

Summary: Bruce deals with the knowledge of his daughter

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

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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

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Chapter 1 by PurpleWaterlili

Barbara tapped her nails on the desk idly. She had finished writing up the report on tonight's exploits but, flicking her long red hair over her shoulder, felt way too keyed up to simply head home after delivering Timmy to the cave.

A smile broke out across her face when the idea of waiting for Bruce to return wriggled into her head. She was sure they could find some way to take the edge off. Unfortunately that was 2 hours ago, now she was just bored...and horny. She stretched and, leaning back, placed her legs up on the computer's console; the sensation of her muscles moving against the constricting Kevlar suit tweaked her desire on a nimble edge.

She swivelled in the chair as the low rumbling of the Batmobile's engine alerted her to Bruce's return. After the police had carted off Bane, Ivy and their pumped up on venom goons, Bruce had taken the Batmobile and disappeared in a fouler than usual mood; staying long enough to grunt an order to Barbara to deliver Timmy to the Cave.

Barbara's smiled at his return. As she pushed to her feet, she made her way over to the tall caped figure slinking out of the sleek black car. God, he was a fine man; packed into his two hundred and ten pound, six feet two inch frame. He mind mused as she slinked her way towards him ... slipping her arms around his waist, laying her head on his muscle rigid broad back. "God, you'll never know what seeing you in that bloody suit does to me," she breathed against the cape.

"Barb..."

"Hummm."

"I can't ... not tonight."

"Sure you can't," she said playfully as she weaved herself under his arm to squeeze between him and the car he leaned over. Reaching up she pulled the cowl back from his face...rising to her toes to kiss his lips. {{God ... such luscious lips ... I love those lips especially when they are sucking on my...}} Her mental ranting was ended as he abruptly yanked away from the kiss, grabbing her hands that had been wound around him and shoving her painfully against the hood of the car.

"Shit," she cursed as the pain rippled though her back, but her smile was soon firmly back in place again even as Bruce growled. "Ohh, so it's like that tonight," Barbara mused; she bent a leg, bracing it against the car's wheel. Leveraging his weight back, she threw them both to the

ground. Barbara pinned him down to the cold steel, spurred on by the feral gleam in his eyes.

"Barbara, get off me!"

"Uhhh Uhh." She shook her head, wagging a finger in his face, then using it to trace his lips.

"Barbara."

"Uhhh Uhh, Bruce, you got something I..." Before she could finish her sentence she found herself being hurled high in the air having a mere split second to control her descent to prevent herself from slamming into the console of Batman's mainframe and probably breaking a couple of ribs. Unfortunately she was not lucky enough to land completely unhurt on her feet but, instead, lay crumpled near the chair she had earlier occupied.

"Fuck, Bruce, what the hell is wrong with you? I could have really been hurt."

"I'm sorry, Barbara...I didn't mean to hurt you...I need some time alone."

"And you'll damn well get it too, you freaking asshole."

"I'm sorry," he said, trying to help her to her feet.

"Get away from me, freak. What the hell did you think was going to happen? I could have been seriously hurt, Bruce. You can be such a fucking jackass. I'm outta here," she fumed as she shunned him, making her way over to her bike with a slight limp.

"Maybe you should let me take you..."

Getting on to her bike, she cast a venomous glance in his direction, ending his protests. "Fuck you, Bruce. I don't know what the hell kinda bee got into your bonnet but whatever it is, just stay the hell away from me until you figure what the hell you really want," she said before speeding off in a cloud of smoke and the smell of burning rubber, her bright red hair flowing behind her.

"Well, that went well, Bruce. They've always said you know how to treat the ladies," he said to himself, striding off to the changing area, pulling the strangely stifling rubber suit off. He slipped back into loose navy slacks and a medium grey cashmere sweater.

Once dressed he sat staring at the cavern walls. He couldn't believe it. He knew it was true but still.

He'd seen the child and he knew Richard would never lie to him. He had a daughter. A lovely black haired angel, he was a father.

"God...why did I have to be so damn stubborn. If just once I had given in to ... to...to what Bruce?"

To your frustration...yes wouldn't Richard have loved that; you rushing over there all hot and heavy, and hornier than a freaking hound dog pawing at him, his inner voice antagonised in a sarcastic tone.

"No, not frustration. That wasn't what I fought down each time I felt so desperately drawn to him." He walked in a tight circle where he stood.

What was it then? Loneliness. God knows we've been lonelier than hell with him gone. But no loneliness would ever have overwhelmed you like that... sometimes I thought I'd have to take over completely just to get through the day.

"I'll never let that happen."

Glad to hear it, Brucie, I don't relish your public world you are so accustomed to, I'm quite content in our present arrangement. In any case, we are used to being alone together, so it couldn't be the loneliness. I guess you want it to be like this... you push everyone so fucking far way. And Dick

His name is Richard.

Yes ... indeed it is... What did Richard ever do but ...

He made me feel.

Yes he did...and that scared the hell out of you, didn't it, Brucie. He made you feel, and that night he made us glimpse another world, might have been another dimension for all you knew. One where we didn't have to be lonely, where there was someone who could love us ... BOTH of us, the only one who managed to be our equal. He was the one you trusted. I wouldn't have to be just your secret anymore, and that scared you, didn't it? You must be really twisted if you think we enjoy this desolate existence, Bruce. Because we both know it's not a life.

"Shut up! I can't think about that now."

Why not? I think it's at the crux of your- our predicament. You let the one person that could love us slip away because you think we enjoy this.

I ... I.

Well I couldn't have let him go unless you wanted us to. Bruce grimaced and slipped to the floor pulling his legs close to his body, completely hidden in the shadows like he did as a child. Is that it Bruce; that we enjoy this constant loneliness?

"Never," he groaned miserably.

Could have fooled me.

"I guess I did. I missed him so much...I loved him. I still do."

Yet you made us push him out of our home and our life.

I did no such thing.

Yes ... you did. You left him alone to bare the burden of all our actions...ALONE.

I know.

He needed you to be there.

Yes.

And you refused to be there.

I ... I...

You left a 19-year-old kid to deal with emotions your old ass could not. You couldn't handle it, Bruce, just admit it even if to no one else, to him.

I will.

Well that was easier than I expected.

He huffed as his alter ego praised itself. "Yes we did. I think I love him."

I know that you do. I think he knows you do too. Now all that is left is to prove to him how much.

More than my life.

I know that but it's not me you have to convince. Now get up from hiding in shadows, that's my job not yours, get upstairs and get on with your life.

God I really am crazy.

A fact he already knows and accepted years before you could admit my presence.

"Know it all," he retorted.

Well one of us has to; especially now we're a father.

"I know what you mean. I guess it shook me more than I wanted to admit." Bruce rose to his feet in a single graceful movement, with a quick dusting movement to his pants, he emerged from the shadows. Brushing a hand through his hair, he started towards the staircase. With each step higher, he left all the shadows behind him...but his own.

Understandable, Bruce. A family was just one of those things you never thought would ever exist for you.

And now I know she's alive I won't rest until we all are ...a family.

Now that's Bruce I shadow.

Opening the hidden door behind the grandfather's clock Bruce Wayne stepped into a hallway. Sporting a slight smile for Tim as the boy bolted down the Grand staircase and past him in the corridor.

You do know he's most likely on the way to raid your refrigerator.

"Hi, Bruce."

"Night, Timmy."

Bruce felt weary, and rubbed his forehead.

Shower and Bed.

"Yup," he admitted to himself as he reached the top of the marble staircase holding onto the banister. The door to the master bedroom at the end of the hall was opened. Alfred must be inside. The older gentleman had always made it his rule to leave the door ajar when carrying out his duties in one's private room.

Bruce smiled, he trusted Alfred with his life, he knew there was nothing to fear from the man being in his private rooms. For years the man was the only other living soul that knew of his most private of domains. He also knew that man he looked to as a father, knew his feelings and his

actions were a mere courtesy of his job.

"Goodnight, Alfred," he said walking in as Alfred put away his folded cloths.

"Master, Bruce." He smiled over his shoulder then continued with his duties. Bruce started undressing sluggishly. Unconsciously sighing as he did.

"A trying night, Master Bruce?"

"I'm afraid so," he agreed, reaching for his royal blue terry cloth robe that lay on his bed. Always so protective of us aren't you Alfred, Bruce's inner voice mused.

"Well sir. If a massage would ..."

"No, Alfred. You need your rest. When you're done in here, promise me you'll go to bed."

"Sir, I am not a child and I won't abide with you ordering me to bed like one."

Bruce laughed. "Fine, Alfred, but I'll be fine with just a hot shower and some bedrest."

"Very well sir," he said as he finished putting away the last of Bruce's folded silk socks and closing the drawer. "Have a goodnight sir."

"Goodnight Alfred...and...thanks," Bruce replied, hugging the startled stiff gentleman. "Thanks for everything, Alfred," he added, gliding away when the tiniest of dew drop tears squeezed through the tight creases of his squinted eyes. He made his escape to the ensuite bathroom before the butler could process the gush of emotion from the man he had all but raised.

"Master Bruce," Alfred called after him. "Master Bruce." But Bruce continued without answering, removing his robe and stepping into the hard rain of warm water.

Part 2

Fixing his suit Alfred made his way downstairs to finish his preparations for tomorrow's meals before he made his way to bed. His mind was in mild chaos as he tried to decipher Master Bruce's mental state. Evoking emotion from the man was not usually an easy task, least of all, moving him to tearful hugs for putting away the laundry. He pondered the younger man's actions, absently stepping around Timmy as he put away all but the trickle of orange juice back into the refrigerator after filling his glass for the third time.

"Hey, Alfred. Alfred?"

"Yes...Yes, Master Tim?"

"Are you ok, man? You don't look so good."

"I'm sorry to have worried you, Master Tim." His voice still seemed to far away to really allay any of Tim's concerns.

"Alfred...you're doing it again."

"I am sorry, Master Tim," he replied, this time truly making an effort to pay attention to the task of cutting the chicken breast into fillets. "Master Tim, may I impose upon you for a wee moment?"

"Of course you can," the younger man said, putting his 4-inch high sandwich away, giving Alfred his entire attention.

"Master Bruce ... did something happen to him tonight?"

"You mean like was he hurt or anything?"

"Yes..." He shook his head affirmatively, pressing his spectacles higher up the bridge of his nose.

"Nah ... Bruce was on fire tonight ... he was taking them down right and left. He was fine ... as brutal as ever."

"I see," he said, turning to put the carved meat in the refrigerator, and Timmy went back to his sandwich, stuffing his mouth till it could barely close around what it held.

"I only wished Dick had as good of a time out there."

"What?"

"Hummm Hummmm," he garbled, trying to empty his mouth. "Uhhmm." He held up a finger and pushed the plate aside, grabbing his huge glass of OJ to wash the massive gulp down. The older man tried to calm his nerves by counting down the chores he had scheduled early the next morning until the young man began to speak.

"Bane was getting away, he had made it almost two roofs over and Nightwing gave chase. They fought for a while ... Dick was trying to get in position to inject the tranqu into his venom IV. The first one he shot into his neck wasn't doing squat to that thing. So he was trying to get it into the IV. But you know Bane ... crazy wild when he's normal, worse when he's messed with. He lunged at Dick over and over ... each time getting closer to the edge. Dick finally flipped over the mountain of a man and sat on his shoulders as he shot it straight into the tubing. Bane bucked him. He went flying over the edge...it was so sudden and we were all so far away, first it seemed like Bane would just crumple to the ground, then... ShOOOOOOOO." He made a movement with his arms like a catapulted boulder.

"My word!"

"Don't worry, Alfred. Ole Dickey boy is blessed by some kinda lucky star or something, he was able to grab hold of a ledge about 3 floors down. If that had been me, I would have been road kill. Bruce knocked out the last of the goons he had and who he was about to tie them up and flew to his rescue. But by the time he got there, Dick had swung himself up onto the ledge. He punched in someone's window and slid in. I can't tell you what happened in the building. The next thing I knew was that Nightwing was back on ground level and on his bike and outta there like a bat out of hell. Bruce went back to the roof ... Bane was still fighting that damn tranqu. I don't know what came over Bruce but he plummeted Bane within an inch of his life. I steered clear of him. I thought he would have killed whatever crossed his path. Barbara was able to talk him off Bane...I almost felt sorry for the juiced up jerk. Bruce didn't wait for the cops to show. When Bane finally lay motionless on the roof, he took off in the `mobile leaving me stranded with Babs. I called that a stroke of good luck. I wouldn't want to be in that thing the way he was driving anyway. But that was the last I saw of him until about 10 minutes ago, and he seemed fine then."

"Now I see."

"What, is something wrong? I mean ... how did you know there was so much drama tonight anyway?"

"Ohh, its nothing for you to worry about, Young Master Timmy."

"You sure about that Alfred? `Cause you know if you need me to keep an eye on the Big Bad Bat, I'm always up for covert ops."

"Absolutely not, Master Timothy. Master Bruce's business is his own. And, as you said, nothing happened to him tonight, that allays my fears."

"K Alfred, but the offer is always open," he said to the man who had his back to him as he washed his hands.

"Thanks, Young Master Tim, but no Thanks. You need only worry about your studies." Alfred smiled and walked over to the rack where he hung up his apron.

"Sure, Alfred."

"And when you've finished cleaning up my kitchen after you're done eating don't forget to turn out the lights," he concluded, removing his apron and returning it to its hook in the corner.

"Yes, Alfred," the younger man mocked.

"My My My. Well it is about time. That child has suffered enough through their bull headed foolishness," Alfred talked to himself, making his way to his quarters; a spacious apartment downstairs behind the kitchen. From a chest at the foot of his bed, he pulled out a scrap book. It was simple black with the gold embossed lettering D.G.G. at the bottom. Tracing the lettering fondly, he smiled, flipping to random pages reminiscing over the moments captured. So many times had he been tempted to tell Bruce of his daughter. But he made a covenant to Richard and, in sight of all that had transpired between the two and Bruce's apparent disinterest in the young man's welfare, he knew he was doing what was best for all three. He had to believe though that the time would come that they would be able to deal with their emotions for each other.

Placing the scrapbook under his arm, he walked silently up the back stairwell and made his way to Bruce's room. From the sound of the water running he knew Master Bruce was still in the bathroom. "Well that is odd, it has been almost half an hour." He pondered. "Master Bruce was never one known for long showers or baths." He turned the dark green duvet down. "I won't bother him further tonight. His mind must have been swamped trying to deal with these new developments in his life. I do hope this helps. It's a paltry attempt to capture something he can never actually regain, but it can be a beginning in mending the rift." Alfred placed the album down near the pillows then slipped out unnoticed.

Bruce turned his face up to the hard rain enjoying its pelting against his body. His eyes were closed, here he was finally able to relax as the water seemed to leach away his mounting anxiety. His mind had slowed its frenzied ranting. Content to rest in the knowledge of his and Richard's fatherhood. He was a father. A father. He was responsible for a new person being brought into this world, both he and Richard.

Richard. He pictured the man as he was now, not the child he saved, or the teenager he loved as his own or the young man he felt helpless to fall in love with. `The Now Richard' was a completely different creature than the one he knew. He was a confident man; he was strong not only physically but mentally. He was the responsible father and role model for their daughter. Bruce always wished he could have been for him, but could never be. And as the water lulled Bruce further even that image melted away to something else, something even grander. His mind conjured Richard round with his child inside him. The image was enough to move him to tears. Richard must have been so beautiful pregnant. Smiling, he started to vigorously rub at his

protesting muscles. He sighed as he worked the foamy sponge over his skin, glad to be free from its Kevlar prison. The entire night he was assaulted by his own emotions, finding himself switching from anger, to an almost all consuming guilt, to pride, to stirring up deep-seated pain and fears, and back again. The cycle had left him mentally more tired than the night's mêlée left him physically drained. Now he was proud of Richard, how could he not be? The man was so resilient. The image of pregnant Richard stayed with him as he let the water wash away the suds as he stood with his eyes closed and head thrown back, his hands skimmed over his body. Over his shoulders and neck, over his chest bumping into each of his rigid nipples, down his taut stomach, past his navel to the coarse thick thatch of black hair surrounding his bobbing erection. He had not even been aware of his building arousal. Looking down through the heavy rain, he watched as he hardened and lengthened for a few seconds before gripping his thickness. Maybe he should have stayed and played with Barbara, if he had he wouldn't be in this situation now. Who was he kidding; Barbara is the last person he wanted to be with. He closed his eyes intent on replaying one of their recent exploits only to be confronted with Richard's pregnant image. He shook his head, to loosen the image's hold on his mind, but that was useless. His eyes clenched and he intensified his firm grip, as his mind played the most captivating scene to him.

He had the fantasy before, but this time the difference was glaring. Richard was laid out on his bed as he had six years before, but his rounded belly protruded before him. "I'll die if you leave me like this, Bruce. Why can't you love me?" They were the same words he had said that night. They had stopped Bruce in his escape. Nothing could be further from the truth. A year had past since he realised he had fallen in love with his young ward. Ever since then he warred with himself to ensure his behaviour towards the young man was always proper. It was the most difficult thing he had ever done up to that point. Hiding his feelings for young Dick. He was caught up in trying to fight his own emotions he never gleaned what the young man must have been going through. Those words burnt to his core. They were so filled with pain, and sadness yet they could not have been further from the truth.

Why couldn't he love Dick? The idea was absurd, he more than loved Dick, he was in love with Dick but that couldn't be. He could not allow himself such a liberty. He had made a commitment to love Dick and raise him as his son. He never dishonoured his promises. That was what he planned to explain to the heartbroken young man when he turned and made his way over to his bed. But the moment he sat there and looked into those beautiful blue eyes, damp, gleaming in the light with unshed tears, pleading to be loved; he lost his resolve. He hadn't meant to kiss him, he lost all perspective, he was drawn to Dick in that instant more than he had any other lover in his life. Harvey never made him feel that way, neither had Selina and, as much as he loved Talia, it wasn't the all-consuming fire he felt looking into to this sad teenager's eyes. He searched those eyes for the slightest of fear but there wasn't any. Dick's eyes only mirrored his own; aflame with love and passion tempered by their private sadness.

"Why can't you love me?" Dick's voice trembled this time yet they cut deeper than the first. "Don't you get it, why can't you ever see what's always right in front of you, everything I've ever done has been for you. Its because of you, to please you, I try so hard. Why can't you ..." Bruce didn't think he could stand hearing those words once more, he pressed his lips harshly against Dick's unexpected ones. They slid open easily at no more than the slightest urging on his part. Dick welcomed him in the way he never thought possible for an innocent child, but he wasn't a child, was he? Dick had been standing on the brink of manhood for the longest while now. How could he be so blind to this child that grew up right under his nose?

Eternity's bliss can be found in a moment, and he found it there with Dick. Time ceased to exist in that embrace. Holding his sweet Dick in his arms, pressing him down to the bed, and feeling the young man's every desperate breath as the kiss endured, but the fantasy carried something reality never did, the warm roundness of Richard's abdomen. Propriety tried to sneak back into his mind as they parted, labouring for breath, but it was quickly squashed.

"Please don't leave me now, Bruce. I love you so much. I've always loved you, please love me

too. Please."

As in reality, all those years ago, those words destroyed all reasoning. As he stood in the shower playing out his single night of true passion for his love, his hand raced to bring him to completion. The water pounded his body as he pumped his cock, remembering the feel of sinking forever deeper into Dick. His young tight body so hot around him, crushing him as he went. Richard was far from the passive lover he would have thought him to be, his antics urging Bruce away from his usually restrained lovemaking. It was an absolute shock to him that the one he could let all the walls drop with was this half child/half man that laid beneath him, staring up into his eyes, daring him to keep eye contact as he demanded Bruce deliver even more punishing thrusts. Dick's wanton body reassured Bruce that Dick's innocence had been an illusion. Dick clung to him, screaming his name, kissing every inch of his exposed chest, suckling his pert nipples, his hips gyrating as best they could under Bruce's harsh plunges deep into his body.

It was unimaginable to Bruce when he changed the angle of his delivery he felt the stretch of some tender tissue over the bulbous head of his cock. His thrust caused a twinge of pain that caused Dick to freeze for a moment in his arms, before he trembled like a strummed guitar string. Bliss had taken control of him; his come poured between their bodies, covering his swollen belly. Bruce felt compelled to press forward, to explore, tentatively at first, then ripping the membrane, burying himself deeper in Dick than he ever thought possible, and then he slipped even deeper still. Dick bucked against him involuntarily before settling limp beneath him. Only moments later did he realise what exactly the oddity was and why Dick, who had initially displayed so much wild abandon, clung to him making the meekly meowing sounds as their love making continued. What ounce of reason he could salvage told him to end it there, but other emotions were soon fuelling his ardour.

Six years ago he had been ashamed of them, but now being drenched by the hard stream of water lost in his fantasy so close to release, he let them course through to every fiber of his being. There was love and pride and possessiveness but to Bruce they were transcended. He felt a sense of claiming, of marking Dick as his own; of knowing he was the first and only one to venture to such a depth within his lover. He had a sense that in that moment they were both ruined; no one else could ever fit their mould save themselves. Of these he was not ashamed, his shame he saved for the feeling of happiness they brought him. He enjoyed the knowledge that a bond was being created between them that neither could ever deny, one that would last into forever. He was ashamed that he was stealing Dick's future, tying him to himself forever and, as he continued his final few severe thrusts into the young man, he was happier than he had ever been in his life. He had found home with Dick, with him was the only place he would ever be completely happy. Dick squirmed beneath him, turning his head that was pillowed on his shoulder to make contact with his eyes again, his face was tear stained. Bruce wanted to kiss the tears away but Dick tilted his head up, kissing his lips again, deepening the kiss as he finally exploded deep into the young man's secret chamber. Ending the kiss, they were both lost in muttering words of love to one other.

Bruce finally opened his eyes, looking down to his spent seed covering his palm, watching as it was washed away. Six years ago it didn't wash away. He had sowed it so deep in Richard not a drop of it dared escape. Reaching for his soap, he wondered why he didn't let himself believe until tonight that a child could have been the result of that night. Richard had been right, he should have known or at least should have wondered. He washed his hand and tender groin before finally leaving the shower. Thinking on his folly for the past six years, he decided he must have subconsciously known what may have happened to Richard, but like in most matters of the heart, the Big Bad Bat was afraid to face reality. Richard may have been younger than he, but it was he who acted like a child. He resolved to take responsibility. Dena was his responsibility and he'd be as good a father as he could. He only prayed he would be a better one than he ever had been to Richard, or Timothy.

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