

## A Red Clad Anti-Hero and the Superheroines That Love Him

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# **A Red Clad Anti-Hero and the Superheroines That Love Him**

by [virus21](#)

## Summary

A collection of DC females paired up with the Red Hood.

## Don't Work Too Hard

Sometimes he didn't know how Bruce did it. Well he had Alfred, so that would explain some of it, but even then Jason couldn't understand how Bruce managed all his equipment and had time to do anything else. It was easier when he had the bare essential gadgets. But then he got it in his head that he needed more firepower. He was now regretted it.

It was especially true of the fact that he felt he needed his own superhero car. Granted it was a customized vehicle that he stole from HIVE, but even then it took work to maintain it.

“Next time, I use an abandoned factory as a HQ. There must be hundreds in Gotham” Jason grumbled to himself as he tried to get his car's engine fixed. An normal engine would be little problem for him. Since this was a advanced, Sci-Fi engine, it was taking far longer given Jason was doing it all by hand.

Jason was, to him shock and relief, was actually almost done. All he needed to do was torque a bolt and he was done. Well at least with this job anyway.

Jason reached over to were the torque wrench was, only to find it was gone. Jason was sure it was there when he used it last. Jason looked over, on the floor, in the car itself and on another work bench and could not find it.

“Looking for this?” Jason turned to sound of the voice to see it was Kory, holding the torque wrench. “As a matter of fact, I was” Jason walking over and tried to take the wrench, only for Kory to keep it from his grasp. Jason was cursing that fact that he had such a tall girlfriend.

“Any reason why you are playing keep away with my wrench?” Jason asked.

“Because you have been down here almost 2 days straight” Kory said, pointing out how long Jason had been down here, a fact that Jason acknowledged.

“Further more” Kory continued “You have been not only neglecting your health by being such a work, but neglecting me and you know that I can get aggravated by being ignored for a few hours, so 2 days is quite frustrating”.

“I am sorry” Jason said, trying to defuse the situation “Its just keeping all this crap working right takes time”.

“Jason, I understand that you like to be driven. It can be respectable, but this is a little to workaholic for my taste. Being to driven is why me and Richard didn't work the second time” While Jason normally wouldn't want to be compared to Dick yet again, he was happy that Kory was telling him not to be like him in this case. And of course, she was right.

“I get it, I have been pushing myself a little too hard” Jason said in agreement with Kory “Just let me finish this last repair and I can give you some TLC”. Kory was satisfied with this and gave the torque wrench back to Jason.

Jason returned to the engine and went back to work. Kory came over, looking down as Jason worked “You know, you could ask me to help if you wished”.

“You never seemed to be the technical type” Jason said.

“I’m not” Kory confirmed “But not being your thing and not knowing how are two different things. Besides, not only would you get done quicker and we would be spend more time together”.

Jason rose as he finished his work to engage Kory “Would we? Or would be try to work and end up getting hot and heavy?” As soon as Jason said that, Kory traced her finger on Jason's chest, a playful grin on her face “What ever do you mean”?

“You know exactly what I mean” Jason said “Remember when Tim asked us to watch Titans Tower that one time?” Kory's smile grew larger, indicating that she remembered the incident quite fondly.

“Now there is no reason to think that would happen again” Kory wasn't even trying to sound innocent at this point.

“Given what you're wearing” Jason said, pointing out that Kory was wearing a cutoff tank top and short shorts “You think that wouldn't happen”? Kory said nothing as she walked over to Jason and locked lips with him. After breaking the kiss, Kory looked at Jason “Would it matter if it did”?

“We wouldn't get work done” Jason explained.

“On the contrary” Kory pipped up “Since this is such a stressful job, it would take some tension away. Don't you agree”?

“Well, that is certainly true” Jason said “In fact, these last couple of days have been oh so stressful”. Jason attempted to head for the bedroom before Kory stopped him. She then proceed to clear a work table of it's items and hopped on it. Jason looked at all the items on the floor, knowing he would have to clean them up.

He then forgot about them and climbed on the table with Kory, eager to see if this new work ethic would work.

## Outlaws

While the idea of a bar in the middle of nowhere that is frequented by bikers might seem like a clique, the fact is they do exist. They were also good places to hide if you didn't want to be found, as one Jason Todd had found out a long time ago.

As such, he knew of such a place on the outskirts of Gotham. As for the hiding part; he wanted to stay way from the heroes after that business with Darkseid's invasion was over. He didn't need the same overly fluff speeches about him not being him and what ever. That and the heroes who simply wanted to take him in. However, such plans fail when a pursuer knows how that way of thinking works.

Jason's focus on his drink, as it was since he was babying the thing, was interrupted by a commotion at the door. Artemis Crock had tracked him down. After dealing with a few cat calls and decking a young dumbass in the gut, she sat down next to Jason.

"What will it be?" the bartender asked, getting a response of two whiskys on the rocks. She took one and gave the other to Jason. "Not really my poison" Jason said as he received the drink.

"You don't really have a poison given how little you have taken from you current one" Artemis observed "Unless violence counts".

"Nah, that's more of a vice" Jason explained before getting to the point "So, how did you find me?"

"You kidding?" Artemis said amused "Where else would you hide in Gotham? I know you well enough to know where you'd hide".

"You always had me figured, Arty. You were the one the did me right" A true enough statement. Artemis generally got along with Jason back when he was Robin. The others were mostly indifferent to him or doing what could be considered light teasing, something Jason took the wrong way sadly. Jason getting a not so subtle crush on her helped.

"I guess in your view, I did" Artemis said, adding on to Jason's statement "Besides, this is were I'd go if I was trying to hide and clear my head".

"Another reason we got along so well, we're so alike" Jason said. Artemis didn't try to correct him. She knew it was a true statement. She also remembered when Wally would get jealous over the fact, despite the fact that Jason was a teenager and she was heading to college. It was actually amusing, despite Artemis finding it quite silly. Oh if only he knew what Jason would look like now, he'd be trying to lock her up in a tower somewhere.

"So we got the how out of the way, how about the why?" Jason asked "Or did Bruce and Dick send you?"

“I wanted to find you for me. Bruce and Dick have no idea where you are or that I'm here” Jason wanted to believe her, but he was a paranoid type. Not helped that Bruce and Dick did some shady crap trying to take out The Light.

“I came to find you for me” Artemis continued.

“For me?” Jason was quite shocked by this revelation “Why for me? Are you saying what I think you are? And what about Wally, not that I care much about that part”^

“Yes I am, Jason” Artemis confirmed “And as for Wally, well, we changed a lot and I did some less than savory things when we thought he was dead. We simply aren't those people anymore”.

“Besides” Artemis continued “After working with you, let's just say, I feel that maybe I need a kindred spirit”. Jason was concerned about this revelation “Difference is, you're a good girl with a bad streak. I'm a gun crazed asshole who even I admit, is only slightly better than those he goes after”.

Artemis smiled, amused by Jason's self-depreciation, something that was common when they worked together previously “You're better than you think you are. You just need something or someone to temper you a little. File off your rough edges as it were”.

“Maybe or maybe you're setting yourself up for disappointment” Jason said skeptically, not hiding it at all. Artemis was undeterred “Well my life is full of that, might as well keep the trend going”. Jason could only chuckle at that. It was clear that Artemis wasn't going to take no for an answer.

“Well then, ready to get out of here, outlaw?” Jason paused at the question, before downing his drink and heading out, Artemis trailing behind him.

“Sure you're not too plastered?” Artemis asked, which Jason replying he isn't that much of a lightweight. Exiting the bar, Jason saw that Artemis, like himself, came via motorcycle. Both mounted their bikes and, amusingly enough, rode off into the sunset. Corny or nice symbolism? Well, maybe they both thought. And after everything, maybe that was a good thing.

# Graduation

The days leading up to college graduation are quite eventful and to the students of Metropolis U, this was no exception. This included two of its more high profile students, Kara Kent and Lori Luthor. The two were roommates and now had the job of clearing out their dorm before graduation, something they were dreading as they walked to their dorm room.

“So today is the day. Can't believe it's the end” Kara sighed, which only got an expression of amusement from Lori “It's just moving out Kara. It's just graduation and moving out of a cramped dorm. Not like someone is dying”.

“Yeah, but after all the time we spent here, there is a little bit of melancholy to the whole thing” Kara was always sentimental. It was a possible side effect of here being a survivor of a dead planet.

Lori opened the door and then let out a small shriek. Kara pushed past to see what was the matter, only to see that it was her boyfriend, Jason Todd, laying on her bed. “Dammit Jason! You would think we would be free of you breaking in here” Lori had never liked the fact that Jason could break into her and Kara's room at his leisure.

“Well you'd think that you would have gotten used to it by now” Jason said, always ready to throw a shade of sarcasm away. Kara and Lori entered the room, Lori grabbing a few things from her dresser “I'm going to the student center for a few things. If you are going to do any funny stuff, I beg of you, put a sock on the door”.

“Don't we always?” Jason asked, which Lori repeated, indicating that they don't. Lori left, leaving Kara and Jason alone.

“So, any reason you're here, like helping me pack or is this is just being you?” Kara asked, not being a little annoyed that Jason picked now to show up.

“Do I need a reason to see my girlfriend?”

“No, but right now isn't the greatest time” Kara explained “I do have a lot on my plate right now.”

“My sincerest apologies darling. I simply wanted to be around when you take such a grand step” Such a smooth talker, if a little over the top. Kara saw through it and yet let herself fall for it almost every time “You are forgiven. But only because I plan to make you pack my stuff”.

“You gonna be a little slave driver, aren't you?” Jason asked, getting a playful nod from Kara. Kara then climbed on top of Jason, who wrapped his arms around her waist.

“So, big day soon then?” Jason asked.

“Yep and it's scary and exciting. And a little sad” Jason was puzzled at Kara's words, not knowing why she would be sad.

“Well” Kara continued “You spend all this time in such a interesting place like this, something you have some attachment to and is kind of a safety net and when you are leaving it, it's kind of a bummer”.

Jason understood, but it was clear he had no experience with it “I couldn't tell you. I never graduated high school or went to college. Got the GED though. I did hear Dick and Tim talk about it, but never understood what the big deal was”.

Kara felt sorry for Jason that he never had such attachments. Granted, much of his life was pretty harsh, but it sucks that life couldn't have thrown him a bone. Well, he did have her, so maybe that counted.

“It is kind of a thing for me” Kara explained “Never walk down the halls again and see my friends. Yeah I could visit and see a few who didn't graduate yet, but it wouldn't be the same. Not have fun with Lori or have fun during campus events or...”

“Eat some of the food at the student center” Jason interrupted, getting a raised eyebrow from Kara. “What, that's go eating” Jason added “Its like a food court down there, complete with a mall”.

“Well, before I graduate, we'll go down and have one last meal” Kara sweetly said. Jason's expression turned stoic. Kara asked what was wrong.

“Well, you are so damn perfect and I really wanted to wait until graduation for this. Didn't want to give you too much on your plate. But this moment is just to good not to” Kara didn't know what to make of what Jason was saying “Well thank you for putting me on pedestal, but wait for what”?

That was then when Jason pulled out a velvet box and held it near Kara's face. The blond looked at it for a moment before registering when it was “Wait, is that? Are you?!”

“Will you marry me”? Jason held a eager expression, waiting for Kara's answer. Kara for her part was trying to keep together. She was failing. Tears where streaming down her face. She finally managed to get it together enough to answer.

“Yes. Yes. God, yes!” Kara didn't wait for Jason to respond before taking the box and opening it. The right was a blue jewel that matched her eye color almost perfectly. Jason swooped in and took the ring. He wanted to put it on her finger, which she happily allowed. It fit perfectly. Kara leaned over and took Jason's mouth into her own, letting all the emotion run out.

Breaking the kiss, Kara looked down at Jason “How did you keep this a secret”?

“Simple. I told only Alfred to getting it out of my system kept my damn mouth shut” Jason explained “Disappointed I didn't wait until graduation”?



“Oh no. It would have been too much excitement” Kara said “Besides, now I have something to take my mind off leaving college”.

Kara rose from the bed and went to her dresser, picking out a sock. Jason knew what she had planned. Kara went to put the sock on the outside door, only to stop “You know what? Not right now”.

“What not right now!?” Jason was a little shocked and disappointed. Kara turned to Jason “I really need to get started with my packing. When I get a little bit done, then we...” Before Kara could continue, Jason shot up and began whipping items into a nearby box.

“Jason, I appreciate your enthusiasm, but I need to organize my things” Kara said. Jason didn't stop, only giving Kara a flustered response “Organize when you unpack. There are more important things”!

Kara watched her new fiancée, a thought that made her warm inside, frantically pack her things. One chapter, a very fun and lovely chapter, ended and a new was about to begin. As she watched Jason, the sadness she felt before was gone, replaced with joy for the future. She knew that with him, it would be alright.

# Photograph

## Chapter Notes

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

Jason had been sleeping on the couch of his girlfriend, Donna Troy, when he was woken by flashes of light. A few at first, but they increased in intensity. He reluctantly opened his eyes and saw that Donna was a few inches away, taking pictures of him.

“Donna” Jason grumbled, still groggy from sleep “What are you doing”?

“I am taking pictures of you, obviously” Jason always liked Donna's matter of fact personality, even if it could be annoying. Such as it was being now.

“I can see that, but why are you doing so and while I'm sleeping” Jason asked.

“Well honey, you look so peaceful when you sleep” Donna explained “It was so photogenic, that I just had to”.

“Really?” Jason said “Me crashed on your couch is some for of artistic expression?”

“Well, you look so peaceful, as a contrast to how you look 80% of the time” Donna explained, to Jason's annoyance.

“Well I suppose I have to act like I'm still sleeping then?” Jason asked.

“If you could” Donna answered. Jason closed his eyes, letting Donna continue her work. Jason could still see the flashes that were dulled by his eye lids. A moment later, Jason could feel a weight on this waste, Opening his eyes, he could see Donna was now on top of him.

“Not that I mind, but what are you doing”? Jason asked.

“Trying to get another angle” Donna replied. Jason took hold of Donna's waste, a lustful sound coming from him “I kind of like this angle”.

Donna lightly slapped his hands away. “None of that now. I have to work”. Jason gave out a disappointed whine, but allowed Donna to continue her task.

Just then, a idea formed in Jason's head “I got an idea. That camera has a timer and can take multiple pics, right?” Donna confirmed that it could as Jason continued “Good. Set it for a 3 minutes”. Donna did as he asked, setting camera on the coffee table.

“Now come over and lay on top of me” Jason instructed. Donna wasn't quite sure about it “I hope these aren't the pictures I think they are”. Jason confirmed that they aren't and asked again for Donna to come over.

Donna did as Jason instructed, laying on him, her head laying over his heart. Jason wrapped his arms around her and instructed her to close her eyes. She did as asked, he face facing the

camera. A minute later, the camera went off, taking several pictures. After the camera finished, Donna rose and took the device.

“Well thank you Jason” Donna said “I have to upload and edit these, so you just go back to napping”.

“You're welcome and I hope I was the muse you needed” Jason said half jokingly.

“Subject, Jason” Donna corrected, leading Jason to give out a whatever, which Donna mostly ignored.

Donna left to her office, leaving Jason to return to his slumber. Donna looked at the pictures and marveled how photogenic her boyfriend was. Then she came to the last ones, the ones with the two of them. If Donna wasn't a subject in the pics, she would marvel that the two figures looked like a wonderful couple, which she thought was a silly observation. Of course they were a wonderful couple, it was just that she never got a good look from the outside before.

She put such thoughts aside and tried to return to work, attempting to avoid staring at the last photos, otherwise she would be gushing over them all day.

Two days later, she showed her work to the gallery owner. The owner and his assistants marveled over the pictures. They especially liked the last ones, the ones with her and Jason, echoing her previous sentiment how good they looked as a couple.

Donna could do nothing but smile.

## Chapter End Notes

Forgive how short and lacking this chapter was. Came out better in my head. Oh well. Might rewrite it later.

# My Uptown Girl

While Bette Kane isn't the greatest crimefighter in the world, something that considered mark against her by some of Gotham's other heroes, no one can deny that she isn't a force to be reckoned with on the tennis court. Even though she is playing against the ball launcher, she can still keep up with the machine like no one else.

The young blond socialite had been at the Gotham Country Club for the last several hours, honing her skills. She was currently ending her 5th run against the ball launcher.

"You know, if we came across a supervillain with a tennis gimmick, he wouldn't stand a chance" Bette's attention turned towards her boyfriend, for lack of a better term, Jason Todd.

"What are the chances of that ever happening?" Bette asked in an amused tone.

"In this city, are you kidding?" Jason replied. Bette realized what a silly question that was "Oh right. This is a city with guys with ketchup guns and wear kites. That would happen to me."

"So" Bette continued "What did you think of my mad skills"?

"I am very glad you still wear skirts instead of shorts" A reply that got Jason a playful punch in the arm.

"I guess the polo shirt was to your liking as well?" Bette asked, which Jason didn't deny.

The duo were on their way out, when 3 figures approached. Chelsea Beckenridge, Samantha Redmen and Mercedes Cuttingham, an average posse of rich girls according to Bette. Bette didn't seem to like them, a fact that was going to be made evident as they came over.

"Bette Kane, it has been forever" Chelsea said in an upper class woman greeting someone way. The kind of way that seemed to be the fakest crap one had ever seen.

"Yeah, it has been a while, hasn't it"? Bette didn't even try to hide her disinterest in the socialite. A fact that Chelsea and her friends didn't notice or didn't care. Sucking up to someone like Bette was like second nature to people like her.

"You must come to the club more often, especially during night. The dinner parties have become such a how to do" Chelsea said. Bette was trying very hard not to walk away, but knew she had to keep appearances "Oh, I have been quite busy at night. A few side projects to keep me busy".

"Indeed. Though it is good that you finally started hiring help" Chelsea was clearly indicating Jason "I know how you do this 'For the little people' thing that your cousin does, but you must show some decorum dear".

Bette was not at all happy with such language in any fashion, but directed towards Jason was not to be unchallenged “Jason is my...boyfriend”.

“Oh this is Jason Todd is it not”? On of the other women, Mercedes said “Bette I know it is custom to take a, how we say, hobby. But you could do much better.”

“Yes indeed” The other of the group, Samantha, spoke “At least someone like that Dick Grayson. Despite his lowbrow entertainment background, your cousin at least trained him well. And Tim Drake, while nouveau riche, can at least conduct himself properly.”

Bette was pissed. Beyond pissed. She was about to shed her normally bubbly personality and go into on of pure rage, when her attention was focused elsewhere. It was Jason and he was laughing. All 4 women where confused at the outburst.

Jason collected himself to address the 3 rich women “Oh that is rich, no pun intended. It is also amusing that you mock me for my, I assume, poor background and manners, when you 3 aren't ones to talk.”

“And what pray tell is that suppose to mean, Mr. Todd?” Chelsea said, putting a condescending tone when she said his name.

“Oh such as, for example, you and your husband's inability to sire children” Jason said. Chelsea's expression turned to one of smugness “Your information must be flawed as I do have a child. Quite recently in fact”.

“Yes, you did give birth” Jason confirmed “He has nice eyes and nose. They belong to your chauffeur, but you didn't know that your husband was shooting blanks”. Chelsea's smug attitude vanished into one of embarrassment.

Jason turned his attention towards Mercedes “You Miss Cuttingham, your family got your fortune in mercantile business”.

“Oh course, everyone knows that” Mercedes said, her voice dripping with venom. Jason was not impressed “Yes and anyone searching up to the 1910s will see that. Anyone who does a search to the 1880s, when your family actually made your fortune, will see that it started at immigrants making it big in slaughter houses. Namely ones that specialize in pigs”. The color in Mercedes' skin drained out of her.

And finally, Jason drew his attention towards Samantha “You...haven't done to much. Well outside of keeping your husband's affair secret.”

“My husband is not cheating on me with another woman” Samantha growled. Jason was quick to correct her “Well that is true. He isn't cheating on you....with a woman. That must really hurt your ego, huh?”

With that, all 3 women turned heel and left in a huff, not wanting more embarrassment to befall them. Bette was shocked at what just happened and turned towards Jason “That was amazing! How the hell did you know all that?!”

“Oh that. You don't think Bruce doesn't have info on every rich person in this city?” Jason explained “Never know who isn't in league with criminals or one themselves”.

“You are beyond wonderful” Bette said “Now, how about we get out of here. You get your bike...”

“Actually” Jason corrected “I came here on the bus. I like riding in your car”.

“Wait, you came here via public transportation? Oh how scandalous for me for you to do such a common thing” Of all the things Bette could be, a large ham was one of them.

The duo left the club and jumped into Bette's roadster. Bette was quick to turn on the radio and Uptown Girl by Billy Joel started to play.

“Well that's quite an appropriate song to start playing” Bette said, which Jason concurred. The couple took off, even going as far as singing along to, which they guessed at this point, their song.

## Weapons to Flirt With

“Thank god, this night is nearly over”. It was a rough night indeed. Jason had to take care of 4 muggings, 6 drug deals, 8 break ins and 1 car chase. He was beyond tired. It almost felt like will power and plan stubbornness was the only thing keeping him from collapsing as he made his way to Oracle's clock tower. The plan was to turn in any equipment that needed maintenance, brief Babs on the night and, given how he was feeling, raid Barbara's liquor supply.

He had made it to the tower and began shedding his equipment “Hey Barbie, you better have the good stuff, because I plan to be in a coma for the next week, hang-over be damned. Hey, Babs?”

“Over in the armory, Jason” Barbara's voice sounded from a nearby room. Jason entered to the sight of Barbara looking over some weapons along side another figure. It was Zinda Blake, Lady Blackhawk.

Jason hadn't had the pleasure of meeting the legendary pilot out of time, though he wished he had. Though that might be due to the fact that he was leaning over and wearing a very short skirt. Seriously, how the hell did she get away with that during wartime. Kara's skirt wasn't even that short.

Jason snapped out of his gaze before the two women noticed what he was doing and not a moment too soon as both of them turned. “Hey Jason. You look like hell” Barbara said, commenting in Jason's exhausted state.

“It was hell of a night” Jason replied “I kind of hope everyone else had it just as bad. It would help relieve the feeling that the universe is out to get me”.

Before Barbara could respond and possibly help Jason on the front, his attention was diverted to Zinda, who was fake coughing in order to get attention. “Oh sorry. Jason, this is Zinda. Zinda, this is Jason”.

“So this is Jason. I heard interesting things” Zinda said, already impressed with what she saw.

“Depending on what those things are, they're all true” Jason replied, not even hiding the thinly veiled attempts at flirting. Babs could only shake her head at the whole thing “Well, why don't you guys get know each other. I got to see how everyone else is doing. And don't worry, I'll give you the sense of schadenfreude you seek”. Babs left the room, leaving Jason and Zinda alone.

“So, I hear you're quite gun slinger” Zinda said “What you packing”? Jason remarked to himself on how she wasn't even trying to be subtle. Still, he planned to play it straight. He was no perv, after all.

He pulled out his duel pistols. They weren't like any handguns Zinda had seen and she has seen plenty. The weapons were very decorative looking, seemingly for show more than

function. "What type of guns are those"? Zinda asked.

"Well" Jason began, seemingly enthusiastic about talking about the weapons like a sense of pride "The internal parts are based off a Desert Eagle with about the same level of power. The outside is based on a decorative type of Dragoon used during the mid to late 1800s. I did change a few things about the external design, altering or removing anything that would hurt the gun's performance".

"Interesting" Zinda replied, now showing even more interest in Jason "I take it you most of your weapons are like this?"

"Just the ones I use often" Jason answered "I just like a personal touch with my toys." Zinda pulled out her own guns. Both were simple looking pistols that Jason recognized as a semi-auto type of Beretta. "I prefer to simple, but effective" Zinda explained "I like simple with my firearms".

Jason then pulled out one of his swords. It was a Japanese style sword, though it wasn't curved as one would expect "This is what I used for close quarters. It's a Chokuto".

Zinda wasn't as enamored with the weapon as she was with Jason's guns. She picked out a simple sawed-off shotgun from a bag, clearly her own "I prefer using this. Simple and quick."

"The gun the only thing you like that's like that?" Jason smirked, Zinda flashing a smile as he did.

"Personally" Jason continued "I like going melee. It gives a personal touch to the job. Besides, sometimes it's good not to go too fast".

Before the two could continue their unusual form of flirting, Barbara returned to the room "Hey guys, getting along well?" Both confirmed they were before Zinda spoke up "Say, Jason, since you seem to want to drink the hard night away, why don't you and I head to the bar scene and get plastered?"

"I tend to drink alone, but I usually don't have good enough company" Jason explained "But, you seemed to be a fun drinker, so why the hell not. Babs, if you excuse us while we get into civvies". Jason and Zinda left to the changing rooms, leaving Barbara alone.

As they left, Barbara's phone rang. Babs answered and it was Dick who was on the other end "Hey Babs, how did everything go"?

"Better than expected" Barbara replied "Getting those two to meet was one of your better ideas".

"Hey, you make it sound like I never have good ideas" Dick said, prompting Barbara to list not so good ideas of Dick's, much to the latter's annoyance.

"At any rate" Dick continued "You would not believe the effort I went to to get him here. Watching him and making sure he was there at the right time".



“You weren't responsible for his busy night, were you”? It was a good question, since Jason's work load is rarely that heavy.

Wasn't me” Dick answered “Though nothing saying Bruce didn't find out what we were doing and arranging it. Seems like something he'd do” Babs didn't even try to correct him, though she doubt even Bruce was that much of a control freak to go that far.

Jason and Zinda returned, now in street clothing. Babs said her goodbyes to Dick and hung up the phone to address the duo “Now, don't get to crazy”. Zinda couldn't help but scoff at such a suggestion “What fun would that be? Besides, have you met me?!”

“Or me for that matter” Jason added. Barbara couldn't argue with that logic. The two left, playfully going out arm and arm like a couple of kids.

As they left, Barbara didn't know what was weirder: The fact that these two had potential or that this was Dick's plan and it might work.

Yeah, it was that fact that it was Dick's plan.

# Through Her Stomach

## Chapter Notes

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

One would think that being a teacher would be a cake walk compared to being a vigilante. Helena would tell you that you are full of it. A combination of paperwork and the general problems with youngsters that came up in class, give Helena a couple of drug lords and supervillains any day.

So when she entered Oracle's clock tower, she was ready to get into the swing of things. What she got was unexpected.

She entered to see no one there. Barbara was not at her computer, nor was Dinah training or preparing for the next mission and Zinda was also not present. It was empty and dead quiet. That is until the silence was broken by the sound of rummaging in the kitchen.

Helena went in to investigate, figuring on of her fellow Birds of Prey were there. Instead, she was greeted with the sight of Jason Todd seemingly searching for something.

Helena had only a few dealing with the Red Hood. She mostly thought of him as too violent even for her tastes and one step away from leveling the city if left unchecked. When she did meet him, while he was violent and had an understandable chip on his shoulder, he was a pretty ok guy for the most part. Though why he was ransacking Barbara's kitchen was the question.

"Excuse me" Helena said, breaking Jason from his quest "Are you so down on your luck that you need to steal food from your friends? Or are you just cheap?" Jason quickly collected himself, putting down a container of sauce he had been looking at.

"If you must know, I was looking for some ingredients. Babs asked me to prepare something for a thing with her and Dick because Alfred was busy. Granted, I wouldn't normally do something like this, but that woman is persuasive".

Helena wasn't going to argue with that. Heck, it was her persuasiveness that convinced her to join her team in the first place. Still of all the people to ask to cook, why him?

"You know how to cook?" Helena's tone was sceptical. Jason was not insulted as one would think. This is far from the first time people had been shocked by the fact that he had culinary skills.

"Why yes I do. You almost have to living on the streets like I did. Though Alfred did hone my skill quite a bit".

"What were you planning to make?" Helena asked, her curiosity peaked. Jason answered that it was going to be something Italian, which made Helena's skepticism return "You are trying something Italian? I have a hard time believing you could be that good".

“How to do you figure that?” Jason felt like Helena was challenging him and his tone reflected that. Helena had to point out her own pedigree, if her last name wasn't a major give away.

Jason wasn't one to let a challenge go unresponded “Tell you what. I still have to play Gordon Ramsey for Barbie and Dick Head tonight, but why don't I come over to you place, say Friday and I'll show you my super awesome cooking skills”.

Helena wasn't exactly sold on the idea of letting Jason cook for her, nor letting him in her apartment. But she was far to curious not to find out if he was all hype or not “Oh, what the hell. I get a free meal that I don't have to cook myself. Friday at 8 then”. Helena decided to take her leave and maybe find some street crime to amuse herself with stopping, since it was clear that Babs was going to be busy tonight.

A couple of days later, it was Friday and Helena was on her way home. She told Babs and Dinah that she was a pressing engagement and she would be late coming to the tower. She didn't tell them what the engagement was, mostly because they would likely give her shit for agreeing to this.

As she opened her door, she could hear someone inside. She readied her crossbow that she had hidden in her work bag, planning to introduce a few bolts to the dumb bastard that decided to break in. She slowly opened her door to fire, only to see Jason in the kitchen, cooking away.

“How the hell did you get in here?!” Helena yelled. Jason only stared, giving a look that said 'Are you kidding? You do know who trained me?' Helena conceded that point before asking why he was here.

“Well I said I was going to make dinner, didn't I?” Jason said, wondering if Helena had forgotten. She didn't, but was kind of hoping he did.

“Well, then” Helena said, resigned to the fact that she now had to go through with this “What is on menu?” Jason replied that it was Tuscan Chicken. Helena was impressed that he didn't go for the easy and somewhat stereotypical route of a pasta dish.

Helena decided to sit down and await what was coming. She felt like a condemned woman waiting for her execution. God only knows what Jason's idea of Tuscan Chicken was like or even if could be classified as food.

She waited a good hour for Jason to be finished, which given he was working a while before she arrived, indicated that he was taking his time. That did put Helena's mind at ease as Jason was at least taking his time.

Jason entered the dining room, skillet in hand and dish steaming. He placed the skillet in the middle of the table and then grabbed a two plates, which Helena questioned.

“What, you didn't think I would make all this and not have some myself” Jason replied  
“Unless you're very big eater?”

“Not that big, even though I burn a crap ton of calories” Helena explained. Helena said no more as she gazed at her meal. It looked good. Really good. Like actual food good. But of course looks aren't everything and she knew she had to eat it. She took a fork full, not wanting to show hesitation, and took a bite.

What she tasted she dare not try to describe. It was like stepping into a memory of her youth, when she was with her parents and was treated like royalty. She remembered the professional meals that were prepared for her, Tuscan Chicken being one of them and this was just as good as those meals of long ago, if not better.

Helena allowed herself a moment of less than civilized eating behavior and began woofing down the chicken. Jason said nothing, only a smile indicating that he was happy that she was happy. He ate his own dish, though not as vigorously as Helena.

When they finished, Jason attempted to take the now empty plates, only to be stopped by Helena “Oh no need for that. I'll take care of the dishes, you've done more than enough.” Helena walked over to Jason, kissed him on the cheek and bid him a thank you. Jason simply nodded his head and made his leave. Helena was left to think about the events of the night.

The following night, Barbara was at her computer, waiting for her team to arrive. Helena was the first.

“Hey Helena” Barbara greeted “I didn't ask yesterday, but what was your little engagement last night?” Helena explained the events of the dinner with Jason. Barbara was shocked at this revelation. It was what Helena said next that blew her mind “Babs, I think I have to figure a way to marry him now”. The moment Helena uttered that sentence, Barbara bursted out in laughter.

“I am serious” Helena explained “A man that good looking that can cook like that is a rare thing. I'd be an colossal idiot not to scoop him up.” Barbara was able to collect herself, whipping tears from her eyes as she attempted to address Helena.

“Well, Jason is a damn good cook. Why do you think I asked him to cook for me and Dick?”

“Good cook?!” Helena said “I haven't had Tuscan Chicken that good since I was a little girl. And I had professional chefs back then.”

Barbara couldn't help but smile to herself at this turn of events. Dick made mention that Helena and Jason might make a good couple. At the time, Barbara was skeptical, thinking they would be to abrasive to each other to make such a coupling work. Perhaps she was mistaken.

“Well then Helena” Barbara said “I guess I could play matchmaker for you. Just don't ask Dick for help on this. Like ever”.

So Barbara spent the next few minutes educating Helena on all there was to know of Jason. All the while she had to remark how funny it was that all it was necessary to truly seduce Helena beyond getting a fling with her was good food.

Then again, she tasted Jason's cooking, so maybe it understandable.

## Chapter End Notes

I don't know much about Italian cuisine, so forgive me if I may have gotten it wrong

# Convincing

## Chapter Notes

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

In a way, Jason has been running all his life in one way or the other. Growing up on the streets will do that. Even after taking a life in the mask, there was always something to run from. People, emotions, the past, the future, it was always something.

That said, he never imagined that he would be running around in a derelict spaceship, fleeing from a bunch of monsters that looked like something out of HR Giger art book.

It was his own fault really. After all, how could he say no to Sara Lance? He tried, really he did. But there was just no way to say no to that woman. If he had a weakness, it was her.

So when Sara asked him to explore a abandoned spaceship while her crew were dealing with something else, tried as he might, he couldn't say no. Needless to say, he really wish he had.

“Why do I let you talk me into these things?” Jason said as he focus between yelling, running and shooting the creatures pursing him and Sara. Sara herself was running ahead, not helping at stopping the monsters, something Jason was quick to point out.

“I'm guiding and you know perfectly well why you let me talk you into these things” Yes, Jason did know why, he just didn't like her pointing it out.

“I need to have a bucket of cold water handy when you visit” Jason retorted, barely dodging some secretion from the creature that it threw at him. He planned a long shower if he survived this.

“Jason, the door!” Jason's attention went to Sara as she shouted and then the door that was ahead and from the looks of thing, still in working order. Both heroes ran even faster to reach it before the creatures caught them.

The monsters were gaining, as if they knew what the two were up to. Thankfully, the floor was slick enough that Jason and Sara could slide into the next room, widening the gap. Sara was the first to rise, quickly slamming the door button just as the creatures made it over. The sounds of the creatures slamming on the door echoing throughout the ship.

Jason was quick to point out “That isn't going to hold them for long”. Sara concurred “Good thing they ain't the type to have acidic blood. But I do have an idea”.

Sara went over to a panel and activated it, to Jason's confusion. After pressing a few buttons, a alarm went off, the room filled with red light. Looking out the window in the door, the two could see that the walls of the next room were opening up, into space. Many of the creatures tried to hold on to the ship, but to no avail as they were blown into the emptiness of space. After all the creatures were gone, Sara closed the walls.

“You had this planned out the whole time, didn't you?” Jason asked. Sara gave out a exhausted laugh “Are you kidding?! I was winging it”.

“You were what?!” Jason was not happy that she pulled such a risky stunt, not noticing the irony of it.

“Well I noticed that the hall was an airlock of sorts, so I rationed that the end of the room had a panel that I could use.” After the explanation, Sara pulled off a smile of pride that made her look rather dorky in Jason's eyes. Jason wasn't exactly thrilled by this whole experience “And people say I pull off risky bullshit.”.

After the two scanned the ship to see if more of the aliens were there and finding none, the two returned to the docking bay.

“Next time you need someone to look around abandoned spaceships, call someone else” Jason said. Sara thought differently “Oh come on. Who else would I get for this”?

“Besides” She continued “Its more what comes after that makes it all worth it”. Sara wrapped her arms around Jason's neck, her intentions made clear.

“What, here?! Jason asked. He knew that Sara was, how one would say, 'adventurous', but Jason didn't really feel that a wrecked ship and the fact that they likely had monster slime of them a good time of place to do the dirty. Never mind that the Interceptor was likely to be back any moment.

Sara thought differently “Oh come on then, its not we haven't do it in worse environments”.

“Don't remind me” Jason replied “I feel it is a flaw with me”.

“How can it be a flaw if the results are so good?” Sara said as she began making out with Jason “The Interceptor isn't going to be back for at least 2 hours, so we need something to do after all.” Jason could no longer hold back and returned Sara's affection.

About an half hour later, The Interceptor arrived, Razer at the helm “Sara, we are here. What is you status?” Razer could he shuffling and panicking voices before he got an answer from Sara “Oh, umm, fine. You're back early.”

“We finished our mission early” Razer explained “Is something wrong?”

“No, nothing” Sara responded, her voice clearly rushed “Outside some hostel aliens that we took care of. Could you give us a moment?”

“Why, what is...” Razer paused before he realized what was going on “Again Sara? This happens every time you convince Todd to come with you on a mission”.

“And I fall for it every time, before you point it out” Jason interrupted “Well will be out in a moment”. Jason closed the comms, leaving Razer exasperated.

“Aya, you available?” Razer said, contacting the ship's computer, which gave him a prompt response of affirmative.

“Is it possible that we could have a decontamination protocol on the ship?” Aya processed the question before giving the response “We could. Do you feel that Captain Lance and Mr Todd are in danger of alien contamination?”

Razer only gave the annoyed sigh of “Not exactly”.

## Chapter End Notes

I don't usually do "Shipnames" but how about Pinkship? Eh, eh.....maybe not



# Matchmaker

If there is one task that any Leaguer or any member of a large team will say is the worst, it would be monitoring duty. Yes, some tasks were less glamorous, but monitoring duty tended to be the most tedious and boring one. And for someone like Roy Harper, who lived more for action, it was like torture.

So when someone communicated with the Watchtower, it was a relief. He didn't even care if it was a telemarketer at this point, as unlikely as that would be, he just wanted some stimulation "Hello, Arsenal here".

"Hey Roy, how's it going?" It was Jade, his one time teammate with the Outsiders. Nice girl and wasn't one to take crap when it came down to it. She was even able to call out Dick when he was having one of his over-emotional act like Batman to hide pain phases.

"Hey Jen, what can I do for you?" Roy responded "If you're looking for any of the other League members, they're gone. Just me by my lonesome".

"Monitoring duty? Damn, that sucks." Jen had done more than her share of monitoring duty, so she could empathize with Roy. Fortunately, she didn't need any of the other League members, being here to drop something off for them.

"Sure thing Jen, let me fire up the teleporter." Roy pressed a few buttons on the console and in a instant, Jen was on the Watchtower, a few containers following her. Roy rose from his chair to help move the containers, only for Jen to use her powers to move them herself. All Roy did was direct her to the storage bay.

"So, what is all this stuff?" asked Roy as Jen placed the objects in the bay.

"Just some items the Justice Society asked me to move here" Jen replied.

After moving the last container, the two returned to the main room, talking about their time with the Outsiders, what they had been up to, the usual banter between superheroes. The discussion then lead to the topic of relationships, which lead to Jen giving out an exasperated sigh.

"What wrong, Green Girl? Did I hit a nerve?" Roy asked. Jen collected herself as she turned to Roy, clearly not wanting to go into details, but feeling that getting it out of the way would help. Plus, Roy wouldn't be as pushy as Jen's Society teammates.

"Love life sucks, Roy. I still have some feeling for Kyle, even though we have decided to remain friends. And dating hasn't been going well either".

"Is it the green skin?" Roy asked, with Jen saying it isn't.

"No, its just finding a guy with any quality. Dating pool is mighty shallow and possibly pissed in, all things considered." After laughing at that comment, Roy had an idea.

Hey, you remember Jason Todd?"

Jen did in fact remember him. Admittedly, not a hard thing. Jason left an impression on most people he met. Jen remembered when she teamed up with him and Roy for a mission the two were on. It was Dick's idea as he didn't want the two getting in too much trouble. So much for that. Still she found him charming in his own way, not to mention pretty cute.

Plus, Kyle and him didn't get along, so there was some fodder to tease her ex when she wanted too.

"Yeah, I remember. What of it?" Jen had an idea why Roy brought Jason up, but wanted Roy to confirm.

"Well, he's going to this concert he won tickets for some band that tries to sound like an 80s hair band. You know, one of the one's from like Sweden or something?" Jen nodded as she let Roy continue.

"Anyway, am busy with the League, no one else can go and he can't sell the things, so maybe you would want to go?"

Jen thought for a moment. A hair metal concert wasn't exactly what she had in mind, but she had little else going on and concerts were good for a date. She said yes.

Roy pulled out his phone, which was boosted by the Watchtower's systems, and dialed Jason's number. After dialing, he handed the phone to Jen. A few rings later, Jason's voice could be heard.

"Hey Roy, what can I do for you?"

"This isn't Roy. It's me, Jennifer Lynn Hayden." There was a brief pause, Jason trying to collect himself from this unexpected development before responding.

"Oh hi. Umm, any reason you have Roy's phone and are calling me? You don't sound like in any urgency, so I figure nothing wrong with Harper."

"Roy is fine" Jen replied "I am calling because Roy told me you have some concert tickets and no one to go with, so he suggest that I could go with you". There was a pause, though Jen could hear Jason quietly mumble how he was going to kill Roy for this. A minute of that, Jason returned to the phone.

"Well, I could just give them to you and you could do what you wish with them".

"What would be the fun of that?" Jen was putting out her sweet, flirty side that she didn't show often lately. At least Roy didn't see much of it. Different times when he first met her, he guessed.

"Well....I guess it wouldn't kill me" Jason replied "Sure, it's on Saturday. Roy can give you the location". Both said their goodbyes and hung up. Jen gave Roy back the phone and asked him for the address.

It was Sunday morning when Roy arrived at Jason's current place of residence and noticed a jeep parked next building. He recognized it as Jen's. He wondered if she spent the night as he wouldn't hold it past either of them.

He then noticed some movement in the back of the vehicle and approached "Hey, anyone alive back there"? The moment Roy spoke, both Jen and Jason rose, Jen putting one of the straps of her tank top back on her shoulder. That and other signs showed that they had been in the jeep for a while.

"So, I take it things went well?" Roy didn't even try not sport a grin on his face as he watched the couple rise.

Jason was the first to speak "Well, it was an interesting concert. Lots of food and...."

"You barely watched didn't you?" Roy asked, as if he didn't already know. Jen and Jason awkwardly confirmed Roy's suspicions.

Both left the back of the jeep, before kissing Jason good-bye and saying bye to Roy before driving off. Roy turned to Jason.

"So, I take it this won't be the last date then?" Jason was less than amused by Roy's smug tone. Granted he did sort of set this up, but still.

"Cut the shit eaten grin Harper. I will give you some credit for setting this up. And yes, there will be another date. She is...an interesting woman."

# Chivalry

New York City was, at one point, like the center of America. It is the Big Apple after all. Who didn't want to go to NYC? However, in recent times it has fallen out of favor for cities like Metropolis and Gotham, mostly for not having a premier superhero.

That's not to say that it hasn't ever had any heroes. The Teen Titans once made New York their home and base of operations. And currently the city is defended by the heroine known as Power Girl. Which is a good thing as currently the city is menaced but a giant monster, much to Power Girl's annoyance.

“Really, a giant monster? Ok, I know Japan doesn't have a monopoly, but still, that's a little been there, done that. And a giant dinosaur too”.

Power Girl flew into the beast, punching the giant in the neck, causing it to stumble back. The monster was far from down however. It opened his mouth to fire some type of fire, seeming blasting Power Girl. After the creature finish, it saw that it's target was unaffected.

“Oh and a breath attack. Ever so original”.

Power Girl, not impressed and wanting to get on with her day, used her heat vision on the monster's face, revealing that it was a robot with fake skin. Power Girl was really getting tired of the cliches.

Power Girl flew away and then flew back at full speed, smashing into the robotic menace, disabling it. She stayed in the air just to make sure it was taken care of and didn't topple over.

After landing, she was greeted by the public. While she wasn't Superman popular, the people of New York did appreciate her being here. Though as her super hearing will tell her, some appreciated something else of her.

“Damn, look at the size of those knockers.” Needless to say, Karen was not amused by yet another perv ogling her chest, especially after she just saved a good chunk of the city. She was going to turn around to confront the creep, public spectacle be damned, when she saw someone had already done so: The Red Hood.

Jason was holding the guy by his shirt, the look of anger showing even through his helmet. The cat caller had the look of terror on his face.

“Hey pal, show some respect” Jason yelled, his anger showing through more “She just saved your ungrateful ass and she doesn't deserve for you to treat her like a wank show. So keep it to yourself and keep it in your pants”.

Jason then dragged the guy over to were Karen was standing “Ok, now since I'm sure she heard you considering she turned over to your direction, I want you to apologize. Now!:

“Umm, I'm sorry Power Girl. My behavior was unacceptable and I shouldn't say such things.” Jason then let the guy go, who then ran like his life depended on it.

“Sorry about that” Jason said “I know you could handle that crap yourself, but you should have to. Well, I'll leave you to your adoring public.” With that, Jason grappled away. Karen hated to leave everyone hanging, but she knew those Gotham people and if she wanted answers, she needed to chase him, so she took off in the air, hoping to catch him. It didn't take her long as he stopped on a near-by rooftop.

“Ok then, what is the deal and why are you even in New York?”

Jason took his helmet off, leaving only a domino mask, before addressing her “Take it easy. I happen to be in New York because I was, believe or not, on vacation. As for what the deal was, I saw Not-Zilla over there and wanted to help. Yes, I would probably not fair so well, but you never know what a few explosives can do when used right”.

“You always do on vacation with your gear?”

“You do know who trained me right?” Well ask a stupid question. Still that wasn't satisfactory to Karen.

“Ok then, but why did you deal with the perv back there? If your looking to sweeten me up...”

“I'm going to stop you right there. I did it because that's the kind of guy I am. No more, no less”.

“So you actually have a sense of chivalry?” Karen didn't even hide her skepticism. She has been around too many alpha male types, even among other heroes. Even some of her female peers would comment. Yes, there were exceptions, but she didn't feel that Jason was one of them.

“Well I don't know if I'd go that far” Jason answered “But I learned to treat women with a little freaking respect. Sorry you had to deal with assholes who can't. I know I come off like some bad boy ladies man, but that ain't me and I don't care much for cliches”.

Karen couldn't help but laugh at that last one “Believe it or not, I'm not a fan of them either. I just had to fight off a giant one earlier. Look, I'm sorry. I'm not used to guys actually not being assholes in these situations or being fake nice guys.

“Not problem. I heard the stories. Seems like a load of crap that you have to put up with it”.

“Well not put up exactly”. Karen quickly cracked her knuckles, demonstrating what she meant. Jason got the message clearly.

“Good that you don't. I can respect a woman who doesn't. Well, I got to get going. I got to finish my vacation and what not”.

Before Jason could take off, Karen stopped him “Wait. I...I can't believe I'm going to ask this, but would you like to get some coffee or something while your in town”?

“Umm, sure. But doesn't that seem a little overdone?”

“Nah, that just what normal people do. And I certainly need that in my life”.

“I can relate. And sure, how about tomorrow?” Karen agreed and with that Jason made his leave, Karen being let alone on the rooftop.

“Dammit, what is wrong with me? Here I am getting flustered over a guy. That's something Kara does, not me. Well, Kara did have some nice thing to say about him. Seems like I get to see if my younger me is right”.

## Detective Work or the Case of Pizza

“Why did I think grabbing this crap was a good idea!?” were the words of Jason Todd as he ran through the exploding building he was currently in. Not a uncommon occurrence for him, only this time he decided to take some of the valuables that the criminals the had used the place as a hideout with him.

And this wasn't even his fault either. The criminals had decided to stash their guns next to flammable materials and the inevitable happened. Jason saw some loot that looked priceless and decided to take it with him. He is now regretting that decision.

As he ran through the place, he saw a window. He was on the main floor, so at least there would be little issue jumping with his hands full. He leaped out the window just as the building was collapsing down.

He...didn't have the most graceful landing, but any landing one can walk away from as they say. After rising and checking his items for damage, he was about ready to book it before the authorities and a certain bat themed hero showed up.

“Well, this was something we weren't expecting” Jason looked at the sound of the voice to find it was coming from a gorilla wearing dressed like a mobster.

“Sam Simeon, what are you doing here?!”

“On a case” Sam explained “Hey Angel, your idiot is here”.

“Why is he my idiot all of sudden”? Jason looked at the new voice to see it belonged to Sam's partner, Angel O' Day.

“And what's with the name calling” Jason added “I modeled for your comics, Sam. A little appreciation would be nice”.

“And you complained the whole time, if I recall” Which Jason indeed did. Doing the more dramatic poses were uncomfortable.

“Ok you two, knock it off” Angel said “We were tasked by some rich guy to retrieve an art piece some gang bangers took off with and we tracked it here....to this building....which is currently on fire”.

Jason quickly pulled out the loot that he took out of the building as he was escaping. Angel and Sam looked at the small pile of items and saw what they were looking for: A golden bird statue.

“Yes that's it”! Angel yelled in excitement.

“Well, that was an easy on” Sam added “Might as well take it back to the office and call it a night”.

Jason was about to leave, grabbing the rest of the stuff when Angel turned to speak “Hey Jason, want to come with? I bet some of that stuff was stolen too and if might be some good extra for use. Besides, we also have pizza” That was enough to get Jason to come with. Mostly the pizza.

The trio later arrived at Angel and Sam's detective office, Jason pulling out the loot and setting it on a nearby table and not to lightly, much to Angel and Sam's annoyance. Angel was a little more gentler with the bird statue, setting it down on her desk.

“Well I'm taking off, Angel” Sam said “The bar scene awaits me”. Angel said her goodbyes to her partner as he left for the night. Sam only gave a small gesture to Jason, which Jason responded in kind.

“You know, it says a lot about Gotham that a talking gorilla in a 3-piece suit isn't the weirdest thing to walk into a bar” said Jason

“Why do you think we came to this city” Angel replied “Your city is freaking weird”. Jason did nothing to dispute that remark. He knew Gotham was weird and he wouldn't have it any other way. Angel picked up something from the top of a filing cabinet: A pizza box.

“Me and Sam were going to eat this, but we got a tip on that statue. It's cold by now”.

“Oh don't worry” Jason said “Cold pizza is tops. Especially overnight”. Angel brought out some beer, Jason not even questioning why a detective would have alcohol in her office and began dining.

“So, what has the great Red Hood been doing with himself, besides running out of exploding buildings”? If there was one thing about Angel that Jason loved was her wit.

“Oh the usual: Dodging gunfire, evading alien monsters, escaping supervillains. At this point, I might as well be a cast member of Doctor Who”.

“I hope not” Angel replied “The universe couldn't handle you having access to a time machine”.

“What, you think I would exploit time travel”? Angel's response was looking at Jason with the biggest 'What do you think' look anyone short of Batman had given him.

“So, how about you”? Jason asked “What has my little goofy super genius turned detective been doing with herself”?

“A lot of minor cases, usually involving pets. Worked as a bouncer with Sam for a while. Not many big cases lately”.

“Criminals have been quite as of late” Jason informed “Even the nutjobs in Arkham have been quite as of late. Even Batman has to force himself to call it a night early. I think he might be having an existential crisis before to long”.

Angel laughed at that last remark, which caused beer to come from her nose. Not pleasant with other liquids, but even more when it involved with alcohol. She ran to the bathroom to



clean up, returning 5 minutes later.

“Don't laugh, that wasn't funny!” Angel yelled, seeing Jason giggling.

“It is the danger of drinking around me. I always bring the laughs” Jason said, about to take another bite of pizza when Angel intercepted it, taking a bite for herself, getting very close to Jason's mouth.

“Now we're even” Angel said, pizza still in her mouth. Jason disagreed with that statement, rose from his chair and planted a deep kiss on her lips.

“Now we're even” Jason said as he sat down. Angel smirked as she sat on Jason's lap, taking a slice as she did.

“Ok, we're even. Now how about you help me with a case?”

Jason was intrigued “What's the case”?

Angel flashed a smile filled with childlike mischief “Well, I happen to know of a p.i. who is having an issue with looking for a interesting gentleman. Any chance you can help me with that”?

“Sounds like an interesting case” Jason said, playing along “I think I may be able to help you crack the case.”

# Great Fear

Sometime Jason wondered if business people in Gotham should open shop in rooftops given how often some many people frequent them. Cop, vigilantes, teens, and everyone in between did some kind of activity on them.

Or maybe Jason is just thinking it because he's bored.

He's been waiting for about an hour for Kori to show up for a meeting. It wasn't anything important or world ending, just a friendly meeting between the two. Kori being Kori, she probably got distracted, as she tended to do when it wasn't an emergency.

Jason had already finished his cup of coffee and was quite giddy, so this waiting wasn't helping. Thankfully he didn't have to wait much longer as she could see a Kori head towards him. On closer inspection however, he noticed she didn't come alone. Another form was trailing behind her, one bathed in green light.

Kori and her companion landed on the roof in front of Jason and he could see the she came with a Green Lantern. A female Green Lantern to be precise.

"Sorry I'm late" Kori said "I got a little distracted. I would like you to meet my friend Jessica Cruz. Jess, this is my other friend, Jason Todd". Jason extended his hand with Jessica reluctantly taking it.

"Pleasure..to meet you". Jessica said, a hint of nervousness to her voice. Jason was puzzled. Jessica looked like someone who was fearful being around people, something you would never think a Green Lantern would be.

"Jessica was part of the space Justice League team I was on for a while" Kori explained.

"Oh, yeah. Didn't you pretty much tell Darkseid to go screw himself?" Jason said, clearly impressed.

"Oh well....tha..thank you" Again, Jessica showed how nervous she seemed to be. Jason decided to pull Kori over to the side to see what was up.

"Kori, is something wrong with her? She seems like a frightened kitten. Not something you see from someone who is, you know, suppose to be courageous".

"She is very much is...just not in new social situations" Kori explained "Put her in superhero situations or with something more familiar, she's fine. Meeting new people, particularly someone with your reputation, she's a little more socially awkward".

"Because of my badboy rep?"

"You're thrill seeking rep more. You tend to be more spontaneous than most people would be comfortable with, let alone the socially awkward."

Jason couldn't argue with that. He did tend to act more than think a lot of the times, A blessing and a curse at times. He could see how that could be intimidating to someone who was nervous around people.

"I'll see if I could get he to calm down a bit" Kori said as she walked towards Jessica. Jess was keeping her distance, still nervous about this whole thing.

"He's kind of intimidating. I mean, he looks nice, very nice, but he's a little overwhelming" Kori was amused by her friend's opinion of Jason and was quick to point out that he's done nothing except introduce himself. Jess was still not convinced.

"Well, yeah. But all the things you told me...."

"I'm going to stop you right there" Kori quickly said, silencing Jessica "You only seemed to hear only part of what I said about him. Not how good a friend he is or how once you do befriend him, he'll be at your side no matter what".

"Well yeah, but..."

"But nothing. If anything, you made him uncomfortable. I think you should apologize and start again". Jessica heard Kori's words and agreed. Finally getting up the courage that got her the ring in the first place, walked over to Jason.

"I'm sorry, My behavior was...rude."

"No problem" Jason replied "Kori told me about you're little social issues. Everyone has that thing that makes them eccentric to others. Granted you seem to have more than most, but hey, you got the big green ring, so you must be braver than most people for that.

Jess started blushing almost instantly, a fact that she tried very hard to hide to no avail. Any further discussion was halted by Kori walked over to the two.

"Jason, I hate to interrupt, but we have that meeting with Dick and the others to get to."

"And if we hurry, we'll only be 10 minutes late too. Sorry to leave in a hurry Jessica, but it was nice to meet you". With that, Jason and Kori left, with Jessica flying away.

As Jason and Kori walked down the stairs of the building, Jason piped up "So, confess. Were you trying to hook me up with the cute Lantern girl?"

"I don't know what you mean" Kori said, doing a bad job at deception "I was just trying to have one friend meet another. And I thought someone as socially inept as Jessica would complement someone like yourself".

"Complement? That sounds more like an attempt at a hook up to me". Kori couldn't dispute that. Nor did she try.

"Well she did seem to like you"

“I kind of liked her too. Brave girl, that one”. And as far as Kori was concerned, mission accomplished.

# International Relations

There was good news and bad news. The good news was the Justice League International was reforming. The bad news was that the Red Hood was joining it. To say that everyone was happy about this was a lie.

Granted that most of the team didn't know Jason personally, only by reputation. Guy had met him briefly and it the two didn't get along. Though most people didn't exactly get along with Guy, so that wasn't exactly points against Jason. Karen also had met him, but didn't have much of opinion of him.

“Why the hell are we letting that jackass into our team?” Guy yelled, making his opinion known to all.

‘Because Batman wanted us to do’ Ted Kord explained “Besides I doubt it will be that bad”.

“The guy is a punk, not worth the effort. Besides, when do we take orders from the Bat?”

“We don't, but he asked us nicely, Guy” Explained Karen “Unless you want to take your grievances with Batman. I'm sure a repeat of when he decked you with one punch would be quite appealing.”

Before Guy could counter, the doors to JLI's headquarters opened to the form of the Red Hood, sans his normal helmet, which he carried under one of his arms.

“Greetings Justice League International House of Pancakes” Jason said, acting quite cheerful “Sorry, bad joke. Nightwing suggested I try to break the ice, which I just proved is just not my thing. Though we should go to Ihop at some point.”

“Then go yourself and tell Batman to stuff it, Todd” Guy said. Jason was of course quick to retort.

“Oh Gardner, you're here. I forgot you were on this team. I should have brought snausages.” Guy was quick to attack before Karen stepped in and got between the two, her pushing Guy to the side before exchanging looks with Jason.

“Jason”.

“Karen”.

Jason moved past the hotheaded Green Lantern to introduce himself to the rest of the team, starting with Ted.

“Ted Kord. Some of my gear is from Kord Industries. Nice Stuff”.

“Thank you. I do good work. Though I assume you have my stuff because Bruce won't let you have his anymore?” Jason didn't deny it, though his awkward smile betrayed his guilt. He just moved on to Booster Gold.

“Booster. Batman says things about you”.

“Good things?”

“....He says things”.

“Alright. Batman says things about me” Jason was shocked about how oblivious Booster was. Then again, Booster was kind of an egotist.

“Now you met everyone. Mind pissing off now” Guy said, still trying in vain to get Jason to leave.

“I've been saying that to you for years and you don't listen. So why should anyone else?” Everyone turned to the source of the comment to Beatriz da Costa. Next to her was her best friend, Tora Olafsdotter. Jason was quick to introduce himself.

“Well, I can see why Gardner was trying to get rid of me. Jason Todd, Red Hood. Pleasure to met you”.

“I'm Beatriz and this is Tora.”

“Hi there”.

“Watch yourself there, Todd” Guy shouted “The white haired lady is my girlfriend.” Almost immediately Jason did a double take, looking at Tora and then Guy.

“How and why”?

“It's a question that I have struggled with for years...Hey oww” Beatriz criticism of Guy was cut short by Tora violently pinching her in the arm.

“Oh by the way” Tora said “Bea here is single.”

“Tora!” Beatriz shouted “Don't be so causal. I mean, its true, but still.”

“You mean like you are with me”? Tora replied.

Jason was quite amused by the duo's antics “Well, I see you two are a fun pair”.

“And having a fun pair in Bea's case” Tora said, which received a foot stomp by Beatriz.

Before anymore discussion could be had, Karen stated that they were getting a call, before turning Jason “Sorry Jay, we got a call. Why don't you get settled in while we take this”?

Everyone headed to the control room, Guy giving Jason the stink eye as he passed. Beatriz was the last one out, before she stopped and turned towards Jason.

“To be fair about earlier, Tora wasn't wrong. I just prefer to say such things myself”.

“Oh don't worried about it” Jason said “Roy Harper does that crap to be all the time”.

“By the way” Beatriz continued “Did you know I’m...Brazilian?”

“I take it that means more than your country of origin”.

“It depends on what your mindset is” With that, Beatriz left to join the others, clearly swaying her hips more than needed, giving Jason a good eye full.

Jason was more than happy with the turn of events. He thought that his joining the JLI was going to be a disaster, mostly because of Guy, but it seems it went better than anticipated. Plus he might be getting a few perks with the job.

“I think I’m going to like it here”.

# Distress Signal

“I swear this is the last time I do a space mission solo!” The silence of the nameless planetoid was broken by the yelling of one Jason Todd, the only other form on the space rock was his crashed escape pod. Currently, he was trying to get a distress signal out, hoping someone would pick it up and it wouldn't be some space pirate or some alien bug or the like.

“Help with some alien marauders they said. It will be a change of pace, they said. I am never taking a suggestion from Dick again.” Jason's rant was interrupted by a response from the distress call.

“Hello, this is the Space Cabby. Do you need a ride?” Jason had to process what he just heard. A space cabby? Well he figured that he was a ride and decided to respond.

“Yes, my pod crashed. Can you give me a lift?”

“Sure thing, sir” The cabby said “I have the location of your beacon and will be over in a giffy”. Jason was thrilled. He didn't know how he would pay the guy. Does a space cabby take Earth money? And what is the rate of space travel? Jason guessed he would figure it out once he got home.

Jason's thoughts were interrupted by the bright green light behind him, signify a Green Lantern. Jason groaned at the thought of who it could be.

“That better not be you Raynor. Or worse, Gardener.” Jason turned to see it was neither of the human lanterns, but rather a female alien lantern. She had a short of pixie look to her due to he pointed ears, short ears and short height.

“Good news to you, I am none of the above” The lantern said “Though you seem to be familiar with a few of our number”.

“Well we're from the same neck of the universe” Jason explained “Though you are new”.

“Oh you're from Earth” The lantern said, a small bit of excitement in her voice “Like the planet, so interesting. I'm Arisia, by the way.”

“Name's Jason” Jason said, taking off his helmet. Arisia yellow cheeks turn a small shade of red, clearly liking what she saw.

“So what brings you here?” Jason asked.

“I detected your distress signal and came” Arisia explained “So what happened?” Jason explained how Nightwing asked him to take care of some marauders what were attacking Tameran's shipping lanes and how he took out their ship and escaped via a pod and here he was.



“Wow, you must be a big deal hero on Earth to do all that!” Arisia said, being even more impressed.

“Nah, just the expendable guy that gets sent in to the suck” Jason had to remark to himself that even with an pretty girl, he had to be self-deprecating. Still, she didn't seem to buy it.

“Ahh, I doubt that. You pulling this off with just armor and some fancy gadgets rather than something more advanced would make it seem that you have talent. If anything, they'd probably think you would be more tactical than the more big noisy heroes of your planet” It was a possibility, Jason admitted. Maybe he was bias because of how often he got crapped on by other heroes. Of course, Arisia was clearly flirting with him at this point, so maybe the bias was hers.

“I take it that you would need a ride back to Earth?” Arisia asked, Jason responding with a nod. Arisia then created a construct of a 1950s style flying saucer, much to Jason's amusement. Jason entered the construct as Arisia took off.

“By the way, how do you know so much of Earth?” Jason asked.

“Hal Jordan introduced me to the place” Arisia responded “I was a model there for a while when I didn't have my ring too”. That last one got Jason's attention.

“Really?! That seems to happen to a lot of alien and space women”.

“Well Earth people seem to have a thing for it” Arisia said “I'd be happy to show you some when we get to Earth.” Jason was actually surprised.

“Really?! Quite open of you”.

“Well, I have a thing for Earth people, so I'm happy to show” Arisia's tone was even more flirtatious then before. Even the fact that Jason now had to thank Dick wasn't enough for him not hating his current status. As the two flew away, Jason couldn't help to think he forgot something.

Shortly after the duo left, a spaceship shaped like a taxi landed on the planetoid next to the now abandoned pod. Space Cabby existed the craft to look around.

“Hello. Sure this was the place. Hello.”

# Theater

“Damn it, where are you!?” To say Cassie Sandsmark was not in a good mood was an understatement. Here she was in the middle of Gotham, in front of a theater, waiting for Tim and Stephanie. She didn't like coming to Gotham on the best of days if she could help it in the first place.

And now, Tim and Steph were late and not answering her phone calls. Cassie didn't even know why she agreed to this. Why let her be a third wheel to a dating couple? Because she had nothing better to do, she told herself. She was going to give them a few more minutes, then she was out of there.

Her focus was on her phone, hoping that Tim would respond. As such, she paid no attention to the passers by that were heading to the theater. One such person walked passed and then turned back towards Cassie.

“Hey Wondey Girl, what are you doing here?” Cassie lifted her head from her phone to see the large form of Jason Todd.

“Oh great, now I have to deal with you on top of everything else.”

“How you wound me, Miss Sandsmark” Jason replied, a hint of playfulness not going unnoticed.

“I'm sorry” Cassie apologized “I'm just in a bad mood at the moment.”

“Well, what's going in your pretty blond head?”

“Well, Tim and Steph asked me to come to the movies and after basically twisting my arm over it, here I am. The problem is that they are not here and it doesn't look like they will be and I can't get a hold of them to yell at them. So I am a little testy”.

Jason thought that was odd. Tim is punctual to a fault and while Steph was less so, it wasn't like her to leave a friend hanging. “Doesn't sound like them. But why would they be asking you to come with them and no one else anyway?”

Cassie sighed, not really wanting to discuss it and certainly not with someone like Jason. But it would probably help to get it off her chest “Well I have been single for a while now and they probably figured I needed to get out of the house. And yeah, I wasn't told keen on being a third wheel, but I had nothing going on, so here I am.”

“Well that sounds kind of crap” Jason said “What movie was Timmy going to drag you to?”

“The new Fast and Furious movie”.

Almost immediately, Jason belched out a groan “I thought those two would have had better taste”.

“Well what movie were you going to see?” Cassie asked, prompting Jason to respond...

“Spiral”.

“Oh that actually looked a kind of good” Cassie said, her voice breaking into a little bit of excitement. She was into horror movies, even trying to get Diana into them. She failed in that regard, but it was fun to try.

“Say, you wouldn't be interested in going to that would you?” Jason asked, a hint of uncharacteristic nervousness in his voice. Any more and he would sound like a teen asking his crush to prom.

“With you, like a date?” Now Cassie sounded like a nervous teenager. The idea of going to movies with Jason Todd wasn't something she would ever consider. On the other hand, she came all the way to Gotham, so it would be a shame if she didn't get something out of it.

“Oh what the heck. Sure.”

The duo entered the line. Thankfully it was a short one, so they didn't need to wait long. They then walked to the concessions stand, Jason ordering the largest popcorn bag and soda they had.

“So, are you getting yourself something too?” Cassie joked, prompting a raised eyebrow from Jason.

The two entered the theater and sat down, waiting for the previews to start. Before long, a trio of young men entered the theater, spotting Cassie and walked over.

“Hey there babe” the leader of the group said “You all here by yourself?” Cassie really didn't need this as she stood up to confront the group.

“Listen, I am, in no uncertain terms going to say this: I am not interested”. The guy was undeterred.

“Hey baby, no need to get testy. I'm a fly guy when you get to know me”. Again, Cassie was unimpressed and reiterated her previous disinterest. One of the other boys spoke.

“Hey honey, this guy is a stud. You should be happy he even paid you any attention”. Then the other boy spoke.

“Unless this punk here is your boyfriend. In that case, you'd be trading up”. Cassie had enough and was about to break these jerks in two. That was when Jason rose. The trio took a step back when they saw how much Jason dwarfed the three of them, in both height and muscle mass.

“I believe the young lady said no. So I would suggest that you respect her wishes. Unless you would like me to express those wishes even further.” To emphasize his point, Jason leaned his neck, a very audible crack being heard. The trio got the message and ran the other way, fearfully apologizing as they did.

"I could have handled that" Cassie said.

"Yes, but we didn't need a large hole left in the wall" Jason explained "Theaters tend to look down on that thing. And I'm sorry you had to deal with that. This theater is not far from Gotham U, so assholes like that tend to come in here unfortunately".

"Well, I guess I should thank you then" Cassie said. Jason exclaimed that it was no problem as the two returned to their seats.

A few minutes later, the movie began. The two were pretty silent for much of it. There were a few incidents though. One when they both tried to grab some popcorn and grabbed each others hands, blushing when they realized what had happened. Another is when a more intense scene happened, causing Cassie, who is more used to these types of movies, to grab Jason's arm. Jason was more amused by this, flashing a smile as Cassie pulled away in embarrassment. The movie finished without further incident and the two left the theater, meeting outside.

"Well that was not as bad as I thought it would be" Cassie said. Jason was more amused then he was taken aback.

"I guess I must slipping then if it wasn't that bad".

"All kidding aside, I did have a good time and well, thank you" Cassie rose on her tippy toes and gave Jason a kiss on the cheek. Jason was a little surprised and even Cassie was a little shocked that she did that. Shaking it off, the two said there goodbyes with Cassie leaving in the other direction. Jason struggled with a question in his mind, one he had about half way watching the movie. He decided to go for it.

"Cassie"

Cassie turned around and walked back towards Jason, wondering what he wanted. What he said was a little surprising.

"This might seem off coming from me, but would you, I don't know, go out for diner or something" Jason couldn't hide how nervous he sounded, which is a surprising concept for anyone who knew him.

"Dinner? With you?" Cassie wasn't expecting this. She thought that this would be a one time thing. Guess Jason wanted to go further with this. Cassie had to admit, despite her back handed complement, she did have a good time.

"You know, sure. I would love to."

"That's great" Jason responded "I got to go. I was planning to get a short patrol done tonight. How about next weekend around 7?"

"Sounds good"

Jason wrote his cell number on a piece of paper and gave it to Cassie before making his exit. Cassie stood there, digesting what just happened. Just then, she got a call on her phone.

Looking at it, it was Tim.

“Tim, where the hell are you!?”

“Calm down, Cassie. Me and Stephanie have a reason we didn't show up” Cassie was silent, waiting for whatever explanation Tim had.

“Well you see, we noticed how down you were, being single for a while and all. And Steph had the idea to let you come to the theater and hope you would maybe meet someone. Not the best plan, I know. But if we tried to set you up with someone, you would never got for it”.

Cassie was trying to keep calm. She didn't like being manipulated and having a close friend do it made it worse. She wanted to scream Tim's ear off, but then had a much better idea.

“It was a stupid plan, Tim. A stupid crappy plan. That said, I did actually meet someone. We are actually going out next weekend”.

“Oh that's great” Tim happily said. It was then that Cassie started her own plan for her match making friends.

“You know, why don't you and Steph come along? We could make it a double date.”

“Double date? Well sure, I think Steph would go for that. And I am sorry we did this. We will make it up to you”.

“Oh don't worry Tim, you will” And with that, Cassie said goodbye and hung up. She then took Jason's number and called.

“Hey Jason, it's Cassie. I have a little addition to our date next week. Trust me, you're going to love this”.

## In Your Head

While Jason thought the idea of the bad boy like himself being in a bar was clique, which it kind of was, it was a good way to cool off. To add on to the that, he almost hoped that bar fight would break out, just to blow off some steam.

No such luck tonight. It was mostly college kids and some middle age blue collar typed coming in after their day to day. So he was force to sulk in the corner at this little lone table and people watch like he was killing time at a mall or something.

He generally paid little attention to people, unless they looked off to him. Generally anyone that looked like they were going to start something, something that was not out of the question, especially in Gotham. No such luck tonight with all the normal and unassuming people here.

On the flip side, most people paid him little mind. While he did catch the eye of a hot young thing from time to time, his current demeanor didn't exactly give the impression of social politeness. So he was pretty isolated.

It was then that someone caught his eye. She was wearing a tight black dress, showing a generous amount of cleavage. He face was darted with a cute amount of freckles and her long hair was a deep red that almost resembled a waterfall of blood. Jason didn't know why a woman like that would be in a place like this. She looked like she should be in a high class club, not a simple watering hole like this.

And not surprising, just about every single guy (and some women) in various states to intoxication tried to hit on her. Emphasis on try. While most were able to get a conversation out of her, she seemed overall disinterested. He didn't blame her. Most of these youngsters had no game. Then again, he was barley older than most of them, so who was he to judge?

After shooing away the latest wannabe Casanova, the pretty redhead noticed Jason. She immediately made her way over to Jason. At first, Jason was certain he was going to get a earful for looking. He was hoping that she was looking at someone or something else.

Sure enough, he was indeed the target of her focus. She sat down on one of the empty chairs at the table, saying nothing while doing so. She then linked her hands together on the table and focused her gaze at Jason, like she was judging him. She then spoke.

“So, is there any reason you're watching me like some creeper or do you just stare at others in general?”

“Well, I was just enjoying the entertainment of watching some college kids fail miserably at scoring.” It was always best to be somewhat truthful in these situations.

“Well scoring was never an option. I'm here for research”. Jason's curiosity was peaked at that information.

“What do you mean research?”

“College. I'm a psych major”.

“A headshrinker?” Jason said in surprise “Not exactly the best place for that. What sort of research?”

“The psychology around the dating scene. Lame, I know. But I figured it was something simple that not everyone had tried their hand at yet”.

“Any interesting results”?

“Other than some of the worst pick up lines I have ever heard, not really. I figure I should possibly use a much more controlled group, one without the use of alcohol being involved”.

That last batch of info got Jason concerned. He was thinking that she wanted him for a control group. Last time he did that was to test out a new snack food. He much have lost 5 pounds after throwing up trying it.

“Oh don't worry, I'm not going to use you as a lab rat or anything” The woman said “I was breaking the ice. You know, what you do in these situations”?

Jason sighed in relief. He did need to be psychoanalyzed; he had enough of that already in his life. Going along with the situation as she called it...

“Well it is customary to introduce one by giving their name”.

“Megan”.

“Name's Jason. Well that out of the way, why did you come over here exactly”?

“Well to be fair, you are probably the only guy here in the 19 to 30 range that didn't try to hit on me tonight” Megan said as a matter of fact “So either you're taken, which if you are it isn't a good relationship given your demeanor. Or you are gay, which given the amount of wannabe alpha males here means you'd be in enemy territory almost”.

“You really are a psych major aren't you?” Jason asked, stating the obvious “So, why do you figure out about me”?

“That you had a bad day, possibly longer. You are likely single, but either aren't looking for a relationship or are just bad at starting one and are just looking for a way to release some pent frustration.”

Jason sat there in almost shocked amazement “Ok, you aren't a head shrink. You're a mind reader!”

“Well I am just good at reading people, so it seems that way”.

“So what happens now?” Jason was legit curious at how the rest of night was going to go.

“Well, I figured we would go to your place, even if that wasn't what either of use planned. We could play poker or Nintendo. Or strip poker. Or strip Nintendo. We'll just see where the night goes”.

Jason was cautious, but he figured what not. Megan seemed like almost the complete package, if such a thing could exist. Its not like he couldn't handle himself if things got to dicey “Sure, why the hell not”.

It was a short walk to his apartment or rather one of his many safe houses. Granted this was on of his more used ones, so it had most of the stuff a person's apartment.

“So what do we do now?” Megan asked as she and Jason entered the apartment.

“Well you could probably cut the disguise”

“Excuse me?” Megan was legit surprised and showing a little twinge of nervousness, but was trying to keep her composure.

“Come on hon, I may not be a telepathic Martian, but years of training let me read people a lot better then some drunk college kid.” At that, Megan sighed and lowered her head. He body then transformerd into Ms. Martian. Surprisingly, not much changed for how she was before outside of her skin color.

“How did you figure it out?” Megan asked.

“You overplayed your hand. There is being able to read people and then there's plan cheating. Plus, you being a psych major, I kind of put two and two together.”

Megan was actually shocked. Then again, Jason was trained by Batman, so it should come as now surprise. Now she wondered what was next, now that the cat was out of the bag.

“So, what now?”

“Well for one, you could tell me why you happen to walk over to me. Part of your study, was I?”

“No, no, not at all” Megan was in a panic, trying to defuse the situation. It was one of the times she wish she could be a stoic as J'onn “It was just that you were there and I just thought I would chat you up. I knew who you were, so I figured it would be alright”.

Jason said nothing. He didn't need mind reading or a degree to read Megan. She was sorry that she was deceitful and meant no harm. And to be fair, she was a pretty decent conversationalist, which he liked. After a minute, he spoke.

“To answer your question, you did suggest Nintendo”.

With that, Megan let her tension melt away. Not only was he not mad, he was willing to hang out. She figured why not. She did kind of owe him for the deception and plus it would mean this night wouldn't be a total loss.



“Ok then. But normal Nintendo. We are not doing strip Nintendo”.

Jason couldn't help but smile at the comment “I don't know, I can be very competitive. It wouldn't take me much to up the ante to strip Nintendo.”

“Well if that's the case, I plan to win”!

# Traditions

Batman had a rule: No one is allowed in the cave unless he says so. This didn't stop the various Robins from doing otherwise and that's if other heroes didn't just come of their own accord, which was far more often than Bruce would have liked.

Dick was possibly the biggest breaker of that rule of all of Batman's proteges. The amount of times or more of the Titans would suddenly be there was more than he could count. And Bruce was annoyed every time it happened.

Which brings us to today as Dick invited Jesse Chamber aka Jesse Quick to the cave. Jesse needed some intel for Wally back in Keystone City and Jesse volunteered to get it. Not that Wally couldn't get it himself, he is The Flash after, it was that Jesse had never seen the legendary Batcave and was eager to see it herself. Dick was more than happy to oblige.

“Well, here is the magically wonder that is the Batcave. We have all of Batman's spare vehicles such as his older model Batmoblies, the big old computer and Bruce's 'little' trophy area”.

“I don't believe it. He really does have a big dinosaur and a giant penny. I thought that was just BS”. Dick always got a kick when people pointed out the dinosaur and the penny. It amused him and he was glad Jesse was just as in awe of how absurd it was.

Dick moved towards the computer with Jesse in tow. Before Dick could active the machine, he heard the sound of foot steps coming from the main entrance. Turning towards the stairs the source revealed itself to be Jason Todd.

“You do know that the cave is suppose to be secret? I think because of you, 80% of the superhero community knows where this place is”. Dick would usually have some retort for Jason's snark, but he wasn't wrong and another is that Jason wasn't one to bring people here, so Dick couldn't even use that against him.

“Just helping out a friend and former teammate. Jason, this is Jesse Chambers. Jess, Jason Todd”.

“So this is Jason Todd” Jesse sounded almost impressed, thought it might be sarcasm of her part.

“I am” Jason replied “And you are Jesse Quick. Pleasure”.

The way you're looking at my legs, I'm sure it is”.

“I wasn't...”

“You don't hide your eye movement all that well” Caught red handed. Jason also wasn't good at hiding his embarrassment either.

“Well, uhh...yeah I got nothing to add to that”.

“Hey, I'm used to it” Jessie said in a calming tone “Comes with the territory when most of your costumes either have short-shorts or are leotards”.

Dick hadn't said anything, seemingly enjoying his adoptive brother put his foot in his mouth. Jason was quick to notice.

“Having fun, Grayson”?

“Me?! Oh no, I would never do that. That would be beneath one such as I” Dick's blatantly sarcastic was interrupted by his phone going off. Answering it and talking to the caller, he hung up and addressed the other two heroes.

“That was Oracle. There is something she needs me to take care of”.

“Need any help?” Jessie asked.

“Nah, it's a minor thing. Nothing I can't handle solo” Dick then turned his attention to Jason “Why don't you entertain Jessie until I get back. And try not to embarrass yourself too much now” And with that playful toned noted, Dick was off. Jessie and Jason turned their attention to each other.

“So, I take it Dick gave you the 30 cent tour”

“Yeah, he gave me the the lowdown of the legendary Batcave. But there is something I wouldn't mid getting a closer look at” Jessie turned her attention to something behind Jason, causing him to spin around to look at what she was looking at. It was the Batmoblie, the current model.

Jason silently directed Jessie towards the vehicle, the female speedster studying every visible area of it, like a car enthusiast at a auto show. Jason, wanting to impress the attractive blond, pressed a button near the cab of the car, opening the top of it. Jessie looked into the machine, the look of a child at a candy store on her face as she looked at all the gadgets in the car.

“I've seen state of the art aircraft with less stuff than this car” Jessie said.

“Considering Bruce probably put aircraft parts in this thing, that's probably a good observation” Jason added.

“You know, you being a speedster, me being a ex-Robin and the Batmobile being here, it reminds me of that tradition”.

“Tradition”? Jessie was curious about what Jason said.

“Well Dick and Wally took the car for a joyride when they were younger and so did Tim and Bart. I didn't have a speedster for a friend or really any friends really. I kind of feel left out”.

Jessie was a bit amused. She did remember both Wally and Bart mentioning their misadventures with the car. She also remembered that they didn't return the vehicle in the

best shape.

“Well, since we're both here, why don't we take a ride?” This took Jason by surprise.

“Really?!”

“Yeah. Then you won't be left out. Though I would assume you can drive better than Dick and Tim did when they did it?”

Jason didn't know what to say. As immature as he could be at times, he would like to think this would be something he was beyond. On the other hand, he would be doing this with a hot blond superheroine.

“Hop in”.

When Batman returned, he sensed something was off. He could put his finger on it, but something felt out of place. It was then that he noticed that Batmobile. It's exhaust had be fire recently, there was a little dirt on the hood and most of all, the windshield had been cracked.

Batman was not pleased. While the damage wasn't as bad as some of things he put his cars through over the years, that was in the line of duty. This was someone messing around.

Batman pushed the cab release and top opened the sight of Jason and Jessie in the process of making out. In all honestly, the resembled a pair of overeager teenagers at a make out point. It took a moment for the duo to noticed Batman, which did show how into each other they were. Jessie was the first to register the Bat's presence.

“Umm, hi Batman. We were, well, Jason was, showing me how the Batmobile handed. Well thank you Jason, but I should go up stairs and see if Dick returned.” And with a second of Jessie saying the Speed Force equation, she was gone.

Jason was more annoyed then anything else, but he was smart enough not the argue with Bruce about it.

“Well, I had to get on the tradition” And with that, Jason departed the car and left the cave.

Batman looked over the damage. Other then the windshield and a few broken switches, it wasn't in too bad of shape.

“Who would have thought that Jason would have been the least destructive one.

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