Candy

by ivedonestranger

Summary

Who would have thought a piece of candy could lead to something more.

- Inspired by Chocolate Bunnies by Nemaara
Chapter 1

The moon showed brightly through the large bay windows that adorned the side of Titan’s Tower that faced Jump City. The warm evening had turned into a chilly night, and per Raven’s request, the windows had been opened a bit to allow the smell of the outdoors to permeate the living room. To the others, she had stayed up to read one of her many spell books, but as soon as the last of them went to bed, she tossed the spell book to the opposite side of the couch and pulled out the Danielle Steel romance novel she had hidden in her cloak.

It was difficult crafting and maintaining the persona of a dedicated, recluse that did not want to be disturbed as her emotions were a weakness to be controlled. Raven’s worst fear was to hurt those around her. Though she believed she had control of her demonic side, a little slip could be a disaster. If they caught her reading a romance novel, she would not hear the end of it, especially since she stole the copy from Starfire’s bookshelf.

Her stomach grumbled, and Raven pouted in frustration. It had been Beast Boy’s night to cook, and though she tried, the young sorceress could not stomach the tofu no matter what form he made it into. She glanced around at the empty room and contemplated.

Looking over into the kitchen, Raven’s eyes landed on a little plastic basket that resembled the Easter candy ones though color green to allow re-use. It was sitting on the counter, and her violet eyes studied the wrappers greedily. One thing she had an overwhelming emotion for was candy.

Candy was an indulgent Raven gave herself when she succeeded at something or was a special time. The emotions that filled her heart and mind as the sweet flavor touched her tongue and lips felt like a gateway drug to destruction. It had been a while since she had a piece, but the basket was a gift to Robin from admiring fans. He had become quite popular since he accidentally got locked out of the tower by Beast Boy attempting to program the tower’s computer. Poor Robin had only been wearing his mask at the time. How that happened, Raven had no clue, but Starfire had learned the word booty and would not stop using it for weeks after.

Robin would not mind her taking a piece, would he? Raven put her book down and quietly drifted over to the counter looking at the pieces nestled in the plastic grass to give it a crass decorative look. Her soft, gray hand drifted over to a peppermint stick which made it’s way out of its wrapper and towards her mouth.

The peppermint flavor with a hint of vanilla exploded on her tongue as the corner of the stick touched her lips and tongue. A long, rather loud purr emanated from her. She could make this piece last for hours.

“You shouldn’t be taking things that don’t belong to you.”

Raven’s heart jumped in her chest, and she whirled around to see Robin leaning on the back of the couch, a smirk spread across his face.

“Huh...Wha! I--” Raven stammered, face burning a bright red, guilty treasure clutched in her hand.

“Relax,” Robin laughed, his features hard but kind. “I’m just teasing. I didn’t know you liked candy.”
“What girl doesn’t like candy?” Raven asked in her melodic growl. She made a point to nibble another bite to make a point and resisted the purr that wanted to force it’s way out. “Sometimes I’m not sure you’re a girl,” he said with a chuckle as he made his way to the fridge. He was wearing a part of shorts and a tank top looking as if he had just gotten out of bed.

Raven huffed at him in consternation and pulled open her cloak allowing him to see her clothing underneath. “I don’t look like a girl to you?”

Instantly, Raven regretted the move as she felt Robin’s eyes roam up and down her body. The hot blush returned to her cheeks as his eyes rested at specific points. She was sure she knew where but she didn’t want to think about it. This had become more embarrassing than she meant. It did not cross her mind that a boy would have found her physically attractive.

“Yep, you definitely look like a girl to me.”

She dropped her arms becoming invisible in the cloak again and glided towards the couch to grab her book and to head to her room. Raven stopped as she saw only her spellbook was sitting there. ‘You got to be kidding me!’

Was one piece of candy going to unravel her entire persona? Raven slowly turned back around to see her friend and leader with a cup of orange juice in one hand and the romance novel in the other. He was reading the back of the dust jacket.

“Never pegged you for a romance reader either,” He said as he finished up the back.

“Girl. Remember.”

“Well, it explains one thing. Starfire is sure Silkie is reading her books and putting them back when she’s not looking.”

Raven let a chuckle escape her lips before she thought better of it. A smile came to Robin’s face.

“I made you laugh.”

“Don’t get used to it.”

“But it’s a pretty laugh.”

Raven did not think it was possible, but her face began to burn up from the attention she was getting.

“I’m...I’m going to my room,” Raven squeaked out before rushing past Robin and up to her room.

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How did a piece of candy become her undoing? Raven had spent most of the next day in her room meditating and trying to calm her emotions that came boiling up after the candy incident. She could smell the burgers that Cyborg had made, and though she was hungry, Raven could not face Robin until she had perfected her dour personality again.

It was evening by the time she came out of her room, cloak on and hood pulled over her head. She was just going to get a bite to eat and then return to her room. Making her way down the corridor,
she ignored Beast Boy’s greeting and soon found herself in the kitchen. A hot plate with two burgers sat there made up just like she wanted them; plain with a simple slice of cheese, nothing fancy nor exciting.

“Missed you at dinner.”

Raven’s heart jumped at the strong but mellow voice that spoke to her. Raven gritted her teeth and forced the sardonic attitude to the surface. Scooping up the plate, the Azerathian sorceress turned to face her obstacle and head to her room.

Robin stood there in his uniform leaning up against the back of the couch looking towards the kitchen. He smiled at her and irritably, Raven’s heart jumped just a bit.

‘What the hell is wrong with me.’

“I was busy,” Raven said before merely marching her way towards the hallway.

“The guys wiped out the candy, by the way,” he said intercepting her. “I saved you a piece though.”

He gently dropped a peppermint stick on to her plate. The scent wafted towards her nose mixing with the juicy meat perfectly cooked.

“What do you want?”

“I don’t want anything. I just thought you’d like a piece. It’s nice knowing that I can give you something that you like. You’re not an easy girl to read.”

She knew it was true, but she desperately did not want to let in.

“If you’re hoping for another peek under the cloak, Robin, I’m not that kind of girl.”

It was his turn to burnt up bright red, and she giggled inside. She had something on him.

“Oh!” she said in mock surprise. “You actually liked what you saw.”

“Hey! I didn’t mean to insinuate--”

“Well,” she said walking just a step or two past with an extra wiggle to her hips. “It’s gonna cost you more than a peppermint stick.”

“How many?” he retorted taking the advantage back.

Was he serious? For a minute, she wondered if he had actually had any interest in her, but she was sure he was just trying to get back on even ground. He was her leader, and he cared for her like a soldier under him.

Without answering, she walked back towards her room with food in hand. She could feel his eyes on her as she walked, so he added just enough extra wiggle to her step to make sure Robin watched for a bit longer.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Raven does some research to try and understand what just happened.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few days had passed since the encounter in the kitchen that Raven could only explain as sexually charged. Instead of reading her spellbooks, she had pulled out her dusty laptop Cyborg had bought her a long time ago, loaded up the silence protocols and began to read and search for others experience like hers. There were online stories about romantic attraction and others discussing sexual activity among teenagers. In short, one Ph.D. was stating that boys had trouble distinguishing love from lust at that age. Raven was not entirely sure if Doctor Big Member, Ph.D. was actually a doctor, but it sounded correct.

Robin was a boy, and it seemed natural that as a boy, he would be interested in her physical appearance. She spent a few moments in the mirror examining her figure trying to understand why someone would. It was something she cursed not having, a mother to teach her about boys and what to expect.

It was not like she did not understand the fundamental principles of mating nor did she lack the basic idea of what happens due to one of the magazines that Robin had confiscated from Beast Boy that she stole back. The act looked uncomfortable and gross and immediately burned the magazine to a cinder with her magic.

The biggest concern was leading Robin on. Some of the dating websites warned about the ramifications of doing that. She had to go to Robin and be upfront about her intentions and that there was nothing between them. Closing her laptop and sliding it under her pillow, she went to the door of her room and opened it only to run into the person she wanted to talk to. His hand was raised about to knock looking surprised.

“Oh!” he started. “I’m...I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you. I--”

“Yes?” she asked focusing her purple eyes on to his annoying mask.

“I came to apologize.”

“For what?”

“Our last few encounters. I made them very awkward and put you in an uncomfortable place. You’re my friend, and I shouldn’t put you into situations that are unprofessional like that, let alone make you feel harassed. I would discipline anyone else for treating you like that and I should hold myself to a higher standard.” Robin said, words spilling out of him.

“Robin,” Raven said without thinking of her words. “I’m not harassed. I actually was flattered that you enjoyed what you saw and I did like the attention.”
“Oh,” he said surprised.

Raven knew he was very uncomfortable himself as he was uncharted waters and never liked being out of control.

“I’m a Titan, and I fight bad guys and monsters, but I’m actually a girl. It was gratifying to know that I do have the capability to visually pleasing the opposite sex.”

“You are very pleasing to look at, Raven. You have nothing to worry about there.” he blurted out, his face red. He ran his hand through his hair trying to understand how his words to positively support came out so suggestive.

“Oh really?” Raven said giving in to her desire to continue making Robin awkward. It was a power that no one else seemed to have, and it was all hers. “What part of me did you like the most?”

His face grew shocked, and his mouth opened and closed a few times before a strangled squeak came out.

“I...uh...um....well...”

“If you don’t tell me, I don't know what to pay attention to when I decide to date,” she said in mock sadness, egging him on to answer with his overabundance of having to help people.

“Um...well, I think you have a nice butt.”

There it was. The admission that dug his grave for her. She broke into a grin of a predatory closing in.

“My butt, huh? Do you think it’s presented well when I stand or do you like it when I bend over?”

Robin was so red, she could have sworn he was sunburned.

“Raven, I’m not comfortable talking about things like this. You might want to talk to Starfire as she understands girl things better.”

“She’s an alien.”

“A female alien.”

“You like her butt too? It must be well toned from all the training you put us through.”

Robin looked as if someone was strangling him and he stumbled back not sure how to respond. Raven reached out and grabbed him by the arm, dropping the mischievous expression.

“I’m messing with you, Robin. Relax. Revenge for what you did to me in the kitchen.”

Robin visibly relaxed, and the tension left his face. He gave her a half smile, looking exhausted like he had been in a desperate combat situation.

“Well, you got me. I’m a boy, so I’ve noticed things like that. I just didn’t expect you to be so forward about it.”

Me too. “I’m a half demon, remember? I’m a bit naughty.”
“Well,” Robin said relaxing and preparing to leave. “Don’t misbehave too much, Raven. I’d hate to have to discipline you.”

“Oooh,” she said putting back her seductive voice. “Will you spank me?”

Raven stepped close and whispered in his ear. “because I’d have to take my clothes off completely for you to make some good skin contact.”

Robin chuckled and turned to leave.

“See you in training, Raven.”

Chapter End Notes

When I wrote this, I wanted to capture the fact that Raven pretty much researches everything and her attempt to flirt was both awkward and cute at the same time. Though it’s short, it sets up what I plan to unveil in the next few chapters.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Raven comes to terms with what she has done and gets a surprise she was not expecting.

'Oh, my god. Oh, my god. Oh, my god. Oh, my god. Oh, my god. Oh, my god.'

The worlds kept repeating in Raven's head when the door to her room slid closed, and she threw herself on her bed. The extent of what she had said to Robin had fallen on her like a ton of bricks, and her lungs barely cooperated to keep her from becoming light-heated.

'I invited him to spank me?!' she thought to herself horrified. She was pretty sure he understood it was a joke but on the other hand, the young sorceress knew she had done the opposite of what she had planned to do.

'He's going to think I'm a slut.' Raven panicked.

No, that was not true. Robin would never have thought that about anyone on the team and seemed to be surprised at her the way the conversation went. No one had ever talked like that, and though it was gratifying to make Robin squirm, she did not want to hurt him.

For the next few days, she kept the interactions with him as needed, staying up to watch Friday night movies, respond to emergency calls to protect Jump City citizens, and also stand around and listen to the silly talk between Cyborg and Beast Boy about some game.

Raven felt horrible about being so cold towards her friend, but she could not trust anything that came out of her mouth. Within a heartbeat, should have invited him into her bed.

Immediately her mind went to the thought of Robin's bare chest, the muscles she had seen when he was training on a hot day with Cyborg, and the smell of his body wash mixed with his sweat. Her cheeks flared up, and she quickly buried her head in a book.

"So, we still on for the mall shopping trip!" Cyborg asked excitedly.

"Mall trip?" Raven asked surprised but quickly tried to hide it behind the tone of annoyance.

"Well, if you were down here the last two nights, Raven, you'd know we were planning a Titan mall trip. We've been cooped up long enough that we're going to have some fun. Do some shopping-")

"Game store!" Cyborg interrupted enthusiastically.

"Shoes and dresses!" Starfire added excitedly clapping her hands.

"And then maybe grab a bite to east at Harrod's Pizzeria like we did before we started getting super villains attacking us every other day." Beast Boy finished.

"Oh," Raven said as everyone looked at her expectantly. She sighed. "Fine. I'll go."
"I was hoping you would," Robin said patting her on the shoulder. Her heart did a little jump for joy before she quashed the emotion forcefully.

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The trip to the mall was something she was not going to get out of, and in a way, she did not want to. The team rarely left the tower unless there was a fight and being able to get out into the sunlight and hang out was something they all needed. Against popular Titan opinion, Raven liked the sunshine. Donning on a purple tank top and black gym shorts that came to her knees, Raven was confident that only the most astute would recognize her.

In actuality, the population of Jump City had been very polite with keeping their distance from the Titans and leaving them to their business. A few ardent fans would casually creep up and ask for an autograph or a selfie. Robin was the most popular and easy to distinguish as he still would not take off his mask even though he would swap out the bright yellow and red for a more comfortable gray shirt and pants with a silver utility belt. He was always ready to go.

Starfire loved her crop tops and flowing skirts, and both Beast Boy and Cyborg had gone the tank top, and shorts just like Raven did. The mall was crowded as it usually was on a Saturday and Raven hugged the wall as much as she could while walking with her friends. They arrived at the water fountain that marked the center of the sprawling plaza and Cyborg spoke up.

"Alright! Team up or solo, but we meet here in an hour so we can get some pizza!"

With cheers and calls, they broke up and headed their separate ways. Raven immediately slunk to the other side of the fountain so Starfire could not see her and waited until the woman gave up looking for her. She just wanted to be alone with her thoughts and try to sort out the mess she caused with Robin. The young sorceress did not know how she was going to face him again after the things she said.

The walkway she had taken in a hurry went up a fight, and it was not long before she found refuge. It was a hole in the wall bookstore that just beckoned to her. She rushed in, knocked the jingling bell, mumbled an apology and went into the back where it was darkest and dustiest. Raven hunched down in the calm feeling of ancient books, their bodies and covers absorbing the sounds from outside. When her heart began to return to their regular beating, Raven began to sift through the ones near her to see if she could find something interesting. Most of them were a treatise on ancient wars or books in pure latin. Her eyes noted ahead a collection of books with interesting titles, and she made her way towards them.

"Nah, she's not a Nora Roberts type."

Raven froze at the voice and quickly peeked around the corner of the bookshelf relying on the darkness of the rows to keep her hidden. As she thought, Robin was standing there with the old bookstore owner discussing. They had a pile on the desk they were moving around.

"She sounds like a girl who likes the classics. Have you tried a Jane Austen? Her books might not be romances of today, but this fine young lady sounds like she would enjoy them."

"My gut tells me she already has them and read them."

A pang of jealousy shot through Raven for no apparent reason as everybody thought he and Starfire were a match made in heaven. Starfire loved romance books, and it made sense her boyfriend would try to find her one.

"You know," The old man said with a twinkle in his eye. "I might have a trilogy that would be
right up your alley."

He went into the back and return with three hardcover books with library bindings, and at one time they sported sparkly covers though they had been reduced to worn out brown.

"These were written in 1899 by Sir Phineas Falmore, a romance author that never got his due. They are romance novels of its caliber also sporting magic, heroic rescues, and the like. There are very few of these copies around. "

"Sounds expensive, how much?"

"For a Titan shopping for his girl? On the house."

Robin started just a bit, and Raven knew the bookstore owner didn't see it. Raven knew his posture too well with all the years they had been together.

"Sir, that's not necessary. We're just here to help out."

"Listen here young man," the older gentleman laughed. "I used to have the shop on the main street and those HIVE scoundrels about incinerated a bunch of first editions. They're like children to me, and you and the rest of your team saved them, Mister Robin. At least I can thank you so don't spurn an old man's gift."

Jealousy flared again as Robin thanked him and the man wrapped the gorgeous books up in a neat package. They were beautiful, and Raven felt sick. Starfire would never appreciate the beauty that was wrapped up in those covers and those pages. She would love the books alright and take care of them, but she would never understand the value and emotional power they held. Raven gritted her teeth and stormed out once Robin was long gone.

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The rest of the day was a blur, and Raven raged between anger and sorrow adding recrimination for acting like such a child. She never cared about Robin and Starfire's relationship then, why should she care about them now.

When she got back to her room after the pizza party, she stripped and threw herself into a hot shower fuming and thinking how she could get the books from Starfire. One play would be to wait until she had read them and let them collect a bit of dust, then borrow them. That way she could forget to return them, and she doubted Starfire would even know they were missing.

Wrenching the water off, she toweled herself down and then wrapped the towel around her head. That was going to be the plan; she would just have to wait and "borrow" the books just like she did the others.

There was a soft knock on the door, and Raven froze. She immediately became acutely aware that she was naked and that if that door hissed open, the person on the other side was going to get an X-rated eyeful. There was no other knock, so she quickly through her bathrobe on and opened the door. In front of her door was a basket which she took in curiously and set it on the bed. She pulled the note free and opened it.

"Dearest Raven,

I'm sorry that our last few conversations have made it hard for us to be friends. I guess I just let myself go too much and it startled you. I have always considered you a friend and would hate to lose you over a few wrong words."
So, to say I'm sorry, I bought you a peace offering in hopes we can move forward and be friends. 

Robin"

Raven stared at the words stunned and her breath left her when she saw at the bottom of the basket, surrounded by peppermint sticks were the three old books she saw him buy earlier today. 

She sat down on the bed stunned.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

With the tower empty, Raven decides that she should try to hang out with Robin a bit as he is a friend though she does want to thank him in a quiet way for the way he has treated her lately.

Chapter Notes

This story was originally only supposed to be four chapters, but I actually had an idea come to me that I want to implement. A lot of this shorts go into the characters getting together but sometimes stop around there. I thought of a whole arc to do with Robin and Raven in true romance fashion. In short, Candy is gonna be a lot longer story than I originally planned.

Raven tried her best to keep her breath as smooth and even as possible. She was not quite sure why she was doing, but she was committed to it. For the past few days, business went on as usual in the tower with the team training and lounging when crime had taken a break. Raven had not spoken to Robin more than what was expected during the day and stayed in her room at night.

One of the things Raven had tried to do was make sure he knew everything was okay. When he was the only one looking at her, she would smile. It felt very awkward as she rarely smiled, to begin with, and she worried it was creepy. His initial shock had caused Beast Boy to look about trying to find what caused him to start but Robin played it off easily commenting that movement out the window made him jump. That was how it went until Friday.

Everyone except Robin had left to head to the other side of Jump City. Bumblebee of Titans East had asked if Robin would send over anyone willing to come for a mass training session. She felt that everyone was getting used to each other’s fighting style and wanted to mix it up. Robin, of course, agreed on the condition that Bumblee returned the favor.

Raven bowed out immediately knowing that it would become a party after the training and the dark sorceress wanted nothing to do with it. Robin had also stayed behind to finish up on the new security system Cyborg was installing. That was when Raven got the idea and was now carrying it through.

Robin was on the upper floor training room for his usual daily regimen, and she had decided to join him. He had been the sweetest person to her as of late and felt like she had to return the favor somehow. She did not know much about him, so she defaulted to what he already expressed.

The door of the training room hissed open, and she stepped in, cloak billowing from the vents that were running in the place. Robin was in the middle of taking on two moving sandbags while three others were laying decimated about him. Sweat glistened on his brow, and Raven noted that the Titan’s leader was quite well built.
’By Azar, I’m glad he can’t read my mind.’

Raven had never seen Robin more than the head of the Teen Titans, and it was strange she never considered him a person outside of the battles. It was so easy to put people in their roles and keep them at a distance, it was scary to allow them closer. After the last sandbag exploded from a well-placed bird-rang, he brushed himself off and looked at her with a pleasant surprise on his features.

“Raven, I didn’t expect you to be up here,” he said as he pulled a towel from a nearby bench where his items were stacked.

“With everyone gone,” she said turning to the benches to hide her blush. “I thought I’d come to join you for a round or two.”

“Excellent, “Robin said with enthusiasm. “I’ve been wanting to work on your hand to hand combat in cases where your powers may not help.”

Raven gripped the clip of her cloak to undo it, and her heart began to beat louder in her head.

’This is it. Just try to be natural and indifferent. You’re just trying something new to see how it goes over.’

She pulled off the cloak and hung it on the peg, but while she was doing it, Raven heard a sharp intake of air from the man behind her. Instead of her usual jewel adorned leotard, she had decided to wear the black spandex sports shorts that Starfire had picked up when she went “exercise shopping” with the white words ‘Titans’ written along her left hip. She also chose a black sports crop top to match. For an instant, she felt naked without her usual costume. Admittedly, her traditional outfit didn’t really hide much, to begin with, but the design of these clothes felt much more revealing. She turned and brushed some of her purple hair back around her ear.

“Thought I’d take training a bit more serious. You...you do have a few points about being ready.”

Raven was having trouble reading his face as Robin was trying to tie his shoe that didn’t actually need to be tied. Raven heart trilled with a bit of glee.

’He liked what he saw!’ Why was she getting such a kick out of that?

“Oh....um...yeah. Well, we can get started if you’d like. Do you remember any of the Krav Maga that I showed you?”

“Some.”

“Then let’s start with the medium steps and see what you remember.”

For the next two hours, the two spent their time throwing each other around and going through different moves and counter moves. As time progressed, Raven got more comfortable with her new clothes and was actually beginning to enjoy the one on one time Robin was spending with her. Though she continued to push the feelings down, Raven actually liked the moments where he would take the time to position her arms and legs into the proper stance, especially when he would adjust her hips for the correct attack.

So engrossed in the sensations and the training, Raven jolted when she heard the elevator ding and the shrill yell of Beast Boy.
“ROOOOBDBBIIINNNNN DUDE!!”

Raven’s brain went into panic mode and froze in the middle of the training room realizing that everyone would see her without her cloak and the way she was dressed. Panic gripped her, but she could not move. Robin had disappeared, but before Beast Boy could make the corner and see her in her provocative glory, she felt the familiar cloth of her cloak draped around her shoulder, and her hood pulled up.

Robin had wrapped it around her in a smooth, quick movement and was striding confidently towards the rest of the Titans as if nothing had happened.

“Well?” he demanded like a dad with pride. “How did you do?”

Beast Boy cackled with laughter. “Cyborg got beat up by Bumblebee. You should have seen it. She was running circles around him. She even let him go full weapons and couldn’t touch her.”

“She can fly, Gar,” Cyborg grumbled as he followed behind. “I was at a disadvantage.”

Raven buried her face in her hood to hide the laugh at the giant, grumbling cybernetic human who looked like someone had stolen his ice cream.

“What have you been doing, Robin?—Oh!” Starfire walked into the room smiling at her friend and then saw Raven off to the side draped in her cloak and expressionless face.

“I did not realize you were in the middle of the hanging out?” she said, her beautiful green eyes studying both of them intensely.

“Mandatory training,” Robin said easily as he scooped up the towel and patted his face. “One on one sessions to make sure you are at your best. I’m going to be scheduling appointments for each of you.”

Beast Boy rolled his eyes. “In other words, you want to just beat us up for losing to Titans East.”

“I did not lose,” Starfire said offended.

“Of course not,” Cyborg said in mock irritation. “You can just fly and use your starbolts at a distance. You singed Speedy three times before he threw in the towel.”

“Tee hee,” Starfire giggled. “He’s so cute when he squeaks in fright.”

Alright, everyone. Let’s head down to ops and kitchen, and you can run me through everything that happened.” Robin said motioning for him to walk. “Raven, I enjoyed our training session today. Thank you for coming.”

Raven blushed against her will. Everyone began their descent though Starfire’s eyes lingered on Raven for longer than she usually did. Was she appraising her?

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When dinner and hanging out was done, Raven had quickly made her way to her room. She had stayed with the rest of the Titans in fear that if she made a quick exit, it would raise suspicions. In hindsight, she rarely stayed, but if it gave her a few moments to help Robin, it was worth it.
Now just wear a nightshirt and her panties, she slipped under the heavy comforters and snuggled into her pillows to read. The three books that Robin had gotten her sat in a place of honor on her nightstand. Raven settled to begin reading the first chapter when she heard a tap on her door.

She froze. Was it Robin? Was it someone else? Why were they here? Raven remained silent hoping that whoever it was would go away.

“Raven? Are you asleep?”

It was Starfire.

“What does she want?”

Throwing the covers off, Raven went over to the door and cracked it to peer out at the pair looking back.

“What’s up?”

“Oh! I just wanted to talk to you. It’s been so long since we have had the girl to girl talk. Are you busy? I would love to chat with you.”

No, Raven did not want to talk, but Starfire was right, it had been awhile, and as the only other female in the Titans, they did have to stick together. Wordlessly, Raven opened the door and walked back to her bed. Starfire walked in softly though it always appeared she was skipping or prancing. How the woman could ever be happy was beyond the dark sorceress.

Uninvited, Starfire wiggled in under the covers with Raven and snuggled up close.

“I’ve missed our talks,” Starfire said sinking into the pillows beside her friend.

“Mhmm,” Raven said picking up the book she was going to read and began to thumb through it.

“I missed you at the competition,” Starfire continued unperturbed that her friend was reading a book. She rolled on her back to stare at the ceiling above where glow in the dark stars stared back.

“You know that’s not my thing, Star,” Raven said making sure her voice sounded distracted.

“Did you have a good time?”

“I did. We girls had an outing to the nearby yogurt shop to celebrate trouncing the boys while they went to play video games.” Starfire said. “We talked about you.”

Raven stopped reading and looked over at Star.

“A bit blunt, Star,” Raven said with a chuckle.

“I wanted your attention,” she giggled. “The other girls were just wondering how you were doing after the whole return of your father.”

“That was a while ago.”

“Yeah but you still haven’t told anyone about it.”

“Like usual.”
“What are you reading?”

In one quick motion, Starfire snatched the book out of her hand and began flipping through the pages. The beautiful Tamaranian princess’ eyes lit up as she stopped on an inner page.

“Ohhhhh! A young man has bought you these books. He leaves you wonderful romantic messages.”

‘Messages?’

If it were possible that her pale gray skin could get lighter, it would have as the blood drained from her face. Had Robin written messages?

“Oh?” she tried to feign surprise.

“Raven,” Starfire started with a giggle. “I just wanted to say that you are one of the most amazing women that I have met and cherish our friendship. I hope you enjoy these books as much as I enjoy your company.”

Raven let out a sigh of relief. They were unsigned.

“Sooooo,” Starfire started with a happy jump in the bed. “Tell me, who is this young, handsome man that stole the witch’s heart?”

“How do you know it's a boy?” Raven encountered.

“Though you have shown a certain affinity of the same sex, I believe you are more interested in males than you are in the females,” Starfire said with a tone of a scientist. “Plus, the handwriting is distinctly male. So, who is he, friend Raven? Have you given him the kiss yet...have you done the thing with him?”

“Starfire!” Raven said horrified instinctively pulling the blankets up to her chin.

“I’m sorry,” the Tamaranian sighed. “I am just so excited that you have shown interest in a companion. I wish you would tell me about him.”

“I don’t know who he is,” Raven lied. “plus those letters could be from a best friend who just wanted to cheer me up.”

“Oh, those words were of the romantic type. He has the hots for you.”

Did Robin have the hots for her?

“I just received them in the mail and didn’t realize there were notes in them. That’s all I know.”

Starfire stared at her as if her gorgeous green eyes could read her mind. Raven’s empathic abilities easily picked up her friend waffling between belief and disbelief.

“Well, if you find out, you must tell me. I bet he is handsome, intelligent, and someone who understands you.”

“I doubt I’ll hear from him again.”
“Then I shall start searching for him so that I can make sure he treats my beloved roommate with the respect that she deserves.”

Before Raven protested, Starfire bolted out of the room with a squeal and a giggle. How had this become so much worse?

‘Crap.’
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Raven receives a surprise visit from someone she was not expecting.

Chapter Notes

Now we start to get into the nitty-gritty of the story. I plan to keep this a romance adventure with more weight on the former than the latter, but I wanted to make sure it was a fun journey for all of you who have decided to stick with me to the very end. Thank you so much!

Also to that note, I would also like to thank flamingwaffle86 for the fanart she drew of this story. You can find it here: https://ivedonestranger.tumblr.com/post/177972048671/waffel-student-on-instagram-an-idea-i-had-when-i

A few weeks had gone by since Starfire had declared her quest to find Raven's boyfriend and it had proven unsuccessful to the Tamaranian's chagrin. In actuality, it was not entirely surprising since the naive princess struggled to recognize cues and signals that any other human female could pick up a mile away.

Though she did not speak to him directly about it in fear that someone overheard, she made sure that Robin understood her appreciation for the gift and that everything was fine with them. It was amazing how much could be communicated with eyes and body language. Raven was not really good at it, to begin with since she didn't want to be around people but her explicitly making it a point to lean into Robin's shoulder when they the group were talking in the ops center or gently brush past him made the message clear of their growing friendship.

Throughout the weeks, Raven and Robin kept up their banter in nonverbal ways. In training, Robin would make a point to rake his eyes over her form and smirk at her while in return, in moments of his concentration, she'd seductively sway her hips causing him to get distracted.

One time, Beast Boy was able to knock Robin over because Raven made a point to bend over to pick up her stuff without adjusting her leotard first. Robin saw more than he anticipated and was so distracted the changeling was able to flip and put him down. Oh, how the young green man crowed for days after unknowing of Raven's assistance.
It was the scary thing. Raven had thought her relationship with the leader of the Titan's was strong, but it was blossoming in ways she had not fathomed. It had become more comfortable in ways to read his expressions, and the pang of jealousy seemed to run rampant when she saw him around Starfire. Robin never once made an advance at her even though their late night conversations could turn risque, but in turn, she felt she could not ask for more because Starfire and he were actually dating. How she had utterly ghosted that fact was something she kicked herself over and over about. If Starfire discovered that the boy who gave Raven her books were her own boyfriend, the sorceress had no clue how she would react.

It was a stormy night in late August that found Raven perched on a tall building in Jump City peering down at the nightlife roaming unaware of her presence. The rain beat down on her cloak, and for the most part, it had kept her mostly dry. The two buildings, only separated by a two-lane road on each side, shielded her from most of the torrents that fell on the city.

Just like the storm, her mind and heart were full of clouds and rough weather trying to sort out what she was feeling about Robin. The feelings did not just go away since they got on the same page, if anything, it made her feel worse when he was not around.

‘Am I actually pining for him?’

The thought was disturbing but had a hint of truth to it.

“I thought I was the only one who crouched in the black rain watching people.”

Raven started and flung herself around at the voice that came from behind her. The woman's eyes glowed hot white ready to summon her soul-self and strike down the one who snuck up on her. The visage in front of her froze the sorceress in her tracks. The man towered over her in pure black armor and cape, the distinctive cowl with two points and the white sheen eyes were immediately recognizable but hard to process.

“Batman?”

Raven barely got the words out.

“I didn’t mean to startle you, Raven.”

He knew her name. The batman knew her name. Gotham was over 500 miles away on the other side of the country, but here he stood like an unmoving statue only illuminated when the lightning
flashed overhead.

“Why...why are you here?”

“I came to talk to you.”

‘Talk to me? That can’t be good.’

The man's paranoia was legendary, and the fact that she was approached by him was a mixture of pride and fear. If Batman wanted something to do with you, it was going to be exciting and extremely dangerous.

“Does Robin know you are here?”

“No,” he responded, face unreadable behind the mask. “And I want it to remain so.”

“Oh.”

“Please. I have my reasons.” his gravely-voiced responded with a hint of kindness.

Raven nodded and moved towards the lee of the building so to be entirely out of the rain. The terrifying man followed her appearing to float as she could not make out the movement of his feet from under his cape.

“I need your help,” he began. "I have been doing some research and following a new threat that has appeared, and I'm afraid that it is targeting someone we both know."

“Who?”

“Robin.”
Her heart thrilled with fear. If a threat was scary enough to get Batman's attention and his request for help, it was something that could only be made of nightmares.

“I don’t understand.”

"I don't have a lot to go on right now, but all the signs point that they are targeting Robin...though, not his vigilante identity. They're targeting the real him."

The man behind the mask. Raven had always been curious about who he was for real. She had a few opportunities to see him without the mask he wore so much, but all the Titans had sworn never to try to find out their real identities if they chose not to divulge them. So, she had no clue who Robin was when he went back to Gotham once in awhile nor did anyone knows her real name and only hints of her passed thanks to fighting Trigon.

“I don’t know who he is outside of Robin,” Raven said pointedly. “We promised never to discuss if it we didn’t want to. He’s never told me.”

“I can respect that. He has spoken highly of all of you. You especially in recent communications.”

Had Robin been bragging about her to Batman? What had she done to deserve that? Raven’s mind raced from the implications that Robin actually thought she was good at something enough to talk to his mentor about and whatever he said had brought the frightening visage to her city.

“How much do you care for, Robin?” the man pressed in his grave voice. There was something concerned and fierce in the tone. Batman had never been upfront of what he thought about her even though after the battle with her father, he was rumored to have convinced the Justice League to leave her alone.

“I care for him a lot, sir. He's my commander, and we've been through hell together.” Literally.

“Then I must ask you to help me and do something that could jeopardize that relationship for the sake of his life.”

‘Wow. Laying it on thick.’ Raven’s heart trembled at the words. She cared for Robin and had become protective of their invisible relationship. But there was only one answer to that statement.
“Tell me what you need me to do.”

“Trust me as I am about to trust you,” Batman said, his armored glove coming out of his cape and extending a small, golden gilded business card. “I would like to invite you to join me at a banquet and to my house.”

Raven took the card and looked at it. An overly complicated logo of Wayne Enterprises glared back at her, but the name on it carried the ramifications straight to her very soul. The simple name "Bruce Wayne" glittered in the light.

Raven's head shot up in stunned horror, but Batman had already vanished. She immediately held the card out and mouthed a spell causing it to incinerate into nothingness. Whatever was coming for her Robin must be dangerous for Batman to give her his true identity. Something she feared could be the death of them all.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Raven plans her trip to Gotham without anyone else knowing but what is waiting for her?

Chapter Notes

Wow! I appreciate the outpouring of love for this story. Didn't think anybody would like it that much. Hopefully, I don't disappoint you as we continue the journey. So that you know, I'm always interested in ideas and I'm willing to do one-shots. Check out my profile for how we can get that started!

"Good morning everyone," Robin said with his usual amount of eagerness as he greeted his fellow Titans in ops where they had taken up their usual places on the couch. The night before he had informed them he needed a team meeting to notify them of updates even though Raven had an idea what it was about.

“Good morning, Friend Robin! You are very the excited today!” Starfire said floating up from her position and taking his hands. She gave him a quick hug before floating over to the kitchen to grab herself a mini-mustard container they stocked especially for her.

Raven felt the heat in her cheeks when she saw the display of affection and tried to shove it deep down before it made it’s way to her uncovered head. Why had not she pulled up her hood before this meeting started?

“I’ve got some news about a few changes around here, “ Robin started. “I just received word from my mentor that he needs me to return to Gotham for the summer. There is something that he needs to handle and needs my help.”

There was a moment of silence before a babble of voices deafening the room. The boy wonder motioned for them to be quiet as much as he could.

“Gotham? That’s on the other side of the country, dude!” Garfield said with a whine. “And what
about bro night? If you’re gonna be gone all summer, we’re gonna miss the beaches and the chicks.”

“Duty calls, Beast Boy,” Robin said without hesitation. “If Batman needs me, then it’s serious. I’m going to be leaving Raven in charge while I’m gone.”

The team looked over to her in surprise and suspicion, but the girl shook her head causing her purple hair to bounce.

“Sorry, Robin. I’ve been summoned to the Council of Lords. They’ve found a demonic spell they have not seen before sealing away an artifact and want my help in deciphering it.”

It was more words than she usually would have said but the dark knight himself had written the script. She could see by the gamut of emotions from surprise, concern, and then understanding with acceptance crossed Robin’s face. Batman knew his ward.

"Then, in that case, I'll reach out to Titans East to see if Bumblebee can spare anyone."

“What about me, dude?” Beast Boy said jumping up. “I can do the leading...thing.”

“No offense, Gar, but tactics isn’t your strongest area. You remember last year when you made a plan against the Hive 5?”

“Oh,” Beast Boy said in agreement as he sat back down. “Good point.”

"And I do not have any interest in doing such a role," Starfire said as she floated back over. "I may be a princess, but I leave the princessing to others. Like Cyborg?"

“Nope,” Cyborg said shaking his head. “No way am I going to be in charge of you two for months. Call Bumblee, have her send anyone over but Speedy.”

***

In his message, Batman had told her to pack light, so she did. The man she now knew as Bruce Wayne had sent detailed instructions on how to come to Gotham and what to say to the others to
belay any suspicion. He had even sent pictures of his lair and items from it to help her get a feel of the aura without having to be there. It made sense he wanted her to teleport, but it was hazardous and taxing to her self. Short range portals around a few blocks were okay, but anything stretching the city made her fatigued. Across the country was going to be very difficult.

Raven had packed the little tote with a few pieces of clothing, a swimsuit, and pajamas then nestled a few books including one of the ones Robin had given her around the clothes. The goodbyes had been done, and all she needed to do was a teleport. She focused hard trying to picture the Batcave from the pictures and to sense its aura from the geode the woman had been given.

“Azėrāth meterion ZINTHOS!”

A black pool of energy opened up in front of her, and it felt like it had sucked everything out of her. She stumbled through before she could reconsider or her legs gave out. It was like walking through a piece of plastic as she stepped into the muggy, cold air of a cave through the scent of moss was nonexistent.

Raven could barely make out lights as her eyes began to slip closed and she fell forward. Instead of slamming into the hard rock floor, she felt strong arms catch her, and the hint of tobacco and bleach filled her nose.

“Easy there, Miss Raven, I have you.”

She forced her eyes opened and saw an older man in a suit smiling down on her. His gray hair was perfect, and his light English accent tickled her ears. He placed a crystal cup to her lips, and the sweet and tangy liquid touched her lips.

"They call it Gatorade. It will replenish your electrolytes and your strength. You are safe here.”

“Who are you?” Raven tried to say, but her throat was dry. The cup was placed to her lips again.

“I’m Alfred. I maintain Wayne Manor for Master Bruce. He told me to expect you.”

***

Raven did not know how long she was out, but when she had finally come to, her head pounded
like the time that Cyborg had dared her to drink a half a bottle of Vodka. Wherever she was laying
was soft, and there was barely a sound in the room. The air was cold and soothing with no light
pollution. The Teen Titan forced her eyes open and liked her lips trying to wet them. What
greeted her was an ornate room and that she was lain on the top covers of a canopy bed with a
hand knitted lap blanket gently thrown over her legs. She was still clothed though her cloak was
on the door hook.

Turning her head felt like the achievement of a, but she was able to look at the nightstand and see
the clock say three PM. With the time zone change, that meant she had been sleeping for twelve
hours.

‘Oh, Azar.’ the sorceress muttered to herself before rolling over and throwing her long legs out of
bed. Raven’s head swam as she tried to keep her footing.

A conveniently placed glass of water stood on the nightstand by a pitcher. The ice clinked in it
meaning someone had taken the time to make sure there was always ice. She greedily drank down
three cups before her thirst was satiated. It was the rap on the door that made her jump.

“Miss Raven, I believe I heard you stirring. Can I be of any assistance?”

“No, Alfred, I’m fine. Thank you.”

“Master Bruce would like to see you in the conservatory whenever it is convenient for you.”

His footsteps rang down the hallways he walked away from her door. The conservatory? Where
was she going to find that?

It felt like forever until she found the conservatory. It was a room that was unique yet familiar at
the same time. The three sides were clear glass that overlooked the dark city of Gotham. The
ornate room with its walls of books, musical instruments on display spoke of the vast riches of
Wayne Enterprises. The rain beat heavily on the glass almost crowning out her footsteps.

An older man with black hair touched with gray looked up from the book in his lap. His face was
kind and handsome, his evening jacket and glass of champagne on the reading stand screamed
playboy. It was the eyes though, those gray eyes that she recognized as the frightening specter that
haunted the city’s criminals.
"Ah, Rachel, you've made it," he said graciously as he motioned to the chair next to his. The fireplace crackled sending warm shivers down her bare legs.

"Would have been easier if I had a map," Raven groused as she threw herself into the chair.

"Maps are in the nightstand," Bruce said amused.

Color flushed to her cheeks, but she finally had to say it.

"This is weird, Mister Wayne. I'm expecting a Batarang to my throat any second with Alfred waiting in the wings to sop up my blood as it drains out. You told me who you were. You don't tell anyone."

"He wouldn't do that here," Alfred said coming in the room with a cup of tea. The waft of camomile reached her nose. "These rugs are Turkish from he mid-Ottoman empire. Priceless."

He set the cup down beside her and motioned out the door. "There's a room two doors down with the usual old rugs. It's much easier just to let you bleed out and let it dry than to clean it up immediately."

“Oh, gods,” Raven said a look of horror crossing her face.

The two men held the straight face for only a moment when the dark sorceress saw Alfred's eyes twinkling with mirth.

“You bastards,” Raven choked out and reached for her cup, hands trembling.

The two burst out laughing.

"You'll have to forgive, Alfred," Bruce said patting the old man on the forearm. "He does love to torment the new ones that come to the manor. You're not the first who knows my identity. It's the rules of the Justice league that we know who each other are here in case we are needed. We try to keep extensive files on all the registered heroes in case they are needed."

“That's how you know my real name,” Raven said.
“I do.”

“I prefer you not to use it, I have given very few people permission to use it.”

“Unfortunately, I’m going to have to continue to do so as I’ll be making you Rachel Rhodes, the daughter of a wealthy oil magnate from Europe.”

Raven blinked.

“Excuse me?”

“You, my dear, are going to become not only Robin’s bodyguard for the coming two months but you’re going to be a wealthy, beautiful socialite on his arm.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Raven learns what is happening and the threat posed to her dear friend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

All Raven could do was blink, multiple times at the billionaire in front of her. Was he joking? This had to be some joke.

“You’ve got to be kidding me. You dragged me out here to be Robin’s arm candy?”

"If he was so lucky," Bruce responded as he stood, his figure reminding the sorceress on how imposing he was in person. The man did not need a cowl and cape to be intimidating.

He led her out of the conservatory and through a few rooms and hallway making sure she was sufficiently lost. They soon stopped in front of a point in the wall where there was nothing but a plant. Bruce Wayne placed his hand on the Victorian era Everlasting Knot pattern, and Raven's eye quickly caught the palm reader scanning it. The wall clicked open allowing them down a passage. The air became cold, and she soon realized where they were heading.

The bat cave was still as impressive as it was when she glimpsed it in her exhausted state. The metal floors, walkways, bridges, and platforms were seamlessly woven into the natural formation of the cave. She could see the central computer, a massive bank of screens and keyboards, it was the nerve center of Batman's dark empire, and they were heading right for it.

Logging in, Bruce began to move through data while Raven decided to look about not knowing if she was allowed to see the information on the screen. She tried to imagine herself as Robin, working in a place like this, fighting crime that was much harsher than what the Azerathian sorceress had seen in Jump City.

“Raven.”

His voice was, but it made her snap her head around.
“This is footage we captured at the Gotham city orphanage a month ago.”

He tapped the start button, and she stared at the grainy footage that had to be from an internal security camera. She could make out nothing more than a bored security guard chatting with the secretary who appeared to be closing up for the night. It was then that the screen flashed and a figure appeared.

Raven’s hair stood on the back of her neck as she saw the swirling clothes of a figure dressed head to foot in fancy ballroom dresses that appeared to be black and crusted with white diamonds. They swirled around the hooded figure as if they had a mind of their own. The Security guard drew his weapon, but a tendril of energy struck him sending him through the nearby wall. The secretary was frozen in place, paralyzed with fear. It floated over unnaturally to the woman and peered down at the woman who was shaking so bad she could not stand.

Word emanated from what Raven could only describe as a creature. Words she did not know.

“Riiiiicccchhhhhhaaaaaarrrrrdddddd Gggggrrrraaaayyyyyysssoooooonnnnnn.”

The creature’s head snapped up to to the camera to look at it, and Raven caught the silver panel inside the hood, a mask or block of some type that kept the thing’s identity a secret. It screeched at the camera, and the vanished in would could only be described as a blast of energy.

The footage stopped, and Raven turned to the two men who seemed to have stepped away from her.

“Whaa..what?” Raven asked surprised.

“You’re floating,” Alfred said politely but warily.

Raven looked down at her self and saw that she had been hovering a foot off the ground and her hands swam with black energy of her soul self. A glance at her reflection showed Raven her eyes had gone white with power. She immediately shoved it back inside of herself and gently touched down.

Raven ran her hand through her purple hair with a blush to her cheeks. “Sorry.”
"Everyone has had a potent reaction to that thing," Bruce said nodding towards the footage. "I investigated it and quickly realized we were dealing with magic. I don't know if you knew, but magic is not common in Gotham. I believe one seer said it's too chaotic for spellcasters to want to reside."

That made sense and that creature was magic. She had no idea what but it was powerful. Raven had learned that when one was made of the elemental powers of the universe, you usually could pick up on the others.

“You had a sorceress once that caused issues. Ancient Egyptian I think?” Raven asked trying to remember her research.

“Yes, Enchantress, it's not her. We checked. The terrified secretary you saw said the creature did tell her it's named. It called itself Nocturnus. Ring any bells?”

Raven shook her head. The name was distinct but nothing she had ever heard of.

“And the name, Richard Grayson?” Raven asked. “Is that someone she is looking for?”

“Yes,” Bruce said, his eyes becoming distant. “You know him as Robin.”

So that was Robin's name. Raven's heart sunk a bit knowing that he did not get the chance to share that secret with her. The slender woman understood Batman's reasoning for telling her, and it made sense why he wanted her here.

"Nocturnus has been showing up at places that Robin and I have once been. It appears to be following his career, and I'm concerned that it'll figure out he's in Jump City and move that direction."

“So you want to keep it in Gotham,” Raven responded.

"Yes, That's why I've invited him here for the summer. The Wayne gala is the Richard Greyson scholarship are some of the biggest todos here in Gotham, and though Robin has avoided it each time, I've convinced him that he has to be here for the presentation. That way, we can make sure
we have enough firepower to stop Nocturnus from getting to him."

“And that’s why you need me to be this rich girl, to have an excuse to be near him.”

"Yes," Bruce said handing her a microcomputer drive. "I've already built most of your backstory, though it's very close to what you already are and this wallet," he handed over a lady's clutch. "Has your identity and cards in there. I've set up a shell corporation under Rhodes Corporation, and you have enough money I that bank account to let you live a rich lifestyle."

Raven took out the little digital card and tapped it. It activated scrolling the amount that was on the account. Raven about stumbled at the amount.

“I couldn’t spend this amount in my lifetime,” Raven gasped. “I...I can’t have this.”

“Rachel,” Bruce said stepping forward and taking her outstretched hand which was trying to return the clutch. “Robin needs you and I as much as I want to keep you out of this, I need a power spellcaster at his side. I can’t think of anyone else than the daughter of a demon lord.”

It was for Robin; she had to do this for Robin. That young man had gone to hell and back for her, and the least she could do was protect him from a nightmare that was looking for him.

"Now go with Alfred, he's already got your dress picked out and some new casual wear. I want you to start popping up around Gotham's social circles, so you don't draw too much attention when you show up with Dick."

“What about security?”

“Your my last line of defense,” Bruce said turning back to his computer. “I’ve got a few tricks up my sleeve before I want you to react. Don’t show who you are unless there is no other choice.”

With that, Raven followed the man out with more money that she would ever see again and a new name and life, all to protect a man she realized she had become to like.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry, the last two chapters had been short. I wanted to get the scene setting all done and bring Robin back into the fray. Someone mentioned to me that Batman seemed to be a bit too nice and wanted to explain my thoughts. I think Batman and Bruce Wayne is 2 different personas and while he is Bruce Wayne, he's a kind billionaire with a taste for the riches and the ladies. Bruce can be himself and I think he's a kind man who has done horrible things. When he cowl and cape go on though, he's a totally different person and a person everyone has a right to fear. I think Batman would do things that Bruce Wayne would not. Anyhow, that's my thinking.

See you in the next chapter!
Chapter 8

Robin’s motorcycle roared as he sped down the darkening road. The signs for Gotham had lowered from triple digits to single digits telling him that he was almost back home. It was not quite home as that was back at the tower, but it was where he had grown up and was adopted by Bruce Wayne after his parents died.

The entire ride had been a ride down memory lane, and much of it was unpleasant. In the hours-long drive, he tried to distract himself from the feeling of impending doom by thinking about his friends, the games they were probably pranking each other with and the Starfire would try to join in and make a wreck of it all. The alien girl tried so hard to fit in, and no matter how many times Robin told her to be herself, she wanted to be like the others.

Embarrassingly, Robin spent quite a bit of time thinking about the dark sorceress that had wormed her way past his barriers and into his heart. Raven had become a beloved friend and one he felt sad to not have around for the summer. He would think of her smile, the sardonic laugh when he tried to use chopsticks and spent way to much time thinking about her cute ass. The girl would have a field day with him if she could read his mind.

It was about ten at night when he pulled up to Wayne Manor. He had already changed into his civilian clothes a while back and sported a motorcycle suit in white and red. The black helmet was rested on his hip as he walked up to the large, ornate door. Before he could knock, the door opened, and his old compatriot stood there with a kind smile.

“Master Richard. We’ve been expecting you.”

“Thanks, Alfred,” Robin said letting the man take the helmet.

The bright, warm light hit his eyes making him squint, and the sound of voices followed by clinking glasses told him that Bruce was hosting a party.

“It’s the Annual Gotham charity cocktail,” Alfred answered the unspoken question in Robin’s mind. “Bruce would like to see you as soon as you can.”

“No time like the present,” Robin said moving through the hallways of what was once his childhood home. He found the ballroom where the Gotham elite was chatting gaily, and a few were dancing to the music that came from the loudspeakers set up strategically around the room to be heard but not overpowering. A waltz played, and the young man struggled to remember which was which. It had been so long since he had to live this life.

“Dick!”

Robin turned to see the smiling face of his mentor in his perfect white evening jacket and with a champagne flute in each hand.

“I’m so glad you could make it!”

“Glad to be here, Bruce,” Robin answered in the same easy-going way of an apathetic rich elite. “It was quite a drive.”

“At least you won’t miss out on the festivities. We have a bunch of new faces thanks to the construction boom last year and especially with Queen Industries setting up a secondary headquarters.”
“The more, the merrier,” Robin answered taking the proffered flute. The scent reached his nose, and he recognized the smell of virgin grapes. It was sparkling grape juice which translated that Bruce was expecting trouble.

Take a sip; Bruce turned to motioned someone over.

“Allow me to introduce you to someone who has recently come to stay in Gotham. Miss Rhodes, allow me to introduce Richard Grayson. Dick, this is Rachel Rhodes.”

For most of the introduction, Robin had been studying the crowd trying to figure out the threat, and he was used to Bruce trying to foist women on him. It was part of the act that Bruce had set up for himself. At the name, Robin turned back to at least give the young lady a polite nod and small talk but froze immediately barely containing the drink in his mouth.

Standing in front of him was a beautiful woman in a dark blue cocktail dress that appeared to be backless and rest on the power of the cloth on her shoulders to keep it on. The skirt hugged her hips, and she wore dark blue high heels to match. Her hair was luscious purple waves with a hint of black, but even the little blue bow in her hair did not stop him from recognizing the violet eyes and chakra in the center of her forehead. Her mouth was a firm line decorated with dark red lipstick that made them so damn kissable. Her eyes were pleading, but Robin could not figure out what they were saying. Why was she here? Had Raven lied and came to Gotham?

“Miss….Rhodes was it?”

“Yes,” she said extending her hand hesitantly of someone who practiced the gesture but was not used to using it. “Rachel Rhodes. And you must be Richard Grayson I have heard so much about.”

He took her head and kissed the top of it breathing in the rose and chamomile scent the arose from it. His heart jumped a bit at such a beautiful site in front of him.

“Unfortunately, I don’t believe Bruce had the opportunity to tell me about you or that you would be at the party,”

“You know,” Bruce said amiably. “Plans change. Why don’t you too young things go out on the secondary patio? I bet you to have a lot in common.”

The secondary patio. Bruce Wayne was definitely up to something as the patio was designed to keep sound in so that nobody could overhear them talking while still looking natural. Robin’s knees got weak when Raven slipped her arm into his and leaned into his body. He led her through the crowd that tried to greet him and to the patio.

Once there, Robin lowered himself on to the stone bench that decorated the patio and tried to suck in the fresh night air but to his surprise, Raven slid into his lap, her warm body pressing up against him and she began to run her hands through his hair.

“Raven!” He hissed. “What are you doing?”

“What your adopted dad told me to do,” she hissed back angrily though her face stayed the same sweet but seductive at the same time.

This was too much; he could feel her in his lap, the shape of her ass pressing into his thighs. If he did not figure a way to get her off, his pants were going to become very uncomfortable.

“What’s going on?”

“I can’t go into a lot of detail now, “ She said with a bright smile and then followed by a sweet
laugh he did not think she was capable of. “But you’re being targeted, and Bruce has selected me as your bodyguard.”

Targeted. That was it. Bruce had taken it upon himself to play guardian again to his ward without his permission. Robin’s face darkened, but Raven immediately shifted her hips making it very difficult to keep himself focused. He had to get her up.

“He said your persona was a mild lady’s man and that you liked women who paid attention,” she rattled off.

“Yeah, that’s the persona that we created. That way I fit into his society but was far enough out I could watch in case something went wrong.”

“Well, as your bodyguard, I needed to make it clear I’m interested in you, so it doesn’t look weird when I’m always following you. Your dad has it all lined out in a nice, neat timeline.”

‘Of course, he does,’ Robin grimaced.

“Raven, I don’t know what’s going on or why he selected you, but I can’t have you protecting me. I couldn’t forgive myself if you got hurt.”

“You wouldn’t?” her voice was soft, and her eyes were searching.

“Yeah, like any other Titan,” he backpedaled.

Her eyes grew cold, and a smirk crossed her face. To his shock, she ground her hips into his crotch causing the usual reaction. She leaned in, and the rose and chamomile flooded his nostrils while her heaving chest was close to his face. Her pale skin glistened in the light.

“That’s for being a bastard,” she growled at him and gave one more seductive grind before getting up and walking towards the patio exit.

Robin sat there for a few more minutes before it was safe for him to stand. His emotions ran the gamut of the spectrum with anger at Raven for treating him that way and explicitly swearing to piss him off then the humiliating desire of wanting Raven naked in his bed with her intertwined around him. He was her superior, she was not supposed to be telling him what to do nor treating him like a pervert when she knew he could not control it.

Standing, Robin stormed after her. He was going to play the charade out tonight, but Bruce was going to get an earful in the morning. Raven was not going to be his bodyguard, and she was going to go home. That was final.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

A fight is brewing and the question is, was there going to be any blood between Raven and Robin.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

She was pissed. The problem was that if she got any angrier, Raven risked losing control of her emotions and then all hell would break loose...literally. The young woman found her way out of the party and into one of the many corridors that made up Wayne Manor and went into the first room that was unoccupied. At a quick glance, it appeared to be one of the libraries and the Azerthian girl may have been more interested if it was not for the intense desire to punch Robin in his face.

Raven threw herself into one of the chairs facing the hearth where an electric fire crackled and hugged herself closely cursing under her breath. This was not how any of this was supposed to go. How was it supposed to go? She had no idea, but this could not have been it.

“Raven,”

The girl shot a glare at Robin’s form standing in the doorway.

‘Damn him and his sleuthing skill.’

“Go away. I’m mad at you, and it’s taking everything in my power not to turn your stupid ass face into mush,” she growled at him allowing a bit of the red haze to enter her eyes.

“Listen,” he ventured as he took one step forward. “I didn’t mean to insult you.”

“Too late.”

“I just don’t think that you protecting me is going to be a good idea.”

“Why the hell not?”

“Because that’s not supposed to be your job. We’re supposed to be working as a team.”

“No, you don’t want me protecting you because you’re an arrogant asshole who thinks it’s his job to protect everyone else. Well, tough luck,” Raven hissed at him through gritted teeth. “I’m not gonna sit down and let some magical creature tear you to ribbons.”

“Magical creature?” Robin said surprised.

“Yeah, ya ass hat, that’s why I was asked to protect you.”

“Can you please stop the swearing?”
“Fuck off.”

***

Robin did not know how to take the language and the attitude that was roiling off of his friend. He could feel the darkness seething in her and the anger pouring out into the air about him. He was stressed, and this was not helping. He was not in a familiar environment, and it seemed his adopted father was forcing a dynamic change on him and his friend, one that neither was adapting to well.

“Raven,” Robin started after taking a breath and calming his own emotions. His primary concern was feeding the empath’s rage. “The situation we are presented with is dangerous. If there is a magical creature that’s bad enough to concern Batman, then I don’t know if you will be enough to defend from an attack. If you can’t, you can be seriously hurt or worse.”

“That’s not your call,” Raven responded, her voice calm but there was still an edge of anger in it. “Isn’t that right, Mister Wayne?”

‘Really?’ Robin thought to himself darkly and turned to see the man who had mysteriously appeared in one of the corners. He was still wearing his white tuxedo, but his eyes were watching the discussion unfold.

“She’s the last line of defense, Dick,” Bruce said calmly. “and she’s strong. You shouldn’t worry yourself about her.”

“I’m her leader—” Robin said turning to face his mentor, ready for the argument that was about to come but it didn’t. Raven flew out of her chair faster than he anticipated.

“Then start acting like it you stupid, self-righteous son-of-a-bitch,” Raven growled. For the first time in his life, he was unsure of her when she fastened a cold, claw of a hand on to his shoulder. The grip was vice-like.

“You are my leader, not my father or husband. You’re not supposed to protect me; your job is to lead me. I’m a soldier and soldiers die, it happens,” Raven continued not releasing her grip. “and I’m not going to allow you to come to any harm just like you did for each one of us back in Jump City.”

She pushed him towards the chair, but he resisted, unwilling to give in to where he was standing but the black shadow tendril of her magic appeared, whipped out around his arm and wrenched him, sending him flying in the seat. She towered over him, beautiful and dangerous. For a second, Robin just wanted to pull her to him and capture her lips with his. She was so cute when she was angry.

“But you are not Robin of the Teen Titans, and this is not Jump City. This is Gotham, and you are Richard Grayson, playboy millionaire who can’t see past a pair of tits. That’s the role you are going to play.”

She stepped back with her hands folded across her chest as she studied him making sure he was paying attention.

“So, this is how it’s going to go, Mister Greyson,” Robin winced at the removal of what he considered his real name. “You are going to play the part of a playboy billionaire that’s going to
put Bruce Wayne to shame. You’re going to hit on the girls, you’re going to drink and party, you’re going to pinch my ass, and I’m going to giggle. We are going to make it clear that I’m the girl you are interested at the moment and we’re going to be inseparable.”

The air began to thin a bit as she relaxed, rather enjoying to be in charge he surmised.

“If that creature Nocturnus comes for you, she’s going to have to go through me and trust me, if I do die, half this city is going to be burning when I’m done defending you.”

The room was quiet, but when Bruce began to chuckle, the tension melted completely away. Robin could not help but start chuckling himself. A smile slowly crept into Raven’s features though she did not laugh.

“So, I’m going to pinch your ass?”

“Yes,” she responded, a sparkle of the mischievous imp he had seen back at the tower. “You’re gonna get a good hold too but so help me, if you try to feel me up, I’m gonna knee you in the balls.”

“Raven, your language,” Robin admonished her playfully.

“Get used to it; you aren’t in charge. I am, and when I say you grope me, you better as hell do it.”

“Well, if I have to make it look good, I might need some practice beforehand?” Robin said with a twerk of his lips and a sly look towards her.

“I think I’ll leave you to children now.” Bruce said, and the deep red flush on Raven’s face told Robin that she had forgotten he was there.

“Just remember these are antiques,” Bruce said with a wide grin. “They’re not built for any rigorous activities.”

Raven’s mouth fell open, and her face got even more impossibly hot. She quickly turned away trying to find a way to escape the embarrassment. As soon as the door closed, Robin stood and touched her shoulder. She promptly spun on him.

“I’m sorry,” he said quickly. “I didn’t mean to imply you were incapable.”

“That’s how it came out.”

“I just hope you understand what my concern was buried in that ill-worded conversation.”

“I know, you want me safe. I want you safe too, Robin. I’ve seen this Nocturnus, and it scares the heck out of me. It wants you, and we don’t know why.”

“Well, you’re my bodyguard,” Robin said with a smile he wrapped his arm around her waist though he made sure to rest it on the upper half of her butt. He saw her start and look at him. “Shall we go show everyone, my new girlfriend?”

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for your patience waiting for the next chapter to come out. I actually had to let this conversation brew in my mind for quite a while before I finally wrote it. I think being outside of Jump City and being put in charge by a JLA member has really brought home to Raven how much she is being trusted and that Robin is facing something his staff would not stop.

Raven being in charge is going to be quite fun to write!
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Raven's bodyguard duty has begun but it will prove more challenging than she had anticipated.

Chapter Notes

Sorry everyone for taking so much time to get this fic up to date. I got obsessed with the other one I was working on and wound up releasing two new chapters and leaving this one to hang.

Well, that’s not the case anymore as you’ll be reading the next installment and not only that, I’m working on the next few chapters which will be a minor diversion from the main story I’ve been running with. I realized the last few chapters have been very adventure heavy and I needed to get back to some good ol’ RobRae.

Thanks for hanging in there and all your excellent feedback! It makes me happy that you all like this story.

Raven tugged on the hemline of her skirt that rested slightly above her pale knees. It was stupid to be uncomfortable about the length of this piece of clothing since her legs were always on display with her leotard.

Alfred had chosen for her a cute pale white skirt and light blue frock top to go over it. It fit surprisingly well to her figure. The asymmetric cut of her purple hair made it quite an adorable outfit. She looked in the mirror and felt naked without her chakra in the center of her forehead. Bruce had recommended her to remove it so that it was not readily identifiable and she had agreed reluctantly.

‘So adorable, nobody would think the dark titan would ever wear it,’ Raven thought to herself with a sardonic chuckle.

“The car is waiting for you, Miss Rhodes,” Alfred’s voice came from the other side of her door. Raven took one glance at her cloak that was tossed on her unmade bed.
“Coming, Alfred,” she said as she resisted the urge to take it.

As she stepped out, Alfred handed her a lightweight jacket the accented every part of her color scheme.

“I’m impressed,” Raven said as she walked by him towards the front door of Wayne Manor. “This fits very well.

“I was not always a butler,” Alfred answered with a twinkle in his eyes. “I’ve put a lot of work honing my observation skills.”

"Pervert," Raven laughed with a bit of heat reaching her face tinging her cheeks red.

"There is a cell phone in your clutch, Miss Rhodes. If you run into any issues you can’t handle, do call immediately."

“Of course.”

The large doors swung open, and Raven found a red Ferrari waiting there with Richard Grayson in the seat. He leaned open and popped the door handle so that it swung open for her.

“Hey, sweetheart, get in.”

She resisted the urge to growl at him and forced herself to remember the identity that Bruce Wayne had created for her. She was Robin’s arm candy and bed warmer as far as anyone else was to know. She slid into the seat and pulled the door shut.

"Sorry," Robin said sheepishly. "trying to get into character."

"You're fine," she lied. Half of her was glad he was able to get past the fact they were teammates but dug into her stomach that he never really meant the words he said and was going to say.

‘Stop being a twit, Raven,’ the dark sorceress scolded herself. ‘You have a mission. That’s the only
Raven did not have a chance to think anymore about it as her stomach was slammed into the chair when the Ferrari peeled out of the gravel and on to the highway. They flew fast down the empty lane towards the bright, sparkling skyline of Gotham City.

“Where are we headed?” Raven asked as soon as her voice came back to her.

“The port,” Robin answered, his eyes on the road. “Everyone is hanging out on the yacht today. It’s a good place to socialize and get some news. Maybe here something about this Nocturnus that is out to get me.”

“The...yacht? I didn’t pack a bathing suit.”

Robin motioned to the little bag on the floor emblazoned with the name of a luxurious boutique for women that Raven had only dreamed of going into.

“Alfred picked a few out for you.”

“He’s a lech, isn’t he?” Raven laughed scooping the package up.

Robin just chuckled as the made their way down the freeway into town. Trusting her leader not to kill them, she dumped the pile of clothing with a shocking lack of material on to her lap.

“What the hell? I’m supposed to wear this?”

She held up a bikini bottom and top that Raven was sure would be more useful as an eyepatch and bandanna than to cover her body up. The sorceress glanced to the side to see Robin quickly look back at the road.

“No, Robin,” she said stuffing it back into the bag. “You’re going to have to save that one for your disgusting imagination.”
“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he lied making a left turn. “Alfred said there were a few types in there.”

Raven finally found a red one piece with soft white geometric patterns that she felt would keep her covered in case of a fight. The front was much lower than her uniform, but it was not designed for combat.

The reached the pier, and Robin popped the trunk and handed her a backpack and grabbed one for himself. He locked the car with a remote and made their way towards a vast and sleek boat named *Midas’ Touch*.

"Oh, Azar, even the names are ludicrous,” Raven groaned.

“Come on, Miss Rhodes,” Robin laughed. “You’re supposed to be a rich girl just like us.”

“I don’t know how, Robin….Richard...” Raven corrected. “I grew up in a monastery that shunned anything that could elicit emotion. I slept on a mat for most of my life.”

“Well, you better be ready, cause here we go.”

“DICK! DICK GRAYSON!”

The voice boomed out like a sonic boom and for a second Raven thought it was Cyborg. Instead, it was a massive man with blond hair and icy blue eyes built like a quarterback who rushed forward and yanked Robin off his feet sending his backpacking flying. Instinctively Raven reached out with her soul-self and caught it allowing it to fall gently.

’*Shit!*’

She looked around, and nobody else seemed to see her action. A few more people were approaching.

“Hey there, Ivan,” Robin groaned through the bear hug. “I see you’re still trying to break my ribs.”
"Dude, you're not as skinny as you once were. You're packing some muscle. Playing sports?"

“You can say that.”

Robin was dropped to the ground with a thump, and he picked himself up with a chuckle. He brushed off his white polo and shorts before turning to Raven.

“This is miss Rachel Rhodes,” Robin introduced. “She’s my girlfriend.”

“What happened to Tonya?” Ivan asked with a surprise without even looking at her.

‘Jerk,’ Raven angrily thought. He did not even bother to acknowledge her.

“You know,” Robin said with a lazy shrug that almost made Raven want to kill him.

‘Oh, Azar. He puts on this act so well. Why did I not see it?’

Robin had become something so different than the hero she knew in Jump City. He was not the man who had caught her when Slade through her off a building to her death. Nor was he the one who hung out with Cyborg, mentored Beast Boy, or patiently taught Starfire.

A woman with a green pixie cut and a lopsided cut midriff tank top rolled up and popped a gum bubble at Raven. For a second, she almost summoned her power to blast the woman across the deck.

Her demon side was going to be hard to control.

“Whose the new pair of tits, Dick?” The woman asked without taking her eyes off of Raven.

“At least I have a pair,” Raven bit out before she could stop herself.
Two more people joined in time to hear the exchange and the whole group burst into loud laughter. The bubble gum chewer broke into a big smile.

“Oooh, she’s got a tongue on her. I like her.” She extended her hand. “The name is Psycho.”

"It's Annabeth Mary Evelyn Connor," Robin corrected. "But we amuse her nickname in our little circle."

Raven took the girl’s hand and shook it allowing a small smile come to her face.

"Love the hair, Rachel," Psycho said with an appreciative nod. "You remind me of that goth chick in California I've seen pictures of once in a while."

For a second, Raven thought she had been recognized, but Pyscho turned her attention to the others.

“I didn’t know we were going to have another person along, Richard dear,” a high but prissy voice spoke up.

Raven turned her head to see a gorgeous brunette shimming her way up to them. She wore a tube shirt and short miniskirt while rolling a small carry-on behind her.

"Oh, Natalia," Robin said hesitantly.

The tone change was distinctive, and Raven stepped just slightly closer to him.

“This is...my girlfriend...Rachel.”

Natalia looked Raven up and down as if she was on display and then shrugged. “Oh.”

She sidled up and took Robin by the arm and led him and the others away leaving Raven standing there by herself. Anger burned in her, and she felt her demon eyes attempting to force their way open, but she quashed it and chanted in her head. These were only spoiled brats who didn’t
deserve to see the demon that was now in their presence.

***

The Yacht was launched, and Raven never realized how opulent it was. It was hard to focus on the fact that this Natalia was continually pulling Robin away from her. Raven had wondered if it was a previous girlfriend or someone who thought she deserved Richard Grayson's full attention. It was hard to tell because she could sense Robin was uncomfortable but not enough that he wanted to be rescued and she felt hard to read and cool, a jumble of thoughts and emotions.

"Time to get changed, ladies!" They're final guests called. They were fraternal twin brother and sister Aiden and Ayla and were the most carefree individuals Raven had ever met.

“The sun is too nice to stay dressed. Let’s get our swimsuits on!”

The girls and guys took off to their respective changing rooms, and Raven slowly followed dreading the undressing. She piled in where Psycho and Natalia were gabbing away, and they did not bother to look at her.

“Oh my goodness! It’s sooo exciting that Dickie’s back! I know he’s gonna have plans like some of those other times!”

"Would you try to keep your panties on, Nat?" Psycho said stripping off her clothes without hesitation and dawning a simple two-piece bathing suit. "He's got a girlfriend."

“Pfft,” Natalia shrugged. “Dick’s gonna lose interest in her once he realizes how frigid she is.”

“I’m right here,” Raven growled slamming her bag on the little stool.

Natalia glanced at her.

“So?”

The anger burned it's way up to her face giving it a red tinge, but Psycho stepped in and grabbed the bag.
“Whacha going to wear, Rachel? Oh, My!”

Raven looked over to see Psycho holding the dark two-piece she thought she had left in the car.

“You are a daring one aren’t you. Might as well stroll out on that deck buck ass naked and dare the men to look at you. Just like Lady Godiva!”

Psycho clapped her hands together making the two pieces of fabric dance.

"That's it! Your nickname is Godiva. We all get nickname's in Richard's posse, and since you're one of us, you get one."

“Hey!” Natalia tried to interrupt, her eyes wide. “We just met her. You can’t just go and give her a nickname.”

"If Dick likes her then I like her. She's awesome, and she's gonna wow the guys with this outfit."

Raven looked down at the two pieces thrust in her hand and up and the expectant glee of Psycho and the horrified expression of Natalia. If anything, this felt like a precipice. Raven knew she had been warned of Robin's old circle and this perception of being a lady's man, but she had not expected to be thrust in the middle of it, to put her own body on display for the men to enjoy.

The dark sorceress was not ashamed of her appearance, and all the training had kept her in shape. It was Starfire who didn't mind showing skin; her beautifully open personality just made it feel natural in her short top and a short skirt. Raven preferred her cloak. It was hers to show whoever she wanted.

Her mind stopped at that point. The time she opened her cape so long ago to let Robin take a look. She had let him in to see her even if she had done it because he was irritating. Raven made the decision. His life was at risk; she had to be a girl his persona would be interested in. Raven shirked behind a curtain inside the room and quickly changed.

Psycho gasped when Raven stepped out, and Natalia stormed out of the changing room in her emerald two-piece.
“Oh, if I was a lesbian, honey,” the green haired girl said with an appraising look.

“I’m not a piece of meat,” Raven responded darkly.

“No you are not,” Psycho said taking her arm. “You’re a goddess that men must worship or be forever banished from your beauty.”

Before Raven could change her mind, she was yanked out into the bright sunlight with Psycho's voice peeling out.

“Hey, boys! Let’s gets some drinks and get this boat cruising!”

Raven looked ahead and saw Robin, Ivan, and Aiden both laughing, but Robin froze as he spotted Raven and his mouth fell open.

“Hah,” Pyscho said. “I knew he’d like it.”

Raven’s face turned red at the attention.

‘Oh, this is going to be a nightmare.’

“Chin up, Godiva,” Pyscho said. “If any of them try to cop a feel, I’ll break the offending part.”

"Don't doubt her," Ayla said sliding up on Raven's other side. "She's done it before. Someone tried to grab my ass, and Pyscho broke his arm in two places."

“Hey, Rach,” Ivan said with a wink. “You look amazing. You fill out that bathing suit quite well. Don’t you think, Dick?”

Robin made a strange choking sound.
"Don't be offended," Ayla said with a laugh as Raven opened her mouth. "Ivan's gay. Take it as a compliment cause it's rare."

Aiden stood. "I'll grab some more beers, and I'll tell the skipper to get us to Reeds Bay."

Raven sat there and braced herself for a very trying day.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Evening on the yacht is full of surprises for Raven.

Robin’s heartbeat began to palpitate in an unfamiliar away when he saw Raven between his two friends of old. Her pale skin stood out against the other bronze and ruddy girls but more than that, it was the fact that his friend, comrade, and a fellow hero was practically naked in a small bikini.

No matter how much he fought it, he could not resist running his eyes down her well-formed bosom that as struggling to stay contained in the dark-colored bikini to the shapely hips and curves with the rest of Raven kept from his eyes by a patch of fabric. He had seen her skin before but not this much nor as alluring as she was now. The combat and the days of motionless moods had sculpted her into a beautiful woman. Something he had never thought of until now.

"Well, Dick approves, Godiva!" Psycho called out with a laugh, and it snapped him out of the fact he was practically drooling over his best friend.

“Godiva?” Ivan asked.

“Yeah!” Ayla answered. “She got her nickname. Cause she’s a hot goddess that men cannot resist to look at but will be punished if they do.”

"Then I think Robin needs punishing," Pyscho said with a giggle. She grabbed Raven by her shoulders and steered her to a seat right by him.

Robin blanched at the amount of bared skin beside him and horrified at the thoughts of what he wanted to do to her running through his head. As much as he pretended to be only focused on business and stopping bad guys, he noticed pretty girls and of course had an interest in sex, but the thought of having it with one of his close friends never came up.

His friends quickly meandered off to the side of the ship to see a few aquatic animals that had popped up at the surface. The young people were squealing and laughed while both he and Raven and stayed in place. She had pulled her legs together and put her arms around herself casually to cover up. Robin recognized his Raven and not Rachel Rhodes sitting beside him.
“Enjoy,” she muttered to Robin without looking at him. “This is for your cover.”

“I want to say you’re drop dead beautiful without offending you, Raven,” Robin said honestly, looking into his friend’s azure eyes that were filled with shock.

“You...you think so?” she said and then quickly changed her tone. “Of course you do. You men can’t resist exposed skin on any girl.”

“No,” Robin said without breaking eye contact. “I never realized how much of a gorgeous woman you were because I was always too focused on the missions and never took the time. Is it wrong to compliment you that you are a such an exotic girl in the day and desirable for the night?”

“D...desirable?” Raven’s voice was lost in the hush of her eyes as they seemed to search his face. “You find me desirable?”

"Yeah," Robin answered a deep red flush coming into his face. He was already committed, and he refused to screw up again like he did at the party. Not that again.

“If this was another time, another place, and we weren’t who we were,” Robin continued carefully as he snaked a few fingers under her hand that she was supporting her weight on. “I would enjoy spending time with you.”

“Spending time?”

“In bed.”

Raven’s eyes grew wide, and her face deepened into a dark color. Her eyes fell to the floor and silenced reigned between them only broken by seagulls and the chatter of his friends. Robin watched her, the feeling of horrible failure starting to rise. Had he just destroyed their relationship? Robin’s words had crossed a line that he could not come back from. He had pointedly told the woman he respected and cared for that he had the desire to take her to bed and spend the night in ecstasy. He had destroyed everything.

“Raven—”
Her eyes shot up to him, powerful and dark. She squeezed his fingers under her hand pointedly.

“I would gladly go to your bed with you no matter who we were, Robin.”

Stunned, Robin tried to find the words to say. Something had changed between them at that point. The look in her eyes and the feelings in his gut were not the same as they were early in the year. She was no longer the magic user of the Teen Titans, she had silently given herself to him, and Robin was not sure what to do.

***

The party on the yacht was in full swing for most of the day. Though Robin was twenty-one, he only kept the bottle of beer in his hand to keep Ivan from getting him a new one. He had to hide the grin when Raven gave Ivan a look of fury when he tried to foist a bottle on her for the fifth time. He did not risk getting near her again with one.

The yacht sat in the middle of Reeds Bay near the Edwin B Forsythe National Wildlife Refuge, one of their haunts when they were younger. The sun had begun to set in the west, and the temperature had started to drop. The crew of the ship had laid out deck chairs where most of the affluent young adults were lounging dozing off their beer buzz.

Though Raven did not think it was possible, she had gotten comfortable with the lack of clothing she was wearing. Robin’s confession that he wanted to ravish her had been a boost to her ego that she had not expected nor realized she wanted. Her emotions had continued to demand attention from the young man through her mind just wanted the spell books and the quiet meditation. It was a conflict if he would want her if he knew all about her.

‘He already knows a lot, half demon, father is a reality destroying fiend,’ she thought to herself with amusement.

The thump beside her caused Raven to open her eyes and roll. Psycho had dropped into the chair beside her with a drunken grin on her face.

“Wow,” she said with a laugh as her head dipped slightly. “It has been a long time since I’ve had that much to drink.”

“You okay?” Raven asked.
“I’m good, Godiva,” she laughed and flopped back staring up at the deepening sky. She then rolled over to face her and lowered her voice.

“You’re much more beautiful than I thought,” she slurred conspiratorially.

“Hmmm?” Raven asked reaching for her ice tea and taking a sip.

“And Richard must be powerful or causing trouble to have you around,” Psycho continued jabber rolling her head back and forth gleefully. "He took a couple of years ago and did not tell anyone. Gone just like that. He came back once in a while but would never tell anyone where he went. Probably making gobs of money like his godfather and banging all those pretty girls."

Raven quickly took a sip to hide the grin that quickly spread across her face. Robin would have been terrified of any woman’s advance until recently.

“Well, he’s a pretty nice guy,” Raven said.

Psycho sat up and looked at Raven with a tilted head.

"I love your complexion too, Rachel," Psycho said as she rocked back and forth on her backside, hugging her knees to her chest. "I always get burnt in the sun."

"It's family genetics,"

"But there's one thing that's bothering me," Psycho said leaning close, and Raven immediately looked up at the girl that had been slowly growing on her.

"What's that?"

"Aren't you like missing something here though?"
Psycho pressed her forefinger to the center of Raven's forehead and a cold chill shot through the sorceress’ spine.

'Shit!' 

"I think they call it like a chakra, right?"

'SHIT!' 

“I...I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Raven said with panic rising in her gut but to her surprise Psycho’s eyes grew wide and her voice dropped.

"Oh, no! I'm so sorry. Stupid me, I let myself get drunk and almost blew your cover. I hope I didn't put Dick at risk with my words."

Raven shivered more from the fear that the cold chill that was blowing in. Psycho glanced down at her and then around.

“Hey, girl. You’re boobs are advertising it's cold. Let's go inside quickly and grab some sweaters, and we can talk there.”

Raven followed the girl with dread. They got to her stateroom, and when the door closed, Psycho turned on her quickly.

"Miss Raven. I didn't mean to risk your cover,"

“I’m not---”

Psycho grabbed her purse from the bed and opened it. She fished around for a few minutes muttering and then pulled out a photo.

"I was in California two years ago when you were fighting the HIVE. I got this snapshot at the Jump City Pizza,"
Raven took the picture with trembling hands and saw her family huddled around a table eating Pizza. She remembered the day because it was when Beast Boy had put a pale of water booby trap on Starfire's door and she about threw him through the window. She was there, hood back, perfectly framed for anyone to see.

Raven lowered the picture and met the eyes of the one who seemed to have a mixture of fear and excitement.

“T’m right, aren’t I?”

"You can’t say anything to anyone,” Raven finally gave in. "I'm on a mission to protect Richard Grayson, and nobody can know I'm a---"

“Teen Titan. Yes! I’ll keep your secret,” Pyscho said excitedly taking her hands and shaking them. “I’ll be your confidant and help you navigate the rich world and keep my ear to the ground. I’m just sooo excited to meet you. I’ve...I’ve been a fan of you since I learned about you.”

She held up her purse, and a little plastic figure in a purple hood dangled there. On closer inspection, Raven realized it was a little toy of her.

"I've even got a keychain with you on it."

A laugh escaped her mouth, the first one in a long time. Raven flopped down on the bed and shrugged.

“Can I ask you a really really personal question that I’ve been burning to ask for four years?” Psycho ventured, her words still a bit drunk.

“Sure?”

"Are...are you...are you half...demon?”

Raven’s heart felt a bit heavy at the question, but she nodded silently, decided not to lie to the girl
who had chosen on her own to keep her secret.

“That is so COOL!”

“No, it actually very painful.”

“Oh!” Psycho said putting her hand to her mouth. "I'm so sorry. I did not mean to imply that I knew anything about your situation."

“Relax,” Raven said patting the girl on the leg as she sat down beside her. “I’ve gotten over it. I’m just not used to having a fan.”

“Well, I love to be your first and number one fan. I mean, you're cool. You're a powerful woman on a team with the hero of Gotham, an alien, a shapeshifter and a cyborg! I've seen underground videos of you battling aliens and the monster moth guy. You've got magic!”

“Let’s go join the boys before we’re missed,” Raven said standing and Pyscho’s shoulders drooped slightly. With a small sigh, Raven reached out with her soul energy and grabbed the two sweaters and floated it over to Psycho.

The girl squealed and giddily clapped her hands.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

So sorry it has taken me so long to update. Life has been difficult with the holidays and then a visit by Mister flu. I’m coming out of it and hoping to start posting regularly again! Thank you all for the kind kudos and feedback while I have been silent!

Everyone was either too drunk to move or was just too lazy, but Raven had found that she had fallen asleep in the deck chair that she had laid out on. Her tummy was happily filled with all sorts of delicacies she would have never seen at the Titan’s Tower, and Psycho was fun to talk to. The woman had been following superheroes for quite some years and wanted to know everything that Raven was willing to tell.

The night was warm, but the wind off the lake brought a chill that kissed her pale skin once in, but it was not something that bothered her. For once, she felt she was at peace.

‘Pretending to be Dick’s rich slut,’ she thought dreamily to herself.

Sex. The conversation earlier had not vanished from her mind but filed away for a later mulling while meditating. Her personalities would have had a blast with the fact that someone expressed interested in her.

‘You should be insulted, Raven! He sees you only as a piece of meat that was put on this planet for his pleasure.’ Pride would growl.

Happiness, of course, would counter. ‘No, he’s a sweetheart to bare his emotions like that. You don’t have a reputation of being easily approached. If he were looking for a one night stand, Starfire would have been a better choice.’

Raven chuckled at that. Happiness was wrong, of course, but it sounded like something she would say.

‘But can he accept what you are? He sees your human side, but you keep your demon part hidden away. Would he want to be with you if he saw those four eyes looking at him in the dark?’ Doubt asked.

‘Even so,’ Passion said with glee. ‘Think of how enjoyable of a night it’s going to be! Just imagine that strong man bending you over and pulling down your panties. Then he only has to slip his-----”

“Nope!” Raven said out loud popping her eyes open before Passion could finish her erotic train of thought. The bikini-clad sorceress sat up and looked about her. Bottles, food cartons, and bodies of Robin’s friends were scattered about the floor. Some were snoring while others were curled up in corners blissfully sleeping away.

Raven quickly located Robin who had leaned up against the walkway and hung his head to sleep.
A small smile flitted across her face as she watched him breathe. Robin was a nice guy, and he had done so much for her. She could not shake the fact he had gone to hell to rescue her when she faced her father, the demon lord.

‘He is exceptional,’ Hope whispered in her soul.

Ivan was asleep on the deck chair beside her and Raven glanced at his Rolex for the time. She could make out 2:30 AM and stretched. The debate was staying up on the deck with Robin or getting him downstairs to their cabin. Even as peaceful as it was, she was not leaving him out of her site.

A chill shot through her spine and her eyes grew wide as the tingling sensation moved up and spread through her innards like cancer. She had fought enough battle to recognize the presence of something evil.

Her eyes immediately began to dart around looking for the source of the sour magical essence that had slithered its way on to the deck.

‘Shit, not now.’ she thought pulling her legs in and crouching on the deck chair to keep a low profile.

She half closed her eyes and began to let her energy seep out of her body and expand like a passive scan of the area. She could feel the warm heartbeats of those on the deck as her power touched them and the unique signature of Robin who was still safely asleep. It was farther down the deck to the other side of the ship that she felt it. Something black, sour, evil. Whatever it was, it was creeping towards them quickly.

Without hesitation, Raven leaped from her chair and glided herself to Robin’s side, landing without a sound beside him. She covered his mouth, and immediately his eyes opened, but his training and her eyes kept him from striking out with the balled fist.

“What is it, Raven?” he asked, recognizing the look in her eyes.

“Nocturnus is here.”

Robin flew to his feet and looked about. Raven knew he was seeking a weapon. Only one of the beer bottles was in reach. Her magical instinct rang out hard in her head, and she threw herself away from him as something slammed between them with a burst of power and rage.

“Diiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiicccccccccccckkkkkkk
Gggggggggggggrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
muttered in a wailing sound that sent shivers of fear through her.

“Well, you can’t have him,” a voice chimed out. Raven shot a look to her right and saw Psycho standing there waving a flare gun at the creature. “He’s our friend, and you can go suck a dick for all I care.”

“Psycho,” Raven hissed.

The screech was deafening, and Nocturnus leaped forward like a banshee from hell charging psycho. Raven reached out and grabbed a deck chair with her soul-self and flung it at the creature, the dark energy flinging it like a hand.

Psycho dodged out of the way while Robin drug her out of the fight. Nocturnus banked and came back towards the boat with a screech and a yell. It must have sensed the magic as it was coming straight for her. The energy blast that came from Nocturnus was violet in color and struck Raven’s shield she manifested with enough force to send her rolling down the deck. She gasped trying to breathe back the air that had been knocked out of her lungs and blink away the tears streaming down her face.

The next blow was without the shield and sent a blast of agony through her arm and slammed her body into the side of the ship.

“Yooooouuuuuuuuu aaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrreeeeeeeewwwwwwwwweeeeeeaaaakkkkkkk,” it taunted.

Raven pulled herself to her feet and turned to face the creature.

“Bitch.”

Ignoring anyone around her, she summoned her power, and the magnitude of it lifted Raven off her feet. Honing the energy into a beam, she blasted it out, and it struck Nocturnus full sending it screeching out of the sky and through the bridge of the yacht. Raven fell to her knees gasping, her energy spent.

The world swam around her, but soon she felt strong hands and smelled Robin’s cologne. She looked up to see him with an in-depth look of concern on his face. Psycho slid right beside him and tried to help her up.

“Raven, are you alright?” Psycho pleaded.

Robin started at the use of her name, and she quickly stepped in.

“She recognized me from online videos, Mister Grayson. My cover as your bodyguard has not been blown.”

Raven could see the confusion in his eyes, but he stepped away and the alert hero faded back into the millionaire playboy.

“Rachel, you’re bleeding,” Psycho said quickly grabbing a napkin from an overturned table and dabbed at the sorceress’ nose.

‘Bleeding?’

She had been hit hard but nothing to her nose. She closed her eyes and quickly sent a check
through her body; her aura was studying her physical form. Raven’s relief, she detected it and suddenly opened her eyes.

“I need to go to my quarters.”

“I’ll take you,” Robin said, and the two helped her as the rest of the crew came out bewildered trying to assist the others.

***

Robin helped her sit down on the edge of the bed while Pyscho paced back and forth in worry. Raven had gotten the bleeding to stop and at quick glanced saw it was blacker than it should be.

“What is it?” Robin asked. Raven cursed to herself. There was no way to hide it from him.

“Necrotic damage,” Raven answered simply. “Nocturnus is some sort of necroid.”

“Like a demon or something from the astral plane?” Psycho asked curiously.

Robin gave her a look, and she raised her hands in surrender. “What? I like to read.”

“No, it’s human...was human. A necromancer maybe who got in over their head,” Raven continued.

“How did you become hurt?” Robin responded ignoring the rest of the talk.

“When I hit it with my soul self. It came in contact with the necrotic field that holds it together. This nosebleed is how it is manifesting itself.” Raven said.

“Do I need to...get help?” he asked. The question was simple, but she knew what it meant. Did they had to involve the other meta-humans.

“No, I need to meditate and let it heal. It’s not bad, Richard. I promise.” Raven emphasized the last two words to get him to relax. The leader of the Teen Titans was coming out again.

“I’ll have them head to port and start a guard rotation. Once we get back, we’ll talk to Bruce and see if he has any ideas.”

Without a response, Raven folded her legs underneath her and began to meditate.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Life moves on but Raven knows that things are coming to a head. She also has to contend with an unlikely ally.

Clothes were haphazardly strewn across Raven's floor while the curtain was drawn to keep much of the light out. The lamp that was casting a warm yellow jiggled a bit when the bed bumped the nightstand that it was set up beside. Breathlessly sounds came from the mattress with a mixture of whimpers and groans. Raven's breath caught in her throat while Robin grunted.

“Oh, fuck!” Raven said breathlessly.

Robin low rumble matched her gasps. Finally, Boy Wonder fell back from the bed where Raven was sitting in defeat.

“I give up,” he said gesturing toward her foot. “I can’t get that stupid boot on your foot.”

“It’s such a horrible design,” she whined. “but they’re pretty.”

Robin stood and looked around at the scattered mess and ran his hands through his hair. It had been a few days since the attack on the yacht, and there had been no sign of Nocturnus since. Some of his friends thought it was over though neither Titans believe it.

Raven sat on the bed in a light purple tank top that matched her hair and a pair of jeans that were way to form-fitting in Robin's opinion. The leather boots she wanted to wear with them had come from a high-end boutique, but the design was sacrificed for style. Raven muttered a spell under her breath, and he watched as she phased her foot in, warped reality, and made them fit her feet.

“That would have been much easier,” Robin said folding his arms across his chest.

“Not supposed to be using my magic like that, remember? Don’t want to give away my identity,” she answered.
“You already told Annabeth,” Robin said.

“She guessed,” Raven emphasized. “How many times do I have to tell you that. I don’t wear a mask like you do.”

“I’m just worried.”

“As always,” Raven said standing and turning to grab a few items from the bed to put away. Robin tried to hold back a groan when he saw her in the jeans. The denim showed off every curve.

“Stop staring, perv,” she said without looking around. “I can sense you drooling all over my ass.”

“Sorry,” Robin said sheepishly turning away. “I’m trying.”

***

It was Natalia's idea of an outdoor cafe. There was one in the more prosperous place of Gotham that Richard was familiar with. There was more to it, and he knew it. The Ferrari zipped down the road with Raven in the seat beside him texting away.

“Who are you texting?”

“Someone.”

“Who?”

"A person we are mutual friends with."

Richard gritted his teeth trying to not snap at her. This was the Raven he knew from the tower. Silent, sarcastic, and love of the dry wit. His started slightly when she put her hand on his knee without looking away from the phone. Finally, finishing her conversation, she looked up at him.
“Whose Natalia?”

Robin started and tried to keep control over the car. He cleared his throat. “She’s a friend from the past.”

“No, she’s more than that.”

Robin was silent thinking about it, but it’s better for her to find out from him than from anyone else, especially Natalia.

“She was my fiance.”

Robin did not have to be an empath to feel the emotions rolling off of his friend in the passenger seat. Though her expressions had not changed when he sneaked a peek, he could see her mind working.

“Fiance, huh?” Raven continued, her voice still even. “That explains why she doesn’t like me.”

“Yeah, sorry about that.”

“You sleep with her?”

“Why is that important?”

“If you don’t know,” Raven said glaring at him. “Then you’re either a virgin or a moron.”

“I’m not a virgin,”

“Moron it is.”

"Raven!" Robin said, his voice commanding. She had become quite acidic, and he could not
"Sorry," she responded, but he knew Raven didn't mean it.

The car was silent for another fifteen minutes as they made their way downtown towards their destination.

“You proposed to her at this cafe.”

“How did you know that!” Robin responded shocked.

“Cause she’s trying to win you back, she chose the place, and you have been sensing a growing dread from you as we get closer.”

"Raven," he said trying to breathe and regain some semblance of control. "I'm as uncomfortable as you are and just want this over with. If we could find some way to hunt this Nocturnus, I'd do it. I don't like being the playboy millionaire."

"I know you don't," Raven said, her voice softening. "She needs to know you're not interested in her. If you be nice to her in any way, she's going to think she has a chance."

“What do you suggest I do?” he asked, not sure if he wanted the answer.

“Follow my lead and when I tell you to do something, do it without hesitation and for Azar sake, look like you’re enjoying it.”

***

They arrived at the cafe, and after finding a place to park in a nearby parking garage, the two Titans found themselves in an open cafe with multiple tables filled with affluent guests enjoying the weather. Ivan was easy to spot, and Pyscho rushed up from the side with a look of glee in her face.
“Rachel!” she called and hugged the goth girl. Initially, Raven wanted to push her away but hugged her back trying to make it natural.

“Sorry!” Pyscho whispered. “Forgot you’re not the hugging type.”

“Don’t worry,” she whispered back before breaking away. “I’m not going to be acting like myself for a little bit.”

“Oh?”

“Where’s Natalia?”

”The bitch hasn’t gotten here yet….ohhhhhhh,” Psycho said realizing what was going on when Raven quickly relieved herself of her bra so that only the tank top covered her. She secreted it to Psycho and shrugged.

“The things I have to do for security,”

“Don’t feel bad,” Psycho said with disgust. “Natalia deserves a kick in the ovaries. We always thought that she was the reason that Richard left us. He left two days before the wedding….oh….you know?”

“Yeah, he told me.”

Psycho nodded, and they finally arrived at the table, and Ivan gave her a big smile.

“Hey, Godiva. Glad you could make it.”

Raven plastered the biggest smile should get away with on her face and gave Ivan a hug.

“Thanks for inviting me! After that scary thing attacked us on the yacht, I wasn’t sure if we were going to try to go in public.”
"You know, Dick, more courage than brains," Ivan laughed giving Richard a punch in the arm as he sat down. Before he had time to protest, Raven pushed herself into his lap, wrapped an arm around him, and pulled him in for a hug. The wave of surprise and emotion told her that he realized her wardrobe change.

“Any idea what that thing was?” Ayla asked bringing over a little cup of ice cream. She offered some to Ivan who shook his head.

"I think it was some type of necroid," Psycho blurted out, and all, especially Raven turned to look at her.

"Necroid?" Ayla said curiously taking a bite. "You always were into studying about mystical creatures. Who would have thought we have one try to eat us."

"Yeah, they're weird from everything I've heard," Psycho continued, and Raven relaxed. The woman had not once glanced over.

"I did some more reading last night before we came here but they can be created in many ways. An evil spirit that possesses someone willingly and allows them to be corrupted, a resurrected dark being, liches, there is even an entry of Lazarus Pits that don't work as intended."

“And what we saw?” Ivan asked.

"I don't know. I...I don't have any magical abilities to test, and you know Gotham isn't big on spirituality. Mediums and sorcerers just don't like living here. Too chaotic from what I understand."

“What are all you talking about?”

The high valley-girl voice with a dose of condescension broke into the group, and they all turned to see Natalia walking up with a low cut top, a rather short skirt and dark high heels. Raven instantly felt the hatred roil off the girl when Natalia spotted her sitting on his lap. Raven gave her a sweet, stupid smile and kicked her legs absently like a young woman who was quite shallow. If anything, it was the opposite of herself.
“You’re pissing her off,” Richard hissed through his smile.

“That’s the point,” Raven responded.

Natalia sat down with a slightly sharp thump and looked about with a look that could kill.

“I see that everyone made it today,” she said, and Raven winced at the impression that she was actually not supposed to know about the gathering. "I'm glad everybody understood this get together was for the old guard."

“What can I say?” Richard said with a smile as he wrapped his arms around her waist. “I can’t go far without my lovely girl.”

Raven tried to keep her smile even two-fold. Not only had the comment hit the mark and caused an explosion of anger but Richard had done it without realizing it.

"Plus, he can't keep his hands to himself, so I gotta stay nearby to protect the rest of you ladies,” Raven laughed and waved her hand around aimlessly.

‘Azar I feel like such an idiot.’

“Richard isn’t that type of--”

Raven looked had made sure to note the location of Robin's hand right under the hem of her Tank top and with a quick flick of her magic, she gripped his wrist in the thinnest coil of black energy and forced his hand into her shirt and on to her right breast. His eyes went wide, and before he could give away the ruse, she grabbed at his hand and held it there.

“Dicky! You're so naughty! Can’t you just take a break and give me some rest,”

Raven released his hand once the implication of her words sunk in.

“I’m going to grab a frappe,” Natalia said standing with a huff. “Anyone want anything?”
“I’ll come with you,” Ivan said with a look of concern on his face.

Robin was shaking, and she tried to use her empathic skill to part some calm to his mind. The man was so well trained that mind control of any type was difficult and if he was not going to accept it, she wasn’t going to get in. As expected, it bounced off.

Sliding off of his lap into the chair beside him, Raven relaxed and appreciated the gentle touch that Psycho applied to her back. As much as she trusted and knew her leader, it was nice to know someone else understood what she did painful and disgusting. The sorceress went back from thinking to squishing Bruce Wayne with mystical energy.

As Richard and Ayla went into some discussion about the Wayne banquet coming up in a few weeks, Raven rested her chin on her hands and slowly scanned the crowd around her, bored of the rich people gabbing and eating. How much she hated the affluent. Her eyes came in contact with a pair looking at her from across the plaza, a man in a maintenance uniform who looked away back to his broom. The problem was, it was too quick. Something tingled in the back of Raven's mind as her tactical mind began to assess. The maintenance man, a waiter on break, and a young woman in the corner on her laptop fit in but were somehow wrong. The maintenance man seemed to agile in some strange way while the waiter twirled a spoon expertly through his fingers. The girl on the laptop had been sipping her coffee and studying the screen for too long without doing anything else.

“Can I take your order?” the waitress asked to Raven’s left. She hadn’t looked as she was watching to see what the others would do.

“Coffee,” Ayla said.

“Cafe Mocha, double shot, please,” Richard said.

“And you miss?”

Raven saw the girl flinch when she realized that sorceress had not looked away.

“Camomile tea, please.”

"Yes, Ma'am. Steeped for 10 minutes, two drops of cream, and one cube of sugar."
The woman began to put her laptop away, and Raven began to debate if she should chase her and find out what was going on. They had to be agents of some type.

“Yes. That’s correct.”

The waitress walked away when Robin and Ayla went back into the discussion of economic policies of Gotham. Raven was about to stand when the realization hit her.

‘How the FUCK did the waitress know exactly how I drink my tea?!?’

Raven’s shot over to the shrinking form of the waitress and embarrassingly, she recognized the girl from the mischievous sway of her hips. A shot of color entered her cheeks when she saw the pale skin thigh peek out of her uniform dress.

The sorceress shot up and mumbled an excuse about the bathroom. Robin was too engrossed in the numbers to pay attention. Trying her best not to run, Raven closed the distance in large steps and follow the woman who entered the cafe. She gripped the woman's shoulders and turned her around. Raven's eyes grew wider as a pair of pink ones with feline-like slits glinted back in mirth.

“How the FUCK did the waitress know exactly how I drink my tea?!?”

“Hello, Rae Rae! I was hoping my little ruse would wake you up. You almost blew my team’s cover.”

“Jinx!”

The pinkette was almost unrecognizable with the dark bonnet on that covered her pink u-shaped hair. She looked out of place in the waitress uniform.

“So, are you and Boy Blunder knocking boots now?” the pinkette asked gleefully. “Cause I want all the details! How good is he? Is he as big as those tights make it look? Has he tried to----”

Raven's eyes took on a white glow, and quickly Jinx put her hand on her shoulder as if giving her directions.

“I’m back up,” Jinx said seriously. “Bruce Wayne assigned me as a secondary team to you.”
“What? Your team?”

“Mister Wayne hired three HIVE teams to guard you and Mister Grayson. He picked me because we know each other really well.”

Jinx’s eyebrows waggled up and down, and Raven blushed.

“That was two years ago and the side effects of Brain’s control serum. You need to stop mentioning it.”

Jinx put her hands on her hips with a pout. "We had fun! Yeah, we were locked in a cargo container for 12 hours, but we had fun for the first nine."

“Jinx, if Robin finds you, he’s going to go ballistic. I don’t know how---”

Raven blinked.

“You know Richard Grayson’s Robin?”

"I've always known, sweetie," Jinx said beginning to move towards some tables to clean up dishes. "Secret identities are only good for so long. Never had a reason to say anything because the only family Richard Grayson has to exploit are a dark sorceress, a cyborg, a shapeshifter, and a man who dresses like a bat."

Raven did not know how her eyes could go more full, but they did.

“You know Bruce is---”

“A man with a strange cosplay fetish? Yeah, and I wish I didn't know," Jinx said dropping the dishes at the counter. "The day I found out who Grayson was and put together who the Bat really was, I was visited by said bat. Trust me, it was the most terrifying thirty minutes of my life. I mean, it first started out as a choice of either getting my affairs in order and slitting my own throat or get my neck snapped like a turkey’s wishbone. He chose the third option which was a card to
“I see,” Raven responded, her mind too stunned with all the revelations.

"I honestly still expect a Batarang to the throat," Jinx finished.

“What do we do now?”

“Well, you're going to make sure Robin never notices, and I promise to stay out of your hair while you all get into each other's pants.”

“I’m not sleeping with him,” Raven scowled.

“Uh huh.”

“Jinx, he’ll figure out.”

“Then let me put it this way,” Jinx said stepped closer and whispering sensually in Raven’s ears. “If he finds out, I’m going to tell him about us having sex in great detail. Guys love that lesbian stuff.”

"Jinx!” Raven said pulling away from her face burning as the memories of that evening and night washed over her. She had worked so hard to put it in the mirror, but alas, it did not stay.

“I’m not a lesbian,” Raven hissed.

“Of course not, dear,” Jinx said ignoring her. “You’re bi. Now go get it on with boy wonder and let me finish clearing these tables. I’ve got four more before my shift is over or you guys decide to get yourselves killed.”

As the Pinkette walked away, Raven put her hand on her head. Only one word came to mind.
‘Fuck!’
Chapter 14

Azerath Metrion Zinthos.

Azerath Metrion Zinthos.

Azerath Metrion Zinthos.

The world was spinning out of control and meditation felt like the only way to keep from being thrown off the ride called life. Raven sat cross-legged, cramped in the passenger seat meditating, trying to keep herself from exploding with anxiety and anger. She tried to force her mind to center itself, but it struggled.

So many emotions ripped through her, and they buffeted her like a monsoon. It had been so long since the last time she had meditated and the feelings about Robin, the Nocturnus, the fact that Jinx had come back into her life like a dirty secret, and an enraged, jilted lover trying her best to humiliate her. It took every ounce of energy to force her demon side to stay submerged.

The door opened, and the smell of Psycho's perfume swirled in adding one more thing to her fragile chant.

“Raven! I just had a thought but---Holy Shit!”

Raven's eyes popped open, and she shot a glare at the woman in the seat beside her. Her eyes were wide, and her emotions resounded with shock.

“What?” Raven growled at her.

“You have four eyes!”

That was it. The Azerathian sorceress realized everything had been crystal clear and she could see the heat radiating from the young woman's body. A split second, her demon side wanted to drag the woman in the back and have its way with her.
‘What the hell is my brain so supercharged on sex!’

Raven calmly closed her eyes and allowed the aura to fade.

"Sorry. When I'm emotionally unbalanced, my demon side likes to manifest."

"Gosh, that was so cool. Do you like see well with those eyes? Do the serrated teeth like help you eat better?"

So the teeth had appeared too. It sounded like she had been on the verge of full inversion.

‘I need to meditate. I’m losing control.’

“No,” Raven said popping the passenger door open. “They’re used to rip the delicate flesh off of annoying girls who ask a lot of questions.”

“You’d think I’d taste delicious?”

Raven purposefully bit her tongue to force her brain not to think the illicit thought that tried to escape.

‘I’m going to get Passion a good thrashing when I get back to Nevermore,’ Raven chided herself.

The sun struck her hard, and she quickly lifted a hand to shield her eyes.

“Why did you disturb me, Annabeth?” Raven asked.

“Well, I had been doing some reading, and if we are dealing with a necromancer, there could be signs of him around the graveyards of Gotham. Don’t they need like body parts and stuff?”

“Yeah,” Raven mused to herself. Psycho had a good point.
“I gotta call my boss. Give me a second will you?”

Psycho stepped back and amused herself by admiring herself in the Ferrari’s reflection. Once the girl was out of earshot, Raven pulled the phone out of her clutch and hit the auto dial. It rang once before Bruce’s voice came on the line.

“Yes?”

"I have to go to the cemeteries around Gotham. There could be a lead there."

“You can’t take Richard into that area, Rachel. You know that.”

“Yeah, I’m not stupid. That’s why I’m going to send him back to the mansion.”

"Without an escort?” Bruce’s voice changed to iron, but Raven was tired of being on someone else’s chain.

"Yeah, cause you hired a hex-witch with elite shadow troopers to protect him. She can get him back to the mansion, and I can finally get ahead of this creature. We can’t keep reacting."

There was silence on the other line.

"You do know I’m going to do this," Raven continued.

“Yes, I’m just debating if there is anything I can say to persuade you not to.”

“There’s nothing.”

“I’ll alert Jinx to watch him on his way back. You keep in touch. I can’t have you getting ambushed either.”
Raven did not answer but hung up. Psycho took that a sign to come back.

“So?”

“I’m going to go investigate some cemeteries.”

"And I'll come with you, and before you protest, you have no clue where they are."

Raven tried to hold back a grin, but only a little bit made it to her mouth.

“You are a psycho, aren’t you?”

The girl just grinned.

***

It was not simple to tell Robin to shut up and go back to the mansion, but after she quietly threatened in his ear to tell everyone the time he wore Starfire’s dress so that she could help it, he became submissive.

Annabeth drove a beautiful little car that zipped quickly through the streets and for the next four hours they visited every single cemetery they could find. The sun had started to descend when they pulled up to the last one of the list.

It was a hole in the walled cemetery nestled in a field that was sandwiched by skyscrapers. The old iron gate looked as if it had not been used for quite some time. The tombstone’s names had long been washed away by decades of rain, and it appeared the groundskeeper had given up the battle against the lichen and Spanish moss awhile ago too. Raven easily vaulted over the gate though Psycho struggled.

"I wish I had superpowers," Psycho muttered to herself.

“They’re a curse,” Raven mused as she began to walk between the stones looking for signs of disturbance.
“Yeah, that’s what I’m told.”

For the next few minutes they looked around, but Psycho was the first to stop.

“We’re in luck. The groundskeeper is here today. Maybe he can help us!”

Raven glanced over to see the middle-aged man hacking away from the bush. He was pretty handsome with a chiseled chin and gray eyes that twinkled. Psycho was already on her way over to him when the wave of energy through her mind reached her.

“Hey, sir! Do you have a moment?” Psycho asked coming up to him with a big smile.

“Of course,” he said putting down the sheers and smiling. “What can I do for such a lovely lady like yourself?”

Before Psycho could move any closer as the man was reaching out to shake her hand, Raven blurred past, and her fingers gripped the man by the throat and slammed him to the lichen covered wall of the skyscraper that marked the border.

“Raven!” Psycho screeched.

"Hey! What's the idea?!” the man demanded to try to pull away from the iron grip.

Psycho froze as a spine-tingling growl came from deep inside Raven's chest. Her second pair of eyes opened, all four glowing blood red. She bared her serrated teeth at the man and issued for a harsh growl.

Psycho stumbled back in shock as the handsome man's only second set of eyes opened and he growled back trying to wrest away. Another snarl from Raven and he quit resisting.

“Gekbana'ek bakhosk'ek. Kroshu baygrosk'usu'ek,” the creature hissed out as Raven’s fingers tightened.

“Yuzan'esh bavuman. Kroshu iikis'av'at?” Raven responded, and all Psycho could do was find a place to sit so she would not fall over.
“Kroshis'av'ek'n'esh.”

With the last words out, Raven threw him to aside, and he quickly ran away.

“So...”, Psycho said trying to take a breath. “A demon?”

“Yeah,” Raven answered beginning to look about.

“And the gibberish?”

"Sinha. A low dialect of the demon clans but used as a trade language among some other unsavory types you can run into in a graveyard." Raven continued.

“And you speak it?”

“Demon, remember?”

Psycho patted her on the shoulder. “Only half.”

Raven smiled at that and was about to say something else when she noticed a hole in the far wall hidden behind a sizeable religious figurine and a bush. If they had not proceeded in as far as they would have done, it would have been missed.

“There,”

“You sure this is safe?”

“No.”

Slowly they approached, and Raven peered in. She could see the low tunnel had once been a small tunnel and it was moving far down the hall. There were no lights, but Raven was sure
something was looking back.

“We’re not going to go down there tonight,” Raven said stepping back.

“Why not?”

"For one," the Sorceress continued. "There's something down there looking back at us.”

Psycho squeaked and immediately threw herself behind the purple haired girl. “We’ll come back in the day and once I have had some time to prepare some wards.”

The two girls turned to head back towards the car, but Raven only made a few steps before her senses kicked in. It was a quick pulse of energy but her brain, who had fought many battles, had already realized the only option. She reached out, took Psycho’s hand and pulled her close. This was why Raven had studied Batman’s codex on Gotham.

Raven knew she could probably escape, but Pyscho would have had to be left to die. That was not what a Teen Titan did.

“We won’t resist if you don’t hurt her,”

“My,” the sultry voice wafted on the air from around her. The lichen seemed to crawl and rithe like they had a mind of their own. “You are a very quick and perceptive young woman….for a demon.”

“She’s only half demon,” Psycho called out trying to be brave. “and you’d better watch it before she thrashes you.”

The giggle resonated through the graveyard and though Raven saw the Spanish moss crawling toward her, she kept Psycho from seeing it. The sorceress' heart pounded hard, and she struggled to breathe. She only cared about getting Annabeth out of the mess.

"I said I wouldn't resist, Poison Ivy. Please don't harm her.”

The vines stopped, and Raven turned to see a woman stride out confident, clothes made of fabric
provided by nature, a beautiful flower in her hair and glinting eyes that studied her cunningly.

““You know my name,” Poison Ivy continued with a smirk. “How does a little demon school girl know my name?”

"I'm happy to discuss it with you, Miss Ivy," Raven said diplomatically. "If you let her go. She's just a curious bystander and means no harm to you or nature."

“I love flowers,” Psycho croaked out. “I don’t even trim them!”

Poison Ivy was swept off her feet by the vines, and she loomed over the two girls, her red mane being caught by the evening breeze. She contemplated for a second and then shrugged.

“So be it. You may leave. I’m more interested in the little one who knows my name and who reeks of being a hero but with no costume.”

"I...I can't leave you," Psycho pleaded turning to Raven, but the sorceress shook her head.

"You need to go, and you need to go now. I'll be fine."

Slowly, Psycho began to walk away and then broke into a run. Once out of sight, it was only a few seconds before she heard the girl's car start and speed away.

Vines, lichen, and branches shot out from everywhere and bound Raven tight; they lifted her into the air until she was face to face with the villainess of nature.

"Since we're so honest with each other, little one, what do you call yourself when you're wearing your tights?"

Raven decided the truth was the only option at the moment if she wanted to live past the next few seconds.

“Raven. My name is Raven of the Teen Titans.”
Robin was sullen. That was the only way to describe his mood after being hustled into his Ferrari by Raven and ordered to head home. The sorceress had refused to explain where she was going and threatened to stuff him in the trunk and have Ivan drive him back if he did not obey.

All the boy wonder could do was watch her cute ass that was hugged tightly by her jeans make its way to Psycho's car and drive off in a cloud of exhaust. Robin's first instinct was to sneak after her, but he knew that if he were caught, she'd kill him and it would be messy.

With nothing left to do, he said goodbye to his friends and made his way back to the hotel they were staying at. One of the things he never got to tell Raven was that they were not heading back to the mansion but to the Gotham Jewel, a five-star hotel that Bruce owned. There was yet-another-charity-fund raiser the following evening, and the mayor wanted him to take the lead. Though Bruce had protested, Mayor Randall could not be persuaded without a lot of suspicions.

The first crack of thunder echoed through the metal canyons of the city when Robin stepped out of his vehicle and handed his keys to the attendant. The wind gusted through the streets causing the litter to roll like urban tumbleweeds and the pigeons trying to make their way to safe havens before the man deluge arrived. One thing Gotham was known for was its rainstorms.

The first torrent struck the back of his blazer as the gilded door to the hotel closed behind him, and the sound of the patter against the windows echoed through the cavernous ground floor. Robin had already gotten his key, and so he ignored the concierge, rang the elevator and proceeded to star at his reflection in the closed doors as he rode towards the 34th floor.

The thing that struck him the most from the visage that stared back at him was the exhaustion in his eyes. Robin could not remember the last time he had a good night's sleep. He had gone days without rest before but that had been fighting crime, and he always knew he had his bed to curl up in and his friends in the nearby rooms. Robin wanted to desperately follow up on Beast Boy, Starfire, and Cyborg but he could not risk it. Batman had checked and found both they and Jump City were still good. Beast boy had even commented that it had been unusually quiet. That was a plus.

The elevator dinged and the doors opened. What he did not expect on the other side was a pair of large blue eyes staring back at him.

"Dicky! I'm so glad to have you alone!"

How the hell did Natalia know where he was. Only her name escaped his mouth.

"Nat."

"Oh, Dick! I've been hoping that you would be coming in soon," she cooed snaking her harm into the crook of his elbow. She led him out of the elevator and towards his room.

'Shit.'

"I was hoping we could have a little bit to top before that girl comes back,"
"My girlfriend, you mean?" Robin said staying into character, but a part of him wished he could say that about the woman who had become his bodyguard.

"Whatever."

She swiped the card in her hand, and the little green light beeped before clicking and releasing the latch. Robin made a note to subtly lift the card from her and have a word with the manager about giving access to his room.

The room was spacious and the home of two king beds, an ornate desk, large walk on the patio where the door was slightly ajar to allow the smell of the rain to waft inside. The carpet was a soft plush, the type for perfect morning strolls getting the door to let in room service.

Robin's imagination went towards the bed where he pictures Raven curled up with a book and only the sheet as clothing. His heart skipped a beat as he felt a pulse of warmth run through his stomach and his extremities. It was not uncomfortable, just something he hadn't expected.

'Probably not comfortable with having Natalia this close,' he thought to himself.

The girl gently sat him down on the bed, and she quickly sat down beside him. The suite he was in had another room that led to the kitchenette, hot tub, and showers. The sliding door was cracked slightly but dark.

"Natalia," Robin began. "I'm not sure you should be here."

"Please, Richard," she pleaded, her eyes focused and begging. Memories swam back of the years they had dated and how much he liked her eyes. Robin knew he was madly in love with her then and was going to marry her. That was for sure. Another pulse of warmth shifted through him, and a smile came to his face. Some of those emotions crept up, and he gently patted her on the leg.

"I've got time, Nat. Rachel's gone for, and I don't know when she'll be back. I could do with the company."

Her smile broadened, and she placed her hand on his leg sending jolts of warm fuzzies through him. Robin noticed that she was a pretty good-looking woman. He had slept with her before, and for the first time in so many years, he missed being in her arms.

"I know a lot has changed between us since you moved away and Mister Wayne would only tell me it's for his company. But you're back now, and I have no hard feelings. I want to pick up where we left off."

"Getting married?" Robin asked nonchalantly as he pulled at her sleeve absently. "Well, not that so quickly," she flushed with triumph and excitement. "I'd love for us to get together again because I love you, Richard, and I have missed you so bad since you disappeared. You were everything to me."

Memories of Natalia telling him her stories about her mother being murdered by her father and then killing himself. He had been the only one in her life and was furious at Bruce for telling him he had to leave.

"I never wanted to leave, Nat. I had no choice."
"But you're here now, and we can go back to the way it was. You have to dump the bimbo you're dating now."

"Rachel's—" Robin started feeling flushed and surprisingly aroused at the thought of Natalia.

"She's a good screw, but don't you want more than a pair of tits with no brains?"

Words escaped him, and Robin saw Natalia smile and lean in to kiss him. For a brief, fuzzy moment, he felt to pull away, but the thought of getting her into the sheets was too tantalizing.

"Ohhhhh, dicky."

A sultry voice floated through the air from the other side of the sliding door, and both Robin and Natalia spun to look at it. Natalia was surprised, but that voice was extremely familiar. It was sexy, and snarky at the same time. The realization of who it was struck him the same time the sliding door was thrown back.

'Jinx!'

What the hell was the leader of the infamous HIVE 5 doing in his room and----Robin stopped….blinked…and blinked again. Jinx was leaning on the door jam wearing a silken robe blazoned with the hotel's seal, and the girl had not bothered to tie it. The thing that Robin had realized was Jinx was not wearing anything else.

"Oh," Jinx said in languid surprised at Natalia's presence. "I didn't realize you planned a threesome.

"Who the hell are you?" Natalia demanded.

"I'm his next screw, love. You going to join or you gonna watch?" She said nonchalantly not bothering to cover herself up.

Robin's head exploded in myriads of feelings that he could not place or figure out why he was having. Natalia jumped up in a rage and charged out the door slamming it soundly.

Robin's temperature was hot, and he felt feverish. The worst thing was that the HIVE had even found a way to cock block him.

"You're welcome, by the way," Jinx said straightening and walking over to the door to put turn the bolt.

"For what?" Robin snarled. "I was---"

"You were going to have sex with her?" Jinx said.

Robin was going spit an insult at Jinx but noticed that she had changed to studying him carefully. He had seen that enough times on the battlefield to be concerned.

"Jinx---"

Throwing off her robe, she stood there completely in her naked glory.

"What do you think? What if I told you it's a free buffet and you can do anything to me?"

Before Robin realized what he was doing, he had shoved Jinx to the mattress and was over her, pinning her to the bed. Robin's breath came in heaves as his mind filled with what he was going to
do to the pinkette's body.

"You should have picked a safe word," Robin leered with a growl.


She placed her palm on his chest, and before he could react, her eyes illuminated purple, the crackle of chaos magic swirling around her body. Her horn-shaped pigtails seemed to crackle as he felt the stabbing into his chest.

"What….what are you doing?" Robin gasped wanting to pull her hand away.

"Fixing it," Jinx responded.

He felt Jinx's power in every cell of his being, warping, and twisting. Her eyes were wholly consumed by the pink magic that she had summoned. Foreign words issued from her mouth and Robin felt invisible hands gripping him by the shoulders and lifting him off of her.

The woman did not dress but got off the bed still with her palm out towards him. He felt a convulsion go through him.

"Shit," Jinx said to no one in particular. "This is a seriously spell. Hang in there Boy Blunder. This might get rough."

Jinx brought her other hand up and issued a word. Robin felt his body shudder again and as he blinked Jinx closed the distance and grabbed him by the back of the head.

"This is business."

She planted her mouth on his and Robin tried to gasp at the power and pleasure of the kiss she was giving him. He felt her tongue exploring the inside of his mouth, and he desperately wanted to return the favor. But at the same time, he felt as if something had dislodged and was leaking out of him. There was a blast of pink light, and Robin fell to the floor.

Gasping he looked up at the ceiling above drenched in sweat. His clothes stuck to him as he tried to stand.

"Sit and rest for a minute, Robin," Jinx commanded as she pulled a chair to the center of the room so she could watch him.

Robin felt as if cold water had been dumped on him and he was horrified at the fact that he wanted to sleep with Natalia. Furthermore, he was furious at himself about what his brain was trying to get him to do to Jinx.

"Jinx," Robin croaked out, his mouth dry. She stood again, retrieved a bottled water and handed it to him.

"It's the spell, Robin. You'd never have been able to hurt me." Jinx said getting her purse out from under the bed and fishing out a lighter and cigarette. She took one or two puffs before she shuddered herself.

"Um…Jinx?" Robin said as the realization that the young woman was still naked.

"Hey, I need the nicotine after fighting a spell like that," Jinx objected. " I rarely smoke. Chewing is awful, and I won't be caught dead vaping."
"No, You're…um…"

Jinx looked down at herself and then grinned.

"Oh, I get that question all the time because I shave down there, but for you, I'll answer. Yes, the carpet does match the drapes."

"No! Jinx! Please….get dressed."

"You are such a moral stick in the mud, Robin." She said with a sigh.

Robin chose to just lay on the floor for the next fifteen minutes as Jinx showered and dressed. When he had the strength to sit up, he found her back in the living room looking out the window. She was not wearing her usual outfit he had grown accustomed to seeing but a cute number that was a skirt blouse with a blazer jacket. She still had the simple choker around her neck and pigtails up in their unique 'U' shape.

Robin also had come to realize that she had been referring to him by his superhero identity meaning she was well aware that Richard Grayson was Robin.

"How long have you known?" Robin asked.

"Awhile," Jinx answered without looking. "No point in saying anything. Bats would have either killed me or put me somewhere nobody would find me."

"I don't know what just happened back there, but I appreciate what you did."

"The kiss?" Jinx said turning with a twinkle in her eye. "Oh everyone loves my kisses. Even Raven."

Robin ignored that comment and wouldn't rise to the bait. He had to deal with the pleasant memory of Jinx's mouth.

"What happened to me?"

"Someone put a lust spell on you," Jinx said. She gave a wave of her hand, and a pink symbol exploded in to view as the storm before fading. "It was extremely powerful and had a good hold on you."

"Is that why I've been extremely---"

"Horny? Can't you even say the word? Yes, that's why."

Robin's brain began to plan and think. Someone had to have placed it on him.

"How does one deliver this spell? Can we narrow down when it was done?"

Jinx shook her head. "It can be cast by a caster or attached to a talisman. In your case," she held up the handkerchief that was in his pocket. "Somebody enchanted your handkerchief."

"Why didn't Raven pick up on it?" Robin thought out loud.

"Probably because Talismans are not easy to sense if you aren't looking for them," Jinx answered.

"Another thing," Robin said as the thought came to him. "What the hell are you doing here?"
"Bruce Wayne hired a HIVE Team. Requested me, so I'm running a shadow team to try and catch anything before it gets to you and Crow Girl."

'Raven!'

Robin looked at his clock. A lot of time had passed, more than he realized. It must have had taken Jinx a few hours to break the spell entirely. Time that he had been unaware of was passing. All he could remember was her mouth exploring his.

"Raven should have been back by now,"

"Yeah," Jinx said with a nod. "I think something may have happened to her."

Robin looked out at the raging storm and then grabbed his coat.

"Let's go."

Jinx looked at the rain and sighed.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for having disappeared for so long. I got stuck dealing with a bunch of real-world issues that zapped all the creative energy I had to work on these stories. Never to fear, I'm back with another chapter and I hope to keep going as we're halfway now. Also, I don't think I posted this but I had also wanted to give an idea what I saw for the Teen Titans at this point and for my own headcanon.

Though the show never actually states their ages as far as I can remember so I have set this ten years after Season 5. In short:

Robin: 24
Cyborg: 23
Raven: 21
Starfire: 21
Beast Boy 20

At least in my headcanon, as I wanted to make sure they were much older for the way they would act. I know one person PMed me about how old Robin was with the whole fiance part and that was my own screw up for not clarifying. I forgot everyone could not read my mind. I assumed Robin came back to Gotham once or twice and knew Natalia for quite a while and there was the whole marriage thing when he was like 20 (and Raven would have been 17). I'm not going to go into too much detail but that whole thing happened after the Teen Titans series was over.

Wow! Sorry, I didn't mean to meander off like this. THANK YOU for taking the time to comment on my story and ask questions. I'm glad people are enjoying it. Even with the silence on my end. I've read every comment you've posted!
Chapter Summary

Prisoner of one of Gotham's feared criminals, what is a girl supposed to do?

The only thing that kept her emotions in check was the fact that Raven could still close her eyes and whisper the mantra under her breath. The young sorceress had been tied to a simple wooden chair and left. It was the tightening of the ropes around her wrists that caused her heart to jump. For Raven, the experience of being completely immobilized was exceedingly rare. Her spells and abilities usually kept her out of harm's way but in this case, allowing it to happen was the best choice.

So, she allowed the rough ropes to get tightened around her slender wrists, and she closed her eyes as soon as Poison Ivy sauntered out of the room. With her eyes closed, Raven's meditation freed her mentally. She could feel herself floating free and the sounds of Gotham around her prison muted and far away.

Raven could feel the presence of her emotions around her taking their forms they held in Nevermore.

"You did it again," Pride growled. "humiliated and tied to a chair like a common person."

"She's alive, that's the important thing," Knowledge said with finality. "We know what this Ivy is capable of and Raven is fatigued from the lack of meditation."

"Not to mention she had Psycho to save," Courage added pointedly. "The innocent come first."

"Who knows," Passion cooed. "Maybe they plan to do something to us all tied up? I think we like being tied up. What if Robin tied us up?"

"Really?" Pride hummed in anger. "We're subservient to no man."

"But it could be fun," Passion whined.

The clang of the metal door ripped away the world Raven was in, and her eyes popped open to see she was still in the grungy room. The door though was flung wide open, and a wild woman stood there, her motley clothing was multi-colored, the short shorts old, but the red eyeliner and purposeful chaos told the sorceress everything she needed to know.

"Oh, my goodness!" she crowed in a thick Brooklyn accent. The woman yelled over her shoulder. "Thanks for the new toy, babe!"

Inside, Raven felt Passion cheer.

"Doctor Quinzell," Raven said trying to keep her voice neutral and to belay the tremor that was trying to force its way out.

"I prefer Harley, baby doll. It looks like you got yourself in a pickle of trouble."

"Careful, Harley," Ivy said entering behind her. "She's a demon."
Harley's face twisted slightly at the word, and Raven wasn't sure if the she-clown was impressed or disgusted.

"Half demon," Raven corrected trying to find some way to take control of the conversation.

"She's a Teen Titan," Ivy continued circling behind Raven and out of the sorceress' vision.

"Teen Titan? They a boy band or something?"

"They're a team of metas led by none other than Batman's ex-sidekick."

"Oooooh!" Harley's eyes got wide and came face to face with the trapped girl. "You know Robin?"

"Yes." What was the use of lying now?

"What's his real name?"

"Robin," Raven cracked without thinking. "He got his name changed."

The backhand was sudden and snapped Raven's head to the side. Stars swam in her vision, and as she brought her head back center, she found Ivy had held back Harley's second strike.

"Enough!" Ivy warned.

"Why are we keeping the goody-two-shoes," Harley growled. "You know what Bats did to me. We should use her to draw the little birdy in. If that fails, at least I can spend a few hours making her squeal. I got all sorts of knives I want to try."

"Because she was at Gaither's Cemetery,"

Harley's eyes narrowed. "What were you doing there, pretty mouth?"

'Pretty mouth?' "I was investigating a necroid sighting. The underworld seems to know that there is some magical creature running loose."

"What do you know about it?" Ivy asked studying Raven closely.

"It calls itself Nocturnus, and it is some power necromancer or an ancient entity that got out. We tracked it as far as the cemetery."

"Yeah, I know about it. It's been attacking the homeless and turning them into zombies." Harley spat to the ground. "Had to crack some of them with my mallet."

Zombies? Raven shivered slightly. This was not good.

"Why are you investigating? You're a long way from Jump City."

"Because I study magic and I felt that I could find what it is and put it down."

"Bats didn't put you up to it?" Harley asked placing her hands on Raven's thighs and leaning in.

"I spoke with Batman when I got into the city," Raven said diplomatically. "To make sure he doesn't interfere. He has a paranoid streak."

Harley barked out a laugh and smacked Raven's left thigh while pulling away. The girl winced at
the pain radiating from it.

"Hah! Smart girl. Bats is crazy that I am some days. Gets on these moody streaks and then stalks around kicking anyone dumb enough to get in his way. Not me. I'm staying on the wharves away from him."

"As I don't pose any threat or have any interest in what you are doing," Raven said trying to keep her voice even. "Is there a reason you are holding me?"

"Sex?" Harley asked hopefully.

"Because anyone foolish enough to go near the catacombs is someone I need to investigate," Ivy answered. Harley looked crestfallen.

"Whatever is in there is killing the plants, and though Gotham is an ugly piece of shit most of the time, there are some rare and uncommon species of plants that this necromancer is killing. I don't give a damn what it does to humans, but my plants need protecting."

"Then instead of killing me or feeding me to Harley here, why don't we form a limited partnership?" Raven offered. "I've got no interest in what you are doing in Gotham, and you can use some magical backup. When we're done, I can finish my vacation, return to Jump City and pretend we never saw each other."

Ivy's cool eyes studied Raven's in detail, and it took every ounce of will power to keep from looking away. "How do I know I can trust you? You're one of Robin's cohorts. He and I are not on good terms."

"He's in Jump City the last I left him," Raven lied. "and I honestly don't care what his opinions are."

The sound of a plant slithering drew the sorceress' attention, and she saw the vine rip at the ropes and freed her. Raven rubbed her wrists carefully and stood.

"We'll stay allies for now," Ivy said, but her voice turned cold. "but if you try anything, I'll let Harley have you for her amusement."

"Deal."

Richard Grayson had pulled into a dark ally and grabbed the small backpack he always kept with him. If Raven knew that he had always kept it close, she would have murdered him. In the ally to the corner, he threw off his shirt and ignored the complementary whistle from Jinx and quickly donned on the clothing from the bag. He clicked the belt on and for the first time in months, felt like himself. He affixed the mask on and stepped into the light the R on his uniform glowing in the light.

"Now you look like the schmuck, I like to kick around," Jinx said with a nod.

"Not now, Jinx," Robin said, the playboy persona vanishing into the hardened crime fighter he was. "If you're working for my mentor, then I'm your boss."

"I beg to differ, but we don't have time for squabbles," Jinx said. "I checked the HIVE net while you were putting on the striptease and Raven was spotted near Gaither Cemetery near the piers. She wasn't alone."

Robin froze.
"What do you mean?"

"They report Raven delayed a female meta while letting female citizen escape. Facial ID identifies the meta as Poison Ivy. They say Raven let herself be captured."

Robin cursed under his breath. Of course, Raven had surrendered. She would have done anything to protect Annabeth, and with Poison Ivy, it would have been the only choice.

"Were they able to follow her?"

"Yeah, to the southern docks but they lost her in there."

'Damn.' "Then let's go."

Old memories came back to him as he held on to Jinx's thin waist. It was her motorcycle, and she aptly refused to let him drive. Flying down the darkened streak on the sleek motorbike dredged up nostalgic feelings when he used to patrol with Batman himself. Jinx did not need direction, but from his vantage point of her shoulder, it dawned on him how networked the HIVE agents had become. When they reached the entrance to the dock, a young woman stepped out of the shadows and whispered directions to the pinkette on the bike.

"They've re-acquired our favorite demon," Jinx chirped. "Looks like she's working with Ivy now."

"What?" Robin said confused.

"They're moving towards the abandoned docks," the woman with a heavy Russian accent said. "We held off going any further as our talisman's turned blue."

"Understood," Jinx said swinging her lanky leg off the bike once the kickstand made contact with the pavement.

"Talisman?" Robin asked hopping off.

"Yeah," Jinx murmured as she booted up her wrist computer. "We have to be ready for anything, so HIVE magicians created talisman's that change color when magical energy is detected. That way an agent doesn't get in the middle of something out of their league. Not much you can do against magic if you're not prepared."

"I see."

"No, you don't, but that's okay." Jinx laughed and then pointed down the road. "Best way in is that way."

In a few words, Ivy had explained to Raven that Gaither's Cemetery was only one way out of the catacombs under the ground, but there had also been an entrance near the docks. The history seemed to show that they used to move dead bodies secretly through the tunnels in Gotham's ancient days so that the above residents didn't know. The why had been lost to time. Raven, of course, could think of a few reasons and none of them good.

"Gotham abandoned these portions of the docks five years ago due to crime and disrepair. It's located near a fault, so it just wasn't cost worthy of maintaining." Ivy explained as their surroundings continued to deteriorate into ruin. "Though some criminals have tried to make it home, more...magical...entities found it to their influence. There's even a little shanty town hidden
among the old warehouses where magical users like to congregate. Probably can find some of your kind here."

"That doesn't explain why we are here and not at the cemetery, " Raven countered trying to ignore the jab.

"Cause, my dear," Ivy chided. "The entrance is too narrow. You don't want to get caught in there. The largest entrance is by the shores, and that's the safest way to get in and find out what's going on. Plus, the access to the water means plants, and also means I have allies."

"My mallet's my ally," Harley Quinn cooed. "She likes to keep me warm when I'm lonely."

Though Raven could sense life around her, they had done well to stay hidden in the shadows. Either they were not friendly towards outsiders, or they knew the criminal duo and knew to keep their distance. Raven was betting on the latter.

It was only a few more minutes before they crossed the rotting docks and clambered down the disintegrating shoring before finding a hidden alcove and a cave stretching in and down out of sight of the moonlight.

The win stirred and movement caught the corner of her eyes. All she saw when she snapped her head was the waving weeds and flowers on edge. From the cave, she felt the power stench of dark magic, and it felt like it was oozing out of the cave. Ivy shivered, and Raven nodded.

"It's pretty strong," Raven said peering in.

"You good enough to fight?" Ivy quizzed. "I can deal with any creature, but if there is a magical being, Harley and I are fucked."

"I won't be the first to break my promise," Raven growled. "I'll protect you."

"Then, let's go fuck up some monsters!" Harley squealed and charged in.

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