

Jaime Reyes and the Six Not-Dates

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Jaime Reyes and the Six Not-Dates

by [incorrectbatfam](#)

Summary

“How long have you two been dating?”

(Bluepulse Week 2020 – Day 2: Memories)

Notes

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“How long have you guys been dating?”

Jaime glanced up from his chemistry homework and around the room, wondering who Tim was addressing out of the blue.

He pointed to himself. “You talking to me?”

“You’re the only person in this room who’s not single,” the former Robin said. “Course I’m talking to you.”

“Woah woah woah, hold up.” Jaime turned his chair, cringing at the metal scraping against the tile. “Who said I wasn’t single? I’m not dating anyone.”

Kon, who was digging through the fridge, said without looking up, “Yes, you are. You’re terrible at hiding.” The Kryptonian retrieved a purple tupperware from the middle shelf.

“Okay then, tell me who y’all think I’m datin— don’t touch that, Kon, that’s mine and Bart’s.”

Tim gave him a look—the same look Batman gave to Leaguers who answered their own stupid questions.

Jaime laughed. “Oh, you mean me and Impulse? Nah, we’re just *amigos* .”

“Right,” Tim drawled, “that’s why you went as Han and Leia to that Star Wars convention.”

“Check it out, Jaime!” Bart exclaimed, pointing at the map in his hand. “They have life-size laser sword lollipops. Can we get one, pleeeeeease?”

“They’re called lightsabers, hermano,” Jaime explained only for the hundredth time.

“I want the blue one!”

Jaime followed as Bart darted towards the Star Wars-themed concessions stand. He kept two fingers on the hem of the redhead’s sleeve, determined not to lose the boy in the suffocating crowd of cosplayers and sweaty sci-fi fanatics. Jaime almost tripped over his own shoes as he struggled to keep up, because even the speedster’s usual walking speed bordered on jogging for regular people.

“Bart, ese, slow down!” Jaime pleaded. “They won’t sell out in thirty seconds.”

“You don’t know that,” the younger one said.

“Seriously, hermano.”

“Oh, fine, you slowpoke.”

Bart stopped as abruptly as he started. Without the warning, Jaime’s body collided into the speedster’s. The two tumbled to the ground, noses brushing against each other, earning stares from a couple of people but otherwise going unnoticed.

“Hey, that dress did wonders down below, okay? You should try it,” Jaime rebutted. “And it doesn’t mean anything. I invited Bart ‘cause Tye bailed at the last minute.”

Just as the words left Jaime’s mouth, Cassie walked in.

“Whatcha guys talking about?” she asked curiously.

Tim jabbed a thumb in Jaime’s direction. “He thinks he’s still single.”

Cassie seemed thoroughly confused. “I thought you were with Bart?”

Jaime didn’t understand why everyone thought he was romantically involved with the speedster. It didn’t help that it was two against one (Khaji Da always picked the worst times to stay silent). He and Bart were best friends. Jaime liked being around him. He liked marathoning Star Wars until they fell asleep on the couch, sharing warmth in the cold El Paso night. What was wrong with that?

The blonde interrupted his thoughts. “What about the Japanese restaurant?”

Jaime’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion. “What about it?”

“Y’know,” Bart stuffed another piece of tuna into his mouth, “I thought the whole ‘raw fish’ thing was gonna be, like, disgustingly moded. But this,” he waved his fork around, “ain’t actually a bad idea.”

“I told you,” Jaime said, stirring his soy sauce with his chopsticks. “You just gotta be open to new things.”

He wasn’t even done talking when Bart snatched another sushi roll that rolled along the futuristic-looking conveyer belt, moving to the ambient lounge music that played overhead. The younger boy scooped something with his fork.

“Wonder what this is,” he mused. “Looks like green mashed potatoes. Wonder why they gave us so little.”

That caught the older boy's attention.

"Bart, no, that's—"

Like any other food, it disappeared down the speedster's gullet before Jaime could act. Instantly, Bart began coughing as his eyes watered. He snatched both his and Jaime's beverages, sticking the two straws in his mouth as he guzzled the orange-soda-and-lemonade concoction like it was the only thing that could spare him from a torture worse than the Reach.

"You're not supposed to eat it straight up, tonto," Jaime reprimanded.

"Who woulda thunk?" Bart replied sarcastically. "Help me out here, her-ma-no."

Jaime plucked a water glass from a waiter walking with a tray. He swiped a green crumb from the corner of Bart's lip and handed him the drink.

After a large swig, Bart asked, "Seriously, what WAS that?!?"

A giggle bubbled up as Jaime recalled that memory.

"Tell me again, how much did you pay that day?" Cassie asked, crossing her arms. "I recall somewhere in the mid-nineties range."

"Does it matter? The wasabi thing made it a thousand percent worth it."

Jaime nearly jumped out of his skin as a third voice piped up from the couch.

Virgil put down his magazine—seriously, when did he get there?—and asked, "What about that movie?"

"Jeez, *ese*, warn a guy next time," Jaime said. "And which movie? I go to a lot of movies."

"The old-timey Spanish romance," the other boy said with a straight face as Tim, Kon, and Cassie oohed in the background.

A soft chuckle escaped Jaime's lips and Bart stole more of his popcorn. He handed the entire bucket to the speedster—he had a stomachache and didn't feel like eating anyway.

He watched as emerald eyes transfixed on the silver screen. Jaime convinced the employees to turn on subtitles for Bart, who was the only non-Spanish speaker in the audience.

“Enjoying yourself there?” Jaime whispered, a smile quirked on his face.

The speedster nodded, not tearing his eyes away from the film even as they watered slightly.

Jaime put an arm around his friend. “You good there, ese?”

“The characters are so painfully stupid,” Bart lamented.

Truth be told, Jaime wasn’t paying much attention to the foreign film. He had no idea what was happening.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“The main character is completely oblivious. She’s head over heels in love with her best friend but can’t she see that. It’s so frustrating. Just...like...UGH! I feel for her amigas right now.”

Someone shushed them from the next row.

“Static’s got a point,” Tim said. “Romance movie? Dead giveaway.”

“I wanted to see if it was as good as the book,” Jaime grumbled.

“Oh, you think that’s a dead giveaway?” Kon said, sticking something into the microwave. “What about that moonlight dinner in Paris, huh?”

“We’re here,” Jaime said, gently letting Bart down as he retracted his Beetle suit. “Eiffel Tower, just like you talked about.”

“Crash,” Bart breathed.

He walked to the railing, looking out at the city. Below, people wandered like ants at a picnic, cars circling the Arc De Triomphe like it was their queen. Bart’s long, auburn hair blew around as the nighttime breeze circled the tip of the landmark, the golden lights giving him an almost angelic glow. A lock fell in front of Bart’s face; Jaime tucked it behind his ear without so much as a second thought.

“This way,” Jaime said. “Wally might’ve told me that dinner here was also on your bucket list.”

Bart’s eyes widened like it was Christmas Day, practically tackling Jaime as he threw his arms around him. Jaime placed his hands on Bart’s hips for balance, so they wouldn’t completely fall over. He noted the faint scent of cologne, something Bart seldom wore.

“You’re the best, Blue!”

“Hey, es una día importante,” Jaime said, ignoring the way his heart jumped to his throat. “Happy Birthday, Bart.”

Jaime scoffed. “It sounds like a date if you put it that way—”

“That’s because it is,” Kon said, “but go on.”

“It was just a birthday present, I swear,” he insisted. “Bart always wanted to go to Paris and he never has time with all the missions and stuff.”

“And the dinner?” Tim asked.

“Wally’s idea. And Ed’s too. He helped me plan it.”

Just then, the boy in question entered the room, a case file in hand. Reading over his shoulder was one Traci Thurston.

Eduardo peered up from the papers as soon as he heard his name. “What was my idea now?”

“Paris,” Virgil answered.

“Oh, yeah! That was super romantic and fun to plan. How did Bart like it?” he asked.

“He liked it a lot,” Jaime replied. “But that’s not the point. The point is, it wasn’t a romantic date or whatever the heck you guys keep insinuating.”

“No,” Eduardo said, “but the sleepover was.”

“That was a team thing,” Jaime reminded him.

“¿Cómo estás tan ajeno? You managed to turn a group activity into one-on-one time with Impulse.”

Jaime tossed and turned in the sleeping bag. His back hurt and his toes were freezing and Khaji Da was being a baby about camping out on the floor. He didn't understand how Gar and Ed conked out in ten minutes flat, because two hours later Jaime was still up. He reminded himself to decline next time Kon invited them to sleep over on the farm.

A door hinge squeaking snapped him out of his thoughts. Jaime shined his phone's flashlight at the source.

"Woah, her-ma-no, it's just me."

Jaime quickly turned off the light so Bart didn't have to keep shielding his eyes. Under the speedster's arm were a pillow and Flash-themed bedroll. His expression softened when he saw pink rimming the younger boy's eyelids.

He patted the spot next to him. "Wanna talk about it, ese?"

The speedster silently shook his head as he placed his things next to Jaime. The latter sighed because that only ever meant he did something bad in the future. Why Bart went to Jaime for his Reach-related nightmares was a mystery to all.

Their sleeping bags were both unzipped, open to each other but not the rest of the room. Jaime could apologize for all he did in Bart's past, but self-guilt had a place and now was not it. Their foreheads pressed together.

Sleep came easily after that.

"So what, we shared a sleeping bag," the boy said. "It was cold. We worked with what we had."

"*Hombre*," Eduardo said, "I'm a certified gay. Got my card and everything. I can tell if something's gay just by looking at it. And you guys are the textbook definition."

"We're not a thing! Bart and I are just really good friends," Jaime argued.

Traci patted Jaime on the shoulder. "Oh, Jaime," she cooed. "Poor, sweet, clueless Jaime. Remember prom?"

That caught everyone's attention.

Virgil leaned back on the sofa, seemingly enjoying every moment of Jaime's humiliation. "Now this I gotta hear."

Traci plopped down on the couch between Virgil and Cassie, rubbing her hands together. "He didn't tell you? Oh, you guys are in for a treat..."

The lights dimmed. The music slowed. Two by two, teenagers paired off. The dance floor was full of couples, save for a spot smack dab in the middle.

“So...” Bart said.

Jaime scratched the back of his neck as he glanced at his friend. They were several feet apart, on opposite sides of a lukewarm, quarter-empty punch bowl. He opened his mouth to say something, anything to diffuse the awkwardness that cast over when the DJ switched songs, but the stiff shirt collar suffocated him. It shouldn't be awkward, Jaime told himself. Plenty of people went with their friend groups. He only asked Bart to come because all his buddies had their own partners.

Among those on the dance floor were Traci and her girlfriend, Natasha; their matching dresses swished to the mellow R&B over the speakers. Traci sent a pointed look to Jaime, tilting her head subtly in Bart's direction.

Jaime's throat was parched, but he didn't want to bother with the school's nasty drinks. Instead, he made his way towards Bart. Each stride felt like a mile until his fingers caught the hem of Bart's tuxedo jacket sleeve.

“¿Quieres bailar?”

Bart whirled around. “What?”

Jaime really didn't want to repeat the question in English. “I said...uh...wanna dance?”

The younger boy pointed between the two of them. “Like, you and me? Right now?”

“Yeah, if you wanna. Everyone else is doing it and you're my plus one.”

Bart beamed. “That sounds crash. But I've never danced before.”

“Don't worry,” Jaime said as they made their way to the middle. “Just follow my lead.”

It was a scene out of a high school movie. Jaime placed his hands on Bart's waist, and Bart's hands made their way to Jaime's shoulders. It seemed like the spotlight was on them and only them, everyone else fading out of view like insignificant extras. Jaime brushed a strand of hair from Bart's face so he could see those crystal green eyes more clearly and took in the sweet cologne scent that mixed with the smell of silk from the suit borrowed from Barry. Foreheads resting against each other; their noses brushed. Jaime's thumb gently traced the freckles on Bart's face, as if he was afraid they'd wipe away.

They moved in time to the beat—in time with each other. Jaime was thankful for the pinkish-red mood lights that masked his heated cheeks.

And when the spotlight lifted and music sped up, they remained.

“And,” Traci added, “they were nominated for Cutest Couple in the yearbook.”

“Okay, fine, we had one dance,” Jaime confessed, “but that was so we didn’t look like wallflowers. It was nothing special. We weren’t the only gay couple there.”

Cassie leaped from her spot. “Aha! You admit it!”

“Admit what?” Bart asked, appearing seemingly out of nowhere.

Jaime dropped a string of Spanish expletives that made Kon fly over and cover the speedster’s ears.

Eduardo gasped in mock offense. “*¿Tú besas a tu novio con esa boca?*”

“*Él no es mi novio!*” Jaime exclaimed.

“Hold up,” the speedster said. “I just got back from beating Klarion and see y’all ganging up on Blue. What’s going on?”

Kon turned to the redhead and asked plainly, “Bart, when did you and Jaime become a thing?”

Bart thought for a moment before answering, “About three dates ago.”

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