

is that such a crime?

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by [likewinning](#)

Summary

Dick comes to visit and figures some things out.

Notes

for my fave ohmcgee, as most things are. <3

Dick thinks he must be nuts at first. He's staying in Gotham for a couple days, just taking some time off from the Titans and his own world of insanity. He's staying in his old room, which he figures, at first, is what's causing this. Old memories, being fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and *wanting* things he was never going to get. The posters on his wall, the smell of the laundry soap Alfred uses, the sun coming through the windows just before sunset each evening: everything has its own memory.

It's just that, he figures.

Except it's not.

They're in the kitchen when he first notices it. Batman and Robin are always close; are always a *part* of each other, so when they patrolled the night before Dick didn't really – think anything by it. But Bruce gave Alfred a few days off – ordered him to take them, really – which left the rest of them to fend for themselves in the kitchen, which led to Jason – in boxers, no shirt, a mess of bruises that *can't* have just been from fighting all over his torso – smacking Bruce with a spatula and demanding he get out of the kitchen and let him work before he burned something.

"You haven't even turned on the oven yet," Bruce says, smirking, and Jason smirks right back and says, "Well, no, I wouldn't, because to make pancakes you need the *stove*, Mr. *I'm-So-Rich-But-I-Can't-Handle-Toast*."

Dick starts to laugh, but then Jason and Bruce both look at him sort of bewildered like they forgot he was *there*, and Dick – feels a little hollow. They pay *too* much attention to him at breakfast, Jason yammering on about patrol tonight and Bruce just *looking* at him too often. He forgot what that gaze is really like, the intensity of it.

But he figures he's just imagining things; any people who live together too long can start to behave like a couple, and Jason's already going on sixteen, has been Robin for long enough. He figures that's *all*, except –

Except the teethmarks on Jason's spine that Dick sees when Jason leans forward to grab more cream for his coffee. Except when Jason gets maple syrup on his fingers and licks it off, and Bruce is practically *hoarse* when he says, "Use your napkin, Jay."

Jay smirks, and Dick figures he's just imagining the little tent in Jason's boxers when Jason gets up to clear their plates. Figures, until he looks over at Bruce and sees his gaze following Jason, and when Dick catches him, he clears his throat loudly and starts piling up everything Jason didn't already take.

Dick stays where he is for a minute, finishing off his orange juice and willing his dick to fuck *off*.

*

It's summer vacation for Jason, so while Bruce heads into the office, Jason drags Dick out to the pool and makes him do tricks underwater.

"Just 'cause I'm from the circus doesn't mean I'm some kind of circus *animal*," Dick says, after Jason makes him do a triple backflip. "This is abuse, kid."

"No," Jason says. He swims right up close to Dick. "But *this* kinda is." He grabs Dick's head with two big hands and dunks him in the water, managing to hold him there for at least ten seconds before Dick pops back up sputtering. Jason's gotten *strong*.

"Oh, you're *dead*," Dick tells him, and if Alfred were here he'd be horrified by the amount of time they spend trying to drown each other, horrified when they keep getting out of one side of the pool and running up the other – but it's just the two of them.

Eventually, they collapse back on the pool chairs, faces pink and eyes bloodshot from chlorine. Jason grins over at him, tanned and freckled from the sun, and says, "I win."

Dick snorts. "Hey Jase, anyone ever tell you you're a punk?"

"Only every day," Jason says. He yawns, stretches his arms above his head. "Wanna go watch TV?"

Don't you have friends to hang out with? Dick wants to ask him, but he knows that's mean, knows Jason's not the same as *he* was, keeping Dick and Robin separate, giving them both their own friends, their own lives. Jason is – Jason is Robin, mostly, only sometimes he wears a mask and sometimes he doesn't.

"Sure," Dick says. They pad into the house, swim trunks still dripping wet. "Let's get changed, and then I can make us some sandwiches for lunch."

Jason looks at him. "*You're* not allowed near the kitchen. Alfred's orders."

Those orders have pretty much been in effect since Dick was twelve, but he scowls. "And what makes *you* so special?"

"I dunno," Jason says. "Maybe the fact that *I'm* not a walking klutz?"

Dick doesn't know why he does it. He doesn't know why he *does it*, but one minute they're teasing each other like brothers are supposed to and the next minute Dick's pressing his thumb to one of Jason's bruises – marks, really, Dick's sure of it – and saying, "Oh, yeah? Then what are *these* from?"

Jason looks at him full on, no bullshit, meets his eyes and says, "You know who those are from."

"Oh," Dick says, and he blames his shivers on the fact that the house is an icebox and he's wearing wet trunks and not the fact that his hand is still on Jason's stomach, tracing water lines down to his shorts where Jason's – hard for him, no mistaking it.

They both look down. He knows, and Jason knows, but the question is –

"You gonna be as slow to make a move as your boss is?" Jason asks then. "Because in the meantime, *I'll* go make us some sandwiches."

"Jason," Dick stammers. "I'm not – he's not my boss anymore."

"Right," Jason cuts him off. "Go get changed. We'll watch cartoons and stuff."

If Dick takes a little longer getting dressed than necessary because he's jerking off in the bathroom *just like old times* - Jason doesn't say anything.

*

Bruce gets home after five, and they convince him to get takeout for dinner. "We could just go out," Bruce suggests, and Jason gives him a look. "I thought after last time –"

"Right," Bruce cuts him off. "Pizza?"

*

Patrol's normal again, or at least as normal as running around Gotham city in spandex *gets* most nights. Bruce has Dick and Jason split off from him for a while, but it's a quiet night, just a couple of dealers out on the street, one drug store robbery that they only jump in on because Jason gets *bored* so easily.

And, okay, so does Dick. Maybe hyperactivity is a prerequisite for this job.

It's worth it, though, getting to watch Jason move. He's not that scrawny toothpick of a thing; he'll never be able to do what Dick does, but what he has is speed and strength like Bruce, the ability to just take perps *down* like they're made of paper. It's funny to see someone so brutal in little pixie boots and green panties.

Funny, until Jason comes up to him after, a little bit of someone's blood on his cheek and asks, "Wanna take me home?"

He knows Jason means – knows he doesn't mean *that*, but then Bruce is in both their ears saying, "I'll be back soon, too. Go on ahead."

They climb on Dick's bike and Jason wraps his arms tight around Dick's waist. It's loud with the roar of the engine and the wind blowing in their face, but Jason's still talking, laughing, tilting his head up toward Dick's ear and pressing his body even closer when he does.

Dick drives faster. He changes out of his uniform and hits the showers like it's a race, is just about out by the time Jason gets in, and he blinks his gaze away and pretends not to notice that Jason's hard again. It's not unusual; Dick still gets like that from adrenaline sometimes, is pretty sure he always will. There's just nothing quite like it. But when he hears Jason start to make soft little sounds next to him, Dick makes a sound like he's choking and walks away.

He leaves Jason in the cave, and he hears Jason and Bruce come upstairs maybe half an hour later. Jason's yawning, still talking, and Dick hears the soft click of a door shutting – just *one* door.

*

The next day is more of the same. He and Jason hang out in the afternoon, and even though Jason doesn't make another comment like yesterday, it's still *there*. They eat leftovers for dinner, catch Penguin in an embarrassingly short amount of time, and then they're all home again.

Except Dick can't sleep.

Near four in the morning, there's a knock on his door and Bruce pops his head in. "May I come in?" he asks.

"It's your house, Bruce," Dick says. Bruce nods, but not like he really agrees, comes in and closes the door behind him.

"Jason says you've been acting a little odd lately," Bruce says. "I assume he means odder than usual," he adds, trying for humor, but that kind of thing rarely works on Bruce, and especially not *now*, when Dick is so worked up –

And then it just comes out, before he can stop it. "Am I?" Dick asks. "Because last I checked, Bruce, *I* wasn't the one fucking a sixteen-year-old –"

Bruce shuts his eyes, and Dick stops, wishing he could take it back. That's not the issue here, not really. God knows, the shit he got up to at that age – the things he would've *done* to be getting up to that with –

"It's," Bruce says. He opens his eyes, looks at Dick, and there's not a trace of Batman in him, just *Bruce*, the man who kept everything from crashing down on him, once. "I was going to say it's complicated, but that's – the wrong word."

"Yeah," Dick says. Bruce takes a seat next to him on the bed. "I'd say it doesn't look all that complicated. If it means anything you both seem – happy with it."

"Yes," Bruce agrees, and it makes Dick's chest hurt that Bruce would say it so readily, about someone who's not *him*. But then – "Dick, when you left I wasn't sure things would ever be all right again. And then Jason – he's not you, Dick. No amount of training will make it so. But he's..."

"You love him," Dick says.

"Yes," Bruce says. He looks to Dick as if to say *is that so wrong?*, and if Dick had an answer for that, he would've done something when he was sixteen, seventeen, *made a move* like Jason would say.

"Yeah," Dick says. "I think I do, too."

They're quiet, just sharing the space, and then Dick says, "Bruce, if I had ever..."

"Yes," Bruce says, not making him ask the whole question. "I never would have done anything, not unless you had – but if you had, Dick, I..."

His eyes are pleading and bright blue, mouth a worried line, and Dick wonders what it would be like to press his lips to that. "I'd still do anything for you, Dick," Bruce finishes. "You know that."

And he does, is the thing. Bruce can be a selfish, manipulative bastard, but he can also be – everything.

There's another knock on the door, and Jason steps in. "Are we sleeping in here tonight?" he asks. "'Cause I don't think this bed is big enough."

Bruce laughs, and Dick says, "Hey, Jay."

He's just wearing boxers again, and when he steps closer to them Dick sees that his nipples are hard and he has goosebumps on his arms from the cold.

"C'mere," Bruce says. He spreads his legs a little, and Jason steps between them, and Dick's brain all but fries when Bruce cups the back of Jason's head and pulls him down for a kiss. Jason moves into it eagerly, making little sounds as he tries to get the leverage to crawl into Bruce's lap.

"Oh, god," Dick says, and they both turn to look at him, Jason with one knee between Bruce's thighs, the other leg still hanging off the bed, his face already flushed.

"Bet he wants you to kiss him like that," Jason tells Bruce, and Dick starts to deny it, except it's *true*. He's never –

"It's okay," Jay tells him. He curls up on Bruce's knee, and Bruce's hand moves down to his side to hold him there.

"Dick," Bruce says. "Dick, this doesn't have to happen, if..."

"No," Dick says, and Bruce flinches, must think he means *hell no, this isn't happening*, but what he *means* is that he's waited long enough. "No, it does," he says, and then he sits up on his knees, puts his hands on Bruce's face and kisses him, and it's –

Somewhere, sixteen-year-old Dick Grayson is coming his *brains* out, and twenty-year-old Dick Grayson isn't much further behind.

"Oh, shit," Dick hears Jason say, somewhere between Bruce running his fingers over Dick's jaw and Bruce's tongue entering his mouth, somewhere between the soft groan Bruce makes against him when Jason starts rocking against his thigh like he has to do *something* at the sight of them.

"Well, now *I'm* jealous," Jason says, and he's looking at Dick like it's taking everything in him not to jump him, but Dick is – they can *do* this. He pats his lap, and Jason crawls from Bruce to him, and despite all that muscle he's still only a light weight on Dick.

His kiss is all eager, tongue and teeth and soft little moans when Dick takes his lip between his teeth and sucks. Dick feels Bruce's hand on his face, opens his eyes a second and sees him

touch Jason's bare shoulder, and then Jason's pushes him all the way back on the bed and just *mauls* Dick's mouth.

Dick laughs, panicked and happy all at once, and Jason finally lets his mouth go to look at Bruce. "You should fuck him," he tells Bruce. "And then me. Or maybe –"

Dick interrupts by way of his hand on Jason's dick through his boxers. "I want to suck you, Jay," he says. "Would you like that?"

Bruce shivers, licks his lips. "He loves that," Bruce says, and Jason nods in agreement, hand absently going to his chest and rubbing.

Jason strips off his boxers, and Bruce and Dick get their clothes off. Bruce lifts Dick into a sitting position, kisses *him* this time, stubble tickling the top of Dick's lip and his hands huge on Dick's sides.

"Are you sure?" he asks, and Dick nods, nods so hard his head hurts from it. "Yes," he says. "Bruce, if you had any idea –"

"Oh, he does," Jason says. He's laid out at the head of the bed, hand around his dick while he watches them. "Trust me."

Dick turns back to Bruce. "How – how do you want me?"

"Turn over," Bruce says. It's not a command; there's a *please* inherent in there somewhere. Dick lies on his stomach and spreads his legs, and he hears Bruce messing around in the nightstand before he finds the lube.

At first, Bruce is so gentle it pains him. He starts out slow, squeezing Dick's ass cheeks as he parts them, rubbing over his hole with one slicked up finger before he slides it into him. Dick watches Jason watch *them*, until Bruce bends his head down and licks at his hole and Dick's eyes roll back in his *head*.

"*Bruce*," Dick whines, and Jason says, "Oh, yeah. Forgot to warn you he *does* that. It's like torture, isn't it?"

"*Yes*," Dick agrees, as Bruce's tongue stabs deeper. The best kind of torture, like he's going to shake right out of his skin.

"One time," Jason says. "One time, he got me off just like that. Had me bend over the bed and just ate me out for what musta been *hours*. I thought I *died*."

"No one's dying," Bruce grunts. He kisses above Dick's hole, then slides two fingers in and crooks them, hits that spot and makes Dick *spasm*.

"God," he says. "*Bruce*. Bruce, please."

"Mm," Jason says. "Manners. I always just tell him to fuck me before he wakes up without vocal cords."

"*Jesus*," Dick says, at Jason's words and the third finger Bruce slips inside him. Then Bruce slicks up his dick, turns Dick onto his back, and Dick all but asks if he can stay *forever* because all he can really think about, besides this, is getting Bruce's cock in his mouth.

"Are you ready?" Bruce asks him, and Dick licks his lips before he remembers Bruce can't, actually, read his mind and then he says, "Yes. *Please*."

Bruce enters him slow, both hands on Dick's ass while Dick lifts his legs up to Bruce's shoulders, curling them around him. Bruce is *huge*, and Dick always knew that in theory, but *jesus*, he's never felt so full, so *right* in his life.

And then Jason makes it even better, crawls back down the bed and starts kissing him while Bruce picks up his pace, wraps his callused hand around Dick's cock and starts stroking him to the same rhythm as Bruce's thrusts.

This, Dick thinks, is how it's supposed to go. The three of them, this synchronicity, this is – this is better than Dick could've ever imagined.

"God," Jason tells him, moving to lick Dick's throat, leave him a bruise or two on his shoulders. "You're so beautiful. Makes me crazy, man. It's not *fair*."

Dick laughs, breathless from Bruce hitting that spot in him again and again and *again*. "You kidding, little wing?" Dick asks. "You're gorgeous."

"Maybe," Jason says. "Stay long enough, I'll steal your youth."

"None of that," Bruce says. He grips Dick tighter, balls slapping against him harder, the smell of flesh and sweat and sex everywhere. Bruce leans down to kiss Dick and Dick feels bent in half from how deep inside of him Bruce is, but he doesn't care, just kisses back eagerly and *giggles* when Jason nudges his way in between them.

He nearly blacks out when he comes. One moment Bruce is kissing him, pounding into him, and then Bruce is telling him how good he is, how much he's missed him, and Jason tugs his cock just *right* and he spills everywhere, all over the kid's hand, all over his belly.

Bruce keeps fucking him through it until Jason moves up the bed toward him, lifts his come-sticky hand to his mouth and then shares it with Bruce in a kiss. Then Bruce throws his head back and all but howls, pounds Dick's ass and spills into him.

"Man," Jason says, when Bruce pulls out of Dick and lies next to him on the bed. "*That* was amazing."

"Mm," Dick agrees. He kisses Bruce's broad chest, licks the sweat from his collarbone before he turns back to Jason. "But we forgot someone."

"Damn right you di – ah," Jason says, as Dick slides down his body, swallows Jason's cock like it hasn't been too long since he did anything like this, too long since he and Roy had a few too many beers and messed around.

Dick learned from the best, and so he gives messy head, the kind that leaves his lips swollen and come running down his cheek, but if the amount of *fucks* leaving Jason's mouth is anything to go by, Dick figures Jason doesn't mind.

He comes fast, fingers trying to pull all the hair from Dick's head, legs shaking from it, big toes curling up. Dick feels Bruce's hand on his side and he turns back to him, lets Bruce kiss the taste of Jason out of his mouth until Jason curls up behind him, rests his head on his shoulder and links his leg around Dick.

"Sleepy, Jay?" Dick teases, and Jason nods into him. "Sun's up," he mumbles. "Us vampires need our sleep."

"So go to your bed," Dick suggests.

"Mm, no," Jason says. "I'm claiming this one as my own."

Bruce laughs, kisses them both before he leaves for his own bed – there really *isn't* room for all three of them – but Jason isn't kidding. The next time Dick comes to visit, he's staked out this room as his own.

It kind of makes things easier, though.

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