

## Won't Leave Here Until I Can Leave With A Little Pride

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12872082) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12872082>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">DCU (Comics)</a> , <a href="#">Batman (Comics)</a> , <a href="#">Grayson (Comics)</a> , <a href="#">Midnighter (Comics)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Dick Grayson/Midnighter</a> , <a href="#">Dick Grayson/Original Male Character(s)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Dick Grayson</a> , <a href="#">Midnighter</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Missions Gone Wrong</a> , <a href="#">Involuntary Nudity</a> , <a href="#">Attempted Sexual Assault</a> , <a href="#">Threats of Rape/Non-Con</a> , <a href="#">Rescue</a> , <a href="#">Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms</a> , <a href="#">Handcuffs</a> , <a href="#">Emotional Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Comfort Sex</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Fandom Loves Puerto Rico - Charity Fundraiser 2017</a>
Stats:	Published: 2017-11-30 Words: 7,322 Chapters: 1/1

# Won't Leave Here Until I Can Leave With A Little Pride

by [geckoholic](#)

## Summary

An undercover mission turns sour for Dick. He first calls Midnighter for a rescue, then asks for his help in trying to cope afterwards.

## Notes

So, being me, I offered to write porn for a good cause. XD This is the first fill for a winning bid, and it was written for the prompts *involuntary nudity* and *handcuffs*. Predictably, that ran away with me. As for the scenario, I hope I tagged this sufficiently, but I assure you that the sex between Dick and Midnighter is fully consensual and gets discussed beforehand, and it also doesn't magically make the trauma go away.

Beta-read by beta-lactamase and volavi. Thanks to you both!! ♥ All remaining mistakes are mine.

Title is from "Blood" by Starsailor.

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

One thing is for sure, Dick is going to go out of this spy gig with a whole host of new skills. Or improved from a slight interest or dabbled-that-one-time, to something that can hold up for a few days of undercover work. This time it's a small casino in Santiago de Compostela, and aside from giving his threadbare Spanish a good jog, it also has him dealing cards and filling in as a barkeeper. The joint severely lacks the illusion of glamor and easy money that the big casinos usually aim for, no real effort put into hiding the fact that it's just a convenient cover for laundering cash from other, more nefarious businesses. For the last two weeks, Dick has been gathering intel, tracking who comes and who goes, and all he needs is a little more hard and undeniable evidence before he can notify Helena he's ready to crack the arms deal and hand off the human traffic ring to Bruce for further action on that front. He kind of suspects that's why Helena put him on this job; Spyral does its fair share of good deeds if they're convenient, but at the end of the day their vision of how to save the world tilts towards the pragmatic. Giving him assignments like this means he can do both; save it their way, and save it in his own way.

It's a weekday, a quiet night with skeleton staff, which is why he's behind the bar and not at the tables. Slight of hand plays to his natural talents. Mixing alcohol, not so much. But with maybe five patrons, all on the far side of *a bit drunk*, no one's going to notice if the cocktails don't quite taste like they're supposed to. Mostly he's serving hard liquor, anyway. Doesn't take an experienced barkeeper to get those right.

The clock is slowly crawling towards midnight when Miguel sticks his head in from the backroom, nodding at the offices in the hallway behind the kitchen. "Boss wants to see you. I'll fill in while you're gone."

Dick finishes drying a whiskey tumbler and puts the towel down on the counter, shrugging. They're a small crew here. The last time he got called into the backroom, he was sent out to buy more booze and hand off an envelope with cash in the process. He passes Miguel as the latter takes his place behind the bar, and strolls through the near-empty kitchen and towards the offices.

Alejandro – barely five years older than Dick, leading this little operation as a trial run for bigger and better things – gestures to the empty chair in front of his desk and smiles. There's a glass on each side of the polished wood surface, both still empty, and Dick gets the sinking feeling he's not getting sent on another errand tonight. He'll need a bit more to go on before he decides whether or not that's a good sign. With mobsters like these, a casual sit-down with the boss tends to mean one of two things: either he's in for a promotion or getting served his proverbial last meal.

He doesn't recall anything that might have set them off, and so he sits down calmly, sprawls in his chair, and nods towards Alejandro. "What are we celebrating?"

"Do I need a special occasion to request your company?" asks Alejandro, cocking his head.

Dick stops short. He's got, say, hints from Alejandro since his second day on the job, but he somehow doubts that someone with Alejandro's standing in an organization hellbent on

tradition and alpha male posturing would out himself so casually. He smiles and points at the glasses. "Of course not. I just wanted to know what we're toasting to."

Alejandro smiles back, standing and reaching for a bottle of gin from a nearby cupboard. He makes a show of filling both their glasses, and then sits back down, raising his glass. "You'll find out soon enough."

Something in his tone gives Dick pause, suspicion rising and making the hair at the back of his neck stand up. He can't put his finger on it yet, but unease starts to curl in his stomach. Not like he can give that away yet, though; he'll have to play along, clink glasses and drink and keep smiling. If Alejandro makes any advances, he'll politely decline and inform him he's taken. That's not even a lie.

The alcohol is cold and potent and burns his throat going down. He swallows against the sharp aftertaste, sets his glass down and looks at Alejandro expectantly. The slow curl of Alejandro's lips from a smile to a vicious grin makes the unease in the pit of his stomach solidify into bonafide fear, and seconds later the world starts to blur at the edges in a way that can't be credited to one sip of gin. *Fuck*. Dick blinks, trying to get his legs underneath himself, but already he can't even sort his limbs enough to stand. He blinks again, fear pitching itself up into panic, and the last thing he sees before he loses consciousness is Alejandro rounding the desk with that awful sardonic expression on his face.

\*\*\*

When he wakes up, he's definitely not sitting in that nice, comfortable chair in the office anymore. Rough material digs into his back, like wood or stone, and the ground beneath him is solid and unforgiving. His arms are pulled together behind his back, and he recognizes the weight and sting of a pair of handcuffs digging into his bare wrists. Speaking of which – the other sensations are too direct, too immediate as well. Neither the knobby surface at his back nor the dusty ground underneath his legs and ass seem hindered by clothes, rub directly on his skin, which is standing up in goosebumps. It's not that cold, in general, but unmoving and naked and in the dark –

He's naked. He's handcuffed and naked, after having been drugged by a mob boss. He blinks and his vision is still swimming, but he seems to have been out for some time; there's sunlight streaming in through the one small window of the room he's been left in. A basement, probably. He can make out wooden stairs and a few boxes lining the walls, with product labels printed on them that he recognizes from the bar. Still in the casino, then. There's no one else in the room, as far as he can see, and for the moment he chooses to take that as good news. It gives him time to take stock. He tests the give of the cuffs – merely an inch and then they rattle against something metallic – and tries to catalog the items in his vicinity to see if there's anything that could be used as a weapon in a pinch. He listens for sounds or voices close by, but that's drowned out by the noise of the street outside, cars passing, people chattering, music in the distance. He wonders if screaming for help would do him any good,

decides against it; this is not the kind of neighborhood where anyone would come running, he's more likely to piss off his captors.

And, almost as if on cue, the stairs to the basement creak with the footfalls of at least three people. Instinctively Dick shifts, moves to close his legs and fold them to the side, and he's just done with that maneuver when Alejandro peaks around the stairway, grinning widely, eyes roaming up and down Dick's body.

"There's no reason to be shy," Alejandro drawls, his gaze zeroing in on Dick's crotch. "Nothing we haven't seen while you were out."

Dick swallows the hissed *fuck you* that automatically wants to come out. This kind of organization doesn't take kindly to infiltration attempts, traitors, rats, and right now Alejandro's interest in him, one-sided as it might be, is a point in his favor. If nothing else, it gives him time. In the best case, it'll provide him with an opportunity to escape. There's still a chance he could get out of here on his own, or try and convince Alejandro it's all just a big misunderstanding. And if that doesn't work, he's still left with one very effective option to call for help, one piece of tech they couldn't strip him of.

He's just not going to think about what could happen if he *doesn't* manage to run, or if said help will arrive too late.

Alejandro drags his gaze up to meet Dick's eyes. "I'll have a few questions about your employer and your mission later, and I'll introduce you to a few nice men who'll help motivate you to answer, should you be feeling reluctant," he says, and the lazy drawl in his voice vanishes in favor of a clear, matter-of-fact tone that counts on the impact of the words alone; he doesn't even bother to make it sound threatening. "But for now, there are a few things I wanted to do to you since you walked through the door."

For a man in Alejandro's position, that probably amounts to killing two birds with one stone: getting to fuck someone he's had an eye on anyway and using rape as a first form of torture. And it's an effective tool, too, in that regard, much more likely to break someone down than physical pain alone. It also means there might not be an elegant solution here. Alejandro might not even be interested in talking, not at all inclined to listen to whatever excuse Dick could cook up for him.

Dick stares back at him, defiant, fire in his eyes, head cocked to the side. He uses that staring match to feel around behind himself, try and figure out what the cuffs are attached to, if it'd give in with a good hard yank. Thin, round metal – it could be a pipe, and as such, in an old building like this, it could be rusty, frail. There's a chance. *He's got a chance*. But it's a slim one, and the stakes are too high. This won't just be a beating. It'd be something much, much harder to recover from. All pride and bravado aside, it's time to put out that emergency call.

He pretends to stretch himself, roll his shoulders, and presses his shoulder to his neck in order to active the implant there. Or mark. Whatever. He didn't ask how it works when Midnighter talked him into accepting it, and he's not going to worry about that now.

The response is immediate.

*"I swear, Dick, if this is another booty call I'm gonna disconnect you,"* Midnighter informs him, voice light even though the background noise implies he's engaged in a fight of some sort. Apparently it's the whistle-while-you-work kind of day for him, and Dick is almost a bit sorry to ruin that. *"I'm kinda busy here."*

Dick decides it best not to give away his out, his call for rescue, and so he doesn't reply to that. He keeps looking back at Alejandro, who, also, appears to be quite enjoying his work today. Fucking pervert.

"I don't think I'm the only one who thinks you're a fine piece of ass either," Alejandro muses, tapping his chin. "Maybe I'll hand you out to the crew once I'm done with you."

The next reply through the comm link doesn't sound quite so chipper anymore. *"Who is that? What's going on? Say something. You want me to come get you?"*

"Oh yeah," Dick says, and it's for both of them, underlined with a pause before he continues speaking. "Are they all such pathetic losers who can't get it on with their crush unless they chain them up and force them into it?"

*"I'm on my way,"* Midnighter growls into his ear – mind? – and that makes it a bit easier to dredge up an easy, mocking smile to crown the string of insults he just threw at his captor.

Maintaining eye contact, Alejandro strides over and sinks to his knees in front of Dick, reaches out to cup Dick's face in his palm, holding him steady with a rough, bruising hold. He hauls back with his other arm, and it connects with Dick's face in a hard backhand. The sheer force of it making tears sting in Dick's eyes and his vision dance for a few moments. He blinks them away, pushing out a breath, and right then and there he loses a few seconds.

Alejandro is still there when he recovers. "That wasn't nice," he chides, leaning forward to sniff at Dick's neck like a dog in heat. "This will all be much easier for you if you at least try to be a good boy."

The predatory grin that goes with the question, the excitement in his voice, means that some resistance is expected, even wanted. He's not expected to yield easily or even pretend that he'll find any part of it enjoyable. But he does need to lull Alejandro into a certain sense of security, lower his guard, in order to keep him away long enough, keep him talking and not do anything worse until Dick's own personal one man cavalry gets here.

Dick holds Alejandro's eyes right back and unfolds his legs, opening them slowly. He doesn't smile, plead or argue. He's just signaling that he understands this is inevitable, that he'll get hurt even worse if he struggles too much. Alejandro stares, making Dick's skin crawl, then licks his lips and glances around to his lackeys and waves a hand. "You can leave. Give us some privacy."

They exchange a glance but nod back at him, turning on their heels and heading for the stairs. They don't get very far.

Dick recognizes the faint metallic crackle in the air even before the blue and white light of the portal appears. The lackeys go down before either of them has a chance to make sense of

the situation, and Dick seizes Alejandro's momentary confusion by kicking his leg out, aiming for the visible bulge in his captor's pants. Alejandro yelps and loses his balance, tipping backwards with both hands holding his crotch, and Dick puts his whole body weight in pulling at his cuffs, hard, then again. The material behind him does give – a water pipe that immediately gushes ice cold water onto his back, and Dick jumps to his feet, half in shock, half in defense. Alejandro scrambles to get back up himself, and Dick stops him short with a firm – and frankly rather satisfying – kick to the jaw. Then he bends to fish for the key to the handcuffs and unlocks them, keeping them in his hands. Breathing fast, he surveys the scene in front of him, the men knocked out and bleeding, but from what he can see, still drawing breath.

He jolts at the hand wrapping around his forearm and it takes him a second to hear the voice saying his name. His real, actual name, not a cover, not a code name, the tone flat and carefully restrained, except for the edge that almost makes it sound like a snarl, still vibrating with rage, with an echo of the violence he just doled out on Dick's behalf. He looks up and mourns the fact that he can't see Midnighter's eyes right now, only the lenses of the mask.

Midnighter lets go of his arm and shucks out of his heavy, long coat, wrapping it around Dick's shoulders. “Anything we need to collect before I take you out of here?”

Dick's voice croaks when he tries to reply, his throat suddenly dry, but he's grateful that he doesn't have to explain that he won't run out of here with his tail between his legs before he hasn't at least secured what he came here for in the first place. “I have a rented room in a motel down the street. There's a safe in the wall, with evidence, thumb drives and stuff, cloaked and hidden. Needs my iris scan though.”

“Alright,” says Midnighter, reaching out to draw the coat tighter around Dick's naked body, and Dick hates that he's shivering but can't seem to stop. “You good to get that before we leave?”

Dick nods, pockets the handcuffs for something to do with his hands, then takes a long, measured breath. “But first, we should see if we can get anything else from the office upstairs.”

The reply to that is a disapproving frown, the corners of his mouth pulling together underneath the edge of the mask, but he knows better than trying to order Dick around, even if it's for his own safety. They had that discussion already. So he nods towards the already materializing door and they only have to put one guard out of commission before they can reach Alejandro's office. Which makes sense, Dick guesses, seeing how its owner lies passed out on the basement floor and it's only been a few minutes, not enough time for anyone to get worried, especially given that the activities Alejandro had in mind down there would have taken longer than that. They still work quickly, silently, and Dick doesn't start to relax until they've teleported to his apartment and found it empty. Maybe turning that upside down would have been saved for after they were done with him, or maybe they didn't think that far ahead at all yet. Dick doesn't care. He unlocks the safe with the files and lets Midnighter pack them away, while he pulls on some of his own clothes and gathers anything he can't afford to leave behind.

Midnighter eyes him when Dick hands the coat back to him, the cowl now gone too, which leaves him in only his body armor. It makes the inquisitive once-over he gives Dick feel more personal. Then he pulls the coat back on in a move that almost seems self-conscious, but might just be a reason to busy his hands. "You're freaked out."

"I'm not," Dick declares, glaring back at him defiantly. He's not. Or maybe he is. They've been too busy to think about that much, and they're still working against an hourglass that's quickly running out. He'll think about it later.

"Don't lie to me," Midnighter says, evenly, still holding his gaze. "It's stupid. I can track your heart rate."

Dick sighs, rolls his eyes. Also a discussion they had before, and that he sees no sense in repeating. Might be true; still doesn't mean Dick can ignore the habit. He's been playing pretend at bravery since he was a boy, and he still does sometimes. That doesn't mean he's not grateful for the rescue. For being saved from... yeah, still not thinking about that.

And the unhappy squint Midnighter is giving him now means *that* last train of thought showed in his aforementioned heart rate.

"I had the situation under control," he says, even as he accepts Midnighter's hand at the small at his back, a rather obvious gesture of comfort. Dick lets himself be guided away, towards the next portal, to safety.

"Sure you did," Midnighter says as they step back out on the other end, into his living room. "If you were angling for a ride on the mob boss's cock, you were right on track."

Dick smirks at him, hefting an eyebrow. "Hey, are you jealous?"

The glare that earns him could cut through folded steel. It doesn't last, however; the concern that's finally bleeding into his expression is stronger than any annoyance. "Did he..." Midnighter turns away, ostensibly to deposit the files on the coffee table, but the way he leans on the backrest of the couch after, fingers digging into the fabric a little too hard, is telling, and so is the hard edge that has returned to his voice when he speaks again. "Because if he touched you I'll go back right now and tear them all from limb to limb and feed their –"

"Nothing happened. You got to me in time." Dick walks over to him, stepping into his space, and he didn't realize how much he's been craving friendly, familiar touch until Midnighter carefully drags him closer by his belt loop and slings an arm around him, loosely enough that Dick could easily refuse and remove himself if that's what he wanted.

But he doesn't. He wants the opposite. He wants to drown in that familiar touch, inhale that smell of leather and that stupid off-brand English aftershave that Dick can never remember the name of. He wants to be even closer. He wants to get lost in the sensation of being wrapped up in another person, of choosing to do so. He wants to be with someone he trusts, wants the way it makes him feel. It's better than thinking about maybes and could-have-beens, neither of which matter now anyway. Because it didn't happen. He got out. He's safe and with a man who'd burn the world to the ground to protect him.



Before he can think better of it, he's leaning in, bringing their lips together and after a questioning glance, a moment of hesitation, Midnighter kisses back. But he draws away much too soon for Dick's liking.

“What do you want from me? What do you need, right now?” The hand still curled around Dick's waist strokes up and down, soothingly, probably more instinct than intent. “I'm your guy when it comes to punching rapey mobsters in the throat, but this part... I'm no good at this part.”

Dick's first impulse is to play it down, claim he doesn't need anything because he's fine. But they've already been over that and he does *need*, and with his chosen company, fronting won't get him very far. He takes a deep inhale, gives himself a few seconds to pick his words. Then he goes for direct, brutal honesty.

“I want you to fuck me.” Predictably Midnighter takes a step back, expression incredulous. Dick follows him, but resists the urge to touch, try and get his way by being physical. “Wait, seriously, hear me out. I want to feel you. I want to know that I'm safe here with you. I want us, you, to be what I'll remember about tonight, not what happened back there.”

Midnighter still shakes his head, although it lacks finality. He wasn't lying before; he really seems out of his depth, at a loss for how he's supposed to react. It's a rare look on him, and in all honesty, Dick finds it a little unsettling.

He sits down on the armrest of the couch, thus putting more distance between them, and forces himself to sound calm, rational. Explain himself. “Look, I've been doing this for a long time now, okay? This wasn't the first time someone strung me up somewhere and threatened me with sexual violence. Comes with the territory. Granted they usually don't have me naked for it and this was the closest brush I ever had with a hard on I didn't want anything to do with, but I know what I want and, and it's... distraction is the wrong word. It's like when you learn to ride a horse and it bucks you off, and they tell you to get right back on it or you'll get scared. Right? Kinda like that, but also not, because I truly, honestly want to just feel good right now. I want to be with you. *Please*.”

Midnighter looks him up and down, his face turned unreadable, and Dick waits him out, lets him process, until he breathes out and nods. “Okay.”

“Okay?” Dick checks automatically, and realizes he wasn't expecting him to cave so quickly, had prepared himself for a longer argument. He's so relieved he could cry, and yep, that's maybe another clue that he's indeed a smidgen off kilter.

“Yes. You're right, you've been doing this job for a long time, you're no shrieking virgin, and it's your body,” Midnighter elaborates. “So, okay.” He smirks, and it's brief and doesn't reach full force, but it's reassuring nevertheless. Familiar. Dick needs familiar right now. “But I suggest you take a shower first. You're smeared with dust and grime, and you're still shivering. Go get yourself clean and warmed up.”

Dick holds his eyes, deliberately not thinking about whether that's an honest suggestion or an attempt at stalling him, giving him an opportunity to calm down and change his mind. He

plays his response up, instead, pulls his t-shirt over his head with a challenging smile. "Wanna join me?"

Watching the piece of fabric hit the ground, Midnighter gives a small snort. Not exactly the reaction Dick was hoping for. "Go on ahead. I'll catch up with you in a minute."

"Alright," Dick says, casual, getting up from the armrest and shucking jeans and underwear in one go. Naked, he steps back into Midnighter's space, who watches him intently, his gaze never falling below Dick's waist, and Dick leans in for another kiss, although he breaks it after only a few moments. To destroy all doubt in regard to the earnestness of his intentions, he shoves the coat off Midnighter's shoulders next, catches it and throws it onto the couch before it can fall to the floor with a dull thud. He grips the other's hips, holding his gaze. "I'll be waiting for you."

No reply comes when he steps away and heads for the bathroom, but he's indeed kept waiting. He's almost done by the time Midnighter finally steps into the bathroom, already undressed, and pulls the shower stall open. There's a moment where he stands there, studying Dick, waiting for a response, waiting to see if Dick changed his mind, and it's only when Dick smiles at him and nods that he steps inside. That seems to be the final permission he needed, though, because there's no more hesitation in the way he presses up behind Dick, both hands wrapping around Dick's middle and sliding down. Or maybe that's another test; Dick doesn't doubt that if his body doesn't react like normal, if he fails to get hard, Midnighter might call this off.

Not like he'll have to worry about that: his cock dutifully stirs at the first careful brush of Midnighter's palm, and Dick finally allows himself to relax, to stop treating this like a game of chess, as touching as it is annoying. He leans into the strong body at his back, pushes his hips forward into the hand around him, and shivers despite the hot water prattling over both of them when Midnighter nuzzles his neck, gently nipping at the skin there. He closes his eyes when he feels the beginnings of an erection pressing against his ass, and this, this is what he needed. To be close. To forget and let go.

"You all ready?" Midnighter asks, and reaches around him to turn the shower off when Dick nods.

They both towel off quickly, and now, Midnighter does steal glances, eyes roaming over Dick's wet and glistening body, the semi-erection straining up against his stomach. Dick grins at him, leering right back, and reciprocates by giving the other's cock a few quick tugs before taking his hand and leading them both back to the main room.

On a whim, he collects the coat from the couch's backrest while they pass that, and the flash of heat that crosses Midnighter's face when Dick winks and nods his head towards the open door of the bedroom makes him regret he didn't have that idea sooner. He takes his time to spread the coat on the bed, above the covers, and then arranges himself on the worn black leather, the smell another layer of comfort in its familiarity.

Midnighter makes to climb on the bed after him, but Dick halts him with a shake of his head. "Not yet. There's something else we'll need."

"If you're talking about lube and condoms," Midnighter replies, nodding towards the bedside table. "I took care of that."

Dick shakes his head. He lets his legs fall open, reaches between them to lazily palm himself. He swallows. It didn't occur to him until just now, feeling the edge of them through the pocket of the coat, but there's another aspect of the earlier memory that he wants exorcised. He shifts so he can pull them out, dangle them from his thumb.

Disbelief painted across his face in bright neon colors, eyes widening, Midnighter takes a step away from the bed. "No goddamn way."

"I'm not afraid," Dick says, leaning forward to hold the handcuffs out for Midnighter to take. "I trust you. We're in an artificial apartment that's hidden away from anyone who doesn't know it exists and you're with me. There's exactly one other place in the world I could ever feel this safe."

"That's a lot of flattering to get me to fuck you a specific way," Midnighter says, rolling his eyes, and ohh but the fact that he doesn't let himself be played so easily is definitely part of his charm. "It's also just slightly beside the point."

Dick pushes himself up against the headboard and smooths out the coat beneath him. "Same principle. I can't afford to be afraid of them, so I want them to be a part of this. Take the sting right back out before they can become something scary."

Midnighter frowns, but he starts for the head of the bed and motions for Dick to hand over the cuffs. He waits while Dick shifts further down on the bed, finds a comfortable position, and then holds his hands up so Midnighter can wind them around a rung of the headboard and snap them closed around Dick's wrists.

The small wave of fear as he experimentally strains against them is sudden and unwelcome, and Dick closes his eyes to breathe through it, opens them again to Midnighter's concerned scrutiny. He probably didn't even need his enhanced senses to catch that one.

"Do you want me to take them o—" he starts, but Dick interrupts him.

"No," he says, setting his jaw. "I'm fine. It's okay." He takes another deep breath and splays his legs again, chooses to blame the loss of his erection on all the talking they've been doing. He looks up and Midnighter and shrugs his shoulders, wriggling his hips. "I'd take care of that myself, but I'm a little tied up at the moment."

Midnighter actually groans. "That was downright tragic."

Nagging aside, he does collect the lube and a condom wrapper from the bedside table, walks around the bed and kneels between Dick's legs, pushing them further apart. He shuffles closer so Dick's ass rests against his crotch, taps one leg to make Dick lift it and then hooks it over his shoulder, mouthing at the sensitive skin below the knee. He works his way down slowly, then continues the path with his hand where his mouth can't reach anymore – small, quick touches down the inside of Dick's thigh. Dick wants to protest the teasing, but it's kind of

exhilarating, to know he can't steer the pace of this, couldn't even touch himself to take the edge off.

The knowledge alone makes his cock fill again. He catches Midnighter smiling against his skin, then staring unabashedly. And even though it's a direct mirror of the situation from earlier, the circumstances are so different that they make Dick grow harder instead of making him uncomfortable. He doesn't usually mind being exposed, being looked at, and he'd have hated to have that spoiled. But despite of who Midnighter is, the persona he projects when he's out there fighting, there's nothing predatory in his gaze now. It's hungry, sure, but also reverent, appreciative and nonthreatening. The difference is safety and respect and not having the shadow of a doubt that, at any point, all of this could be stopped with a single word.

Apparently done just looking, Midnighter wraps a hand around him and tugs a couple times, and it's good, it's normal and fun and all that, but right now it's missing something. Midnighter seems to have decided he'll go slow, take his time, and while Dick appreciates that, he *needs* something else.

"I want..." he starts, then stops, wondering why his own voice is already sounding so husky, yet kind of frail. They barely started. He swallows. "I need you closer."

Midnighter surveys him, and Dick's not sure he could explain himself were he to ask what exactly it *is* that Dick expects from him right now. He needs an imitation of what happened with Alejandro, and he needs the opposite. He needs something that's halfway between the two. Suddenly there are fire ants crawling over his skin, and he wriggles his hips, closes his eyes.

"No," Midnighter says and it sounds a little desperate, worried. "No, come on. Look at me." And that's probably a good idea; staying firmly in the present. He blinks and is met by a smile that starts tentative and takes a few seconds to gain the usual cocky edge. "Alright. Good. I promise I'll get in as close as you could ever want me to in a moment," he says and reaches for the lube, uncapping it. "But for now you gotta relax for me."

In a conscious effort to unwind, Dick lets his legs fall wider still. He turns his head and breathes in the scent clinging to the coat underneath him, and he braces himself for a first finger against his hole. Midnighter's other hand is gripping his thigh, not hard enough to bruise but enough to supply a counterpoint to the more intimate pressure between his legs. Dick holds his breath through the intrusion, and whatever made him uneasy before ebbs down a little. He likes this bit; some might regard it as nothing more than a necessary step towards the main event, but he likes the intimate touch of callused fingers, brushing his rim, pushing past the initial resistance and setting him ablaze with anticipation. He rocks down on it when a second finger follows and Midnighter crooks them just so and then keeps at it, rubbing back and forth in a way that makes it difficult to think about anything else.

"Ready?" Midnighter asks, and it takes Dick a few seconds to drag his mind to the surface and realize that he's supposed to come back with an answer.

He nods and Midnighter pulls out his fingers and puts on a condom, rearranges Dick with both hands on his hips, and lines up. The first push is slow, giving him time to adjust and get

used to the stretch, for his body to accept the wider girth of a hard cock compared to the fingers without pain or discomfort, until he's buried to the hilt.

And then Midnighter leans forward, arms braced on either side of Dick's head. "Still with me?"

At Dick's renewed nod he lowers himself down, carefully snaking both arms around Dick's neck, his weight now resting on his elbows and forearms, both hands underneath Dick's head to prop him up for a deep, lazy kiss. He starts moving inside Dick, and it's perfect: the heat of him, the weight of him, the long gentle thrusts. The position doesn't give him a lot of leeway and Dick moves to meet him, rolls his hips upwards to take him deeper and wraps his legs around the other's torso. And yep, he wasn't making false promises; Dick's not sure it's physically possible to be much closer, in a position like this.

He sighs helplessly into the kiss and tries to give himself over to the sensation of having someone on all his senses like that, feel him so close, to relax and let go and forget why they're together tonight, why this particular tryst is happening. But it's made difficult by the cold, unforgiving steel of the handcuffs still digging into his wrists and Dick closes his eyes, turns his head to the side. He's trapped halfway between here and there – his body thrumming with pleasure, his mind unable to detach itself from unease and fear.

Midnighter draws back, most likely able to sense the latter through a myriad little tells even now. His hips still, his thumbs draw little circles into Dick's temples where they're still holding his head up. "You can tell me any time if you want to stop, alright? We're not doing a single thing tonight that you don't want a hundred percent."

And it's so hard to explain because Dick wants this, he's aroused and on board. He's enjoying himself. He just can't keep his mind from straying. "I don't want to stop," he says, rolling his hips, clenching around the cock inside of him, to make his point. Midnighter groans in response, but he remains stock-still, gaze focused on Dick's face. "I just want to... I dunno, I want to stop thinking."

The answering smirk looks a bit forced, worry still apparent underneath – another thing Dick would like chased away. "I can do that."

He presses another quick kiss to Dick's lips and then lowers Dick's head back down to where the coat covers the pillows, sits up, and wedges his hands underneath Dick's shoulders instead so he can brace himself on them and thereby gain more room to thrust. Which he promptly seizes, almost pulling out and then slamming back in at just the right angle, making Dick whine and arch off the bed. That's the pace Dick expects him to keep, but that's not what he gets: instead Midnighter leans down and nuzzles at Dick's neck, and it takes Dick a few seconds to realize that he's talking. Murmuring, really, low and rough, almost like growls, and it takes another moment to pick out the words.

They're promises, for the most part. Promises to guard and protect that would have Dick storming out of the room in protest any other time, because he doesn't *need* that, he can take care of himself, stand his ground just fine. But they're soothing now, reassuring, and they even make Dick skip over the threats mixed in there, graphic and violent and directed towards anyone who'd dare to touch him, hurt him, take him away. Dick gets so lost in

listening that the next hard, long thrust catches him by surprise, and his mind goes blank, no room left for anything except this single punch of pleasure that burns up and down his spine and leaves him gasping for air.

And suddenly he doesn't want the exorcism anymore. He doesn't want to come with his legs spread wide and his hands in restraints. He wants to end this on his own terms, make sure that, however tonight started, it will end being about them, just the two of them, and nothing or no one else.

“Get the cuffs off,” he demands, the words scraping at his throat like sandpaper, and he swallows, shakes his hand when Midnighter's eyes widen with an expression too close to startled guilt. “No, don't worry, I'm fine, I just want... something else.”

Midnighter doesn't reply, but he reacts instantly, pulling out and getting up and Dick stares resolutely at the ceiling while he retrieves the keys and unlocks the handcuffs, throws them away – Dick can hear them clatter on the paneled floor. The bed dips, and when Dick looks at him again, he's sitting on his haunches a little further down on the mattress, waiting. Dick scrambles into a sitting position himself and then smiles, falling forward to crawl to meet him for a kiss. Upon parting, he lifts himself up, straddling Midnighter's thighs, left hand on his shoulder for support, the other reaching between them so he can line up the other's cock and slowly sink back down on it, making them both moan in unison. Once he's fully seated, he steals another kiss, messy and uncoordinated, and takes few seconds to just exist in the moment, feel the fullness, the stretch, Midnighter's hands that have started to stroke along his torso, all the way down to his ass and back up, like he wants to hold on to him somewhere but can't decide on a spot, like he wants to touch him *everywhere*.

And then, right hand on his own cock, left hand digging into the meat of Midnighter's shoulder, Dick starts to move. He allows himself to be selfish about it, pick the angle that puts just the right pressure on just the right spot every time, and expend what remaining brainspace and coordination he has on jerking himself to make the pleasure multiply. He feels his thighs start to shake, his balls drawing up tight, and he comes while Midnighter's hands slide all the way up to his neck, his face, holding him in place so he can seal their lips together and kiss Dick through his orgasm.

“Can I?” he asks after, rocking up into Dick's boneless body, and Dick nods, mumbling something in answer that he intends to be *hmmm* but that probably comes out a lot more guttural. Midnighter holds his gaze as he sharply thrusts into him once, twice more, expression gone slack with pleasure and eyes falling shut.

Once he's done coming, too, Dick leans forward just enough so their foreheads touch. “Thank you.”

“Don't.” Midnighter shakes his head; Dick feels that more than he sees it. “How are you?”

Better. The same. He's not sure, and maybe it'll be a few days before he can say more about what kind of impact all this had. Instead of finding the words to explain that, he takes a deep breath and grins. “Sore. Pleasantly exhausted. Probably in need of another shower.”

He lifts himself off the softening cock with a wince and makes to get off the bed, go to the bathroom and then, well. Hit the road, probably. Ask Midnighter to deliver him right back to Spyral's doorstep with the thumb drives and the evidence and never tell another soul about what happened today.

He doesn't expect Midnighter to move with him, and tackle him right back onto the bed, onto the coat, to kneel atop of him with an easy grin. "Where do you think you're going?"

Apparently a rhetorical question, because just as soon as he opens his mouth, before he can get out an answer, he's kissed quiet. Looks like someone's gotten a taste of towering over him, and it's not like Dick feels compelled to complain. He kisses back and doesn't try to wedge himself free when Midnighter rises a few inches only to deposit the condom in a bin by the bed. He then curls around Dick, one arm thrown possessively over his stomach even though the skin there is still sticky with come.

"I gotta call in at some point," Dick says, although that's more of a token protest. He is indeed both sore and exhausted, and the idea of an examination upon arrival back at Hadrian's doesn't seem all that inviting either.

Midnighter hums. "Don't worry, we're not talking hostage situation here. I'll drop you off wherever you want to go." He smirks and mouths at Dick's chin, until Dick gets with the program and turns his head to be kissed again, quick and rough, and yet somehow it doesn't seem like a demand. "After we slept."

Usually Dick's script for their encounters would contain a few more objections, just so they can both keep up appearances and lest either of them could get accused of caring too much, but he's had a rough day. He'll let this one go. He shifts, getting comfortable, and closes his eyes.

"And just so we're clear, you're gonna pay for having the coat cleaned," Midnighter states, muffled, as it's basically said against Dick's temple. "You know, lube and all that."

## End Notes

Find me on [tumblr](#) or [twitter](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!