

Summary: Dena give her take on some recent events in her life

Categories: [Batman](#) Characters: Bruce Wayne (Batman), Bruce Wayne (Batman)/Dick Grayson (Nightwing), Dick Grayson (Robin/Nightwing), Original Character(s)

Genres: Slash

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

Challenges: None

Series: Truth's and Late Night Musing

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Story Notes:

Many lovely thanks to Bertina, {{kisses sweetly, you are my greatest fan friend. you kick my ass when i need it and blow me sweet butterfly kisses for encouragement.}} Thanks to 'rith for making sure i didn't completely destroy these lovely characters, and dee dee for giving their unabashed opinion.

## 1. [Chapter 1](#) by PurpleWaterlili

### Chapter 1 by PurpleWaterlili

A night of fitful tossing in bed had led to Dena's covers forming an entangled lump at the bottom of her bed. At first she didn't mind the slight chill of the room, it felt good against her delicate skin, she was used to her Daddy coming in and cuddling her back between the blankies and sheets. But he didn't come this time, and the comfortable chill soon became a nagging annoyance pulling her out of sleep.

Waking groggily she pulled herself up into a kneeling position in the middle of the bed, she sat for a few moments on bootied feet. "Daddy." Her call went unanswered so she slid off the bed. She fumbled on the floor for her slippers, her room was very dark but she was never afraid of the dark. Putting on her slippers she made her way around her toys heading to her Daddy's room, but bumped into the closed door. Daddy never closed her bedroom door, opening the door and jumping twice smacking her palm where the light switch ought to be to turn the light on in his room. She kept her eyes shut for a while before slowly allowing the bright light filter through her fingers held up to her eyes. "Daddy. Daddy." She still called to him knowing that if he had been in the room, turning the light on would certainly have aroused him, and he would have called to her first.

When her eyes finally became accustomed to the light, she let her hand fall and she walked over to his bed. His bed was unmade and she clambered in, sure he would be back to bed in soon. Pulling the covers up around her, she smiled. She liked Daddy's bed. Their new apartment was really cool; she liked living in Gotham so far. There was so much to see and do, and Grandpa Alfie lived near there. Well that's what Daddy told her but she hadn't seen his house yet but he promised her he would take her there. She liked most of the things about Gotham, but it got so cold sometimes. Tomorrow she'd have to go walk to school through the snow though, so that could be fun. She preferred her old school though; it made her sad sometimes that she wasn't with all her friends. She met friends at her new school, some that she really liked too but they all knew each other for forever and she felt really weird with some of them. Classes at her new school were really tough. Dena wasn't sure if she liked that very much, they always had special projects. She did like the uniforms though. In Bludhaven she liked to see other little girls in their uniforms. Now she was going to Carol Shepherd Academy, she had to wear her pretty blue dress with the teeny patch with the picture of a funny animal she had never seen at the zoo and the her school name under it and other letters that didn't make any sense to her at all - she could read from the time she was 3 and a half. Even daddy didn't understand them but Grandpa Alfie knew them; he said they were Latin, but they were too many letters to be Latin, that only had 5 letters L-a-t-i-n. Grown ups were really silly sometimes. Realising her Dad still had not returned, she guessed he was working in the office downstairs. She liked to sleep on the couch down there with him while he worked. He would always tuck her back in when he was done. She decided she'd go check on him. Slipping off the huge bed, she headed downstairs, tiptoeing so she

wouldn't wake Mrs. Seagram who didn't like when she was up so late. Making sure she didn't make the slightest noise and, staying close to the shadows covered wall, she crept downstairs. At the foot of the stairs she couldn't see any light coming from under the office door but from the kitchen she could hear voices. Remembering that Batman had paid a visit sometime that night she stealthily eased closer to hear what was being said. Crouching behind the plant in the giant pot in the halfway down the hall, she listened.

She knew the voices; Daddy was talking to Uncle Garth. She peeped in at the two, Garth was angry. Uncle Garth always talked so softly and gently even when he was angry, but he never really got angry a lot, so something pretty bad must have happened, she rationalised. Her Daddy was angry too. She didn't like when they were angry, before she and her Dad came to Gotham, he and Uncle Garth used to be angry a lot too. Then Uncle Garth went away, her Daddy was really sad when he was gone. He always said he was ok, but she knew he was sad. He hated crying but sometimes late at night she used to hear him sobbing himself to sleep. He was sad for a really long time. He wasn't sad like that now, though. He liked living in Gotham and she liked her Daddy happy. She missed Uncle Garth but why did he have to come back and make Daddy unhappy again?

Dena tried harder to understand what they were arguing about. She couldn't hear every word, sometimes they talked in tiny whispers, but from what she heard they were arguing over her. Dena didn't like that, she always tried to be a good girl, even when she didn't want to, like when Sally Matheson put gum in her hair the very first day of school, she wanted to hurt Sally so much but Daddy would have been so mad at her if she fought at school. That gum was a really big wad and it took forever to get out, she was afraid Daddy would have had to cut her hair, she didn't like Tiffany Matheson at all after that, but she always tried to be good, always.

As she listened some more she realised it wasn't her they were arguing about but the man Daddy had always told her was her other Father, Bruce Wayne, or maybe they were talking about Batman. It took her a few more minutes to figure out that they were the same person.

She felt quite proud of herself for finding out the identity of the Gotham's Dark Knight, but it was fleeting. She knew lots of lots of heroes. Uncle Garth was Tempest, Uncle Wally was Flash, Auntie Donna was Wonder Woman and once she even met Superman. Dena had seen many pictures of her Dad Bruce Wayne, she thought he was very handsome and sooo tall. He had even been on the TV news and stuff, he was a very important man. Her Daddy didn't like talking about him; Dena knew that and tried not to ask too many questions. He would get sad whenever she asked too many questions. It was ok, though, because Grandpa Alfie liked to tell her about her other Father and the things he used to do when he was a little boy. Grandpa Alfie liked her other Daddy a lot. Dena had decided a long time ago she liked him too and wanted to see him. She told her Daddy that, but she thought it only made him sadder.

Uncle Garth didn't like her other Dad - he called him names and said he had hurt her Daddy. Dena was shocked. She didn't think she could like her other Father if he hurt her Daddy, but her Daddy still liked Bruce Wayne. Dena could never like someone who hurt her, how could her Daddy still like him? She hid in the dark listening to her father try to explain to Uncle Garth. Her other Daddy treated her Dad really well sometimes; she wanted to laugh when her Dad said he felt like Cinderella with her other Dad. Dena listened to the rest of what was being said but only became more confused as they went on, and she was getting sleepy again. Her Daddy wanted her to meet her Dad so she guessed he couldn't be a bad man, her Daddy would not let any bad men hurt her. Secure in that knowledge, she kept hidden waiting for a chance to creep back upstairs unseen. Her Daddy would be mighty angry if he found out she was eavesdropping. When her Uncle and Daddy hugged, Dena snuck away. Reaching her Dad's room, she climbed into bed cuddling up as best she could.

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Separating Richard wiped at Garth's tears, which were spilling down his cheek, and then he pressed his soft lips against each closed lid. "I'll always love you too." His voice was hoarse. "Come, you can stay in the guest room, I know Dena will be thrilled to see you in the morning." He tried to bring some cheerfulness to the situation, but it was a hopeless attempt.

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