

## Two Hearts Beating In Tandem

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# Two Hearts Beating In Tandem

by [Pagestealer](#)

## Summary

Estranged brothers Dick and Jason are injured and trapped together after an accident. Can Batman save them before it's too late? (Set between seasons 2 and 3.)

## Notes

So this is mostly inspired by the DC TV show characters, simply because I have an affinity for them. They are who I see when I write. In my mind, this is set after season 2 but before Jason dies at the Joker's hand or anything Red Hood related happens. So here Jason is still angry at Dick for what transpired in the past, but Dick is mostly just worried about Jason, since he hasn't really done anything wrong in anyone's eyes yet.

Also, I know there should in theory be a lot more characters running around but I just really don't want to write them all so... No Alfred either, since we haven't seen him in the show. Also this is my first time writing Bruce, and we haven't seen a ton of what this show's Bruce is like yet for me to capture his voice so I'm mostly borrowing characterization from other fics I have read and loved. So thanks for the help guys!

I didn't include any violence warnings. Let me know if you think it needs it.

If you enjoy my writing check out my other works. I have lots of Titans fics. Thanks! : )

Disclaimer: I don't own DC or Titans. Only borrowing the characters with respect.

# Chapter 1

Nightwing was patrolling the dark warehouse, working off of a tip. He stepped cautiously through the shadows, ears pricked for any sounds. After sweeping the second floor, he was getting ready to call it a night. There was no one here. He sighed, reaching for his comms to let Bruce know he was gonna do a lap around the first floor then head back to the manor, when he rounded a corner and almost smashed into someone. With a start he jumped back, grabbing for an escrima stick before he recognized who he had almost bumped into. The stranger had also jumped back, swearing sharply in the dark space.

“Jason?!” Dick exclaimed incredulously. “What are you doing here?”

With a scoff, Jason shook his head and turned to go. “Unbelievable. You don’t own this town Dickhead. I can patrol where I want.”

“Jason. Wait.” Dick sighed. “Can we talk, please? I hate...how we left things.”

Jason hesitated, then kept walking. He waved his hand, not turning around. “Got nothing to say Batboy.” Then he stilled, tensed. He half turned, head cocked. “You hear that?” Dick held his breath, listening. A faint beeping. A beeping that was speeding up rapidly. Jason’s eyes widened behind his domino mask.

“Run!” Jason yelled, barreling towards Dick. A boom shook the building and in an instant the roof collapsed above them, dust billowing. Dick felt Jason slam into him and then everything went dark.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

I would just like to apologize for the timing of this fic. I wrote it before the terrible building collapse in Miami. I realize it is distasteful in light of what is happening there. Please don't read if it bothers you or if you're in any way affected by that tragedy.

Dick came back to consciousness slowly. There was a muffled roaring in his ears. His eyes were stinging. He coughed, his throat scratchy. His chest felt constricted. There was a pressure on him, a weight. Where was he? What had happened? He tried to open his eyes, and blinked back tears. There was so much dust in the air, burning his eyes. He felt something on his face. Water? Water was dripping on his face from somewhere above. Dick groaned and tried to shift. The weight stayed on his chest, making it almost impossible to move. The roaring in his ears was dying down and he could hear a crackling noise. Static. Words, cutting in and out. Who was that? The voice sounded panicked.

“Nightwi-...-port. Report. Co-...in, plea-...! Come in. Nightwing!” It was Bruce, Dick realized with a start. Bruce was calling out to him over the comms. Then it all came back to him in a rush. The beeping noise. The roof collapsing. Dust and pain and darkness. That must be the weight. The warehouse had fallen on him, was crushing him! Dick began to panic. He struggled under the pressure, beginning to hyperventilate. Then he stilled suddenly. Oh God. Jason. Jason had been in the building with him. How could he have forgotten?!

“Jason? Jason!?” Dick screamed into the darkness. “Di-...Dick! ANSWER ME.” Bruce. Dick had been ignoring Bruce in his panic.

“Bruce, the building, it...it collapsed, and Jason, Jason was with me, I don’t have a visual, Bruce please!” Dick gasped this all out in a jumbled rush. “Jason!” he screamed again.

“Alright, son, relax, just rela-...I’m on my w-... Ten minutes ou-...Hold on. I’m gon-...I...get you out,” Bruce said. He sounded so sure, so safe and confident. Dick, in his panic, didn’t notice the slight tremor in his voice. “Dick, I need a status report. Are you injured? A-...you in any pain?”

It was nearly pitch dark beneath the rubble, so he couldn’t see through the dust and gloom. But he didn’t need to see to figure this out. Dick exhaled shakily and gathered himself. Remember your training. First of all, he wasn’t completely crushed. It felt like there was open space around him, like an air pocket at the bottom of the ocean. And when he spoke...he could hear the noise bouncing off the walls, and therefore roughly gauge the size of the area. (Sometimes it paid to have a mentor who idolized bats—and taught you practical uses of echolocation.) Something must have been propping up the rubble, keeping it from flattening him under several tons of concrete. He tried to move his arms gingerly and felt rocks and dirt

shifting. Alright, all good there. He tried to move his legs and they seemed uninjured but trapped as well by the weight on his chest. Well he'd worry about that later. Now that he stopped to think, there was a pain in his abdomen, on the left side. And it felt...wet, like he was lying in a puddle. Crap. That probably wasn't from the broken pipe dripping above him... He relayed the information to Bruce. Other than that, the only other thing that seemed wrong was this pressure on his chest, like something was laying on him. Considering the building had fallen in on him, that wasn't surprising. But now that he was calmer, he realized it didn't feel like steel and concrete...

The last few moments before the collapse played back through his mind. The beeping noise. Jason turning back towards him, panic in his eyes. The boy sprinting towards him, tackling him. Falling backwards together. The world coming down around them. Jason's arms wrapped around him. Then blackness. Dick gasped loudly. He lifted his arms tentatively to feel the weight on top of him. His hands found leather. No, no, no. His hands moved higher. No... It was a body. That was the weight he felt. Jason was lying on top of him, protecting him from the brunt of the debris. Jason had tried to shield him from the blast. And now they were trapped together underneath a building.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

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

Dick gasped into his comms, “Bruce. It’s Jason. He’s here, he’s here with me, I, I don’t know if he’s...” His voice dropped off, cracking.

There was a long pause, a hiss of static. Then a clipped, “Status report.”

Dick breathed in as deeply as he could manage between the dust and the pressure. Okay. He could do this. Fumbling his hands up Jason’s body, Dick felt for injuries as best he could in the dark. Everything seemed okay. Intact. No obvious broken bones. Suddenly his hand met metal. There was something thin and metal jutting out of Jason’s left shoulder. Probably a piece of rebar. He tugged ever so gently but it didn’t budge. Feeling around the wound, his fingers came away wet. It was bleeding, though not a lot. If he had to guess, the piece of rebar was plugging the wound. Small mercies. As long as it stayed in, the boy shouldn’t bleed out. Due to their difference in stature, Jason’s head was resting on Dick’s chest. He ran his hand through Jason’s hair, finding matted blood, chunks of dirt and debris falling away as his fingers skimmed over the boy’s scalp searching for injuries. There was definitely a bloody wound on the back of his head, but the skull felt intact, no fractures as far as he could tell.

“Jason,” Dick said quietly. “Jason. Can you hear me?” He again tried to shift with a soft grunt, but he was trapped beneath the weight. “Jason,” he said more urgently. No response. He was more concerned about the head trauma now. Jason seemed unresponsive, though Dick could feel a faint heartbeat through their suits, chest to chest. He raised his hand and felt for Jason’s pulse at his throat. It was there, soft but steady. He relayed this info to Bruce, then, “What’s your ETA? I don’t know how long we can last down here.”

“I’m already on site. Digging through the rubble now. You’ll probably be able to hear me coming soon. You’re buried under quite a lot of debris though. It may take another half hour or so.” Dick could hear Bruce grunting and panting over the comms as he shifted beams and concrete. “Dick, how’s your injury? How are you feeling?”

Dick had almost forgotten about the pain in his side. He reached around, fumbling in the dark to try and feel out his wound. He didn’t seem to be bleeding that heavily. His fingers brushed against metal. Was there rebar in his side too? He grasped the metal that seemed to be jutting out of his abdomen and tried to follow it up. Maybe he could tug it out, or at least see if it was attached to something else, which would make things decidedly more difficult. Instead his hand immediately bumped into Jason’s chest. With growing panic, Dick realized that the same piece of rebar going through Jason’s shoulder was impaling Dick. They were literally pinned together.

Dick exhaled shakily. He was beginning to panic again, he could feel it. He tried to slow his breathing. After a few moments, slightly calmer now, he reached back as best he could with a pained grimace, trying to feel if it was coming out his back or attached to the floor in anyway. No exit wound. Well that was something. He reached around Jason’s shoulder and felt his

way up the metal jutting out of his back. It protruded about four inches only. Thank God for that. They had both been skewered through by falling debris but it was a single piece unattached to anything; they weren't trapped down here. They could be moved without dire consequences. Hopefully. Dick still didn't know if Jason had any other internal injuries he didn't know about.

"Bruce. We've got a wrinkle down here. We seem to be...slightly impaled. Uh...together. That might make extraction...tricky?" Dick waited for a response. He could hear Bruce breathing heavily on the other end of the line, grunting as he continued shifting rubble.

Finally: "It will be fine. I'll handle it. How's Jason?"

Dick again tried to rouse the unconscious boy. "Jason. Jason, please wake up. I need you to wake up buddy." Dick reached up and put his hand in Jason's hair again, stroking softly. "Jason. Please." With a soft groan, Jason stirred. "That's it, that's it. Wake up Jason." Jason coughed slightly, then yelped as he tried to move and the metal strained against his shoulder. Dick also gasped in pain as the rebar shifted inside him with Jason's small movement.

"Okay Jason, stop moving," Dick breathed out. "Stop!" Jason froze, still regaining consciousness but able to hear the urgency in Dick's voice all the same. Dick shuddered slightly and gritted his teeth. He swallowed and steadied himself. "Jason, can you hear me?" Jason coughed again and managed a grunt of affirmation. "Okay, the building collapsed but we're okay. We're trapped under some rubble but Bruce is already digging us out and we're gonna be fine. Do you understand?"

Barely audible, Jason muttered, "Got it." He huffed out a sigh and shifted again.

"Stop!" Dick grunted out. "Okay, buried the lead. We actually are in a bit of a predicament. A piece of metal is impaling us. As in both of us. Together." He paused, waiting for Jason to acknowledge this. Although their heads were inches apart, it was still too dark to see much of anything, so he couldn't tell what Jason's reaction was, if any.

After a moment, Jason snorted. "Seriously? God, my luck..." He wiggled and Dick tensed. "Sorry," Jason said. "I move, you move. Got it." A pause. "Am I...on top of you?"

Dick huffed out a laugh, which made them both grimace with pain. "That's what happens when you tackle someone and then a building falls on them. We're a rebar shish kebab buddy." He gave Jason a moment to let that sink in. He had sort of acknowledged that Jason had saved him but blew right past it. A heartfelt thank you could come later, when they weren't both in imminent danger.

## Chapter End Notes

Again, in my mind, this is set after season 2 but before Jason dies at the Joker's hand. So no claustrophobia or additional trauma from being trapped in his own coffin, in case anyone is wondering how Jason can be so chill through this.

Is anyone enjoying this? Want the rest of the chapters uploaded...?



# Chapter 4

## Chapter Notes

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

“Jason, listen to me. How do you feel? Are you injured anywhere else?”

Jason took a moment, assessing. Dick could feel him shift his arms and wiggle his toes. Really every little movement, Dick could feel. The rise and fall of Jason’s chest had matched his own since waking. He could feel the boy’s heart hammering inside his rib cage, the only real giveaway that Jason was scared.

“My head hurts, and my shoulder kills. Everything is sore but it doesn’t feel like anything is broken. Breathing is a little hard but I’m guessing that’s mostly the dust and the ceiling that’s on top of me.” A pause. “You?”

Dick reached down to feel around underneath him. The puddle of what he assumed was his blood, or maybe both of theirs mixed together, seemed a bit more substantial. Come to think of it, he was starting to feel a little lightheaded.

“I’m okay,” he said hurriedly. “Just, yeah, a little hard to breathe. Probably from the scrawny runt laying on top of me.” He felt a weak punch on his uninjured side.

“Watch it Dickwing,” Jason said with no malice. He sighed, lifting his head slightly from Dick’s chest before dropping it back down heavily. Dick grunted softly at the impact. They were both silent for a long moment. “How much longer we gonna be trapped down here?” Jason asked.

Suddenly they both heard noises above them. Things shifting. Bruce was getting close, digging them out with his bare hands. He would be here soon. It would be okay. Dick called out to him. Above, they heard a distant reply. Dust was trickling down steadily on them as Bruce shifted materials above their heads.

“Hope he doesn’t bring the rest of the building down on us,” Jason muttered acerbically.

“Report,” Bruce called out.

We’re okay,” Dick called back.

“Yeah, just lying around,” Jason chimed in. “Don’t worry, we won’t go anywhere.”

Dick marveled at how Jason’s sarcasm could remain intact even trapped under a building with a piece of metal sticking through him. The kid was incredibly resilient. Or just stubbornly smart-alecky to the point of idiocy. One of the two.

With a grunt and a small crash, Bruce burst through a hole in the ceiling and a beam of light shot into the space, blinding the two young men after so much time in the dark. Dust motes swirled thick in the air. Bruce quickly rappelled down to them and bent to assess the

situation. With light, Dick could see how pale Jason looked underneath all the dirt and grime. He was covered in small scratches and scrapes and blood trickled down his face from the wound on his scalp. Dick figured he probably didn't look much better. (He didn't.)

Bruce didn't speak, just got to work hurriedly sweeping debris and detritus off of Jason's back, shifting the loose gravel and soil that had settled over them; thankfully nothing too heavy. He then gently ran his hands over both his sons to assure himself there were no more unseen injuries. After he had convinced himself they weren't seconds from death, he crawled around to the other side of them to evaluate the rebar situation. Dick and Jason stayed still and quiet while he surveyed their condition. Bruce tentatively tugged on the metal, making both young men gasp.

"Sorry, sorry," he said hurriedly. Then he cocked his head, sat back on his heels and said with a sigh, "Well, I'm not sure I can get you both up there together the way you are now." Dick tensed. That would mean the rebar would have to be pulled out. There would be a good chance one or both of them could bleed out if the metal was tugged out and they weren't transported quickly enough. Jason seemed to have realized the same thing. He twisted his neck awkwardly to look up at Dick. Their eyes met. Dick saw his own fear reflected back in Jason's green irises. Then he tamped it down.

"Right, he said resolutely. "Pull Jason off first and get him back to the med bay. I'll wait here. The rebar will stay in so I'll be okay."

Bruce sighed heavily. "I'm afraid that won't work. I'm sorry Dick but I'd never get back here in time if I left you here. You've already lost too much blood. It's too risky. It'd be best to just yank this out, and then use my grappling hook to pull you both up at the same time. It's risky but together is our best shot. If I could, I would transport you both back with it still in, but Dick, it's dangerously close to your spleen and I fear that moving you together would jostle the metal too much. It would shift inside both of you and could cause much more extensive damage than it already has."

Dick could feel how still Jason had gotten while Bruce spoke. He was trying to play it cool but he was terrified. Dick was too. Their hearts hammered in tandem. He looked down at Jason and smiled reassuringly.

"Well then, we'll just have to tough it out, won't we Jason?" Jason stared at him, sheer panic in his eyes for a moment. Then he blinked rapidly and a mask of cold indifference slipped over his face. This was his defense mechanism, Dick knew. Well, whatever got him through this. Dick glanced over at Bruce and nodded. They were ready.

## Chapter End Notes

I know in this situation there would probably be a lot of profanity, especially from potty mouth Jason. But I don't swear, lol. So forgive that inconsistency.

Also, this injury stuff is absurd. I'm sure there'd be a better way to handle this medical emergency, but I do what I want! Lol.

And I made the space they were in bigger than is realistic because Bruce needed room to work. Ha

Comments and kudos are appreciated. Is anyone out there enjoying this or am I screaming into the void? ; )

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

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

Bruce stood up in the cramped space and strode over to the rope hanging from high above. He gave it a good tug then attached two clamps to his utility belt. He was going to harness his sons to himself, then release the catch on his rappel and in theory they should all be tugged swiftly back to the surface. He would have to be quick. So quick. Once that rebar came out, they might only have minutes before they bled out. He knelt down next to his sons.

“You ready?” he asked one more time. Jason squeezed his eyes shut and brought his hands up to cling to Dick’s shoulders. Dick snaked his arms up around Jason’s torso and wrapped him tightly. Dick glanced at Bruce and nodded again. Bruce grasped the top of the piece of metal coming out of Jason’s shoulder with one hand. With his other hand, he gently braced against Jason’s shoulder. And started to pull.

Jason whimpered and buried his face in Dick’s chest. Bruce tugged and the rebar began to slide out in small increments. Jason gasped and moaned, then screamed as Bruce pulled harder. Dick squeezed his eyes shut tight, both at the pain and the noises Jason was making. They were both trembling violently now. Dick could feel the metal sliding through his body, dragging against his insides. He was sweating profusely, gasping at the pain. Bruce kept pulling firmly and steadily, also sweating. He looked physically pained at the trauma he was putting his sons through, but he gritted his teeth and kept going.

“Almost there, almost got it,” he muttered. The rebar slid out of Dick’s abdomen with a wet squelch, eliciting a strangled groan from Dick. His hand fumbled for the wound, sluggishly trying to staunch the blood. Already he felt weaker, felt the blood pouring out now that there was nothing to block it. The puddle beneath him spread out steadily across the floor. Jason opened his eyes and turned his head as best he could, glancing down. Seeing the oozing wound, he released his death grip on Dick’s shoulder and pressed his hand to the hole. Dick arched and grunted in pain, but the bleeding eased. With a slurp, and a sharp yelp from Jason, the rebar came loose from his shoulder as well and there was an echoing clang as Bruce tossed it aside. Dick’s chest was immediately covered in blood as Jason’s wound also began bleeding much more rapidly. He felt the boy sag against him, his head dropping down, his grip on Dick’s wound loosening as Jason almost immediately began to fade from blood loss. Bruce lurched forward and swept Jason up in one strong arm, hefting Dick off the ground with the other and stumbled across the small space, their feet dragging behind them as they tried to remain conscious. He hurried to the dangling rope and clumsily attached their utility belts to his own.

“Hold on boys,” he murmured, then triggered the release mechanism and the three of them shot towards the sky.

## Chapter End Notes

This rappelling nonsense—I have no idea how batman's bat crap works so \*shrug\* LOL

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

I'm sorry these chapters are so short. I wrote it as one fic, and then split it up after. I know it sucks how little each section is though! Sorry!

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

It was only a ten minute trip at the speed Bruce was driving but still Dick was barely breathing when they arrived back at Wayne Manor, and Jason wasn't doing much better. The Batmobile was soaked in blood from where they were sprawled in the backseat; Jason propped up, Dick's head in his lap. Jason had tried to keep pressure on the wounds, one on Dick's abdomen, one on the exit wound on his own shoulder, but he had lost consciousness about five minutes out. Bruce had called Leslie en route and she should be there shortly. Until then, Bruce just had to keep the boys alive. He peeled into the Batcave's garage and drove right up to the door of the adjoining infirmary, barely throwing it into park before leaping out. Running around to the side, he scrambled to open the back car door and reached in, pulling Jason out first since he was more accessible. Glancing at Dick's still form, he lifted the limp boy and bolted to the infirmary. Luckily equipment was left ready to go for situations just like this. He laid Jason down gently on a bed and grabbed some gauze, stuffing it into the entrance and exit wound, then turned and grabbed an IV, inserting the needle quickly into Jason's arm and slapping a heart monitor onto his chest. As soon as he heard the first beep, he turned and raced back to the garage and Dick.

Dragging his taller son out of the car, Bruce slid his arms behind Dick's shoulders and under his knees and lifted with a grunt. He was really getting too old for this job, he thought absentmindedly. He rushed back into the infirmary, glancing over at Jason to make sure he was still alive. The steady beep consoled him enough to focus on Dick. He laid him down on the bed next to Jason's and ripped the Nightwing suit away from the wound, which was still bleeding steadily. Bruce grabbed more gauze. He pressed it against the wound and followed the same steps he had done with Jason. He just had to make sure both his sons were stabilized and then he could breathe. Leslie would be here soon. Dick's monitor read a tachy heart rate and Bruce knew he didn't have the skills to handle this. At that moment, he heard a car pull into the garage. He rushed to the door, almost barreling into Leslie who was running in.

"Thank God, Leslie."

"Tell me everything I need to know and stay out of my way unless I need you," said Leslie, brushing him aside and hurrying towards the boys.

## Chapter End Notes

I am not familiar with Leslie. I've seen her show up to help in medical situations in other fics, so I used it. Sparingly though, because again, I know nothing about her. Sorry if this brief mention butchers her characterization.

Also, I don't know where the infirmary is in the Batcave, so I put it adjacent to the garage, for convenience. ; )

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

Here it is! The conclusion. Thanks for the love! (Especially Callie, Martipuh, gravityisathing, Yoru\_Kira, EmpathyfortheDevil and MeowingFlame!)

Beep. Beep. Beep. Dick stirred. Beep. Beep. Groggily, Dick opened his eyes then squeezed them quickly shut against the too bright lights. Where was he? What had happened? He cast his mind back. The warehouse. The bomb. Jason. The rebar. The blood. He opened his eyes again with a start. Jason! Where was Jason? He lurched to a sitting position and gasped sharply at the sharp pain in his side. He felt hands on his shoulders, pushing him down gently.

“Easy, take it easy Dick, it’s okay.” Bruce. That was Bruce.

“Jason,” Dick rasped out, surprised at the state of his voice. He cleared his throat. “Where’s Jason?” Dick’s eyes finally focused in the bright lights, his eyes meeting Bruce’s kind, steady gaze hovering above him.

“He’s fine Dick. See for yourself.” Bruce gestured to his right and Dick glanced over to see Jason lying in the bed right next to his, heart monitor steadily beeping. He was asleep but he looked okay. A little pale, a little worse for wear, but clearly alive and breathing. Dick doubted he looked any better. (In fact, he looked much worse.) He relaxed back into his pillow, fists unclenching subconsciously.

“How long was I out?” Dick asked.

“Only a few hours,” Bruce replied. “You really should go back to sleep though. You need to heal,” he admonished gently. A pause, punctuated only with the soft beeping of two monitors, two hearts still beating in tandem. “You boys really scared me,” Bruce said softly.

“We’re okay,” breathed Dick. He was stunned. He really hadn’t thought they would both make it out.

“You mostly have Leslie to thank for that,” said Bruce with a small smile.

“But you got us out Bruce. You came for us. Thank you.” Dick grabbed the older man’s hand and squeezed. Bruce looked quietly pleased and squeezed it back. He reached across the distance and grabbed Jason’s hand.

“Both my boys safe. And together. I’ll admit I wasn’t sure it would happen again.”

“Well,” Dick said, “we were quite literally forced together.” He smiled, then sobered. “He saved my life Bruce. He protected me.”



“I guessed as much,” said Bruce. “Judging from the position I found you two in.”

“He’s family Bruce. We have to do better.”

“I agree,” Bruce sighed. “And we will. For now though, get some rest.” Bruce stood up and brushed his hand along Dick’s forehead. He rested it there gently for a moment then walked out of the room.

Dick turned and looked again at Jason’s sleeping form. His little brother. He would have to thank him. Sincerely. Jason could have run out of the building, but instead he ran towards Dick, towards danger. He almost died trying to protect his big brother. Dick sighed deeply, settling back into his pillow. His eyelids felt heavy, the trauma and fatigue of the past several hours dragging him back down. But he felt at peace. They were back together now. And they were both okay. They were gonna be okay.

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