, standing up you cracked another smile for them. "Come with me then."

The twins looked up at you with a happy expression on both of their faces, they hugged each of your legs. "Mom?"
You laughed, "yes, mom!"

Dick and Wally joined soon after meanwhile, Bruce held your hand, clearly didn't want to look weak in front of the younger kids. You had taken a picture and ready to show Alfred, plus it would help you to blackmail them when they got back to their normal ages.

"Now now, shall we go back home?"

[ END ]
A small huff left your lips as you glared at your husband. That man had been too much for you lately, the air between the two of you was so intense the tugs around you just stared and tried to get their way out.

Yes, you were fighting during a fight.

"Can't you just drop it?" Batman sighed, he caught a glimpse of something moving and quickly threw his Batarang towards its or now his way since that something had let out a small squeak.

"Drop what?! The fact that you didn't call me that you wanted to go out tonight?!" You exclaimed, your fist met someone's face. A faint cracking noise was heard but you paid no attention to it.

You were fighting because he didn't tell you that he wanted to go on patrol. He had promised a few nights back but he probably didn't remember that's why he didn't tell you.

All thugs fell unconscious when you finally stood face to face with your oh-so-loving husband. You glared up at him, hands on your hips as your cape rested on your back. He just stared at you with an uninterested face.

"Will you stop?" He finally spoke up, breaking your staring contest.

"Stop what?!"

"Being such a goddamn kid, stop with your pouting. I'm tired of it."

His words made you gasp loudly in a mock hurt before you point an accusing finger on him, "You!" Taking a deep breath to calm the adrenaline that was pumping through your veins as you lowered your hand down. "Okay, fine."

He began to relax until the next words came out from your mouth.

"I'll leave then." You turned on your heels walking away from him, you missed the slight guilt expression he had under his cowl. Before he knew it you were gone into the night.
Time seemed to pass slowly after you left, the manor was quite without your cheerful motherly voice. Not only that there was another maniac not too long after you missed, it was about 2 days after.

Making it harder to find you and to make the antidote for The Joker's newest laughing gas a.k.a Joker Venom. It had happened before you left. When you were fighting you were looking for the clown to stop him from using that gas and continue to search for the antidote.

Again, with no luck with the antidote, Bruce sighed and head out for the night. He had a few encounters with some thugs and when he grappled near a gold store a familiar cackle ringed in his ear.

Just soon after the alarm from the store went off, him being the protector of Gotham City immediately took action.

"That was a good laugh!" The now familiar high-pitched voice chirped from under the vent he was in, Joker's signature laugh was heard soon after along with Harley's clapping and cheering.

There were some whimpers from the hostages.

Soon the maniacs' cheering stopped and was replaced yet again by Jinx's high-pitched voice. "Big bat! I know you're up there. Come on down here and join the fun!"

Finding no more reason to hide from them he kicked the vent open and jumped down, landing gracefully on the ground.

"Superhero landing!" Jinx gave him a clap that Bruce returned with a glare. She didn't chicken out instead, her grin went wider than it already had.

"Seems like we're done here puddin'!" This time Harley spoke up, looking up at her beloved Looney with admiration behind the mask.

Joker responded with another laugh, swinging both of his arms over Harley's shoulder and the other over Jinx's. "Ahh, too bad batsy. We can't play." Joker frowned and retreated his arms to pat his newest trusty partner's back. "But don't be upset! You'll have Jinx with you!"

Jinx flashed him an uncanny familiar grin as Joker and Harley left them alone.

"Hee... We're alone now batsy." Taking a few steps closer, her hands were resting on her back intertwined with each other. She stopped face to face with him. She wore a sick grin on her face as she extended her hand. "How about a dance?"

He ignored her hand and let out a grunt. Jinx hummed, she waltzed her way over to a bag and brought out a portable audio player. She pressed a few buttons and a slow jazz soon filled the room.

"Let's dance?" Jinx winked, bringing out a gun and began shooting at the bat making him jumped out of the way. "Dance baby dance!" She cheered and kept on shooting.

Bruce soon tackled her to the ground with an 'oof'. She giggled and kicked his armored stomach, hard enough to make him stumble back and got off of her.

"Feisty feisty, but I need to finish this quick!" She got up from the floor and launched herself towards him after taking a broken table feet. "Night..." She hit him hard enough to make him unconscious, "...beloved."
Bruce woke up in his room, as he tried to stand up a stinging pain struck his head. He brought a hand up to rub his head. The familiar giggle ringed in his head.

"Gah, I was too frustrated with that woman her voice still in my head." He groaned.

The giggle became louder, "Aw, you think about me batsy?"

Bruce immediately looked to the side of the bed, Jinx came out from the shadow. "How?!"

"You're so clueless Bruce."

She opened her mask, revealing none other than his wife. You.

Walking up to his bed, you bent down looking at his blue eyes with a smile. "I miss you."

"The hostages?! Do you kno-"

"Calm down!" You cut him off, rummaging your utility belt, "They're safe, I've moved them and look what I got." You brought out a vial, filled with a purple liquid.

"What is that?"

You face palmed, "Did I hit you too hard? It's the antidote, why do you think I work with the Joker and got to his good side?"

"Ah yeah right, and about what I said.."

You patted his back, a bit harder than intended making him cough a few times. "I already forgive you. I acted like that to find a way to leave you for awhile."

Bruce raised a brow, he leaned against the boat headboard and crossed his arms across his chest. "I don't plan to apologize, I just want to remind you to stop acting like a kid."

"Are you serious right now?"

[ END ]

Chapter End Notes

Boop, this is disappointing.
I was distracted. I'm sorry...

-K!
Encouragement

Chapter Summary

Warning: Fights? And short one. IT WON'T MAKE SENSE SO I WARN YOU NOW...YOU WON'T LIKE THIS. NOT ONE BIT!

And I don't know much about this episode because I pretty much had forgotten about this one because it hurts meh.

Kaldur is hot tho. *dreamy sigh*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The other was reader finds out that Dick, Aqualad, and Artemis lied about Artemis' death and the were going through a rough patch

Waltzing your way down the stairs to your front door with a hum of happiness left your red colored lips that were curved into a wide smile. Happy with the date you and your boyfriend had planned finally comes. The dress that hugged your body was covered by an unbuttoned cardigan and fits perfectly with the dress.

A delicate hand moved to reach the doorknob and pulled the door that had been separating the both of you open, you were greeted by none other but Dick Grayson's charming smile.

"Hey, princess."

You returned his smile with your own as you walked out from your house and closed the door behind you before locking it.

"Hey, handsome."

Dick felt his heart flutter seeing your smile again since Artemis's death you hadn't come out from your room or talk. After a few talking with a lot of begging and pleading along with his comforting words, he succeeded to bring you out from your grief.

And it happened 2 nights before.
Now you know that Artemis didn't die, she was alive the whole time under the name of Tigress. All things you saw many nights before, when Kaldur stabbed Artemis until she died it was a lie, all of them were lies. Kaldur wasn't betraying the team, he was undercover. You almost killed him due to the anger you felt at the night it all happened.

Dick couldn't help but feel guilty, that night he knew he should've told you. Artemis also felt the same, all of them that was part of the plan were. The rest who just knew about it felt betrayed, especially you.

"So you're telling me that all of those things we went through were acting?" You broke the silence with your already frustrated voice, brows knitted and arms crossed over your chest. "A plan? Your godforsaken plan?" You corrected your words as you scanned the nervous faces of your so-called teammates.

"We had to, there was no choice. If we told you it would not work." Kaldur tried to reason with you, his pale green eyes met your upset ones.

"What do you mean it wouldn't work?" You demanded, slamming your palms onto the kitchen counter making the condiments on it shook a bit. (you were grabbing some foods when the team decided to talk about it, again) "You could’ve just told me, you could’ve just discussed it with me."

"We couldn't." Dick spoke up, avoiding your deathly gaze that slowly stabbing his heart.

A scoff left your plump lips hearing his answer, retreating your palms from the smooth marble counter letting them fall on your sides and clutching them into fists.

"Right." You turned on your heels, leaving the kitchen. You pushed your way through Dick and Artemis, shoulders bumping theirs coldly.

When you were gone from their sights, Dick slowly brought out a black with blue strips box. Artemis looked down at it slowly, along with the others. Wally and Kaldur placed both of their hands on his shoulder comfortingly.

"I should've told her sooner huh?" Dick muttered, opening the box revealing a ring with a little ruby in the center. It shined under the bright lights above them. He ran his thumb across the clear stone and sighed sadly.

"Talk to her." Artemis suggested, tearing her gaze from the ring to look up at Dick with an encouraging expression on her face. "Reason with her, explain everything, be honest." She added.

Dick didn't answer though, he closed the box and looked at it sadly. He felt a squeeze on his shoulder, he looked to the side facing Wally.

"Come on dude," the freckled boy patted Dick's back to boost his friend's courage up. "She loves you, she'll understand that you did it because you didn't want to hurt her."

His little encouragement worked, Dick's face lit up a little. The corner of his lips went up into a small smile, still a sad one but he felt better. Giving the red head speedster a nod he gripped the box tightly in his hand before turning on his heels, after giving his friends a thumb's up he walked towards your room in the mountain. Hoping you'll forgive him.

He called for your name from the door, a hand that gripped the box had rested behind his back. He nervously waited for an answer.

"Come in."
Your voice ringed in his ears, he let the door slid open. Bright blue eyes were greeted by your upset (E/C) ones. You sat on your desk, a book in both hands as your index finger ready to flip to another page. You turned your gaze from your lover back to the book.

"Wanna talk?" You inquired uninterestedly, finally flipping a page. Eyes scanning every word diligently as you waited for his answer which you already knew.

You saw him nodded from the corner of your eyes confirming your hunch, you turned your chair over to look at him as he brought another and set it in front of you before taking a seat not noticing his hand that still clutched.

"Where should I start.."

Chapter End Notes

HAHAHAHAHAHHA...  
Sorry.  
I won't continue this nope xD

You can decide the ending!! And I'll work on the other requests! I have quite a lot...  
Sorry for this, don't hate me.  
You see, I can't even think of a good tittle.

-K!
Elderly Love

Chapter Summary

Yep, you guessed it.
I'm gonna be honest with you guys, this will be a bit hard to write.

But hey, ALFIE TIME PEOPLE!!! I love him too, he's so awesome!!! *squeals*
Requested by: 9Zio6TSIOX!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

9Zio6TSIOX

I have a request.

Reader is just as old as Alfred. She's a single, rich old lady who turns school girl around Alfred. Just fluff because Alfred deserves some

May 16, 2017 at 11:05 AM

There was an old woman who had lived in Gotham for a quite long time. She had become a close friend of Alfred Pennyworth for the past few months after they met at the Wayne's Charity Gala. She comes to the manor a few times a week to help Alfred with the boys and with cooking. They shared their own special recipes, talking about the kids and how hard to raise them sometimes, how it feels to live alone and much more.

It was all just some casual friendly interaction until the old female felt something in her old heart. A feeling she hadn't felt since she was a young and energetic woman. After her first lover ditched her because she was too...passive in a relationship, she was too stern, too dull, boring since she was raised like a princess.

It was hard for her to fall in love, to put a liking to a man since that day.

She couldn't help but blush when the old butler talks to her in his gentlemanly demeanor, showing her things that no one had told her about before. It was weird for her to act like a teenage girl who just falls in love for the first time, she almost hit 60 that time.

She thought nobody in that family noticed. But everybody knew, except for Alfred himself.
Without her knowing the family had planned for the old lovebirds.

At night, **9 PM**. She received a little card with a heart as a seal, she raised her brow as her framed (E/C) eyes scanning the paper looking for the sender and letting out a little laugh when she finally found it. Each of the family member's names was written on it.

With an eyebrow kept on raised, she read every word on the white paper. "Masquerade? Seems fun." She muttered with a small smile across her beautiful wrinkled face. "But why?"

With a small shrug, she walked to her room. A wooden king sized bed was placed in the middle of the dim room that was only lighted by the moonlight with wooden nightstands on the either of its sides, she glanced at the door of her closet and walked over. Her hands slid the door open before she finally looked for a dress.

"Please do remind me why do I need to wear these again, Master Bruce?" Alfred questioned, pointing to his half-masked face, his Zoro like outfit and a black cane in his grip. Bruce forced his way to make the old butler to wear those kinds of clothes, it also goes the same for some of the boys.

"You'll see, Alfred." Bruce simply answered not really wanted to ruin the **surprise** he had for him, looking at his sons who also dressed up moving his fingers telling them to spread into their positions which they complied without uttering a word. "Huh, I really wish they would act like this on the missions too." He sighed sadly and walked to his position.

"Here she comes!" Tim exclaimed from near the window.

Poor Alfred only could see what they were doing, he had stood right in the center of the ballroom waiting for whatever he had to face with his usually stern face. Dick and Jason opened the huge wooden door, revealing the old woman he had been talking to for the past few months with Damian escorting her. He somehow felt flustered at the sight, the woman he knew named (Y/N) who usually dressed so simple now all dolled up in front of him.

"Miss (Y/N)?" Alfred muttered under his breath as soon as the masked woman stopped a few steps in front of him, she was looking up because of the small height difference between them. She gracefully bowed in front of him, her black and white dress fits her perfectly.

"Hello, Alfred." She chuckled, straightened her spine to stood up straight. She was glad that half of her face was covered by the white mask she was wearing, a faint crimson hue had dusted her cheeks like always since she had discovered her feelings towards the butler.

A soft music echoed throughout the ballroom after their small greetings, Alfred's eyes glancing at the main Wayne who gave him a small nod. Alfred extended his gloved hands for her, he received a small laugh before she finally took his hand. He hesitantly placed a hand around her waist as she put hers on his shoulder shyly. The two danced slowly, enjoying their little time together.

"Father?" Damian's voice came from behind the main Wayne, Bruce slowly looked down to his son with a curious expression as he hummed to let the youngest boy continue his words. "He looks so happy with his stern face."

A chuckle erupted from Bruce, "It's Alfred we're talking about, but I believe Miss (Y/N) won't mind."

"Ahh, Love really doesn't care about age huh?" Dick chimed.
I LOVE THIS XD I hope you are too!! Sorry if it's short though.

-K!
A simple mission turned into a disaster, you were supposed to find, fight and catch Poison Ivy as the others looked for the rest. But no, you decided to get distracted when you were looking for her, a little girl was about to get hit by a car when you grappled across the traffic lights. The little girl was holding a small doll that you knew was a gas bomb, her face was painted into a clown lookalike and a grim smile was plastered on her face.

"For momma!" She said when you left the street, weak legs brought you to a nearby alleyway away from the civilians and risk your and your family's secret identities.

You found yourself waking up in an abandoned factory at the abandoned part of Gotham, arms tied up above your head along with your feet that were dangling, hovering a few centimeters above the ground, a cloth was stuffed into your mouth making you gag when you tasted the cloth. The only thing you were glad for that they didn't take off your mask...and suit.

_How long I've been out..?_ You wondered in your head, eyes glancing around the dim room. You couldn't activate the night vision in your current state, all you could do was to pray that your family will find you. ASAP.

When you thought that it couldn't get worse (which was dumb because those words were like a mantra), Harley came in with Poison Ivy. They, or Harley to be more specific, kicked the door open emitting a loud bang echoed throughout the almost empty room.
"Harley is here!" Harley chirped, her arm was slung over Ivy's shoulder while her hand gripped her trusted hammer with her usual smile on her face. "...And Ivy too." She pointed to her red haired friend? Partner? Best friend? You didn't know and you didn't care. All you wanted were to go home and make out with your foods.

Your sigh was muffled by the gag in your mouth as you rolled your eyes under your mask, now hoping that the kids would really, really get you out of there...now.

You could sense what was going to happen when the duo got closer to you, you were going to be their toy. Well, Harley's toy because Ivy didn't seem to be interested in those kinds of things or maybe they would convince you to join them and make a trio, again. Who knew. Either way, the choices were so bad and the chances were also 50:50.

"Why do we have her here again?" Ivy spoke up this time, walking along with Harley towards you, still with Harley's arm over her shoulder.

"Awwwww, bay-bee! Did you forget!?!" Harley chirped in a loud and false disappointment, a small frown playing on her red lips. "I want her to be like us!"

Oh for heaven's sakes. Not this again. Boys, Bruce... Save me! You squeaked in your head.

----

"Master Bruce I lost track of Mrs. Wayne." Alfred's worried voice ringed in his earpiece. It seemed like the others heard too because instead of Bruce's responds it was Tim's.

"Where was the last time she was seen?"

"I will send you the coordinates."

They checked the data Alfred sent to them after Bruce told them to regroup, they all stood in an alleyway near a tall building. Making every possibility where you could be, where a kidnapper would take you to, etc. They decided to split up, looking for you with worry gracing each of their faces.

----

"Come on! Answer me!" Harley demanded in a whine, stomping her foot as her face contorted with irritation. She had flown a few punches to your gut and masked face, but it had done nothing but elicited muffled groans and moans in pain from you. Meanwhile, Ivy just watched as she sat on her plants.

Who could blame you, your mouth was gagged and of course Harley did it on purpose. You could've blacked out if it wasn't for the rush of adrenaline rushing in your veins, you kept on tugging the chain that kept you above the ground. Your arms were hurting and you were sure as hell that your wrists would bruise when you get out of there.

A crash was heard from the glass ceiling, you tiredly looked up. Smile bothering to form on your face but you were too exhausted to even keep your eyes open. Your family finally came, the one who got you our from your little bondage was Damian as the others took care of Ivy and Harley.

He quickly got the now wet cloth out of your mouth, your throat was so dry you needed to cough a few times which made pain struck your jaw, making it felt like it was throbbing.

"Are you okay ummi?" Damian asked.
You nodded as a response, your mouth was too tired along with your eyes and legs. You tried to stand up but failed miserably, you fell back down on your butt. You took a mental note to eat and rest properly for your own health and so you wouldn't have worried the boys, Bruce and Alfred.

Damian brought his palm up to your forehead, he frowned when he noticed a slight crimson hue that dusted your face and the cold sweat that ran down your face.

"You're sick!" He exclaimed a little too loud making you flinch at the stinging pain in your head. You raised your hand up, telling him to shut up which worked. He gave you a little nod and muttered a sorry under his breath before he joined the others to help.

You watched still with tired eyes, *huh who would've thought that I'm sick.?* You scoffed to yourself, eyes became heavier and heavier. Soon your body fell to the ground, tiredness consumed you as you fell unconscious.

At least you knew you were safe.

Chapter End Notes

Brrff!! What's this....this shit.
Sorry it took long, I still have one more request from a reader....from tumblr! So ya XD wait for it.

Sorry it took long and short.
For grammar errors, I'll fix them.

-K!
Chapter Summary

Requested in my Wattpad account.

"Part 2, when Bruce taking care of the reader and wont leave her side"

I've just read that someone wants the whole Batfam (including Alfred). Um, but I've written this last night so ah...I'm sorry I hope you'll enjoy this.

AlexandraRusso7

Part 2, when Bruce is taking care of the reader and won't leave her side

May 28, 2017 at 11:11 PM

Requested by; AlexandraRusso7

Part 2 of Kidnapped.

Short one because I don't really know how to continue it XD

“(Y/N).” Bruce’s voice boomed from upstairs, while you stopped dead in your track. Ducking your head as if he had thrown something.

You let out a small, barely audible groan as an act of protest.

After that little event of you getting kidnapped and got sick, just the day after Bruce just wouldn’t stop tailing you everywhere, he would always hot on your heels. You just need an alone time, a me time. You just wanted to go out, inhaling some fresh air but no, your - oh so deary and loving - husband have to stop you.

You heard his rapid footsteps getting closer to you.

Okay, you thought closing your eyes as you tried to make a decision, should I make a run for it and have him chasing me hot on my tail? Or should I (begrudgingly) wait for him and tells me to go back to bed and rest? Nah.

You looked behind over your shoulder, his figure getting bigger and closer. You took a deep breath, cue the hunger game whistle. And after encouraging yourself you finally made a run for it.

“(Y/N), no!” Bruce exclaimed from behind you.
“I ain’t goin’ back to bed!” You exclaimed back childishly, bursting out from the manor to the street. You looked over your shoulder, breath hitched when your husband was so close behind you. Your bare feet made some noises against the contact with the concrete as you ran for your life from your husband that was chasing you. You started to sweat, Bruce on the other hand, barely panting.

Ugh, so this is how it feels like when you have Batman trying to grab your ass?

You and Bruce received some stares from the passers, some even took their phones out and took some pictures. You could hear the clicking and snapping noises from their phone. You knew for sure that tomorrow would be a busy day because damn paparazzi are everywhere.

You kept your gaze forward, to the street, dodging from the other passers. No matter how hard you run you could always feel that Bruce was so close, his fingers brushing against your clothed back. You thought it was only your feeling until he finally caught you and threw you over his shoulder.

“Stop acting like a kid, (Y/N),” Bruce grunted, his hair was all messy and goddamn if he didn’t look hot, looking all messy, then you didn’t know what else.

You hit his back repeatedly, wiggling your way out of his iron grip only to gasp when you felt something hit your bum, a little too hard.

“Bruce!” You whined while your ears caught a few more snapping and clicking sounds, “I just want some fresh air!” He walked back to the manor with you over his shoulder, like a potato sack.

“You didn’t have to run,” he sighed, he stopped walking and fixed the way he held you. He now had you in his arms, walking as he carried you like a bride, just like when you got married to him. “Besides, you still need some rest.”

As soon as he stopped talking, a soft and small yawn left your lips, face slowly getting red as exhaustion started to wash over your body.

“I hate it when you’re right.” You huffed, resting your head against his chiseled chest and arms wrapping themselves around his neck, sighing in relief when you felt his warmth.

Bruce looked down at you, a brow was cocked as his sky blue eyes stared at you, stared right into your soul.

“So, does it means you always hate me?”

You snorted, “yes, I hate you so much.” You paused, bringing yourself up and pressed your lips to his cheek, giving him a soft peck. “Not as much as I love you though.”

“I know.”

You only rolled your eyes as you groaned at his answer.

“Ugh.”

Yeah, sorry for grammar errors! Hope you like it!
Misjudgement

Chapter Summary

This was requested in my tumblr account!

Warning; Angst (not really) and sudden change of POV. And off the prompt, just a little.

If request open, will u pls do some angst bruce x reader? Where they used to date for months but he doesn't take their relationship seriously. It's just a cover for public image to him. He thought the reader is a shallow person like the usual women he dated before. But reader is actually smart but choose to pretend to be shallow. Bruce broke up with her. Then years later they met n he learn who she is. He want to get to know her n pursue her but she still hurt with him. Thanks in advance.

You had your arms around Bruce's, smile not leaving your lips as you went to your 12th date with him. You've dated for months with him, you love him with all your heart. You always at your best when you were with him, all dolled up so you wouldn't feel self-conscious and out of place when he brought you to a fancy looking place.

Tonight was the night he promised that he would spend his time with you, he brought you to a quite fancy restaurant. You thanked all the gods up there that you've made the right decisions to dress as fancy as you could even though your intention was only to spent the night with him, playing or whatever, but being a shy woman that you were you couldn't say it. The words were stuck in your throat.

So you gave up and just spent your night dining in a restaurant nearby until late. You didn't have any appointments or meeting with your manager and the other agencies tomorrow morning, being a model as a job was hard, you were treated like a barbie doll.

The both of you sat down on a table near the window, the view was so great you couldn't take your eyes off it. But when you did you spotted a tinge of uncomfortableness in Bruce's blue eyes, he
somehow didn't look as happy as you did.

"Bruce?" You called to the billionaire softly, placing your much smaller hand on top of his. You could feel he tensed as he looked at you, "what's wrong?"

"Don't worry darling," he finally responded after a moment of awkward silence, he moved his hand from your gentle grip to put it into his pocket. "I'm okay." He assured.

You didn't believe any of his words but decided to let it drop because you knew he wouldn't like it if you pushed the topic too far. You also had this weird feeling, your chest tightened when you think about it. Why?

The foods came, the two of you had a little chit chat, you did most of the talk since Bruce had preferred to listen instead of talking. You asked him about his day he only answered with boring as usual with a chuckle.

It went on and on, it got worse each day. You were always the one who called him, asking him about his day, what is he doing, telling him that you missed him, saying goodnight even I love you. You missed him a lot. On Saturday night you decided not to contact him to see if he would do it.

You received no calls and no messages. No nothing.

It saddened you, it made your heart drop when you woke up to work. Your manager had warned you about him, telling you that he was just using you to which you answered with,

"Give him a break, he's a kind and generous man. He's sweet, all of you need to see past his walls, his barriers. I love him not for his money, I love him for...Him, nothing else matters."

You managed to smile for the entire day until someone came into your changing room. A mail woman, you greeted her with the widest smile on your face. She returned your smile and gave you a letter.

"Oh, from Bruce." You smiled softly after reading where it was from. Your smile dropped at what you saw next.

Let's end this. This won't ever work.

-B .

The mail woman saw your tears that slowly dripping down to the paper, they dropped right on Bruce's signature. The ink slowly faded because of your tears, the old woman you didn't know hugged you hoping it would bring you some comfort. You gladly accepted her little embrace as you cried.

Your manager who just came back from a coffee shop saw your state. She immediately put the coffee cups down and joined to embrace you. You kept on breaking down, everything was so blurry, so monochrome. All colors were gone from your eyes.

Since then you stopped being a model, your manager understands and she supported you. She even helped you looked for a new job, she knew how much of a smarty you were, she knew your abilities and skill because you were the one who helped her with everything that she couldn't handle. You became a scientist and your manager who also a lowkey smarty became your partner.

It took years for you to completely forgot about Bruce Wayne, about the good times you soon realized that you were the only one who enjoyed it, all the talks, everything. You even realized that
he never took your relationship seriously, he used you. You were wrong... Or weren't you?

Soon your names were spread all over the news and cities, not because of your successful model career this time, instead, it was because of your brain. Your accomplishments, your ideas to make the city a better place, your works, your inventions. Not your body.

It was so satisfying, it felt good to be yourself and not the shallow woman everybody had come to know.

Everything you did reached Bruce's ears, he watched you from his TV in his office, he even watched every speech you made. He misjudged you, he made a wrong move. He looked down at a scarf you made for him on your first ever Valentine's day, he should've known that you weren't like any woman he had met and dated.

Those women never made something for him, they never even tried to. Bruce only could imagine how broken you were when he sent you that letter, that heartbreaking letter.

He ran his fingers through his raven hair, a sigh of frustration left his chapped lips. He had never felt like this before, why should he care? You were nothing. You were supposed to be nothing.

Then without him knowing 2 years had passed, Bruce couldn't get you off his mind. Karma is a bitch. He lived 2 more years of his life thinking about you, he now had fallen for you. He wanted to know you better, apologizes for what he did and even telling you the truth. Hours after hours he made up his mind.

He needs you.

2.31 PM, your work will be over in another 29 minutes. You didn't mind to stay longer in the lab since you enjoyed it, you enjoyed making things.

"(Y/N)! Someone is looking for you." Your colleague said, the blonde man brought in someone you hadn't met in years, you never expected to meet him here. You stared up at Bruce with wide eyes as soon as your gaze landed on him, you slowly gaining your composure back and looked at your male colleague.

"Thank you, I need some privacy."

He gave you a nod, a hint of worry was visible on his face. Of course, he knew your little scandal with the playboy, it reached everybody's ears.

"Please sit." You offered, he didn't budge and walked to where you were currently working on. It was a little device, a really small device. "What is it, Mr. Wayne?" You asked politely.

Bruce was taken aback upon hearing your voice, it was so different. It somehow had changed. When he first heard your voice it was so annoying he wanted to cover his ears every time you talked but now it sounded like a music. gentle, melodic and soothing were the only thing that could describe you right now.

Bruce didn't realize he had been silent the whole time until he heard your voice calling his name again.

"Mr. Wayne?"

"Oh, sorry." He quickly apologized.
"You should be." Your words made him tensed in his place, he looked at you still with his usual face but inside he felt his stomach churned and filled with an uncomfortable feeling.

"I shouldn't have done that." He finally responded.

"No, you shouldn't have."

More silence, you seemed so calm under the awkwardness. You couldn't help it, you were used to it. This awkwardness was the same thing you felt when you were still with him, still happy.

"Are you trying to get me back?"

Yes. He answered in his mind, *I want to know you better I want to see you better from a different perspective.*

"You're too dangerous for me Bruce." You continued, stopping your work and leaned your back against the seat. Eyes looking up at him sadly, "You turned me away like I begged for your money." You added.

Bruce didn't say anything, he couldn't say anything which you took as an opportunity to continue your speech. "I loved you, I did. I thought I saw through you but I was so naïve and stupid, so wrong."

You didn't notice Bruce had knelt down in front of you and gently took your smaller hand in his, it felt so warm now. The only thing you could feel when you dated him was coldness, it felt weird.

Bruce felt your fingers twitched in surprise but he didn't draw his hand back, he gave you a gentle squeeze.

"I was blind back then." He finally spoke up, "I didn't know it would hurt you that much. I thought you were like the other women and I was wrong I misjudged you. I'm just going to ask you once, I don't want to force you, will you give me another chance to get to know you better?"

You stared at his blue eyes, noticing that he didn't get enough sleep. Another silence filled the room once more before you stood up and drew your hand back from him.

"I don't know Bruce, I'm still scared." You grabbed your bag, walking towards the door before opening it open and stepped out. "I'll think about it."

[ END ]

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Nope, not gonna continue this, I'm sorry !!!

Sorry for grammar errors, I hope you enjoy it ^^

-K
"Come on bats! Lighten up!" Barry chirped from in front of you, a bottle of alcohol in his hand as the other held a wine glass. He was so happy his face became so bright, brighter than the sun.

Currently, some of the Justice League member were in the Wayne Manor, some of them were busy with their own family and friends. Clark suggested that the League needed to do some bonding time, you and Bruce were the only one who stayed silent as the both of you gave each other a 'this is going to be bad' look.

And it did go bad, for Bruce, they picked his place to hang out at since he got the perfect place. Hal was the one who suggested the idea.

"What about his place?" Hal spoke up with a straight face as he pointed at Batman who didn't even spare a glance at him, he just let out a grunt as a response. "I'll take that as a yes."

That was how you and the others ended up here, in some kind of an alcohol party at Bruce's place. You stared at your glass in your hand, twirling it with no interest.

"Come on, (Y/N). You too lighten up! You hang out with Bruce too much and now look at you." Barry, who also your close friend chimed, slinging his arm around your shoulder. He was drunk, he brought his special alcohol his friend made him so he could get drunk.

You glanced at J'onn, he didn't even bother to transform into his human appearance since it was only the League, he had an alcohol in his hand but didn't bother to drink it...yet.

Then you turned your gaze to Diana, she didn't drink any alcohol at first but after a few moments that you assumed that she would like the drink or not, she drank it and she liked it so she gave it...
another go, until she went...drunk.

Next was Adam, he was already half drunk with a very wasted Hal Jordan on his side before Barry stumbling his way over to Adam's other side and took a seat. The three of them chatted, you couldn't hear them because they were pretty far from your seat.

You also saw Bruce and Clark chugged on their drinks, soon you followed.

"Whatever." You muttered under your breath before finally drinking the strong liquid. "Not bad." You chuckled and pour another shot for yourself.

An hour, or maybe more, had passed. You weren't drunk yet, but your friends sure were. Some of them had passed on a couch and the floor. You took some nuts to went along with the liquor only to be stopped by the man of steel with his hand taking yours.

"What is it Clark?" You asked, looking up. To your surprise, his eyes were lidded and his face was red, he took a seat beside you before resting his head on the table. "Are you drunk?"

"He is." Bruce butted in, leaning against the table you were sitting at. He wasn't drunk since he didn't drink that much. "He drank too much."

"He can get drunk too?" You inquired curiously, looking up at the billionaire playboy with an eyebrow cocked. Your hand went up to Clark's head and patted it, you received a grunt from him.

"Apparently so," Bruce answered simply, taking a sip from his glass before putting it down. "He's wasted."

"Lois, where's my suit?" Clark slurred, his eyes blinked a few times then closed again as he passed out. His grip on your hand loosened, you took the opportunity to draw your hand back.

"The man of steel can't handle his drink." You laughed. "Hey, Bruce." You called for your friend as you stood up and straightened your now wrinkled shirt because you sat down too long.

As an answer, he hummed, silently telling you to continue.

"Do you have a surveillance camera in this room?"

"Yes, why?"

Glancing at your friends' unconscious bodies while your hand gripping your half full glass, you grinned mischievously and took a proud sip. Bruce seemed had to read your mind because just then he opened his mouth,

"Oh."
Damian just got back from a mission with his father. He had changed into his civilian clothes when he opened the door to your shared apartment. You greeted him with a smile like always and ran up to him, tackling him with your bear hug.

He returned your hug, burying his face in your hair. Inhaling your sweet scent as a refreshment for him, a small smile graced his usually blank face as he tightened his hug.

"Miss me much, Damian?" You asked against his chest with your hands clutched onto his black shirt. You felt his chest vibrate as you heard him hummed against your hair. You could only giggle.

When you raised your face from his chest and leaned up to kiss his lips, you noticed a purple mark under his eye from the corner of your eye. You quickly pulled away and touched the bruise gently.

"Dami, what happened?" You asked softly, looking deep into his emerald eyes with worry in your (E/C) ones.

Damian suddenly frowned and pushed your hand from his blackened eye before he stepped further to the apartment, he walked to the bathroom. Standing in front of the mirror.

"Damian?" You softly called, you had stood in front of the open bathroom and watched his every movement.

"I'm fine." He finally replied, coldly which gave you a stab in your chest and bad feelings gathered.
in your stomach. You took a deep breath, bracing yourself and asked him a certain question.

"Did you fight with Bruce again Dami?"

Damian had a little-strained relationship with Bruce lately, Bruce had told you that he became more reckless and aggressive in a mission, thus worried you and him. You asked him about it, over and over again but the answers you received were always the same.

"There's nothing to worry about, I'm fine."

You then pushed the matter aside, trying your best to stop worrying. It didn't work, nothing worked to get your mind off his weird behavior. Something had happened and you knew it, he didn't tell you nor Bruce.

"Dami?"

"Shut up!" Damian raised his voice at you, he had never done that before. He did, a few times but not as bad as this. You visibly flinched at his harsh tone, he didn't back down and glared at you. "Dami, Dami, Dami." He growled.

You bit your lip in anticipation, scared with what will come next.

"I've told you, I'm FINE, (Y/N)."

"But you don't look fine Damian, I've heard everything from Bruce. I'm worried." You whispered, your fists went up to your chest as if they could protect you from Damian's current condition.

"Father told you?" You nodded, "you believe him?" Another nod, "and not me?" No response. "Answer me!" Damian demanded, hitting the mirror with his fist and shattered it. His hand was bleeding but with all of the adrenaline running through his veins, he couldn't feel anything.

You screeched in fear when you heard the mirror cracked in half before the shards dropped down to the floor, then took a few steps back until your back hit the wall while your eyes trying to keep still to look at his angered figure.

"I'm sorry!" You choked out, legs almost giving up when he stomped his way towards you, "I'm worried, I just want to know what happened, I couldn't help it because I love you, Damian." You whimpered.

You were trapped now, both of his hand rested against the wall trapping you in between them.

"What love?" Damian chuckled dryly, face dangerously close to yours. His hot breath hitting your cheeks as you turned your head to the side, avoiding his dangerous glare with your eyes tightly shut. "You love me, you said you love me. Look at me."

You didn't dare to do so, your previous abusive relationship flashed into your head until you felt his hand gripped your face and roughly turned your head back to look at him. But you kept your eyes shut.

"Look. At. Me. (Y/N)." He growled with his demanding voice. You obliged, letting tears running down your face as your lips quivered in fear. Your legs had given up on you. You slumped down to the floor.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.." You kept on chanting the same words, "don't hurt me, please. I'm begging you don't hurt me."
Something snapped inside of Damian upon looking at your shaking figure that slowly crawling your way out, away from him, away from Damian Wayne, out from your apartment.

"Beloved! Wait!" He exclaimed, guilt was all he could feel.

"No, no, no." You cried out, running down the stairs, blinking and rubbing your teary eyes so you wouldn't fall.

"I'm sorry, please, come back! Let me explain." He begged.

You kept on running and running. Gasp escaped your already dry throat when you stumbled on your feet and your body fell down to the stairs.

Damian caught you before the marble could even touch your body, before it could even hurt you, he pulled you into his arms giving you a tight embrace.

You didn't return it, you wiggled, fists flying to his chest and kicked him. Attempting to make him let you go.

"No, no!" You protested, pushing yourself away from him. He tightened his grip on you, face buried in the crook of your neck. He pressed his lips on your skin. You gave up.

"I'm sorry beloved, please, forgive me." Damian whispered softly, "Don't go." You could only cry and sob in his arms, slowly letting your body relax. "I'm sorry I worried you, I'm sorry I scared you." He continued, raising his face from your neck to place a soft, gentle and loving kiss on your forehead.

Finally after calming yourself down, you returned his embrace. A few tears still slipping out from your eyes. "Tell me your problems, Damian." Hesitantly raising your hand so you could touch his face, he saw it. He took your hand in his and placed your palm on his face.

"Let's go back first." He turned his face, you felt him kissing your palm gently as an apology. You nodded and let him carry you back.

You looked up at him, "I love you, Damian."

"And I love you too, (Y/N)."

[ END ]
It was a little lonely without Alfred in the Manor, Bruce had sent him to a vacation. Alfred looked stressed out lately to which you and Bruce made a little talk about it, he had helped the boys a lot, you also did the house chores with him but Alfred always did most of them because he insist. That was why when he rejected your offer for him to take a break and meet some relatives you told him that you insist. That time you could see Alfred sigh and comply, Alfred told you he'll be back in a week.

"3 more days." You mumbled, your hand gripping the photo frame that held your newly family photo in Disneyland. You wore a crown along with Bruce and Alfred. Jason and Damian wore cat ears, Dick and Tim wore mouse ears. Their faces were hilarious too, you couldn't help but giggle when you looked at it.

Your little flashbacks were interrupted by the doorbell, you rushed to open the door. A wide grin creeping up to your face as you saw your cousin, he was a year younger than you but he always looked mature.

"(Y/N)!" Mark greeted, returning your wide grin with one of his own as he extended his arms. You jumped into your little cousin's arms and hugged the ginger man tightly.

"Mark! Look at you!" You laughed and broke the hug to let him in.

He came at the right time, you were lonely. Your husband was taking your boys to the Wayne Tech, maybe showing them something? You didn't know. The thing you knew was you chatted with your cousin in the living room for hours, snacks were placed on the table as you told him about your family. He also did a little talking every now and then, telling you a story of his own.
What you didn't know was, the boys had come back from their little tour along with your husband. You were too focused with your cousin to even greet them with kisses like you always do. They didn't seem to like how close you were with him and Bruce's eyebrow was knitted, he also didn't like it at all the way you would laugh in front of Mark and slap his arm.

They didn't say anything and let you talk to your guest, they know nothing about Mark. Soon your talk was over so you stood up.

"Thanks for having me (Y/N)." Your cousin said, giving you a little hug. You happily returned it, oblivious with the boys' glares.

"Of course darling," you beamed up to your cousin after breaking the hug, the boys immediately left without even bothering to ask about who was he. "It's nice to finally have a relative to come and visit."

After a few small talk and goodbyes, Mark handed you a small butler plushy. He told you that his daughter knitted it for Alfred since they had met before. You escorted him to the door waving him goodbye and to be careful on his way back home.

"Is it done yet, (L/N)?"

Your breath hitched upon hearing Damian's voice, not because he surprised you, no. It was because he called you by your last name.

"Hi, Dami. Yes, I'm done." You responded, giving him a motherly smile after you turned around and closed the door.

"Hope you had fun." He walked away from you to God knows where.

"Uh, yeah... I did." You muttered with an arched eyebrow.

The rest of the night was spent by you getting ignored by the boys, they didn't talk to you and when you asked Bruce what happened his answer was a grunt and "you really don't know?" In his gruff Batman voice.

When they left you sat in front of the huge computer, replacing Alfred for 3 days and 2 more nights. It saddened you that the silent treatment went on and on, you would cook and place the foods on the dining table but nobody eats them. They were left all cold.

"Aw, what a waste." You muttered sadly as you threw them away and washed the dishes.

They went too far with the silent treatment, it hurt you. "What did I do wrong?" You questioned yourself. All of these were too childish.

Now you were hoping for Alfred to come back soon. "Tomorrow he'll be back." You encouraged yourself and do your chores.

The very last drop of your patience was drained when you saw your family gave you the cold shoulder, Bruce included. He would ignore your little hug from behind when the both of you went to bed. Usually, he would turn around and hugs you back.

"What is wrong with you guys!?!" You finally screamed your frustration for the past 3 days. You were all in the cave, preparing for patrol.

"No, what is wrong with you, (Y/N)," Jason answered for you.
"What? Why me?"

"You were doing some lovey-dovey things with other guys." Dick's voice came next.

"When?"

You didn't get any answers since they had rushed out. With a small huff, you went upstairs, back to the Manor. You could swear you had never been so relieved upon seeing Alfred.

"Mrs. (Y/N). I'm back." Alfred said, he handed you a little green box.

"Welcome back Alfred and thank you." You chuckled, opening the box. You smiled widely when you found a cute little necklace with your name on it. Probably from his relative that you knew. "Oh, Mark came a few days back." This time it was you that handed a little souvenir to him.

"Is it from the little one?" You nodded. Alfred being Alfred, he read the sad expression you wore on your face without you knowing when you nodded. "Is something wrong Mrs. (Y/N)?"

"No, Alfred. I'm going to rest."

Alfred gave you a little nod and watched your retreating figure before walking to the kitchen to prepare some snacks for the rest. He was shocked to find the trash full of cold dinner, it was enough for him to gave the boys and Bruce yet again a little scolding when they came back.

"Did you know how hard it is to cook?" Alfred's angry and demanding voice greeted the Bat and his Birds. "What did Mrs. (Y/N) do? Did she do something so bad you that you had to break her bloody heart?"

The scolding went on, it worsen when Alfred knew the problem. Meanwhile, you already snuggled under the blanket on your shared bed, thinking about what had you done to make them so mad.

Then it hit you. To say the least you didn't know how to react when you saw the boys bursting into the room with guilt on their beautiful faces. You immediately sat up and extended your arms.

"It's okay boys.." You cooed to them before sighing to yourself for being stupid, "I was too caught up and forgot to introduce him to you."

"We were so mean." They all said in unison in their own version. After a few minutes of telling them it was okay and some kisses to their faces they left the room. With a smile on your face, you laid back on the bed, closing your eyes to drift yourself to sleep but was interrupted when you felt arms slithering their way to wrapping around your waist.

You turned around, (E/C) eyes greeted with sky blue ones. "Did you come to apologize too, Batman?" You teased.

"Yes." Bruce sighed.

"You are already forgiven and I'm sorry too."

"I'm sorry for ignoring you," he whispered against your forehead, "I'm going to make up for it."

"It was cute that you got jealous Bruce." You chuckled, a small smirk played on your lips, "and
you better make me scream tonight."

Please do forgive me for that.

-K.

I'M SO SO SO SOOOORRY
Batmom was a singer when she was a little girl.

Short.

Being a mother was the hardest task you've ever done in your life but it was worth it. You get to watch your kids grow up, having a fight with Bruce and you (sometimes), died and came back to life, brainwashed by a crazy psychotic clown and threatened to kill you with his sword if you got any closer. Okay, maybe it was messed up.

You walked down the hall passing the boys' room to get to your shared one. When you were about to turn the door handle, pushing the damn door open, walk over to your bed and cuddle with your husband, you heard a small grunt from one of the boys'.

Recently they had a little nightmare, it would be a flashback their childhood until their biggest fear. Poor boys can't even sleep peacefully. You pushed the sad thoughts aside, focusing your ear as you walked back from where you had come and soon stopped in front of Jason's room.

You heard a little shuffling from inside, you didn't knock. You just opened the door and walked in seeing worry had clouded your mind. Sure, they weren't hurt physically but they were mentally scared for their lives, you only could tend the wounds in their hearts by stitching them up and you knew the stitches won't last long until it slowly opened back up. It also applies the same for Bruce.

You walked over to his bed after closing the door, sitting on the edge of the bed making it sank down just a little bit. Your eyes watched every cold sweat that ran down his face, his emerald eyes were closed shut with his eyebrows knitted. Your hand reached to touch his face, wiping the sweat with your sleeve.

Jason opened his eyes slowly, his eyes were bloodshot red. His irises glanced up at your smiling figure, he tried to steady his breath as he slowly sat up, panting as he did. He ran his fingers...
through his hair to brush his locks away from his line of vision.

"Another bad dream?" Your calm voice ringed in his ears as he nodded.

"Yeah." Jason answered, he leaned against the bed's headboard to support his still weak body. "Say, ma."

"Hm?"

"Have you ever missed your parents?"

You looked at him with sad eyes, your hunch was right that his dream contained a flashback of his childhood.

You kept the small motherly smile on your face, scooting your way closer to position yourself closer beside your boy. You draped your arm around his shoulder while your hand gently pushed his head down to rest on your shoulder and he let his head to laid on your shoulder as he stared blankly to the wall across the room.

"Yes, no matter how bad they were to me back then I missed them." You whispered as you stroke his hair.

Jason seemed to calm down and forgets his little nightmare, a small smile formed on his face. Enjoying your company. The room was silent, but not the awkward one. It was more like a bonding time between you and him until the other boys barged in with your exhausted husband following behind.

"Not fair." Damian was practically whining as he ran over you and jumped to your lap. Meanwhile Jason rolled his eyes, he lifted up his head from your shoulder involuntarily before he laid back down on the bed.

"They were looking for you." Bruce sighed out, Tim and Dick soon joined along then Bruce following. The boys were squishing their way so they could cuddle with you too. Bruce, on the other hand, dragged a chair so he could sit beside the bed.

"Me?"

"Oi, this poor bed can't fit all of you, get off!" Jason grunted out, he almost fell from the bed. The poor boy was ignored though which pissed him even more, he wanted to shove his brothers off his bed but he resists the urge to do so since he was too tired.

"Why you never tell us?" Tim suddenly questioned, his blue eyes twinkling under the lights.

You glanced at Bruce, he was just as confused as you. He shrugged and you looked back to your son. "Tell you what?"

"That you were a singer." Your lips parted as a small 'ah' escaped them, getting what they meant. You smiled slightly then chuckled at their confused faces.

"It wasn't that important."

Dick gasped, he was 'offended' by your statements. "You were my favorite singer! You sang about unicorns!"

And this time you blushed, from the corner of your eyes you saw Bruce smirking slightly. He knew
it, that nocturnal bastard knew this would happen. You gave him a small glare, biting back a small
groan of embarrassment.

"Yeah, I did." You forced a small laugh.

"Sing us a lullaby then." Damian suggested, breaking you from your little thoughts about your
childhood.

You gave him a small nod and Damian positioned himself to get comfortable in your lap along
with Tim beside him, Dick leaned against the bed's headboard with Jason copied his gesture. It was
a little bit hard to move but damn it was worth it.

"Unicorns!" The oldest male chirped out of nowhere.

"No!"

The rest of the night was spent with you singing your lungs out, lulling them to sleep. It worked.
Your husband also fell asleep with his back resting against the chair, they looked so peaceful this
time.

You knew your back will hurt in the morning because of the position you were in, but once again.
It was *worth it*.
I'm sorry.....

It was hard being a child without their blood parents, having them died when you were born saddened you. Your mother died after she gave birth to a small furry baby wolf and that baby was you. Your father died trying to protect you from the other wild wolves that wanted to eat you since you had a human scent on you. That's what your aunty told you.

You sighed, shaking your head to get those bad memories away from your mind. You walked to Gotham Academy, hands stuffed in your jacket. You didn't have that many friends, some of them
just tried to use you as the others were truly wanted to be your friends.

You made your way to your class thinking that it would be fine, it was just another day at school. No, there are no bullies. It's just sucked so bad, the school is going to be boring as always.

And it did, there was no exciting activity. Sighing again for the millionth times that day you walked back to your home waiting for the night to come so you could run around Gotham without getting spotted easily by the civilians, Batman or the Villains.

11.34 PM seemed as the perfect time to do so.

You strip off from your pajamas to your suit your Aunt gave you. You didn't want to risk a cute pajama got ripped off when you transform just like the first time you did it. Then you walked to the window, lifting it all the way up. The cold breeze got inside your room and you made no move from the frame, letting the night wind hitting your face.

With a small smile, you finally got out from your little chamber as you liked to call it, turning into your true form. A black little werewolf. You were small indeed but your strength could defeat Bane with ease and you had tested it when you bumped into him months ago.

On the other hand, Damian Wayne or Robin at that night was doing a patrol, he had split up with the other member of his family. Now he stood on a building, he reached his hand up to turn his lenses into their night vision mode. In his ears, ringed his brothers' voice exchanging information about the places they came to and about who they met or fight. It wasn't interesting for Damian. His eyes didn't focus on looking for small robbers like they used to or even the Villains that always got on his nerves. No. He was looking for the myth that his classmates talked about after his homeroom teacher warned them not to go out at night. Damian, of course, rolled his eyes.

"Don't go out at night." He scoffed.

If his father made a friend with aliens then werewolf should've existed too right?

His hope raised up when he heard a faint howl from afar. He could've missed it if he was in a fight or inside of a building, luckily he wasn't. He quickly grappled towards the source of the howling, he was so determined to find whatever kind of creature this is he even told his family not to follow him because it's important to him.

Damian ended up at the abandoned part of Gotham, it was near the sea. He walked around the place with his weapon ready in his grip just in case if this so-called werewolf tried to attack him he was ready.

There it was, the howl. It sounded so loud so he knew he was close, then he stopped. A few feet in front of him was a figure, it was sitting on the edge of a ruined bridge. Damian slowly approached it but that thing had noticed his existence so it turned around.

You turned around.

Your black fur matched your sharp and shining (E/C) under the dim moonlight, you bared your fangs at him. At Robin. He wasn't a threat no, but he had his sword pointed at you, he had his guard up and so were you.

You growled lowly, getting into your fighting stance. Waiting for him to attack but it never comes.

"This is it? That werewolf?" You heard him mutter under his breath, "looks the same as the other
wolves to me."

You giggled.

"What is it?" Damian asked you.

Now you two were sitting under a tree in the afternoon, side by side with textbooks on both of your laps. It's been 4 years since your small and unexpected encounter with Damian. Now the both of you are 16.

You turned your head to look at your now best friend, you leaned against the tree and gave him a small smile that he always found cute.

"Do I still look just as the other wolves Damian?" You suddenly asked back, keeping the smile on your face and eyes staring at him softly.

"Physically, yes. But, mentally?" Damian shook his head as a no, diverting his gaze from the textbook in his hands as he closed it.

You giggled softly once again, taking the book off of your lap putting it beside you so you could bring your knees up to your chest before you rested your chin on your knees.

Damian kept his emerald eyes on you, he didn't blink. He wanted to remember your features, he wanted to crave how you look into his mind, he wanted to record every laugh that escaped your lips.

He didn't want you to go, but you had to. Some regular wolves and werewolves came to where you usually hang out with him. Asking you to be their leader, to guide them and protect them through the wilderness. To search for other werewolves and expand your kind. You accepted it was your job. It was the thing you were born to do.

Without Damian knowing the time had come, the both of you waiting for the packs to come at the place where the two of you met. It was funny and stupid of him for not noticing your existence earlier, but he also knew he could blame himself.

As soon as the packs came, the two of you said your goodbyes. It was so hard, it was hardest than him being separated from Talia. Hell, he was free as soon as he got under his father's wings.

"I'm going to miss you, Damian." You choked back a sob, hugging Robin, the only friend you could share your secret with. You didn't want to let go and it became harder to let go when Damian hugged back. You cried into his shoulder, hugging him as tight as you could just enough not to break his bones.

"I am going to miss you too, (Y/N)." Damian whispered, he also feels the same. He didn't want you to go, his chest tightened. He was hurt. "I like you, (Y/N)." He finally admitted his feelings.

You were the one to broke the hug, to see his masked face that to your surprise he had taken off his domino mask. Showing his handsome face that you had come to adore. Cracking a smile you rested your forehead against his.

"I like you too Damian." You whispered back sadly, pulling back completely from your little goodbye hugs. You saw him held back his tears. "I'm sorry Damian. I have to go. I will try to come back, but no promises."

Damian watched your retreating figure, a tear slip from his eyes. He couldn't stop staring at the
now empty space around him. The place where you said your hellos became the place where you said your goodbyes.

Damian waited for you to come back, he came back to the same spot, standing on that exact spot where you two had hugged every day.

Years after years, he did the same.

20, that's the number of his age. He had waited for 4 years. He slowly lost his hope. He known you for 4 years, missing and waiting for you for 4 years.

He sat down on your usual spot in his regular civilian clothing, his fingers drawing absentmindedly on the dirty ground. No, he didn't mind.

Suddenly his vision went black, someone had covered his eyes.

"Guess who?" The familiar voice startled him, wait. It was...different, it sounded more mature and soft.

Damian's hands went up, gripping on taking the hands that covering his eyes in his before turning around.

There you were, smiling down at him with your body bent down to his level. Damian immediately pulled you down into a hug. His 4 years weren't for nothing. His waiting wasn't for nothing. He knew you would come back.

And you did.

"I'm back."

"Welcome back, my love."

[ END ]
Truly, you didn't expect this to happen. It wasn't that you didn't like it, you were grateful for it. You were going to have another child in nine months! The thought made you smile widely, you were going to have your own child. It didn't mean that the boys that you currently had weren't your kids too. You loved them as much as you loved your soon-to-be baby to which why you wanted to know their reactions.

As you held the positive pregnancy test in your left hand, your right hand held the phone that was ringing. You wanted to inform Alfred that wasn't home first, he had done a lot of things for you and to show your gratitude you were going to make him the first one that knows about the good news.

The ringing then stopped and replaced by Alfred's voice, "Hello?"

"Alfred? I'm pregnant!" You informed him cheerfully.

Alfred didn't need to see your face to know how happy you were, just by the tone of your voice that was an octave higher than usual, the little laughs that followed after your statement were enough to convince him about how happy you were.

And he was happy for you too.

"That is such a good news, Mrs. Wayne! I'm sorry I can't congrats you properly."

After some little talks with Alfred you were going to tell your husband, he was at work and you couldn't really visit him because by doing so you would draw attentions from the paparazzi, and getting away from them is not easy.

"Anybody home?" One of your sons' voice echoed from downstairs, it was Tim's. He sure came back early.

You quickly hid the thing you were holding in your left hand, you didn't want to ruin the surprise for them you wanted them to notice it.

**

Months passed, your stomach now had a little baby bump. You placed both hands on your swollen stomach before rubbing it gently, Bruce already heard the news and Alfred is back. Both men's eyes quickly brightened and almost doubled in size after seeing your stomach, it almost looked like that they had never seen a pregnant woman before. They were so happy and delighted by the news alone.

You knew it was the time to tell the boys about their little brother or sister, but it was too late. Just after you came out of the kitchen with a slice of pizza with pineapple topping on top you bumped
into Dick and you could hear him gasp.

"Are those... Pineapples?!"

You rolled your eyes, was it really bad to love pizza with pineapple? You couldn't help it, it was delicious and went well with the savory taste of the pizza. Since you were pregnant you had come to love weird things, Bruce even said that it was normal.

"Yes, Nightwing. Those are pineapples." You answered casually and opened your mouth to take a bite but Dick stopped you by grabbing your wrists.

"No, no, no. This is a crime!" He shook his head dramatically and took the pizza from your hand, he then began to eat the pineapple slices from the pizza.

"Crime? Dick, you're being dramatic! I want those pineapples! And what you are doing is a crime!"

And another thing of being pregnant, mood swings. You snatched the pizza from his hand before he could eat two more pieces of the pineapples and ate it in seconds. Your face was red as you glared up at your son.

Dick flinched, his bright blue eyes darted down to the ground but then stopped on your stomach. He kept staring at the now swollen belly, not even blinking until he rubbed his eyes.

Your little bickering gained the other's attention and before you know it you were surrounded by your sons.

"Did I just heard pizza with pineapples?" Jason broke the silence. "Oh, Hell no."

Your loud sigh was also heard by them, you unconsciously placed a hand on your stomach and rubbed it with your thumb. It calmed you down somehow. It yet again didn't go unnoticed by your boys' eyes.

"Is something wrong with your stomach? Are you hurt?" Damian walked over to you before you felt him placing his smaller palm on the baby bump right below yours.

Damian's questions earned a little laugh from you. You knelt down to his level and placed a hand on his cheek. "I'm perfectly fine Damian." You assured him before your eyes went to gaze at the others. "Can I ask you guys something?"

You received a nod and a hum from them to which you took a sign to continue.

"So, what do you think about a little brother or sister?"

"Wait, you're--"

"Pregnant." You continued for them.

This time it was Tim who asked, "How long?"

"Five to six months I guess." You answered him with a shrug, retracting your hand from Damian's cheek. Yet again, there was some silence between you and them. Their faces also unreadable which made you nervous. "Guys?"

You were pulled into a hug by the oldest male, "Oh my God! I'm going to have a sibling again!"

"Another Demon spawn? No thanks." Jason butted in, he shook his head. But his soft gaze
reflected his happiness thus made you smile.

"I'll make sure I'll teach him everything," Tim muttered as he reached his hand to rub your swollen belly.

The only one who didn't react was Damian, instead of saying anything he turned around and left the room. The smile on your face fallen a bit as your chest tightened in worry.

**

"Don't think about it too much." Your husband took a hold of your hand in his, both of you were laying on the bed with the blanket covering your bodies. His eyes were gazing deeply into your teary ones as he reassured you for the third time that night.

"But Bruce, he didn't look happy." You sniffed, blinking to make the tears roll down your cheek. Being pregnant sure makes you more sensitive than usual.

His chest rumbled as he chuckled deeply, he was tired and you could tell but he always made sure you were okay first before he went to sleep. "What if he was just too shy to express his feelings?"

"Just like Jason?"

"Just like Jason does," he paused, "...sometimes."

You laughed at his hesitation as you scooted closer before leaning up to briefly pressed your lips to his, "I'll talk to him tomorrow."

You kept your words and looked for the youngest boy, you found him in his room. He was rummaging his bag, looking for something. That something was his sketching book and crayons. Those were your present for him on his birthday. The memory of his embarrassed face made you breathed a laugh.

"Ummi?"

"Sorry Damian, are you busy?"

He shook his head before standing up to place the things in his hands on the desk near his bed then back to sit down on the bed, he patted the empty spot beside him and you followed his gesture and sat down beside him.

"Do you not like the baby?" You quickly asked to the point, your hands were on your lap as you looked down at your youngest son,

Damian shook his head again, "No, i- it's just--" he stuttered and stopped, crimson hue dusting his tan cheeks. You always find it cute for someone that could kill, "--I don't know how to properly react." He finally admitted.

His words relieved you, "Thank God, I thought you hated it." You sighed in relief, shoulders slumping down, finally relaxing your tense body with your head tilted up as you stared at the ceiling. You felt Damian's eyes were on you so you lowered your head and looked at him again, "Do you want to talk to the baby?"

"Talk?" He gave it a thought for a second and moved closer to you before he put his ear on your belly.
You could see the awkwardness on his current expression, it was adorable and you could tell that he was also happy.

"You better get out of that place quickly, I have a lot of stories to tell you and a lot of fighting techniques to teach you. I also promise to protect you from harm. Especially Todd and Drake, they are insane in their own ways."

A giggle erupted from your throat as your son kept on talking to his soon to be baby brother or sister. It was so sweet, you could hear his rambling every day.

At this rate, Damian was not the only one who wanted the baby to come out of your belly as fast as possible.
"Damian," Bruce called for his youngest son from downstairs, he had his arms crossed with a scowl on his face. Something had happened and it was not good based on how stern Bruce's voice was.

Damian groaned, he was playing with Titus peacefully. The young Wayne hopped off from the bed before rushing downstairs to meet his father, Titus followed obediently behind him. "What is it?" He asked uninterestedly, looking up at his father with his usual blank face.

Instead of answering Bruce motioned for Damian to follow him down to the cave, thus received a confused face from the young boy but he complied.

Bruce showed him a video of Robin walking so casually down the street, then more footsteps were heard and the other boys gathered around them so they could watch the video.

"I've seen that video too." Suddenly Tim butted in as he chewed on the pink colored bubblegum, he blew a bubble with it and let it pop before went back on chewing again. "It happened a few hours ago."

"A few hours ago?" Damian questioned, the video already ended so he turned his attention to Tim.

"Yeah, I happened to saw you too when I got out from a coffee shop near there." Jason added, crossing his arms with an amused expression.

The youngest boy was confused, he stared up at them with a brow cocked. "It wasn't me, I was playing with Titus for the past 7 hours! I didn't go out of my room and Todd! Why didn't you stop whoever it was?!"

Jason shrugged, "I just want to see you getting scolded by Bruce for being stupid."

"I told you! It was NOT me!" Damian kept on arguing, he was serious and everybody could see it on his stern face. He didn't even budge as he glared up at the rest of the males.

"Speaking of which... Where's (Y/N)?" Dick asked out of nowhere, glancing around the cave.

----

You sneezed as you walked towards the manor, you got in trouble. A very big trouble, too much shapeshifting was no good especially when you were a forgetful person. A small exasperated sigh escaped your lips followed with a groan, you regret everything you did. You really did.

Forgetting your own appearance seemed impossible. Yes, it was impossible if you were the type of girl who always looked at the mirror, but you were not and now you were walking as Damian's alter ego. Robin. Huh, how cool was that? Being Robin in the middle of the day.

You wanted to go back to the manor, talk about this problem with them. They might have a few
pictures of you but you also couldn't take the risk of being scolded. It took you quite a lot of times until you made up your mind to finally go back to the manor and talk to them.

"I should go through the cave, shouldn't I?" You grunted out, halfheartedly walking your way to the cave.

As the sun set you finally got back and God was it tiring, half of the way you just wanted to sleep on the road but you couldn't and the worst thing was the Waynes had waited for you.

"I'm in a big trouble, am I?"

"What do you think you were doing?" Damian's voice ringed in your ears, making you a bit more nervous than you already had,

You gulped loudly, heck, you even forgot about your purpose. You just laughed nervously as you scratched the back of your head, "Aha..hah... I shapeshifted too much I forgot how I look so I...took your alter ego's form."

Without saying anything the youngest boy took your hand and led you upstairs, he scolded you throughout your way up to his room so he could show you a picture of yourself.

"Man, sometimes I wonder how those two could end up together." The eldest son chuckled.
You looked down to the dress you supposed to be wearing that had been placed on the bed. The dress was too fancy for you plus the box full of accessories that were made of gold and diamonds. Why did he give you this? Oh yeah, for your birthday a few weeks ago. You had told him not to give you anything too expensive or too fancy, you just want a simple date or a movie night. But no, he had to do it.

You slipped out from the towel that hugged your body to replace it with the dress your husband had bought you. You didn't mind with him buying you stuff, no matter how rich he is, it was still a little too much. It was his way to show his love if he got too busy with work or protecting Gotham.

"Who is this?" You asked yourself in front of the mirror, judging your own reflection with a small huff. You were not going to lie that you looked hella good in that dress, a light makeup dolled up your face, your (H/C) locks curled and the simplest accessories Bruce gave you wrapped around your neck complete with the earrings.

You felt arms sneaking their ways around your waist, pulling your closer to the muscular body behind you. "It's you." Bruce's deep voice whispered in your ear, he placed a small kiss on your temple emitting a small hum from you. "You look gorgeous darling."

There it is, he showered you with compliments again.

You turned around in his arms, giving him a playful pout which he raised a brow at. You leaned up, gently kissing his chapped lips briefly with your hands resting on his chiseled chest.

"I look like a whole different person." You mumbled, staring into his blue eyes.

"Of course," Bruce responded to your small statements, his arms still around your waist holding you close. "You're my wife, a mother to my sons."

"Yeah, you're right."

You slipped out from his grip before walking over to your closet to pick up a box that had your black stilettos. You brought them out and quickly wear them.

You and Bruce walked down the stairs to where the party was held. You had your arms linked around his, the chatter stopped when you walked in with your new husband. All eyes staring at your beautiful figure.

"Look, that's Bruce's wife." You heard someone whispered in the crowd. Bruce must have heard because he glanced down at you, flashing you a reassuring smile. "They're probably won't last long."
Your brows twitched, bothering to knit together forming a deep frown. *How could they said that, they didn't know the truth they better shut up!* You grumbled in your mind.

The Gala went just smoothly, you chatted with a few millionaire's wives. They won't stop asking you how it feels like to marry a playboy like Bruce, how it feels like to be surrounded by fine men. They also told you to be careful, he could cheat on you and dumps you so easily because all the girls want him, that he will be a perfect man if he's not such a player.

Yet again, you almost scowled. You wanted to pour your luxury champagne onto their heads to remind them that you were his wife, the only woman he loved. Too bad you had to control your temper because it could ruin Bruce's name.

While you chatted and mingled with the other wives, Bruce was talking to the husbands who wanted to work with him. Despite the talking he did, he could hear other people talking negatively about you. He couldn't let that happen.

"She must've been chasing after him for years." Bruce heard a woman whispered from behind him, "I hear she's good in bed." The other butted in, "Maybe it's because she was a stripper and she gave him a private dance almost every day!"

"She's so lucky, I've been all over him for years yet he still hasn't noticed me!"

"They won't last long."

Oops, too far ladies. That was the last straw for Bruce, people can talk whatever they wanted about him but not you. Oh, not you.

Bruce politely excused himself before walking gracefully to the center of the ballroom. Clapping his hands a few times to gain the guests' attentions and you.

"Sorry for interrupting your little chit chat." Bruce's voice was loud, it echoed throughout the ballroom. You walked to the front still with a glass of champagne so you could see your husband properly and sent him a 'what are you doing' look.

"But I have an important announcement to make." He gestured for you to stand by him, you pointed to yourself and walked over to him after receiving a small nod. His arm sneaked back around you.

You looked up to your husband, he had his head held high and his spine straight as he stood in all of his glory. You blush pure red at the sight and averted your gaze to the floor.

"I heard some of you talk about my wife and from what I had heard it was not a good thing. I want you to stop talking inappropriately about her, she is a lovely woman. I will not hesitate to break the agreements we had made earlier if I hear any of you talk about her again and I will not hesitate to ask you to leave my place now."

The ballroom went silent as half of the women and men hung their head low.

"You heard it too?" You asked your husband in a whisper. "I thought you were doing your business."

Bruce led you out from the ballroom to the pool just right outside to get some privacy. The both of you sat on the bench, staring up into the sky as you leaned against him.
"They were loud." Bruce sighed.

You chuckled, they sure were loud. "Thank you, Bruce."

"There's no need to thank me, I'm your husband. It's my responsibility to keep you safe, Mrs. Wayne." He teased.

You rolled your eyes at him, "Oh, you are such a flirt, Mr. Wayne."
Training Gone Wrong

Chapter Summary

Requested on my Wattpad account

Requested by: cupidcrystal

"Bruce?" You called for your boyfriend, poking your head in at the entrance of his study after opening the door slightly.

Bruce lifted his head up from his work, his hand stopped on signing the papers as the other stopped flipping the files on his left. "Come in." He finally said a hand that still held the pen motioning for you to come inside.

Giving him a nod you stepped in before closing the door behind you for some privacy because the thing you were going to talk about was important. You stopped in front of his desk and took a seat since you were tired you rested your elbow on the desk with your palm holding your head.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Of course, ask me anything."

"Um," you hesitated, "can you train me?"

Bruce was taken aback with your request and it was so obvious with the shocked face he wore. His eyes widened just slightly as his eyebrow raised questioningly. He seemed to tense just a bit, "train you? For what?" He questioned after he gained his composure back.

"I want to join the League too." You kept your head high, showing him that you were serious. You really want to help him and the other heroes, they were awesome and had helped you a lot. You knew basics of fighting and self-defense but it wasn't enough. The only strong person you knew was him.

There was an awkward silence, Bruce just stared at you with an unreadable face which you found a little bit nerve wrecking. You were already nervous despite you had a determined expression upon your face. Your heart won't calm down under his gaze.

"Are you sure?" Bruce asked, finally breaking the silence that surrounds the both of you.

To your surprise, he didn't tell you to just stay away from it which made you smile and gave him a nod, a very confident nod, as you took his hand to prove to him that you were serious. You gave it a light squeeze. "Yes, I'm sure. That's why I asked you to train me, Bruce."
Bruce didn't sigh, he kept on looking at you staring into your soul. His eyes gazing at yours, searching for any hesitation, fear or anything that could make you change your mind. He found none. "I won't go easy on you. Are you still sure?"

You chuckled, giving his hand another gentle squeeze as you stood up before walking over to him to give him a hug. "Yeah, that's what I wanted."

"We will start tonight," he informed you with a chuckle, his hand reaching up to stroke your hair as he returned your hug. "Go rest up, you will need it. Trust me."

You laughed and complied, giving his lips a soft chaste kiss before doing what he asked.

The night soon comes, you felt energetic enough and ready for whatever kind of training he had in his mind. Of course, anxiety had attacked you a few times too, it told you that you would fail and you would disappoint him but you brushed them aside. Giving your cheeks a few hard, encouraging slaps before going down to the cave wearing your old training outfit.

"Are you sure with this Ms. (Y/N)?" Alfred asked you as he walked you to the cave. He knew how hard the training could be and he was worried that your body couldn't take it.

"Yep! I am sure Alfred, don't worry!" You beamed up at the old man, you heard him sigh as he got the secret entrance behind the grandfather clock open. "If Bruce can do it, then me too."

"Ms. (Y/N), Master Bruce went through a lot of hard and dark times to achieve who he is now."

"I know and Bruce is here to guide me, I have you and little Dickie Bird for advice." You assured him, smiling widely at the Butler as you made your way down the stairs. "I can do this, Alfred."

Alfred didn't argue further, he sighed in defeat and watched your retreating figure before he closed the entrance then went back to do his job.

When you finally got down, you saw Bruce training Dick. And Christ was he not going easy on the poor boy, it amazed you that he could keep up and it got you thinking if you could do as well as the young vigilante.

The sound of your footsteps got Dick's attention, he turned his head to greet you but stopped when he received a good punch in the face from Bruce's fist. He let out a loud grunt before falling down on his back pretty hard. "Ouch!" He groaned out as he tried to sit up.

"Focus, Dick," Bruce stated sternly, both hands on his hips as he watched you kneeling down beside his son and helped him up while the boy wonder winced a few times in pain.

"Sorry."

"Are you okay birdie?" You asked softly, brushing the dust on his cheek. You soon picked him up and sat him down on a chair near there since he couldn't stand up on his own.

"Uh huh, I'm a-okay," Dick grunted out, lifting up his hand to give you a thumbs up. "Are you still sure about this though, (Y/N)?"

This time instead of doing a small speech why you were so sure about being beaten up by the Batman you groaned a little too loudly, "Yes! I am sure and I don't care if I get a lot of bruises. Okay?! Trust me."

You sassily yet playfully flipped your tied up hair at him, making sure it slapped his face. You
heard a small laugh from him as you made your way to your boyfriend.

"Ready?"

"No, I'm nervous right now and to be honest with you I'm scared with your punches but I'll manage so stop asking and give me what you got!" You huffed exasperatedly.

The training indeed was hard, you were all beaten up but so was Bruce. Both of you got blood here and there on your shirt, body, and face.

Bruce was panting as he admired your strength and energy to keep up with his pace. Your punches were also strong, he was sure that you could throw him if you wanted to. "Tired?" He asked.

You shook your head no, straightening your back and keep your guards up. "No." You answered and at the same time, Bruce lunges towards you. Too bad, you had learned his tactics and from Dick's mistake earlier you quickly made a move to dodge him before hitting him pretty hard with your elbow from the back.

The raven haired man coughed up blood as he fell down to his knees with his palms supporting his weight.

"Oh my gosh! Bruce! I'm sorry!" You quickly helped him up, now feeling bad and worried at the same time. You slung his arm over your shoulder as you helped him to stand back up on his feet. Geez, he was heavy.

Dick stared at you in awe, gawking at how quick you dodged him and how quick of you to perform a plan. If he didn't admire you enough before now he sure is. His sky blue eyes sparkled with glee as he clapped. "Awesome! It's your first training and you beat him up!"

"Ssh! He was already tired! Worse! He is sick." You sighed, walking up the stairs supporting the now limp Bruce beside you. "Come on, help me bring him up!" The two of you carried him up to his room, you tended him almost immediately as guilt started to show on your features. "Oh dear, I'm sorry."

Bruce opened his heavy eyes, his cheeks were dusted blood red. His chest lifting up and down signaling that he tried to control his ragged breathing. He has a fever goddamn it, "Don't be." He croaked out after he noticed your worried face.

"Still, you're sick! Why didn't you tell me, ugh!"

"Ugh, you would change your mind if you know I'm sick!" He huffed back at you, copying your little pout.

You flicked his forehead, "Don't you even dare Wayne, it doesn't suit you and I'm sorry."

"Just accompany me until I get better." Bruce scooted away to gave you some empty spot so you could lay down, he lifted up the blanket that covered his body as his other hand patting the other side of the bed where he had laid on.

"If I get sick too, I'll blame you."

You soon joined him, laying down on the bed with your legs tangled with his and at that point, you wouldn't mind getting sick because of the make out war you had with him.
"I want you to behave." Bruce Wayne, the head of the Wayne family stated to his sons. His stern voice was demanding and was enough to earn a few nods from the younger males.

Though they agreed they didn't seem to like what was coming next, the scowl on each of their attractive faces said it all as they stood behind Bruce who was standing in front of the door that was opened by Alfred.

There, stood you, a lucky person that had been dating Bruce for months. You wore a casual outfit that matched your personality, the smile on your face also genuine as you gave your lover a hug and when you said your hello to Alfred your smile didn't fade. You seemed so happy and grateful to be there.

But the boys didn't think so, they thought you were wearing a mask on your face. Trying to make a good impression in front of them, trying to convince them that you weren't like the other women (which you weren't). They kept their scowl, Dick however plastered a fake smile on his face when you approached and Tim let his face unreadable.

"Bruce's sons?" You guessed with your cheerful voice, you liked kids no matter how big they got kids are kids, no matter how naughty they were gotten you would always treat them the same. With a motherly affection and you couldn't help it.

The eldest male gave a nod, he took your hand when you offered it. The grip on your hand was strong, matching his muscular body, you didn't know was it on purpose or not so you brushed it off and shook his hand gently.

"Dick."

You giggled, "Nice to finally meet you." Then moved to the slightly bigger man before doing the same, holding your hand out for him. "I'm (Y/N)."

"Jason."

This Jason didn't take your hand, he just sent it a glare silently telling you to move it out of his sight and you did just that. Your smile didn't fade one bit.

You moved to the next one, his face was unreadable but he stated his name to you, "Tim."
The next one was the youngest, you crouched down to his level. You attempted to put your hand on top of his head to ruffle his hair that resembled Bruce's but before you could lay a finger on a strand of hair that was sticking out he slapped your hand away.

"Damian and do not touch me." He warned, still scowling he turned on his heels walking off and left the room.

"Damian!" Bruce called for his youngest son, he was about to walk after him until you stopped him by gently taking his hand in your smaller one and intertwined them affectionately which made him turn his head over to you. His eyes were greeted by your smiling face. With a shake of your head, he understands and stopped his attempt to chase his son.

As days passed by your visit to the Wayne manor was getting more frequent, your friendly demeanor always amuses Alfred. You always helped him with making dinner, cleaning the boys’ rooms, giving him new and absolutely delicious recipes to him. It wasn't like he wanted you to do it, no. It was your own will, he told you to stop one day but you refused.

On the other hand, your relationship with Bruce also grows. The both of you grew closer and closer almost inseparable. Every time you cook dinner for the family (with Alfred's help) he would compliment you but you always tell him that it was Alfred's and the old man would roll his eyes internally as he shook his head while he argues back.

The only thing that bothered you was the boys.

They were so hard to approach, you tried everything from inviting them to a movie night, making them snacks if they stayed up late even getting them out of troubles they still would ignore you or giving you a forced smile.

"Bruce?" You stood in the doorway of his office, wearing a robe that covered your pajama since you were having a sleepover at the Wayne's.

Bruce lifted his head up from his work meeting your gentle gaze, with a smile he motioned you to come in as he put the pen down and cleaned the table before he stood up.

You walked over to your lover. As soon as you were in his reach his hand found your waist and pulled you closer to him, you could feel him relax in your presence as you looked up.

He saw your slightly upset expression and brought his free hand up to caress your smooth cheek with his rough thumb, he placed a firm but tender kiss on your forehead. "Is something wrong, dear?" He asked against your skin.

"It's about the boys." Your eyes moved to look to the side the back on him, "I think, they didn't like me."

"They don't like you?" Seeing you nod he continued, "They probably still need time, give them a chance."

This time you regretfully shook your head, "Bruce, I think I'm going to end this. I don't want you to fight because of me."

Bruce's eyes scanning yours, looking for anything telling you were joking but he found none though he was aware with the hint of sadness in your voice with the tears bothering to came out of your now glassy (E/C) eyes.

"Okay, but stay here for tonight, it's already late." He caves in.
With a hesitant nod and taking the last look at his face, you finally walked away, back to your room. When the morning came you left with a heavy heart just before the boys woke up.

Not long after you were left, Bruce's sons woke up from their sleep. All of them made their way to the dining room to eat their breakfast after they took a bath, shower or brush their teeth. The older males, Bruce and Alfred, already in the room as usual Bruce reading a newspaper sipping his coffee every now and then while Alfred doing his job.

They greeted each other lazily matching their tired faces before they dug in.

"Oh, this is good." Damian was the first one to say before back on taking a bite of a few stacks of blueberry pancakes on his plate.

"I have to agree with you." Tim sighed in agreement, his back leaning against the chair he was sitting on.

"Oh, where's your girlfriend?" Dick questioned, noticing one person, you, that was supposed to be here since you spent the night with them.

Bruce didn't answer the question and put the papers down on the table, "You like them? Good, they're (Y/N)'s cooking."

All of them spontaneously let out a 'huh' and stopped eating, the utensils that were once in their hands now placed on the table as the boys stared at Bruce with a raised brow.

Alfred that had been watching then decided to spoke up, "Like Master Bruce said the foods are Ms. (Y/N)'s cooking. She made them just before she left the manor."

"Huh? Why? What's her problem?" Jason finally took part in the conversation. However, his words displeased Bruce.

"What's your problem?" Bruce shot back to his son with his infamous bat-glare, then he sighed, "not all women are the same, (Y/N) helped you and you think a woman that tries to use me would do that? Or would she even said 'I can't do this anymore, I don't want to ruin your family'?"

There was a pause,

"She loves you and sees you as her own son, you better apologize to her."

Needless to say, you were bombarded with gifts, you were shocked but the guests that came into your house shocked you more. You were happy and you would do anything to cherish this moment.

---

Yeah, I was in a rush ... *sniffs*
Hope you still enjoyed!
Aunty

Chapter Summary

Requested on my Wattpad account! KR_Rose-

nammyjoony
Can you do bataunty where she has to baby sit Damian and he's new bc she doesn't live in Gotham and he thinks she's shady bc Talia told about her being a bad person

Sorry if it's long but I love ur writing❤

Jun 8, 2017 at 11:21 PM

Requested by: nammyjoony
Thank you for loving my writing!

“Brucie!” You greeted your long lost sibling.

He, Bruce flippin’ Wayne, was not your blood sibling. You two were best friends and inseparable. You knew his identity as the Batman and he knew your identity as a mysterious nameless detective.

Well, actually you were Talia’s younger sister.

“(Y/N).” His greeting was plain but he was happy to see you too. He was grateful to have someone as cheerful and confident as you as a friend. A really really close one at that.

Bruce had invited you to come to his place, he needed your help to take care of Damian. Most of his sons were away doing their own business and so was he and Alfred.

They had an appointment out of the city, they will be gone for about a week and you knew it was hard for Bruce to leave Gotham without any protection so he called you. He knew your strength and abilities, he knew how good you were at solving problems since your skills were almost as good as his.

But his main reason calling you here was to look after Damian, his youngest son.

With a smile, you brought your bags inside as he led you to where you will be sleeping.

“Oh, Bruce?” You called for him as he unlocked the door to your personal room.

He made a sound that you assumed was a response.
You walked in, putting your bag full of clothes and weapons down near the bed. Stretching to relief your sore muscle from sitting in a car too long, you glanced around the room before answering the dark haired man, “Where is Damian? I’ve never met him.”

“I’ll call him.” With that Bruce turned around, leaving the room to get the mentioned boy to you.

You had never met the youngest boy, your nephew, you were told that he resembled Bruce which made you really curious about him. Was he really?

You were going to take care of him for a week and you were excited to spend your days with him, you really wanted to get to know him just like you did with the rest of the boys years ago.

Fist pumping the air and gave yourself a firm nod to boost your confidence you unpacked your things before going downstairs to the living room.

**

Bruce and Alfred had left, leaving you alone with Damian. The introduction went just as you expected. The cold young boy didn’t even bother to look at you as he introduced himself, he just stared at his phone as if he was talking to a wall instead of a person.

Though he did look up to see how you look before he went back to scrolling to god-knows-what.

Dinner time was so awkward, no words were exchanged between you and him. He only devoured his meal as quickly as possible then got up from the dining table, he did says good night to you and thank you for the meal but that was it.

You sighed, “he really does resembles his father.”

Deciding that the dining room and kitchen were cleaned up, you made your way down to the Batcave, over to the huge computer to check if something had happened in Gotham. Such as Joker managed to ran away from the Asylum, maybe the Penguin, Killer Croc, Harley, Ivy or any thugs.

You pressed the buttons on the keyboard, the screen changed every time you did. Squinting your eyes to look for more details. You stayed in the cave doing the exact same thing over and over again until you thought it was enough and nobody would come out and harm innocent civilians, you walked back up to your room to take a quick nap.

It hadn’t been more than three hours you were jolted awake by a scream, a blood-curdling scream. Quickly, you bolted out of your room. When the scream stopped, a whimper followed after. It came from Damian’s room.

Your heart clenched to hear such a poor boy to get through whatever kind of nightmare that made him scream like that.

Slowly but surely, you walked towards his room that wasn’t far enough from yours. You knocked just to be polite since you knew very well that a boy like him didn’t like when his personal space got invaded, especially by someone that he still considered as a stranger.

You waited and waited, receiving nothing you decided to screw it and turned the door knob before slowly pushing the door open.
And there he was, sitting up on his bed with sweat trickling down from his chin lazily, he panted and panted. His emerald eyes that were boring down to his lap slowly gazing up. Meeting your worried (E/C) ones.

You stepped a foot in just for a good measure before walking over to his bed as you dragged a chair from his desk.

You sat down, leaning over just slightly to wipe the cold sweat off his face with your sleeve gently. You felt Damian tensed under your touch but you made no move to stop until his face was clean from sweat.

“Did you have a nightmare?”

Damian didn’t answer right away until his breathing came back to normal he surprised himself when he nodded, he wasn’t the type of boy who would show his feelings easily and you knew that.

Moving to sit on the bed right beside him, you, gingerly but surely, wrap your arms around his smaller figure. Bringing him into a warm hug that he had never felt before.

Damian didn’t return your hug and you were fine with it because he finally spoke up to you. “Why are you so kind?”

You raised a brow, pulling away to take a look at his cute face, “what do you mean Damian?”

You heard him sighed, finally leaning into your arms.

Well, that was fast to open him up, you thought a little happily.

“Mother told me that you are up to no good.”

“Your mother told you?” You questioned, clearly amused by your sister’s ability to lie to her own son. Oh who were you kidding, she even lied to you when you were a kid. Telling you that Santa was real until you were 15 just to crush your beliefs by telling you that she lied. That woman.

“Yes.”

Damian was surprised to hear your wholehearted laugh, your voice sounded a little different from before to his surprise. Your laugh warmed his heart, he somehow felt satisfied that he made you happy.

You saw the surprised and confused look on his face, so you tried your hardest to calm down. “Damian, she might be your mother. But I as her sister had learned not to believe her that easily.” Damian blinked curiously which you took as a sign to continue, “let me tell you a story about me and her when we were kids.”

[ E ND ]

I planned to make it a little longer, but my thumbs went numb,

-K
Costume Change

Chapter Summary

How in the god's name you tag in here?
TELL ME!!

(Don't if this website really can't tag... I'm a bit of a dumbass, so..)

You know who you are hun!

PROMPT;
I couldn't find your wattpad account so I was wondering if I could leave a request here? The request being that Batmom decided to get a costume change but she isn't sure what to pick, so the boys and batdad bombarde her with different opinions of what's practical or what's more stealthy and what not.

Requested by: Rebecca_Lizbeth

The boys, Jason and Dick, found you staring at your suit and gear that were trapped in a bulletproof glass beside Bruce's in the cave, chin trapped in your fingers as a hum escaped your pursed lips. They both looked at each other, wondering, what the hell were you doing with a cocked eyebrow.

"Ma, what are you doing?" Jason snapped you out of your train of thoughts.

Noticing their sudden appearance in the cave, you turned your head to the side to look at the two oldest boys. Your fingers slowly let go of your chin so your hand could rest on your hip.

"Thinking." You answered simply.

"If you're planning on running away from here, I'm coming with." The second oldest son spoke again, making you chuckle.

"No, Jay," you breathed, amused by how could Jason even thought about you running away while you were perfectly happy to be with your family now.

"Yeah, no Jay. If she's leaving she is going to take the Manor along with her since nobody wants her to leave. Not now, not ever."

Now they were just being cute without them realizing it, your heart melted and soon you have both arms hooked around their neck pulling them into a small group hug.

"Awe, you guys." You rub your cheeks against theirs. You could hear Jason groaned half-
heartedly while Dick happily accepted your sweet gesture, "I was just thinking about changing my suit." You finally explained after you stopped uncomfortably rubbing your cheeks and pulled away from the hug.

Before you know it, Dick was practically dragging you further to the cave, sitting you down on the chair in front of the computer while he stood there staring at you as he thought about something. It was probably about the suit and your hunch was right when he suddenly gave you his idea about how your suit should be.

"You need it to be elastic," Dick suggested.

"No, it needs to be bulletproof and can hold ammo. A lot of it." Jason walked over to the both of you, sitting on a table near you. "Even bigger ones."

And here you stupidly thought they wouldn't argue over it, nope, they did. Though it wasn't as bad they even got their weapons out of nowhere. It was just a simple arguing.

Until Damian decided to come in.

"It needs to be stealthy and can protect her from any cuts and bruises at all costs." He stated, standing beside you as he stared up at his older brothers. "And I want it to look like mine."

Jason snorted, "That ridiculous costume of yours? She would've looked hilarious than intimidating."

Damian clicked his tongue irritatedly as his brows furrowed, glaring up at him. "At least I use pants instead of a green underwear." He sneered.

There you have it, another show of your boys fighting making you sigh.

You were used to this yes, but it doesn't mean that you could handle their loud bickering every time they met and you didn't have the heart to scream at them either. All you could do was to scold them, you loved them too much to even punch them. Not even when you trained them, you tried your best to just hit them lightly.

Tim soon came down along with Bruce, you assumed their little conversation about upgrading the bat computer was over. They both sent you a questioning look about what happened and you shrugged as a reply.

No way, you were not going to make the fight worse by telling them that you wanted to change your suit. Too bad, you guess it, but one of the just had to ask about what happened.

"You want to change your suit?" Bruce looked at you, while you huffed as you nodded.

"Yeah, a little bit of change won't hurt right?"

"Oh, make it simple and light, it will help you move faster," Tim suggested.

"I just said that." Damian scoffed.

There it goes again, though Bruce only stared and voice his opinion once or twice. You sighed again, you didn't think it would be this messy.

You were so caught up in your own world you didn't notice they had their eyes on you, asking you to pick one of their suggestions for your suit. Meanwhile, you stared back, you couldn't decide you
had to admit that their ideas were unique in their own ways and how they made sense why they needed to be applied for your soon-to-be suit.

"Mrs. Wayne, if I may suggest, why don't you combine their suggestions?" Alfred carefully placed a cup of tea for you to relieve your tense mind, "make it simple, yet strong to protect you from bullets and swords, stealthy and elastic. More importantly, not revealing."

Alfred was right, why didn't you think of that?

You face palmed, making your way to Alfred before taking his calloused hands, that showed how hard he had worked for the family, in yours. "Thank you, Alfred, if you aren't here I probably would be stuck with this."

"It is my job to help Mrs. Wayne."

Turning around, you flashed them a smile. A hand already holding a paper and a pen, "now can you guys repeat your ideas for me?"

[ E N D ]
**Chapter Summary**

**Requested by:** Jojo_Joestar

**Chapter Notes**

See the end of the chapter for notes.

You came to the Manor as usual now, taking your sweet time playing with Bruce's boys. Making them snacks, teaching them things, cleaning their bedrooms, you couldn't help but to baby them. You loved babying people that was why your friends at work couldn't help but call you mother.

You sighed, shaking your head in disbelief as you stir the dough in the large bowl.

Without you knowing there were eyes peering from the kitchen's entrance, all of them looking at you without blinking but you were too oblivious and too caught up in the moment to feel them.

Those eyes belonged to the boys, they backed off from the kitchen to Tim's room since it was already messy and Tim didn't seem to mind for the first time in his life letting them invade his personal space.

All of them sat down on the floor, making a circle, the door already closed and securely locked along with the windows and curtains. They made sure that there was nothing that would interrupt them.

Their way was ridiculous really.

"She's so kind." The owner of the room sighed, remembering your motherly figure preparing coffee for him and teaching him things about technologies he didn't know.

"She's a total badass." Jason hummed, he propped himself on his palm as he leaned back to look at the white ceiling. "She helped me with my guns AND my bike."

"She's much better than mother." Damian added the list silently, rubbing his soft locks where you usually pat or ruffle his hair gently with your rough fingers.

Dick laid down on the floor, his head was supported by his arms that were crossed under it. "Too bad we can't tell them that Bruce is cheating on her." He blurted out the information he had kept since last month.

Tim blinks.

"What?!" Jason and Damian almost screeched in unison.

"What?" Dick sat up when he realized what he had said, defeated by his brothers curious and scary gaze he rummaged his sweatpants' pockets for his phone.

He fiddled with it for awhile, eyebrows furrowed in deep concentration before he let out a gasp and showed it to the rest. His phone played a video where a familiar figure was walking with a woman...
by his side.

Damian seemed to recognize one of the strangers since he mumbled, "Father?" Under his breath, as he kept his eyes on the screen.

The video went on, Bruce with the woman they didn't recognize walked side by side. Her arms hooked with his as they walked into a jewelry store then to the other. They even saw when Bruce motioned for the woman to try the things they were going to buy. It kept on going for 10 minutes straight and you came to knock on the door on the right time.

The video ended as one of them stood up to open the door.

"I made dinner, wash up and eat your dinner before going for the cookies, alright?" You smiled.

**

After dinner you decided to relax by taking a warm bath in Bruce's bathroom, the steaming water relaxed your sore muscle. You didn't realize that you pushed yourself too hard until you finally got an alone time. Your back leaning against the tub as you dip yourself further and closed your eyes to relax more.

The man himself was arguing downstairs with his sons as soon as you were gone from their sight. The males bickering wasn't too loud to break your relaxed state but a light banging sound from them did.

With a sigh followed by a loud splash when you stood up, you wrapped the towel that you had prepared around your body before dressing up.

"Who was she?" A faint demanding voice asked when you walked out of the room, down the stairs and finally made your way to the dining room where they argued, "What will happen if she knows--"

The voice that you knew came from Damian stopped after he spotted you standing there watching them with curious eyes. "Who knows what?"

"Father had been cheating on you--mmph!" Damian's mouth was covered by Dick's large hand, he even purposely added some pressure just enough to punish the younger Wayne.

Damian trashed under Dick's tight grip, meanwhile, you trying to proceed what he said. Your eyes started to swell as you stared at them blankly, you didn't even bother to blink as your lips started to quiver when you tried to hold your sobbing.

"Good job, dumbass," Jason grumbled, his piercing emerald irises glancing down at Damian with his chin held up high before he sighed.

Bruce seemed confused with the situation even though he was the one who got blamed and Tim is the only one who noticed his confusion stole Dick's phone from his pocket eliciting a 'hey' of protest from the said man.

Tim showed the video he saw hours ago.

Bruce seemed to froze while you just stood there still holding your tears back and forgotten. The oldest male's shoulders shook before a raspy laughter erupted from him thus caught everybody's attention.
You blinked a few times, the boys who were obviously shocked did the same.

"What's so funny?" Dick finally released his grip on Damian and turned around to look at Bruce.

"Don't laugh, you look scary." Jason retorted, his body visibly shivered hearing the loud laugh that just escaped Bruce's throat.

"I think there's a misunderstanding here," he started, completely back to his normal self as he stuffed his hands into his trousers' pockets, "it was my friends' wife."

"Why were you so close?" Shot Damian with a glare.

Bruce sighed, "it seems like I can't keep it a secret no more." His words sent more weird thoughts into the boys' minds until he knelt down in front of you with a small black box in his hands, he slowly opened it revealing a ring with your birthstone.

"I didn't mean to propose like this and I will keep it simple, we have been together quite a long time now and I am sure the boys have seen you as their own mother seeing what happened earlier, will you marry me?"

Without any other words, you lunged yourself at him, sobbing your obvious answer as you try to stop your crying against his shoulder so he could slip the ring around your ring finger.

The boys only could stare before they finally sighed in relief,

"Well that escalated quickly, but Bruce still needs to explain things to us."

[ END ]

Chapter End Notes

Can't make a cheating Bruce anymore, for now at least.
sorry if this looks so rushed, I was distracted and I don't feel good, and there will be no part 3.

Hope you enjoyed though, sorry if this doesn't make any sense at all xD especially the last part when I became too sleepy to explain what happened.
"Corporal Levi. You called?" You called as you knocked the door to his office three times, hearing a few shuffling from the other side before the door finally opened revealing the hotheaded, short yet hot corporal.

There was some silence, he didn't usually open his door for someone but he always did for you. Your eyebrow quirked.

"What?" He asked coldly.

"Uh, aren't you going to let me in?"

Levi stayed silent as he stepped aside, letting you come into his office. With a soft click, his door closed before he walked back to his paper stacked desk, sitting down on his chair. He had mountains of works on his desk which explain the dark circle under his sharp eyes.

You followed along, taking a seat making yourself comfy. "Do you want to talk to me?"

Silence.

"Corporal?"

A sigh.

"Don't be so formal when it's just the two of us." Levi reminded you as he worked on his paper, his sharp eyes were kept on the paper for a moment before he abruptly stopped writing and lifted up his gaze to meet yours, "it's your brother."

"Which one?"

**

"Damian!" You were practically screeching his name out of frustration as you stormed into your home.

Levi had told you everything about this reckless brother of yours. He wasn't the only one who was reckless, somehow Jason too. He lost one of his closest friend outside the walls, you understand very well how it felt when you lost someone to those skinless, naked, sexless giants.

You lost one of your best friends, she was munched down by a 15-meter class right in front of your eyes. She was the best, she was even better than you but she was distracted, she looked away and
before she knew it she went into the titan's mouth, head first.

*Thud  thud  thud, BANG!*

"What?!” Damian burst out of his room, giving you a small glare but soon it turned into fear when he saw your own glare and darkened features. Quickly, he held up his hands knowing what was coming.

"Why didn't you listen to Levi's orders?"

"He talked to you, didn't he?"

You rolled your eyes irritatedly at your little brother, walking over to the chair near the place he was standing. You crossed your leg over the other while your arms were over your chest. 

"Obviously."

Damian scoffed, "what did he tell you this time?"

"The bundle of stupidity and recklessness you called brain.” You retorted, still glaring at the younger Wayne, "you need to obey him, Dami, please."

Finally sighing, calming yourself from getting more mad at him. Though you understand that he could be a little bloodlust sometimes because of that lunatic brunette hung out with him too much, though you didn't mind he finally made friends and how determined Eren can be. Okay, maybe too determined.

"I did," Damian answered simply avoiding your gaze.

"And?"

"My horse was about to be eaten," this time it was him who sighed and at that point, you knew he was being honest with you. Then, you were taken aback with his next question, "enough of that, what's your relationship with that short guy anyway?"

You blinked and all of the sudden the rest your brothers' faces were right in front of your face making you yelp in surprise. If it wasn't for Tim who caught you, you could've fallen back along with your chair.

"Guys what th---" Dick hushed you by placing his index finger on your lips as Tim helped you back on your feet while you took a few deep breaths to calm your heart that was almost leaped out of your ribcage.

"Guys what th--" he said in a hushing tone, "seems like you have some explaining to do, little sis."

You sent them a quizzical look, not getting what they meant after some silence it clicked. Heat rushed to your face with your mouth open and closed as you tried to compose some words to answer them but you were too late since the blush definitely didn't go unnoticed.

"Damn, I knew it." Jason jumped in first, "I knew he had *screwed* with you! Was he as small as his body?"

Those words made your cheeks heated up more than ever as if you had lava in your head and it was about to burst. "Wha-- no!" You smacked Jason's head, "I am a virgin and it is going to stay like that until I'm *ready!" You blurted.
God knows how much you wanted to that huge ass titan to kick the wall again and let a titan swallow you right then. There was no turning back, they would never let this thing down not until you explain it to them. *Ugh.* You groaned in your head.

"Fine, you want an explanation?" They nodded, "I might have a little--" they raised their eyebrows simultaneously, "okay, a huge crush on that hot guy."

"Hot?" Tim quirked his brow amusedly, "Damian was almost taller than him."

Then you groaned out loud, "ugh, he has these sharp and mesmerizing smoldering blue eyes, his...abs, his voice, his body, his coldness, his everything."

Your brothers, they could've sworn that your face looked like Hanji when she saw a titan. Your eyes were twinkling with adoration and excitement yet they looked so dark, your lips stretched and curved so well showing your teeth thus matched your hands' gestures showing your little obsession over the short corporal.

They backed away as you kept on rambling how amazing Levi was, his skills and abilities were the things you adored the most then how you couldn't handle how handsome he looked with casual clothing or formal clothing. Not that you had seen him in one anyway, you told them you imagined it.

*Crazy.* Your brothers thought.

You realized they weren't near you when you heard series of something hitting the wall softly and you turned around to be greeted with their wide eyes while they were cornered just by your crazy ramblings.

"Guys?"

"Okay, we get it, we will-- uh, leave." And they did just that.

The next following day, Levi got a letter telling him to be careful from your dearest brothers. Honestly, they just didn't know who to warn and didn't know who to protect when they saw you with Levi walking down the hallway.

Chapter End Notes

I planned to make them fight with the Titans, but I already write it like this...
A Fight || Jason Todd

Chapter Summary

Prompt; Reader is Jason's girl and is a telepath w/ telekinesis. Her powers are tied to her emotions. Jay just made her mad in front of the Bat-fam and Reader gets embarrassed and runs off.

Chapter Notes

Jason might be a little OOC, but I will try.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Requested by; Little_Miss_Strange

You had been staying at the Wayne Manor for at least three days, spending the past nights with your boyfriend and his family was fun and annoying at certain times. You grew close with Tim since both of you just happened to love the same hobbies and Dick because how cheerful you can be around them.

You were like the light in the darkness and that was exactly what Jason thought about you.

Though, no matter how cheerful you were and how kind you could be. You still had a secret and Jason was the only one who knew, he promised that he would never tell his family when you weren't ready. He also promised that his family wouldn't do anything to you.

Happily stirring the mixture for the cake you would be making, your hips moved to the music that was playing from your phone as you hummed to the tune, you didn't realize your boyfriend had snuck up behind you until he had his arms snaked around your waist while his chin rested on top of your head eliciting a squeak of surprise from you.

You looked up to be greeted by a pair of beautiful emerald eyes that were framed with eyeglasses, you cocked a brow, "do I know you?"

Jason chuckled sarcastically, "Ha, ha." He then squeezed your hip, which made you let out another squeak before he stepped aside and leaned his lower back against the counter so you could keep on doing your task.

"Why are you wearing," you paused, pointing the glasses with your whisk since you didn't remember him having bad eyesight, "...those?" You were totally not going to lie, Jason looked thousands times hotter with those.

"These?" Jason took off the glasses before he examined them himself as if he had just noticed that
he had them on. "Just to see your reaction, how do I look?" He asked when he had the glasses back on.

Squinting your eyes, you rubbed your chin judgingly. You really wanted to erase the sly look on his face since he knew exactly what were you thinking, he knew that you liked it and that you found him more attractive than ever.

"Pretty good."

Jason rolled his eyes.

You were expecting him to give you a nasty comeback yet he didn't. You always scold him when he did, so it wasn't really his fault if he didn't. At least not to you.

Jason poked his index finger into the mixture before bringing it to his mouth, he hummed in delight at the sweet taste. "Hmm, cake." You heard him mumbled, you took it that you did a good job so you pour it into the mold, "for who?"

"Uh, Dick and Damian said it's Titus's birthday." You answered honestly.

He choked, "Titus? The dog?"

"No, my affair."

"Babe, you babied them too much." Jason then breathed a sarcastic chuckle, "you babied everybody even Bruce, you're too kind and it's going to get you killed one day."

You ignored his words and kept on cooking, you put the now mixture filled mold into the oven. Calmly set the temperature before finally responded him, "I babied you too."

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

And just like that, you got into a small fight with him. Just over a dog's birthday, you both huffed and point an accusing finger at each other. It was childish really. It happened a lot when you were alone in your shared apartment too and it had never been more than one night.

The thing was, you had never accidentally let your power loose when you fought in front of his family. Let alone in front of Jason himself, but this time you let it loose. You didn't know why but you accidentally made some things in the kitchen rattled.

"Gosh, just listen to me for once babe!" Jason told you frustratedly, his gaze wasn't on you anymore.

"Oh no, dude, you listen to me!" Huffing, you rested your hands on your hips as you kept your frown and angry pout on your face.

"No," Jason breathed, "you need to stop bringing things from the past to-- to this!" He stuttered when he tried to get the right words.

"To what? Our fight?" A cookie jar and some pans near you levitated, they caught Jason's eyes more than your angry face, "I'm just reminding you!"

The ravenette held up his hands in defeat, yet your sulking didn't relent and you continued to ramble things that he now couldn't make out since his priority now is to calm you down. "Babe.
"Don't tell me to chill! I am chill!" The things that were levitating suddenly thrown to the tiled walls, loud crashing were heard and it snapped you out of it. Your eyes met the others' gazes, their eyes were wide in shock which made you bit your lip. "I'm sorry."

Then you looked around to eye the mess you had made, it sent you running up to Jason's room, red faced, screaming a string of 'I'm sorry's, 'I didn't mean to's and 'forgive me's along the way. You closed the door harshly and quickly hid in a bunch of blankets to cover your shame and embarrassment.

"Explain." Bruce's voice boomed, his tone was demanding.

The young dark haired man obviously got what the main Wayne wanted. He simply shrugged, "Well, she's my girlfriend and she has powers."

"Jason." Bruce pushed.

"Fine, she can do things with her mind. Lifting things without touching it, what was it called-- telekinesis. It's her gift and I can't do anything about it. She is still my girlfriend and I will kick your asses if you tell me to leave her."

"No, we won't." Tim promised, "Why didn't you tell us though?" The third son questioned, eyebrow lifted.

Jason gave him a look, "you saw it, she got embarrassed and ran. To my room. Do you know how hard it is to get her out of that damn state?" He sighed exasperatedly, "I need to lure her out."

"Lure? Todd--"

"Shh, Damian, you little booger doesn't know anything about my girlfriend so shut up."

Damian shuddered in disgust at his, current, bad attempt in mockery.

"What do you need?" Dick jumped in.

**

You didn't know how long you had been in Jason's room, alone, but you were sure as hell that your cake had burnt into crisps. A sigh escaped your lips as you stirred in the bed, still hiding in pure embarrassment.

You couldn't believe that your power was revealed in that way, you were about to tell them after you had dinner with them but no, Jason just needed to be an ass and made you sulk and mad.

Your cheek puffed irritatedly at the memory that flashed through you. It also happened when Jason first found out about your abilities, when you were taking a bath. A supposed-to-be nice relaxing bath.

You were too lazy to grab the shampoo since you had to use your power to get it. The soft music that was playing from your phone tuned out the sound of Jason knocking.

"Babe, I'm coming in." He warned you before he opened the door to find a flower scented shampoo flying over to you while your hand reaching out to take it. "Are you taking a bath with a ghost?"
You remember blushing madly and threw your shower stuff towards him, sending him rushing out of the bathroom as he protected his head with his arms.

Another blush creeping up to your cheeks, you should've been scared instead of embarrassed, but because of his words, you just couldn't be scared. You weren't going to avoid the fact that you were weird since your weirdness was the thing that got Jason attached to you in the first place.

Another memory flashed in your head, your first meeting, first date, when you moved in when he had to take care of you when you were on your period.

The nostalgia ended when the handsome jerk you were thinking about knocked and called your name.

"Babe, come out. I'm sorry."

"No!"

"Please, I wanna talk, the others wanna talk."

A brief silence, "No!"

"We're not going to judge you."

"No!"

"I have food."

You rushed off the bed, food always works and Jason also knew it. Especially that food was made by his hands, you had sulked three days in a row to get him cook for you.

The door softly creaked as you opened it slightly just enough to peek through the gap. "Where is my food?"

"I need you to come out first."

You stayed silent again, before pushing your lower lip out and gave him a small sulky pout. "Fine," you opened the door further and stepped out of his room. "Give me the food then we can talk."

"I can't believe it, you choose food over me."

"What can I say, I can't live without food."

"So you can live without me?"

"My heart and feelings can't survive without you but I won't die because of it but yep, I'll be depressed though." You stated honestly. "You need to stop being cheesy, it's weird."

Chapter End Notes

Pardon for the grammar errors!
His Help

Chapter Summary

Requested on Tumblr!

Chapter Notes

Prompt;
Can I get damian wayne x reader prompt "I never realized that you're so beautiful" ,
"Oh yeah, well I never realized that you're stupi- wait what?"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You paced around your room, biting your nails nervously. Your little brother, Alex, was kidnapped by god-knows-who. Gosh, he was just an innocent little kid, why would someone do that? You were truly panicking, heart thumping in your rib cage as if begging to be released from its prison, out of your body. Your hands trembling as you gripped the, now, crumpled paper in your fist.

I HAVE LITTLE ALEX.
IF YOU WANT HIM BACK, COME.

BE MINE, LITTLE PRINCESS.
YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

You shuddered in disgust, you had no choice but to call for help. But, who? The GCPD? No, they would end up knowing your identity except if you went there with no suit, just you, the regular you. Your friends? They would die before you were able to save your brother.

Except for Damian.

You knew his identity as Robin and you found out in not much of a good way either. You were fighting him and accidentally hit his face until his mask flew off his face, to make it fair you also show your face.

He wasn't exactly your friend, he wasn't your enemy either. Just a neutral relationship between you two. Helped each other when in need, exchanging information about some looneys even went as far as betraying each other when desperate. Though, you were the one who mostly did the betraying.

Now you needed him, you really do. Your brother was the only family you had left. Nodding to yourself, you finally made a move and change into your suit, gearing up more than ever before went out to the roof of Gotham Academy.

You shot a flare from there and waited for him to come. You knew very well how stupid it was to use a flare but it was the only way to tell him that you needed his help, he was the one who suggested it.
You didn't have to wait for long since he came almost a minute after you shot the flare, he landed in front of you.

"Desperate?"

You exhaled sharply, hating this side of him. "Yes, I am."

"After giving me up to Joker's henchmen, you seek my help?" He cocked his eyebrow under the domino mask he was wearing, a hint of amusement lacing his voice.

"I helped you after that!"

"I could have died!" Damian snapped, his fists clenching.

You bit your lip, you were guilty about that. You really were. "I'm sorry about it, I really do.

Unknown to you, Damian rolled his emerald eyes as he crossed his arms over his chest. You could tell he was glaring at you behind his lenses, he was mad and disappointed.

You walked over until he was in your arms reach, "please, Robin, you have to help me." You whispered, eyes glancing to the cemented roof.

"Why should I?"

"It's my brother, he got kidnapped."

"So?"

"Please, he is the only family I got left." Your plea was accompanied by the tears that brimming in your eyes after you took off your mask that had covered your face as you lifted up your gaze to him, "If something happens to him, I don't know what to do."

You heard him breathing out a heavy sigh, you could see white air forming in front of his lips as he did so. Damian gave in and gave you a slight nod in agreement.

Your face lit up, even though it was dark, he could see how your eyes brightened while the corners of your lips tugging up as you smiled genuinely with the moonlight as the only source of light.

"I never realized you're so beautiful." He found himself whispering bluntly, mostly to himself with his emerald lenses covered eyes bore at you.

"Oh yeah? Well, I never realized that you're stupid-- wait, what?" Damian's little mumbling was too quiet, you barely caught it but it doesn't mean that you didn't hear it so it wasn't your fault that you were slow to catch his words.

Damian didn't answer and started to jump off the room after exclaiming a, 'let's go, we need to hurry.'

"Robin! Wait! You have to explain it when this is over! You hear me?!"

Chapter End Notes
That was short...
"Hurry up, sweetheart!" Your mother called, she was ready to get out of the museum. One foot was placed on the window frame along with her hands.

"Wait up!" You whined for your mother and quickly snatched the ruby ring into your hand before running over to the window, to catch up with your mother who had climbed up to the roof.

You had been a-- well-- thief for more than a year. With your mother the one and only Selina Kyle as your mentor and partner in crime. She taught everything you needed to know about fighting, using the devices, sneaking. Anything.

Even as far as telling you that Bruce Wayne is Batman, him being your father, *biological* father, was a bonus and speaking of the Devil.

"Put it back where it belongs." Batman's gruff voice was heard just as soon as you reached the roof, he was standing a few feet in front of your mother.

"Batman." Your mother purred, walking over to him slowly yet confidently not even showing a sign that she was quivering. "You're not the boss of me, so why should I?"

Catwoman walked around him as if she was judging him or checking him out, her fingers were ghosting along his chest up to his shoulder then his broad back, shoulder before went back to his chest and retreated.

"Catch." A small pocket was thrown towards you which you swiftly caught it. You knew what your mother wanted, you ran from them to your *client's* place after tucking it in your utility belt around your waist.

But you were not that stupid, Batman always has his way.

After you were far enough, you stopped and turned around. "Bucket head, I know you're there."
A figure walked out from the dark shadow of the billboard on the building. Classic. You thought. Still amusing to you how he would make a dramatic entrance, or it was just you?

You would always meet him, literally everywhere you went to he would be there too. Running after you, trying to catch you or just to follow you for some information. You didn't stop him since he was such an interesting guy, you kinda liked the guy.

Who doesn't? He was hot with or without his helmet or mask. Oh yeah, you had seen him alright,

"My favorite little kitten, don't you have a better name to call me with?" Red hood crossed his arms across his muscular chest, the sight of him doing that always makes you gulp almost audibly. Nobody could blame you since his muscle flexed and it was endearing.

"Pill head? Bullet head? Red riding hood?" You listed all possible names you could think of, they were all ridiculous and you just couldn't help it. "look, can't you just leave me alone?"

You heard him breathed out a chuckle under his helmet as he walked closer to you, "what kind of guy who leaves a pretty girl alone?" He inquired, now standing right in front of you. "I'm not a jerk."

You really had to tilt your head up to take a good look of his lenses-covered-eyes with your own. You knew you were distracted, the next thing you realized that he had pointed his gun right on your forehead. The hard metal pressing against your soft skin painfully.

"Now give it back."

You only scoff, your hand reaching to trail along his knuckles up to his wrist, forearm, upper arm before finally resting on his broad shoulder. "If I don't?" You found yourself challenged.

"I'm going to shoot your smarty brain." He responded simply.

"No, you aren't."

"True," he then drew back his gun, putting it inside his brown leather jacket calmly. "But I will still hit and fight you." He added.

"Oh, how could you say that to a weak, young girl like me!" You said in a mock hurt and offended tone, giving him a playful glare from behind your mask and he could tell.

"You are anything but weak, kitten." Jason pointed out a matter of factly, his gloved hand reaching to your hair that was tied in a ponytail before his, gloved, fingertips brushing against the soft locks.

You gently swatted his hand away from your hair, as much as you liked it you couldn't let your guard down. Especially around him. "Whoa there tiger, personal space."

Jason didn't take his eyes off you until he decided to take his helmet off, leaving the domino mask on his face to hide his gorgeous green eyes.

"Aww," you cooed in a false disappointment, moving your hand to cup his face. "Why don't you take the mask off too?" Your thumb brushing along his cheek. You could feel a faint bump of his old scars under your finger.

Jason's arm slithering around your waist pulling you closer to him, "my little kitten wants to see my face?" He asked in a husky purr, his face became closer to yours every time his lips moved.
You could feel his warm breath fanning your face as you wrap your own arms around his neck, you gently bit your lower lip before a small sly smirk plastered across your red colored lips.

This always happens, the flirting. There won't be a day where you meet him and not flirt. It almost sounded like a ritual between the two of you, a habit that would never fade or go away. Yet, you didn't mind, you liked it that way. You could get closer and talk. Give each other feathery touches.

Though none of you ever do or even thought that far.

"What can I say, I won't miss my chance." You purred back.

Jason hummed lowly, giving your words a little thought as he returned your smirk with his charming one. This damn guy always an effect on you, and god did you hate it.

"What about a trade?"

"Trade?"

"You get to see my face and I want whatever you stole back."

"Wha--?" You breathed out amusedly, an eyebrow raised. His request, or trade, was unbelievably stupid. It was so stupid you wanted to accept the offer. "Sorry baby, a client's request. Girls gotta eat." Unfortunately, you had to back away from him to prove your point. "It was tempting, I have to admit that."

"Worth a shot." The dark haired male shrugged, putting his damned helmet back on, covering the rest of his attractive features.

You frowned, did he just gave up. This guy had almost, almost, never ever gives up. It was disappointing but at least you didn't have to argue with him further, less the trouble more time you got to get back home and sleep the night.

You saw him turned on his heels, starting to walk away from you. "Leaving already?"

"You didn't want to trade then I have no more to say." Jason waved his hand before vanishing into the darkness.

You let out a light chuckle, sighing when you finally realized what he actually had done. Your hand had dug into your belt, where the small brown bag and the ring you placed in before, they were gone.

"Todd, you one sly dog." You only could laugh.

Jason, on the other hand, was hiding on the other side of the billboard with his back leaning against the metal, the bag dangling in front of him as he held it.

"You need to learn from your previous mistakes, kitty cat." He chuckled to himself.
"Boys! No!" You screeched when Damian and Jason were being reckless, they didn't wait for your cue to get in. And it wasn't the first time that night, even though they did good but it was... too much for your heart to handle.

Alfred wasn't here because he had something to do. It was important since Bruce also came along with him leaving you in charge of the boys to protect Gotham in your husband's place. How in the heaven's name did he control these kids? Be Batman too?

_Oh, yeah, sounds good._ You chuckled to yourself sarcastically.

The night went on, they came back and you were dead tired both mentally and physically. You didn't even greet the boys and just walk out from the cave, up to your shared room to take a nice bath full of flower petals, bath bomb, anything to treat yourself. You stepped into the bath after tying up your hair, the warm water and the fresh scent of your favorite thing quickly did they work. Your tense muscle relaxing eliciting a sigh of content from your parted lips.

You stayed there letting your body soak in the scented water until you think it was finally time to rest in the bed and not wake up if it wasn't afternoon. The only thing that was covering your body was a towel that loosely wrapping around you as you stepped out of the bathroom.

To your surprise, your husband was already there standing by the bed with his back facing you. He wasn't supposed to be back for another few days but here he is, stripping out of his tuxedo showing his deliciously muscular, scarred body that always makes your entire body heated up without him had to do anything.

"(Y/N):" Bruce's deep voice snapped you out of your train of thoughts, you hadn't noticed you had been staring. Hell, you were almost drooling just by the sight of him.
"Hey Bruce," you responded a little tiredly to his calling as you walked to the closet, hands reaching for the cold metal knob before you turned it with a soft click and pulled it open. "I thought you weren't supposed to be back for another few days?"

You could hear Bruce's faint grunt as he unbuckled his belt and put it on the bed along with his discarded clothing. "I managed to finish the job faster," he simply answered, now watching you put on your red lace panties.

Bruce noticed how slow and half-hearted your movements were when the lace underwear finally slipped on he walked over before wrapping strong arms around your waist, pulling you close until you could feel his chiseled torso against your back.

"How about you?" Bruce's chest rising as he took a short breath, "how were the boys?"

"Terrific." You scoffed, frustration slowly rising up as you reached your hand to get your bra. "God, Bruce. Sometimes, they just wouldn't listen. They ignored me and acted recklessly, did I babyed them too much? Gosh, I just don't want them to get killed." You rambled, a frown is already on your face.

You let out a sigh when he placed small kisses on your temple down to your neck and your shoulder then back to your temple, squeaking when he took the towel off your body and threw it carelessly to the floor.

"B--- Bruce!" You stammered, cheeks heating up no matter how much you had done it with him, it was still a little embarrassing for you. "What are you doing?"

"Helping you with your stress," his lips brushing against your ear, his rough palms roaming around your body in a way that you had to bit your lip to prevent an unwanted moan to escape your lips, "just relax."

You did as he wanted, relaxing. Your chest heaving up and down matching your slightly short breathing as Bruce swept you off of your feet and gently put you down on the bed.

The soft white silk touched your bare skin, your lidded eyes watched him hovering above you before leaning down to capture your lips in a gentle yet heated kiss.

One of his hand was helping him to hold himself up so he wouldn't crush you as the other began to roam around your body again, finding your mound. Bruce elicited a gasp from you when he started to play with your nipple, rubbing and tweaking it with his fingers.

Bruce had his tongue prodding the nook and cranny of your mouth as his hand retreating from torturing your nipple only to find its way to your clothed pussy, he rubbed your slick folds through the lace panties you were wearing.

"Mm--- Bruce." You whimpered lustfully into the kiss, he hadn't done much to you but you were already whimpering. It makes sense when the two of you actually didn't get much or even the time to do it, plus the risk of the boys hearing your moaning.

Bruce broke the kiss and climbed down, he trailed wet kisses on your skin. His lips soon found your nipple he hadn't abused, his tongue flicking the sensitive nub before he took it into his hot mouth, sucking, biting and licking as he pushed your panties off your body.

Poor thing, you only wore it for a few minutes.

Usually, you would flip him over or scold him for teasing you like this but now you couldn't, you
were just too tired.

The next thing you knew, his mouth left your breast and began to eat you out. The feeling of his skilled tongue probing your soaked entrance as his thumb roughly stroking your clit was overwhelming, your body shuddered at each contact.

Your hand reaching for a pillow to bring it onto your face to muffle your moaning of his name that you just couldn't stop, he always knew how to make you writhe under him.

"Ohh, darling, more." You begged, hips grinding on his face to encourage him to just fuck you already. You missed how full it felt when his thick cock penetrated you, stretching your walls to adjust to his size before he pounded into you relentlessly, effectively turning you into a moaning mess.

Bruce replaced his tongue with his fingers, inserting three in one swift thrust without warning.

"Mmnh!" You took one sharp inhale, hips bucking up slightly as he began to thrust his fingers in and out of you. Curving them up to rub against your walls.

When you thought his fingers couldn't get any deeper, he proved you wrong. He lifted up your lower body by placing his hand on your lower back, holding you up in place as he finger fucked you. His knuckles slapping against your ass cheeks.

The lewd noises of your dripping cunt every time he moved his hand was a music to your ears, they aroused you even more and it worsens when Bruce found that one spot that almost make you moan his name out loud.

"Here?" He asked as he rubbed the sensitive spot inside you when he heard your-- almost-- too loud, muffled moan.

"Yes, yes." You wantonly cried, you were getting closer and closer to the edge and he noticed since he picked up his pace as your free hand went down to rub your clit roughly.

"Cum."

His command was the last thing you needed to reach nirvana, you bit the soft pillow to keep your pleasured screaming at bay. Your vision was blurry, toes curling as you came around his fingers that still rubbing your tightening walls.

You slowly came down from your high, tossing the pillow aside and he pulled his fingers out of you, he licked his fingers clean after making sure you watched as he put your lower body back down on the bed.

A smirk gracing his face at your flustered face, "still stressed?"

You shook your head, "no." You bit your lip coyly, "I want to return the favor though."

Bruce chuckled as he settled himself beside you, his hand reaching to tuck a strand of (H/C) locks behind your ear lovingly. "You can do that tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes," he pulled you closer so you could snuggle up to him, "I plan to get a day off, send the kids and Alfred somewhere so we can get some time alone."
Your face lit up and you automatically threw your arms around him, as a result of your sudden outburst of happiness he flashed his charming smile to you. "Like the good ol' days?"

His velvety laugh ringing in your ears, "like the good ol' days."

Chapter End Notes

If you are my reader from Wattpad,
I put the SMUT one-shot under the title 'GOOD TIMES'!

Check it on my wattpad profile; @KR_Rose-
"Love, wake up," Bruce whispered in your ear, his morning voice plus his warm, minty breath that touched the soft skin on your face sent a shiver down your spine as you stirred in your blanket cocoon.

Slowly, you opened your eyes, his blurry figure greeted you before you blinked to focus your eyes. You smiled when you could see his face clearly, "Morning handsome." your voice was a little groggy but it was enough for Bruce to crack a smile and kissed your forehead.

"Morning, I made breakfast."

"You made breakfast, thanks baby." You sat up, your blanket slid down your torso making the warmth from it slid out of your body and replaced with the sun instead. "The others?"

Bruce took the breakfast from the nightstand near your shared wooden bed and placed it on your lap, he settled himself by you as he watched you devour the french toast bit by bit. "They already left."

You let out a noise of acknowledgment and quickly finished your breakfast before standing up to bring the now empty plate back to the kitchen after brushing your teeth while Bruce went to the bathroom to shave as soon as he finished making the bed.

Too bad, he looked hotter with those stubbles on his face (he without them is also generally hot). Every time he kisses you they would tickle your face and make you giggle into his mouth.

You hadn't noticed that he was finished doing his business until he slid his hand under his large shirt you were wearing and rested his large palm on your hip, playing with the waistband of your panties as you dried the last plate.

"Is your offer from last night still valid?" He asked as you reached a hand up and put the plates into the cabinet above you, arranging them to your liking before turning your head so you could finally kiss him for the first time that day.

As a response he pushed his hip against you, feeling his erection against the soft flesh of your ass. You didn't make a promise though but you knew last night he pushed his needs aside so you could
rest peacefully, he is so sweet.

Still having your lips attached with his you turned your body around and sensually rest your hand on his chest as the other went down to rub his throbbing dick through the sweatpants he was wearing eliciting a strained grunt from your husband.

You gave his cock a little bit more pressure before pulling your hand away as you broke the kiss, the look on his face showing everything that you had expected.

Need.

When it comes to sex, your husband could be a little... greedy, depends on his mood, it was so unpredictable and it really suits him. One time he could just ram his cock into you mercilessly, with or without foreplay, and there was other time where he set a gentle and pleasing pace, sometimes it could be both.

And holy shit did you like it.

Bruce watched you get on your knees--- while he has his lower back leaning against the marble sink counter--- undoing his pants and boxers in one go letting them pool at his feet, his hardened length sprang free. A sigh of relief escaped from his chapped lips as you looked up at him feverishly.

"Still up to a little foreplay love?" You purred, teasingly licking the tip to lap his pre cum that was oozing with his lust. "I hope you are, I still want to return the favor after all."

Well, that escalated pretty quickly.

Bruce could feel your breath hitting his sensitive skin, he shuddered visibly when you blew on his manhood before taking it into your mouth, his breathing became short pants.

He couldn't take his eyes off you, the way you bobbed your head to pleasure him with your eyes still watching the muscle of his face moved and your cheek hollowed earning a loud, velvety grunt from your husband.

"You like it?" You asked after sliding his thick length out of your mouth with a soft pop, a small smirk plastered on your face when you see his reddening cheeks as his hand grabbed a fistful of your (H/C) locks and forced you to take him in your mouth again, his tip almost touched the back of your throat.

You could've gagged if you weren't used to sucking him off.

His voice was low and rough as he answered you, "Ngh--- just keep sucking."

Your husband was going all Batman on you and it turned you on, your hand reached down subconsciously to rub your already soaking lips through your panties since you didn't have any pants on, as the other gripped on his strong thigh.

You went back to give him a head with his hand guiding you get the pace to his liking and soon he let his load pour in your mouth as a guttural moan of your name erupted from him.

It took him a few minutes to come down from his high and it was enough for you to swallow his seed and pull him out.

Bruce licked his lip at the sight of you, the thick liquid was running down your chin, he still could
hear the wet noises your pussy caused before stopping when he spoke. "Stand up," and you did as he told, he pushed you against the counter before lifting you up to sit on the cold marble. "Strip."

You lifted the loose shirt over your head revealing your bare breasts to his sharp blue eyes and your panties following, you saw his eyes silently demanding you to spread your legs for him and you complied, letting him see your damp womanhood.

Dear god, you just wanted him to take you. The sight of him in all his glory, his handsome face, muscular body and throbbing cock before your eyes were more than arousing.

He touched your slit with his thick finger, toying with your clit in a way that made your vision blur with pleasure before he pushed two digits inside you effortlessly.

A moan forced its way out from your throat as he began to finger you like he did last night, feeling your walls with the pad of his fingers and pushed deeper, bringing you closer and closer to the edge in no time only to abruptly stop and pulled his fingers out of you.

Oh, you were so close.

You almost desperately whined at the emptiness he caused and it got worst when he makes you watch him stroking his hardening length.

He chuckled at your state, hand still pumping himself and stopped to press his hard shaft against your soaking entrance.

"Don't close your eyes."

You didn't even realize how aroused you were until he pushed himself in, deliciously filling you up, stretching your walls to adjust to his size as he finally sheathed himself within you, balls deep.

You managed to keep your eyes on him, biting your lip, arms going around his neck to bring him to a lustful kiss as he moved his hips in and out of you.

His thrusts didn't start slow, it started rough and hard hitting you in the right places, urging you to cum and clench around him milking him dry.

You wrap your legs around his waist, heels digging into his lower back to push him deeper into you and you broke the kiss to moan loudly.

"I--- Ah! Missed doing this." you stumbled on your own words as he pinched your clit.

Bruce let out a strained laugh, his flexible hips going as fast and hard as he could, ramming into your cunt mercilessly.

"Be more specific." He grunts, sweaty forehead resting on your shoulder as his cock throbbed inside you, loving the way your pussy hugging his cock.

"You, fucking me in the kitchen---" You clawed on his back, couldn't finish your words when you feel his cock hit the spot deep inside you making orgasm bubbling in your stomach.

"Found it." You heard him murmured to himself in between his low moans.

You were sure by now the usual smell of food was replaced by the smell of sex, the sound of skin slapping against skin was echoing in the kitchen.

Subconsciously, your hips moved to meet his as he pummeled his cock into you.
A few more thrust and you were crying out his name, becoming undone underneath him. Your toes curling as your back arched, your breasts pushing into his chest with him following after his movements became sloppy and desperate to find his own release, filling your pussy with his seed as he buried himself deep inside of you.

Bruce bit on your shoulder out of habit to muffle his own strangled moan and slumped onto your body while he slowly pulled out of you.

You both were panting to gain your composure. Bruce lifted his head up when he heard you giggle weakly.

"Is something funny?"

"Alfred is going to be so mad."

"Let’s clean up then." He suggested as he bent down to retrieve his pants that were accidentally kicked by your feet, he put them on in no time and helped you slip the shirt back on.

Bruce cherished your time together, he’d brought you to a restaurant to eat after cleaning up, going to a carnival near your place then went to get something for the boys.

It was truly the best day ever.
Crushes || Dick Grayson

Chapter Summary

Requested on Wattpad!

Night time in Bludhaven, your favorite.

The time where you could be yourself, with no horny chicks trying to sneer and mock you, where you felt safer though there was some shit headed criminals but mainly? Because of the night sky and...

"It's beautiful isn't it?" The deep voice you recognize the most came along with the familiar pat on the shoulder, from the corner of your eyes you could see the person sat down by you, one leg was dangling over the edge of the roof as the other was bent so their arm could rest on its knee.

Him.

Your eyes were still focused on the view, from where you sat you felt like you were looking at an ocean of stars. You let the comfortable silence linger around the both of you before you turned your head slightly, glancing at the person beside you with glee in your, mask covered, eyes and spoke;

"Nightwing," you flashed the dark haired young man a faint grin that already crept its way across your lips, "always know where to find me."

You heard him let out a soft chuckle, his lenses-covered-eyes met your own. He ran his tongue over his lower lip when it got a little dry.

Sexiness.

"Lucky guess."

"Say."

He let out a hum, "yeah?"

"Do you miss Gotham?" His body seemed to tense for a moment then it slowly relaxed, "You don't have to answer it, I'm just wondering." You quickly added as you waved your hand gently to assure him.

Nightwing fixed his position, now he had two of his long legs dangling over the edge and as he did so, a sound of paper bag ruffling could be heard from his right before he offered you a still warm burrito.

You muttered small thanks as you unwrapped the foil off it so you could take a bite while he saved his, probably for later.

"I do," he paused to chuckle as you moaned in delight when the flavor touched your taste bud while your eyes went back to the beautiful scenery upon you.
The city looked like a huge mirror that reflects the starts up above it was so beautiful you just wanted to cry.

"Honestly, I've been thinking to come back."

This caught your attention, you knew why he was here in Bludhaven, he had told you once that he won't come back to that city but what makes him change his mind?

"Why?" The words rolled off your tongue without you realizing, before you could take it back he already answered it for you.

"I kinda missed them."

His words make a smirk tug the corner of your lips, in attempt to lighten up the situation you nudged his side with your elbow after you took off your mask and tuck it inside your utility belt.

"A crush?" You teased, crumpling the oily foil and put it beside you for you to throw later. You pulled out a wet tissue from the pocket of your suit (you always brought it everywhere just in case) and cleaned your leather gloves with it.

Nightwing--- Dick, lifted up his domino mask showing his sky blue eyes before he rolled them as a response to your teasing.

"Nah, my family." Answered Dick, you could've sworn you saw him copied your little smirk until he decided to stand up and replace it with his charming smile that always makes every female (and males) in the world swoon. "My crush lives here."

You blinked, not believing his words as you stood up as well, you felt a little intimidated due to his height, making him almost towering over you and the thought made you internally scoff irritatedly though you didn't actually mind being a little --- or much--- shorter than him.

"May I know the lucky girl? Or boy? Or both?"

Dick's soft laugh brought you to giggle along with him, he always has that effect to people. He has a dark past, yes, but it doesn't mean he couldn't be happy and gloom over the death of his loved ones for the rest of his life instead. It wasn't right and he probably knew that his parents didn't want him to mourn over their death forever, if they're here, alive and healthy, they would be proud.

Your giggle soon faded, leaving a smile gracing your gorgeous face.

"It's for me to know and you to find out," he rested his arm atop of your head, making you pout yet you didn't budge and let him be.

"That hot woman you bumped into this morning?" You pushed.

He snorted, "hot?"

"She's pretty hot, her red hair, her hourglass like body." You listed, glancing up at him briefly. His lips parted slightly as he let out a sigh of, what you assumed, amusement.

Dick retracted his arm from your head to put his domino mask back on, "wow, you're more observant than me but no."

"Then who?"

"Let's just say, they're the most oblivious person in the world."
"That person wouldn't know if you don't tell them."

"I'm currently talking with them."

You weren't sure how and when he took his leave but as soon as you realized what he meant, he was gone into the night with his food. Sighing you bent down to take the crumpled foil and shoved it into your pocket with a smile on your face.

Okay so, that was shit. I'M NOT GOOD WITH ROMANCE!!
I'm sorry for the grammar errors!
The dark haired male looked at the girl in front of him, sleeping peacefully with her back facing him and he sat on the bed they shared. His hand reaching for her soft hair, running his calloused fingers through them.

Tim never liked this moment, that one moment when he has to leave her alone in their cold shared apartment while he went out to save the city from the craziness that somehow managed to exist.

Tim never liked the thought he couldn't come back to her one day, he knew that she always worry for his safety, worry that he won't come back to her arms--- into her warm embrace.

The girl beside him shifted, turning around so she was facing him. She rubbed her sleepy eyes in an attempt to clear her vision, a smile slowly creeping up to her lips when she saw him already in his suit.

Tim watched his girlfriend sluggishly sat on the bed, her back resting against the headboard, the comforter that once covering her up to her shoulder slid down to rest on her lap.

"I thought you already left." Her sleepy voice breaking the silence.

"I'm going to."

Another silence.

"Hey."

The young girl hummed as Tim scooted closer to her, he rested his forehead on her shoulder and she took the chance to place a kiss on the top of his head.

"I love you." Tim murmured into her clothed skin before he lifted his head up, "I love you so much, you know that?"

"I love you so much too," she whispered, "is something wrong, Timmy?" She questioned, her eyes bore into his bright blue ones.

Though the room was dim, she could see them, the eyes that somehow still held a glimpse of innocence in them no matter how many bad things they had seen outside.

Tim leaned closer, their face was so close they could feel each other's breath fanning their skin, soon enough, he closed the gap between them, giving her a chaste kiss.

She responded, closing her eyes until he broke the kiss.

"Nothing, just in case." She cocked her head to the side questioningly and wordlessly asking him what he meant, "just in case I don't come back and don't get to say it tomorrow."

Her brows now furrowing, she hated it when he brought himself down and thinking over something unnecessary, "don't say that, don't doubt yourself."

"Sorry, I just need to recharge."

The smile came back to her pretty face and he could not resist the urge to embrace her which she willingly returned, "besides, everything will be okay in the end."
"If it's not, it is not the end." He continued for her and he received a nod before she pressed her lips to his chin, jaw, and cheek before they finally reached his lips making him chuckle lightly at her affection.

Tim stood up after he released her from his arms before he headed for the window and opened it letting the cool breeze slip into their room.

"I'll be back, see you." he turned his head to glance at her one more time before he slips into the night.

"Be safe, baby."
The sky was dark, covered by black clouds accompanied with the cold breeze that brought unpleasant smell to the air. You breathed through the gas mask that you found in a ruined house, there were corpses of the family that once used to live there.

Your hands gripping the gun tight as you walked down the now abandoned street into an empty gun store, your eyes glancing around sharply to look for more supplies.

You remember how it happened, you were with your family, with your husband and children until a stranger barged in by breaking your glass door effortlessly.

Her eyes were bloodshot red as she got up from the carpeted floor, some shards were stuck in her skin but she didn't wince from them, it was supposed to hurt her.

The woman growls before she lunged towards your youngest daughter only to be hit by your husband sending her flying towards the wall, but she gained her composure so fast before lunged back to your husband and bit him.

You had to block your children's eyes to protect them, to prevent them from seeing their father being ripped to pieces, starting from his ear then his face, you felt so useless back then.

When you were about to get out more of them came in and snatched one of your kids, you screamed.

It got worse, one by one they got snatched and eaten before your eyes, hearing them calling you, begging you to help them and you did--- you tried to. You hit the zombies with the broken leg of your coffee table but you were too late.

It was a year ago and you still could hear their voices, your husband's and your kids'.

You still could feel them shaking in your arms.

You shook your head to get the memory out of your mind. You missed them lots, you missed telling them stories, kissing your husband and joke with them.

Sighing, you broke the glass counter to get some bullets seeing you were running low.
"Oh, I thought I was here first." A voice interrupts you and you turned around with your gun pointed at the person.

He held his hands up in surrender yet he didn't show any fear and he didn't step back, he looked at you with his sharp green eyes.

"Sorry, founder keeper." You responded.

The young man shrugged nonchalantly as he turned around before walking towards the shelves behind him, "I am honestly surprised to find a woman still alive."

You lowered your gun, "I am surprised that a supposed to be a billionaire like you standing here, Mr. Wayne." You retorted as you grab some ammo and stuffed it in your duffle bag until you had enough.

"Huh, people still remember me?"

"Obviously, Damian Wayne, isn't it?"

"Yes," Damian replied, snatching a couple of guns, stuffing them into his duffle bag before taking a dagger and twirled it in his hand. "Are you alone?"

"There used to be four of us until you know what, you?"

"Separated." he sighed exhaustedly, running his hair through his messy hair to keep it from sticking to his face.

"Oh." Was only your reply, it felt weird to talk to someone when there was barely anybody alive to talk to.

You would occasionally meet him at some places, either to get something or to cover each other's back when needed. You had to admit for someone that was rumored to be a rich man who only knows how to get something with bedding someone, he was a good fighter, he saved your ass a bunch of times you lost count.

Soon enough you two began to team up together.

Another thing you had to admit about him, he was a low key sweetheart.

If you managed to found an empty house, you would board the house and stayed there for a few days and went out only to get some food supplies with Damian, at some point of times he would tell you his stories (much to your surprise).

He would tell you how he actually missed the good old days, where everything was not as crazy, where he only had to deal with his stupid brothers. In exchange, you would tell yours too.

And that is something you were currently doing.

Your body laid on the surprisingly soft couch as Damian sat and devour his dinner across from you.

It was so peaceful until a thought struck you and made you tear up, you took a deep breath to calm yourself but Damian noticed.

"Something wrong?" Damian asked, a hint of worry in his tone.
"Nothing," you tried to brush it off, closing your eyes hoping the tears would go away, "it's stupid."

"everything is stupid, just tell me." He insisted, putting his food on the floor when he lost his appetite and gulped down a bottle of water instead.

"Why am I still fighting?" It came out as a statement than a question, you opened your eyes back to stare at the crippled ceiling, the ceiling fan was still attached.

"To stay alive." He scoffed.

"For what?" Damian didn't answer so you continued your ramblings, "I don't have anybody left so why am I still here? Why am I still trying? They should've eaten me instead of my kids and husband."

The tears now ran down your cheeks freely, it had been a long time since you cried and it felt so strange, so foreign.

Damian stood up from the chair to walk over, he knelt down to meet your gaze before sitting himself down on the carpeted floor.

"Something to look forward to." he spoke, wiping your tears away with the pad of his thumb as you looked at him with glistening eyes.

"I don't have any." You sobbed out.

You were aware how affectionate and intimate his gesture was, it felt like you were cheating on your husband but you also aware that you have to move on sooner or later, you knew Damian knew.

"Think of one."

You shook your head, "I have none, Damian, I've lost everything."

"I will give you one."

You chuckled. "Give me one?"

Damian gave you a nod, a determined one. "If this is over and we get out of here alive, I want you to marry me."

It was obvious you were taken aback, the way your eyes widen as soon as you heard the word marry left his chapped lips while yours were opening and closing like a dying fish.

"We barely know each other." You reminded, his hand still on your face but you didn't swat it away and he didn't move either.

"Then we stick together."

"Are you that desperate, Wayne?"

Damian rolled his emerald eyes but a faint smile was evident on his handsome face as he moved his hand away from your face to go back to his chair and sat down before he sighed.

"No, but it's better than nothing right?"

You smiled but went unnoticed, "yeah, you better be serious because I am looking forward to it."
A simple hum was his only reply before he went to sleep.

Another thought went through your head.

Yeah, maybe it's best to move on, get on with your life. You knew for sure your former husband wanted it too.

Chapter End Notes

hope it ain't suck much!
good luck kisses || batfamily

Chapter Summary

someone requested another batsis oneshot a few months back (sue me) and this is the only thing I could come up with yesterday.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She made her way down the stairs to the cave with Alfred following behind her, without his help she wouldn't be able to open the secret door since Bruce hadn't installed any shorter button for her.

The little girl wore a huge smile on her face as she spotted her family.

The first one to spot her was Barbara, the young woman always come over to help the family with some cases by Alfred's side if she has the time to do so, Barbara turned her wheelchair around as the little girl jumped into her awaiting arms.

"Miss you too."

The youngest Wayne giggled as she climbed down, "are you guys about to leave?" She asked curiously.

Bruce reached his gloved hand to ruffle her soft locks, earning a huff and a cute pout which he only chuckles at, "aren't you supposed to be asleep?"

The pout quickly replaced by a nervous looking expression, followed by a short, awkward laugh.

"I wanna kiss you good luck." She replied shyly as she shifted her weight to her left leg, "because I never get to since I have to sleep early!"

Dick immediately shoved his younger brothers aside, they simultaneously grunt in annoyance, before he knelt down in front of his sister, his mouth was formed into a huge, dorky grin.

"How come you're blood-related to Damian but you have none of his cocky attitudes?" He blurted, earning a good smack on the back of his head by the aforementioned boy.

"Shut it, Grayson," Damian hissed.

The innocent little girl blink as she looked up at her brother, "that was rude, Damian!"

Their conversation was interrupted by a loud noise that came from the huge computer, Barbara immediately get into her earlier place before typing something, making a few windows popped into the screen.

"Time to go boys."

"So that means I can give my good luck kisses now?"

She started with the closest one, which was Dick, she planted a short kiss on the former boy
wonder's cheek. "Good luck!"

Dick returned her small kiss by attacking her face with his own kisses, earning a few giggles, before finally standing up to leave first.

Then she motioned for Damian and Tim to crouch down, Tim obediently did as she wanted meanwhile Damian, rolled his eyes— not wanting to admit he actually happy— and crouched down also.

"Good luck, Timmy," she grinned, kissing the tip of his nose, making Tim scrunched up his face and stood up before she turned to peck Damian's forehead, "you too, demon spawn."

Jason's snort and laugh were muffled by his red helmet until he took it off, he too crouched down after Tim and Damian left.

"Hey, gumdrop." The ravenette grins as his sister did the exact same thing she did to Damian, "I'll bring you something when I got back."

(Y/N)'s eyes lit up with glee, though a slight exhaustion was visible on her smaller features she gave her brother a lazy nod as she held up her pinky finger, "promise?"

"Promise."

Bruce watched the two interact for a moment, he then picked his littlest up and ushered Jason to leave with a look.

"Time to go to bed."

"But daddy, you haven't received your good luck kiss yet." The little girl mumbled sleepily, leaning her head against the man's chiseled chest while her sleepy eyes slowly fluttered shut.

Bruce was about to respond to her, his lips were parted but no sound was made seeing his little one already sleeping peacefully in his arms.

"good night."

Chapter End Notes

my brain felt a little wacky since I hadn't use it to write in a while, gahhhhh!
flirtation || Damian Wayne

Chapter Summary

requested on Wattpad.

Chapter Notes

Prompt;
Damian x reader. The reader is the child of Oliver Queen and Dinah Lance. The two meet very often during charities or galas. Damian spots men(both young and old) attempt to flirt with the reader for a date or something like that, Damian had enough and claimed that he is dating the reader and it is proved by the reader kissing him

Damian made his way through the crowd, his emerald eyes gazing around the ballroom, looking for a familiar young girl he usually spends his time with on nights like this.

They've met, a few times on previous galas. She was he would describe as a beauty, she came from a rich family yes and a close one to the Waynes so it wasn't so hard to guess that she would definitely come to every gala or even just some regular parties his father held.

"You are Oliver Queen's daughter?" A rough voice was heard as he passed a group, they were circling someone and from what he had heard, it could be her.

A light laugh confirmed his suspicion, he could make out a young girl in the middle of the circle, wearing her usual simple yet classy dress with little accessories here and there to complete her look.

She was so stunning he didn't realize he was gaping at her until his father tapped his shoulder.

"What's wrong, Damian?" His father kindly asked as he looked down at Damian with a questioning gaze.

"Nothing, father," Damian answered simply, crossing his arms across his chest with a scoff as he heard a man, probably older than Bruce trying to hit on the young Queen.

"Oh my, you look just like your mother," the older man said, making gestures with his hands to emphasize his words, "you are young and gorgeous!"

Damian saw his crush rolled her eyes with a smile on her face, the gesture went unnoticed seeing the man keep on shooting compliments to her.

"Oh, please, Mr. Edwards," she finally spoke, faking her coyness to hide the annoyance she had been feeling, "you are too kind."

Mr. Edwards shook his head and laugh, annoyingly. Damian kept on watching until their gaze met, a genuine smile spread across the girl's face and she gave him a little wave which he returned with
"Ms. Queen," a different voice interrupted their moment, this time the man was younger, not younger than Damian. He slipped into the crowd and nonchalantly wrapping his hand around her shoulder, "long time no see."

She tilted her head slightly and smiled up at the man, slightly wiggling her shoulder in an attempt to get his hand off her bare skin, "oh, hey," she awkwardly said, she didn't remember whoever the man is and all she wanted was to get out of there.

Damian watched them, the man was trying so hard to get her to look at him. It was either by sliding his hand down her arm or leaning down to whisper something Damian didn't want to know, yet.

Deciding it was enough, Damian finally stepped in, interrupting the conversations just by walking his way into the crowd with his head held high.

"Gentlemen." He spoke up, his dazzling green eyes fixated on the girl he had been, secretly, crushing on.

"Oh, look at that, isn't it Damian Wayne." A woman cheered, clapped her hands together.

Damian stopped to stand by (Y/N)'s side, he was tall. He met the gaze of the man that had been flirting with her with ease without having to tilt his head up nor look down, for someone who was 19 he stood like a tower.

Damian gingerly placed his arm around (Y/N)'s waist, pulling her flush to him. "I believe you had met my fiancée, Mr. Smith," he offered him a proud smirk as he held his hand.

Mr. Smith's eyes widened simultaneously with the gasps and a loud shriek, that indeed came from Oliver, he quickly retreated his hand from the young girl shoulder. Obviously, he didn't want to get on Damian's bad side.

"Your fiancée? Is it true?"

Damian felt a hand rested on his chest and a body leaning into his, as a reflect Damian gave her a side embrace.

"Yes," the girl leaned up to plant a kiss on Damian's lips without hesitation, it was brief but enough to prove her point. "If you will excuse us."

She led Damian out of the ballroom, to the balcony. The sky was dark, only painted by stars and the moon. As soon as they got their privacies she spoke back up again.

"Thank you for saving me back there, they are such a creep." The girl shuddered visibly, her eyes landed on Damian's lipstick-stained lips and she quickly muttered a string of apologies as she wiped the red tint with the pad of her thumb, "I'm sorry about earlier."

Damian on the other hand still taken aback by her sudden action, he stared at her emotionlessly as she kept on wiping his lips clean.

"Damian?" Her voice snapped him out of his train of thoughts, "are you okay?"

"Sorry," he murmured, "yes, I'm okay."

"Did I make you uncomfortable?"
"No, why?"

She shrugged, a faint blush creeping up to her cheeks as she fiddled with her dress awkwardly.

Damian caught the hint, an inaudible 'oh' left his throat, "it's fine."

She still didn't look at Damian but did steal some glances at the charming boy in front of her. "The kiss," she paused for a moment, lifting her head to look at his eyes before averted her gaze to his chin instead, "I meant it."

"So you won't mind if I ask for another?"
Your little sister caused a little ruckus, along with your father that still trying to calm himself down seeing his youngest daughter was stolen by his friend’s son.

It was truly a sight to see, seeing your father to screech and breathes heavily like that.

“Poor old man.” You chuckled as you took a seat on an empty table after witnessing your sister kissing Damian once again on the balcony while Bruce tried to calm your father down with his wife and your mother.

A waiter Bruce hired for the Gala passed you and offered you a glass of champagne, you took it gladly with a kind smile on your face.

You took small sips, the people slowly went back to do their previous activities; either it was flirting, making some deal with other enterprises, or maybe looking for Mistresses. Either way, you could care less about it.

“Enjoying the view?”

Putting the glass down, your eyes were greeted by a handsome looking young man. He looked familiar. The need to inspect him with your eyes were unbearable because this freaking man was attractive as hell.

Muscular yet not too bulky like Bruce did, sharp jawline and cheekbones, wide shoulders, strong arms, tall, pretty eyes, plump lips, soft looking golden skin, perfectly dark hair, nice legs.

God knows how much you were melting inside despite the nonchalant posture you had.

Then it hit you, “Bruce’s son?”

“Second oldest.” He replied as he gestured to the empty seat across you, “may I?”

“Go ahead.”

The dark haired male took a seat across you not after sweeping a glass of alcohol from the passing waiter, he offered his hand for you. The smile on his face could make the most attractive man in
the world ashamed if he wasn’t the most attractive man—in your opinion.

Who were you kidding, it was the freaking Waynes you were talking about. They are all attractive, adopted or not.

“Jason.”

“(Y/N).” You shook his hand before letting go of his hand to lean back against the chair.

“I’ve never seen you before,” he mused, eyes still fixated on you.

“Hm, I always sit in the corner,” you put your half-empty champagne glass on the table, “I’m not good with attention, it makes me sick.”

“I know right.” Jason crossed his leg over the other, his fingers found his tie and loosen it a little bit, all of his formalities washed down the drain.

You let out an unladylike, barely audible snort, secretly glad that he didn’t notice. Your mother could scold you for that behavior but it wasn’t like she wasn’t like that when she was younger.

“You don’t like attention? I thought all Waynes love attention.”

You heard him scoff, finishing his alcoholic beverage in one gulp. “Please,” he huffed a laugh, putting the glass on the table across from yours “it’s just Dick.”

“Dick?”

“That one.” He pointed to another dark-haired male, who probably wasn’t as tall as Jason, gleefully talking to young women that had their hands on his chest or arms.

You cocked your eyebrow, giving him a silent seriously.

“Yes, seriously.”

A slow song came up and the crowd started to look for a partner to dance along, from the corner of your eye, you could see girls starting to saunter their way over to you—probably Jason but the aforementioned man gave you his hand which you gladly took.

The girls visibly pout and glare at you.

“You just put my life in danger, Mister.” You joked as you put your hand on his chest.

Jason had his hand on your waist as the other still held your free one before the two of you danced along the rhythm.

Usually, you would look for an excuse to get yourself out of this kind of situation but for whatever reason, you didn’t.

“What do you mean?”

“You know how feisty girls can be?”

“Oh trust me, I know.”

Every now and then he would cheesily dip you down, his face got so close to yours you could feel his breath tickling your skin. His sharp eyes held your gaze. You could feel your cheeks lightly
heating up when his hand went to your lower back.

“T don’t think that’s where your hand supposed to go.”

Your hand that was rested on his chest reaching down to grab his that was resting on your lower back to put it back on your waist before you put it against his chest again.

The corner of his lips quirked up to a slightly smug smirk, but you paid no mind.

“I know,” he chuckled, “I just love making you blush.”

You rolled your eyes but smiled nonetheless, “are you flirting with me?”

“If you want me to.”

The music soon stopped and he led you out of the crowded area to the table you were sitting on earlier but this time, you didn’t sit down and neither did he.

“You’re such a charmer,” You smirked and leaned closer to him, pulling him down by his tie to whisper in his ear, “want to get out of here?”

“And face your father’s wrath afterward?” He leaned back to see your face, you were grinning proudly, “abso—friggin’—lutely.”

Chapter End Notes

was it okay!?

Bbbbf. I'm no good with romance *silent crying*
“Gotham city?” Dean’s voice ringed throughout the library, you were sitting down across from him and flipped the page of the thick book you were reading, barely lifting your head to look at the older Winchester.

“Apparently, random civilians started going nuts in there.” Sam butted in, walking over to the table and leaned his lower back against it.

“So? It doesn’t mean that it’s our gig!” Dean leaned back against his seat, closing the laptop shut with a loud thud earning himself a glare from Sam, Dean held his hands up in a mock surrender and continued, “is nobody gonna question that friggin’ Gotham exists!?”

After deciding it was enough to hear Dean’s rambling, you sighed, closing your book. “Dean calm down.”

“Gotham City!? I mean—really!?”

You shrugged as Sam showed Dean a recent newspaper.

“That means Batman is real!” Dean stood up abruptly from his chair, slamming his palms on the wooden surface of the table after he was done reading the news.

“And Superman too,” Sam paused, “…maybe.”

“Well, what makes it our gig?” You asked, trying to get them back on track.
Their attention soon went back to you, Sam cleared his throat and show you another newspaper. It was probably a week old since the paper a little crumpled, probably Sam kept on flipping it when he was researching about a suspicious thing before finally come up with the one in Gotham.

Sam pointed at a certain paragraph, “here.”

“Missing people?” You read the article with your head slightly tilted, lists of names of the people that were missing was there. You soon take the newest newspaper and compared the lists with the new ones, where people were sent to the Asylum, Jail and those who killed themselves. You spotted a few similar names, “well, it is weird, but they could be tortured when they were kidnapped and traumatized so they sent them there.”

“Exactly, traumatized, not aggressive.” Sam pointed out as he waved a hand in front of Dean’s face to get him out of his trance, “you remember the people who lost their soul back then? Including me. Get into their nerves, you’re dead meat.”

Dean who was staring into nothing slumped back into his seat, running his fingers through his hair as he licked his suddenly dry lips, “I can’t believe this, I thought I’ve seen everything.”

Your phone soon ringed, it was from your past friend, Dean wouldn’t stop shaking and rambling if he knew where you came from. “Hello?”

“Hey, I need your help.”

**

You drove the Impala to Gotham, yes, Dean allowed you since he didn’t know the way. For once you were sitting in the front seat with Sam while Dean sitting in the backseat, he leaned forward so he could see the way and lectured you to be careful with Baby.

You arrived at night, you should’ve looked for a motel but you had a very much better idea. You pulled up the car in front of an apartment before leading them into an alleyway near there.

“Dean, call your boyfriend. We might need his help.” You pondered loudly as you stopped walking and rested your back against the wall.

“B-boyfriend?” He stuttered, looking at you with his bitch face.

“She means Cas, Dean.” Sam snickered.

Dean grumbled something under his breath as he prayed for Castiel to get his feathery ass down and help all of you, soon enough a rustle of feathers was heard and Castiel appeared behind him, making the older Winchester jump in surprise.

“Damn it, Cas!”

“Sorry, Dean.”

You waited for a few more minutes, the boys slowly getting impatient since they were starting to pace around, well it was Dean who paced around while Sam and Cas stayed calm.

“What are we waiting for?”

“Me.”

You felt a hand resting on your shoulder, you looked up to see a man in a red helmet with a red bat
symbol on his chest, “took you long enough.”

Dean’s head whipped around, a questioning look appeared on his handsome features but he wasn’t the one who asked a question, it was Cas, “I thought the man of bat wears all black?”

“He does,” The tall man beside you spoke, his voice sound just slightly muffled by the helmet he wore so you still could recognize who he was just by his voice, “Because I’m no Batman, I ain’t going to be one.”

A grin spread across your face, “you upgraded?” the words were meant to tease but he didn’t seem bothered by it.

“It’s a long story, I don’t think if I tell you, you will believe me.”

A scoff came from you as a response, you crossed your arms as you stared up at him in a challenging manner. “Try me, Red.”

“Let’s go to my safehouse first for some privacy, I don’t think the old man is ready for some–Ghostbusters going into his cave before we explain everything to him.”

“These Ghostbusters are here to save your bacon.” Dean rolled his green eyes just before Redhood disappears up to the roof after giving you a coordinate to his safehouse.

“Who was that?” Castiel asked again, being a curious baby in a trenchcoat that he was, with his adorable head tilt that had never failed to make you breathed out an aww without getting embarrassed to which you just did.

“That was my old friend.”

“Old friend?” Sam asked curiously while you answered with a curt nod.

“Let’s go and I’ll tell you everything when all of us are gathered.”

**

The two families gathered around in Jason’s safehouse, it was so crowded but you were still a little grateful that you could breathe without struggling. You were practically squeezed between Sam and Dean, Cas sat on the arm couch by Dean. Oh, how much you wanted to shove Cas into Dean’s lap.

“So, you were dead?” You asked Jason a little too casually, who could blame you really.

“Yeah, pretty much.”

“Oh.”

Then silence.

“Oh?” Robin a.k.a Damian Wayne slash little Bruce Wayne a.k.a not-so-literally Demon Spawn spoke up (they thought it was no use to wear their masks since Dean, Sam and Cas already know Bruce’s identity), amused with your and the boys’ reply.

“Well…” You shook your head, “nevermind that, let’s just get back on track. Tim, can you show Sam the correct lists of the people who went missing?”

“Yes, come on.” Tim gestured to another room, Sam following. Tim looked
“Cas, bring Damian and Dick (yes he was there) to the GCPD and see the vics.” Your voice was stern and full of authority, you could see Damian frowned, you knew he was about to protest but said nothing. “Bruce, you go with Dean to the asylum.”

“Awesome, the Batmobile.” The older Winchester visibly grinned with glee as he followed Bruce out of the safehouse.

On the other hand, Dick walked over to Cas and gave him a mask, “here, we can’t risk them to see your face.”

Cas tilted his head curiously, “why?”

“Secret identity thingy,” Dick explained simply and helped him put on his mask before Castiel put his hands on Dick’s and Damian’s shoulders then disappeared with a flap of his wings.

Jason looked at the spot where his brothers and Castiel once stood with his mouth open ajar, “he—what? How?”

You let out a sigh and began to explain everything to him, from how you met the Winchesters and Castiel, how you became a hunter after watching your friend got killed by a werewolf. You didn’t tell him everything though, it was a story for another time. You fill him up with everything and vice versa.

“No wonder you didn’t bat an eyelash when I told you I came back from the dead.” Jason crossed his arms across his chest as he sat down beside you while you did some researching yourself to get the case over with as fast as possible.

“Yeah, in my world there are so many deaths I’m so fed up with it, I’m glad you came back though,” you flipped a page of the book you brought from the bunker, “that explains why you didn’t contact me for a long time.”

Jason peeked at the book over your shoulder after he scooted closer to you, he didn’t understand anything that was written in the book. Mostly about monsters. The only monsters he knew where the Joker and his nightmares.

“This is your job?” Jason asked as he read the part about demons.

“Yeah, I do road trips with those boys, sometimes I stay in the Bunker to do the research.”

“You have a Bunker?”

“The Winchesters are Legacy, as they put it, and I won’t call it a Bunker though, it’s more like home than Bunker to me.”

A hum rumbled in Jason’s throat while you changed the book and began to read before you finally stopped to blink your slowly drying eyes.

“Geez, they took longer than I thought they would.”

As if on cue, Sam came out from the room he was in earlier with Tim as they chatted.

“God, don’t tell me your friend is a nerd too.” Jason groused as he looked up at his younger brother, arms still crossed over his toned chest.

“Sammy is a nerd, a hot nerd.” You corrected confidently, giving the tall Winchester a wink. Sam
rolled his eyes in reply to your teasing while you chuckled as you unconsciously leaned slightly against Jason, “what you got?”

“So, get this…the victims had a cut on a part of their bodies, it was random though, whoever it was seemed not to care about where they cut his victims,” Sam showed you a picture of the recent victim, “this one is in the neck.”

“What kind of psychopath is that?” Tim piped in.

“It couldn’t be the Joker,” Jason shuddered when his torturer’s name rolled off his tongue, still traumatized with the memory, you placed a hand on his arm to comfort the ravenette emitting a sigh from him, “then who?”

Castiel soon came back with Dick and Damian who were holding their heads in their hands, Dick let out a groan, clutching his dark hair in his hands tighter.

“Ugh, this is worse than getting punched in the gut.” Dick protested, “I think I’m gonna throw up.”

You watched the poor male ran towards the toilet to puke out his dinner, Damian though, he clutched his stomach as he slumped down to his knees. Groaning to hold back his own sickness.

“You’re Buckle up, Robin.” Jason jostled.

“The victims have no soul,” Castiel informed you, you weren’t surprised but Jason did.

“Wait, literally soulless?” Asked Jason.

“Yes,” Castiel responded.

“Is there a way to get the victims soul back?”

“It depends.” You answered Tim’s question for Sam and Castiel, sighing in frustration soon after. The only hope you got was Bruce and Dean’s information and all you had to do was to wait for a little longer. Taking the remaining time to rest.

**

After Dean and Bruce came back from the asylum, they told you about a victim that managed to escape from her captor. They explained everything about her captor, they also mentioned that the victim said that she was a hot man making you breathing out a laugh but then again explains how he got his preys.

“She also mentioned that he used an Angel Blade.” Dean finished, the sun had risen and the rest had changed out of their suits.

“What kind of monster that has an Angel Blade?” Castiel wondered out loud.

You were laying down on the couch, legs draped over Jason’s lap while Jason himself had his green eyes closed, still tired from last night yet somehow managing to listen to everything.

“If it is a monster,” you tiredly speak up, all of them raised an eyebrow at you at the same time but you were too tired to laugh. The only word that came out from your mouth was, “Grigori.”

Castiel growled, his fists clenching, “Abomination.”

Bruce and his sons, except for Jason who went to sleep again, stared at each other, clearly didn’t
understand anything you or Castiel were talking about.

Sam fixed his hair by tucking the stranded locks behind his ears and began explaining. “Grigori once was a squad of elite angels, they were watchers of the earth until some of them began feeding human souls.”

“How do we catch it?” Bruce inquired after being silent for a long time, he looked frustrated with the situation. It wasn’t logical but then nothing is, he could accept aliens being real…some monsters are made, but angels? No, it was maybe a little too much for the main Wayne.

Dean shook his head, he knew about Bruce ‘no killing’ rule which was an exact opposite from his usual ways to get his cases over with.

The Grigori had hurt a lot of people and his victims couldn’t be saved anymore.

“Sorry to break it to you man, the only thing that could stop them is to kill them.” Dean sat down on a chair near the couch you were laying on, “your no-kill rule doesn’t work in my kind of job.”

“Is there really no other way?” Bruce tried to argue, exasperated with the thought of killing a human being.

“I’m sorry,” you shook your head sadly, sitting up before fixing your bed hair with your fingers, looking at the slowly waking up Jason. He gave you a sleepy smirk as he fixed his own messy hair. “There’s no other way, he killed a lot of people and he’s no human.”

Tim and Dick looked at each other sadly, they also didn’t like the idea. They say nothing to protest though. Meanwhile Damian, who was used to the word death and kill, just stared at the rest tiredly. He also got no sleep. Poor kid.

“I’m really sorry Bruce.” You apologized sympathy, looking up into his saddened sky blue eyes. “Not everything can be saved.”

Bruce slowly nodded and declared to finish the problem at night, he couldn’t believe himself for agreeing to kill. He knew whoever or whatever they were, were not human, not anymore at least. The thought made it easier to do the job.

**

The day passed, you spent the entire day by sleeping and eating, occasionally talking with Jason and helped him with his gun. Dean, Sam, and Cas went out to explore Gotham before getting some sleep themselves and the rest went back to the manor to get their own business done.

When the night comes, all of you were ready with the plan. You were the bait since the Grigori seemed only interested in women because they were an easy prey.

Jason, being a good friend that he was, protested with the idea. He didn’t like it, of course you had explained that you were used to it, you knew the risks and consequences but Jason was stubborn, he ended up joining you—well, watching you from afar, his gun that was filled with bullets that were made from Angel Blade was ready in his grasp, blocking it from other people’s view with his leather jacket as the other hid somewhere out of everybody’s view with his hands.

It wasn’t long for the Grigori to show up, he was a good-looking man really. You had to act as if you were enchanted with his words and agreed to go out from the bar after an hour-long sitting in there.
He led you to a car, probably his or maybe stolen, you could care less about it, he opened the passenger seat for you, motioning you to get in which you did. Faking a smile to make it less suspicious.

The street was almost empty, only one or two car passed. No people walking by either.

The man joined to sit on the driver seat before he looked at you with a smug smirk, “does anybody ever told you how pretty you are?” He started, leaning closer to you.

You slowly backing up but reaching your hand up to cup his stubbly cheek, giving him a coy smile as you answered, “I think you just did.”

You heard him chuckle, his lips were so close to yours. His hand went to rest against the car window behind you as the other rummaged his pocket, “did I?”

You had to let out a fake shriek as you dodged when a bullet went through the man’s head, then another and another. The man groans loudly, he gave you a glare before he finally screamed painfully as a blinding light went out of his mouth and eyes, as an instinct you covered your eyes with your hands.

You didn’t realize the car door was opened until Jason’s voice run reached your ear.

“Hey!”

You moved your hands from your eyes, looking at Jason who had half of his torso inside the car to move the corpse to the backseat before he went into the driver’s seat.

“You okay?” He asked.

“Yeah, yeah. Where are the others?”

“They left first to free some of his victims.” He motioned to the corpse behind you as he turns the key before driving down the street, “what we should do next?”

“Burn the body.”

“That sounds so psychopathic,” Jason tried to joke as he kept his eyes on the street while you laughed at his bad attempt, there was a silence between you two but he broke it. “When are you going to come back?”

“Tonight.”

“Oh.”

“But I can stay.”

“Really?” He inquired, glancing at you from time to time.

“Yeah, let me give the boys a call.” You started to fiddle with your phone before bringing it up against your ear.

“Good because I want to bring you somewhere.”

You chuckled, Castiel was the one who picked up the call since he still had his phone. He told you that he and the Winchesters would stay for another few days. You smiled at the thought spending the last next few days with them and Jason.
I went overboard with this one and only realizing it when my thumbs went sore from writing too much.
Yes, I write on my tablet instead of a computer. I do write on a computer though, sometimes XD

Hope you like it though! Feel free to leave some feedbacks!
surprises || Batfamily

Chapter Summary

Requested on Wattpad!
Warning(s); the boys being jerks but they didn't mean it.

Chapter Notes

Summary? The boys thought the reader (Batmom) is cheating but boy are they wrong.

You were happy, really, really happy. Your brother was back in Gotham and agreed to help you to prepare a surprise for your babies because they were being such good boys these days.

Okay, maybe it was a little bit of a bad idea to spoil them, in fact, not all of them were kids anymore. Hell, even the youngest one didn't want to be treated as a kid.

Groaning when you remember Damian ignoring all of your hugs, you stood up and called your brother to get things ready. You didn't tell anybody but Alfred, he promised no matter what happened he would keep it to himself. He insisted to help and you let him, not now though.

Days after planning and going out with your brother, you finally got things ready, though the gifts were simple really.

Despite your kind intentions, your boys didn't see it that way, they couldn't help but throw accusing glances at you every time you hugged Alfred before going out without telling them.

Or when you did, it because they asked. They were definitely not satisfied your answer; just getting some groceries! We're running low, I'll be right back. You said, it wasn't all lie but it wasn't the truth either, they noticed only the 'it wasn't the truth' part.

They felt bad about it at first, since you were the one who took care of them with such care and love, treating them like they were your own with such gentleness that never seems to fade from your eyes and your doings. They, of course, saw you as their mother, they loved you.

But you keeping secret from them was an exception. No, they didn't like that.

One of them once heard you made a phone call, obviously, it wasn't Bruce. Bruce was at home doing his work in his office for hours, his office was also silent at the time so there was no way that you were calling Bruce, you prefer to talk to him directly.

Once, you went as far as visiting him to his office when you missed him so much, bringing boxes of lunch with you so the both of you could eat together, and being a kind woman that you were, you also get his trusted coworkers, including Lucius Fox, some of your home-cooked meals.

They gratefully took it and complimented you about your cooking, you brushed them off by saying Alfred helped you with most of it.
"Are you sure she is---?" Damian looked at his brothers with an uncertainty in his eyes, didn't dare to finish his sentence, if Talia was there he probably would be lectured about it.

Titus who had his head on Damian's lap, let out a whimper as if telling them that whatever they were thinking about you was wrong.

"I think this is such a jerk move for us to pull." Tim pointed out, after hours staring at his phone he finally turned the gadget off and shoved it into his pocket.

The oldest males looked at each other, they thought they had seen enough. Both men were the one who noticed your secrecy, they didn't want to do it either but they had to

And they did.

They told Bruce about it.

Though your husband didn't do what his boys told him immediately, he just couldn't see what was wrong. You still kissed him good night after doing the deed, massage his tense back, giggling at his bad attempt on flirting, blush every time he took off his shirt in front of you.

There was a lot more, he still could see how much you loved him just by looking at your smile.

Until a thought came to his head, maybe you were just pretending.

With a sigh, he laid on his side of bed careful not to wake you up.

Your eyes opened briefly, his attempt failed, no matter how tired you were you still gave him a full-hearted smile causing an unpleasant feeling to bubble in his stomach.

"How was patrol?" You asked, rolling to your side so you could see his face.

"Weirdly calm," he answered simply, he saw you reaching to cup his cheek before you ran the pad of your thumb over his skin, you could feel every invisible mark his previous scars gave him.

"Why are you awake?"

"To kiss you good night," you whispered, leaning closer to press your lips to his briefly just before you back away slightly to notice the distressed look on his already tired features, "something wrong?"

Bruce shook his head, "we'll talk about it in the morning." He told you, his arm went around your waist to pull you closer to him.

Almost immediately you scooted closer, nuzzling into the crook of his neck, breathing in his scent and placed another kiss on his skin. "Night Bruce."

You were taken aback by Bruce's words, telling you to leave the manor just after you were done taking a morning shower and leaving Alfred a note. There was no way a pained look wouldn't appear on your face along with the tears that slowly made your view blurry.

Bruce wasn't harsh with his words, it wasn't expected that was all. You didn't say any other words to him, giving him a brief nod and took your bag to pack up.

You didn't pack all of your things, leaving maybe a few dresses in your shared closet. They weren't yours. As you pack up, you called your brother to pick you up, he noticed the wavering of your voice. He wanted to ask but decided against it.
Soon, you left.

Alfred didn't notice you were gone until he planned to wake you up in the morning only to find you weren't there.

"Where's Mrs. Wayne?" The old Butler asked everybody when they were having their breakfast, he was sure he didn't prepare any breakfast so he took it that you made it yourself.

Some of the boys stopped devouring their breakfast to explain everything to him.

"How stupid can you all be?" Alfred said with a sigh before excusing himself to the kitchen, leaving the boys stunned by his sudden outburst, he rummaged his pocket to find your notes.

Dear Alfred,

I'm so excited about the surprise! I’ve got the things ready in my brother's place! Do you think they will like it?

I won't get to eat breakfast with you and the rest because I'm probably already gone before breakfast, can you make sure they're eating properly? I made their favorite dishes too! When I'm back from my brother's place (about 9), you have to tell me how much they liked it!

- Love, your daughter-in-law

A smile tugged on the corner of his lips, each word was written beautifully with a lot of colors, "daughter-in-law?" He chuckled before going back to the dining room, a little saddened that you wouldn't come back to give the boys their surprises.

Oh, how wrong he was.

The doorbell rang right on 9 AM, Alfred was more than surprised when you still have a bright smile on your face, except for tear streaks on your cheeks and your red eyes.

"Told you I will be back."

Alfred led you to the living room, he brought some of the gifts in his hands so you wouldn't struggle to walk in.

You spotted your boys minding their business when you poked your head into the living room, "hey boys, what are you doing?"

They stopped whatever they were doing and looked up at you, placing wrapped boxes on the floor along with Alfred and your brother.

Nobody dares to open their mouths to talk so you did, "open them."

The rest of the day was filled with apologies and tears (from Dick), scolding from your brother and Alfred, a sigh from frustrated Bruce and a laugh from you.

I hope you weren't confused by the sudden changes of point of view.
where have you been || Bruce Wayne

Chapter Summary

Requested on Wattpad

This is an AU where Damian is not Talia's biological son but Bruce's wife's.

You could see it in his eyes, his sky blue eyes were wide as they observed you from head to toe before settled on the baby in your arms, wrapped in a leather jacket to block any water from the rain to get to your beloved baby.

A sound of thunder boomed, getting Bruce out of his trance and told you to come inside the manor.

You stumbled your way inside, tired and exhaustion washed over your body after walking so long to get to him. You were physically dirty, water dripping down your hair and chin.

You didn’t know why you run away back then. You still had your ring wrapped around your ring finger, never even a glimpse of thought about taking it off went through your head.

Bruce saw you shivering as he watched you took the last stair up before he then led you to your old shared room, it was still the same like when you left the manor about a year ago.

“Let me take care of him,” Bruce offered you his arms, gingerly gesturing you to pass your son to him which you did gladly. “Take a shower, I’ll prepare your clothes.” His voice still as gentle as it used to when it comes to you.

Nodding, you vanished into the bathroom while Bruce settled your son on his bed.

He prepared everything for you, passing you your clothing through the small gap of the door.

The warm shower helped with the cold you were feeling earlier, your pale lips still trembling but not as bad as before, they slowly regained their color back, along with your pale face that ever so slightly turn pink due to the heat in the room.

When you were feeling decent enough, you opened the door. Revealing Bruce who was looking at your sleeping son, the little baby made cooing noises every time he shifted in his sleep.

“His name is Damian, I haven’t given him a last name yet.” You broke the silence, fiddling with the ring on your finger as you made your way over hesitantly.

Bruce lifted his gaze from the baby to you, “whose?” He had hoped his question didn’t come out harsh. After all, he thought you left because of him.

The bed sank down as you sat beside him on the bed.

“Ours.”

“Ours?” Repeated Bruce.

True, when he looked closely the baby did look like him. Just like a copy of him, a little him.
Damian’s black hair, nose, lips, and eye shape.

“He looks just like you, isn’t he?” You smiled softly, reaching to gently take Damian’s little hand. You felt him wrapped his hand around your thumb, “Bruce?”

He hummed.

“I’m sorry.”

“What for?”

“Leaving.” You felt your chest tightened uncomfortably as you tuck your damp hair behind your ear, glancing up at your husband, you honestly were not sure if he still saw you as his wife, only to find him glancing back at you.

“I understand if you don’t want me here anymore, I can leave. I just wanted to tell you about Damian.”

Bruce was silent and you couldn’t help but feel nervous about it. Unconsciously you bit your lip, hoping the nervousness within you ease up a bit.

“Stay, you can explain everything in the morning. For now, I want you to rest.” You were ready to scoop up Damian until Bruce stopped you, “sleep here.”

“Are you sure?”

“We are still husband and wife,” he lifted his left hand and you saw his wedding ring still on.

An involuntary chuckle came from you as a response, “okay.”
You didn’t know when it started, the happy feeling when you saw him smile or laugh. His happiness was so contagious, same goes for his sadness. You would always notice every time his face fell, you couldn’t help it.

The fact that he was a handsome and smart dork only made your feelings for him getting worse.

Truth to be told, you weren’t watching him from afar in a literal way like every cheesy teen romance novel would start with, in its very first chapter. You were his friend, one of his closest friends actually. You always took a seat across or by him, you could care less about it, as long as you could see him it was enough.

You being able to talk to him is just a bonus in your friendship.

Currently, the said boy was sitting across you. The both of you were still in the class doing the tasks for an upcoming project, he helped you through everything you almost feel ashamed that you couldn’t understand what your teacher taught you as fast as he could.

Tim saw your dejected look and he waved a free hand in front of your face as the other stopped writing, “are you listening?”

Heat rushed up to your cheeks, silently praying that he wouldn’t notice your faintly rosy cheeks you shook your head in defeat, “n- no, sorry Tim,” You apologized. “I think I’m a little tired.” You lied.

Tim didn’t say anything nor push the matter further, he just took your book and made some lines to mark the important things you needed to work on. “Here.” He gave your book back, offering a smile your way.

You felt your heart flutter in the presence of his smile as you returned his with your own, taking the book back from him. “Thanks and sorry about the spacing out earlier.”

“Don’t worry,” he assured you, turning around to pack his things before he slung his bag over his shoulders. “I’ll walk you back home.”

You were going to refuse but stopped, instead, you nodded to accept his offer. Along the way, you
argued with yourself in your head, debating if you should tell him how you felt or keep it for another day maybe even weeks or months.

No, you told yourself. You couldn’t wait anymore, your feelings for him would burst if you didn’t tell him right away. You would take any risks.

But boy, were you wrong.

“I’m sorry.” This time the apologies came from Tim, he couldn’t look at you in the eye so he averted his gaze to the ground. There you have it, his expression was laced with guilt. “I don’t think I can, I like you! But not in a romantic way.” He mumbled.

You didn’t know what to do, you asked yourself for the answer. A part of you was begging for you to cry, the other to ran. You stared at him for god knows how long before he lifted up his head to look at your unreadable expression.

Tim opened his mouth, ready to give you one more word of apologies but you beat him to it. “It’s okay, I understand.” You forced a smile to your lips as you hugged him briefly, “see you tomorrow?”

“Yeah, see you tomorrow.” He flashed you another smile, watching you walk away after giving him a wave.

**

You weren’t sure how long you had been staring at the ceiling of your room, limbs sprawled on the soft mattress of your bed as you replayed earlier events until you felt yourself teared up.

You shouldn’t have done that, stupidly confessing.

Thinking about him didn’t feel the same way anymore, no cheesy butterfly in your stomach, your heart didn’t pound with happiness, no smile was formed on your face.

All you could feel was your chest tightening in the most painful way you could think of, you always have to clutch your hands across your chest as you cry. Sobs after sobs kept on coming.

Every time you went to school you could feel the gap between you and him, you would avoid him. Slowly, your friendship with him ends, it was gone along with your feelings for him.

Watching from afar should’ve been enough.

**

Little did you know Tim couldn’t shake off the guilt, you might haven’t realized it that day but he did. He saw your lips quiver, eyes wide as they went red for a brief moment.

Tim sighed as he wrote his notes.

How long was it? A week? A month? He wasn’t sure, he didn’t count the time after that day.

He had to bear seeing you sitting in front of him with shoulders slumped, trying hard to avoid him if it wasn’t for something important.

Tim had tried to talk to you, tried to apologize one more time but your answers were always, sorry I can’t or maybe later? I have something to do, for now, it was always the latter
though.

He tried and tried then finally stopped when he saw you walking with someone on your way home. Surely, it wasn’t Tim since his hair wasn’t black, his eyes were not blue, and his smile wasn’t as dorky and as contagious as Tim’s but whoever it was, is working on it.

Now? Tim knows how you felt, watching someone he came to like from afar. Different from yours, he couldn’t talk to you anymore.

He watched you like the sun watching its earth.
mom's insecurities || batboys

Chapter Summary

batmom having a bad day because of his ex so her kids cheer her up with a gift!

Chapter Notes

Requested on Wattpad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bruce knows his wife is a strong woman, she rarely breaks no matter how hard the obstacle in front of her. His boys know that too, their mother is the most caring person in the world.

But these days, she acted a little off.

They weren’t sure why they weren’t sure how. The thing that they only sure of was; she started acting weird since she came back from her high school reunion. She was happy when her friends invited her to go on a dinner with them, her eyes lit up, sparkling with joy.

The young Waynes heard her sobbing in her shared room, Bruce wasn’t home. Alfred was busy with his own work. The manor was quiet for the first time in forever, no arguing, no things crushing and shattering on the floor, no screaming, no loud laughing, no one of the boys ratting out the other.

Nothing but the muffled hiccups, and deep breathing.

Silence.

More importantly, no their mother scolding them with their bad behaviors.

Sure, they are grown up. Yet that doesn’t seem to apply when they are around her. Even though the first time they met her things weren’t smooth, they didn’t like her and were suspicious around her. Like they said, people change.

The boys were about to knock but a shuffling inside the bedroom stopped them, and they scattered away from the door to hide before the aforementioned woman emerged from the room. Her eyes were red and puffy, her hair was a mess, her shirt was crumpled.

She sniffed, “man, I acted like a teenager.” She chuckled to herself, taking a deep breath as she stretched. Completely oblivious to her kids’ presence, who could blame her? They’re Batman’s children after all, hiding is their number one ability.

Dick caught the younger boys’ gaze. He could tell that they silently told him to cheer her up. The former first Robin then pointed to himself, mouthing a ‘me?’ to the rest.

Tim rolled his eyes, “yes, you.” He urged in a whisper, shoving the bigger male forward to her so
they could talk while Tim himself motioned for Jason, and Damian to follow him.

“Hey, ma.” Dick tried to act like he hadn’t spied on his mother with his brothers, sauntering over to her.

She rapidly rubbed her eyes, cursing herself that she should have washed her face before going out of the bedroom. *Come on, gather yourself!* She gave herself a pep talk, “hey baby, what’s up?”

“I was looking for you,” this time he tried his acting skills, letting a false confusion to show on his face. Luckily, she didn’t notice it. Taking it as a good sign, he continued. “What’s wrong?”

“What do you mean?” She played innocent.

“Oh come on, do you really think I don’t notice your messy appearance?”

A heavy sigh ripped her lips as she leaned against the door frame. She somehow didn’t dare to look into her oldest son’s eyes, they were staring right into her soul. Just like Bruce’s.

While Alfred’s… His eyes could see everything that’s going on with her just by looking at her.

Sensing the uncomfortableness between them, Dick cleared his throat. “What about some movies, and snacks?” He suggested, taking her hand before dragging her to the kitchen so they could get their snacks.

Hoping she would tell everything to him.

**

“What are we doing here, Drake?”

The rest of the boys gathered in the batcave, Tim had his fingers professionally typing on the keyboard while Jason, Damian looked at him questioningly. Oblivious to the genius’ plan.

“We’re going to find out who hurt her.”

Tim hijacked the restaurant’s cameras she was at last night, his fingers didn’t stop clicking until Jason pointed at the screen where a woman was approaching a group of people her age. They were waving at her while she waved back.

“Isn’t that her?” Jason asked, more to himself as he leaned his front against the chair Tim was sitting on.

Her (h/c) locks were styled, she was wearing a dress Bruce bought her on their first date, a light make-up making her look younger than her actual age completing her look.

“That’s her,” Damian confirmed.

They watched the video for more than an hour, not noticing Bruce walking in, his eyebrow quirked.

“I thought I’ve told you not to use the bat-computer unless it’s important.” Bruce reminded.

They paused the video, simultaneously turning around to reveal their weirdly serious faces that could make his wife wheezes and laughs.

“This *is* important,” Jason gestured to the paused screen where their mother was talking to a guy
Meanwhile, Bruce frowned, he recognized the guy. His wife once cried when she told him a story about her previous love life when they were still dating. She had told him that her ex was the worst every woman could ask for, he wasn’t abusive but he would spat every insult he could think of when she did something wrong or not dressing up like what he wanted.

He remembered how she would bury her face into his chest while she cried in his strong embrace, letting out whatever she got built up within her heart. Her voice was barely above a whisper, stuttering every word she could muster.

“You know him don’t you?” Damian crossed his arms over his chest.

Bruce only answered with a nod, he walked closer to the computer before telling Tim to play the video back again. Tim gladly complied, happy that Bruce finally joining so he could finish his task faster.

“Where is she now?”

**

On the other hand, Dick had got her to tell him everything. She seemed sad when she did, her eyes were fixated on her lap as she told him what happened.

“I didn’t know he was there.” She laughed it off, her voice cracking obviously trying not to cry.

Dick never knew that someone who had been so strong raising him, which include; seeing him fighting with Bruce, him running away and her having to persuade him to come back— trying her hardest not to break down in front of him, no matter how much he insisted her to tell him everything that bothers her.

“He told me that I’m still as lame as I was, wearing a knee-length dress with my chest all covered up not showing any cleavage.” She shrugged, “nobody wants me because of my look, and I have to go to a party my old friend going to hold in three days which means he also going to be there.”

Dick listened to her with interest, he never heard about that before. His silence gave her a false signal that she was giving him a boring story, her insecurities was blinding her mind.

“Sorry Dickie-bird, I didn’t mean to bore you.” She apologized, starting to stand up before she pointed to the mess they made on the glass coffee table. “I’m going to clean these up.”

He saw her picking up the empty bowl and crumpled wrappers before he could say anything to assure her that she didn’t bore him she already walked towards the kitchen.

Sighing, Dick stood up. Deciding that it was time to do something about it.

**

You washed the dishes with your hands instead of the dishwasher in an attempt to get your mind off the jerk you once dated when you were younger.

When you thought your week couldn’t get worse, the plate slipped out of your hand. It fell to the floor, a loud shattering noise was elicited, immediately you crouched to get the shards from the floor so nobody gets hurt as you secretly hoping nobody heard it.
A gasp pried your lips apart, your hand stung because the sharp shard cut your palm. You were thankful that it was the last one. You then stood up to get the blood off your skin but it was too late.

A familiar large hand caught your wrist, you could feel his gaze on your bleeding palm. You tilted up your head as soon as you heard his voice calling your name.

“What happened?” He worriedly asked, lifting your hand up so he could examine it.

“Life.” You giggled at his disgruntled expression, “I accidentally dropped a plate.” Your husband quickly swept you off of your feet, earning a squeak of surprise from you, before sitting you on the counter.

He reached his hands up, opening the cabinet to get the first aid kit. He treated the cut carefully since it was pretty deep.

“Damian told me about you crying.” Bruce was always the type of person who gets to the point, it didn’t startle you but the fact that your kids had spied on you.

Tell the kids to mind their own business, noted.

You sighed, there was no way you could lie to him so you nodded instead.

“Is it him?”

“Yeah, Bruce,” the dark-haired man was done treating your cut, you couldn’t help but rolled your eyes when you finally noticed the bandage around your palm. “I have to face him in the next three days.”

“You don’t have to come.”

“Then he will think that he was right, I need to show him that I’ve changed.”

“Can you?” Bruce asked without hesitation, he was always blunt when it came to things like this. Especially when it comes to you.

Your answer was the opposite of his question, it was delayed since you were reluctant to tell him out loud. “I— I’m not sure…” Bruce took your hands in his, lacing them together gently. His gesture calmed you down, you continued. “I’m scared Bruce, I’m not good enough.”

“I thought we are through this.”

“I’m sorry, I—”

Bruce cut you off by kissing your lips, immediately shutting you up. You untangled your hand from his before trailing it up his muscular torso to rest on his face. You always liked it when he acted all softie around you, his cuddles accompanied with the sweet nothings he always whispered in your ear were the cure to your stress.

If people know that Batman is actually a huge Teddy bear inside, you would bet that his enemies would make fun of him instead of making it his weakness.

“I’ll come with you.” He suddenly said after breaking the passionate kiss.

You were still relishing the feeling of his chapped lips against yours, you could only respond with a weak ‘what’ that came out like a squeak.
“Me, and the boys will come with you to the party.”

And they did, they come along. But of course, there had to be a ruckus. You were bringing Bruce Wayne for heaven’s sake!

You could feel the guests (some of them were your former classmates) staring right at you, judging you as they whisper something to one another.

“I never thought you’re Bruce Wayne’s little Mistress.”

There it was, the voice you wanted to avoid the most. Your heart swells with insecurities, you subconsciously reached for the hem of your blouse to fiddle with it.

“What do you want?” You cursed yourself for sounding weak, though the other part of yourself wanted you to hide inside the women’s room forever.

“Enjoying the view.”

“By insulting someone?” It was the first time you heard Tim spoke like that, his voice had an edge in it. He probably used to talk like that in missions which explained why you never heard him did so.

“What? She’s nothing right?”

You could feel one of your sons, or maybe all of them rolled his eyes irritatedly before Jason snapped.

The younger yet bigger man gripped his collar, pulling him up so they were face to face.

“Listen here you dick,” you couldn’t help but glance at your oldest son, smiling slightly when you saw him looking uncomfortable when he heard his nickname was used as a bad word. “You’re going to stop insulting my ma or I’ll break your jaw and make sure they can’t be fixed.”

Your husband who was silent the whole time wrapping his arm around your waist while Damian reached for your hand, Dick stood behind you as they watched Jason confronted your ex until the guy storming off, out of the restaurant.

Bruce charmed his way out of the trouble when the manager came out angrily (also a little too late) to stop the fighting.

It made your night to see them going all protective like that. You always knew they had your back.

The night soon came to an end, you and your family walked out from the restaurant, exchanging your favorite parts about the night in your own ways then stopped when Dick cleared his throat, telling you he had something important to tell you.

“We know it’s not a mother day or anything.” him being the oldest of the boys spoke to represent the others as he pulled out a small, tidily wrapped box before handing it to you. “But we just want to show you how much you mean to us.”

You looked at the little box, your kids then back to the box after they gave you a nod. Your fingers working to get the wrapping paper open before opening the white colored box, revealing a clove shaped ring.

The leafs were decorated with the boys’ birthstone.
A smile broke onto your face, your eyes tearing up with joy as you engulfed them in a group hug. You didn’t know how you did it but you could care less.

“It was my idea.” Damian’s voice was muffled by your stomach.

“It was my money.” Bruce butted in, ruining the mood.

You groan and slapped your husband’s arm.

“Shut up, you still have a lot of it to make more bat-toys.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for grammar errors!

Feedbacks are very appreciated!!
let me teach you || Damian Wayne

Chapter Summary

The reader is a werewolf who knows nothing about acting like human.

Chapter Notes

Requested on Wattpad. (that site is like my main because I write there first before I get the work to other sites XD)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Not everyone met their first love in a school, library, café or any mainstream places people usually think of. It also applied to Damian.

Damian’s first love was… An animal.

Well, it was because you were half animal. A wolf to be exact.

The first time he saw you, he didn’t know should he be alarmed after seeing you since you were covered in blood, head to toe, the blood also dripping down your chin, you were crouching near a dead deer with your claws digging into its intestine as you munched its meat, or should he gapes at you.

Despite the gory thing you did to the poor animal, you were beautiful. Damian didn’t admit it immediately though. His green eyes, that were covered by the mask, were checking out your shirtless figure without him knowing.

He tried to move closer to you, sheathing his sword in an attempt to not make you feel you were in danger. His steps were cautious.

Crack.

Damian cussed at the twig he stepped on.

Your head whipped around, automatically stopping devouring the still fresh meat in front of you. You growled, baring your bloodied claws and sharp teeth at him.

“Easy,” he held up his hands, showing you that he meant no harm yet you didn’t back down. Damian stopped walking as soon as he saw you backing away, still in your fighting stance. “Can you talk?”

You didn’t answer, your gaze was still on him as you stopped and answered with another growl.

Biting back a sigh, Damian called for his teammates. Usually, he wouldn’t do that. His pride always gets in the way. Not that day though. He felt like he would do nearly anything to get closer to you.
Beast Boy was the first one to arrive, he was thankful yet he didn’t admit it.

“Dude!” Beast Boy chimed, looking at you with such glee you couldn’t understand. “You found a wild werewolf!”

*Wild? That makes sense,* he thought. “Talk to her, convince her to go with us.”

You did, you followed them to their tower.

Beast Boy was the one who interrogated you— if sitting on a plush couch with them circling you as he asked you questions could be called interrogating— after they got you cleaned up which was the hardest thing they did aside from their mission.

He asked you for your name as he looked at you squirming. Clearly didn’t like the idea of clothing.

You answered him while you tugged on the fabric, looking at the green boy with pleading eyes to get the shirt off your torso.

His only answer was a shake of his head, then he continued his questioning.

They didn’t get much out of you. You didn’t know anything about your past.

It was months ago.

Now? You’re sitting near Damian, legs crossed, as you watch the TV. You still couldn’t talk but could understand whatever they are saying, you know how normal humans walk, eat, shower, and other basic things after Damian, accompanied with BB, taught you. And boy did they argue. You’re used with the shirts too. You even have your favorites.

Even though Beast Boy was the one who could understand you, Damian was the one who always by your side. So, during the time he taught you everything you need to know about human, you were slowly becoming close with him.

“Hey.” Damian nudged you.

Instead of turning your head, you turned your body around making you completely facing him. Your head tilting to the side, urging him to go on.

He rummaged his pocket before pulling out a chocolate bar. He then offered it to you.

You only stared at it. Sure, you had a few normal food and snacks instead of raw meat, they were surprisingly pleasant for your tongue, but not this one.

“You don’t know how to eat it, do you?” You shook your head, “how about this way.” Damian proceeded to unwrapping the sweet treat before shoving it back to you.

You still didn’t take it.

Damian surprised himself for being patient with you, everybody knows that he hates when someone slows everything down. He absolutely hates it when he had to repeat something.

None of you did anything, not even moving until you opened your mouth slightly.

“You want me to feed you?”

You nod.
He seemed to hesitate at first, he raised the treat near your lips, letting you know that it was harmless like he always does before pushing it into your mouth.

You took a bite, a hum of content escaped your throat as you chew on the chocolate and washed it down with water.

“Is it good?”

Damian was expecting you to nod or grin to show him that you enjoyed it.

“Yes.” You spoke.

His eyes widened in shock, lips parting as he stared at you with amazement and surprise.

“Say it again!”

“Da—” you paused, looking at him with a huge smile. “Yes, I liked it, Damian.”

“Can you say any other things than that?” He found himself asking.

You shook your head.

“Let me teach you then.”

Chapter End Notes

Feedbacks are appreciated!!! ^^

They get me going tbh.
even Joker says so || Bruce Wayne

Chapter Summary

Batman and you (Batmom) argue over a thing in the middle of a fight, the villains are there too. Watching. They don't want anything to do with the both of you until Bruce says something that pisses them off.

Chapter Notes

I've uploaded this one separately. I think I'll start posting things separately if the chapters become too much which makes this as "completed"!

And oh! This was requested on Wattpad!

You loved your husband so much, so much that it hurts, in a good way. You fight by his side every night and take care of the kids every day. You trust him with your life and he trusts you with his, there is no a second passes without you trying to protect each other no matter how far the two of you are.

You and him would spar to keep each other sharp in a fight, would be enraged if one of you get hurt, giving reassuring kisses to calm each other down, you complete him as he completes you.

There is also a time where you would fight with him over things, sometimes it would be some silly and stupid things, sometimes it would be something so big that you almost left the manor.

And now? It was the latter.

The only thing that made it different was, you were fighting while the villains were watching.

Your baby boy got hurt because Bruce just had to let him go first when you told him not to, it was dangerous but your damn son just wouldn’t listen to you.

“If you just let me do it instead of him, he wouldn’t get hurt!” You were pretty much angered by now, your sons also your number one priorities for heaven’s sake! Even though they didn’t come out of your womb you still love them.

Bruce didn’t say anything but you could feel his irritated glare under his cowl.

Somehow your sudden uproar stopped all the fights, even the crazy clown that always bothers your husband stopped whatever he was doing and watch your bickering much to your amusement.

The silence was so awkward and eerie at the same time, to make it worse you were standing in the middle of an empty street. Nothing could be heard instead of your ragged breathing.

“He knows the risk.” Bruce finally spoke in his gruff voice, a puff of air was visible due to the cold
night. He looked calm and collected, knowing his son would be okay. He did worry though, just a bit.

You scoff at his stubbornness. It was so hard, so hard not to let his full name slip out of your lips. “Look— Batman, he’s just a kid. A kid!”

“I know.”

“Then why did you let him pull a stunt like that?!”

“He’s a strong kid.”

“What if he died?!”

Silence.

“EXACTLY!”

Bruce was visibly pissed, everybody knew that. They could see his muscles tensed under his suit, jaw clenched before he sighed for the first time that night.

“Don’t make me regret marrying you.” He blurted out without thinking.

A series of gasp was heard; Joker gasped, Scarecrow—who arrived in the right time—gasped, Harley and Ivy gasped, the goons gasped.

You threw your arms in the air to show him your exasperation before giving him a good slap on his cowl covered handsome face.

“I’m not going home tonight!” You hissed, walking over to Harley and Ivy without thinking.

“As much as I find it amusing, I think you went a little too far Batsy.” Joker pointed out, suddenly got pissed at your husband’s words and joined your side.

“If my puddin’ tells you that, then ya went too far.” Harley genuinely agreed. “Let’s have a girl’s night out.”

Your eyes lit up, a grin creeping up to your face as you slung your arms over the women’s shoulders as if you had known them for so long and never tried to behead each other.

“Let’s.”

The women led you out of there, leaving the men alone.

Bruce looked at you until you vanished from his sight, he very much regretted his words.

You knew he didn’t mean it but it would still be best to give him some space.

“That woman.” Bruce murmured.

“Don’t ‘that woman’ her,” Joker spoke up again, crossing his slender arms over his chest as he shifted his weight onto a leg. A deep frown on his face. “It’s your fault you stupid bat, I can’t believe you.”

“Joker’s right, even though I’m the bad guy I think saying you’re going to regret marrying her just because she worries is wrong.” Scarecrow pointed out in a matter of factly.
Bruce was speechless, for once he was made speechless. He admitted it, all he could say was; “then what should I do?”

Joker cackled, a shit-eating grin on his face. “I thought you’d never ask! Follow me, Batsy!”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you like it!
Chapter Summary

Summary; Tim promised you a birthday date but he was too caught up with his works and end up forgetting about it. At night he came home tired after a patrol, and you ended up taking care of him.

Chapter Notes

Requested on Wattpad with 2 different prompts from 2 different readers!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sky was bright, almost no cloud was seen but you walked back to your home, excited for your upcoming date with Tim. The cute nerd of yours promised to bring you to a food festival in Gotham at night. What's more perfect for a birthday date than a cute nerd and foods?

Grinning, you opened the door to your home a little harsher than intended. Startling both your mother, who almost dropped her tea mug, and father.

"I'm back!"

"God, (Y/N)." Your mother, Lois, breathed out as she cautiously placed the ceramic mug on the glass coffee table. "Careful."

"Sorry." You responded sheepishly, closing the door gently before sauntering towards them to kiss both of their cheeks.

Clark, your father, looked at you a little skeptically. It was probably because of how happy you looked, a smile that you couldn't bite back, eyes reflecting your glee, and little giggles that came out of your lips gave it all.

Your father finally decided to ask, "You looked so happy, does something good happen?"

"Is gonna happen!" You corrected, running towards your room and bursting in.

Distant ruffling was heard from where your parents sat, then a creak from your closet door before a thud following after. Your father, being Superman, he could hear you humming your favorite song even after the door was closed.

When Clark turned his head to look at his wife, he found her smiling proudly.

"Why are you smiling too?"

Lois looked at her husband with an arched eyebrow, her hand moved to rest on his knee, "Are you seriously that oblivious?" Clark didn't answer, he didn't get it making Lois sighs. "Today's her birthday and she told me that she's going on a date."
"She didn't tell me that!"

You could hear your parents talking about you, you couldn't help but roll your eyes when you heard how excited your mother was. Your father? Eh, not so much. At least he didn't tell you not to go.

You picked a dress, it was simple and appropriate enough for a simple date. You always enjoy simple things life could offer, just like your father. He could be too naïve sometimes and your mother was always the one who had to take control.

You took your time, celebrating your birthday with your parents before finally getting ready. Slipping into your dress, your mother helped you with your hair. She gave you a cute necklace that fit your dress.

After that, you waited.

The time passed, you were still waiting for Tim in your living room, wasting the last minutes by watching TV. A happy grin still on your face.

Soon, the happiness faded. You looked at the clock and it was almost midnight. Did you wait that long?

You picked up your phone from the table and gave Tim a call but he didn't answer. Worried, you told your parents you were going to Gotham. They opposed it of course but by the look on your face it was useless to argue so they let you, in exchange, you have to tell Bruce you were coming.

**

On the other hand, Tim just got back from his patrol. He took off his cowl, showing his sweaty and messy hair. Alfred offered him a drink when he got up to the manor, and Tim gladly took it. He muttered a tired 'thank you' before staggering to his bedroom.

As soon as he saw his bed, he gets out of his suit and lazily put on sweatpants not bothering to wear a shirt. He threw himself onto his bed, bouncing a few times.

His blue eyes were slowly closing, just before he could fall into a deep, peaceful slumber. He saw his phone, he didn't think of it much at first until the thought of you came across his mind and he jolted awake, hand reaching for his phone.

The screen lit up the dim room, he unlocked the phone only to found 10 missed calls from you and 3 unread messages.

"Oh, for the love of-" he paused, reading your messages since he was wide awake. His heart beating loudly against his ribcage.

\[(Y/N); 2.21 PM\]

*I'm so excited I can't stop moving!*

He didn't open his phone at that time, he blamed himself for it. He was too emersed in his project. It was for his favorite class.

\[(Y/N); 7.55 PM\]

*Timmy, you didn't pick up my call. Are you busy?*
Now, he felt bad.

He fiddled with his phone, texting you back. He facepalmed when he realized how late it was but he had sent the message, you were probably asleep or mad at him. You must hate him for ditching your special day, you must---

Bang.

"Tim!"

You were there, in your Supergirl outfit. Panic lacing your face as you flicked the lights on. You might be Supergirl but you didn't inherit your father's vision.

Your eyes landed on shirtless boyfriend, he looked fine. No scratches, no broken jaw or nose, no blood. He looked exhausted though. Relieved, you walked in. Closing the door shut gently.

"(Y/N)?"

"Oh thank heavens you're okay." You pulled him into a hug, arms wrapping around his bare torso.

His head was pressed to your chest causing him to be able to hear your loud heartbeat that was slowly calming down.

"Why are you here?" He dumbly asked after you let him go, he gestured for you to sit down beside him.

The bed sank down as you did as you told, reaching up your hand to brush his stranded dark locks behind his ear.

"I'm here to check on you."

"I thought you were sleeping." He looked at you, a weary smile on his face before it dropped. Nervousness taking over his body and tired mind, gaze moving down, the floor suddenly looked interesting. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to forget about our date. I'm a horrible boyfriend."

You took his larger hand in yours, his hand wasn't soft. It was rough and calloused, strong yet gentle. It showed how hard he had worked, the thought made you beaming up at him to assure him that you weren't mad.

He was confused but didn't dare to ask.

"Why should I be mad?" You laced both of your hands together, giving him a light squeeze as you rested your forehead on his broad shoulder. "As much as I am worried, I understand, it's kinda your responsibility. Bruce chose you not for nothing. All I want is for you to come back safe and sound."

Tim relaxed upon hearing your words, with his free hand, he lifted your head up so he could place a kiss on your nose before his lips found yours briefly.

"How can I be so lucky?" He realized how cheesy he sounded but that was the only thing that he could ask, mostly to himself.
You laughed softly as he let his forehead rested against yours, noses touching.

"Can I borrow your clothes?" You asked.

"Sure, what for?"

"It's night time," You stood up from the bed, sauntering over to his closet. Pulling out shirts for both you and him before going back to the bed and handed him his plain red shirt. "I'm already tired, besides I've told my parents I'm staying, I'm too lazy to fly back to Metropolis."

"Oh," he let the words sank in then stood up as well. "Go change then I'll show you the guest room."

You took a deep breath, staring at your boyfriend with an 'are you serious' look. You then walked away from him to change in the bathroom as you spoke, "No, I'm sleeping here because I didn't get to spend a time with you today. Now you just lay down there on your stomach."

Tim was confused but complied without another word after slipping on his shirt.

It didn't take long for you to change, as soon as you got out of the bathroom, you made your way back to the bed. Sitting down, your hands immediately finding his back, giving him a massage.

You could see Tim was about to protest but you cut him off first, "nu-uh, if you want to make it up to me just be a good boy that you are and relax."

Tim sighed, "it's supposed to be your special day."

"It is." You hummed, working your way up to his tense shoulders. Your slightly cold fingertips loosen his muscle as you kept massaging him. "Tomorrow too."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yup, I'm going to spend all day pampering you with my love and bring you somewhere with me."

Tim chuckled, his chest vibrated against the soft mattress of his bed as his eyes slowly dropped. Tiredness washing over him because of your hands.

You kept on going until he rolled onto his back, he beckoned you to lay beside him and you did. He draped his arm around you to pull you closer, your hear now resting on his well-built chest. Hand finding his again and laced them together.

You ended up spending all night talking as you cuddled to each other, he told you how thankful he was for having you. He thanked you for making him feel relaxed than ever and you could only laugh at that.

Tim was the one who fell asleep first even though he tried not to sleep before you. You followed after.

Even though the date was forgotten, you were still happy. As long as your dorky, adorable boyfriend stayed by your side.

Chapter End Notes
Pardon for the grammar mistakes, feedbacks are appreciated!
"Hey, gorgeous,"

Those were the words that always escaped Dick's chapped lips every time he saw her. Simple words that could make her heart beat loudly against her ribcage. Simple words that always make her hope rising up, she didn't want that.

She always thought that she wasn't enough, she liked him so much. She had always been.

It was hard to contain her feelings for him every time he was around. What made it worse was, they worked together, day and night. She knew about him being a Vigilante at night because she would always by his side. She also assisted him with some research.

She was also by his side every time he needed her.

But she always thought she wasn't enough.

Now wasn't much different either.

She looked into her mirror, watching her eyes through the reflection in the mirror. She spread her arms wide frowning deeply when she saw the dangling fat under her arms, her hands then reached the hem of her shirt, lifting it up before poking it with a sigh at the sight of—what she thought—her pathetic stomach.

Then her gaze landed on her thighs, not perfect enough, she told herself.

Her mind then drifted to him, the guy she had been crushing on for more than a year. She wasn't sure how it started, she just did. She fell for him. Then again, her self-consciousness always made her backs away when she had made her mind to confess her attraction.

Her self-consciousness made her push away all of her feelings far down, trying to forget them all. She always thought that he would never want someone like her, "look at you," she spoke to herself in a scoff, "no wonder he doesn't want you."
She wasn't sure how many times she had sighed, someone knocked on her door. She wouldn't mind if whoever it was could keep it down a bit.

She then made her way to the front door, opening it only to find the dark-haired male with a pair of beautiful blue eyes and plump lips she had always wanted to kiss, standing there, grinning widely showing his perfectly white teeth.

"Hey, beautiful," Dick greeted her cheerfully.

There, just like that, she could feel her heart picking up its pace, beating just as loud as it usually did.

"Dick? Come in." She stepped aside, letting him walk in before she closed the door gently behind him. She noticed he was hiding something behind his back, and she couldn't help but wonder until she stopped herself. "What are you doing here?"

Dick looked at her with adoration, yet she didn't notice it. "Here." He moved his hand from his back, a bouquet of her favorite flowers was in his grip.

She stared up at him, not blinking nor saying anything.

He cleared his throat awkwardly, "uh, you're supposed to take it."

"Oh, sorry, thank you." She gingerly took the bouquet from his hand, she could smell the fresh scent of the flowers causing a smile to crept up onto her face. "But it's not my birthday."

The feelings she had been trying to bury slowly emerged. Stop, you're not good enough, just don't.

Dick noticed the pained look on her face, his chest tightened at the sight. This was the last thing on how he wanted her to react. Clearing his throat to gain her attention, he then spoke again. "They're right," he started, "you're so oblivious."

She blinked in surprise as he led her to her couch, pushing her gently to sit down before he then settled himself beside her and put the bouquet on the table in front of them. There was a little gap between them.

"What are you talking about?"

Then she noticed it, the way he looked at her. Affection and love were visible in his eyes, how his pupils dilated, she could see herself in his eyes. That wasn't the way a friend looked at each other. It was more than that.

"No." She shook her head.

Dick's face fell and he averted his gaze from her, his heart clenched in the most painful way. It also affected her, she then bit her lip. "Why me, Dick?"

He looked back at her, a scowl flashed across his usually cheerful face. "What?"

"Why me? I mean—I like you too, I really do. But still, why me? I'm not good enough. You can have all the girls in the whole Gotham without making any effort."

"Don't say that about yourself." He growled, surprising her and himself. "I'm not perfect, look at me. I make mistakes I have my own insecurities, Hell. When you say 'no' I was about to run away."
She only stared up at him with wide eyes, she felt his hands found her upper arms, they slid down to her hands before intertwined their fingers together. She didn't say anything else Dick took it as a chance to continue.

"The way you work so damn hard, and still smiling, what are you? Superwoman?" She giggled softly, "I've adored you ever since you came into my life, and I swear I've never said that to Babs or any other girls I've ever met. I like you more than a friend, I love the way you look, I love your voice, I love the way your eyes would close every time I make you laugh, I love the way you tuck your hair behind your ear when it stuck onto your face. I love you, for you."

She didn't realize a tear had rolled down her cheek, her eyes were glassy. They were beautiful, and he loved it. He knew so well that it was a happy tear.

At the same time, she could feel her self-consciousness slowly fading away. She couldn't stop herself from kissing him with every confidence she could muster, she was blushing indeed but it didn't stop her. Not now, not again, not ever.

He happily kissed back, his lips molded perfectly against hers. Once in a while, he would playfully bite onto her soft lower lip which earned another adorable giggle of hers before he pulled away.

"Baby, you're beautiful. I love you and I wouldn't change that for the world."
Chapter Summary

Requested by: Nightshade_Alpha17 (wattpad)
I was wondering if you could do you two?

One: is based off the song ‘The Devil’s Backbone by The Civil Wars’

Two: is based off the song ’It took me by surprise by Maria Mena’ You can either make a part one part two, or do them separately, or do one of them. Or you just do what ever you want to them either way it’s fine. Whichever you think fits best, and I want them to be for Jason Todd x reader. If it’s not too much to ask? Please?!

Chapter Notes

Note; I suck at a songfic I have to come up with a prompt to get out of the suckiness, and I know you know that but here you go!

Warning(s); um, if you read my recent fics you’ll know. Just for heads up, it is lowkey sexual so, yes, you may get mad at me.

jk, don’t hate me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The man you were treating came uninvited, you didn’t have any friends that looked suspicious nor ones who prefer to come without any notice. He barged into your room through your window when you were working on your papers, you were supposed to be scared, ran for help, call 911 or anything, anything to get the man out of your room, out of your house. You didn’t. When you heard him grunt painfully, leaning his body against the wall of your room to steady himself, your legs made you rush towards him. All rational thoughts, be damned.

“I never believed in God,” The masked stranger told you as you tended his wounds carefully, he noticed a cross on your wall and the Bible that was placed on your table.

You weren’t sure if you were supposed to answer, you stayed silent for a while. It seemed like that he wasn’t expecting any answer either, the silence between you was not awkward, it was weirdly… comforting.

“Why?” You decided to ask, for some reason, you wanted to hear more of his voice. It was a little rough and low, velvety and melodic. You loved it, his voice was beautiful in both sinful and naïve way, you frowned at yourself for letting such foul stuff to take over your mind. Your parents were religiously strict, they would never allow their kids, let’s say, stray away from God’s paths.

“No specific reason really,” he answered you, a shiver went up your spine, you had never felt such thing before. You questioned yourself, wondering if all men had the same effect on your or any
woman. “I’m not a believer, ‘god works in a mysterious way’ sounds like a total bullcrap to me.”

His words were rude yet you couldn’t bring yourself to get mad at him, you didn’t push him further by questioning him more. You talked about other things with him, you got everything but not his name or any other personal things about him but you didn’t mind.

When he left you felt an emptiness inside of you, a part of you wanted to see him again while the other was screaming at you for being stupid but it stopped, he came back again, it became a thing that the two of you did. He would come to your place, wounded or not to talk to you. It went on and on for days, weeks, then months.

You still didn’t catch his name, you didn’t know how he looked like without his helmet, he only told you to call him Red Hood. Slowly, you started to develop some feelings for the mysterious man of yours.

Throughout your friendship, you learned that he was a complete opposite from everything you had learned from your parents and the Church. He was the total opposite of innocent, of you. He was what people would call a sinner. It was his job.

But how’d you know?

He told you, every time he came by he would tell you everything he knew about the dark side of the world which included everything. The world wasn’t as peaceful as you thought. He was like a book for you, a talking book. He would answer everything you didn’t know. He told you about his work at night, told you how used he was with bad things.

He told you that you were naïve, too innocent.

“You need to stop hanging around with me.” Red Hood spoke up, he sat on a chair near your bed, his hand holding your Bible as he read.

“Why?” You asked back, it felt like déjà vu. You remembered it was the question that brought you here, with him.

“I’m no good for you, dollface,” he set the Bible back on the table, his hand reaching for his helmet making your heart beat faster with anticipation.

With a click, he finally took off the helmet, revealing his face that you had been curious about for the past few months. Everything about him was a sin.

You swallowed thickly, you couldn’t take your eyes off him, your previous curiousness about a man’s effect on women was already answered, you’ve never felt this weird around any other males but him. Only him. Your feelings that you had pushed away came back again, much worse than before.

Shaking your head, you spoke, “but you’re still coming back.”

“You never tell me to not to.” He breathed out a chuckle.

“Because I still have one question.”

“Which is?”

“Is it normal,” your gaze flickered from him to your lap, “to feel weird around you?”
He rested his forearms on his thighs causing him to bent down slightly, “weird?”

“I can’t say it’s a bad feeling, I don’t know how to describe it but I can’t take my eyes off you.” You told him honestly or more like, naively, he knew that and he smirked as he let you continue. “I’ve always had these…sinful thoughts about you, I’m sorry I can’t help it.”

Without you knowing, he had made his way over to you. When the bed dipped you knew he was sitting beside you, you could see his large hand reaching for your face before gently tilting your head up.

“I told you, you are very naïve.” He smirked, you looked straight into his eyes where every emotion you had never known about were held. “I always have sinful thoughts about you, ever since I saw you.”

You blinked, he was being honest.

His face was so close to yours, your lips were almost touching. He looked at you for permission, you didn’t move, you didn’t want to. He knew.

The kiss began with little pecks before turning into a full-blown making out. He then pulled back leaving you breathless.

“My name’s Jason,” he whispered against your lips, latching his teeth on your bottom lip gently. “And I’m going to show you another thing you don’t know about the world.”

Chapter End Notes

*drags ass outta the gutter*

That’s all I could come up with. I might have low key thinking about demon Jason when I wrote this. I’m not proud of it. I tried
You walked into the airport, looking for your longtime friend, Damian Wayne. A smile crept up on your lips excited to meet him again.

Your friendship with Damian was like the jock and the nerd kind of friendship, the two of you met at the Gotham Academy. Your school for 5 years until you had to move again, and study abroad due to your father’s work.

And no, nobody bullied you at that place. You were too much of a proud nerd to be bullied. That was why it was sad to leave the town.

It was so peaceful minus the fact that Gotham had a crazy clown that almost always came out at night and a guy dressed as a bat as a Vigilante, also some other Villains that you never wanted to meet. EVER.

You’ve met Batman once when you almost got robbed, he was scary, his figure looming over you but there was something about him you couldn’t place. Along with his partner, Robin.

He was about your age that time, his hair and body looked eerily familiar. You couldn’t place it. Then again, you didn’t want to think about it too much because it was too much a waste of time.

You preferred to waste your time playing games, reading books as you listened to your favorite music, or even went to a toy store to complete your figurine collections.

Damian had always been the one who commented about it, though it was never a harsh comment. It was just something between the line, ‘you liked that guy? He sucks.’ Or whenever you were about to pick a certain game he would say, ‘I’ve tried it, it’s no good—’ then he would spoil the entire plot of the game.

That guy was a huge jerk.

But it what made you miss him; his witty comments, eye rolling, scoffing, he would cross his arms when he tried to be intimidating, and so on. He was a cute little guy. Yeah, he was shorter than you.

Your eyes scanning around the line of people as you wheeled your favorite suitcase since it was
one of the limited editions merchandise of your favorite show.

Then you found him, Damian, alone, holding a pretty huge poster. Your name was written on it, along with a huge bedazzled word; ’NERD’ written underneath your name, your favorite characters were also drawn. It was so damn embarrassing but cute but still embarrassing. He took creative into a whole new level.

Red-faced, you sauntered over to him. Many eyes were looking at you knowingly, you could practically hear their smirks and their jealous stares. The one who picked you up was Damian friggin’ Wayne after all.

“There you are, my favorite geek.” Damian teased, lowering the poster in his hands. He carefully rolled it so the delicate paper wouldn’t get ripped nor crumpled before putting it into his bag.

“Did you really need to do that?” You whisper yelled, hands going on your hips as you glared up at him.

He was taller than you remembered, he was only 19 but look at him. His Adam’s Apple was visible now, his hair was still in the same style but a little longer, his face looked more structured, his green eyes looked sharper than ever, and his body? You could ramble about it all day. Definitely not in a perverted way.

And there he goes, rolling his eyes as he slung his heavy looking bag over his shoulder effortlessly. “We just meet again and you want to get mad at me? Right.” He scoffed, “I spent a lot of time on that poster, can’t you at least thank me?”

“Zip it, shorty.” You retorted. Your words emitted a short, mocking, deep laugh from him.

Yep, he changed alright, not his attitudes though. He was still as annoying as ever.

“Says you.”

You groaned, “I need to look for another nickname.”

“Good luck with that.”

“Jerk.”

Damian led you out of the airport, carrying half of your luggage with ease in a hand. You were pretty dumbfounded when you didn’t see Alfred waiting like he used to, then Damian told you that Alfred was busy with his own business and he also didn’t ask Alfred to drive him to the airport.

The boy could drive since he was 12 or something.

You were staying at his place/the manor, it wasn’t the first time though but you were a little nervous since you hadn’t met his older brothers but Tim. He was cool, he helped you with your homework back then.

The way to the manor was filled with nothing but a music you and he liked and your humming. As soon as the door opened, you spotted two strangers that you assumed were his brothers. Their figures were almost looked alike from even though you knew they weren’t brothers in blood.

You also could tell that they were good-looking men which made you wonder if Bruce had a habit of picking up good-looking boys or even make one.
You snorted at the thought.

“Is something funny?” Damian asked you, guiding you inside after closing the door behind you.

“Nothing.” Obviously, you couldn’t tell him what you were thinking or he would kick you out.

Maybe even worse or less bad, who knows?

Your little conversations must’ve been quite loud because the next thing you know, the earlier men were standing in front of you and Damian.

Damn it, this family is filled with giants!

“You must be (Y/N), Damian’s beloved nerd, correct?” The one with blue eyes guessed he was a little shorter to the man on his right.

“Beloved?” You arched your eyebrow, you could hear Damian groan.

“This child right here, decorated a room where you would stay in for days,” the green eyed one started smugly as he glanced at an irritated Damian, and you listened with interest but also pretty shocked at the same time, “he also—”

He couldn’t finish before Damian throw his bag at his older brother, sadly, he dodged it. “Todd, I’ll kill you if you continue.”

“I’d like to see you try, demon spawn.” He snickered before sauntering away with a huge grin on his face.

Damian clicked his tongue as a response.

“I kinda want to hear him finish it though.” You huffed.

“Trust me you don’t.” Then his older brother, the one who hadn’t walk away cleared his throat, “oh, this is Dick.”

Dick offered you his hand and you gladly shook it, “it’s nice to finally meet you.”

“Likewise.”

“And that other one was, Jason.” Damian almost spat the name but you could tell he still loved his brother in a very low-key way.

You spent a few minutes to talk to Dick before Damian walked you to your room, a little disappointed when you couldn’t see Alfred nor Bruce anywhere. Damian told you that they were busy and you could understand that.

When you reached the room, it really was decorated with things you liked. It felt like your own room, then again Damian decorated it for you. There were a few stacks of books on a table, some figurines, and posters.

“Tell me you didn’t spend all of your money on this.”

“No, I didn’t.” He simply answered, placing your luggage near the bed while you walked over to a poster.

“Then, where did you get these?”
“Your hobbies were rubbing on me,” he sat on the plush bed making the bed sank by his weight, “these are some of my collections.”

“Your collections?”

“Some.” He corrected you.

“And you call me a nerd!”

“Shut up and let’s get your stuff out so I can take you to a Con.”

Chapter End Notes

I tried to make the reader gender neutral XD
happy birthday me || Jason Todd

Chapter Summary

Requested by an anon on Tumblr!

Prompt; Hello! Not sure if you are taking requests, but if you are could you write about the reader celebrating their 21st birthday with Jason?

Chapter Notes

Warning(s); it's a little suggestive at the end.

You were not the type of person that could wake up under 8 AM but the sweet smell of delicious breakfast filling your nostrils made you pry your eyes open slowly as your brain began to caught up on what was happening.

When you rolled over, you couldn't find your boyfriend. Only the cold and empty space he left, probably been an hour or so. He also wasn't the type to get up early, especially after his long night patrolling.

Frowning, you propped yourself up on your elbows before finally pushing your body to sat properly on the bed. Rubbing your eyes gently in an attempt to get yourself wide awake.

"Jay?" You called for him, standing up to stretch before making a bee-line to the bathroom, washing your face and brushed your teeth to freshen up.

You heard a faint answer for him as you wiped your face with your towel, "in the kitchen!"

Getting out of the bathroom, feeling fresh, you walked to the kitchen. The kitchen wasn't big since the two of you lived in an apartment. Well, your apartment before Jason moved in, out of the blue telling you to split the rent and then it became a shared apartment.

You didn't object or anything, Jason always crashes to your place back then before you became his girlfriend. He spent most of his time at your place, it didn't make that many differences besides the fact your sex life became more...interesting after he moved in.

The smell of pancakes became stronger as you stepped into the kitchen, Jason had his back facing you, pouring the last batter into the round pan.

You walked over, wrapping your arms around his waist, hands clasping in front of his abs. "It's unusual for you to cook." You commented as he flipped the pancake while you stood on your tippy toes to peer over his broad shoulder.

His shoulder raising up as he let out a breathy sigh, he turned off the stove and adding the last pancake onto the stack. "You aren't supposed to wake up now."
His words made you raise your eyebrow, "is it bad? Do I have to go to sleep again?"

Jason chuckled and shook his head before turning in your arms, he leaned down to kiss you but you stopped him by placing your finger in front of his plump lips.

"Have you brushed your teeth, Mr. Todd?" You teased.

He groaned softly, rolling his beautiful eyes at the same time but laughed anyway.

"Yes, now please shut up and let me kiss you." And he did, he wasn't lying when he told you he had brushed his teeth. Though, he was more than welcome to kiss you anytime, anywhere.

Soon enough he pulled away and urged you to go back to the bed, telling you that he was going to bring the breakfast to the bed in the first place before you woke up. You happily complied, rushing towards your bedroom, getting yourself comfy.

He really did bring the breakfast to the bedroom, he settled himself on the bed after placing a plate of three stacked pancakes on your lap. You didn't hesitate to dig in after giving him a grateful 'thank you'. A moan came from you because of Jason's cooking, you knew he could cook but he rarely did, so at times like this, you always cherished everything he cooked.

You would wiggle your toes or do a little dance every time you took a bite, smile not leaving your lips. It was that good.

"You like it that much?" He had finished minutes before you, his empty plate was already on the nightstand as he watched you eating.

He loved that you would express everything to him, if you liked something your eyes would twinkle, if you were happy you would jump and became more giddy and giggly than ever, if you were mad your eyebrows would furrow and your jaw tightened, if you were sad you would look down to your feet to hide your tears, if you were embarrassed your cheeks would immediately turn beet red. He loved it, you were almost a complete opposite of him, he loved you.

You gave him an eager nod, placing your fork on the now empty plate with a pout. "Yes, it's so good." You looked at him, a grin broke across your face. "But I'm not full."

"I know you won't be full." He stood up, grabbing the empty plates and went out from the bedroom before you could ask him about what he meant.

You turned on the TV, mentally hugging yourself for deciding to install the TV in your shared room, flicking on different channels. You didn't notice Jason came back with a medium sized cake in his hand.

He took the chance to give you a kiss on your cheek, emitting a squeak from you as you turned your head towards him.

"God, babe!" You put a hand on your chest, your heart almost leaping out of your chest. "What was that for?"

He lifted the cake in his hands up, bringing it into your view.

You saw 21 shaped candles in the center of the cake, your name and a 'happy birthday' written messily underneath along with the messy decoration.

"Um, what's this for?" You asked innocently, you were sure today wasn't your birthday, was it?
That wasn't the reaction Jason hoped to pull out of you but it was pretty amusing nonetheless, to see you all confused, looking into his eyes to look for an answer.

"You can read, can't you?"

You cocked your head to the side slightly.

"Don't tell me you forget about your own birthday?"

"My birthday is next week, isn't it?"

He snorted, the cake was still in his hands. "It's today."

"No, it's not." You said stubbornly, he still had his eyes on you. "This is not my birthday."

He finally lowered the cake onto his lap, careful not to make a mess and end up washing the sheets instead of celebrating your birthday. "It is, baby."

"No," you reached for your phone that was placed near your pillow, you unlocked it to look at the calendar just to be sure. "Check the dat--oh," you coyly looked at him, an awkward grin on your lips as an equally awkward laugh escaped your throat. "Never mind, happy birthday me."

Your boyfriend burst out laughing, he was still aware with the cake on his lap but his head still tilting back a bit. His laugh boomed throughout the bedroom.

"Happy birthday, grandma." He found himself smirking and lifted the cake back up.

"Shut up." You huffed before blowing the candle, closing your eyes as you make a wish. "Did you make it on your own?"

"The cake?"

You nodded.

"My ma helped me with the recipe while I made everything." He scratched the back of his neck shyly with a hand as he watched you dipped your forefinger into the cake before bringing it into your mouth causing another hum of delight from you making him smile.

"Your ma... Mrs. Wayne?"

"The one and only."

"Wow, she knows about me?" You looked at him, wide-eyed. You had never met his mother before, you had heard about her and how much of an amazing woman she was.

"She knows almost everything about you." He added for you, pulling out a clean fork from his pocket that you hadn't noticed was sticking out of it the whole time before giving it to you along with the cake.

You dug in, the sweet flavor wasn't too strong. There was a light bitterness in it which made the cake perfect. Just how you liked it.

"She does..." You muttered in awe, "how?"

"Batman's wife, remember?"
Realization hit you, of course. It was such an honor for you to get recognized by such an amazing woman in Gotham, the fact that she was an ex-vigilante that now helped Batman was making everything better.

Yeah, you knew it from Jason. Bless being Red Hood's girlfriend.

"Sorry, I didn't get you anything."

"Are you kidding?!!" You gently slapped his bicep, "you made me breakfast, you made the cake on your own. This is perfect." You put the cake on the nightstand, arms went around his neck as soon as you straddled him. "Besides, I don't like parties. I just want to spend my birthday with you."

You leaned closer to give him a kiss, sharing the sweet taste of the cake you ate earlier.

"Hmm," he hummed, a hand found your lower back as the other brushed your hair back then rested on your cheek. A hint of mischievousness flashed in his eyes for a brief moment, "I really did a good job with the cake, didn't I?"

"You did, handsome." You agreed, leaning into his touch.

"I wonder if it will taste better on you."

"What?" The question slipped out of your mouth almost too quickly while he shoved you down to the bed, "Jay? Ja---"

He shut you up with another breath-stealing kiss as he scooped some of the cream from the cake to smear it onto your skin.

You soon cave in, knowing there was no way that you would get out of bed until he was satisfied. Mentally hoping that the landlord wouldn't kick you out after this.
Chapter Summary

Summary: Jason introducing his girlfriend to Batmom.

Chapter Notes

Requested on Wattpad!

Note; This can be read as a sequel for; 'happy birthday me || Jason Todd' but this will be in Mrs. Wayne's (2nd person) point of view, and I also will not give any certain details for Jason's girlfriend nor Bruce's wife. Why? Because I want them to be the reader. You might notice that I gave the title with no specific pairing like I used to back then.

This is most likely be 'reader x Bruce' and 'batmom x Jason' I'm too much of an amateur to be able to explain things correctly. :/

"Have you seen how Jason acts recently?" Bruce, your husband, asked you out of nowhere when you were cuddling in bed. It was kind of a thing every couple does after doing the deed really.

Your fingers stopped from drawing patterns on his bare chest as you looked up at him through your eyelashes.

"What do you mean?"

His muscular arm under your neck shifted as he placed his large hand on your head, stroking your soft hair, chest rumbling beneath your palm when he answered you, "when he's on the phone every time he spends the night here, he's not...him."

"Not him?" Your question came out in a yawn, sleepiness taking over and you closed your eyes. You didn't know if you could stay awake with Bruce's hand massaging your scalp. "What do you mean, not him?"

"He looks calm, too calm even, sometimes he will blush with a frown but smiles soon after." He stopped stroking your hair to roll over to his side causing his chest to face you.

"And that's bad because?"

"He never curses, he always curses." That was true, he would curse no matter what the circumstances were. He rarely did when he was around you just because he didn't want to get lectured for hours long.

You let out a small chuckle, changing your position, your back was pressing against his front and let your hand reached for his. Tangling your fingers together, eyes still closed.
"You do remember that when you met me, you dropped your playboy act and became easily flustered, don't you?"

Bruce raised his thick eyebrow, you could tell his blue eyes were fixed on you with a questioning stare.

"People change when they're in love, even Jason." You explained, "now stop asking so I can get back to sleep."

"Round two?" To emphasize his words, his free hand starting to brush against your thigh, sending a chill up your spine. You groaned half-heartedly.

"You do realize that we're getting too old for this right, Mr. Wayne?" He pinched your skin gently making you slap his hand, "fine but if my back aches, it's your fault."

**

In the morning, you didn't expect to find your second son sitting on one of the benches in the garden with a young woman by his side when you were about to check for your flowers. Usually, he would call you first before visiting.

"Look what do we have here." Your voice was loud enough to get them out of their lovey-dovey state, cutting off whatever they were talking about.

The young woman was a little frantic when she stood up, straightening her slightly crumpled shirt before she turned around to face you. She was a little flustered, you could tell from how she fidget when her eyes met yours.

On the other hand, Jason took his time to stand. He soon led his girlfriend to you, a proud smile on his lips. You gave your son a gentle hug and flashed her a warm smile to ease her nerves.

"So, ma, do you remember when I asked you to help me to bake a cake?" He received a nod from you, making his smile grew wider as his arm slung around her shoulder. "This is her."

"The soon-to-be Mrs. Todd, hello." You teased, giving her your hand which she gladly yet shyly shook. "How was the cake?"

"It was perfect, thank you." She was polite, it was rare to find a woman like her. How she had dressed up was a complete opposite of Jason's usual kind of woman he would bring to have a one night stand with when he was drunk, it wasn't like he always had one night stand. Probably once. She didn't wear a short skirt but a pair of jeans that weren't too tight but enough to faintly show the shape of her legs.

Jason's type just weren't those kinds of females who loved to show their pair of silicone they call breasts. He didn't always fall for those who were badass, it didn't matter as long as whoever it was cared for him for who he was.

Not even a gender or race mattered for him.

"Don't thank me, it was because of all of his effort." You pointed to Jason before turning around to get back inside the manor, "come in."

You walked in with the couple,spotting Bruce who just came out of his office with a file in his hand. You rolled your eyes when you realized it wasn't for his work but for his new gadget he told you about last night.
Bruce stopped in his track, noticing the newcomers. He quickly put up his *Bruce Wayne* persona as he approached the three of you. His megawatt smile across his face.

Jason leaned closer to his girlfriend's ear, whispering; 'that's my old man' to her. As a response, she gave him a curt nod.

"Who might this be?" Your husband asked, not specifically aiming it at you or your son and his girlfriend.

Walking to his side, you answered, "our soon to be daughter-in-law."

Bruce looked down at you, the same curious stare as last night was flashed to you. Silently questioning you how in the world he didn't know about this. The two of you ended up arguing with your eyes, it often happens when needed. Mostly? It happened in a situation where he needs to sneak out of, either it was a meeting or an important event.

"Oh come flippin' on, there are kids here." Jason protested, interrupting your silent argument with your husband.

His girlfriend though wasn't too pleased with his move. She gave Jason a scolding glare when he turned to look at her. Mouthing that it wasn't good to cut in an important conversation.

Usually, Jason would argue and rolled his emerald eyes in annoyance. He would tell the person to screw off and mind their own crap but instead, he mouthed an apology as he planted a kiss to her temple.

Her glare then turned into a satisfied smile.

You and Bruce were more than surprised, it was so out of character of his. Yet, you couldn't help but smile. Jason's antics reminded you of Bruce in a way no matter how much they would deny it, saying that they weren't alike in a certain way. Which usually came from Jason's side.

You looked up to glance at your husband only to find him to look back at you, "you're right, people do change when they're in love."

This time, it was the young couple who looked confused. In return you just gave them a wink, "he ships it too, get married you two."
You and Bruce were worried about your daughter lately, she was officially adopted by the both of you a few days ago.

Bruce---or Batman, found her when he was on his usual patrol. The poor little girl was wrapped in a dirty blanket, feet bare, her body was full of bruises; her face, her arms, her torso, her feet, and her thighs, as she walked down the street of Gotham.

She was only 8.

When you saw her came out of the Batmobile, your first instinct as a mother was to rush over to her. She flinched at the sight of you, her little hands were clutching on Bruce's suit as she hid behind his leg.

What you saw in her eyes was the same thing you saw in your other children after their nightmares, Fear. With a glance, you knew what happened to her, what she had to suffer through but you didn't dare to ask her yet, you wanted her to open up.

You did the thing that you had picked up for years working beside Batman on the field before you decided it was the time to stop. You gave her a smile, offering your hand to her slowly.

"It's okay," you remembered saying, looking into the little girl's eyes. She could practically feel the warmth from you but she made no move yet. "I won't hurt you, I promise, I will take care of you with this big hero right here." You nodded towards your husband who was watching the whole time.

Your little trick worked, she took your hand and let you led her to her new room.

But she never talks.

"I don't know how to talk to her Bruce, what if she is still scared of me?" You carded your fingers through your hair as your other hand was holding a cup of tea.
Your daughter was in her room, you didn't know what she was doing. When her lunch is over she only gave you a hesitant smile before she rushed up the stairs to her room.

Bruce who was sitting across from you took your smaller hand in his bigger one, "you need to calm down, frustrating over it won't help."

Taking a sip of your tea, you slowly calming down. Your husband's words downing into your head.

"I'm worried Bruce."

"Talk to her, you can make **Damian** open up then why not her?" Bruce emphasized the name of his son, causing you to laugh.

"What was that suppose to mean, Wayne?" You punched his bicep before standing up, "I'll talk to her now."

When you reached her door, you knocked. She spent most of her time in her room, coming out only to eat, you didn't send her to school yet since you weren't sure if she was ready.

The door only opened slightly, an eye was peering through the crack cautiously.

"Hello there." You smiled down at her before bending down to her level, careful not to make her feel intimidated. "Would you mind if I come in?"

She didn't answer, she backed away and pulled the door open further silently giving you an invitation to come in.

The first thing you noticed was, the room, it was dim. The only light was from the little gap from the curtains, letting the sunlight to light the room a bit. When you stepped in, you noted the scattered drawings on the floor and the table.

The little girl rushed back to her bed, climbing up before laying herself down meanwhile you picked up one of her drawings, keeping the door open.

The other thing you noticed was the background of her sketches, they were black sometimes grey and the sketches themselves would be drawn with red or white crayon.

You teared up. The drawings were the way she saw the place she used to call home, her parents were drawn as monsters who tried to hurt each other while she was a scared little bunny that tried to stop them. The home itself was drawn as a forest, a dark, gloomy forest which symbolized that she always got lost in her own place, she never felt safe but in her room, her room was drawn as a lot of things, such as garden, bed made of clouds, an igloo, etcetera.

Wiping your teary eyes, you made your way to her. She was scribbling again. You stayed silent though, letting her did what she did until she finished.

A chuckle then fell from your lips when you realized she was drawing Batman, instead of in black, he wore a golden bat-suit with sparkles around him.

The girl pushed herself up to sit on the bed. Her eyes looked up at you curiously, you were still giggling at her drawings until she tugged on your sleeve.

"Oh! Sorry, it's just cute, drawing my husband with sparkles." You almost wheezed, "you're good at drawing!"
Her cheeks flushed red, she had never heard someone compliment her before. In return, she offered you a smile, it wasn't an awkward one but more genuine.

"Can I ask you something?"

She hesitantly nodded.

"Do you hate me?"

She shook her head frantically, reaching for the papers on her nightstand before showing one of them to you.

You were drawn as an angel, cliché really but it was really cute. She made the wings with glitters. "Is this me?"

She nodded again, making a few hand gestures which caused your eyes to widen. "You are the kindest woman I have ever met."

"Thank you," you whispered, you let the next three words slip from your mouth carefully as you used your hands just to make some signs. "Are you...mute?"

She shook her head no then began to make another hand gestures. "I'm not but I prefer not to talk with my voice, my--" she paused, "she--never liked it when I talk so I learned sign language, I soon get used to it." She corrected herself.

"I'm sorry but you are safe now, I won't let anything happen to you. Not anymore." You promised. "But I want you to tell me everything so I can help you. You don't have to do it now, I won't force you."

"They told me I'm an unwanted child, my mom wasn't supposed to be pregnant. They are not married yet, they raised me without their parents knowing. I was sad, I didn't know what to do, my chest felt tight and I couldn't stop thinking about the things that caused me to be sad."

You kept silent, she was at the age where she supposed to be happy, playing with her friends. But there she was, talking to you like an adult would, she had a mature mind which reminded you of Damian. You then reached to place your hand gently on her back, a gesture you always find comforting when you didn't want to be hugged.

"They always told me to die, to go away, they would scream at me and called me names. Then they decided that they were bored with me and threw me away by telling me that we were going to meet my grandparents before leaving me in a harbor--"

She stopped as soon as she heard your choked sob, your tears were running down freely, she was depressed but she didn't know it. She wasn't aware of what depression was, she didn't know why she kept locking herself in her room, making it her safe space.

"I'm sorry." You muttered, throwing your arms around her when you couldn't take it anymore. "Please call me mommy from now on."

You felt her shorter arms slowly went around your torso, her shoulders shook as you felt your shirt dampened. She started to pull away but you kept her there, whispering to her that it was okay to cry.
You stayed like that for what felt like minutes but it had been almost an hour and a half. Your husband made his way into the room after knocking only to find the newest member of your family curled beside you as she slept.

Bruce silently walking towards the bed, "how is she?" He asked quietly.

"She's alright now." You whispered, the bed dipped down as he sat on the edge of the bed, right by your side. "Bruce?"

"Yes?"

"Check the papers on the nightstand."

Bruce did as he was told, finding the drawing of sparkling, golden Batman right on the first paper.

"Golden Batman? Is this a rainbow?" Still whispering, he pointed to the colorful stripes behind the golden Batman's head.

You bit your lip a little hard to hold back a sharp wheeze, you knew that his reaction would be like that. He always thought that kids, even adults, saw him as a scary, big, bulky man, not a man who wore a golden, sparkling bat-suit with a rainbow behind him as a background.

"You're the hero and I'm the angel, apparently." You saw him nod as he went through the other papers. The soft rustling was slowly lulling you to sleep, the sound was weirdly soothing. "Lay beside her dear, I want her to wake up knowing she's safe."

You couldn't make out what he was saying because you were fast asleep next to your little daughter, excited to introduce her to her brothers she hadn't meet them... yet.
Chapter Summary

Prompts; "thick thighs are hot."

Chapter Notes

Warning(s); self-consciousness, insecurity.

Note; this is not requested. A friend of mine told me that 'thick thighs are hot' so this came to me! Because I have thick thighs too and I don't like them

You were always been a little thicker than any other woman on a magazine's cover. Back then your family would tell you to go on a strict diet to lose some weight. Your love life was pretty much miserable, you dated a lot of assholes, they were such good guys when you met but as the times go on they changed.

One of your aunts would tell you that was because of your weight, you were too big, you were not as attractive as your cousins, and sisters. They had the 'perfect body'.

You tend to cover your figure with loose clothing or jackets, you always avoided tight and short dresses. No matter how hot it was, you also avoided bikinis.

They would always lowkey mock you for opening a bakery, saying it would only make you fatter because that way you could eat a lot. You did go on a diet once, cutting your portions, yet they still judged you. Telling you to love your body just the way it was and all of that bullcrap.

It slowly stopped when Bruce came into your store. It was because you ignored them and moved to your small bakery.

At first, he would only come once a week, then twice, it kept on going on until he came to your place almost every day, he wouldn't come if he was busy with his work. Sometimes he would be alone, sometimes his kids also coming along. He told you that you were a good baker and he genuinely enjoyed all of your bakings.

You weren't sure when you weren't sure how but you managed to let yourself to fall for the playboy. You were scared, all of your memory about your previous experiences came back to you, striking like lighting that jolted you awake from your dreamland.

He is a rich playboy for god's sake, he could have any women he wants, you reminded yourself.

Then he told you he liked you in the middle of your casual conversation causing you to stop talking and froze, he was serious you could see it in his eyes then again you were afraid. Bruce was so determined to win your heart, and he did.

Throughout your relationship there also a few fights, the bad one was when you found out about
his alter ego as the Batman when you were mugged on your way home.

"I suggest you let the woman go." Batman's gruff voice came from the shadow.

The man who held the gun against your head made a stupid move by challenged him thus made Batman gave him a broken arm before he finally ran away.

You were staring at him the entire time, you saw his lips moved yet you couldn't hear him. "Bruce?" Your voice came a little shaky.

It was impossible to not notice it, his strong jawline and lips were one of a kind. Those features only belonged to Bruce, you were sure of it, or maybe you just stared at him too much to know his features that detailed.

You knew about the kids' a month later. Not too long after that, he proposed. Your family was more than shocked when they saw you came back home with Bruce the day after you had your big wedding party.

They didn't know what to say, your cousins would try and flirt with your husband. Bruce would always try to tell them politely that he was not interested. It was another thing you loved about him. If you had to list things you loved about him, it would be a book instead of a list that was written on a piece of paper.

You pushed the closet door close after getting the dress you wanted since Bruce told you to get ready for the date he promised for your one-year marriage. There you saw yourself in the mirror, your hand reached to your thighs, they were the parts of your body you insecure about the most. No gap, just flesh harshly brushing against each other when you walk, they tend to leave a red mark.

You sighed, the dress you were about to wear was also a little tight making you anxious that your belly would be seen.

Reluctantly, you slipped on the dress, dabbing a light powder on your face and a lipstick not even bothering with full face makeup. You didn't come out of your room though, you kept staring at yourself, at how big you looked in the mirror with the dress you wore.

You whipped your head to the side when you heard a knocking on the door before it opened to reveal the love of your life, he gawked at you, eyes gazing at your beautiful figure like he did when saw you for the first time and when you were in your wedding gown.

You felt yourself blushed underneath his intense gaze, your arms curling around your body in an instant. You heard his footsteps drawing closer to you.

"I'm utterly at lost of words." Bruce's hands coaxed your arms away from your body, letting his eyes looking at your figure once more. A coy smile on his lips, "you're stunning, are you ready?"

"I don't know." You sighed, glancing at your belly and thighs, they weren't looking so good in this dress alright.

Bruce noticed your self-consciousness was slowly showing itself, he hated when you made yourself feel down. "You want to know something?" He started, waiting for you to lift your head up before continuing, "your thighs are so damn hot."

Your jaw dropped at his words, that was so out of character of him. And to be honest to yourself you found it funny more than encouraging.
He kept on going, telling you how beautiful your hair was and how he liked when he ran his fingers through it, how he loved to rest a hand on your rear when he slept, how warm your belly when he laid his head on it when you cuddled, how he loved to squeeze those cheeks of yours and then how he noted that his kids loved to lay their heads on your thighs when you were binge-watching with them.

You were tempted to hide your face as you giggled, your heart flutter, he always knew what to do when it came to this. You felt your self-consciousness and insecurities slowly fading away, you slung an arm around his.

"I'm ready." You told him with such confidence.

He smiled, led you out of the room, down the stairs. You reached the door, Jason opened it before Bruce could with Roy following him behind.

"Are you two going to go?" Your son asked.

"Yes, we won't be long," Bruce responded.

Jason turned to look at his red-haired friend who had his eyes on you. With a groan, Jason smacked the back of Roy's head as you walked past them with your husband, heading for the car. You could faintly hear Jason's grunting.

"Dude, no, that's my mom you were staring at."
Chapter Summary

Note; a lot of you want a part two out of this, I actually suck at writing part two's or short series...but here it is!

If you are confused about your and Damian's age. Let's say you and Damian are old enough to have your first kiss.

Since you started talking Damian spent most of his time at the tower with you, teaching you things you'd never known in your whole life. He taught you to count, hand languages to use in emergencies, how to use electronics even went as far as buying you a phone which led to him calling you when you couldn't meet he would always use the 'teaching' excuses to talk to you on the phone, without the other member or his father knowing about it of course, then he would always teach you about table manner, reading, writing, drawing, and many more things you couldn't list.

The best part about teaching you was, he could listen to your voice.

Damian never got sick of you talking, telling things you just learned with such excitement, you would occasionally flailing your arms or just simply moved your hands as you told him your stories about the woods you have grown in.

He wondered how he could soften up to you that fast, everybody knew that he tends to be cold around strangers, he didn't show his feelings often, he was a snarky kid, always got on everybody's nerves. He didn't like listening to others, he only sat there as the person scold or give him advice about life. Little did they know, their words only went into his right ear, passing his brain like a train then out of his left ear while he fought sleepiness.

That was how much he didn't care.

But then there he was again, sitting in your room at the tower, on your bed, listening to you intently as you told him about your foster mother who was a wolf and how amazing your packs were after finishing your study with Damian.

He tends to forget that you were a werewolf.

Maybe because you were half animal he could open up?

He didn't know, he didn't care.

Something about you was luring him to you and he liked it.

"Damian?" He shifted his gaze from your lips to your eyes, when did that happen? He didn't remember looking at your lips.

The black haired boy answered with a short hum, urging you to continue as he shifted on the bed to lay down instead of sitting.
"Have I told you about how I get food?" You were sitting crisscrossed beside him, both hands were gripping your ankles as you bent your body down, looking straight into his eyes, face inches away. He still needed to teach you about personal space.

He gently pushed you away by your shoulder before a blush could creep up to his tan cheeks.

"No." He answered with a smooth lie. He had heard it for thousandths of times.

You moved along to lay down beside him, hands resting on your belly as you stared up at the ceiling you had decorated with origami stars that you hung up with him, and Beast Boy since he insisted.

"Every animal that rebelled against the law will be punished by death." There it was, the information you had told him a few days ago. You were aware that you had told him about it but you always assumed that he was forgetful. "Like the deer I ate when we first met, he killed a bunny because the bunny did not want to share. The alpha of my packs told me to punish him."

"Why did the rabbit doesn't want to share?" He asked the exact same question he always asked when you tell them about this story.

"Because the poor, little bunny's family was starving." You answered without hesitation, fiddling with the hem of your shirt before you slowly propped yourself with your elbows.

Damian glanced at you then, his dark eyebrow raising, asking you a silent question.

You weren't aware of it though, "Damian, do you know how wolves warm themselves when they sleep through winter?"

That was new.

"No."

"They use their tail to cover their face, like this." You lay down on your stomach, your hands crossed over your face. Shifting your head to the side, peeking at Damian with an eye behind your arm.

"What about you?" He asked again.

"Me?"

"You don't have a tail."

A soft 'oh' fell from your lips, you got up again only to crawl closer to Damian before laying down, curling your body beside him and you could feel the warmth radiating from his body.

He was a little shocked.

Everything about you was screaming innocence, different from him. He was corrupted, for an example; he had killed because he was trained to be a coldblooded assassin, yet you killed to stay alive.

"Like this."

Gathering himself, he turned to lay on his side, his front faced you.
"What about you Damian? What you do to get yourself warm on a winter?"

He didn't know, blankets? Thick clothing? Turning on the heater?

His arm moved on its own, it wraps around your body, pulling you closer to him. Taking advantage of your curiosity for his own need.

"Like this."
Chapter Summary

Summary: reader goes to school for the first time and everything goes wrong.

Chapter Notes

Warning(s): bullying, flashbacks of abuse.

Note: this can be read as a sequel (or a part 2, your pick) of 'drawings || Batmom', will be written in the daughter's (2nd person) point of view and Batmom will be in 3rd person! Also, mentions of the batgirls!

This is so confusing...I know. I'm so sorry if my writings always confuse you.

In your time living in the manor, you learned how it felt like to have a proper family, people who loved you, who treated you the way you should be treated. Completely different from your past house.

Mrs. and Mr. Wayne were different, your mother and father were very different. They were the one who helped you through everything, catching up on what you missed on being a normal, happy kid. Your brothers also helped you learning things they were good at.

Dick taught you to do some tricks with your body, moving and bending your limbs in ways that you thought were not possible. Also, who would've thought that that bubbly ball that mostly made of elastic muscles knew a little bit of ballet? Since you were still young, it wasn't that hard.

Jason, the others thought he was going to introduce some of his gun collections to you, he didn't. He brought you to the library to read, he would buy you some books too. Harmless books. When you told him you were interested in poetry, his eyes lit up and he started to show you his collections and you would ask if there was something you didn't understand.

Tim, everybody knew that his teaching wouldn't go too far from technologies. He taught you how to use the computer first, then things about the internet, then jumped a huge leap to the basic of hacking. Thank god you were a quick learner. He also would occasionally help you with math.

And Damian. Oh, Damian freaking Wayne. Did he goes all Al-Ghul on you. He taught you how to use a katana for heaven's sake, how to headlock somebody, where to hit someone to make them fall unconscious. If you failed he would scold you, not too harsh though, he already heard your past.

Then there were Cassandra and Stephanie, they -- sometimes just couldn't get along, they were a completely two different person. For an example, one time, Steph wanted you to come with her to spend a quality time watching her favorite shoe but then Cassandra spotted you and asked if you wanted to help her with her training, you wanted to do both. When you took your time to think about it, they would argue.
Barbara then came to the rescue, separating both girls and came with her suggestion which was watching two episodes of Steph's show and helped Cass with her training for one and a half hour. Barbara would tell you to make a quick decision for your own sake instead of staying silent, she was like a second mother really. You loved them all.

You trusted them yet you couldn't bring yourself to tell them that the other students at the school were treating you like you were a punching bag.

When your mother told you that she allowed you to finally go to school you couldn't stop bouncing. Your former parents never allowed you to go to school, let alone study, you always hid your books and papers under the bed. One time when they found out you were learning to count they yelled at you.

Yes, you still loved and excited at the thought school but the way others treated you were too much to bear, it reminded you of your constant abuse at your old house. You still remembered that your mother wanted you to tell her everything about your problems, you just couldn't bring yourself to do it.

You didn't want to burden them. To annoy them with your constant problem, so you stayed silent.

And this morning you tried to avoid as much problem as possible.

You failed.

You were walking to your locker to get the poetry book Jason just gave you the other night, as you reached for the lock your wrist was harshly grabbed, without turning around you knew who they were. Yes, they. There was more than one kid that messed with you. They were your seniors. You hated them, they reminded you of those people you used to call your parents.

"Mute kid." The voice you wanted to hear the least echoed in your ear.

They didn't say anything else but started beating you up as they ranted about their bad day, about that one teacher that always told them to do their homework, how they wanted to plot a revenge against that old man. They didn't stop, feet kicked your ribs, your wrists if not broken, crooked.

Even though Damian did teach you the basic to fight, you still couldn't bring yourself to fight back. You didn't want to misbehave.

"Aren't you going to scream for help?" One of them asked, harshly putting his dirty, shoe-clad feet on your cheek, "oh wait, I forgot! You can't talk!"

His words emitted a booming laughter from the group.

Your body was already numb, you couldn't move a muscle even if you did you were sure you wouldn't dare to move anyway, they would beat you up again.

The only thing you did was whimpering in pain, tears pricking in your eyes, thus only egging them on until you fell silent.

"I think we went too far." A girl whispered to the others, you heard their distinct conversation before finally blacking out.

**

At the manor, the brothers received a call from your school. Tim was the one who picked up the
phone since he was the closest. His eyes widening in pure horror.

"What happened, Drake?" Damian was the first to ask as soon as Tim roughly placed the phone back with a loud clack.

"Bad. Hospital, now!" Tim didn't waste any time, grabbing his key and slung his bag before rushing out to get to his bike, the other boys following. They didn't use the car because it took too long to their liking, especially in this kind of emergency.

When Tim acts before thinking then something bad must've happened, they knew, Tim tends to plan everything before acts it out.

The hospital hall was crowded as soon as they got in, those boys were magnets for males and females, nobody could resist their attractiveness. A lot of girls were squealing, some trying to approach them only to get ignored as they rushed straight to the room you were in.

Did the nurses gawk at them too? Yes.

Did they care? No.

"Our sister?" The boys asked simultaneously.

One of the nurses opened the curtain, showing your badly bandaged body laying limp on the bed. You were almost covered in bandages. They could see your bruised cheek, ripped lips and a black eye, an infusion pump was attached to your wrist.

They scamper over to your bed, a mixture of worry and guilt adorning their faces as they waited for you to wake up.

"Who could've done this?" The eldest son asked nobody in particular as he brushed your messy hair back carefully with his fingers.

"Found them." Said Tim not too long after, he already brought his laptop out. He must've thought about looking it up as soon as he saw you.

They peered over Tim's shoulders as Tim showed them various of clips he got from hacking through the school's security. All of them were about the same thing, you getting beaten up, at first they didn't touch you then it escalated to a relentless beating.

Jason's fists clenched, "oh fuck no, they didn't just treat my sis like a damn punching bag." He hissed through gritted teeth, anger bubbling up within him.

"We have to confront them," Damian suggested.

"I say we talk to their parents," Dick added.

"To the principal." Tim continued.

"Sorry softies, I have to go with the Demon's plan." Jason crossed his arms, already sticking up with the idea of beating the shit out of those knuckleheads.

"Tell mom." As soon as the words fell from Dick's lips they immediately fumbled with their phones, Tim's call was the one that your mother picked up first before Tim put it on speaker.

"Tim? What's wrong?" Your mother automatically questioned.
"Something really bad happened at school," Jason answered for them.

"Is your sister okay!?" Her voice raised an octave, a distant ruffling was heard and a dull thud.

"She's unconscious." Damian's green eyes glanced at you for a moment, "what should we do?"

She didn't answer though, more ruffling, thumping before a loud bang following after then a short shuffling.

The boys quirked their eyebrows as they looked at each other with the same questioning expression.

A familiar grunt was heard, "what did you boys say? She pushed me to the floor then went out without telling me." Bruce's voice replaced her.

"What were you doing?" Dick questioned.

"What did you boys say?" Bruce avoided the question.

The boys explained to him, short and straight to the point yet didn't leave any small details. They heard Bruce's frustrated and angered groan before ending the call without saying anything else.

Just before they could complain, your soft noise in pain gained their attention back. Your eyes slowly flutter open, your right eye only could open slightly, it was hurting you.

You only saw their blurry figures but you could tell that they were worried, so worried. You tried your best to fist your hand, bringing it up to your chest before making circular motions over your chest.

"Sorry ."

"What for?" Dick whispered his question to you.

You couldn't bring yourself to answer, not even with the sign language. You were silent again, eyes staring at the ceiling. You were so tired.

Your brothers didn't need an answer, they knew what you meant and they told you not to be sorry about it, they understood.

"We told mother," Damian informed you causing you to sharply turn your head to the side, eyes wide as you thought for the worst. Your mother wouldn't just sit around doing nothing, you know, everybody in the manor knew.

She would stomp her way to the school, getting the names of the kids that beat you up within minutes, getting them out of their classes and went to each of their houses, giving their parents a promise instead of a thread. A promise that would make their families suffer for years.

You shuddered at the thought, her wrath was the lasting you wanted.

"Mother won't be mad at you," Damian assured you as he sat on a chair.

"No, she probably wants you to be more open though," Tim spoke up, stuffing his laptop back into his bag.

Your hand shifted as you gathered enough energy to talk.
"What about you guys?"

"We'll beat the crap out of them and follow you everywhere." Jason nonchalantly answered, his arms were still crossed over his chest while his back leaned against the wall.

You frowned, giving him the 'are you serious' look.

"Nope, we'll just put hidden cameras in your stuff."

Anybody would've thought Dick was joking. He didn't.

You were sure as hell would check everything in your room if they were camera free as soon as you got out of the hospital.
In Jason's eyes, you were the most careless, happy, innocent, and excited girl he'd ever met. You were like the female version of Dick Grayson, hell, you were his tail. Wherever he went you would be there, your cheerful upbringing fits Dick's.

At first, he was so annoyed by you, he didn't say it out loud though. But he would constantly snap at you if you did something that he thought was so annoying.

"Don't touch it." Jason slapped your hand away from one of his book he just cleaned.

You stared at him for a second as you retreated your hand, "why not?" You would ask.

"I just cleaned it." He clicked his tongue, acting like he was pissed and not giving a fuck at all.

Truth to be told; he felt bad, he felt very -- very bad.

A flash of hurt would twinkle in your eyes then disappeared just as fast. You always masked it with a smile thus cause a pang in his chest, a tight, uncomfortable feeling.

He was aware that most---every child Bruce adopted had troubles with their childhoods, were an orphan, and much, much more. Maybe that was why he felt bad? Because he knew you had problems and tried to hide it?

No.

He liked you.

He saw you more than a sister, he didn't hate you, he always believed he did. He wouldn't admit it.
You were his sister for heaven's sake! It felt so wrong. He didn't care if you aren't his real sister. It was still wrong.

Besides, he believed he was too broken for you, too messed up, too fucked up to feel an affection, to feel love, to feel.

He was not good enough to deserve your love, to deserve you.

Jason would push you away, either it would just ignoring you, not coming anywhere if you were also coming or get out of a room if you were there.

He did everything until he believed you'd hate him and finally distant yourself from him.

Then one day everybody left the manor, Dick went to Blüdhaven for god knows what. Bruce, Alfred, Tim, Damian, Steph, and Cass also went to a trip Jason too lazy to join in which left you and him alone.

In the manor. Alone. For a week.

Just the two of you.

It was awkward, to say the least, he had no choice but talk to you when he walked in a room where you were at. The worst was at night. Bruce told him to do the field work meanwhile you stayed in the cave, monitoring the town through the screen.

None of you did the talk when you did it was only because something important happened. He was grateful you didn't bring up anything about him avoiding you. Everything went smoothly.

When he was back, you weren't in the cave anymore. That was it, his plan worked. You hated him now, you avoided him too. Yet why couldn't he be relieved? Why did his chest tightening, even more, it makes him hard to breathe?

An exasperated sigh escaped his dry lips as he made his way to his room and call it a day, get some shut-eye as long as he wanted. He passed your room, then stop. He could've sworn he heard a faint moaning from inside.

No fucking way.

You were too good, too naïve to do that, weren't you?

He was tempted to eavesdrop, he wanted to get closer to the door and peek through the keyhole but decided against it until he heard you moaned his name. He was hard within seconds, all rational thinking, be damned.

He quietly walked closer to the door, kneeling down before peering into the room with an eye through the keyhole.

God, it was so wrong, he was such a pervert for doing this. Jason wasn't exactly the type who would do such a thing, he would just barge into the room and fuck you silly instead of being pathetic and watched you get yourself off with your own hands as he did himself.

Jason's hand slipped into his boxers after he unbuckled the belt and loosen his pants. He wrapped his large hand around his stiff cock, rubbing his tip gently with his thumb as he watched you laying half naked in bed, rubbing your clitoris. You were taking your time and so did he.
You then used your middle and index fingers to massage your labia up and down, teasing your sensitive nub every now and then, getting yourself wetter with every movement. Then you lubed your fingers with your slick before pushing them inside with ease. You bit your lip, holding back a sharp gasp.

Jason's oh-so-imaginative brain gave him an image that your fingers were his as he slowly stroke himself, he imagined that he was there as he fucked you with his thick and calloused fingers, rubbing your walls with his fingertips as he bent down to take one of your hard nipples into his mouth. Sucking with such fervor that got you writhe because of him.

"Jason." You breathed out as you fingered yourself causing his dick throbbed, your hand moved faster to get your release that was drawing near.

He did the same, he picked up his pace.

"Jay---mph!" He watched your back arched off the bed as you came, your other hand was still rubbing on your clit slowly prolong your orgasm.

His hand became rougher as he fell over the edge, his jaw slacked, letting a silent groan to escape his lips while he came into his hand.

He was breathing heavily, withdrawing his cum covered hand from his pants. He stared at it with disgust, standing up to walk back into his bedroom to clean himself up.

He still couldn't get the image of you being so lewd out of his mind, he stretched his arm to stare at the hand he used to jack himself off with a frown as the other was tucked underneath his head.

"Disgusting." He said to himself before shutting his eyes.

The next morning was hard, hard not to look at you. Luck was not on his side, he wanted to get breakfast a bit later to avoid you again but you beat him up to it first, you were also there making some pancakes.

You were wearing a low cut, spaghetti-strapped silk tank top that hung on your body loosely. He couldn't stop his eyes from roaming down to your shorts. A pair of cute, lace shorts that if you bent down they would give him a good look of your perfect ass.

Shaking his head, he lazily walked over to the fridge.

"Morning." You greeted, he could hear the smile in your voice.

How could you do this to him after what happened last night, how could you act so nonchalantly around him, how could you wear that kind of clothing in front of him.

"Mornin'." He grouched back, grabbing a bottle of cold water. He opened the cap before taking a few gulps. He usually prefers a cup of bitter coffee but you were there near the coffee maker.

"You want some pancakes?" You asked kindly, placing the last piece of pancake onto the plate before turning the heat and turned around. "I made enough for the two of us!"

He made a mistake by looking back at you.

He could see your nipples poking through the silk, clearly begging for his attention, your breasts were barely covered by how low the neckline was.
Fuck, girls and their 'no bra at home' rules.

"No." He answered after some silence, his eyes went back up to look at yours. "I want you." He blurted out and before he could even register what he said, he already stalked towards you.

You blinked, "Um, Jay?" You slowly backed away. Of course, the most cliché thing just had to happen. Your back hit the edge of the marble counter as Jason finally inches from you. "Jason?"

"I heard you last night." His voice dropped an octave, his eyes were dark with lust. Hiding all the love underneath.

You saw it, even though just barely.

"I heard you moaning my name as you fingered yourself, I watched you," he practically growled, his hands rested on the edge of the counter, trapping you in between his strong arms. "Do you always get off at the thought of me, your brother, fucking you?"

You had to bit you inner cheek to stop yourself from whimpering, you thought he couldn't be hotter but he did, his voice had a bite to it and sent a tingling feeling in your stomach that went down to your sex. You were sure you were wetting your panties with your juices right now.

"Do you?" He pushed when he got no response from you.

You only responded with a curt nod. You couldn't find any coherent wording to answer him, you felt intimidated in a good way. A very good way.

Jason crashed his chapped lips to yours roughly, he didn't care if it was wrong or if someone would judge him. Fuck it, you weren't blood-related to him anyway, you were only his sister because it was formally written on a paper.

His hand moved to cup your breast through the silky material of your tank top, he grazed his nails over your nipple gingerly earning a gasp from you. As your lips parted, he took the chance to slip his pink muscle into your mouth, touching every nook and cranny of your mouth with his talented tongue.

He also didn't care if you don't like him back, he didn't care if you only want him just for sex. All he wanted was to touch you, to feel your skin against his, to make you feel good.

He could feel your tongue moved against his as he pinched and pulled your nipple before letting his hand traveled down again, into your shorts.

You were soaking wet, your panties were damp causing them to stick onto your mound.

"So wet." He hummed against your lips.

"Fuck me, Jay." You whimpered pathetically, hands gripping onto his shirt, already giving yourself up to him as your eyes bore into his beautiful, lust-blown eyes. "I've been wanting you so bad ever since you helped me with my training, at first I only imagined you holding my hand or just cuddle with me when we're watching, like some siblings would, then it changed into something more. I want you to touch me in ways siblings won't, I want you to kiss my lips instead of my cheek or forehead."

Jason was taken aback by your sudden outburst. Yes, you were so naïve, so innocent. His insecurities bubbling back up again.
"When you ignored me it hurts, I thought you hate me. Do you hate me?"

He leaned back closer to you, pulling you into another kiss. A gentler and passionate kiss. "No."
He responded, suddenly feeling stupid for letting his insecurities got in the way and unintentionally hurt you.

Your smile made his heart swell, "you may continue."

Giving your lips a gentle peck, he sneaked his hands into your tank top, finding your soft breasts as you get your own hands to take the offending fabric off your body.

Jason played with your nipples before bringing one into his warm mouth, sucking and licking eagerly, letting out everything that he had been hiding for months while he also draws pleased noises from your lips. He moved to your other breast, giving it the same treatment before slowly kneeling down as he trailed kisses down your abdomen.

He stopped when he reached the waistband of your shorts, he glanced back up to seek for your permission. When you nod, he pulled them down slowly, watching a thin string of your slick connecting your pussy and your panties.

"Part your legs doll." And you did.

Bringing his face close to your dripping cunt, he licked a broad stripe up to your clit, closing his lips around the nub before giving a gentle suck.

Your head lolled back, hands reaching down to grip onto his dark locks, lips parted as a shaky moan fell from them. "Oh, yes." You hissed as he prodded your entrance with the tip of his tongue, just barely slipping in, his thumb replacing his tongue, rubbing harsh circles around it.

He was so much better than your fantasies like you were to him.

When his tongue slipped in, you began to roll your hips. He still saw you as innocent even in times like this, you were still naïve no matter how lewd you looked like.

The tip of his nose would occasionally touch your clit every time you grind down on his face. It felt good, too good. You felt the familiar coil in your stomach like you would feel when you touched yourself, but now it was different. More intense.

"So close." You whimper, your walls started to throb.

He stopped and you almost regret telling him that. He stood up from his kneeling position, he took off his pants, his erection sprang out proudly. Precum leaking out of his swollen tip, it looked so deliciously red like it was about to explode.

You subconsciously licked your lips, slick running down your thigh as you ogled his muscular figure. Those scars made him hotter than he already was.

"See something you like?" He asked as he lifted you up to sit on the counter.

You shivered when you felt the coldness of the marble as you watched Jason spread your thighs and settled himself between them before they wrapped themselves around his waist. "Yes." You answered.

Not wasting his time, he pushed himself into you as he pulled you back into a bruising kiss. Each of you kept each other's moans at bay. He loved the way you swallowed his cock to the hilt easily,
you were tight and warm.

Jason moved his hips, his pelvis hitting your swollen nub deliciously while his thighs slapped against your ass. Lewd noises filled the kitchen, your sighs and moans were turning him on even more.

With a hand, he lifted up your leg, thrusting his cock deeper into you. You almost stuck your tongue out when he repeatedly hit your g-spot.

You were chanting his name loudly between your moaning as he pushed himself down to your neck, grazing his teeth over your pulse point before nipping on your sensitive flesh.

It was so intense, it slowly dragging you closer to the edge. A few more of the deliciously long strokes of his cock in your pussy and his fingers tugging on your clit were the best feeling you'd ever felt, you could never do it just with your hands.

"Yes, yes, oh---Jason." You mewl.

Your walls clamp down around him tightly as you came around his dick. A long, breathy moan of his name fell from your lips as you gripped his shoulders. Your head fell back, showing the expanse of your throat to him which he gladly kissed before he released rope after rope of his cum inside of you with a loud grunt. It drew out your orgasm longer as his hips faltered and he let himself to rest his forehead on your shoulder.

"I don't care if you did this out of lust." You whispered breathlessly, still trying to catch your breath, your hand flies back to card through his sweaty hair. "I just want to be close to you."

Jason rose his head, looking at your passion wrecked figure, a soft smile on your lips.

And his.

"It's not out of lust." He muttered out before dryly chuckling to himself, "I also thought you only let me just out of lust."

You giggled at him, lightly kissing the tip of his nose, "so, what are we now? Because I am sure as heck can't see you as a brother anymore."

He only gave you a shrug, his hands that he didn't know had rested themselves on your waist stroke your skin up and down soothingly.

"We'll keep it a secret for now." He suggested.

You nod, "I love you, Jason."

"I love you too."
You were woken up by a feeling of something grinding briefly against your thigh, you slowly opened your tired eyes as your ear caught a low grunt from behind you causing you to turn around, facing your still sleeping husband.

Usually, Bruce had this peaceful look on his face but now you couldn't find it. That didn't mean his current look was a look of distress.

This bulky man was horny.

Though you couldn't really tell if he was really horny or it was just his morning wood, then again you and him hadn't spent any quality time together. He was busy being Batman while you, being a good wife that you were, you helped Alfred at home. Either it was doing chores or just helping him with patching the kids.

The tent in his pants looked painful, you could practically see it throb beneath all of those fabrics. Your eyes flickered towards your husband again, he still had his eyes closed.

An idea popped in your head as you smirked, might as well wake him up with a little surprise.

You sat up, your hand reached for his bulge, massaging him through the fabric while you settled yourself between his muscular thigh before you bent down and gently nibble on his cock through the fabric.

Bruce's leg shifted, a small grunt fell from his lips as you pulled his pants down along with his boxers, just as you thought he was horny. His cock sprang out, slapping his abs with precum coming out of it's slit.

You didn't know why, but doing something like this felt like you were raping him. You chuckled at the thought before sticking your tongue out and licked his tip, tasting the bitter tasted liquid on your tongue.

Wanting to emit more reaction from him, you engulfed his throbbing length into your hot mouth, swirling over the swollen head with your tongue before taking him further until you felt the tip hit your throat, you were used to it so you had no problem with it. Your hand found his balls, toying with them as you slowly bobbed your head along his length as the other went down, rubbing yourself through your panties.
Bruce let out a low, involuntary moan as he finally woke up. His sleepy blue eyes darted down and met yours who had been gazing at him the whole time as you hollowed your cheeks drawing another grunt from the dark haired man.

"Mowing." You greeted him cheekily, mouth full of his cock.

The sight of you caused Bruce became aroused in an instant, if he wasn't before then he is now, the sleepiness was gone. His large hand reached for your messy locks, gathering them in his fist so he could see his length disappear into your lewd mouth clearly.

"I honestly expecting you to wake me up with a kiss." He smirked, moving his hips slightly in rhythm with your head.

His dick throbbed in your mouth, he was close. Of course, you didn't let him cum just like that, you pulled him out of your mouth and crawled on top of him, straddling him.

Bruce had to bit back a low growl from the loss of warmth, precum leaking out of his slit, mixing with your saliva. He felt you wrapped your hand around his shaft, guiding it to your dripping entrance after you discarded your wet panties.

"But this is better, don't you think?" You batted your eyelashes at him playfully, moaning softly when you rubbed your damp slit along his length, coating him with your juices, "you were grinding against me in your sleep, so I thought I'll help." You breathed out as you finally guide him inside you.

The both of you let out a noise in pleasure, the feeling of your tight walls around him was making him lightheaded. His hands flew onto your hips, assisting you as you bounced on top of him while yours were resting on his strong chest to keep you straight. His thickness stretched your walls with each movement, he then pushed himself up as you moved your hands to grip on his shoulders.

You whined out his name when he captured one of your hard nipples into his mouth, rolling the sensitive bud with the tip of his tongue as you grind against him. Your clit was rubbing against his pelvis, doubling up the pleasure for you.

Bruce trailed his lips up your neck, leaving faint red marks on your skin as he did so, he was careful since you told him you didn't want too visible hickeys because the kids will notice. He then bucked his hips up, hitting your g-spot making you threw your head back as you dug your nails into his shoulders. He felt you tighten around him, a groan rumbled in his throat as he picked up his pace.

He flipped you over somehow without pulling out, a hand rested by your head while the other slung your leg over his shoulder as he pounded into you deeper, abusing your g-spot.

You had tears of pleasure brimming in your eyes, each thrusts were pushing you forcefully over the edge. You stared into his eyes as he leant down, pressing his forehead against yours, leaving small kisses on your lips to keep your moans and whimpers at bay. You loved it when he was being gentle and a little rough at the same time even though it was just a quickie in the morning, you never knew it was possible until you met him.

A faint smile making it's way across your parted lips, arms went around his neck to pull him closer.

"I'm going to cum." You gasped out feeling a familiar tightness within your stomach, keeping the eye contact between the two of you as your hips began moving on their own.

Bruce gave a curt nod, his hand that was holding your thigh moved between your conjoined bodies, reaching down until his fingers found your clit, stroking it between his fingers, helping you reach
your release.

But of course, just as you were about to someone barged into your room.

"Ma, breakfast is ready----MY EYES!" Tim screeched.

The poor boy was told to wake you up, he was still in his pyjamas you bought for him on his birthday. Tim's hands slapped across his eyes as you and Bruce covered your bodies with the blanket after Bruce rolled off of you.

"Tim!? Oh dear," your face was red in embarrassment, another figure came up behind him then followed by two more. You were ashamed, yes, but mostly you felt bad because he had to see his adoptive parents doing it.

"You're not supposed to do it in the morning!" Tim scolded you, still covering his eyes.

Dick poked his head, a giant grin upon his face. "Ohoho, seems like we'll be having a new family member in nine months!"

Your son's words were only making you blush harder, it felt like you were about to explode. You hid half of your beet-red face with a pillow, anxiously staring at the boys who were standing in the doorway. Bruce, on the other hand, looked amused though there was a hint of pink across his cheeks.

You are supposed to leave, damn it! You huffed internally.

"Oh, Bruce!" Jason imitated you poorly, a smirk on his face. Of course he wouldn't miss the chance to tease the hell out of you. "Was he good?" He wiggled his eyebrows.

"Jason." Bruce warned.

"What? I'm actually expecting you to have a back pain." Jason snickered.

"This is unbelievable." Your youngest son, Damian, stared at you with his arms crossed over his chest wearing a blank expression. "Inappropriate."

You slapped your palm onto your forehead, "you are supposed to knock!" You fought back, glaring at each of them.

"But still! You don't do it in the morning! I'm scarred. For. Life." Tim then left the room, rubbing his eyes as if it was going to erase everything.

"You disgust me father, you are not allowed to be near mother anymore or I will never be able to look at you the same way again." Damian shook his head before following Tim.

"Wear your Batman suit next time." Jason laughed, he dragged Dick, who was still rambling about you having a big tummy with a little fetus inside it, along with him away from your room before closing the door.

You and your husband sat in silence, looking at each other as you chuckled awkwardly.

"Starving to death sounds so good right now." You joked, face still red yet not as bad. You were still embarrassed, not knowing how to face the kids after this, obviously none of them were going to stay silent and eventually would blurt it out to the girls as well.

Bruce scoffed out a laugh, "then, why don't we spend the day giving them what they want?"
You raised your eyebrow at him, wiping some sweat off above his eyebrow with your thumb gently. "What they want?"

"A new sibling."

You blinked, "but Bruce I'm not feeling it anymore--mph!" Bruce cut you off by kissing you deeply, his rough hand found your breast, fondling it as you squirmed.

"I'll make you." He lowly whispered against your lips.

Needless to say, the both of you didn't come out of your room until afternoon. Earning more teasing from the oldest boys and they will never let it die.
so close yet so far

Chapter Summary

Lmao, another Bruce Wayne. Sorry. I know I'm late with this one but the fact Bruce proposed to Selina still makes my heart confused so here u go, the result of the weird feeling in mah chest.

Chapter Notes

Warning(s): Heartbreak? Angst?

When you heard the news you didn't know how to react, both Bruce and Selina were your closest friends, you love the both of them but the thing for Bruce was---more than just a friend. You had been close with the both of them, when they fight you were always neutral, never picked a side.

Here you were, taking care of the boys when Alfred announced that Selina said yes to him. You didn't even know he was proposing, you knew they would flirt from time to time but you always thought it was just a harmless flirting, you always teased them about it.

Your heart shattered into pieces but, on the other hand, you were happy for them. It confuses you, the tight feeling in your chest was killing you, it felt like it was trying to stop your heart but kept it thumping at the same time.

"Are you alright?" Damian asked you, he was sitting on your lap, his green eyes were narrowed in concern.

You forced a smile on your face, pinching his cute, little cheek gently earning a pout from the youngest boy. "Why wouldn't I?" Ruffling his hair, you moved him off your lap.

Ace, the dog, as if sensing your complicatedly mixed feelings softly barks at you. He lifted two of his legs up, his paws nudging your hand in an attempt to cheer you up.

"As much as I want to play, I need to cook to celebrate." You scratched the dog behind his ears before leaving with Alfred to the kitchen, cooking a lot of food to surprise the new happy couple.

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You couldn't stop stealing glances at the two, they had their hands laced with each other's, you spotted the ring on Selina's finger. You wanted to whimper at the pain in your chest, it struck you like an arrow through your heart, you could practically felt it bleed.

Then again, deep down you were happy for them. Seeing them exchanging loving glances, they surely adored each other. You were smiling, though it was more like a sad one.

"(Y/n)?" Selina's voice interrupted your thought.
You hadn't realized you were poking your food with the fork in your hand. You gave her a sheepish grin, "I think I zoned out again."

She rolled her eyes playfully at you, she seemed to glow with happiness, your complete opposite. She looked prettier, her lips moved, indicating that she was talking to you. Probably scolding you for playing with your food.

That's right, that was the reason why Bruce fell for her.

She was a mature woman, she handled things like an adult would, she was a badass too. You remembered back then, she would tell you things about random guys confessing their love to her. She turned them down immediately in a polite manner.

You? Things you did was only taking care of Bruce's kids, spending most of your time with them as soon as you got home. You loved them like your own, they were so precious with their different personalities.

"Are you alright?" Bruce repeated the same question his son asked you 6 hours ago, his hand was settling on your shoulder in a friendly gesture.

Thus caused you to wonder, would it be different if he touched Selina in the exact same way? You could imagine his touch would be hundred times more gentle and warm.

So close yet so far.

"I'm alright, I just don't feel good." You lied smoothly, putting down the fork before you stood up. "I think I will go home, congrats you two."

You were hesitant, debating with yourself if you should hug them or not, then again if you don't they would be suspicious. So, you hugged them, trying to keep it natural before leaving the dining room after saying your goodbyes to the boys.

You drove back to your home, tears streaming down your face. You didn't bother to wipe them, you let them fall freely from your eyes, ruining your makeup, the salty tears slipped into your lips.

Your phone vibrated as you parked your car in your garage, you unlocked it. Bruce's name popped on your screen, he texted you if you're alright and you should rest more.

He truly cares about you.

He visited you with his fiancée, showing their happy faces when you told him you couldn't come to his house for a while, you told him you were still sick then he decided that he would come over instead.

He was so close, he was within your arms reach.

But not his heart.

It felt like he wasn't there.

He was so close yet so far.
How long has it been since you saw the two? Three months?

Could be, you've been avoiding them five days after their engagement.

You were lying down on the couch, staring up at your book absentmindedly. You were distracting yourself by reading but you just couldn't bring your mind to focus on the book, let alone the words. They looked like they were scrambled, not forming any sentences, just alphabets placed randomly.

Your phone went off, moving little by little as it vibrated on the glass coffee table. You lazily reached over for it, bringing it in front of your face after you put down your book.

You squinted as you tried to read the caller's name.

Selina.

You felt the pain you had buried deep down emerged, your heart that was healing slowly shattered back like a fragile glass. You let the phone rang throughout your empty living room as you contemplated on picking up the call or not.

Your thumb pressed the green button, you cursed yourself for it. You weren't ready, not yet, not now. Hesitantly, you pressed the phone against your ear.

"Hello, woman!" You tried to be cheerful, your voice was a little too high pitched.

"Where have you been?!" Selina practically screeched when she heard your voice yet relieved to know you were fine.

You chuckled softly, it had been pretty damn long since you laughed genuinely, since the accident that broke your heart you always force yourself to laugh, it was great to hear her voice again.

"At home, doing my work, why?"
"Me and Bruce tried to contact you but we couldn't reach you! I thought you were dead." Selina sighed into her phone, she sounded stressed out, you could tell. Exhaustion was coating her voice.

"What's wrong?"

"I'll come over." She then hung up.

**

Selina sat across you, a cup of tea in her hands as she slowly took a few sips, careful with the hot liquid. Her shoulders slowly relaxed.

"What do you want to talk about?" You asked, chewing on the cake she bought for you. It was delicious, she always knew what you like and don't.

A soft sigh left her red lips before she pursed them, lowering the antique cup you owned for generations to her lap, one of her palm settled beneath it. She was gorgeous. "About Bruce."

There it was, the ache, it came back. Though it wasn't as bad, it still hurts.

"What about him?" You spilled another question out of curiosity, your grip on the cup tightened. It didn't go unnoticed by the dark-haired female.

Selina explained what happened between the two of them, she told you how distant Bruce becomes ever since you suddenly fading away from their lives.

Yes, apparently, they noticed that you were avoiding them.

At first, she thought nothing of it, she was also busy with her own business to notice. She then chuckled, explaining that it would be different if it was you, you were sensitive to your surrounding, it was proven by your behavior towards Bruce's kids. They loved you to bits.

Both girls and boys.

When Selina ran her fingers through her soft hair, you noticed that her ring was gone.

"Your ring! Where is it?" You leaned forward, taking her hand in yours as you examined it. Looking for any trace of the ring only finding a faint mark. She hadn't worn it that long yet so it barely left anything behind.

"I took it off, like Bruce." She shrugged.

You frowned deeply, "why?" It wasn't wrong for you to ask, they were so happy when they were just engaged, hands holding onto each other's the entire time. Almost like they were glued.

"We aren't meant for each other, we're too serious, too busy with our businesses to be lovey-dovey." She answered, a smile creeping up on her beautiful face, "I saw how you look at him."

It almost felt like your heart about to burst out of your chest, you almost panicked. Does she know? You wondered to yourself.

Selina took your silence as a chance to continue, "come on, dear, it's too obvious. Besides," she leaned closer to you, hands supporting her weight on the coffee table, "I think he was meant for you."

"What?!" You shrieked, your face flushed red. All your pain suddenly forgotten because of her
teasing, it reminded you of the good old days.

Roaring with laughter, she sat back down, covering her mouth with the back of her hand. "I'm serious, he likes you too you know."

"But, he was happy with you."

"Yes, just a momentary happiness. When you stop visiting the manor he was grumpier than ever!" Her arms extended forward, her encouraging hands squeezing your shoulders as a determined smirk spread across her face. "Go get him, tiger."

"You?" She stared at you with a confused expression, you then cleared your throat, "what about you?"

"Pssh, someone I've been chasing who's finally noticed me." She winked before standing up with you, ready to leave the house until a few knocks stopped you.

Glancing at your friend, you walked over to the front door. Your eyebrows lifted up when your eyes landed on Bruce's muscular figure, standing there in front of your door.

Bruce saw his ex-fiancée from the door, he gave her a small nod and she smirked as a reply.

She had been planning it from the start, she sensed the tension between the two of you every time you were with her, your shy glances at Bruce and how Bruce affectionately ruffled your hair when he caught you staring at him, she knew that Bruce loved you most but never really admitted it until last night when she and him had a small talk hoping it would give them a way to solve their problem.

No, they hadn't done anything yet. They didn't even sleep in the same bed. They would if their engagement lasted longer.

Sauntering towards the door, she passed Bruce. She looked over her shoulder, the smirk still plastered on her face.

"You better take care of my friend or I'll rip your heart out, Mr. Wayne."
I decided to end it with the cheesy 'what are feelings' XD

Living a normal human life was overwhelming, in a good way. You enjoyed your current life but at times you would miss those who helped you grew up and made you who you are now, you became a hero, you had a name and your abilities were used for good purposes. There was one thing you didn’t understand though.

Your own feelings.

Nobody in your pack explained what feelings are, why does it exist. You were taught to act on instinct so when you felt a sudden attraction towards Damian, you thought it was just an instinct.

An instinct for you to get closer, protect him from harm, make him laugh.

Basically, it was, you didn’t know. The first person you asked was Garfield, seeing he was also a part animal(s) and he could understand you, you decided to ask him. He was also confused, he couldn’t explain it to you. He tried though but it ended making you more confused than ever.

“It’s uh, things that make you…human?” His words came out as another question, he knew what feelings are but he didn’t know how to put them into words. The answer was there in a form of a lump in his throat, he tried to get it out but he couldn’t and swallowed it back in. “Why did you ask?”

You looked into his green eyes, your head tilted to the side slightly, gaze still questioning.

“I don’t know,” you replied, bringing your knees up to your chest, wrapping your thinly muscular arms around them. “It’s Damian.”

“What about him?”

Resting your chin in the gap of your knees, you stared at the wall across the room, trying to form the right words by asking yourself the same question; *what about him? What do I think about him?*

“I’ve been wanting to be so close to him, I don’t get it, I’m already close to him. I want to stay by his side, hold his hand, lick his face—”

“Lick his face?” Garfield wheezed out a laugh, cocking his eyebrow at you amusedly.

“With my lips.” You pointed at your lips casually as you glanced at the green-skinned boy.

“Kiss?” He guessed.

“Kiss.” You nodded, a smile forming on your face, eyes flickered back towards the earlier wall that suddenly became interesting. “When I am near him, my face grows hot and red like a tomato, my heart races in my chest. When I see him smile, even though just faintly, it makes me feel beyond happy.” You started to ramble out, slowly, passionately, pouring everything in your heart to
words while Garfield watches you, eyes filled with interest.

“Do you like him?”

His words caught your attention and you shifted on the couch, lowering your legs, away from your chest. Bare feet settled on the carpeted floor. “Like? But I like everybody.” You argued.

“No, not that like.” Garfield shook his head, catching you tilting your head again in utter curiosity, “like as in wanting someone to be more than just friends.”

“Like, a mate?”

“Close enough, we humans call it dating.” He looked at you, a proud grin spreading across his face, he gained a little confidence it felt like he was explaining things to a younger sibling. He kind of knew where to go from here, “if you tell him you like him and he likes you back then you can be his girlfriend as he is your boyfriend.”

His explanation caused your face to lit up, your eyes twinkling with something he couldn’t recognize. Happiness? Excitement? He didn’t know but he still could see the slight confusion in them.

“What if he doesn’t like me back?”

The grin fell from his face, he visibly took a deep breath and exhaled sharply, “that’s the risk, if he doesn’t your friendship can be awkward.”

“Oh.” You muttered sadly, taking a pillow and placed it on your lap. You were thinking to tell Damian about how you feel but after hearing that it could risk your friendship, you push those thoughts aside. You didn’t want Damian to avoid you or worse, hate you for it so you decided to keep it to yourself…and Garfield.

“Sorry, (Y/N).”

Silence filled the room as the both of you sat on the plush couch, the TV wasn’t turned on, most members were outside or in their respective rooms. Even with the silence and your sharp hearings, you didn’t hear the door slid open and footsteps drawing near. A hand landed on your shoulder making you jump in surprise.

“Damian!” You gasp, looking up at him with wide eyes, cheeks flushed red and your heart raced just like you had described to Garfield earlier.

“I’ve been looking for you.” The dark haired male sighed, barely casting an eye over you to Garfield and frowned slightly, inwardly grateful nobody noticed. “What were you two talking about?”

“Nothing!” Garfield stood up, scratching the back of his head nervously before stumbling towards the door, feeling a little intimidated under Damian’s gaze. “I’ll see you later!” And with that, he left the room.

“Ah! Bee-bee!” You exclaimed but you were too late, the said boy had disappeared behind the closed door.

Damian frown deepened as he finally took a seat by your side, keeping a little bit of space between the two of you. He saw you fidgeting in the corner of his eye. Softly, he sighed and leaned into the backrest of the couch.
“I won’t hurt you.”

“I know, you never do.” You responded, you didn’t dare to turn your head towards him. You were hiding your red face by burying it in the pillow.

Another silence surrounded you, your lips parted against the pillow, attempting to talk, to say a word or anything. You wanted to talk to him like you always do, engaging a conversation, this was too awkward even for you.

You heard Damian scoffed thus made you tense, did you do something wrong? Did he hate you now for not talking? Did he---

“I can sense your distress you know,” he shattered the silence, his hand found your head, gently patting it in a hope that it would make you relax. He found it weird because you were always so free around him. When you lifted your head off the pillow, you caught him staring at you. “Are you sick?”

You shook your head, muffling out, “no, I’m alright.”

“I like you.” Damian blurted out.

You raised your head, mouth slightly ajar as you gazed up at him with a shocked expression. Damian took your surprise as you didn’t understand what he meant, he was partly right. You didn’t, Garfield told you there were two types of like and you assumed that it was in a friendly way, him telling you that he grew fond of you. He never said that, not in words but in his actions. His gentleness towards you.

“More than a friend ever would.” He added.

Your hands subconsciously flew over your stomach as you felt it flutter, you had read some books that when someone confessed, the person they confessed to would feel something in their stomach like you did. Your heart also thumped in your chest loudly, you could hear it in your ears yet you still could hear Damian’s words.

“I know you don’t understand and neither do I, I don’t know how this works but Dick told me to tell you.” He paused, scanning your face for some answers since your silence was making him a little anxious.

Your face then beamed with glee and relief, arms went around his torso, pulling him closer to you. A string of giggle escaped your lips, every bad thought about your friendship getting ruined was gone.

Damian, on the other hand, froze. He slowly wraps his arms around your smaller figure, he still wasn’t sure if this was a yes or you still didn’t understand so he decided to ask, “what is this means?”

“This means, I like you too.”
dominance || Jason Todd [NSFW]

Chapter Summary

Requested on Wattpad.

Chapter Notes

Prompt: Jason-role play, good guy jason, bad guy reader, handcuffs
Warning(s): NSFW, just, smut. PWP.

Jason didn't know how but as soon as he got back he was tackled to the ground by you, he fell down almost face first. His hands were pushed to his lower back as he felt a cold metal around his wrists and a soft click, his surprised blue eyes darted up to find your smirking face.

You and he had agreed to do a little roleplay a few nights before after you bought handcuffs online, the thing was who got handcuffed. None of you minded being a sub, especially you seeing you were mostly the sub and Jason was only a sub a few times, but that night the two of you had agreed to do a little harmless fight so it felt real.

Jason lost, who would've thought you started the game as soon as he got back from the manor?

"Lookie what we have here." You chuckled, turning him around so he laid on his back before straddling his torso as your fingers gripped his chin, harshly tilting his head up. "Mr. Goodie two shoes."

Jason furrowed his brows and gave you a dark glare, he did great at hiding the love he had for you beneath the look of hate he was giving you right now.

"What do you want? Didn't your parents teach you not to barge into someone's place?" He demanded and bared his teeth at you, quickly getting into character, his heart pumped with adrenaline, it felt exciting.

The same goes for you, dominating such strong man was more than arousing. You knew the handcuffs weren't enough to actually stop him, he could break free anytime he wanted to yet he didn't which made everything more exhilarating.

Clicking your tongue, you bent down, letting your noses touch and breath fanning each other's faces.

"Now, now," you shook your head, staring at him dead in the eye. "You're not in the right place to ask questions but I'll give you this, I have my eyes on you for awhile, then again, who can resist such ravishing look."

Jason growled in response as you got off of him and roughly pulled him up to his feet by his hair, his scalp stung slightly yet he made no reaction and got up. Your grip moved from his hair to the
collar of his shirt as you dragged him towards the red sofa before pushing him down.

Your hand cupped his cheek before moving down his neck, chest and stopped right above the waistband of his pants. He was already hard seeing you going all bad girl on him, you were usually this sweet girl that loved to pamper his face with tiny kisses and giggle adorably but not tonight. You felt his growing erection beneath your thigh causing you to smirk devilishly.

"Mm." You purred, kneeling his bulge through the fabric catching his eye to twitch and your smirk widened. You replaced your knee with your hand, palming his erection. "Love it rough I see."

"Shut up," he spat, keeping his expression as blank as he could, trying not to react with your touches that slowly getting rougher. Usually, he would turn the table, pinning you down the couch holding your wrists above your head and fuck you. He almost did.

The answer caused you to frown deeply, you sighed and reached into your pocket, pulling out a blindfold. "Now, be a good boy and do as I told, ya hear me?"

He didn't answer, you rolled your eyes and put the black fabric over his sharp blue eyes before pushing him down to lay on his back, making sure he was comfortable with the handcuffs against his lower back, his head resting on the arm of the couch.

You'd be lying if you said that he wasn't hot looking all submissive like that, his hair was disheveled because of your rough tugging, his lips were shut tight with his jaw clenching which you will loosen with your own, his hard chest pressing against his shirt.

God, this man.

You slung your leg over his hip, straddling him as you planted your hands on his hard abs to support your weight while you leaned down. Your lips brushing against his lightly, sticking your tongue out, you swipe it in between his lips trying to get him open up to you. He didn't but he loosens up slightly, you prod his lips with the tip of your tongue, slowly sliding it into his mouth as you kiss him.

Instead of slipping his shirt over his head and pull it off, you rip it, showing all of the hard muscles beneath and let your hands roam around his bare torso, grinding down your pelvis against his.

"Does this turns you on?" You lustfully whispered against his lips, taking his swollen bottom lip between your teeth.

Jason couldn't stop the groan from escaping his parted lips when you brushed your thumbs over his nipples, he couldn't see a thing which made him focus on feeling and hearing. He felt your lips went down his neck, nipping and sucking on his pulse emitting another groan from him, then down his chest, stomach, V lines leaving trails of love bites then stopped at the waistband of his pants. He wanted his cock to be freed, it was straining his pants and boxers painfully.

Sensing his distress, you pulled down his pants and boxers, freeing his throbbing length. You hiss at the sight, delicious precum dripping out of his slit. You licked the underside of his cock, up to the head, sucking off the precum as you hummed softly.

Jason almost bucked his hips up, he tugged on the handcuffs, he wanted to tangle his fingers in your soft locks as he pushed himself into your hot mouth. His cock throbbed because of his own imagination.

You only chuckled in response, crawling back up to kiss his lips giving him a little taste of himself. "What are you thinking about?" You smirk, stroking his length with your hand as the other
unbuttoned your flannel, revealing your bare breasts to the cold air and your nipples puckered in an instant.

You didn't even wait for an answer, you started to straddle his head after discarding your shorts and panties, taking off his blindfold wanting him to see how wet you already were even without him touching you. You parted your slick lips with your fingers, proudly showing the pink flesh at him.

"Stick your tongue out." Just like you predicted, he didn't budge. You reached your hand back, wrapping it back around his cock pumping him roughly. His lips parted ever so slightly and you took the chance to lower your dripping cunt down his mouth. "Oh, yes baby."

The tip of his nose was poking at your clit, adding the pleasure for you as you kept on stroking him, thumb swiping over the head, teasing his slit a couple of times. He groaned against your pussy, the vibration made you throw your head back in pleasure, letting out a breathy gasp and grind into his mouth harder as he started to use his skilled tongue, forcing you to climb over the edge at a breakneck speed.

You were supposed to be the dominant one but he always knew how to take control from you even when he was tied up. It was proven when he stopped eating you out, leaving you whining. You were so close, it almost felt like you were the sub once again.

Pushing yourself off his face, you sat on his lap, careful not to touch his shaft just to tease him. You helped him sat up, his arms must be hurting. Of course, you were still thinking about his comfort as much as you wanted to be rough, you couldn't.

Your eyes scanned his face for any sign of discomfort, finding none (and you biting back a smile or relief), you went back to your role or try to. Your juices were dripping down his chin, lips wet with your slick. You pressed your lips roughly to his, gladly licking every liquid off him while you teased yourself with the head of his hot shaft.

"Jay," you whispered in a moan, looking into his lust-filled blue eyes as your free hand went up to cup his cheek. "I can't keep this up."

"I know," Jason smirked, he knew you wouldn't last long dominating him. Hell, you were never the dominant one, he was. He controlled you from the start, you were already putty in his hand when you started stripping. His now free hands gripped your hips, he had managed to break the cuffs when you were too lost in pleasure.

He slammed your hips down, ramming his cock into your soaking core in one swift move, spreading your walls with his thickness causing you to cry out his name. Your hands clutching onto his shoulders.

"Your pussy is so tight." He hissed, snapping his hips against yours, the grip on your hips tightened, you could already feel bruises starting to form. You couldn't care less, you were too caught up with the pleasure, all you could muster were curses and mewl out his name.

Without you even realizing, you were cumming, squirting out your juices around him. Your body spasming yet Jason wasn't even close, he slowed down his pace as you clamped around him tightly as if trying to milk him. He prolonged your orgasm with slow and deep thrusts before finally pulling out, watching you tremble before him.

"On your knees." He patted your ass.
You obliged, shakily settling yourself on your hands and knees on the couch. Your hands were clutching onto the arm of the couch, your ass sticking up.

Jason stood on his knees, pushing his cock back into your oversensitive pussy as he bent down, his lips attaching to the crook of your neck his hot breath hitting your skin as he began to fuck the life out of you while you whine and moan. He wraps one of his arms around your quivering body, his hand found your breast, pinching and pulling your hard nipple emitting a squeal from you.

He drove you back towards the same ledge, your orgasm drawing near. "I'm going to cum again." You moaned loudly, turning your head to the side and connect your lips with his.

His dick throbbed inside of you, he braced his free hand on your hip, picking up his pace and slammed himself repeatedly into your as deep as he could. Hitting the sensitive spot within you repeatedly, "come on baby, cum for me. Let me feel you tighten around me again." He grunted against your lips.

You complied, exploding around him with a scream and him following after with a few more hard thrusts.

"Oh yes, (Y/N), just like that." He moans and stilled himself, spilling his load inside of you as you shook in delight, feeling your mixed juices dripping down your thigh, dirtying the couch. Neither of you cared, yet.

You collapsed onto the couch, panting, meanwhile, Jason kept himself up so he wouldn't crush you with his weight. He breathes through his mouth, trying to catch the breath he had lost as he sat himself down.

"I'm so sore." You rasped out, your eyes were already fluttered shut.

Jason chuckled in response, patting your ass gently. "Do you want to take a bath?"

"No, I want to get some shut-eye."

You felt yourself getting picked up, almost automatically, you snuggled against Jason's chest. A blissful smile gracing your beautiful features.

"Good night, doll."
"Come on, Batsy! Just enjoy the show!" Joker cackled, both of his hands were on his hips as he watched the fireworks exploded in an unused building, away from the main part of the town where nobody ever laid their feet on unless for testing things.

Mostly things that could explode or harm other people.

Joker, of course, insisted that he wanted to do it at the crowded part of the town so he could see the civilians screaming in terror, thinking that he was trying to kill them all with the Batman. But after a few punches to his face, he gave up and obliged Batman's wishes, though, on their way, Joker couldn't stop whining and begging for him to change his mind.

The answer obviously a stern NO from the bigger man. As if Batman going to let him destroy the town he loved the most.

They had been meeting each other for two nights, since the big fight with his wife. Batman was desperate, Batman was never desperate, there was no way he would tell his children. Especially the girls.

*Oh, heck no.*

Those three would make him sit on the couch like he was a bad little kid for hours, listening to their rant and scolding for hurting their mother figure, telling him he should *never* treat a woman who always put up with his bullshit for years like that.

It wasn't wrong, he admitted that. Thing was, his wife already made him sleep on the couch one day since their fight. When he came back home from his patrol that night, he found a pillow on the couch in their sitting room.

Curious, he decided to ask his wife as soon as he finished cleaning himself up. That was when he noticed *his* pillow was gone.

"(Y/n)?"

His wife only replied with an irritated grunt thus gave him the conclusion that she was still pissed. It usually takes her days to finally forgive him.

Heaving a sigh, he approached their bed, "where's my pillow?"

"On the couch." Her voice was groggy, she didn't even bother to turn around to meet his tired gaze.

"Why?"
"You're sleeping on the couch, Mr. Wayne," ouch, talk about holding a grudge, "I'm making you regret marrying me."

"You're being immature." The dark haired man stated bluntly, he was also tired so he wasn't really aware he had said those words until his wife turned her head around to glare at him. Her eyes were bloodshot red, tears streak on her cheek.

"Fuck you. Out."

He didn't move.

"Out. I say." she demanded as she started to sat up, "I don't care how handsome you are, I don't wanna see your face for now."

Bruce could smell a faint alcohol scent from her, that explained why she was being more emotional than usual. She probably drank and cried herself to sleep. If he didn't feel guilty then, he sure as hell does now, he did feel bad after he let the word 'regret' slip out of his mouth.

"Alright." He caves in, standing up before walking towards their door.

He heard faint shuffling from the bed but he didn't turn to check, as he about to step out of the room he felt something warm and soft bumped into his back. He looked over his shoulder to find the gorgeous woman he loves holding a thick blanket.

"Here, even though I'm mad I don't want you to get sick." She mumbled, shoving the blanket further towards him as he turned around, taking it from her arms.

"Thank you."

"Goodnight, Bruce." Was the words she said before closing the door, he could remember the faintest smile on her lips.

Bruce inwardly sighed, he totally deserved that. Sleeping on the couch. It wouldn't be so bad if those childish boys of his didn't laugh at him because of it, then again, he should've woke up earlier or maybe don't sleep at all.

Jason was the one who started the fire.

Duh.

Obviously.

"Ha, Batman's sleeping on the couch because his wife is mad." Jason snickered, a cup of black coffee in his hand as he passed the couch Bruce was sleeping on. Jason went off to look for the other boys who came not too long after.

Dick let out a full-blown laugh, he went as far as falling onto the floor as he laughed wholeheartedly. "How was it feels like? Getting kicked out?" He wheezed. "What did you do anyway? Using cheesy pick-up lines to get her forgive you?"

"Dick," Bruce warned, only to make his oldest son laugh more.

Damian held a satisfied smirk on his usual blank face, his arms crossed over his chest amusedly. "You deserved it, father." He obviously trying to bit back a laugh, failing after a few seconds.

Tim was leaning his arms over the backrest of the couch, looking down at his adopted father as he
let out the most shorter laugh of them all. "You need to stop it guys, I can see the smoke fuming above his head."

Bruce was a little pissed but he deserved it really.

Another loud bang brought him back to reality, along with Joker's crazy cackle. He inwardly groaned, rubbing the bridge of his nose over his cowl.

"How is this supposed to help?" He asked in his gruff voice, already exasperated at this point.

"I don't know," Joker replied, his eyes were still staring at the burning building before him. His thin figure was illuminated by the light from the fire, it kind of reminds him when he let a beaten up Jason to die because of his injuries and the explosion of his bomb. The thought makes him grin.

Bruce stayed silent, letting the green haired clown have his moments. After this, he would totally dump his ass back into the Asylum.

Joker turned around a bored look on his face. "That was pretty boring." He grunted, "anyways, what did you expect, Batsy? Do you really think I have a beautiful and peaceful love life? Nooo! Do you even realize that I'm actually an abusive bastard? Ha! Stupid bat, just ask Harley!" The sicko was visibly proud of his words.

There was no way he would admit that he was desperate to his longtime enemy. He took a few steps closer towards Joker, "I know. I'm just playing along so I can get you back into the Asylum."

Joker gasped in mock hurt, "you bastard--ack!"

Bruce interrupted him by landing a punch to his face, partly for being an abusive little shit and partly for wasting his time, he saw the clown cradled his cheek that would surely bruise in the morning.

Before the fight could go any further, he sent Joker unconscious with another hit to his forehead. He slung the clown's limp body over his shoulder, bringing him to where he belonged.

"Where have you been?" His wife's sleepy voice ringed in his earpiece as he closed the metal door to Joker's cell. "I couldn't track you a few minutes ago."

"I had to play along with Joker's game," he answered, making his way out of the said place. A sick moaning could be heard from each door he passed, sometimes it was crying and sometimes it was silent.

Bruce heard his wife let out a relieved breath from the other side of the line, she must have been waiting for him to come home or maybe Alfred told her that he couldn't be tracked, either way, it brought a little smile to his face. Glad that no one was around to see his soft side.

"I'll be back soon after making a few stops, go to sleep, beloved."

"Okay, careful."

After about an hour being out he finally got back home. Out of his outfit and ready to go to bed---in this case, couch. Before he does, he went up to his shared room. The door faintly creaked as he opened it enough for him to sneak inside.

There she was, sleeping peacefully, hugging a pillow to replace his absent figure. He placed a bouquet of her favorite kinds of flowers on the nightstand along with an apology written on a piece
of paper. He wasn't really good with apologizing, he often left a note and a little something instead of saying it, but he sure would apologize to her in the morning.

"Jerk." She muttered.

Bruce froze, he turned his head over slowly. She was still sleeping. He knelt down by the bed, this way he was able to see her sleeping face properly. There was a frown on her face.

"Must be dreaming about me." He breathed out a chuckle at his own joke, he leaned over, placing a kiss on her forehead making a smile replacing her earlier frown. "I'm glad I can call you my wife."

Standing back up, he brought the blanket that had been crumpled under her legs up over her body before making his way out of their bedroom so he could sleep on the couch.

"Goodnight." He then closed the door behind him.

Mentally preparing himself just in case his boys decided to make fun of him again.
Chapter Summary

Here’s my sad attempt at making you cry XD
NAHAHAHA Just kiddin’, keep being happy!

Chapter Notes

Warning(s): death

Dick shouldn’t have left you alone, he shouldn’t have chased that guy, he should’ve stayed by your side and keep you safe but no he just had to leave you.

He knelt down by your side, his hands pressing hard against the huge gash on your stomach, a desperate attempt to keep you from losing too much blood. He forced his blue eyes to look at you, he just couldn’t bear it.

You were on the ground, staring back at him with a smile on your beautiful face he had loved. He knew you didn’t want him to worry, that was why he tried his best not to cry, so far it worked.

God, if he hadn’t been so clumsy this wouldn’t have happened. He didn’t know that the mob he chased had a trap installed in his office where the two of you barged in. No, he should have known. It was something normal that a leader of a mob group has at least something to protect themselves with when they were in a life-threatening situation.

“Dick?”

“Yes, baby?” He answered instantly, hand still on your wound. His hand was wet because of your blood. He could feel his heart slowly cracking, your voice was weak and raspy.

“I’m sleepy.”

“No. (Y/N), please, keep your eyes open for me yeah?” Dick forced a smile on his face, leaning down and gave your bloody lips a peck. He could taste the metal instead of the familiar sweetness of your lips, it was there but so faint. “You can do it, baby.”

“I love you.” You mumbled, eyes heavy, they were begging to be closed. You still could feel the pain, it stung but you focused on the warmth of his gloved hand.

It felt like his chest was stabbed with thousands of arrows, he would smile if it was just your usual cuddling day. On the bed, body pressed against each other’s closely, he pampers your beautiful face with his small kisses as you let a string of cute little giggles and squirm happily in his arms, him telling bad puns that earned a smack to his chest or bicep, you straddling his hips with your hands holding his as you leaned down and kiss his lips.

“I love you so much too,” he whispered, holding back tears that threatened to pool in his eyes.
“Hang on, help is coming.”

“Mmhm.” You hum tiredly.

He rummaged his brain, you wouldn’t last long if he didn’t think of something to keep you awake.
“Hey, sweetcheks?”

“Yea?” You croaked.

“Do you remember the first time I introduced you to my family?”

You giggled, recalling the memory when you first came to the manor.

How Damian loathed you back then, telling you that you were just a distraction for Dick but warmed up, slowly, a few days later when you played with his pets.

Jason didn’t care much, but he playfully flirted with you and tell you Dick’s deepest darkest secret which of course earned a flying shoe to his head.

Tim was absolutely adorable, he was wary of you at first (the rest of them did but you were too oblivious to notice) he went as far as doing a background check on you where he found out you were also a vigilante, then ended up being the closest to you.

Alfred was kind as hell, the both of you spent time sipping tea and tell each other stories. He told you more things about Dick you didn’t know in details, then helped him with patching up the boys. He also sometimes ranted how much of a stubborn head his family was but he loved them of course.

Bruce? You’ve met him on your night patrol and went into an argument for god knows what. He apologized though. He also asked you how Dick was doing and if he treated you good which made you ramble how awesome he was and Bruce was there listening to everything, responding with a curt nod or some words.

There was also that one time where you lulled Damian to sleep with your soft humming and separating Bruce and Jason when they fight.

Dick would always grin proudly as he watched those things happened, “that’s my baby.” He then said to whoever watching by his side and pointed at your figure.

Such a happy memory, there were lots of things you could list. You spend the entire summer with them, playing at the beach, meeting the rest of the girls, Cass, Babs, Steph, ending up wasting money at the mall and restaurant and hearing Cass and Steph arguing.

You let out a shaky sigh as Dick kept on rambling, you couldn’t make out what he was saying, hearing his voice was enough though. You tried to fight the tiredness, even went as far as focusing on the pain and winced but it was no use. You were…tired.

“—and I told Wally that he can’t do tha—” he stopped when he felt you didn’t move, he glanced at your chest only to find it barely moving. You looked like a drop-dead gorgeous porcelain doll causing his face to lose all colors.

Dick moved his hands from your stomach to your face, “no, (Y/N) please, please stay awake for me.” He then slowly cradled you in his arms, you were still warm but he knew it wouldn’t last long. “God, what take them so long?” He muttered.
You felt droplets of tears falling on your face, your lidded eyes glanced up at him. “No, handsome, don’t cry.” Lifting your weak hand, you cupped his cheek. Smiling when you felt his strong cheekbones, “I’ll be here.”

The raven-haired man shook his head before he leaned into your touch, turning his head slightly to press his lips to your palm. He couldn’t help but think that this felt almost like losing his parents again, dare he say this just as worse as his parents’ death.

“Please stay awake.”

Your life was slowly slipping away, your hand fell from his face causing him desperately grasped it in his and brought it back to his cheek.

“No, please.”

You weakly ran your thumb across his cheek, wiping the tears that fell freely from his eyes, your palm was slowly getting warm by his hot tears but you couldn’t bring yourself to care.

“Smile for me, bird boy.”

Dick forced his quivering lips to smile, for you, just for you he’ll try. He intertwined her fingers with yours, he was desperate, cursing the back up for taking so long.

You returned his smile before finally caving in and closed your eyes, your entire body went limp as your slow breathing finally stopped.

“Not again.” Dick sobbed, bringing your now cold body into his warm one, he clung to you. Hoping that this was just some kind of sick joke you were playing, he wouldn’t care, he just wanted you back, he didn’t need another person he loved dearly gone forever.

He didn’t know what to feel nor what to do except crying his eyes out as he heard his family finally came. Why now? Why didn’t they come sooner when you were still breathing?

“Please come back.”
At first, you never thought that you’d have a family of your own. A little family of your own, you honestly thought that you would die alone. Marrying Dick had blessed you with a little bundle of joy, she is such a cute, innocent little child. You love her as much as you love Dick. She is a little angel in both yours and Dick’s heart, there is no one second where you didn’t smile.

Little giggles echoed throughout your house, tiny yet rapid footsteps drawing nearer and nearer before finally, a small figure appears. You paused your cutting for a moment and took a look at your daughter, she has a smile that resembled Dick’s, both of them have such lovely smile that always affects you.

“Mama!” The little girl chirped, a bluebird plushy caged tightly in her small yet strong arms. Her dark hair was a total mess, her pajama shirt was buttoned in wrong ways. She approached you after grabbing a stool, climbing up and watched you with focused (E/C) eyes.

“Hey, princess.” You smiled down at her, bending down slightly, pressing a kiss to her forehead before you continued your cooking. “How was your nap?”

“I dreamt about you and papa.” She stated proudly, getting down the stool to place her plushy on the dining table then back, her small hands reaching up to get her favorite bowl from you.

“Oh, really?”

“Mhm,” she hummed, sitting herself down on the table. You hadn’t realized how big she has become, she rarely needed yours or Dick’s help with eating anymore because she preferred to do it on her own. “Papa kicked bad guys’ asses that wanted to hurt you and me!”

You almost dropped the spoon from your hand, you glanced at her who was smiling innocently. Clearing your throat, you turned off the stove, making your way over with foods in your hands before taking a seat by her side.

“Honey? Who taught you that word?” You asked softly as you placed some strawberries in her bowl along with her favorite food on a different plate.

She scooped one spoonful of her favorite food, practically shoving it into her mouth messily which made her look like a starving chipmunk. “Uncle Jay says it a lot.” She answered with her mouth half full.
Her answer caused you to sigh deeply, of course, Jason sometimes had no filter when he talks. You told Jason to be careful with his words when your daughter was nearby but he always forgot and you couldn’t do anything about it.

You soon began to eat as you watched your daughter sloppily feeds herself, the way she eats was the total opposite of you and Dick, she probably picked it up from one of the boys. Another pair of footsteps pulled you out of your thoughts, Dick walked towards the both of you. His hair was sticking out in every direction, his exhausted blue eyes lit up at the sight of you.

“Hey babe.” He greeted, placing a lazy kiss on your lips as he took a seat beside you.

“We!” Your daughter squeaked, she was in the middle of shoving another strawberry into her mouth. Her brows furrowed as she made a disgusted face, slowly pushing the entire strawberry that was as big as her fist into her mouth.

Dick chuckled while you smiled, your husband moved to sit by your daughter’s side. She was struggling on chewing the huge strawberry in her mouth, you could see her little teeth trying to crush the strawberry.

“You can’t eat all of that!” Dick playfully scolded, he managed to get his fingers on the strawberry. Attempting to get it out of your daughter’s mouth which was hard because she kept on giggling and turning her head away. “Spit it out.”

She muffled out a no, still trying on chewing the fruit in her mouth as she slapped Dick’s hand away. After a couple of minutes, she finally finished the strawberry, giving you and Dick a toothy grin that showed her reddened teeth.

“I finished it!”

“Drink your water.” Dick handed her sippy cup which she gladly took and loudly sipped her drink. He sighed but smiled anyways before standing up, he stretched his sore muscles, rubbing the rest of the tiredness off his eyes. “What time is it?”

You glanced at the clock, “almost nine, why?”

“Oops, I almost forgot I have a patrol with Bruce tonight!” Dick gave you another kiss before getting ready for his patrol, you heard him took a quick shower while you do the dishes with your daughter’s help.

Dick still went on patrol, getting the bad guys behind bars even though Bruce suggested him to spend more time with you and your daughter instead of putting his life in danger. He agreed at first but then a thought of his daughter living in a place full of dangerous people made him went on patrol more often, he had talked it out with you. You agreed with a few exceptions with one of the main ones being not getting hurt too badly.

“Mama, Papa’s going to kick some asses!” Your daughter dragged you out of the kitchen towards your small living room where Dick was putting on his domino mask.

“Who taught you that word, sweetie?” Dick asked, kneeling in front of the little girl with a serious look on his face.

She raised her eyebrow, now confused why did her parents ask her that. Twice. Yet she still responded with the exact same answer nonetheless. “Uncle Jay says it a lot.”

Just like you had expected, Dick sighed, he would definitely have a talk with Jason tonight.
pampered the little girl’s face with small kisses as she squealed out a laugh, doing the exact same thing to her father’s face before Dick stood up, giving you a hug and another short kiss for the night.

“I love you.” He whispered.

“I love you too.”

He then let go of you, placing his gloved hand on your daughter’s head, ruffling her dark hair causing her to pout and reached her hands up to fix her hair. “I’ll see you two later.”

“Papa be careful!”

Dick gave her a thumbs up before jumped out of the window.

“Papa is soooo cool.” She said dreamily, “I wanna have a boyfriend like Papa.”

You only laughed in response. Dick wouldn’t let that happen, not yet.
Batboys Headcanon

Chapter Summary

This was requested by an Anon on my Tumblr!

Anonymous: Batboy headcanon of plus-sized +POC SO? Thank you so much I love your work 😊

Chapter Notes

Note: POC as in People of Color?? I don’t know what’s the difference, to be honest. I can try!! XD And thank you! I’m glad you enjoy reading my writings! I’m flattered!

I almost never do HC(s), I’m bad at it but hey- here we go, it might be short! and won’t be in order!

Warning(s): Self-consciousness. A LOT OF KISSES (this girl loves kisses)

DAMIAN:

- this boy doesn’t know what POC means, he sees people the same, black white, Asian European. He never cares about those. He sees everyone the same- but you. In the most positive way possible.

- When he overhears some people talk nasty things behind you he has mixed feelings about it.

- he’s confused but mostly he’s mad.

- so mad.

- once he almost snapped a woman’s neck just because she sent disgusted look at you.

- we all know he never hits a female.

- not without a reason of course.

- you literally had to hold him back and let the woman leave, oblivious to Damian’s rage.

- “why’d you do that?”

- “I’m not going to let you bash her teeth, Dami, I’m used to it-” you leaned up slightly and pecked the corner of his lips, “but thank you.”

- BLUSH

- he also won’t let you be insecure about your weight.
- he’s not the type of person who shows their emotions with words.

- he will physically remind you that he loves you no matter how different you are from other girls.

- “you’re special,” he whispers.

- you won’t realize how many tears had fallen onto your cheeks because of his small gestures until he kisses them away.

TIM:

- he will NOT tolerate racism or people who bully you because of your weight. For him, you’re the most beautiful and ravishing person he’d ever met in his life.

- every time he sees you cry in front of a mirror, muttering how different you’re from everybody and how much you hate yourself his heart shatters.

- every piece of his heart drops into his stomach leaving his chest empty with nothing but an uncomfortable squeeze within him.

- he scoops you into his arms with ease and you’ll curl into his chest automatically. Though you did think that he’ll drop you because of your weight but this boy’s strong and he will NEVER let that happen.

- he lies with you on the bed, his arms secure around you as he lets you cry your heart’s content into his chest.

- he won’t question anything nor he will open his mouth to talk, he’ll let silence surrounds both of you.

- when you finally talk, he finds out that you’re being cyberbullied.

- he doesn’t show it but boy is he angry.

- he lulls you to sleep before doing what he has to do.

- in the morning you found your social media floods with apologies.

- “Tim? What did you do?” You ask. Of course, you knew, no one can do such thing as fast as this genius boy. You’re not upset, you’re happy that he went that far.

- Tim only scratches his head, a mug filled with the usual bitter liquid in his hand. Dark circles under his blue eyes are the answer to your questions.

- this time, the only tears that brim your eyes are happy ones.

DICK

- please expect a lot of ‘I love you’s from this overly energetic and happy boy.

- people may think that he doesn’t mean it because he says it a lot, but you know he does and those words will always be special for you no matter how much he says them.
he loves to compliment you, and he means those as well.

every time you cuddle he’d grab at least a part of your body, squeezing it with affection and cherish the embarrassed expression that blooms upon your beautiful face.

“you’re so cute,” he grins at you, the same hand he used to squeeze you moves up, using his pointer finger to poke your cutely red cheek.

he watches you puckered your bottom lip and huff which only makes him grins wider you thought his face is going to split in half.

“I love your skin color,” he adds, trailing his fingers along your bare arm.

he’d grab your wrist, lifting your hand up to his lips and place more kisses on your arm and up to your face, pampering little kisses that emit adorable giggle out of you on your face then your lips before continuing to the places he knows you’re insecure about while muttering how much he loves your body.

hell, he loves you in general.

and you’re definitely a flustered mess.

when you cook in the kitchen, back facing him, he will sit on a chair. Ogling at your figure, moving around. You could feel his stare burning at your back causing your movements to stutter in embarrassment.

“Dick! Stop staring!”

“I can’t! How can I not stare at a piece of art in front of my eyes!?”

JASON

for him, you’re a better version of Nicki Minaj.

he’ll sing All About That Bass by Meghan Trainor every time he sees you.

“Every inch of you is perfect from the bottom to the top” he holds your waist and took one of your hands in his, swaying around your small apartment together, “yeah, my momma she told me don’t worry about your size.”

SMACK!

he playfully slapped your rear.

“JASON!” you shriek, your hands fly to your butt, covering them as best as you could.

he only replies with a smirk and winks at you, leaving you pouting with embarrassment.

you surely don’t know why he loves to flirt with you so much and it’s not because you’re his significant other, no. Before you date he only flirted with you.

your friends tried to get his attention, flashing everything that they thought would attract Jason but he paid no attention and kept on talking to you thus confuses you instead.
- you and he took things slow.

- same as Damian, he absolutely hates it when people talks shit about you RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU as if you won’t hear them but you do.

- Jason knows you do.

- he will walk past the person and throws a retort loudly, making sure that person would hear him, and there’s also this one time where he was so, SO CLOSE from beating someone up to a bloody pulp.

- you and Jason have your own insecurities, when you’re having yours he will do anything to comfort you he won’t let you wallow in self-hatred and you’ll do the same right back for him.

- everybody knows you’re a perfect for him as he is for you.
“I’m home,” Tim called loudly after he closed the door behind him, the crackling thunder was slightly masking his voice but he was sure you could’ve heard him.

He raised his eyebrow. Usually, you would be there, greeting him with a huge upon your pretty face he adored as you hugged him tightly and he would hug you back, cracking a smile on his tired looking face. The lack of your presence worries him, a loud boom came from outside causing him to jump in surprise slightly.

A soft sobbing could be heard faintly even with the rain pouring outside. Tim quickly moved from his spot in front of the front door, scanning the dim living room of your shared apartment in pursuing you. His blue eyes landed on the slightly open door to your shared bedroom, it was bright contrasting with the dark living room, he could see a small bundle in the center of the bed.

“(Y/N)?” Tim called softly, the sobbing becoming clearer as he slowly reached the door and walked in, approaching the little ball of the blanket. He could see it shook, more whimpering was heard. He placed a gentle hand on top of the blanket, “hey?”

You cautiously pushed the warm blanket aside, showing your tears stained face to him, more sobs raking your body as you looked up at him. It took you a while to focus on his face, but as soon as you saw his concerned eyes, you throw yourself at him, arms circled tight around his neck as you buried your face into the crook of his neck. The salty tears fell onto his skin but he couldn’t bring himself to mind.

He just remembered that you weren’t fond of thunderstorms, you once told him it reminded you of something you didn’t want to ever remember, he never asked you what it was, he would not. He preferred you to open up on your own to him instead of asking and made you feel that he was being pushy towards you.

Tim couldn’t help but notice the way your hands fisted his shirt tightly as if your life depended on it, your knuckles were white from holding on too tight. His arms were already around you, one around your waist as the other was on your head, pulling you more into him.
Everything about how he embraced you was telling you that he was there to protect you, that you had nothing to worry about. The thought calmed down your shaking body as you raised your face up, his face was so close, so close you could see every bump of his old scars, the dark circles below his eyes became clearer, how dry and chapped his lips were.

You wiped your tears with your hand, flinching when another thunder rumbled. It sounded like it was close but your fear wasn’t as bad as before when Tim wasn’t home.

“Sorry,” you murmured, your voice was weak he could barely hear it due to the storm outside, “welcome back.”

Tim lightly loosens his arms around you, “don’t be,” his voice was just as quiet, gentleness coating his tone. “I should’ve come back sooner.”

Oh, you definitely love that he still could worry about you despite the exhaustion he felt. It brought a smile to your face, the tear streaks on your cheeks were straining your skin with their stickiness.

“Wait here, let me get you something to drink,” Tim left the bedroom after kissing your temple, assuring you that he will be fast.

You heard some faint clattering from the kitchen, you make yourself comfy on the bed, you pulled the blanket closer to your body. Soon, Tim came back with two mugs, herbal scent hit your nostrils as he sat down on the bed beside you, handing you one of the mugs.

“Thank you, Timmy,” you held the mug with both of your hands, “you don’t have to do this you know.”

Tim noticed how your body slowly relaxing, the thunders weren’t that bad and he could tell that the storm will be over soon. He leaned against the headboard, sipping his tea, he was used to drinking something hot without needing to blow on the liquid first. Every night, hot coffee was his friend when he needed to stay up late or went through the night with no sleep at all. Meanwhile, you took small sips, careful with the heat of the liquid.

“I want to,” he answered, putting his half-empty mug on the bedside table.

“Thank you,” you said again, leaning your head on his broad shoulder, lowering your own mug onto your lap.

Just when the two of you thought the storm was over, a really loud thunder roared in the sky, the lights flickered. You almost dropped your drink all over the blanket if it wasn’t for Tim’s reflect, your hands were shaking.

Tim didn’t waste any time to get your drink away from the bed, placing it right by his mug, his arms immediately found your shaking body again. During these times, you always looked fragile, he didn’t know what to do. He just slowly laid you down on the bed as he kissed your face, anything to get your fear away.

You felt his lips danced on your face, you were on the verge of crying again, you would but Tim’s kisses were preventing it from happening. He kept on going, his lips lingering longer when they met your quivering ones, with every peck he assured you again that nothing would happen to you, you were safe with him.

You parted your lips slowly, letting his tongue slip into your mouth and finding your own. He kept the kiss gentle and passionate. He didn’t want to take advantage, he waited for you to open up while his hand caressed your hair.
You sighed into the kiss, your heart was beating in your chest, he tasted like herbal tea he just drank with a mix of coffee he probably drank hours ago. Partly because of the rumbling thunder and partly because of your boyfriend, his free hand found your shirt, he hooked his fingers on the hem of the fabric as he broke the kiss. His blue eyes met yours, needing your consent.

He didn’t want a regular sex, this wasn’t just a quickie nor fucking. This? This was him trying to get your mind off the storm with his feathery touches, this was his way to make love to you. When he saw you nod, he slowly lifted the shirt by sliding his hand up your abdomen, his calloused hand was soothing and you relaxed once more.

Tim placed your discarded shirt on the other side of the bed, his lips quickly working on your newly exposed skin, kissing along your neck, nipping the sensitive spot of your flesh ever so gently drawing a soft whine from you. His lips continued their journey downwards, leaving small pecks on each of your breasts while you worked on removing your bra without him needing to ask.

You also needed this, your mind was slowly drifting away from the thunderstorm, there were occasional booming from outside but you could barely hear it. Your mind was slowly focusing on the dark-haired boy who was dragging his tongue across your nipple making each bud hard, sending jolts of electricity down your spine and your heat.

“Tim,” you sigh, eyes fluttering shut as your hand found his hair.

The said boy hums, your whine, and whimpers were nothing but encouragement for him to keep going. You shifted one of your legs when he finally reached the waistband of your pants, his hot breath was hitting your pelvis through the slightly thin fabric. He looked back up at you again, waiting for you to nod before pushing your pants along with your panties down and they joined the rest of the clothing, his own followed.

Tim smiled at your flushed state, his gentle hand was massaging your thigh as he crawled up and meet his mouth to yours once more in a bruising kiss. You loved everything about this, you still flinch every time the thunder crackles and booms in the sky but they were slowly tuned out. His ministrations were building up a familiar itch between your legs.

“May I?” He asked against your lips blue eyes boring at your bloodshot ones while his long fingers were hovering over your soaking folds.

Your heart fluttered at this, what kind of woman didn’t love being treated like a Queen that she was? This might be sounded bothersome but it didn’t, it never will. This was how a man should treat their lover.

The words were stuck in your throat, so you nodded as an answer, giving him the consent he needed. Your body shuddered when his digits rubbed your vulva, smearing your wetness all over them before you felt them gingerly probing your entrance, gradually slipping inside causing a gasp to tumble out of your mouth.

You breathed out his name, sliding another one inside of you before gently pumping them in and out of your heat. Your hands fly up to his bare shoulders, lightly gripping onto him, your breathing was becoming ragged and heavy. He noticed it.

“Did I hurt you?”

You shook your head, arching your back, desperately pulling him closer to you. Your eyes were pleading, eager to feel him fill you. Normally, this was Tim’s place when you were feeling frisky and wanting to tease him just a bit, so he knew.
He nodded, shuffling noises were heard as he settled himself between your legs after pulling his now wet fingers out of you. His erection brushed against your inner thigh. You reached down, gripping it in your hand gently, guiding him into you slowly.

The both of you let out a shaky gasp, yours into Tim’s neck while his into your ear, his breath was hot in your sensitive ear. He slowly moved his hips, the strokes were deep and languid, you usually would’ve whine because you thought it wasn’t enough but the coil in your stomach was saying otherwise along with the way your nails scratched his back.

Tim’s own arms loop around your body protectively like he did when he hugged you, his face buried in the crook of your neck, leaving tender lovebites on the skin like a lowkey possessive person that he was. The thunder was still roaring outside but neither the two of you could hear it anymore, you were too focused on each other’s grunts and moans.

Each thrust of his hips was pushing you towards the edge of your orgasm, you wrapped your legs around Tim’s waist, your heels digging into his lower back.

Your mind started to wonder if other couples did this too, holding onto each other as one drive the other towards their peak instead of thinking that their partner was teasing them. Your back arched suddenly and your breasts were pressing into his chest, your mind went blank as your walls clamped around him, a silent moan of his name escaped your throat.

Tim joined you with a low growl right in your ear before he lifted his face back up and planted a kiss on your parting lips, his body was shaking ever so slightly in your arms whilst he emptied his load into you.

You couldn’t bring yourself to worry, you enjoyed every minute of it as you slowly came down from your high, your back touching the soft mattress of the bed again. You let him fall on top of you, breathing heavily to regain a small piece of his energy back and roll off of you. You just realized that the rain had stopped, the sky was still a little dark but it was because the sun had set.

“Tim?” You weakly mumbled his name, turning your head to look at him who was still panting.

The blue-eyed boy slid an arm beneath your head, his fingers played with the soft locks of your hair as he hummed, silently telling you to continue.

“Thank you.”

He scooted closer towards you lazily and pecked your forehead, “you said that like three times already.”

You giggled, “I know.”
Bruce has been too busy to spend his spare time with his wife. She understands that he got a whole lot of things to do for almost 24/7, from his responsibilities at Wayne Enterprises to being Batman at night and keep the town he loved since forever safe.

She was being patient, being a good, understanding wife that she is. She always replaced and cover him at a meeting if something urgent happened.

But now she slowly got sick of it. The first time she told him she was a little lonely because it felt like he was trying to push her away he promised her that they would spend the next day together on a date or just cuddling in the bed as they binge-watching their favorite shows.

Sure, they were in their 40s but they still act like teens when they are alone.

When the day came, he suddenly told her he couldn’t, he was too busy tracking where the Penguin’s hideout was with a guilty look. As a response, she gave him a smile and told him it was fine, that she understood.

“As we can do it another day then,” she said.

Then the second time, “I know I promised but I can’t today, I’m sorry darling.”

Then the third, fourth, fifth, sixth….and so on. He got used to neglecting his promise, he wasn’t exactly the type of person who would do that, she knew it.

Maybe I didn’t get my point across? She asked herself as she stared up at the white ceiling, the spot beside her was empty and cold. Bruce hadn’t come back yet, he was still in the cave working on something.

She was aware of how soft she was being to her husband, she just couldn’t bring herself to get mad at him, she didn’t want to add more weight to his shoulders. Sure, they had their disagreements here and there at some points in their marriage but it was never that bad. They would hug it out or—kiss it out after giving each other some space to cool down.
Tonight, he also promised that he would at least be there before she went to sleep, it had been weeks since the last time she saw him before she went to bed.

Yes, she was clingy.

Then again, who wouldn’t?

Every woman can be clingy at some point, especially when their partners rarely spending their times with them anymore.

Her eyes landed on the digital clock by their bed after she rolled over to lay on her side, a pillow in her arms to cease her loneliness, “it’s almost 2 already?” She snuggled further into the blanket, “damn it, Bruce.”

“What?”

She squeaked as she frantically sat up upon hearing the voice of her husband.

There he was standing in their bedroom entrance, the door opened wide before he stepped in, he closed the door behind him and locked it with a soft click.

His wife didn’t say anything, she watched him making his way over to their closet, stripping out of his shirt to change before joining her on the bed.

She felt the bed dipped as her husband lay himself down, slipping inside the warm blanket.

“Are you just going to stare or sleep?” He asked tiredly, there were bags under his exhausted looking blue eyes along with really damn obvious dark circles.

She bit her lip, holding back a squeal of happiness.

Finally, for once, her husband kept his words.

She practically throwing herself at him, arms went around his muscular torso, squeezing the large man close to her. Despite having a small figure, she had quite the strength.

“I really thought you weren’t going to be back anytime soon.” Her voice was muffled by his chest that she had buried her face into. “I thought you weren’t going to keep your promise again.”

Bruce let his arms circled around her body, returning her embrace. His chin rested on top of her head as his big hand gently patting her head, it was like they were dating all over again like they didn’t have any kids sleeping in the rooms a few meters from theirs.

“I didn’t mean to make you feel lonely or anything,” he whispered into her soft hair, inhaling the scent of her shampoo before he felt her lifting her head, a wide smile gracing her beautiful face making him sigh, she still hadn’t changed.

Except for the soft wrinkles on her face.

She was still as beautiful as ever.

She tilted her head up a bit more, planting a soft kiss on his chapped lips. Her hand went up to cup his face, she could feel his strong cheekbone beneath her palm. “Don’t sweat it, at least you didn’t break it this time.”

Bruce leaned into her touch, his own hand settled itself on top of hers. He realized how much he
actually missed her, even though they shared a bed, saw each other every morning, talk to each other, he couldn’t enjoy her presence properly because of his work. The dark haired man slightly turned his head to the side, kissing her rough palm.

Yes, her palm wasn’t soft, not like the other rich women his wife was a hard worker. She always helped Alfred with chores, cooking, fighting intruders when he or his kids weren’t home, patching them up, and so on. Her hands were her witness.

She snuggled back to him as he lifted up the blanket over their bodies properly, she closed her eyes, smile still on her lips. “Can you sing for me?”

“All right.”

Bruce started to sing ‘Hey Jude’ softly, he knew the song thanks to his wife for playing it at least five times a day, he enjoyed it too anyways so he didn’t protest. There was one time where she told him she enjoyed the song a hundred times more when he was the one who sings it to her, it made a blush coated his cheeks.

The hand on her lower back soothingly moved in a small circle, lulling her to sleep. She deserved it after all.

*And anytime you feel the pain,*  
*Hey, Jude, refrain*  
*Don’t carry the world upon your shoulders,*

His wife shifted softly in his arms, letting a soft giggle that always causes him to chuckle lightly, and he did just that as he sang.

*Hey, Jude, don’t make it bad*  
*Take a sad song and make it better*  
*Remember to let her under your skin*  
*Then you’ll begin to make it better,*

He started humming the rest of the song as soon as he heard her snoring softly, her leg slipped in between his, seeking for more of his warmth.

She truly missed him.

Bruce didn’t stop his humming, he felt himself drifting off into a deep slumber. He needed rest, he would probably end up waking up above 8 AM, he usually always up early. Either Alfred woke him up or not, but with his wife in his arms like this?

He could stay in bed forever.
Chapter Summary

Requested!

Prompt: and the other one is a Jason x reader where the reader is Europe royalty visiting Gotham and Jason is supposed to be her bodyguard but she keeps flirting with him and making him flustered

Chapter Notes

Note: I honestly also don’t know about royalty but hey- here we go! And I swear this was supposed to be longer so it makes sense but my lazy ass was just- SIGH >:@

Warning(s): one curse word.

A Royalty, that’s what you were.

Jason always thought that princesses were always the same, he even had one as a friend, even though that woman was not from earth but she was gorgeous yet too naïve for her own good sometimes. You were also beautifully breathtaking in your own way, you weren’t tall as Kori was but your legs were just as gorgeous. How’d he know? One of your legs was poking out of the slit of the skirt of your red dress.

You were a little bit different though.

He didn’t know should he consider himself lucky for having the honor to be your bodyguard or not. Tonight was one of the nights where Bruce threw a Charity Gala and your family was part of it.

You were talking to him, he didn’t pay much attention though until you decided to casually spat out a pretty lewd comment that almost made him blush.

“I just noticed,” you twirled the champagne glass in your fingers delicately, “you got some nice thighs.”

That was the reason why he considered that he was lucky or not, maybe a little bit of both. He liked talking to you, but your blunt comments that always translate to flirtation were a little bit too much, he was always taken aback by them because they were unpredictable.

Jason took a silent, deep shuddering breath, turning his head away from you, whose ogling his legs openly as if it was normal, in an attempt to hide the faint redness across his cheeks. He wondered if your mother ever taught you about, well, manners— if it was appropriate to say such words to a man you just met for a few days.

“You need to wear these more often,” you calmly reached a hand down, smoothing your fingers
against the fabric his slightly tight trousers.

He would’ve said something about it, something equally flirtatious, probably more, he usually would. Yet those thoughts about giving you a comeback were gone from his head. He only responded with clearing his throat and shifted his legs away from your touch.

He was aware how out of character he was tonight.

As the night went on, he responded to your blabbering from time to time, finding himself laughing at your bad jokes and almost choking on his drink when you flirt with him again. He did try to at least get something out of his head but it came out even worse than your inappropriate pun.

**

“There, happy?” Jason pulled the blanket over your body, he was, begrudgingly, tucking you in because you asked for it. He was aware this was just you trying to tease him senseless, he convinced himself that he was just playing along. “Is there anything else you need?”

“I lost my teddy, would you sleep with me?” You batted your lashes.

That was expected yet he was still pretty taken aback by it, he covered his surprise by rolling his eyes at you. Reaching over your body causing his larger one to loom above you, he picked up a pillow and dropped it on you.

“Just use this,” he then left your room before you could say anything else, missing the pout that formed on your face.

On the way to his room, your words were echoing in his head, this time he couldn’t stop the blush. He was grateful that the hallway was empty, none of your or his family was spotted. Yes, you were staying at the manor, apparently, your father was Bruce’s close friend.

He quickly changed out of his dress shirt and trousers, throwing them into his laundry basket, putting on a pair of sweatpants before laying on his bed, draping an arm over his eyes.

*Aside from being sexy, what do you do for a living?*

He groaned as he recalled your words at the Gala, his face looked like he was going to explode from embarrassment. It felt like he was humiliated, then again he couldn’t do anything about it.

Alright, he could.

But he wouldn’t.

“They didn’t pay me for this,” he paused as if he had realized something before covering his face with a pillow, “HECK, THEY DIDN’T EVEN PAY ME AT ALL!”

“Todd, shut up!” Damian complained, he was just passing the said man’s room and was about to go to sleep, he needed silence and Jason’s annoying whining wasn’t helping.

Jason didn’t reply, naturally, he would. A frown etched on his face as he lowered the pillow, “the fuck is wrong with me?”
Requested by an anonymous!

Anon: Hey, um, could you do a Jason Todd x Reader where the reader is constantly dressing up as a male vigilante that he may or may not have a crush on? I’d just like to see what you would think would be the response to him finding out the reader is actually female. (I’m leaning more towards an angry finding out, but that is your choice) Please and thank you! ^~^ 

Chapter Notes

Warning(s): possible angst.

Note: This might end up as a drabble or some sort, I’ve been pretty busy (and exhausted) lately, so I need something to get my head going on writing! Sorry if it takes me so long, again. I wasn’t able to write often for the past months. Sigh, Christmas.

What would people do they find out that they were not exactly a straight person, in both romantic and sexual way? What would people do that someone they fell with was the same gender as them and a Vigilante? Some people might think it over, was it really true and such, maybe even went to a denial for days or maybe months. But Jason? He embraced it, there was nothing bad about it, it wasn’t like he lost interest with the opposite gender, it was just because the person he liked was a man.

Or so he thought.

He had been stumbling across this guy pretty often, they got along fine, the way they took care of things were pretty much the same, they didn’t have the same background but they understood each other.

Red Hood was this Vigilante’s secret admirer.

Jason had never seen someone did things so graceful before, even when he was splattered with the blood of his, in a way, victims. Jason never heard his actual voice, he used a voice changer on his full face mask to make his voice sounded deep and distorted. He was pretty tall too, not as tall as Jason but tall and pretty built, or maybe it was because of his way of dressing?

The guy was also good with guns. Now, that was definitely one of the things that attracted him the most beside of his humble personality and gracefulness. He was always there when Jason needed him, he would always listen to Jason’s ranting and gave a few advice, his hugs were also comforting (he was taken aback when he got hugged).
Tonight, Jason accidentally confessed. Not in the I like you, be my boyfriend way but you’re the kind of person I want to spend my life with, I think you’re pretty cool way. He had never seen the not-so-much-of-a stranger Vigilante, he didn’t mean it to turn out this way, it just slipped out of his mouth.

The masked Vigilante he admired visibly froze, obviously knew what he meant and wanted behind those words causing him to cuss under his breath in his helmet.

I don’t even know if he likes men! He practically shrieked a scold in his head.

Jason heart beating loudly in his chest and was about to burst when the masked man shook his head, did he not feel the same way? Was he straight after all? Or maybe he didn’t know what Jason meant after all? The anticipation was almost killing him. Many questions and thoughts rushed through his head.

Sensing the distress in Jason’s mind, the male spoke up.

“It’s not like that—”

Jason unintentionally cut him off, “then what?” He inwardly gulped as he realized what he just did, he just couldn’t help it. “Ah, sorry, go ahead.”

A nod, “the person under all of this,” he gestured to his suit, “is not who you think, Red.”

“What do you mean?” An utter confusion coating Jason’s voice, it was hard to miss the tone that told he was raising his eyebrow under the helmet.

“Seems like you’re not the only one who has a confession to make,” a bitter, robotic, humorless chuckle erupted from him, his chest rising up as he took a deep intake of breath. He placed both gloved hands on his mask, ready to lift it up while Jason was trying to calm his heart down. “I trust you for this, Red Hood.”

Jason almost took the mask off on his own because of how slow he was if it wasn’t for the Vigilante’s shaking hands. The first things he saw was a pair of plump lips, the mask slowly went upwards until he saw another pair of (e/c) eyes with beautiful long lashes. He was taking it all in.

“Red?” He—no, she, called.

He wasn’t expecting a smooth and melodic voice, he wasn’t expecting a breathtaking woman to be in front of him. He was expecting the opposite. Jason was silent, more and more things messing with his brain.

And heart.

“You lied,” Jason surprised himself by talking first, it wasn’t her fault in the first place yet he couldn’t help but feel betrayed, lied to, cheated. He couldn’t decide whether to feel mad or sad, enraged or betrayed, it could be a mix of all of the above. It was like Bruce all over again, in a different way, but had the same amount of pain and heaviness in his chest.

“I wanted to tell you.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“I was…scared.”
It wasn’t wrong for her to be that way, it wasn’t wrong for her to be scared. It was neither of their faults. Then whose fault was this? Jason could tell that she felt beyond guilty.

Balling his fists tightly, he let out a sigh, it sounded frustrated. Then again, he was. All of those mixed feelings were making him hard to breath.

“I’m sorry,” he heard her apologizing which he quickly brushed off with a raise of his own gloved hand, stopping her from saying anything else. The anger was taking a toll on his mind. A sorry wasn’t enough.

He then took his own mask in an attempt to get fresh air, revealing his features but his eyes, he was equally breathtaking as her but in a manly way. His jaw was visibly clenched, the deep knit of his eyebrows were also evident. He clicked his tongue loudly.

“Don’t say anything,” he commanded through gritted teeth.

Even though Jason was glaring at the floor, she could almost feel the bone-chilling stare. She subconsciously bit her lip, stealing nervous glances at the disappointed and angered man before her, she was glad he decided not to lash out despite him having a little of anger issues, she knew how strong he was and what kind of things he could do to her.

Jason slowly backed off, putting his helmet back on after taking the necessary amount of fresh air into his lungs. He calmed down, just a tad, but it was better than nothing. His mind was still a mess, everything was, he just couldn’t let his disappointment get in the way like last time because this time it was different.

“Give me some time,” was all he said before he took off. He still had feelings for her though they were buried under all of the scattered emotions within him, he just needed to clear his head by punching some lowlifes, leaving the female behind staring guiltily at his back with a faint glimmer of hope.

One day, they will meet again.
Chapter Summary

Anon: Hi~! What about your story "Identity" but the reader actually is a man! And Jason is like "Oh my god, I'm so gay"

I decided to make a drabble out of it :)

“The person under all this,” he paused, gesturing to his suit, “is not who you think it is, Red.”

Jason’s eyebrow raised under all the masks he wore, an utter confusion was written all over his hidden features. Jason decided not to say anything and let him continue.

The smaller man before him sighed, his gloved hands reaching up, slowly pushing the full-face white mask he wore up revealing the multiple visible scars on his skin first, then the busted lip from the earlier fight until it finally off his face.

Jason was taking it all in, the strong jawline, visible cheekbones, his plump lips, his rising chest as he breathed, everything about this guy was screaming attractive.

“Uh, Red?” He called, his voice was a pitch higher than his usual distorted one. Of course, his real voice wasn’t distorted but it was still nice to hear it without the voice changer thing, especially it was his first time on hearing it.

Jason still didn’t respond, it took everything within him to not lunge forward, caging the younger man in his strong arms and accidentally choked him to death.

“Did my alter ego got your hopes too high? I mean- I’m not as attractive without my ma-”

“Whatever you’re going to say is bullshit,” Jason took a deep, shuddering breath, “Oh my god, I’m so gay.”
"This is your wife?" The last word was nothing more than a spat when it slipped out of the boy's lips whom you knew as Damian. Bruce's biological son.

The way he looked at you was like he despised you, which he probably did despite the fact the two of you just met. He didn't know you just like you didn't know him, but he couldn't drop the loathing look on his face, it was making you nervous. Mainly, because he almost had the exact same features as your husband's, then again, he was his son.

Still, it didn't stop you to flash a genuine smile at him. You've heard about it all, you weren't mad, you understand. You carefully lowered yourself onto your knees, careful with the little bundle of joy in your stomach as you get to Damian's eyes level so you could speak properly.

"Yes, I am (Y/n) Wayne," you offered him your hand kindly, attempting to have a proper introduction while he just stared at it with a scowl as if your hand was dirty. "I hope we get along."

There was some silence between you and him while the two men (Alfred and Bruce) were watching your interactions with the boy not bothering to say a word since they didn't want to interrupt.

"Tell me," Damian started, he didn't shake your hand so you decided to lower it instead and the smile on your face didn't face or twitch which confuse the boy a little bit. "What you usually do?"

"Doing chores, cook, gardening, helping Bruce with the Enterprises, helping Alfred---"

Damian shook his head as he cut you off, "besides that?"

You hummed in thought then chirp, "none!"

Your answer only made his frown deepened, you heard him scoff and muttered something under his breath, he then gave you a simple nod just to he polite before leaving the cave with Alfred following behind (he excused himself) since he still needed to show the boy's room.

When he was out of the cave, you stood back on your feet with Bruce's help. "You know, he kind of reminded me of someone."

Your husband looked at you and you returned the gesture, he had his hand resting on your lower back to keep you steady as he rubbed his thumb in slow circles through the fabric of your shirt,
"who?"

"He's just like you," you snorted before dragging him out of the cave by his hand, a yawn left your dry lips, "hard to crack."

"What does that even mean, Love?" He grunted as he followed you easily with his long legs.

You'd be lying if you said that it was easy to talk to Damian, he'd either avoid you or ignore your presence, it worsens when he found out you were pregnant (by himself). If he did talk, he would call you by your last name--- (L/n)--- and would only ask about Bruce's or Alfred's whereabouts then left wordlessly as soon as the name of the place was heard.

It upsets you, he was even harder to get closer to than Bruce, yet it didn't drop your spirit. You even made it your mission, when you told your husband about it he only chuckled and gently pat your back as he told you good luck.

On the other hand, Damian had mixed feelings between bothered and amused towards your behavior. He thought it was just because you wanted to welcome him by babying him, even though he didn't want to, with things he never got from Talia. A new set of clothes you bought when you were out, homemade foods, movie nights, taking care of him when he's sick, just being a mother. But you weren't, it was just how you did things. When he met Dick, the oldest Wayne boy, he asked if you always acted annoying which Dick immediately answered with a confident yes.

The constant ignoring he gave you didn't drive you away from him, instead, it made you even more determined. He could see it in your eyes every time you were sitting by his side, telling stories about your husband--- and his father--- he had never known.

Unknown to him, he was slowly opening up, he didn't ignore you as much as he used to and would subconsciously crack a small smile when you tell a joke. The tone he used also got softer, he still called you by your name but who were you to complain? It was more than enough.

Until a certain word slipped out of his mouth when he got back from patrol and was getting ready to sleep. Your hand was stroking his dark locks gently after you tucked him in.

"Why are you doing this?" He asked.

"Doing what?"

"This," he gestured to your hand and the empty glass of milk on his nightstand, he was exhausted, yet he kept his eyes open until he got the answers.

"Ah, your mother never did this?" You inquired, the question slipped out of your mouth before you could even realize, it wasn't wrong for you to question it seeing he had never told you about it, then again you didn't want to force him. "You don't have to answer," you added.

He shook his head slowly, "I used most of my time practicing with her," he yawned, sleepy tear brimming in one of his eyes before he rubbed it with his fist.

"With me, you can and you must slow down with your practices," you leaned down, placing a motherly kiss on his forehead.

Damian only responded with a nod, he remembered, the first time you kissed his forehead he practically jumped out of the bed because of the sudden contact, now he welcomed it. Not like he was going to tell you.
"Say," he caught your attention once more as you get off the bed, "can I," he hesitated, causing you to tilt your head, waiting patiently. "Can I call you mom?"

You froze in your place, staring at him with an expression he couldn't read making him worry inwardly that he had said something wrong. A huge ass grin then broke across your face, you were beaming at him as you sat back down on the bed.

"Yes! Please do, Damian!"

"Okay," a blush was covering his tan cheeks slightly as he averted his eyes, "Mom."

Since that day, he called you mom. Sometimes mommy would slip when he was feeling clingy and when nobody was around, it was so out of character of him, especially when he told you he was jealous of the baby in your stomach. He looked so cute with the littlest pout that formed on his lips.

"When she'll be born?" He asked, his hand rested on your swollen belly.

"When you came she was four months, oh! It's next month!" You gasped, "she'll be here soon, Damian!"

You were so wrong when you thought the scowl on his face couldn't be more evident, the crease between his browbones deepened as he stared at the soon to be his half-sister--- your stomach.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Damian, it may be only had been five months since we met but I know you," you pressed, your tone was like a mother scolding his son. Then again, he was your son too, in a way. "Are you afraid that I'll put the baby's needs first before you?"

Damian only answered with a grunt that you took as a yes.

A soft laugh left your lips as you wrapped your arms around him, pulling him into a hug while Damian shyly returned the embrace. He liked how warm you were, the warmth he almost never get from Talia.

"Even when the baby is here, I won't love you less. You're still my kid too, Dami."

"I know, Mom," he whispered out his answer.

"I see, the two of you get along just fine," Bruce walked into the living room, he just got back from the Enterprises with Alfred following behind him.

Both men weren't as shocked as the first time they saw you feed Damian when he was sick and the first time he called you mom, they were honestly impressed, seeing how much the boy loathed you back then. They were the only ones that noticed the glares he sent your way when you weren't looking, they knew how much food that Damian had thrown away since you were the one who made them.

"You told me to get along with her, so I did," The boy in your arms grumbled, not bothering to look at his father, his eyes were focusing on the show you were watching.

"Of course, son," Bruce looked at Alfred who had the exact same amused look on his face.

You looked at your husband over your shoulder, beaming at him as you spoke, "say, since the baby
is going to be here soon, why don't we discuss a name?"

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