

Summary: Bruce finds out Richard's secret i quite hate the name Dick, I'm sure he must too.

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

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Challenges: None

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Story Notes:

Firstly Many, many thanks to my Beta the lovely Bertina. kisses darlin'

Next this is the product of much obsessing and no sleep. giggles I wrote this all in one night so be gentle, and none of the blame is Bertina's

Well i dont' read the comics i just watch my nephew does tv. There was a curious break in the show where Dick Richard Grayson/the original Robin gets pissed with his guardian and leave Gotham. The show never said for how long. But there is a space there of months or years where he is away. When he does return he no longer wants to be in Bruce's shadow but even if he wanted to there was a new Robin in town. So he returns to Gotham but not to Bruce. He has a completely different image he has finished university and has studied may different fighting styles supposededly on his travels of the world, and he has a new alter ego Nightwing.

That should help those of you who don't know the show.

OK here is an important part. This is my first story where i actually go into the medical hoopla ... what little of it i could muster into the story so i'd like lots of feedback on that part please. Thanks you PW

Now on to our little story.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by PurpleWaterlili

Chapter 1 by PurpleWaterlili

All around the large bedroom lay the remnants of Nightwing's combat suit. He couldn't believe how very close he had come that time to losing he grip on that ledge before he could knock Bane out with that new tranquilliser combination. He wiggled into his jeans, thankful he'd made it home another night. The poisonous snake that had coiled in his stomach slowly unwound. He trembled as he washed his face, standing to look at himself in the mirror. His hair was out of the band that held it back. It's smooth shiny ebony slipped down around his damp face.

"God, Dena, why do I do this?" he asked, pivoting around from the mirror, he made a beeline to the door to the adjacent room. Leaving the door ajar so he didn't need to switch on any lights, he manoeuvred around the miniature furniture. Putting the Barbies up and placing them in an empty little rocking chair and placing the colouring books on the shelf, he made his way to the small bed in the middle of the room. Kneeling beside it, he kissed the 5 year old's forehead.

"I do it for you, darling one. To keep you safe." He answered his own question. She rustled around a bit, her eyes opening and focusing on his dark frame as he blocked the light.

"Daddy?"

"Pumpkin."

"Love you."

"I love you too, baby." Dick picked up the lil bundle, swaddled in her comforters, Paddington bear tucked tightly under her arm. He sat in the rocking chair beside her bed.

"Are you sad, daddy?"

"A little."

On hearing that two chubby lil arms worked their way around his neck and cuddled against his chest.

"You'll be happy soon?"

"Your lil huggles make me happier already."

"Good." Was the last thing she said before slipping back into her sleep as he gently rocked his precious bundle.

Dick felt the twinge of guilt for waking her but he'd almost died tonight...he needed to reassure himself of his world and he hung onto to her so tight he didn't hear the advance from the other room.

Batman had seen the final scuffle between Bane and Nightwing. They all had, but all of them were too far to help him as he dangled from the edge. He felt his heart leap from his chest at the thought of Robin...no, that was a lifetime ago...Nightwing ... Nightwing could have fallen to his death before him tonight. He was lucky and Batman, Robin, and Batgirl all knew that.

That's why he came over here tonight. He had to talk to Richard. There were things that needed to be said and he wouldn't wait for the younger man to come him anymore.

He came into the penthouse apartment the same way the owner had, slipping through a window in his bedroom. The room was neat, much neater than he'd expect the young man to have been on his own. Then he did the silent calculations again, realising Richard wasn't the young boy who left him almost 6 years ago. He saw what remained of the Nightwing outfit strewn around the room no doubt, the young man in his anxious state tossed them around once he was in the security of his home.

One door that lead to the bathroom was opened as well as the other on the opposite side of the room. From where he stood he could tell that no one was in the bathroom. So he slowly, cautiously, made his way to the other room. It was dark inside but as he came closer he noticed a few items. A few somewhat strange items, a table with a few stuffed toys holding conference around it, a small rocking horse, all white, though it seemed to have a few stickers of pink and purple covering the seat. Then he saw Richard, well he could only guess it was Richard; he had never seen him with his hair quite like that. It had grown so long, spilling over his shoulders to the midpoint of his back. From what he could see, he was holding some blankets in his lap, rocking gently in a white rocking chair a larger copy to the one he had seen before that had about a dozen lil plastic dolls sitting in it. Richard leaned over and placed the blankets on the bed gently as if they carried something more cherished than gold.

"Richard," Batman muttered, confused. Richard jolted back from the tiny bed in shock. The rage he exuded was palatable from where Bruce stood.

"Get Out."

"Richard."

"Get Out this instant."

"Daddy."

"It's okay Pumpkin. You go back to sleep." Again Richard was attending to the occupant in the bed. "Shhhh it's ok. Go back to sleep darling."

"Daddy who is that? Is that Uncle Garth, Daddy?"

'It's just a friend.'

"Batman is a friend."

Richard had to smile at the sharp wit of the sleepy child. "We'll talk about this tomorrow, Dena. Now please go to sleep."

"K, Daddy," she agreed.

Richard stood by her bed a moment ... stiffened his shoulders and steadied himself for what would follow.

Making sure she was at least relaxed enough to slip into sleep, he left closing her door quietly behind him.

He looked at Bruce as he stood near the centre of the room with his cowl pulled back behind his head.

"The living room," he ordered, but Bruce just continued to look at him and he realised the older man would have no idea where that was.

He started through the 3rd door in the room and along the corridor and down the flight of stairs down to the modestly decorated living room.

"Richard...Who was that ... she called you daddy."

"What are you doing here?"

"I ... came to see if you were ok."

"Well that is a first. Bruce you shouldn't have come."

"I'm sorry I ... Richard I ... she called you daddy." Richard wished this could have been on better terms it wasn't often that Bruce Wayne babbled, but he found absolutely nothing humorous in his friend's predicament.

"You never looked for me Bruce. Finding me then would have been almost as easy as finding me now. You could have found me. We both know that; but you didn't."

"What are you talking about Dick?"

"You could have found me. If you cared, it would have been imperative that you did, but you didn't. Not once did you come find me."

"Dick, that was a long time ago."

"Yes it was."

"Dick, I don't understand this ... that child in there, who was that? She called you Daddy."

"I am her father. I'm the only one she knows."

"Damn you Dick, you had no right. No right."

"No, Bruce, you have no right. When you decided you didn't care what happened to me you gave all rights to ..."

"Our child."

"Never ... she's mine Bruce. I carried her ... alone...do you have any idea how scared I was? Do you? Can you even imagine? I was 19 years old Bruce. I was a kid and I was alone and I was far from the only place I called home and I was pregnant." Richard paced like a caged Siberian tiger threatening to strike out at any given provocation. Bruce tracked his progress. He seemed to be muttering to himself softly when Bruce finally ventured to go on.

"How was I to know ... I couldn't know, Richard?"

"You didn't want to know, Bruce." His eyes shone as they pierced straight through Bruce, chilling his heart. "After that night we spent together, you were so disgusted with me you wanted to cut all ties, and you did. I was still in that house with you but you weren't there. You avoided me for weeks. I couldn't take it anymore. I felt dirty ... I felt used, Bruce, like a whore. I couldn't stand being there with you knowing you couldn't stand being near me...knowing how I made you feel about yourself. I had no choice, so I left. I gave you the space you needed. But you never got over it, did you? You never got over the way being close to me made you feel- you didn't want me anymore." Silent tears slipped down his cheek. "By the time I gave up on you coming to find me I was already 4 months pregnant. I couldn't sit back anymore and hope for you to come rescue me. I had Dena to worry about. I got a job working on bikes in a small garage during the day and at night I worked in a small grocery store and in what free time I had, I wrote articles for an online magazine. I had to keep busy ... I couldn't let myself think about you or my life in Gotham. I also had to pay the bills. I was determined not to use your money. I wanted nothing to do with you the way you wanted nothing to do with me.

"But..."

"But ... I got sick. I've never been sick a day in my life and the one time I needed my health more than ever I was sick - the heat was off in my apartment for a few days, it was the dead of winter...I was exhausted. I was so scared ... I called Alfred. At least I knew he cared about me."

"I cared, Dick. I care." Bruce advanced, his arms spread wide to hug the tearful young man.

"Don't talk. I don't want to hear you and don't you dare touch me." Richard backed away from Bruce as he yelled at him. "Alfred found me just in time. I collapsed in exhaustion when we reached the er. I almost lost Dena in the fall." Dick's voice was a grave whisper.

"Dick..." Bruce sat down in shock as Dick glare silenced him.

"Alfred would have given me money but I hadn't the heart to take his money. By then I was so angry with myself; pride didn't matter anymore, all that mattered was Dena. So I started tapping into the trust fund thought it only fair the money you gave me should be used to safeguard our daughter's life. I used it to pay the bills. Alfred made sure I got a better apartment and made me quit working at the garage and the store. I wasn't thinking about you anymore, when I wasn't busy, I was thinking about her. My life revolves around her. Alfred would come every few weeks to check up on me. He was quite upset he missed the birth."

“You were alone? I mean when...”

“Yes, just me and the doctors ... but it was ok ... it was worth it. I had my lil girl in my arms. She was so beautiful. It was 14 hours of labour. Since it was a male birth, they prefer to allow the baby to move into the right birthing position so there would be the minimum of organ realignment once she was removed.” Richard finally sat. In a terribly plush over stuffed high backed chair near the fireplace. There were a few books and magazines on the table beside it, and from what Bruce could see, the top one was Suess’s Lorax. The one beside it had a huge picture of Elmo on the cover. He let his mind imagine Richard as he had seen him upstairs - his precious daughter held close reading to her by the fire on chilly Gotham nights. He felt horrid that Richard had gone through his pregnancy alone, but more and more the resentment he wish he could hide was riding higher in his chest, threatening to break through and kill him.

“They let me hold her the moment she was removed from me. Was born with hair black like mine, they said it wasn’t that common for a child to be born with so much hair as she had. It lay slicked to her head. The first thing I thought was how much she looked like your mother. She had your will too-she gave them quite a scare refusing to cry when they spanked her. They cleared her nose and wiped her clean even as she lay on my chest then wrapped her in a lil pink receiving blanket, only her red face peaking out. The nurse placed her to my nipple right there in the delivery room as they closed me up. I looked down at her and I was in love.”

Bruce closed his eyes feeling guilt as he realised desire was the central emotion that crackling through him at the thought of Richard breast-feeding their child. He had no idea that it would have been an effect of the MPO {male propagation operation}.

Dick had been a teenager. A scientist at Wayne Industry had found a means by which men could carry children. Initial procedures required the male having to return to the MPO clinic for implantations of embryos. By the time Dick was 17 they had perfected new techniques where a single pseudo ovary is also implanted along with a pseudo uterus perfected earlier to which was attached blood vessels to a section of lower bowel. The introduction of the tiny pseudo ovary allowed there to be only one dangerous operation since the male would now be gifted with eggs which had the initial donor’s DNA removed and their own from their sperm added. The most difficult part of the surgery was the making of the short shaft to connect the uterus and the patient’s rectum. It was cut from a length as large intestine. An opening was made 4 inches up from the anus to the section of large intestine approximately 8 inches long to the pseudo womb. Lastly a thin membrane was stretched over the beginning of the new canal. Bruce remembered Richard’s 3 weeklong stay in hospital. He knew how much the young man hated hospitals and knew his Alfred’s visits were the only thing that kept the young man sane back then.

“I wish I had been there for you.”

“The first time she finally cried was when she was taken from me to be placed in the nursery,” Dick continued as he stared off in the distance behind Bruce. His demeanour completely changed as he sat cool as cucumber. “It was just me and Dena and we took care of each other. Then for her first birthday Alfred sent us both a gifts; a picture of us ... you and I, Alfred, Barbara, and the commissioner, for Dena. For me he sent registration forms for Metropolis University. I got the message but it was hard to be away from her. It still is. You have no idea how hard it was to leave her with strangers while I went to school. To hear her scream Daddy each morning I left or to have her cling to me begging me not to go. I could barely concentrate on my classes, then I’d come home just to be with her, nothing else mattered during our time together. I was sure I’d flunk out; even when she was asleep, I’d just watch her breathing to make sure she was ok. But I kept at it...I’ve never done anything so hard in my life.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Just go away, Bruce.”

“Dick, she’s my daughter too.”

“I know ... She knows.”

“She deserves to know who I am. Not just pictures in a scrap book.”

“She deserved to have you there when she said her first words, when she got her first tooth, and took her first steps, When she started to wear big girl panties, or when she woke up with a nightmare and needed to be cuddled back to sleep. She also deserved to have you there from the non-moments - the teething and the late night feeds, the diaper changes and tantrums. I couldn’t bring myself to come back here and face you. So now I get to feel guilty that I robbed her of having you then. That’s the real reason I came back. I just...I couldn’t ...” He stammered. “This town holds too many memories and most of them aren’t good anymore. I can’t tell you how many times I wanted to tell you, but there was always something, or someone. I didn’t plan it to happen like this. But I’m glad you know now, but understand this, Bruce, I can never trust you again and it will take a hell of a long time for me to trust her with you. She’s all I have.” His eyes finally focused on Bruce.

“I understand.”

“No you don’t and you never will.” Richard’s voice was aloof as he dismissed Bruce’s comment.

“Damn it, Dick, give me my moment now. You’re right. I shouldn’t have let you leave and stay away like I did. But I swear to you on my mother’s grave I thought it was what you wanted.”

“What I wanted. I needed you, Bruce, and I was alone. Even when I was still at the manor you cut me off emotionally. Then all that stuff you talked about how much of a mistake it was. I couldn’t stay here. Bruce, do you know how much I you hurt me?”

“I know now,” he said, raising from his chair and moving over to kneel before Richard.

“No ... don’t touch me. Don’t you dare ever touch me like that again!”

Holding his hands up in surrender, he backed off a bit. “I’m sorry, Dick.”

“I’m sure you are especially, now you know about Dena, but I’ll never let you get close to my heart again, Bruce. You have Timmy now. I hope he makes you happy.”

“Timmy? Timmy... what does Timmy have to do with us?”

“There is no us. Hell, there was never an us ... just a night, a single night you bitterly regret. I won’t let that be my daughter’s legacy. I hope you found what you needed in Timmy.”

“Dick, I’m not in a relationship with Timothy. I’m not in a relationship with anyone...”

“This I don’t need to know.”

“Dick, there hasn’t been anyone but you,” Bruce said as he knelt close to the young man again. Holding his hands he held together in his own, he placed a tiny kiss on Richard’s upturned left wrist. In agitation, Richard jumped to his feet, kicked the kneeling man at his feet across the room slamming him into the wall with a loud crash.

“I told you not to touch me,” he announced as he began pacing again as Bruce recovered while sitting on the floor.

"Mr Grayson, what was that cacophony?" A medium build lady in her 40's stepped out on the landing of the stairway.

"Its ok, Mrs. Seagram. You can go back to bed. I'm sorry for the noise. Will you check in on Dena on your way in?"

"Of course, Mr. Grayson." She left with a slight shuffle of her slippers and rustle of layers of bedclothes.

Richard turned back to Bruce who stood in the shadows, his voice all but a hushed whisper. "I would have come back when Dena was born. I thought I owed you that much. That's when Alfred told me. He knew it would break my heart to see someone else sleep in my bed, wear my suit, fight by your side. I don't know if Tim is or isn't your lover but you can never tell me he wasn't my replacement in your life."

"Dick..." Bruce was getting to his feet and moving towards Richard.

"You touch me again and I throw you through that window next."

"Fine ... I'll stay over here. You were hurting, so was I, Richard. You were a part of my life for so long. You made me do something I thought I was incapable of. You made me care, you made me love you. No. You didn't make me love you ... I just did. I didn't want to. God knows I didn't but I did. When you first moved here I knew there would be gossip. I had no reason to take in a young boy. I looked at you and I saw myself Dick I saw all that anger, rage, resentment and I knew I couldn't just let you slip away into Child Services. The chances that you'd find what you needed there were slim. All those emotions you had churning in you so close to the boiling point, if I didn't channel it you could have gone to the other side. Timmy was the same."

"I thought so."

"Damn it, Dick, you aren't listening," Bruce said through gritted teeth.

A dry rueful laugh erupted in Richard. "I must have learnt it from you."

"Well listen to me just this once. Richard, I loved you, I love you still. I feared being near you because I felt I did sully you. I stole your innocence. That night...God I've lived it over and over in my mind. Every nuance is incised into my very being. Only two things haunt me at night, Dick, the murder of my parents and that night we shared. Then your letter...I never felt such loss. I wanted you back but how could I go after you?"

"If you loved me how could you not?"

"I stole your innocence."

"I saved myself for you Bruce. I gave myself to you. Sometimes I used to wonder why; why bother, he'd never want me. I saw those that caught your fancy. I knew I could never compete but I had hoped. Just maybe ... just maybe he'd see how much I loved him. Then he'd love me and want me and I'd be his for the rest of my life. That night when you held me in your arms, we made love to each other and I let you in me. I let you touch me there and open me to you. I gave myself to you. Then." His voice fell. "You weren't there the next morning."

"Dick, that's not true I was right there."

"Yes, I guess YOU were, but that wasn't the man I loved that was there in that bed. It was someone else, someone who couldn't bear to look me in the eye. I looked in your eyes and all I saw was rejection and the horror of what you felt at what we had done."

“Dick, that was regret.”

“I know it was, and if I could have died there on that spot, laying next to you the bedding warm around me, I would have. I loved you so much and to see the rejection in your eyes...”

“I am sorry.” Bruce said slowly with every ounce of his being pouring out with each word. “And as for the pregnancy, I never thought it would be a possibility. I never thought it would happen like that.”

“Why not Bruce? You knew I had the operation. You must have known, you ... I mean ... I felt the membrane break. I saw the look in your eyes when you realised I was a virgin, Bruce.”

“I’m sorry. I couldn’t help myself. When you decided to have the operation, I only went along with it because Alfred pressed me on it. You were 17, you were sure in your sexuality, more sure than I ever was then. I would have said no and let you wait until you found the one you wished to be with, but Alfred...he argued your case, saying there would be less trauma if the operation was done when you’re young so there would be less disruption to your life. You’d heal better and faster, and it would allow you time to become comfortable in your body. When I realised I was the first man you’d ever been with, I was so proud. My precious, Richard...I wasn’t thinking about the repercussions, but later that night they descended upon me and tortured my sleep.”

“I had saved myself for that night for so long...I knew the membrane was synthetic and purely aesthetic but it meant a lot to me. I felt you enter the new shaft sinking ever deeper into me.”

“You cried.”

“It hurt, you jackass.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t say that again. Please, no more apologies. Don’t you know how much that cheapens what we had? I gave myself to you and you say your sorry. And every time you say it my heart crumbles some more because it’s all I had. I left and all I took with me were those memories. Those brief moments you call your most dishonourable was all that kept me warm all those months pregnant and alone. Even if you wanted nothing to do with me, I took those moments with me. And late at night...” Richard stopped as Bruce continued.

“You lay there, your eyes closed and it happened all over again. The kisses ... the breathe upon your face, the hand that held you close where there again. And your passions burnt bright through your memories and for a brief moment you recaptured that night.” Bruce was standing mere inches from him as he spoke.

Dick had turned from him and walked away trying to make as much distance between them as he could. He was standing near the mantel fingering the frame from some photo Bruce couldn’t see from where he sat on the floor. He rose softly and walked over to the softly sobbing man.

“I did that too, Richard.” Bruce felt defeated as he watched the long muscled back with strong shoulders that tapered to the waist. “Richard, I swear to you I never meant to hurt you. I only stayed away because I thought being close to you would hurt you all the more. I knew Alfred was meeting with you. If ever he thought you were in danger he would have told me. That is the only thing that kept me sane. I had to believe that.”

“Nowhere in your mind did the thought ever dawn on you. Not ever. You sighed off on the operation, you must have known a pregnancy could have been a possibility.”

“A possibility of it yes, but I never thought more than a second on it, it just flickered though my mind. All I really knew was that I hurt you with my regret.”

“Your Rejection.”

“I wanted to go to Metropolis and drag you back here kicking and screaming.”

“You should have ... I was alone Bruce. I wanted to be found. I wanted you to come for me and you never came.”

Bruce watched as Dick tossed his hair over his shoulder. His cheeks were damp under there. He was crying again.

“I never stopped wanting you back.” Bruce was standing near Richard again. He didn’t even remember walking there. He moved a lock of ebony hair that had slipped down blocking his face again. It was so very soft. Gently he placed it behind Richard’s ear. The silence enveloping them was a refuge from their individual pain. They both longed for it to stretch even longer but Richard knew he couldn’t let that happen.

“You never did anything to have me back Bruce,” he replied, removing Bruce’s hand from his hair. “I never stopped loving you either. I never will, that’s something else I had to deal with when I was away but I also know I can’t simply fall back into your arms and everything will be ‘happily ever after’. I have Dena now. I have my own life and friends. I need you to go now.”

“Richard.”

“No please. I can’t hear anymore. I’m saving you from yourself this time. I won’t let myself be victim to your charms and my own heart. I won’t wake again to see that look in your eyes. I can’t trust you Bruce. I can’t trust you...so please, just go now.”

“I understand. ... I’ll be going now.” Bruce took a determined step away from Richard. Who gave a small smile in gratitude, then looked around the room for a tissue to blow his silly nose.

“Thank you.” He managed as he wiped the tears from his face with the back of his palms.

“Richard.” Bruce called once, his cowl was back in place.

“Yes.”

“Understand this. I’m not in the habit of making the same mistake twice. I let you go before, but I’ll never let you go again, I’ll search the ends of the earth, beyond if I have to, but I’ll never let you out of my life again.”

“To be with you again- I need to believe that, but I don’t.”

“Can you ever?”

“For my heart’s sake, I hope I can.”

“Bruce.”

“Yes?” Bruce who had started to climb the stairs turned his eyes turned back to Richard in the living room sitting in his huge chair that seemed to swallow him in the middle.

“I like when you call me Richard.”

"I'll remember that."

"Is Friday night ok if you won't be busy?"

"I'll be meeting my daughter ... for this, Gotham can burn."

"Dinner's at 6 bed time is at 8."

"I'll be on time. May I bring a gift?"

"She'd adore that."

"Good cause I already adore her."

"Good, but I'll have to insist you not use my room window next time."

"Well of course. Goodnight Richard."

"Goodnight Batman." He whispered to himself as the super hero disappeared down the corridor and out of sight.

Richard sat still for a while taking a deep breath trying to rein in his emotions before he climbed the stairs to his bedroom. He turned and collected the books Dena had left on the table from when they read to each other that afternoon and switching out the lights and made his way upstairs. Closing his bedroom door behind him found he had to tiptoe around as the tiled floor was chilled from the window he had left open. It was closed now. "Bruce." He mused as he picked up his suit placing it in a gym bag in his closet. "I'll have to get the new one from Alfred in the morning and see if he can do anything with this old thing." Richard muttered absently to himself as he tidied up slipping into Dena's room only so far as to place the books on her table before easing out again leaving the door open as he normally did while they slept.

He was exhausted but more relaxed than he had felt coming home tonight. When he finally laid his head on the pillow, his hair spilled over it like a curtain of pure black silk, he pulled his cover high against the slight chill of late winter. His mind going more willingly than he would ever admit to himself slipped back to an event 6 years ago. Wallowing in the passions he kept locked away from his waking hours, he unconsciously laid himself out beneath the covers. With fervor he never knew he possessed anymore he relived his memories needing no manual stimulation his passions soon crested moaning softly in rapture. Liquid warmth spilled on to his abdomen, some leaked down his thigh as he slipped even deeper into sleep and dreams of forbidden desires.

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