

I can see my reflection from the tears in your eyes

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I can see my reflection from the tears in your eyes

by [The Ink on the Pages](#)

Summary

When Jason got a phone call from Bruce at 4 in the fucking morning, he was pissed. But when Bruce told him about the letters, Jason threw the covers off, and went straight to his bookshelf. He found the letter between the last book of The Hobbit and first of the Lord of the Rings. He ripped it open, and almost cried.

OR

Jason's POV of what happened during Fly Little Robin, Fly
(You don't need to read it but i suggest you do!)

Notes

CW/TW

Referenced Suicide/Attempted Suicide

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [I can see my reflection from the tears in your eyes](#) by [evali00](#)

His Robin

When Jason got a phone call from Bruce at 4 in the fucking morning, he was pissed. He'd just come back from patrol an hour ago, and all he wanted to do was sleep. He wanted to have a lazy day, for once, waking up sometime in the afternoon, reread *Pride and Prejudice* (maybe watch the 2005 film adaptation), make something to eat, then go out on patrol. Maybe take a walk and go for some ice cream.

But when Bruce told him about the letters, Jason threw the covers off, and when straight to his bookshelf. He found the letter between the last book of *The Hobbit* and first of the *Lord of the Rings*. He ripped it open, and almost cried.

Dear Jay,

I don't know why I'm writing this to you. I think it's so I have some closure and I'm sorry for that, but considering that I should be dead when you read this, I think you'll cut me some slack for being selfish.

You were my Robin, Jay.

Dick may have been the first Robin and the reason I figured out everyone's identities, but you were the Robin I looked up to the most.

Remember that night you saved me from falling down that building? I think after that, I had a little bit of a celebrity crush on you. You were just so cool and free and witty. I wanted nothing more than to be your friend.

Jay, when you died, I never wanted to replace you. That was never, ever my intention. I tried to get Dick to become Robin again, but he just didn't listen. So, I had to force myself in.

Bruce never wanted another Robin after you, but I could see that Batman needed a Robin. Robin was a symbol, someone who could keep Batman from diving into the deep end.

That's the only reason I became Robin, Jason.

When you attacked me in the Tower, I was hurt. Physically and emotionally.

But I get it now.

I know why you lashed out, and I want you to know that it's fine. I don't know if you care about this or not, but I needed to tell you that I don't blame you for everything that happened there.

I forgive you, Jason.

I forgave you a while ago.

I don't know what you'll do with this letter. I mean I'd like for you to keep it, but that's just me being sentimental. You could burn it, for all I know. I'll be dead. But I hope you know that this wasn't your fault. None of this is.

Tim

~~~~

The words from Tim's letter kept playing through Jason's mind in snippets. Guilt made him ride faster through the streets of the Narrows.

*I don't know if you care about this or not...*

*I care, Tim.*

*You were my Robin, Jay.*

*I never realized...*

*I wanted nothing more than to be your friend.*

*You're my brother.*

*You were the Robin I looked up to the most.*

*Why would you put so much faith in me?*

*I forgive you, Jason.*

*I forgave you a while ago.*

*If only I could forgive myself.*

The wind pushed his hair back, making his ears and nose freeze. According to Bruce, Tim had written something in Dick's letter that hinted that he would be jumping. Something about flying again, one last time.

When Jason read the letter, he immediately knew where to go. Sending a quick text to Bruce, letting him know that he'd update them regularly, Jason had set off to the rooftop where second Robin had first met Tim Drake.

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Jason found Tim just as he was tipping over the ledge. He didn't waste his breath in screaming for him. He just ran as fast as he could and was *just* able to grab his arm, before harshly tugging him back.

He watched Tim crawl up in a ball and just stay there.

He quickly walked to the roof entrance, where he dropped his phone.

He debated calling Bruce, but decided not to.

The small Tim-ball took priority.

If the situation wasn't what it currently was, Jason might've laughed or chuckled at him mentally calling his brother 'Tim-ball', but the sight in front of him was...

It just was.

Jason quickly walked over to the little bird and crouched down next to him. He didn't show any signs of defense or tenseness. He just stayed there, eyes squeezed shut.

Jason realized that he was probably hoping for some goon to come and kill him. That thought made his heart shatter.

"Babybird?" he asked quietly, hoping for any sort of recognition. Anything that would show that Tim was awake and aware of his surroundings. Jason watched Tim's hands clutch tighter into fists and his jaw clench.

"Timmy, can you open your eyes for me?"

To Jason's horror, Tim choked on a sob. His whole body shuddered as he tried to suppress it. Jason felt hollow inside as the realization that he was part of the reason Tim felt like this, hit him. He had made Tim feel worthless and unloved. It wasn't his intention- at least not any more- but that didn't make him less guilty.

"Oh, Babybird come here," Jason whispered. He could feel the burning in his throat and the tears beginning to form in his eyes as he picked Tim up and put him in his lap.

'Not yet,' he thought. He could wallow and punch out some drug dealers later when his little brother didn't desperately need him.

So Jason pet his little brother's hair, trying to offer any kind of comfort he could, while Tim grabbed on to his jacket. Jason curled himself over the Tim-ball as much as he could so that he could still comb his fingers through Tim's hair. Jason wasn't sure how much time passed until Tim had stopped sobbing (a sound Jason felt would haunt his dreams and sneak into his nightmares). It felt like 20 minutes, but honestly, Jason wasn't keeping track.

The sound of a car driving down the street below them (a street that could've had a splattered Timmy on it if he was just a second too late) reminded Jason that the rest of their emotional constipated excuse of a family was still looking for Tim.

Jason moved his hand to touch the comm in his ear (one that he conveniently forgot he had), when Tim let out quiet whine. It was unintentional if the redness of the kids face was any indication, and it caused Jason to freeze. What was he supposed to do in this situation? Dick probably would've gone back to petting him, and muttering reassurances, but Jason wasn't Dick.

Jason forced himself to relax and pressed a small kiss to Tim's head and made sure the arm around him didn't move. Tim seemed...fine(?) after that Jason went ahead and touched the comm in his ear.

"I've got him, B," he said quietly.

He felt Tim stiffen.

The comm erupted into noise.

Tim started crying again. Quietly this time. Jason wasn't sure which was worse- the sobs, or how good Tim was at crying quietly.

Jason wiped away Tim's tears with the hand he used to turn on his comm. If physical contact made the babybird feel better, then Jason would keep holding him for however long he needed.

He waited for the voices to quiet down.

"*Where are you?*" came Batman's growl. It was Batman, not Bruce speaking. Bruce must've shut out all of his emotions when he found out that another one of his birds left with only some letters left behind. Jason could partially see why he did it but Tim didn't need Batman. He needed Bruce. He also didn't need multiple overbearing siblings (*ahem* Dick *ahem*) over crowding him.

"We'll meet back at the Manor," he said, before turning off the comms. He trusted Babs (because he had no doubt that she was Babs at the moment, not Oracle) to not give anyone their location. He also trusted the Demon Brat (maybe Jason should find a new name for him) to make sure Dick stopped looking and went to the manor. He also knew that if Batman tried to come find them, Steph, Babs, or Alfred would be able to drag him back to the manor. Steph was annoyingly insistent, Babs was like their all-knowing overlord, and no one disobeyed Alfred, unless they wanted a fate worse than death. *No one*.

He felt Tim try to curl up even more and felt a pang in his already hollow chest. Tim was so small, even smaller now that he was curled up in Jason's lap. He knew Tim could take care of himself (vigilante wise) but he had to wonder- did the kid eat? He knew that Tim was shit at taking care of himself but surely he ate...right? He must've been drinking something aside from coffee, right?

Tim nuzzled into his chest slightly, caused Jason to hold onto him tighter.

“I gotcha, Timmy,” he whispered. “I’ve gotcha.”

Tim-Splat

Chapter Summary

Fuck, emotions man, they're hard.

Chapter Notes

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

Jason figured that Tim must've had some nerve if he thought Jason would let him sit behind him. It took Jason threatening to take away his marshmallows (if that didn't work, he would try coffee) to get the kid to agree. It would've been funny if not for the underlying truth beneath it. They both knew Jason was afraid of Tim letting go and becoming a Tim-splat on the road.

So, Tim agreed to sit in front of Jason, and Jason felt his chest become 10 times lighter. Jason took the relatively long way back to the manor. He figured Tim would need time to gather his thoughts. Jason figured he needed to as well.

They travelled in comfortable-ish silence- each to their own thoughts. He would forever deny it, but whenever they had to stop for a light, Jason would close his eyes for a second and stay as still as possible so he could feel Tim breathing.

Seeing Tim dead was something Jason had become almost used to. On bad nights, filled with nightmares or fear toxin (sometimes both), he would see Tim. Sometimes his brain was blown out and Jason was standing over his lifeless body. Sometimes Jason was holding a crowbar, beating up the little bird. Sometimes Jason would see his reflection in a glass window and instead of a white streak in a forest of black curls, he'd see green. Sometimes instead of teal eyes, he'd see green. The looks on Dick and Bruce's face were almost worse. Sometimes the mini bat was there too. On a really bad night, the girls would be there.

But then there was also the time Jason wasn't Jason when they found him next to Tim's body. Jason wasn't sure which was worse. Seeing the hurt and hate his father and siblings' faces or seeing nothing. Because they were dead.

And Jason killed them.

But never in Jason's nightmare filled nights did Tim take his own life. But thinking about it, Jason realized he should've seen the signs. They all should've.

They all needed to be better- to each other but especially Tim. It was in that moment that Jason knew he would not only need to show the little bird that he would do anything to keep him safe, but also show him how much he loved him. Because Jason loved Tim.

Tim, his adorable little brother who wore his old sweatshirts, and Dick's sweat pants, even though he had his own. Tim, who was so small that he could fit in Jason's lap, curled up (Jason suspected it was the younger-sibling/Tim-ball powers that allowed him to do that). Tim, who somehow has lived off of coffee and marshmallows and energy drinks, and still hasn't had Alfred sprung onto him.

Oh.

Jason could help with that.

When he'd first come to the manor, and finally warmed up to Alfred (the man could warm anyone's heart except Joker since the bastard didn't have one), Alfred had started teaching him how to cook. Jason, being the amazing student he always was (is?), caught on quickly, and soon became the only person, aside from Alfred, who was allowed to be in the kitchen.

Obviously the kid had no idea how to cook for himself. He probably used the 'I'm too busy to learn how to cook, forget actually cooking.' Jason, on the other hand, had way too much time on his hands, seeing as he was still dead. Maybe he could cook for the kid, once in a while. Make sure he got a full meal.

But to do that, they needed to be on better terms.

Jason needed Tim to understand how much he mattered to him. To *them* . But that would take time, and Jason was ok with that. He could be patient. As long as Tim was alright in the end, it would be fine.

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When Jason pulled up to the manor, he could've sworn he felt Tim flinch. Knowing the kid, he probably did. Jason got off the bike, becoming concerned when Tim didn't react. He just sat on the bike, staring at the manor.

It was scary.

Jason hid his worry and forced himself to relax. Being on edge would make Tim even more on edge- and considering how he had reacted so far (or lack of reaction), that wouldn't be good.

"Timmy, you needa let your mind rest sometimes," he said, raising an eyebrow. That wasn't too much...right? He didn't think Tim looked uncomfortable, but then again, he hadn't been able to tell that Tim was suicidal either. He couldn't really talk.

He could tell, on the other hand, how tired Tim was. Jason doubted that he'd gotten much sleep before going to the rooftop (or maybe he did, thinking that all his pains would be gone soon), and the emotional break down mixed with adrenaline from the amount of stress he was probably feeling, tied with the exhaustion (also from stress) meant that the little bird was going to take a nap soon.

Instead of risking Tim falling on his face, or something equally painful, Jason guided Tim off the bike, then picked him up bridal style.

He did *not* feel a wave of glee when the kid squeaked. *He didn't* .

And he would forever deny the laugh that erupted from him because he *didn't* laugh (no matter what Tim says in another story).



He looked down at Tim. His face looked more like a tomato than the pale Jason was used to, but his whole expression and body language...maybe Jason did cross a line?

Tim was hard to read almost all the time, but sometimes, like now, it was a little easier. Was...was he afraid Jason was going to make fun of him? In a way worse than brotherly teasing?

...that would actually make a lot of sense.

Jason tried to keep mild panic he felt to a minimum, only showing his concern for Tim, show. The kid needed to know that he cared.

“Babybird, I can hear you thinking. I didn’t laugh to make fun of you, I laughed because I thought it was cute,” Jason said. Cute...wasn’t bad right? Timmy was his little brother, and while he wasn’t Dick, he knew what the older would coo about when he saw one of his younger siblings do something remotely child-like. None of them really had much of a childhood, so seeing one of them act their age- or just like a kid in general, was like a breath of fresh air.

Tim, however, looked away, leaving Jason to panic with his internal monologue. His common sense was screaming at him to stop talking, but Jason very little common sense left, so it was easy to ignore. Instead he tried to figure out how to fix his latest mistake.

Apologizing? He should just apologize but he didn’t want Tim to feel like it was his fault. At the same time, he couldn’t make it sound like he was blaming himself too much either (even if he thought it was 100% his fault) because then Tim would blame himself for making Jason feel bad about himself. Fuck, emotions man, they’re hard.

All this happened within the span of a second however, so in his half dazed state, Tim, thankfully, had not noticed his internal panic.

Jason hesitated before sighing. Apologizing about this was the first step.

“Look, Tim, I’m-”

“Master Tim?”

Jason looked at Alfred standing at the front of the manor. ‘Saved by the Alfred,’ Jason thought. The man had impeccable timing. Jason was so happy to see Alfred- the only one in the family who knew how to be a good, kind, functioning member of society.

But Tim must not have felt the same thing because the next thing Jason knew, Tim started crying again. The silent tears- not the sobs.

Jason’s starting to think those were worse.

Jason rushed over to Alfred, knowing that the older man would know what to do. The second he reached the doorway, an old hand reached over and squeezed his shoulder slightly, while the other went to get the handkerchief Alfred always seemed to have with him.

“Oh, my boy,” Alfred said quietly. Jason could’ve sworn he saw a tear or two fall from Alfred’s eyes, but he couldn’t be certain.

Jason stood still Alfred wiped away Tim’s tears, while whispering reassurances to him as Tim started sobbing and spewing out apologies. At some point, Alfred had given Tim a forehead kiss (a rare occurrence) and started petting his hair, gently, not unlike how Jason was not too long ago.

It looked longer than it should’ve for Jason to realize the death grip with which Tim was holding onto Jason’s jacket. By that point, Tim had fallen into a half asleep/half awake zone, and was securely curled into Jason’s chest. Alfred silently beckoned Jason to follow him. Jason complied, trying to make sure he didn’t move his arms or jostle Tim in any way, lest he wake the tired Tim-Ball up.

For someone who didn’t sleep, Tim was a rather deep sleeper.

Or maybe it was just the exhaustion.

Jason and Alfred made their way to the Den. Jason sat down on the giant couch, leaning back and slightly repositioning Tim so that they were both more comfortable. The hold on his jacket had loosened, but was still very firm. Jason figured he should just leave it on for the time being.

“I will alert the other Masters of yours and Master Tim's presence, however I will ensure that they will not disturb you for the time being,” Alfred said quietly, to Jason. Jason nodded in agreement. Everyone listened to Alfred so there was no way anyone would be coming in and trying to talk to Tim, for a while.

Once Alfred had left, Jason started petting Tim's hair again. He seemed to enjoy it- or even any kind of physical contact. Didn't Dick say something about the kid being neglected when he was younger?

Jason closed his eyes as he tried to think back to Tim's file. Jack and Janet Drake were Grade A, Class 1, rich and entitled assholes, from what Jason could remember. They left the kid alone for months at a time, barely had any kind of contact with him and still managed to over pressure him about his grades.

Jason's childhood was far from great, but at least he'd had his mom (his *real* mom, Catherine, not his biological parent). They didn't have much, and most of the time she was too high to do much, but when she was sober and lucid, she and Jason did all kinds of things together.

His favorite though, was probably the singing. Catherine would sing or hum different lullabies to him when he couldn't sleep or had a nightmare.... Maybe Tim would enjoy it too?

Quietly, Jason started humming an old tune his mother would hum for him. Considering Tim had relaxed more, and managed to snuggle closer into him, Jason had a feeling that Tim liked the humming. Jason held Tim closer, tightening his hold ever so slightly. He was going to fix things with Tim. He didn't know how, but he was going to make sure that Tim knew he was loved.

## Chapter End Notes

Ivory says i should apologize from the heart attack i may have given you because of the title.

\*Insert apology here\* (I love messing with readers so I'm not actually sorry :D)

I split up this chapter for 2 reasons:

- a. it was getting super duper long
- b. i really need some serotonin right now ;-;

The second part should come out soonish?? I have lots of tests this week (just took one 2 hours ago and still have like 3 hours of homework for that class soooooooo)

But if it doesn't come out this weekend, it should be done sometime next week.

Leave a cookie/koodos/coomment/cooffee if so you wish!

Have a great week, and see you soon!

Ink

# Plal and Akhi

## Chapter Summary

God they all needed therapy, didn't they. Maybe then, they would stop trying to kill either other and themselves.

## Chapter Notes

:)))

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

Eventually, Jason dozed off with his hand in Tim's hair. He woke up to the sound of a camera shutter. Jason resisted the urge to sigh, and opened his eyes to see Dick with an actual camera in his hands. Jason looked at him questioningly.

"It's Tim's," he said quietly. Jason nodded in understanding. He hadn't known that the little bird enjoyed photography. Maybe they could go to a photo exhibit at the Gotham Museum of Art.

Dick put the camera on the coffee table and sat on the armchair next to the couch Jason was on. He leaned back, and his knee immediately started bouncing. The first boy wonder was never good at staying still, but Jason could tell this was all nervous energy. But he could also see the exhaustion in his eyes. Jason wasn't sure what time it was, couldn't have been too long since he'd fallen asleep.

"How is he?" Dick finally asked. Jason raised an eyebrow at him.

"I know, I know," he said, putting his face in his hands. "I just don't know what to ask." Dick looked up at Jason.

"I don't know what to ask, or say, or do. I don't know how to fix this, Little Wing," Dick whispered, and fuuuuuck. Dick had tears in his eyes.

Jason loved his brothers but after this, he needed to take a break from emotions. Maybe shooting some kneecaps would do him some good.

After fixing things with Tim, that is.

Jason looked down at Tim. His mouth was slightly open, and he was snoring ever so slightly. He had bunched up some of Jason's jacket in his fist, and was holding on to it loosely. If he was being honest, he didn't know how to fix this either. Well, sure he had ideas, but there was no guarantee that any of it would actually work. Part of him had hoped that Dick would know what to do, but looking at it now, Dick may have had a worse relationship with Tim than Jason did. And Jason had tried to kill the kid.

But if Jason had his facts straight, Dick had just given Robin to Damian, without consulting Tim, and then continued to call Tim crazy? Jason thought he and Damian were the most emotionally constipated ones but obviously not. Though, Dick was going through a lot of shit too, and Jason certainly didn't help.

'Fuck', Jason thought. 'This is so confusing.'

Instead of falling further down his guilt rabbit hole, Jason looked back up at his older brother and sighed.

"Honestly, Dickie? Neither do I." Dick sniffled. "But it's going to take some time, yeah?"

Dick looked up and opened his mouth.

"No," Jason said, pausing Tim's hair pets to wag a finger at Dick. He felt Tim nuzzle his face into him slightly and continued to pet him.

"Dick, you can't go complete overbearing-mother-hen on him."

"I'm not overbearing!"

"Dick, you are." At Dick's hurt look, Jason hurried on, "Which isn't always a bad thing. We're all touch starved and shit so yeah, the hugs sometimes help." God, Jason was going to regret this later. "But Tim doesn't need that right now."

Jason paused for a second, collecting his thoughts. “It’s- we need to give him space. He doesn’t trust any of us. He can’t. He thinks that none of us love him. If you bombard him with hugs and cuddles and shit, he’s going to think it’s because of your guilt- which, let’s face it. It is. While you’re doing all that to make him feel better, it’s just gonna make him feel worse.”

Some time during Jason’s mini speech, Dick had curled up on the armchair, and had stared staring at his knees.

“Why...” Dick trailed off. Jason waited for Dick to respond back, knowing he was trying to figure out what to say. “How do you know? That that’s what he would feel?”

“I don’t. Not really. But that’s how I would feel.” He looked back down at Tim. “I’m starting to realize that Timbo and I aren’t as different as I thought.”

Dick hummed, and Jason looked back at him. His big brother was the epitome of exhaustion and depression. Could’ve been on the cover of *Depression* magazine.

“Dick, go shower.”

“Jay-”

“Dick. Go take a shower, Big Wing. When you’re done I’ll take one, and you can cuddle with Timmy for a while, yeah?”

Dick sniffled again. “Yeah,” he croaked. “Ok.”

Jason watched as Dick uncurled himself and stood up. Just as Dick was about to leave the room Jason called out to him softly.

“Yeah, Jay?”

“He’s going to be ok. We all are.” Dick nodded slightly, his stance still tense.

“Dick.”

He sighed and turned around. “Jay.”

Jason gave him a smile. “Me mangav tut.” He watched Dick’s face go from shock to adoration and love.

“Me mangav tut, Jason,” and with that, he left.

Jason closed his eyes and took another deep breath. He wasn’t sure how long it would take for Dick to shower and come back but till then he should be able to sleep a little longer. Unless Damian suddenly had a change of heart and decided to use Jason as his own personal therapist. Why anyone would come to him, the brother with obvious magic induced anger issues, for advice, he had no idea.

God they all needed therapy, didn’t they.

...Jason should start looking for a therapist for the family. Maybe then, they would stop trying to kill either other and themselves.

With that cheerful thought, Jason let his mind stop working, falling into a light sleep; one hand still resting on Tim’s head, while the other held him close.

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The second time he woke up, it was to a hand on his shoulder, and a familiar voice whispering his name. He immediately tensed, and the hand went away. He slowly forced himself to relax. He was at the manor. Nothing should hurt him here.

He opened his eyes and saw Dick, hair still wet from the shower he took. He was wearing what were probably Bruce’s sweatpants (they were a little too big) and one of Wally’s hoodies, that he wore when he needed hugs, or really missed Wally and needed hugs.

Wait- that the acutal fuck was on his wrist? There was an assortment of different colored rubber bands on his left wrist- which why?? And where??

Dick chuckled at Jason's expression after seeing the bands. "They're Tim's," he said.

Jason nodded slowly and looked back at Dick- and wow, he brother still looked like shit. Better, but still like shit.

"You should shower now Jay," Dick said, bringing Jason back to the present.

"Right," he said. "One babybird coming right up."

Jason slowly stood up. He would've tipped over if not for Dick, supporting him while he stood up. Standing up after sitting down with a little bird sleeping on your lap for a few hours was not recommended. Once stable, Jason gently passed Tim's sleeping form to Dick. The kid didn't move at all.

Once Dick had a comfortable hold on Tim, he sat down on the couch, cross-legged, and Tim curled himself into another, smaller, Tim-ball.

"You sure you wanna sit like that?" Jason asked.

"Mmm," Dick hummed.

"You legs, not mine," Jason said, turning around to leave.

He managed to take two painful steps (because *ow* his legs were sleeping dammit) before Dick said, "Hey Jaybird?"

Jason looked back at his older brother. He still looked like shit.

"Thanks," he said with a melancholy smile.

"Course, Dickie," he said. "But you ain't getting soft on me. I'll still fuck up your face if you go over your cuddle quota," he threatened. He couldn't have people think he was going soft.

"You can try Jay!" Dick's voice called out. Jason rolled his eyes and continued to make his way out of the Den.

Only to find Damian standing a few feet away from the door, looking like Alfred had caught him drinking Mountain Dew in the house. ‘ *Jesus fuck- these kids* ’, he thought, staring at Damian. The poor kid was still trying to make it look like he wasn’t listening into their conversation.

Jason sighed. There went his emotionless shower break.

“Alright, baby bat, let’s go,” he said, putting a hand on Damian’s shoulder and steering him towards his room.

“Tt- Todd, what are you doing, unhand me!” Damian protested, but didn’t try to get Jason to let go.

“Keep it down, kid, don’t wake up Tim.”

“Tt- Drake is an imbecile. He sleeps at the most inconvenient of times and stays up when he should be sleeping.” Well that was...unexpected? Tame? Jason hadn’t even considered what Damian might’ve been going through. The poor kid was only like 11, only to find out his older brother tried to kill himself.

Wait.

Did Tim give Damian a note?

Did Damian read Tim’s *suicide note* that was addressed to him?

Jason was so not equipped to deal with this.

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Once Jason had gotten to the room, immediately made Damian sit on his reading chair and shoved Kafka’s *The Metamorphosis* in his hands. After making sure Damian would stay there until he came out, Jason headed straight into the shower. He tried to plan what he would talk to Damian about, but after coming up with shit ideas, he decided to just wing it.

Which, no one could judge him for because *he's not the one who should be doing this in the first place* .

Then again he shouldn't have had to have a talk with his younger brother about their other brother committing suicide and it being partially their fault.

He might be the one who understood Damian the most, but that didn't mean he should be the one talking to him. But considering Dick was with Tim, the girls were missing, and Bruce was probably in the fucking Batcave, doing batshit, it was up to Jason. He wouldn't make Alfred do this, the man had to put up with so much bullshit already.

He turned off the water and stepped out of the shower, drying himself, then putting on sweats and his Wonder Woman hoodie. He would never admit it, but it always gave him some sort of comfort when he wore it. He walked out of the bathroom while slightly drying his hair with his towel.

Damian was curled up on his chair, Kafka aside, as he instead pet Alfred the cat, who had found his way into Jason's room and onto Damian's lap. As long as the cat didn't mess up any of his furniture, Jason was...fine with its presence.

Damian looked...more blank than anything. They should teach Damian how to properly deal with emotions- they definitely did not need another emotionally constipated member in the household....knowing he was Bruce's son though probably meant emotional constipation was in his blood or something. Oh well. Maybe Jason could try.

"Talk to me, kid," Jason said. "What's on your mind?"

"Tt- it is nothing of importance, Todd." Damian didn't see Jason's raised eyebrow, instead focusing on petting Alfred (the cat).

"And even if it was," he continued, "I would never talk to *you* about it." Well now he was just trying to piss Jason off. And it was working. But Jason could tell the undertone of stress in Damian's voice.

"Well it looks like I'm the only one that's *not* completely emotionally stunted, so try again," Jason gave Damian a look. Damian just huffed.

"Fine, don't talk to me," Jason started, "but just make sure you try to talk to someone."

Jason ignored the glare he received.

“We both acted like shit towards Tim- and don’t deny it, I know you know that.” Damian suddenly found a new and increased appreciation for his feline pet.

“Dames,” Jason said gently, to which Damian looked up, eyes a little shiny, “it’s not too late to fix this.”

“How could he forgive me?” Damian asked. Jason ignored the crack in his voice when he asked the question.

“I don’t know, but we’ll figure it out together.” Jason stepped closer to Damian. “Besides, he still has to forgive me too.”

Damian sniffled and wiped his eyes. Jason bent over and kissed the top of his head.

“Come, akhi al-sagheer,” he inwardly smiled at Damian’s wide eyed expression to the name, “let’s check on the others.”

With that, Jason threw the towel on his bed- making a mental note to pick it up later, and started to walk back towards the Den. He didn’t stop to wait for Damian. He knew the younger would come when he could.

Just as he was going to enter the Den, Damian’s voice stopped him again. What was it with his brothers and not letting him walk into rooms without a dramatic pause. Nevertheless, Jason looked back to see Damian in his doorway.

“Yeah, Dames?” he asked.

“I-,” he looked down nervously. Jason waited patiently for the second time that day, for one of his brothers to start speaking.

“Thank you, Akhi,” Damian called out. Jason ignored the swell of happiness he felt with the name.

“Sure, Damian,” he said with a slight smile.

## Chapter End Notes

Sooooo whatdya think?!

I'm really proud of this chapter and i think it made ivory tear up a little

Quick important note! I dont know Romani or Arabic so if the words.phrases i used are wrong, please let me know!

'Me mangav tut' is supposed to say "I love you" in Romani, while Akhi in Arabic means brother, and i think 'akhi al-sagheer' means little brother. I also believe Plal means brother in Romani, but again, lemme know if it isn't (or is!).

Lemme know what you think about this so far!! (via comment, cookie, kudos, or coffee!)

See you soon!

Ink

# In the Den

## Chapter Summary

He looked so much younger when asleep.

Or maybe he just looked his age.

## Chapter Notes

ALL WILL BE EXPLAINED

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

Jason took a deep breath before walking into the Den. The day had been too emotionally taxing with too little sleep, despite the naps he'd taken. He glanced at the clock- it was about 3. Jason mentally shrugged. His sleep schedule was already fucked up- what was a little more of a shift. Besides, there was no way he was going patrolling tonight. Babs and her birds could handle it. His brother needed him. Brothers.

He quietly made his way to the couch where Dick was still holding Tim, carding his fingers through Tim's hair. The kid's mouth was open slightly. He looked so much younger when asleep.

Or maybe he just looked his age.

Dick was watching Tim with a melancholy face. Jason prepared himself for another heart-to-heart but was surprised when Dick just looked up at him with a tired smile and nodded at him. Jason nodded back slightly and opened his arms to accept the sleeping Tim. They made the switch as quickly and carefully as possible, which paid off since Tim didn't wake up once.

Seemingly satisfied with his two younger brothers curled on the couch, Dick gave Jason one last tired smile, before walking over to Damian. He put his hands on Damian's shoulders and gave him a quick kiss on the forehead, before moving to ruffle his hair. With that, the Dick left the room, in slightly better spirits but still looking like he'd killed a puppy.

'Timmy's kinda like a pup-' Jason stopped his train of thought and instead locked eyes with Damian. He was looking at Jason, confused. Jason raised an eyebrow. It was fine if the kid wouldn't say anything but despite any notion saying otherwise, Jason had not suddenly gained the ability to read minds.

Damian looked back to the Dens's door, where Dick had just left through, and back to Jason. He then, awkwardly, tilted his head towards Tim. Jason hummed in understanding and gave Damian a nod and gestured to the door with his head. Damian would be able to help their older brother more than he could help Tim. Things with Tim would need time, whereas currently, Dick needed hugs, cuddles, and other shit like that to make him feel less terrible of an older brother.

Damian hesitated for a moment before giving a jerky nod and following Dick out the door. Jason sighed heavily and started to maneuver him and Tim so that they were lying down on the couch again. Soon they were laying down so that Tim was using Jason's shoulder as a pillow, while also grabbing Jason's hoodie in his fists. Jason couldn't help but realize again, how *small* Tim looked. He was 17 for fucks sake. He should be writing college applications and thinking about crushes. Not running a multi-something-illion dollar company during the day while beating up idiots with guns and masks at night. He should be going out on dates and having sleepovers and figuring out what *he* wanted to do in life.

Did Tim even know what he liked to do? He can't stay CEO forever- and while he's actually good at it, it doesn't seem like he enjoyed it. Maybe R&D would be better for him. He and Babs always seemed to be talking about some new things they coded or some new technology someone had created that Tim needed to get his hands on so he could see how it worked- nevermind that he had access to some of the most advanced alien technology in the universe. Or maybe he wanted to do photography?

Jason fought back another sigh. One step at a time. First he needed to figure out how to fix things with Tim.

Closing his eyes, Jason thought of the ways he could start fixing his relationship with Tim. Apologizing was obvious, but it wasn't nearly enough. How does one apologize to your brother for almost killing him several times, not apologizing, then also not looking out for him after the stupid mind-fuckup water that made you want to kill your brother (alongside a shitton of manipulation) wore off and you realize that he's actually a cool guy.

Maybe there's a Dummies book on that.

Tim snuggled closer to Jason, and in return he put his arm around Tim's shoulders in a sort of hug. First he'll start with the apology, then if that goes ok they'll take it slow. It'll probably be mostly case work, but hopefully they could do things outside of vigilante work together. Like going to the museum, or having movie nights. Hell, Jason wouldn't mind training with the kid. Jason looked down at the sleeping boy and promised to both of them that he'll fix his mistakes.

~~~

When Jason woke up, everything felt tense. He couldn't hear any voices, but he was familiar with the feeling of a room after a heated argument. He opened his eyes slowly and saw a head of very black and messy hair on his chest. Turning his head to the side, he saw Dick sitting on the floor, in front of the couch, head resting on the edge, back to the door. Jason looked at the armchair in that direction and saw the one person he'd been dreading to talk to.

"Bruce," Jason muttered. Dick looked up and gave him a wry smile, before looking back down again. Bruce startled and looked directly at Jason, who could've sworn that Bruce had slightly narrowed his eyes at him.

"Jason," he greeted. They stayed like that, staring for a few seconds, before Jason huffed slightly and dropped his head back, reclosing his eyes.

"Spit it out, Old Man, we don't have all night."

"You cut off your comm," Bruce stated.

"Damn amazing observational skills, Bruce- you really are Batman."

He knew he shouldn't have riled Bruce up but it was too fun to watch Bruce clench his jaw. BUT instead of rising to the bait like Jason expected, Bruce just sighed and said, "Jason, please."

He didn't respond. Dick, who Jason figured was probably feeling anxious after his own argument with Bruce, got up, but instead of leaving like Jason thought he would, he moved to sit next to the arm of the couch and started playing with his hair. Jason, of course, would deny it till the day he died (again) but it was one of the most wonderful feelings ever.

He didn't almost purr...he *didn't* .

Unfortunately head pats didn't solve his 'B' problem. "B, what do you want me to say? Tim was terrified when I said your name and he was panicking? Would you rather I'd kept the comm on and let him pass out from a panic attack?"

"Jay, I--"

"That's enough, Bruce," Dick said. Jason tilted his head back and raised his eyebrows- before realizing how ridiculous he must've looked and straightened his head.

"Dick, I need to talk to him. I need to make this right."

"We all need to talk to him, B," Jason said, "but you also need to give him time. All of us crowding around him isn't going to help."

"We've been treating him like shit and it's not ok," Dick said. Jason could hear the stress in his voice. He didn't think he could deal with a crying Dick and a trying-to-be-a-good-dad-after-I- majorly-fucked-up Bruce.

Thankfully, someone decided to open the door at that moment. Unfortunately, it was the one person who could make the situation worse.

"Leave, Damian, and take Bruce and Dick with you."

"Todd, I will not allow you to order me around like some idiot."

"Get out, brat."

"Jason..." Dick trailed off, looking at his chest. Jason looked down to see Tim's brows slightly furrowed. Dick got up and looked at Jason. They exchanged slight nods before Dick said, "Come on, Dami, let's make some tea for when Alfred's done with the cookies."

"Tt, Pennyworth has no need for our assistance."

"Then we'll give him company," Dick responded, putting a hand on Damian's shoulder, and guiding him to the door.

"Tt- fine, Richard."

Bruce and Jason watched the two leave in silence before Bruce asked, "Why did you make them leave?"

“The noise was waking him, he needs to rest,” Jason said with a glare. They stayed silent for a moment before Jason started, “B-“

“Jaylad-“

“Don’t.” Jason glared at Bruce. Bruce paused, almost looking heartbroken before starting again, “Jason-” Bruce was cut off again when Tim shifted, his expression worried.

“If you wake him up,” Jason hissed, “I will muder you, so get out, Bruce.” Both of them looked at Tim as he groaned loudly. Taking it as their cue to shut up, Bruce got up and started walking to the door. Bruce paused when Tim let out a soft, content sigh.

Turning back to look at Jason, he whispered, “Just...tell me if he’s ok.”

“He’s not, at the moment. Out, Bruce.”

Tim sighed heavily, almost frustrated, before he opened his eyes. Jason felt the exact moment Tim stiffened. When his breaths started becoming more shallow and quicker. Jason immediately sat up on the couch so that Tim was curled onto his lap, head still resting in his chest. He glared at Bruce when he took a step forward to help, and jerked his head towards the door. He watched Bruce’s face harden before quietly leaving and closing the door. Jason started rubbing Tim’s back as Tim forced himself to slow his breathing. Jason imagined talking all of this stress and worries and shoving it into a giant ass box, before throwing it into the void. Tim needed someone collected, not emotional, at the moment.

“You with me, Timmy?” Jason asked. He felt the head against his chest move slightly. He hummed in response. They sat in silence for a few seconds when Dick came into the room, looking like a ball of barely contained anxiety.

“Bluejay, I got the tea-” Dick started, trailing off when he saw Tim awake. Don’t screw this up, Dick, Jason thought.

“Hey, Timmy,” Dick said, softly with a slight smile. It was probably the most real Grayson smile Jason saw that day. Which is depressing because it was small and sad...but then again given the day’s events it made somewhat sense.

Jason had no idea how Tim responded but they all stayed where they were, in awkward silence, until Jason demanded, “Dickhead, gimme my tea ‘fore it gets cold. No wasting Alfie’s tea.”

Dick laughed slightly and rubbed his neck, handing over the mug to Jason.

“Sorry, Jay,” he said. Jason took the mug and happily accepted it’s warmth. He grunted to Dick, as a response to his apology, knowing that his older brother would understand, before

taking a sip. He could wax poetry about that tea. Maybe he will.

The silence was interrupted again, also distracting Jason from his thoughts, though this time by Dick. “Say, Timmy, Alfred made a bunch of sweets while you and Jay were sleeping. Want me to go get some?” he asked gently.

Jason felt Tim nod his head against his chest. Jason gave Dick a wry smile, which Dick returned before coming bending down to ruffle Tim’s hair more. Jason felt Tim curl into himself more, but didn’t feel him tense, so he assumed Tim was fine with it. Though, one look at Dick’s face showed that he had no idea whether he’d stepped over Tim’s boundaries or not. Jason nodded to Dick, putting his brother out of his spiral, which was returned with a more Grayson smile.

“I’ll be right back!” he said, sounding more preppy and happy than he looked and probably felt. Jason rolled his eyes, not that anyone could see it, and propped chin on Tim’s head. Jason felt Tim trying to move his head, before giving up with a huff.

He did, however, move himself so that his back was to Jason’s chest. Jason ended up hugging Tim like he was a teddy bear, instead of a teenager, but considering Tim had put himself into that position and seemed to be ok with it, Jason decided not to move.

“Did you-” Tim started, before clearing his throat. “Did you also fall asleep?” Small talk? Or maybe he was trying to make sure he ‘wasn’t a bother’.

Jason hummed. “For a bit,” he ended up responding.

They sat in silence again, after that, neither of them knowing how to break it. Maybe they shouldn’t say anything. Silence doesn’t have to be awkward. It could just be silence.

Thankfully, they were both saved by Dick entering with food, mugs, and...Damian. Jason felt Tim tense up slightly, and he sent warning glares to both Dick and Damian. Dick had brought a giant pile of blankets in the corner and brought the coffee table closer, allowing Jason to rest his feet on the table. Jason leaned back, not paying attention to the movement around him, and tried to reposition Tim so they were both comfortable.

The peace the four of them maintained had been broken however, when Dick came over and said, "I want to cuddle with Timmy."

Jason watched Dick for a moment before deciding that his brother was initiating a play fight- not a real one - in order to lighten up the mood. Play fighting Jason could do.

"No."

"Pleaaaaaaase, Jay."

"No."

"Jabird, you were practically cuddling with him for 3 hours, it's my turn!"

Jason paused for a second pretending to consider Dick's point before smirking and saying a resolute, "No."

Dick narrowed his eyes and Jason felt Tim's muscles stiffen slightly, as if getting ready to fight, before his quiet voice chimed in.

"I could just sit between you both. That way you can both...cuddle with me," he offered, almost confused. Jason and Dick made eye contact- maybe play fighting wasn't the best route to go. Immediately, Dick let out a long suffering, dramatic sigh before saying, "Fineeeeeeeeeee," drawing out the word as much as he could.

Jason felt Tim poke his arm slightly, as if he was afraid to touch him. "Fine," he grunted, moving over to the side before picking Tim up and plopping him in the space next to him.

Dick let out an excited giggle- a literal giggle, Jason thought, exasperatedly - before making himself comfortable next to Tim. Dick had an arm around the sofa, allowing him to reach over and start playing with Jason's hair. Jason sent a playful glare at his older brother, who looked back at him innocently. Jason looked at Tim, who was looking at Damian, who was in between scowling and looking embarrassed.

Seeing the conflict between the two, Jason quickly asked Dick to tell a story about his Robin days. Dick, catching on, launched into a story about him and Wally (because of course he had to pick a story with Wally, Dick was *whipped*) and some old ladies who apparently were gang members.

Half listening to the story and half watching the younger boys, Jason and Dick stopped talking when Tim called to Damian. They looked at each other cautiously before watching the boys in front of them.

“Dami, have you ever seen Star Trek?” Tim asked. Jason raised an eyebrow, slightly. He hadn’t expected this.

Damian shook his head.

“Why don’t you come watch it with us? I think you’ll enjoy it.”

Damian looked straight at Dick, and Jason did the same, watching Dick give him an encouraging smile and nod.

“I wouldn’t want to intrude, Dr- Timothy,” Damian said, causing Jason’s lowered eyebrow to meet his raised one.

“It’s not an intrusion if you’re invited, Dami,” Dick said. Jason felt a wave of relief when Tim nodded along. Dick hadn’t overstepped.

Damian cautiously walked over to the couch, sitting stiffly in the spot next to Dick, who sighed before using his hands to pick up Damian and moved him in between his legs. Jason could practically feel the nervous energy between the two younger boys, so he reached over to the table, and grabbed two cookies, shoving one into each boy’s mouth. Alfred’s cookies were a godsend and had a magical way of calming people, shutting them up, and bringing them together. Jason should know- he’s an example of all three cases.

Jason grabbed the remote, which had appeared next to him and pressed play. As the movie started, he couldn’t help the onslaught of emotions that just dumped onto him. Guilt, shame, a healthy dose of regret and a pinch or more of self-hatred, all due to the fact that he knew he fucked up. He couldn’t hope for the best- that was Golden Boy Dick’s job. No, instead he looked at the future realistically. There was a chance that Tim may never forgive them- forgive him. But damn did he want to hope that he was wrong.

First off, I'm not dead!! Im so very sorry for disappearing on you all, I got swept up with a landslide of exams and homework and test prep, but now I'm done!!

Second, this fic is almost done! There should be 1 more chapter, then on to other perspectives and things. You may get a short fic on the history of Jay's hoodie at some point too :)

Finally, I really hope you've enjoyed this chapter. please feel free to use comments, cookies, kudos, coffee, or tea (i've started drinking more tea, too!) to show what you think of this chapter.

Until next time!

Ink

Rooftop

Chapter Summary

He jumped across Gotham's rooftops till he found the one he was looking for: an abandoned building with too many memories, more bad than good. That last few times he'd been there, the whole area had been empty (not even any squatters). But tonight, there was an all too familiar silhouette standing on the edge of the building.

Time slowed and in a moment, he was back to three months ago. He was in his room at 4am after patrol, reading a letter that felt like a death sentence. He was back to holding a small baby bird in his arms, while trying to push away his own emotions, because in that moment, all that mattered was that Tim was safe but hurting so, so much.

He thought Tim had been getting better.

Chapter Notes

sooo funny story- I've had this chapter done for a little while but was unable to hear back from Ivory till today. Now that i have ehr feedback and assurance that its a good chapter- i present it to you!

thank you to ProwlSIC for betaing my work~ (check out her work!)

more about the series in the end!

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

3 Months Later

There's never a 'quiet' night in Crime Alley or the Narrows, but there are ones slower than others. On those slow nights, Jason would sit on a rooftop, cigarette in one hand and chili dog in another - watching Gotham exist in silence.

Tonight is different though.

Tonight would've been a quiet night, if he hadn't caught a kid about to slit her wrists and end her life. If her brother hadn't found Jason when he did...

Jason pointedly decided to not finish that thought. He talked to the girl, and her brother. He gave them the number to one of Dinah's psychologist friends (or were they a psychiatrist?) and bought them some chocolate ice cream. Jason was bad at emotions, but ice cream...ice cream was the cure for almost anything.

Making sure they were safe for the night, he took off the Hood, and revelled in the feeling of cool air on his skin. He dully praised himself, internally, for wearing a domino under it-allowing him to take it off if needed. He jumped across Gotham's rooftops till he found the one he was looking for: an abandoned building with too many memories, more bad than good. That last few times he'd been there, the whole area had been empty (not even any squatters). But tonight, there was an all too familiar silhouette standing on the edge of the building.

Time slowed and in a moment, he was back to three months ago - swimming with guilt - realizing that he was part of the reason his brother wanted to die. He was in his room at 4am after patrol, feeling like he got punched in the gut as someone pushed him into a lake in the middle of winter. He was back to holding a small baby bird in his arms, while trying to push away his own emotions, because in that moment, all that mattered was that Tim was safe but hurting so, so much.

But Tim had been getting better...right?

He turned off his comm.

Tim spoke before Jason could.

"Evening, Jay," he called, eyes fixed on the distant horizon.

“Bit later than evening, kid. It’s 2am,” Jason said. If Tim was using his real name, then he’d already secured the area. No one was there (like all the other times Jason had come up). The lack of ‘Names!’ from the Big Bird meant Tim’s comms were probably off too. They were alone for the first time in a while- without either of them being overly emotional.

Jason watched Tim look down at his wrist and chuckled at the quiet “Huh...” he let out. Jason walked over to Tim and stood beside him. Tim sounded fine- the *real* kind of fine. After much needed therapy (for *all* of them) Jason had gotten better at figuring out when Tim was lying or not. Funnily enough, he seemed to be the only one. The kid might be able to lie to Batman, but couldn’t lie to Red Hood. Or Jason.

He’d be lying if he said he wasn’t proud of that.

They stood next to each other in silence. Should Jason say something? Silence was his friend, and he didn’t mind it, but silence with Tim tended to be disconcerting. It felt like Tim was analyzing him- which was bullshit because Jason wasn’t that insecure anymore, and if anything, the babybird was probably stuck in his own thoughts.

Jason tilted his head up, eyes closed as he felt a slight breeze ruffle his hair. They could just stand there in silence until one of them concedes and leaves to end the patrol. No, not end...finish. Finish the patrol. The word ‘end’ reminded him of other things now.

Jason could just sit there in silence but would he regret it? If he broke the relative peace, he might regret it...but he would regret not saying anything to Tim more, wouldn’t he?

“I’m sorry-”

“How was patrol?”

They looked at each other, and Tim raised an eyebrow. “Ok, you first then,” he said, plopping down to sit on the edge of the building.

Jason slowly sat down next to Tim, letting his legs dangle over the edge. He felt extremely unprepared- he should’ve planned out what to say, but then again to be fair he didn’t *plan* for

this to happen, although he'd been thinking about how to apologize for a while so-

"Jay." Jason looked up to see Tim with his domino mask in hand. Jason looked back down to the empty street. The street lamps were dim and made that horrible buzzing sound that got on his nerves. He closed his eyes, head still down, and searched for the sounds under the buzzing- a faint motorcycle engine and the murmur of police sirens.

He opened his eyes again, but kept his gaze low, "I'm sorry." Seconds turned into a minute, then two and finally Jason looked up-

To see the kid staring out into the distance.

Jason sighed. This wasn't going to be easy.

"I'm sorry," he started again, "for everything. Titans tower, the names, trying to...kill you multiple times. I'm sorry for all of it." Jason watched Tim tense before hurrying to continue, "You don't have to forgive me. All the fucked up shit I've done to you - you don't have to forgive me. I realize now that I never actually apologized, and just kinda hoped we could forget about it but..." he trails off.

"But?" Tim prompts after a few seconds.

"But it wasn't fair of me to assume you were ok with everything that happened between us. I should've made my feelings clear and because I didn't do it then...I want to try now." Jason took a deep breath before forcing the next words out of his mouth, "But I also want to make sure I don't overstep your boundaries."

At that, Tim looked at him- gaze intense and calculating. It was the gaze that made thugs squirm and heroes nervous, but Jason didn't back down.

"Go on," Tim said lightly. Jason had no idea what was going on inside Tim's mind and that terrified him. He stopped himself from asking though knowing that questioning Tim would

be the equivalent of throwing shit into the fan.

“After...after I got over the pit-,” Tim raised an eyebrow.

“-mostly,” he added on, quickly, “I didn’t see you as a threat. I never wanted Robin back- and honestly you were a better Robin than I ever was. You saved Bruce- twice- something I never would’ve been able to do. Tim, I see you as my brother- or at least a friend - and while I know we don’t act anything *like* I still care about you. If-” Jason huffs. He felt cold and clammy and nervous out of his mind because what if Tim didn’t get it? What if he didn’t think he was sincere? He tried not to think about Tim not forgiving him, the possibility he couldn’t fix it, couldn’t mend this bridge he’d burned spectacularly several times before- because it was ultimately Tim’s decision - but the possibility plagued him nonetheless.

Jason fucked up...but he wanted to make it right.

He wanted his baby brother.

“If,” he said, getting quiet, “you were willing, I want to get to know you more. As your older brother, not just a fellow vigilante.”

They sat there in silence for a while. Jason had laid down his hand. Now it was Tim’s turn.

But could Tim do it a little faster? He repressed the urge to swing his feet like a little kid’s and instead glanced down to the street again. Still empty.

He could feel Tim’s eyes on him, thinking.

Another minute passed. Then two more.

It was nearing the fourth when Tim finally spoke up.

“I don’t think I was the better Robin,” he admitted. Jason looked at Tim in surprise, but didn’t say anything, sensing more to that statement.

And if not...well, they would unpack that in therapy.

“I don’t think we can say there’s a *best* Robin- we’re all too different.” Tim kept his eyes locked on Jason’s. “We all helped Bruce in our own way. The same way we’ve all made different impacts on him.”

Jason stills, eyes wide. Tim was right.

Tim finally breaks Jason’s gaze and looks into the distance again. Part of Jason felt relieved. Tim might not have forgiven him, but it doesn’t seem like he hated him either.

“I forgave you a long time again, Jason.”

“Tim-”

“I knew the pit was influencing you,” Tim interrupted. “I also found out about Talia’s interference. I won’t lie to you and say that knowing this made it all better, because it didn’t. But it helped.”

Tim braced himself and stood up, putting his domino back on.

“You have to understand that while I’ve forgiven you, I can never forget,” Tim said, as Jason looked up to meet his gaze.

“I have the right to get angry about it- and you can’t hold that against me when I do- because I can guarantee you that there will be days where I can’t forgive you.” Jason swallowed hard and nodded. That was beyond fair.

“But,” he continued, “I’d like to be your brother too, Jay.” Tim gave Jason a small, earnest smile, and he felt a warmth spread throughout his chest.

“But don’t be an asshole and push it- you can’t pull that off,” he said with a teasing glint in his eye. Jason laughed loudly and got up, putting his own domino on.

“Nah, I would never. That’s Dickhead’s area of expertise.” Tim snorted.

“You got that right.”

Tim moved to grapple away when Jason called out to him.

“Tim?”

“Yeah?”

“Thank you.”

Tim grinned at Jason before turning back to grapple away.

“Sure, Jaybird,” he said with a cackle.

Jason burst out laughing. ‘That cheeky, little dumbass,’ he thought fondly, before turning in the opposite direction and grappling back home.

When he was back, he looked at his bookshelf- right between The Hobbit and Lord of the Rings, where there was now a picture frame. He looked at the selfie of him and Tim, grinning, while Bruce’s sleeping face was in the background, marked up with an eyepatch and a mustache.

Yeah. They’d be alright.

heyyyyyy so its done!!

lemme me know what you guys think of the ending! While this is the end of Jason's fic, its def not the end of the series so i will be posting more stories related to this idea (and maybe some other ones *eyes emoji*

starting from september i won't be able to post or write- almost at all, but if you wanna interact with me i have instagram (@the_ink_on_the_pages)! and a twitter (i think its @ink88706107 - i dunno how twitter works ;-;) ...that i dont use...but if you message me there, i'll respond!

leave a cookie, kudos, coffee or comment!!

hope you guys have enjoyed this fic as much as i have enjoyed writing it!! :)

Ink out ;)

ps. from ivory:

"Jay protecc,

Jay atacc,

Jay will do both so the tim-ball comes bacc."

End Notes

Hello lovely humans and other creatures!

I've started the expansion of my 'give tim drake hugs' series and I hope you like it!

I know Jason seems a little too comfortable with giving hugs n stuff, but I genuinely think that Jason is not too bad with comforting people. I'm not saying he's at Dick's level, he's still very bad at feelings and emotions, but i think he would know how to comfort tim...to an extent.

Leave a comment, cookie, kudos or coffee!

Ink :D

edit: i'm sorry i'm bad at this but i have an instagram where you can come yell at me for all the pain i'm putting tim and the batboys through
[@chaotic_coffee_bean](#)

Works inspired by this one

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