

Summary: Bruce goes to a birthday party for Clark.

Categories: [Batman](#) Characters: Alfred Pennyworth, Bruce Wayne (Batman), Bruce Wayne/Clark Kent, Dick Grayson (Robin/Nightwing), Superman (Clark Kent)

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Angst, Brain-Insane, Complete, m/m

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

This is snippet for the Mpreg list's B-day drive. Yay us! No real warnings, other than it's part of an idea I'm kicking around. If I can devote time to it, it may flesh out, but don't bet the farm on that, kiddies.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Crystal

Chapter 1 by Crystal

"You should go to the party, Bruce."

"No, I shouldn't."

"Well, you can't hide forever."

"Watch me."

"Come on. Clark will be glad to see you."

"Well, this is mostly his fault."

Dick sighed. Bruce was at his most obstinate. "Bruce, you know that's not true."

"Did you come back from Bludhaven just to annoy me?"

The younger man grinned. "After all the trouble you gave me about not wanting to return to Gotham, this is the welcome I get. Besides, someone has to make sure you leave the cowl alone."

"I can be trusted not to..." he trailed off.

"To put your baby in danger? I know that, Bruce. I also know that it has to be the hardest thing you've ever done." He sat down on the couch next to the very pregnant Bruce Wayne. "I'm proud of you."

Bruce would have rolled his eyes, but he didn't want to seem as immature as he now looked. "It wouldn't be so bad, except this happened to *Bruce Wayne* in public."

"I know. As if it weren't enough that that maniac's machine actually did de-age you by 20 years, but it had to get Superman, who was trying to rescue you from the beam by the way, into the mix. And well...you know the rest."

Bruce sighed this time. "The press won't leave me alone."

"Well you're Gotham's most eligible bachelor, pregnant with Superman's child."

"It wouldn't be so bad except..."

"Except they found out that he was Clark Kent when he couldn't leave you alone once he found out."

"There's a reason why he's not allowed back in the mansion."

"He nag you too much? More than Alfred?" Dick grinned.

Bruce glared at him, although it wasn't as effective since he now looked about five years younger than his former ward. "I had to give up on my mission."

"Maybe this baby is your mission, Bruce. It's the one thing you never would have allowed yourself to have if you were still putting on the cape every night. But I understand, it still gives me the creeps every time the re-run that footage of Batman's death, and that's even knowing that it was J'onn pretending the entire time."

"It had to be done. The world may have accepted that Superman and Clark Kent were one in the same, but if they found out if I was Batman, I'd hate to think what would happen."

Dick stood up before he could start brooding. "Come on Bruce. It's time to go. The party has started."

"I'm not going." Bruce mumbled something.

"What was that?"

"I said I didn't buy him a present."

"Yeah, but I know you. Just because you didn't *buy* him anything doesn't mean you don't have anything for him. Besides, I saw the card." He helped Bruce to his feet, and walked over to the desk where the sealed card with 'Clark' in Bruce's elegant script written on it. He turned to see Bruce putting on his coat, and grinned. "I see the tailor you've hired has had no problems accommodating you."

"For what I'm paying him, he shouldn't." Bruce Wayne still looked stylishly good, even if he was six months along and showing.

"Good. I would have hated to see you buy one of those horrible maternity dresses with a bow on the front." He knew he was pushing it.

"Dick?"

"Yeah, Bruce?"

"There will come a day very soon when I'm not pregnant any more, and then, I'll be younger than you with all of the experience of my old self."

That wiped the grin right off Dick's face. Bruce would do it, too, just to prove a point. "Point taken. Shutting up now."

"Thank you."

Alfred was waiting patiently for them as they exited the mansion to be driven to the club where Clark Kent's birthday party was in full swing.

As soon as they arrived, Bruce was wishing he'd just stayed home like he'd planned. This was a bad idea. It was too late to make a hasty retreat, though, he'd already been spotted. What was

that kid's name... Jimmy?

"Wow, Mr. Wayne, so glad you could make it. Clark's been antsy all night." He pulled Bruce along to the table where Clark was sitting with his former editor. Lois was nowhere to be seen, a fact for which Bruce was grateful. She'd been the one to file for divorce, but still seemed like a victim in the eyes of the press, and she'd done nothing to dissuade them from that notion.

"Bruce," Clark's easy grin fell on him, and he definitely wanted to go back out the way he came. He didn't know how to handle this man anymore. So much had changed.

"Clark," but before he could say anything else, a large cake was being wheeled in, lit with flickering candles. The traditional birthday song was being sung, and Bruce surveyed the room, and noticed that most of the JLA was in attendance. Their eyes met briefly, but since they couldn't openly acknowledge him, they all looked away quickly.

As soon as the cake cutting had been done, presents were next. Bruce had absolutely no intention of giving his "gift" in front of so many people, but Dick pulled the card out of his hand before he could protest. "Here, Clark, this is from Bruce."

Everyone hushed, wanting to see what the boy billionaire would give the father of his child. Clark smiled at him reassuringly, but it did nothing to ease Bruce's nerves. Clark opened the card, read the front, and then opened the card to pull out a picture print out.

People close enough to see what it was gasped, and Clark's face held a look of awe. He reverently held the ultrasound photograph in his hand. The inside of the card read 'Happy Birthday, Clark. This is your son.'

The end

[Back to index](#)

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