

Blame It On The Girls (Blame It On The Boys)

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Characters:	Dick Grayson , Jason Todd , Male Original Character , Bruce Wayne , Talia al Ghul (Mention) , Koriand'r (DCU) (Mention) , Essence (DCU) (Mention) , Isabel Ardila (Mention)
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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Jason muses on his sexuality while working.

Notes

title source: Blame It On The Girls by MIKA

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Jason leaned against the bar, twirling his stirring straw in his whiskey sour, occasionally sipping at the melting ice-and-sugar-mix to keep his hands busy. Across the way, Dick was slotted comfortably between two women, flirting his way to information that Jason needed.

They'd agreed to this. Dick had relentlessly pushed and prodded at Jason to ensure Jason's comfort. Jason hated that. He didn't want Dick to think him so immature that he couldn't handle a little harmless honey-potting. Especially when Dick was the one being honey potted. But Jason was staring, and Dick had glanced his way twice to confirm Jason's welfare.

Dick didn't know that Jason wasn't staring at Dick, not even the way Dick's lips curled into a soft smile or the way he angled his hips towards the women or the way he flushed lightly because Dick really did enjoy some kinds of attention, and there wasn't anything wrong with that.

No, Jason was staring at the women. It'd become a mild habit, an effort to affirm what he'd already settled.

He didn't know when it became apparent that he didn't feel towards women the way he was supposed to feel. He found them pretty, it was impossible to not. He'd had a crush on Wonder Woman, but who didn't? There were other celebrities too, but there was something to the unattainability that made them safe. Jason often felt awe and affection for women. But when it came to actually kissing women, having sex with women, even flirting with women—Jason either felt next to nothing or he was overcome by his own apprehension.

His first kiss was when Talia informed him that the Joker was still alive. Jason was comfortable discounting that experience. His first time having sex was also Talia—again, Jason could understand, now, how that may have been an off experience. He'd been so tangled in his own reincarnation that he'd responded to whatever warmth he'd been offered, no matter how shallow that warmth's reach.

Then he tried with Essence and couldn't begin to understand why anyone bothered with the accouterments of intimacy. Why kiss, when it was just skin against skin without so much as an endorphin kickback? Why pose against each other, to hug or to hold hands, when it was always stiff and clammy and rehearsed? He and Kori had discussed it, but she'd only been confused. She loved to kiss; she'd told him. She loved to touch and lean and cling to her partners. It was as natural to her as fire. She'd attempted to show him, but it was too strange, and Kori respected the boundaries that Jason had placed between them.

Even the appearances of Isabel, whose company Jason genuinely enjoyed, had become anxiety-inducing before long. She'd expected things of Jason, and Jason hadn't been sure if he could provide. He couldn't. They were good friends now, and Jason liked that.

All these failures, and yet the first time Roy fell asleep in Jason's lap, Jason felt a fluttering he hadn't when pressed much more intimately against women. Still, he and Roy shared a close relationship that introduced Jason to all sorts of intimacy, it was easy to disregard that pleasant, fuzzy trill as friendship.

But then, once, Dick kissed Jason's temple after Jason had bailed him out from a sticky situation. The false starts began to make sense. Because where kissing Isabel or Essence felt like a chore instilled to keep the appearances of affection, the gentle, platonic brush of Dick's lips left a traitorous warmth that Jason couldn't imitate with women.

Jason loved women; he really did. They were brilliant and capable and pretty, and he'd yet to meet a woman who wasn't as clever, if not more so, than himself. He just couldn't love women the way that Dick seemed to love women.

Once, Jason had asked Bruce how to kiss. Bruce had appeared shocked, Jason guessed that Dick hadn't asked him the same. Then again, at Jason's age, Dick had friends in the capes and cowl community and had the experience to forgo parental guidance. After Bruce had recovered from the initial shock, he'd been remarkably careful about answering Jason's question.

"It's not something you can necessarily choreograph or instruct," Bruce had said, stoic. He'd attempted to soften his voice when he'd added, "Your focus should be on your enjoyment. If you're enjoying it, and your partner is too, it's not necessary to fret the details." Then Bruce had straightened, suddenly, and his eyes had widened, "To a degree, of course," he'd said as if catching himself in a mistake to which Jason wasn't privy. "Communication is important."

Then, he'd left the room without even an excuse, and Jason had been left alone without being sure he'd learned anything at all.

He had, though. He just wouldn't notice until the first time he kissed a man on the lips. It had been, embarrassingly, one of his lieutenants, but Jason had only been 20. He hadn't been given the space to make mistakes as a teenager, no one could blame him for stumbling in his early 20s. They'd been drinking alcohol that his lieutenant had bought because Jason was still underage. It'd been late (or early, rather), they had been the last ones left in the warehouse. It'd started professionally enough, but as the heat in Jason's cheeks grew, his inhibitions shriveled. And then he'd been practically in his lieutenant's lap, and his lieutenant had been acquiescent enough. His lieutenant had a beard, and Jason remembered his shudder when the coarse hair had drug against a sensitive patch on his neck.

They hadn't gone any further than kissing. Still, it'd been enough to set off sparklers in Jason's gut. Bruce, Jason was loathed to admit, had been right. Maybe it was the bubbly alcohol, maybe it was that endorphin kickback, but Jason couldn't remember the mechanics of the kiss. Only that he'd enjoyed it.

That was enough.

Dick touched Jason's elbow, and Jason nearly leaped from his skin. He blinked to find that the women had moved on, and Dick had returned to his side. Dick looked concerned.

"Did you get what I need?" Jason asked, gruffer than necessary. Dick cocked his head.

"I did. Are you okay? You left me for a hot second," Dick said. Jason shot him a bewildered look.

“I’ve been here the whole time,” Jason retorted.

Dick frowned. “Sure. I have an idea of where Roman’ll be, we can still catch him if we leave and get suited up now.”

Jason finished sucking at the remnants of ice from his drink and pushed off from the bar, leaving a wad of cash as a tip. They’d already closed out their tab. “We wouldn’t have to budget so much time if you didn’t insist on a second skin for a suit,” he teased, mostly to shift attention away from himself. Dick snorted.

“Whatever. You wear cargo pants.”

They weaved between bodies on their way towards the door. Jason huffed.

“What? They’re practical. That’s not a comeback, Dick.”

“If you insist,” Dick sing-songed. When they reached the door, Dick opened it for Jason and gestured for Jason to go first. The bouncer perched just outside only glanced at them for a moment before returning his bored gaze to the sidewalk. Jason hesitated.

“Hey, Dick?” He said. Dick blinked at him, still holding the door. Jason swallowed the lump in his throat and willed away the pressure in his chest. “Uh. I think I’m gay.”

It was cold outside, and a chill breeze set Jason’s bare forearms alight with goosebumps, but he didn’t dare move. There was a ringing in his ears, and a small voice in the back of his mind urged him to find a fire exit.

Dick only smiled, and his expression was so soft and tender Jason nearly couldn’t breathe. “That’s alright, Little Wing. We love you. Do you want Chinese or Turkish takeout when we wrap up tonight?”

Jason shoved his hands in his pockets and walked out the door. He felt Dick following close behind, near enough to confirm his presence but with a respectful distance. Jason vaguely remembered the headlines that broke when Dick came out as bisexual, and his shoulders relaxed. He’d have to remember to ask Dick to keep the evening to himself. Jason wasn’t sure if he was prepared to come out to Bruce quite yet (his own father’s voice rattled in his head, chanting slurs Jason wouldn’t dare repeat.)

After a spell, Jason cleared his throat. “Uh, Turkish. Preferably the place on Mission.”

Dick nudged Jason’s shoulder with his own. “Sure thing.”

End Notes

I always headcanon Jason as a closeted gay man. Self-discovery comes in pieces, sometimes.
(No one tell Lobdell.)

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