

These Unsilent Nights

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These Unsilent Nights

by [metaphoricallylivin](#)

Summary

The Outsiders were disbanded over a year ago after Batman's death. Toby wants to reform it with a new group of heroes.

Notes

Tw for mentions of death and parental abuse.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

All You Have Is Your Fire

Toby and Duke were sitting on the couch playing Mario Kart, Duke was winning. Toby's movements were more clumsy and less practiced at Mario Kart than the games he usually played, mostly Overwatch and Wii Sports with Kon. It was good to be back, to be able to hang out with Duke and Cass, train with Jason and Luke. He hadn't gone back on the streets yet, but he was going to soon. He wanted to be ready.

Cass had given him an idea a few days back, one he'd been mulling over in his mind. She'd commented on the fact that the Outsiders were disbanded, that the members had all left to do something else after Bruce had died. She'd said their base was still empty, that it was mostly being used for storage these days. Since then Toby had been talking to Dick and Babs, asking if he could use the base for a team. There'd been some mild surprise, but they'd both said it was better than it sitting empty. The facilities were fully functional and if he was willing to move everything out then it was his.

"Hey, Duke, we should restart the Outsiders together," Toby said.

Duke's movements halted and he spun off the course, Toby using the opportunity to slide ahead. Toby came in 3rd place, which was much better than his usual last place in Mario Kart.

"You can't be serious," Duke said.

"C'mon, it'll be fun and we can do great work," Toby said, lightly shoving Duke's shoulder.

"Lemme think on it," Duke said, his voice was calm and even.

"You're a fantastic leader, you're the brains to my brawn," Toby said, smiling wildly.

Duke nodded and they started playing the game again, Duke winning the next round.

“I’m going to try getting everyone together, please get back to me. We could use a leader,” Toby said.

“I’ll think about it. I should probably head out, I wanna get some sleep before patrols tonight,” Duke said, grabbing his backpack.

“You’re gonna consider it, right?” Toby asked, pausing the game.

Duke hummed, “I will. Who are you thinking about?”

“Miss Martian, Bumblebee, the Ray, Lightning, Speedy, the new Green Lantern, and Canary,” Toby said.

“Bumblebee? The Ray? Wait didn’t you date Bumblebee?” Duke said.

“I did and we’re still friends. Ryan’s super cool,” a smiled played on Toby’s face, the same one he got when he was formulating a plan.

“I’ll think about it,” Duke said.

“Get back to me soon, I need to find a leader. I’m leaving tomorrow to recruit everyone, I haven’t seen a lot of them for a while and I don’t know Milagro super well... or the Ray,” Toby scratched the back of his head, he figured he could bank on at least some of them being willing to join.

Toby stepped off the plane, he was in Vanity, Oregon. Talia was working on a business deal in Vanity. Toby had accompanied her, they were staying in Oregon for two days. Toby shielded his eyes from the sun, he wasn’t quite used to. Gotham was in a perpetual overcast.

“Why'd you want to come to Vanity with me? You usually find businesses boring and avoid things like this,” Talia said, putting on her sunglasses. She had perfected looking like a high society tech CEO, down to her expensive tastes and propensity for looking like she'd just stepped off a runway even after a 6 hour flight.

Toby on the other hand looked disgruntled, his sunglasses were falling off his nose, both of hands were jammed into an oversized hoodie that he'd stolen from Kon. The CEO of the company Talia was meeting with had met them at the the airport. She looked equally as sharp as Talia did and for a brief moment Toby wondered if people in Talia's circle ever didn't look runway ready.

“Sarina Anders, so happy to finally meet you. I'm very interested in your company's light based technology,” Talia said, moving her purse up on her arm until it sat in the crook of her elbow. She shook Dr. Anders' hand. “This is my nephew, Toby Head.”

Dr. Anders stretched out her hand and Toby took it, shaking it succinctly and flashing a practiced smile.

“Nice to meet you, Toby. I can see you're a shoes guy like my brother,” Sarina said. Toby froze for a second, wondering how she could've guessed before he realized he was wearing the shoes Talia had given him for his birthday.

“Yeah. Aunt Talia got these for me for my birthday,” Toby said.

Sarina smiled and resumed her conversation with Talia. Toby zoned out until they reached the hotel. Traveling with Talia meant they were staying in a place that felt like if you so much as sneezed you'd tarnish the place. Talia checked in while Toby watched their luggage, she had a dinner meeting in three hours, leaving Toby to try and recruit the Ray.

Toby suited up and headed out, using his grappling hook to navigate the city. It was only his third putting on the suit, but he found it was easier to move in than he'd thought. It was fitted to his measurements, his new ones after he'd put on some muscle in Russia. Swinging from roof to roof came easily and soon he'd found the Ray, he was hanging out on a roof in downtown Vanity, seemingly checking his phone.

“Hey!” Toby yelled, quickly pausing to check his voice. He'd sounded more hostile than he wanted. “I'm Redwing!”

“Vanity doesn't really need more than one hero,” the Ray said.

“I'm not from Vanity. I'm from Gotham, I came to Vanity to recruit you to a team. The Outsiders, we need some people,” Toby said, he didn't notice he was gesturing weirdly, his hands all over the place, until the Ray gave him a weird look, quirking one eyebrow. Toby returned his hands to his sides in a lightning fast motion.

“Okay,” the Ray said.

“What? That easy? No negotiations or anything?” Toby asked.

“No, I need friends and you need me so, give me the date and time and I'll be there,” Ray said.

Toby nodded, pulling out his phone. He handed it to Ray and waited as Ray put in his number.k

“I'll be in touch,” Toby said, sending Ray a one handed salute and using his grappling gun to get off the building.

He mentally checked off one name on his list, the Ray was going to be on the team.

Toby texted Mia and Ryan when he got to his hotel room, sending them each a quick “Forming a team, you in?” before stripping out of his suit and putting on a pair of comfortable pajamas. He channel surfed for a good 10 minutes before deciding on Booster Gold's appearance on Sesame Street, a rerun he remembered from when he was 6 or 7 and

had thought Booster Gold and Sesame Street were the shit. He'd met Booster Gold, the observation had been shattered as soon as he'd fallen on his face.

Ryan was the first to respond.

To: birdy

From: ry guy

im in, gotta work it around school tho

To: ry guy

From: birdy

it'll be mostly weekends

To: birdy

From: ry guy

im in then, who do you have?

To: ry guy

From: birdy

the ray, maybe duke

Ryan sent a thumbs up emoji followed by a bumblebee.

Talia got back an hour after the end of Sesame Street. Her recount of the meeting was that it was boring and needlessly long. She'd had to talk to executives and make small talk, to cultivate relationships with them. She'd commented that there was only so much she could say about children who were boring other than for the fact that they were superheroes. Toby nodded when appropriate and at the end they both went to their separate rooms.

Toby's mind felt like it was made of cotton, everything felt blurry and like he was a shadow of a person. There was pain radiating out from his ribs. He wasn't breathing.

Still he explored the world around him. His fingers twitched at his sides. All the people looked like shadows of their former selves, some looked blurrier, almost further away. A woman grabbed his hand, pulling him away from what he'd been looking at.

"Wh... where am I?" Toby asked, searching her face.

"You're Duke's friend," she said.

"You're... his mom? Mrs. Thomas," Toby asked. Her face wasn't blank or filled with anger, she seemed happy.

Elaine Thomas looked beautiful. Her hair was pulled back, the edges of it bouncing as she moved. She was wearing a dress and her hamsa was around her neck. She looked at ease, gone was the turmoil and blind rage Toby had only ever seen her in. She looked at peace.

"Yes," she said.

"You're not dead. I, I think I am," Toby said. He tried to get his bottom lip to stop wobbling, but he couldn't quite do it.

"You are, sweetie," her voice was smooth and comforting.

"How are you here if you're not dead," Toby asked.

"Because I'm not going to be able to come back, I'm never going to be me again. I'm between death and life," she smoothed back Toby's hair in a movement that felt comforting.

Toby wracked his brain for what he remembered about life and death. He knew that in the New Year god wrote your name in the book of life, he knew that there was sorta hell, but not really. That there was a place where any non-wicked person went and it wasn't eternal paradise or anything, just eternity.

"God, wrote your name in the book of life. You can return if you want to," she said.

Toby paused, sucking in some breath before he nodded. He wanted to be alive again.

"Can you tell Duke I love him," she asked. Her voice was hoarse, like the words were hard to say. "Tell my son I love him more than anything and I never want to hurt him."

"I will," Toby said. He couldn't imagine a parent loving their child that much, so much that they wanted their child to know they were loved. He'd never felt that.

"Thank you."

"For what?" Toby hadn't remembered doing anything.

"For taking care of my son when I couldn't. For being his friend."

Toby nodded. His chest felt too small for everything he was feeling, like someone had shoved the whole world into his ribcage. He wanted to go home. He wanted to go home. He wanted to bring Duke's mom home to him.

Suddenly pain overwhelmed him. He breathed in, a shuttering noise as he felt something wet come out of his mouth, thicker than water or spit.

Toby woke up breathless. He put his head between his knees and tried not to sob, he made a couple broke noises before he wiped away the tears streaming down his face. He should call Duke. That... that didn't feel like a dream.

He didn't end up calling Duke, his good judgement got the better of him and he decided to walk around the hotel room. Talia was sitting at the counter.

“Can't sleep?” she asked.

Toby shook his head. “Had a weird dream. About... being dead.”

Talia nodded, her expression solemn. She understood.

“Would you like to discuss it?” Talia asked.

Toby shook his head. He grabbed a can of Zesti, opening it up and taking a long sip. He didn't want to talk about being dead. People seemed to think that being dead had traumatized him, but in a way it had given him closure. His mother had made it clear where she stood on him, that if he wouldn't be her legacy he would be dead. He wasn't her legacy. He was Jason's, Luke's, Talia's, Nyssa's. Those were the people he'd chosen, the ones who'd earned his trust.

He wanted to leave a legacy, he wanted to leave one and maybe that team was his legacy.
He'd always wanted to be worth it, he'd been told he was worth something.

I Learned The Voices Died With Me

Chapter Notes

No TWs that I can think of in this chapter. Chapter title comes from Arsonist's Lullaby by Hozier.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was a comfortable chaos to Gotham City. It had seeped into Toby's bones and felt like a normality to him. His new suit was different than his last one, a blend of Lex Corp, Foxteca, and Wayne Industry's technology. The three companies had begun working together on technology for Batman Inc. and had together donated over 10 million dollars in technology to Batman Inc. He was still figuring out how to use the suit and it's more speciality features, though.

Toby still had his mask, but it's controls had changed from buttons on his wrist to activation via the holographic computer on his wrist. The patrol was easy that night, Toby was able to navigate through the city with ease, eating a chili dog half way through. He hadn't noticed how much he'd missed that type of work, the rush of swinging between roof tops and the slight burn in his arms. It felt good, normal in a way things hadn't been in a few months for him.

He ran into Duke after an hour of flying through the city. He'd stopped a mugging a few minutes prior and was lying on a rooftop. Toby knew he should probably move and head home, if not move to get some food in him, but for a few moments he was content to just sit there. After a minute his comm came to life.

"Yo, Redwing. I'm about 5 minutes from your location. Wanna hang out and get some food?" Duke asked.

Toby nodded, quickly realizing that Duke couldn't see him.

"Yeah, I'm in. Pizza? There's a 24 hour place about 2 blocks from here," Toby said.

“Pizza sounds awesome,” Toby could hear that Duke was smiling through the comms. He sounded happy.

Duke landed on the rooftop a few minutes later. His bright yellow suit was dimly lit by the far away street lights, but Toby could make out his outline even with night vision off. There was a sense of familiarity to the situation, a comfort in the fact that it’d happened a hundred times before.

“I want to lead your team and I want to help recruit everyone else. I called M’Gann and she’s on board,” Duke said.

Toby faltered, he hadn’t been expecting that.

“I’m glad you’re in, couldn’t do it without the brains to my brawn,” Toby said, unsteadily getting to his feet and flexing his somewhat impressive muscles. They weren’t anything like Jason’s, Kate’s, or Luke’s, but he thought they looked nice.

“Okay, dorko. Let’s go get some pizza,” Duke said, a huge grin splitting his face.

Mia messaged Toby back two days after his return to Gotham. She said that she and her little sister, Sin, who was going by the name Canary were both in. Duke had gone to El Paso to recruit Milagro Reyes, the newest Green Lantern, to the Outsiders. Which left Toby with one more person, Lightning.

Toby hadn’t been to Chicago in almost two years, not since he’d first met his Aunt and had been given the name Cardinal. He’d been calling and facetimeing with her fairly regularly since then. She had a brand new daughter, a little girl named Tali with a dark brown eyes and so many curls that she was almost lost in the halo they create, she’d been born while Toby was dead, or in Russia. The exact timeline was still foggy. Even though his trip to Chicago was to talk with Lightning, he wanted to meet Tali. Toby zeta-ed to Chicago as night fell over

the city. First he would find Lightning, then he'd visit his little cousin Tali and become her favorite cousin.

One thing Toby had learned in his years of fighting crime, if you wanted to find another vigilante you followed the loudest explosion. After 20 minutes of crouching on a rooftop, his earpiece tooned in to the local police scanner, something caught his attention. Dr. Polaris was attempting to destroy a local park, ripping metal out of the ground and the buildings around him. He grabbed his grappling gun off of his side and set his GPS for the park. It took him about 5 minutes to get from where he'd been to the park, leveraging his grappling hook to travel using taller buildings and leaping between buildings at similar levels.

The sight that greeted him was Thunder and Lightning fighting against Dr. Polaris, Wild Cat was working on crowd control. Toby ran towards him, out of all the people there he was the only one Toby knew. Ted had married his aunt 5 years ago and seemed to be a pretty solid dude. He was nice enough and one of the best boxers Toby had ever met, a talent he'd inherited from his father, the original Ted Grant and the first Wild Cat.

"Yo! Wild Cat, where do you need me?" Toby asked.

"Cardinal? What the fuck are you doing in Chicago?" Ted asked. He looked puzzled for a second.

"I go by Redwing now, I wanted to visit Sparrow," Toby said. "Where do you need me?"

"Go into the park, in the bathrooms and stuff. Check everywhere to make sure there's not anyone hiding in there," Ted said.

Toby nodded before racing off towards any structures in the park left standing. He ducked debris as he made his way through. Gotham didn't have disasters like this very often, sure a supervillain would blow up one of the banks or maybe city hall, but after a few seconds of explosion and the falling of bricks it would end. There wasn't a half hour of a superpowered weirdo ripping the world apart. Everything was in chaos, Toby opened up one of the half ripped apart sheds to see a girl huddled up. The world was spinning around her, but she was still holding on, clinging to a plastic stall door.

“Hey, can I help you? Where’re your parents?” Toby asked, stepping towards her. He carefully picked her up, noticing how small she was. She seemed about 3 or 4 and he wondered how anyone would let a kid that young into the bathroom alone.

Toby paused when he noticed the blood sprayed around the room and her. Someone hadn’t let her in the room alone. That person was the blood everywhere and the girl had seen it. It was why she was shaking like a leaf in Toby’s arms. When he tried to drop her with the paramedics she screamed and kicked, nailing him in the ribs with a nasty blow for a kid so small. Despite the pang of guilt Toby headed back into the fray.

Toby dodged and rolled away from the debris, suddenly everything began to fall. A deadly silence fell over the area after everything collided with the ground producing a deafening noise. There was a moment of silence before everything descended into chaos once again. Sirens blared from directions. Toby made his way towards where Lightning was standing, she was made of electricity and it crackled off of her. Toby had met Thunder back when she was a member of the Outlaws, well when her wife Grace Choi had been on the Outlaws. They’d been friends with Jason.

“Cardinal? How’re you and Jason?” Anissa asked.

“I go by Redwing now. We’re good though, how’s Grace?” Toby asked.

Anissa’s face lit up, she looked so happy. “We’re great! Grace just got a new job at a club downtown! I just got a new job at Chicago General.”

“Can I talk to you, Lightning?” Toby asked. Jennifer looked at Anissa, waiting for the subtle nod before she depowered and followed Toby.

“What’s up, Redwing?” Jennifer asked.

“Lark and I are putting together a new Outsiders, your whole family has been on it so maybe you’d want to be on it too,” Toby said.

Jennifer's face morphed for a couple seconds, first she looked confused before it changed to something unreadable. "Maybe. I'll get back to you."

Toby took out a notepad from his utility belt, writing down the date and time of their first meeting and where it'd be. He focused, keeping his handwriting as even and readable as possible.

"Here ya go," Toby said, ripping it off and holding it out for Jennifer. "This is when we're meeting up. If you wanna join be there."

Jennifer smiled, nodding slightly and stuffing the piece of paper into her pocket. "I'll call you," Jennifer gave Toby a two fingered salute before running to catch up with her sister.

Toby caught up with Ted, finishing up the crowd control before passing the job off to the police. He tapped his shoulder waiting for a response. Ted spun around, clapping Toby on the shoulder.

"You're here to visit Rachel and Tali?" Ted asked.

"Yeah, I wanna meet my little cousin. I brought her a toy, it's in my utility belt!" Toby said, pausing to rifle through his utility belt, retrieving a tiny red rattle in the shape of a soft cardinal. It was attached to a blanket.

Ted held it, it was softer than anything else in the store and felt awesome to the touch. Toby was sure he looked crazy, spending twenty minutes in a baby store touching everything, looking for the softest thing. It'd paid off, the tiny toy was perfect for Tali.

"A Cardinal? I'm sure she'll love it," Ted said. "Come on, let's stop somewhere and change and I'll take you back. Rachel should still be up."

Tali had bright eyes, she was alert in a way Toby wasn't even late at night. Rachel and Ted on the other hand seemed exhausted. As soon as Toby walked in the door they left Toby with

Tali and went to sleep.

“Hey, Tali,” Toby cooed. She was in a baby jumper and her feet barely grazed the ground. Toby had always liked babies. “Did you know that we’re related to some of the most badass assassins in the world?”

Tali made a gurgling noise and stuck her hand in her mouth.

“One day you might be a Cardinal, like me and your mother. Or you could become Wild Cat like your dad, helping people is in your DNA it seems. I know you’re destined for great things. Our whole family is. I’m glad your mom will never try to pull you into the world of assassins, like my mom did to me and your mom’s father, our grandfather, did to her,” Toby said, holding the rattle out in front of her. He shook it and she smiled, her lip curling up and her eyes widening in happiness. Toby remembered the expression from when Beth was a baby and Toby couldn’t help, but smile back. Life was good.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment y'all.

And The Place You Need To Reach

Chapter Notes

TW for past abuse. Hope you enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Toby stood somewhere he'd never been before. His father's grave. It was a simple plaque in a Jewish cemetery just outside of Gotham. There was only his name and 1978-2013, no other markers. It was simple, no corny lines about how he'd been a good son or a good father. Toby balled his hands into fists. He shouldn't have come there. It felt wrong, like he was mourning the man who has ruined his childhood.

"You have no excuse," Toby said. His voice was deceptively even, that man didn't deserve his emotion. "I've, I've tried to think of things from your point of view. Figure out why someone would treat a kid like that and I just can't. I can't."

Toby took a deep intake of breath, he felt like he was going to cry and he didn't want to do that. He didn't want to feel anything.

Finally, he bit his lip before beginning to speak. "I hate you. I hate you so much. My therapist said that saying everything would help me feel better, but it's just bringing it all back up. I hope you know that everything I did, making sure you died, was for Beth. So she wouldn't grow up like I did, like you made me. If you didn't want kids, you could've given me up or asked someone else to raise me. I'm sorry you're such a disgusting, sad man. I'm sorry your parents died and that your dad beat you as a kid, but that didn't give you any excuse."

Toby dug his foot into the ground and kicked up a chunk of grass and dirt. That man didn't deserve his sadness, his pain, his loneliness. He didn't deserve the ground he was buried under.

"Enjoy hell, Max. Hope the flames feel nice," and with that Toby turned on his heel and walked back to the car.

Leelah didn't say anything when Toby got into the car. Cass was in the car too, they had driven him to the cemetery and they were going to meet Babs for dinner after she finished her day at work. Cass was silent too, placing a comforting hand on Toby's back when he started to sob. It felt fresh for a moment, like 2 days before he'd been 13 again.

"Sorry," Cass said, her voice strained.

"S not your fault," Toby's words were slightly slurred, coming together awkwardly.

Cass nodded and the rest of the car ride was spent in uncomfortable silence.

Toby had been part of a team before, he was part of the Red Hood gang, he'd had team ups with some of Cass and Duke's hero friends. He'd never had a team that was his, people he'd brought together to work with. It felt different, somehow more special. A lot had changed in the last few months of his life and Toby felt like this was the right direction, that having a team made sense.

Selina had given him a cat, she said that Lucio needed a friend and he deserved one too. She'd told him to count it as a late birthday present. She was a small grey cat with green eyes. She loved attention, specifically getting her chin scratched. Her name was Mochi. Toby had checked with everyone to see what their allergies were and none of them were allergic to cats, he figured superheroes needed all the help they could get and Mochi had a perfect temperament, she was nice and cute. When she purred a calm spread through people.

Toby set up some shelves and scratching posts around the base, allowing Mochi to hunt from above and maintain a vantage point above all activities below at all times. Selina said it was an easy way for cats to get exercise other than playing with people. Toby had set it up so she had a play bowl, one where she had to work for her food since Selina said that she ate too fast. He was determined to keep her healthy and happy.

For their first meeting everyone was surprisingly calm, everyone was getting along fine, Ray was using his powers to shine around a beam of light, letting Mochi follow it. She batted at it, hunting it down with practiced precision.

“Where’d you get her?” Jennifer asked.

“Oh, um, so y’know Catwoman? She’s kinda like my aunt and I recently died and came back to life so she gave me Mochi as a therapy cat. But we’re all superheroes, we could all use some therapy,” Toby rambled, his voice a rollercoaster of volume.

He mentally chided himself for not being able to sound consistent. He’d never quite been able to do it no matter how hard he tried, but he cared about these people and he didn’t want them to think he was weird because his voice didn’t know how to remain even and normal, a skill he’d struggled with since he could talk.

“Oh cool, thanks. She’s super cute, if someone, sunshine, would stop hogging all her attention I’d love to hold her,” Jennifer sent Ray a pointed look. Ray had the decency to look abashed, but he kept the beam of light moving.

Toby smiled and watched as Mochi jumped up onto one of the shelves, stretching out and plopping herself down for a nap. She made a low meow and slowly blinked, meaning she was happy. Toby smiled and turned back to Jennifer.

“How’re you?” Toby asked.

“Good. All of you seem pretty cool,” Jennifer said before taking a long swig of her water bottle.

“Thanks,” Toby said. He rubbed his arm self consciously.

Everyone conversed lazily, hanging out and getting to know each other. There was two pizzas, one cheese and one pepperoni. Everyone seemed happy and comfortable, like they’d

known each other for their whole life.

Ray and M'gann had chosen to stay in the bunker, full time. Neither of them quite had a place on earth, M'gann was from Mars and after leaving the Teen Titans she said that she didn't really have anywhere to stay, Ray didn't mention a reason, everyone else planned on using Zeta Tubes to commute back and forth from the hideout to their home city.

After a few hours of hanging out the sun went down, the time when vigilantes ran the city had come. Toby and Duke left to put on their uniforms for patrols, promising to return afterwards.

Toby met up with Damian halfway through patrols, bringing him a hot chocolate. There was little bits of ginger floating in it, the way Damian liked it. They sat on the top of a building in the narrows watching the world below.

"How're you?" Toby asked, carefully blowing on his chai.

Damian made a noise, like he was clicking his tongue on the roof of his mouth, something Toby had learned was Damian's way of communicating something when he had nothing to say.

There was a chill to Gotham evenings, even in August. The days could be swelteringly hot yet somehow despite this the nights were always a little chilly. Summer costumes were designed with that in mind, they were lighter and more breathable than the thick insulated winter costumes. Despite that they looked identical.

Toby loved his city, he'd lived all over the East Coast in his childhood a despite that Gotham was his favorite place. His accent wasn't that of Gotham, but one of the south, despite that he belonged in Gotham. It was his home, the place where he would always come back to. He'd had the opportunity to change something bigger than Gotham, to repair the world, and he'd turned it down. This was the place he was always going to care about, the place he had a connection to.

“Red Robin called me last night, he’s in Paris,” Toby said. Tim didn’t have the connection to the city that Toby did. He’d never loved it the way Toby did. Damian and Tim didn’t like each other and Tim hadn’t treated him fairly, something Toby and him had fought over.

Tim was jealous and bitter, as a result refusing to be a brother to Damian. Toby hadn’t understood that, just because Damian was a little bit of an asshole to him didn’t mean he was allowed to be an asshole back. Damian was a kid and had been raised in a cult, he deserved love and compassion not a petty sibling rivalry.

Tim had responded by bringing up how Toby had abandoned Beth when she was little.

“That’s different and you know it, you’re 18, a fucking adult, and I was 13,” Toby had said. That was 2 weeks ago.

“Is he still trying to apologize?” Damian asked.

Toby sighed, a heavy noise, and nodded. Tim was apologizing because Toby was mad at him, not because he was in the wrong.

Damian once again clicked his tongue against his mouth.

“Yeah, I’m mad at him. How’s Beth and Athanasia?” Toby asked.

“They’re good, Beth is still begging Dick to let her be Robin,” a smile played at the corners of Damian’s mouth, there was a fondness to it that Toby didn’t quite remember ever seeing from him.

“Good. Don’t tell Beth, but I bought her a snow globe in Russia and I just found it yesterday so I’m gonna give it to her tomorrow,” Toby smiled wide and took a long sip of his chai.

Damian pointed out a mugging below, turning a smile towards Toby. “Wanna go show them what bad luck they have?”

Toby nodded, switching the glowing mode on his suit on. Damian jumped down before him, Toby following him seconds later.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment y'all.

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy the epilogue. These Unsilent Nights was meant to introduce everyone so you're ready for their adventures

It took Toby two days to get up the courage to call Tim. Tim had tried an email apology, which came off as insincere and shitty, before Toby said fuck it and called him.

The phone rings three times before Tim picks up. Toby had intentionally holed himself up in the gym of the Outsiders' Headquarters, most of the team had superpowers leaving Toby, Duke, Sin, and Mia as the only members who used it and Mia was showing Sin Gotham while Duke was out on a date with Cullen. This meant the room would be abandoned for another few hours.

"Hey, babe," Tim said, he sounded like his mouth was half stuffed with some type of weird Parisian junk food, which Toby didn't entirely doubt. There was the sound of Tim chewing and swallowing before he cleared his throat. "You're not still mad at me are you?"

"Yes. But what do you think made me mad?" Toby asked.

"We got into a fight," Tim answered as though the answer was simple and concise. Like there couldn't be more to it than just getting in a fight.

"Yeah, but you know what you said that made me mad. I mean, fights and disagreements aren't ideal in relationships, but most people don't stay mad for 2 weeks over a disagreement," Toby said.

There was silence on the other end.

“I'm mad because you said I abandoned my sister. As though you being an asshole to Damian and me letting Beth get adopted by a good dad, into a good home with someone who would love her is at all the same,” Toby said. “And I'm even more mad because it's been two weeks and you don't know why I'm mad. You're apologizing because I'm mad, not because you're sorry. Like god if you screw up at least own it.”

“Look, I'm sorry I fucked up,” Tim said.

“I want to break up,” Toby said. He tried to make his voice portray that he was serious.

“I'm sorry, I can do better,” Tim said.

“Tim, I'm not saying I will never be your friend or never even date you again, but I don't want to date you right now. You have a lot of shit going on and you should work on yourself for a little while,” Toby said.

Tim was silent for a minute before the line went dead. Toby couldn't wait to see how that bit him in the ass, but instead he decided upon beating the shit out of a boxing bag, squaring off against it and hitting it until his arms ached and his knuckles were vaguely bruised. He didn't feel better, but he just started feeling less and less like a numbness was seeping into every part of himself. It was the right decision and sometimes the right decisions are the hardest ones.

End Notes

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