

Do they really love me if I have something they want?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/41434041) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41434041>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	F/F , F/M , M/M
Fandoms:	Batman - All Media Types , Batman (Comics)
Relationships:	Jason Todd & Bruce Wayne , Tim Drake & Jason Todd , Bruce Wayne & Tim Drake , Dick Grayson & Jason Todd , Dick Grayson & Tim Drake , Jack Drake & Janet Drake & Tim Drake
Characters:	Jason Todd , Damian Wayne will appear briefly, Tim Drake , Tim Drake's Parents , Jack Drake , Janet Drake
Additional Tags:	bare with me , im a beginner , How tf do i tag , Jason Todd Deserves Better , Tim Drake-centric , Hurt Tim Drake , Good Sibling Tim Drake , Stalker Tim Drake , just a little though , like its not creepy , Stalker Tim Drake is self aware that what he does is kinda weird , Bad Parents Jack and Janet Drake , They can suck my dick , Tim Drake Has Issues , Jason Todd is Robin , Good Sibling Dick Grayson , Good Sibling Jason Todd , Bruce Wayne Tries to Be a Good Parent , Brucie Wayne notices hurting children more than he does as Batman or Bruce Wayne , The Brucie Wayne Persona makes me laugh , this was supposed to be a oneshot , Mind the Tags , yes beta we live like Jason Todd
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-09-02 Updated: 2022-09-21 Words: 7,139 Chapters: 4/?

Do they really love me if I have something they want?

by [milovetimdrake](#)

Summary

In which Tim Drake, who is used to his shitty parents, finds a piece of technology that the Batfam has lost. In order to gain affection he bribes them with it. How long until the bribes aren't needed? How long until Tim isn't needed...?

Was it unexpected or just upsetting?

Chapter Notes

Special thanks to my beta reader for helping me redo the chapters so they are consistent and more in character.

@add_a_line

This wasn't how Tim was expecting the day to go. His parents said that they would be home for his birthday. They promised. Tim smiled to himself as he thought about their arrival, he was going to dress up. He was going to finally prove to them he was the perfect kid, or close. He hopped into the shower, his grin spreading from ear to ear. He scrubbed his hair shampoo feeling so good against his scalp. It felt so good after last night's stakeout.

A stakeout is what he called his escapades to take photos of Batman and Robin.

Taking in a deep breath, the warm oxygen and beautiful smells filled his nose and lungs. His mother always said that he should start using more masculine scents to wash his hair, but she never said anything about body wash. Tim knew that was probably being selfish by prioritizing his own comfort over what his parents wanted, especially since they were being extra kind to him recently.

Placing the towel around his waist, he began to comb his dark hair. Biting his lip nervously as he stared into the large mirror. His father hated his long hair... Maybe he should show his appreciation for him by doing this small thing. Hair grew back, it always did, but... Tim's hair gave him joy. He loved the way it felt as it touched the base of his neck. The top was shorter than the back, but it still fit into a ponytail and it was amazing when he ran around at night. It kept it out of his face and made him look older, less vulnerable.

Tim stared down at the scissors. When had he grabbed them? He doesn't even remember moving. Before he knew it, he was sobbing with a pile of hair below his feet. Suck it up Tim, it's just hair. His father's voice echoed in his head, pounding almost. He huffed, trying to tough it out as he grabbed a broom and a dust pan. The sound of the trash can lid seemed louder today, the metal slamming against the edges of the can after he had dumped all the beautiful raven locks. He sighed. It would grow back, he needed to calm himself and get ready.

He headed up to his own room picking out one of his fancier suits, designed for galas. His suit was pristine and almost had a glint of shine to it. That made him smile, the proof that his parents cared. They cared about him enough to buy him expensive things, that's what good parents do right?

Smiling at the thought, a warmth spreading through his chest, he set his pace to walk downstairs.

Unlike what their social media has shown, they weren't out of town that often. His mother just liked to stockpile photos when she was there. Tim didn't even know why he was so excited to see them, it was just their work. Eight, Nine hour shifts weren't so bad. Sometimes his dad stayed later at his office, or worked even more when he arrived home, but other than that they were around all of the time. In fact, kindness is all that they have been showing lately! Of course, there was a reason for that. The school emailed them about a stupid thing he said to a classmate and now they seemed to be paying more attention to him. If it meant his parents were paying attention to him, he would've done it a hundred times over... well if it wasn't so stressful at the moment when it happened.

He was at school when a kid came up to him, taunting him for being one of the younger kids in his grade. He said he hated Tim. He didn't want to start a fight with the boy, even though he had no idea what he did to deserve to be treated like that, so agreeing with him seemed like the best option. Apparently, he sounded way too believable when he agreed. A week later his parents came home to a concerning email from the school counselor.

He did not want to go to school after that, because he could feel the eyes staring at him taunting him.

He was sitting in class, scrolling on his phone after his assignment was completed.

Laughter.

He could hear it.

A girl in the back on her phone, sharing a video with her boyfriend, was chuckling. She was laughing at him. He was sure of it. She must've heard from that boy about how pathetic Tim was. He could feel the stares, all around him, he couldn't.. The laughter in the background, the slight squeaking that the markers made on the whiteboard, all of the smells feeling like a tornado specifically swirling around him. The kid next to him, chewing on his piece of polar ice gum filling his brain with mint while the girl behind him sprayed perfume that tried to break in and enter his mind, shoving the mint out of the way. All of the noises, smells, he could taste them. He could taste the laughter. Oh God the laughter. It was suffocating! The people were suffocating! He tried to inhale, but he hadn't even exhaled his previous breath. He let out a strained laugh and quickly ran out of the room.

They were laughing at him. Just like how his father laughed when he saw his posters. Just like his mother when she found out about his photography. "This is just so childish. When I was your age my Mother would have never let me do this sort of thing, be grateful you have such amazing parents Timothy. Say it. Say you're grateful."

Tim rubbed his neck and pulled on his shirt, he didn't like the feeling of the collar against his throat. It reminded him of...bad things. He decided to still wear it. He wanted to make sure that when his parents saw his new black hair and suit they would compliment him. They had been doing a lot of that recently, complimenting him. Ever since the email, they treated him

like he was broken, but that made him happy. Broken things get special care. He was so ecstatic at the thought of it.

He heard a car from outside!! They were home! He hurried down the steps from his bedroom, checking his hair in one of the decorative mirrors in the stairway. His reflection didn't look like him..but it looked like what his parents wanted so that made it even better.

Walking over to the door to welcome them in, he spotted the car leaving the driveway.

What...?

He wasn't seeing this correctly, he was sure.

Anger swelled up inside him, he swung his arm against the nearest object, a vase, not knowing what else to do with the random feeling. It clattered to the floor and shattered into pieces, a lot of pieces. His parents didn't deserve to have their stuff broken! They probably just forgot something right? He could imagine it now, his parents rushing into the airport. They were in such a hurry to see their son they had left their stuff at work. Right?

Warmth filled his chest as he pondered his assumption. He turned around, deciding to make something special for dinner as a 'Hey sorry i thought you left me again and so i broke a vase, have some dinner lovely parents of mine!' gift. They needed some food, they were probably so exhausted from work.

That's when he saw the text.

Nausea hit him like a train as he carefully read it over. 'Hey kiddo. Something came up and your mother has to help with a coworker's kids while they go out for date night. I'm just going to go out with the boys. See you later tonight if you decide to come out of your room.'

He stilled, sadness and panic flooding his vision. No. No, Tim calm yourself. It was really his fault right? He should've known and been waiting for them earlier so he could at least have said hi. Babysitting? His mom, the one who said he was being over dramatic over a fever, was watching a child? Thoughts consumed him. Was she so much better to those kids, nicer, hugged them without complaining? Did she love them more? No. No, that is a stupid thing for him to think about. She was his mother, of course she loved him more. He can't even be mad! She was helping out a friend. His parents were trying their best to just live their life and he was screwing it over for them. He was absorbing all the attention they had to give, he was leaving none for their work or social life. He was forcing them to hang out with him, just because he lied to a classmate. He even broke their vase...expensive vase. He was making everything worse. Maybe it wasn't fully a lie.

Sighing to himself, Tim decided to pick up the glass while being careful of the sharp edges. The guilt washed over him like he was drowning in it. He was so mean to them in his head, wishing they were here more often, once he even thought of them as neglectful and abusive, but they were trying their best! Right? The glass felt heavy in his hands as he thought more about the awful things he's thought about his parents.

Tim frowned. He should be happy? Why isn't he happy?? Maybe a stakeout would help. If he couldn't be happy with all of the good things in his life, he could make others happy. Seeing and taking pictures of Batman and Robin would make him feel better too.

He decided to go out tonight. Maybe after he got out of this stupid suit.

The Camera Isn't The Only Thing Broken

Chapter Summary

Tim Drake goes to take pictures, things go wrong. Pain ensues.

Tim was packing some leftover dinners. The only reason he didn't eat them was because he lost his appetite, no other reason. It had absolutely nothing to do with his mother's honesty about his appearance. Besides, he was asking for it, literally. He had become concerned, with the lack of knowledge that a child has, about how he could see his ribs. They were normal, not protruding at all, but he had no other person to compare to. He had asked if maybe he was too skinny to which his mother replied, 'Definitely not,' all too quickly. But that didn't matter, the kids in Crime Alley would enjoy them more than him, he hoped. It would be way better than the normal granola bars he brought with him on his nightly activities.

He placed the tupperwares into his microwave and then sealed them up and placed them in his bag. He grabbed some water bottles that he had bought with his allowance and shoved them with the meals.

Eventually he headed out of his house, walking past Wayne manor on his way to the bus stop. He hopped on, paying the bus fee and waited till it stopped in Crime Alley. Quickly putting his bag on his shoulders and his camera in hand, he headed off the bus.

Whenever Tim went on his little adventures, he enjoyed watching Batman and Robin. They were honestly his favorite part of it, did that make him selfish..? He was supposed to enjoy giving things more than his own interests right? He heard all about how selfish he was whenever his parents were home so he wanted to make sure that he wasn't. Except sometimes like tonight he's sure he's at least a little selfish. He had already handed out the food and the water to as many kids as he could before setting up his camera on one of the roofs near Jason's usual patrol route.

Yeah, he knew it was weird to know stuff like that. He's known their secret identities for a while now. It wasn't very hard though, especially with body language and behaviors. Dick Grayson did the same exact flips and walked the exact same as the old robin and now Nightwing. Jason Todd was a little more difficult, he seemed more confident when he was in the suit. At school, Tim liked to watch him a lot. He tried to not be creepy with it, he didn't mean to, but his eyes always ended up staring at the older boy. He was always impressed by how well adjusted Jason was, able to go to school everyday after spending all night beating up criminals with a smile on his face. He seemed so happy, kind, and loving. That's why Tim would never be good enough. Unlike Jason, he only seemed to be able to push people away, not draw them in. It was like he was an defective magnet, deterring others away instead of drawing them in.

Sighing to himself, Tim aimed his camera at the building across the road. Batman and Robin always used that strip of buildings to get to the other side of Crime Alley, so he was almost always promised a good running picture when he sat on the specific building he was on.

A black shadow rushed over the rooftops, the bright color following. Click! Shutter! Tim smiled to himself, adrenaline filling his senses. He really liked this one, the picture showing Robin looking up towards Batman with a smile as he followed closely. Bruce seemed to be wearing a grimace as if he was frustrated whereas Robin's smile seemed to be a laugh, his eyes crinkled with a chuckle. Before he knew it, Tim was smiling in sync with the picture. This confirmed it, he was so selfish He definitely enjoyed this more than giving food to homeless people.

Tim began to clean up his little stakeout, it was time for the travel photos. As much as he loved the rooftop pictures, his camera could only pick up fights well if he held his hands really still. He climbed down the fire escape after putting his tripod in his bag. The camera hung around his neck from a lanyard type thing. He started following the two vigilantes while on the ground, quickly realizing that he wasn't making as much ground as usual. Conclusion, Batman must be in a hurry. Even though he had just come down, Tim climbed back up onto the roof of one of the buildings to try and follow them in favor of accuracy instead of discreteness.

Just to his luck, it started raining. Normally when this happened he would just give up and go home, but he was so intrigued where they were going. They were running so fast, he had to know what they were running towards...or from. He held back a shudder, looking behind himself in fear and deciding they definitely had to be running towards something. Tim followed as fast as he could. Jumping from roof to roof was definitely more scary than it looked, especially in the rain.

As he caught up, he had to be more cautious as to not be seen. They weren't going their normal route, they seemed to be split up? Why were their movements random? It was almost as if they were searching for something. Nightwing landed in front of him, cutting off his thoughts. Immediately he started memorizing the way the suit looked up close. His mental camera was taking so many pictures right now! He had to hold himself back from shaking his hands with excitement. Luckily he was facing away from Tim so he didn't see him, let alone his starstricken face. Quickly, he made his way behind a generator to avoid the chance that Dick would turn around and spot him. He should've asked for an autograph while he was up close, but then again if he revealed himself Dick would send him home..or maybe see the camera and interrogate him about everything he knows.

"...B! How the hell did you lose that?? It's literally a prototype!! It wasn't supposed to be used!" Dick placed his hands on his hips, raising an eyebrow.

Bruce just let out a small huff before he replied. "I was testing it in a real life scenario."

With Jason laughing in the background, Nightwing sighed in annoyance. "What real life scenario?? There's no villain!"

Tim stopped listening as he fell off of the roof. Turns out standing on the edge of the roof behind a big generator in the rain is not the best idea. He hit the ground with a sickening

crunch. Dots filled his vision and he took a few deep breaths trying to be quiet. Surely there was no way that the three literal superheroes above him didn't hear the cracking noise that reverberated in his ears. But, apparently, the three were already onto the next roof searching for... well now Tim would never be able to know what they were searching for. Stupid slippery edges.

Blinking back tears, he sat up. Jesus he hurt all over, but mostly his shoulder blades and his head. He was lucky that he fell off one of the smaller buildings. There were some really tall buildings in this area, so he should be grateful. Yet here he was groaning in pain over seemingly just a small concussion. Batman and Robin fell all the time and Jason still went to class!! There was no way he was just going to sit there and do nothing. He needed to be strong like Jason.

What was that?

His eyes focused on a small glowing object at the end of the alleyway. He leaned onto his side before standing up. His vision went black with sparkles for a moment before fading away as he held onto a wall. Slowly, Tim walked over towards the strange... stick? He picked it up, looking it up and down with curiosity. It was definitely tech. That's about all he knew. He could tell by the way wires were sticking out of the bottom and light came from strips at the top and bottom that went around the cylinder. Looking up at the gap he fell through, he deduced that Batman must've had the tech in his utility belt... but given it was new he didn't have a specific place for it. That's probably why it had fallen when he jumped over the space. It must've broke because of the fall. Broke because of the fall... his camera!!

Rushing way faster than a concussed person should ever move, Tim ran over to the area where he landed. He shoved the stick into his bag and picked up the poor chunks of metal. No! He quickly checked to make sure that the SD card was intact. Luckily, unlike his head which was burning with a headache, the SD card seemed to be fine. Tim sadly picked up the rest of the pieces after pocketing the memory card. He placed them in his bag and placed the bag on his shoulders.

He quickly realized this was a bad idea when he fell over at the sharp pain that was sent through his shoulders. He couldn't use his shoulders to wear or hold it off the ground, so dragging it would be the best course of action. He took the bag off of his back and adjusted the straps to be as long as possible so he could get a good grip without actually lifting up the baggage.

To say the trip to the bus station was as bad as the time he got the flu would be an understatement.

Even though he was dragging the backpack, it still pulled on his arm and shoulder blades. He was in so much pain. Tim even had to pause multiple times to sit down with his back against a wall to readjust his, what he could only assume were, his broken bones. Eventually, he made his way home. Slowly but surely.

By the time he made it home and up the stairs, it was already five in the morning. He went out on patrol at around eleven pm and finished handing out food at one am. That was the best time for bat watching so it was perfect. So, either he was watching the vigilantes for way

over his allotted hour, or it took him three hours to walk home. He felt panic rise in his chest as he realized he had school tomorrow- or today he supposed. He needed to shower, walking around Gotham at night was sure to bring certain smells to him, this was going to hurt.

Tim set down his bag in his room and walked into the bathroom. He bent over to turn on the water and was met with sharp pain in his back. He took a shower as fast as he could to avoid the hot water on his back. He learned that yeah something was definitely broken somewhere in his back. How was he supposed to get that checked out without getting his parents in a scandal?? He could see the headlines now.. “Future CEO of Drake Industries jumped off roof while taking stupid pictures!” They would probably blame his parents, but it wasn’t his parents fault he went out in the middle of the night to watch his heroes. They taught him better than that.

He also found out that his back was really messed up. There was blood everywhere. Scabs and bruises were already forming. He couldn't tell if it was from the fall or however many times he had to slide down brick walls in his wet tee-shirt that cut his back up so badly. All he knew is that it hurt really bad, worse than anything he'd ever felt in his life.

Drying off hurt the most, but after he was dry he got to putting on bandages. His parents didn't frequently fall off buildings, so sadly there was no professional medical equipment or large bandages. Instead Tim just placed a bunch of small bandaids up and down his back and a few on his palms which were also scratched up from the fall. He even had to take some pebbles out of his hands, gravel is not fun to land in. After patching himself up, he threw on the loosest long sleeve shirt he had and some tight pants to even it out and make it look like a fashion choice.

He still had about an hour before he needed to start walking to school, although he might use some of his allowance to pay the bus fare. Just this once, he could even count it as his early birthday gift to himself. After going over the options he decided to use some time to upload the pictures off of his camera and onto his laptop. He had gotten some really good pictures tonight despite the injuries, so he was excited.

Tim forgot his camera was broken.

That's what broke the dam. He got his hopes up high thinking about his pictures, thinking about how they could make this day better, take his pain away... He sobbed to himself. Sniffling, he reached into his pocket for the SD card. Oh. Right. He sat on the floor and grabbed his pants that he had lazily thrown onto the floor and reached into the pocket.

The pocket had a hole.

He sobbed harder, laying on the floor in his own anguish. Everything hurt, his pictures could be anywhere from Crime Alley to wherever the bus ends up... or somewhere inbetween. They were gone forever. His picture of Jason Todd laughing and Bruce being frustrated, but not the frustrated look his dad gives him, was gone. In the photo, Bruce actually still had a hint of a smile and the sparkle behind his mask that told everyone he really cared about Robin. About Jason... That's why he liked that picture. If he could just imagine himself getting that look, even if it was combined with real anger he wouldn't care. What he wouldn't give to be looked at with anger along with the knowledge of love.

Tim would never get that.

Today was going to be a bad day.

Is he a bitch or just socially awkward?

Chapter Summary

Jason perspective time!!

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the short chapter, I've just been trying to update this every Tuesday and school can suck it.

Jason's adjusting in this story, still trying to get the feel of being rich lmao

(he also has great big brother instincts)

literally typed this on my phone and didn't edit or read through sorry not sorry

anyone have ideas for how the Stopper will be included in the story? tell me below!! :) enjoy.

He couldn't believe that Bruce lost the STOPPER. The stopper was a prototype. It was supposed to stop someone from moving when they were hit with the beam that comes out of the top. It would freeze them in place, unable to do anything but breathe. That's where the name stopper came from. Dick wanted to add 'Bat' in front of the name, but "The Bat Stopper" didn't sound like a very good idea. After the idea was rejected Dick decided he would make stopper an acronym. 'Stop the O P P E R' Dick was still working on it.

Jason huffed as he thought back on last night's patrol. Batman didn't believe him, but he knew for sure that he had heard something hit the ground. By the time he got to the edge to check, no one was there. It probably took him too long to convince Bruce to let him go check it out, because there was no way that sound was nothing. He would swear on his life that something bigger than anything they carried with them fell in that alleyway.

Putting on one of Dick's old little league jerseys, he made his way down the hall and towards the kitchen. Alfred had already made breakfast. Fuck yeah. Having a Butler and a huge house was definitely something that had taken some getting used to, but every day it got more and more enjoyable. It was weird, waking up and not being cold, being able to shower for hours without the water becoming cold. He loved it but he also felt a twinge of guilt. He knew what it was like on the streets and now being in this fancy house... everyone deserved this. Why did he get this place instead of a kid that had it worse? Sure he was grateful, but he also

wished he could help everyone else. He tried to show and make up for that in his patrols as robin, putting forth his best efforts when working with children and women on the streets, but it wasn't enough. Bruce didn't understand this. He would never understand, hell, he had been rich his whole life! Jason saw the people on the streets as friends and maybe some people on the wrong path, where Bruce only saw people to save (to replace his guilt) and criminals.

It seems that his thoughts had been swirled around him, because he didn't even notice Bruce coming over until his hand rested on his shoulder. "You got your mind on something?" There was concern laced into his tone but his face only showed a faint smile. If you didn't know a lot about Bruce you would think he was simply asking that question out of curiosity, when clearly he was worried.

"It's nothing Bruce, patrol last night just took it out of me. I'm kind of worried about the unlucky sucker who messes with the STOPPER... what if a villain gets it or something, or worse a citizen who uses it on themselves? I'm just concerned that's all."

The hand was removed from his shoulder, and Bruce walked away from the table and to the island to make some coffee. "I understand, the unknown of who could get it is scary.. Lets just hope it doesn't hurt anyone innocent.

On the car ride to school, Jason still couldn't get his mind off of the situation. "Thanks Alfie!" He stepped out of the car and ran inside the school.

Honestly it had taken him a while to let Alfred drive his normal car. For a long period of time he forced anyone who dropped him off to use the cheapest car they owned. Now, he was used to it, everyone already knew who he was, who he was living with. Some people even made disgusting rumors about his...situation. He fucking hated it. Bruce's name should never be used in that way. Jason remembers vividly vomiting in the school bathrooms after overhearing a specific conversation about Bruce and his children.

He stared at the inside of the school before walking right back the doors and placing himself on the outside bench. He'd rather be outside than in the crowded hallways. He wondered if Dick would sit inside or outside the school while waiting for the bell. Jason laughed to himself as he thought about how Dick probably acted in school. A suck up, outgoing talking to everyone. His thoughts were interrupted when he saw... a zombie? Okay, not a zombie, but a kid who sure looked like one.

A single eyebrow lifted up on his face, posing in confusion as he spotted none other than Timothy Drake, the kid born into luxury and riches. Of course Jason couldn't complain about how stuck up he might be, because now Jason was one of those rich assholes. The real question here was why Timothy looked like absolute garbage. Robin was up all night searching and fighting criminals and he looked better than the kid. "Hey did you walk here?" Rich kids didn't walk here, especially...didn't Tim live like twenty miles away from his house and then like another gazillion miles to the school? How the shit did he walk all the way here. His eye bags were horrid as well as if sleep was not only restricted, but avoided all together.

"Oh- uh no my parents dropped me off a street over, bad... traffic you know. I don't want to be the reason they are late, that would be really selfish of me." Jesus this kid was definitely

making fun of him in some way. There's no way he genuinely thought not wanting to walk a mile or something was selfish. Maybe he was trying to make Jason feel less because street kids like him were a burden to be dropped off or something.

But...then there was this feeling in the back of his head screaming at him that something was wrong. This kid wasn't okay. He was too skinny, too small for his age- well maybe he was young and just skipped a grade? "How old are you? It's Timothy right? I've seen you at galas before."

"It's Tim." He spat out before shuffling his whole demeanor backwards as if he was expecting something bad to happen at his small little outburst. "Sorry... I really don't like being called Timothy haha... uh ill be on my way now, sorry for bothering you."

Before Jason had the chance to respond Tim was gone, like he had slipped away or even ran to leave that fast. Did he hate him or something? Trying to keep the conversation short, his little snap earlier. Maybe he shouldn't have asked. The poor rich kid had to walk less than a mile? Jesus why did he even try to be concerned.

He went the rest of the day not being concerned...There was one problem. The way Tim acted made it really hard to not be worried about the kid. He stopped at the bathrooms after every single class period. Jason didn't mean to watch him, they just happened to have a lot of classes together....okay maybe they only had two, but he was really worried.

It got to the point where Jason followed him in once, but there was no vomiting? He wasn't sick, but he wasn't using the restroom either. There was just the sound of adhesive being removed from someth— oh my god. Tim was trans and on his period. It all made sense. Fuck Jason felt like an asshole for invading the kids privacy. And Tim probably felt threatened by him or something, he's probably scared shitless someone else is in the bathroom right now. Jason booked it out and headed to class with his face flushed.

A thought occurred to him in the middle of government class. Tim had always been Tim. Sure there are a couple people who transition at young ages, but he couldn't shake the feeling that wasn't it. What was he missing? He was going to find out.

When the bell rang, Jason soared down the hallway, scanning for a small black haired boy. Eventually he saw him, heading towards... the nurse office? Why would Tim go to the nurse's office at lunch? That was literally the only time they weren't there.

In their school, due to their only being one nurse, he gets to leave for lunch meaning there's no one in there to help him. Maybe he planned this?

Jason walked to the big window that was a poor design choice given the amount of people that get sick seeing others sick. But, it did make a great vantage point to spy— uh worriedly watch a troubled kid. Tim seemed to know exactly what he was doing in there, wasting no time climbing up onto the counter using a swivel chair, then opening the cupboard to grab the box of giant bandages. Why would he need that big of a bandage?? He was getting more concerned by the minute.

As Tim climbed down he seemed to forget he used a chair with wheels and when his legs met with instability and he fell straight on his back.

In a normal situation Jason would've giggled. Tim didn't fall that far and it had that gross school carpet to dampen the fall. He maybe would get a slight bruise on the hip. This clearly wasn't a normal situation.

The scream. The scream that came out of this boy's mouth was terrifying. It was the kind of sound you hear when dealing with torture and murderers not a kid falling two feet.

Scrambling into the nurse's room Jason stared for a moment, not believing the body language training Bruce gave him.

Surely not ...

He was unconscious. Jesus Christ.

playing bloody knuckles with myself

Chapter Summary

Tim's POV of the last chapter

this clears up things hopefully

Chapter Notes

WARNING!! This chapter has a lot of victim blaming and mentions of Gotham's version of CPS, and this whole series has undertones of emotional abuse.

comments and Kudos keep me going so thank you!

Tim muffled his own pained noise as he put his backpack on. His cut up back and the probably broken shoulder blades made having a backpack on terrible. He still didn't know what exactly it was, but it felt broken.

He was not excited for the walk to school. It wasn't that far in retrospect. He'd walked further from the rooftops back to the bus stop the night before. But, this time was different. He had gotten his hopes up about the bus, but then remembered his camera. He really wanted to be able to replace it, and to do that he needed to save up his allowances. So, in spite of everything telling him not too, Tim sucked it up and started the long walk to the school.

In all honesty it wouldn't be that bad. He walked to school all the time, Mother said it was good to stay fit. If it weren't for the fact that his bag was rubbing against his back on all of the parts that hurt and the straps didn't push a too heavy weight into his shoulders he would've been fine. But, he wasn't fine. He had to keep stopping to take a break from his backpack that was irritating his back.

Eventually he just reverted back to dragging his bag with one arm until he was close enough to the school for people to judge him. When he got close he promptly put the bag back on, to avoid peoples stares, even if it was extremely painful.

He didn't even notice the boy on the bench in front of the school before the black haired kid spoke up, scaring the crap out of Tim.

"Hey did you walk here?" No. That was Jason's voice. Of course, it seemed kind of weird for him to know that off the bat (haha), but he did. He honestly didn't have an answer to the boy's

question. Was Jason concerned or making fun of him? Jason didn't seem like the kind of guy to make fun of someone for walking to school, but maybe he acted different as Jason then he did as Robin. At this point he didn't care, he just wanted to go inside so he could set his bag down. Every second he stood with the bag resting on his shoulders felt like fire ants biting his back in unison.

Jason was looking at him expectantly, right he asked about walking. Bruce Wayne clearly had an in with CPP if he'd taken in both Dick and Jason. He really didn't want to be mixed in with all that, he knew how bad his situation looked. But that's just it! It *looked bad*. It really wasn't! If Tim was responsible and paid the bus fare instead of *selfishly* wanting something material, he wouldn't have had to walk! It was his fault really, but based on previous interactions with concerned people, they definitely would think something was wrong. He didn't want his parents to be in trouble... so he just slipped in a lie. If he made it look like he was the bad one and was causing trouble, then maybe Jason would sympathize with his parents and not be so critical of them. Tim hated it when people were critical of his parents. No one is perfect, why should his parents have to be?

"Oh- uh no my parents dropped me off a street over, bad... traffic you know. I don't want to be the reason they are late, that would be really selfish of me."

Then Jason paused, his thinking face evidently...there. Dangit! What did he say wrong?? Tim froze in silence, thinking about his sentence. Did he sound too much like a trouble maker that Jason was trying to analyze if he was a threat??

"How old are you? It's Timothy right? I've seen you at galas before."

His mind swirled, he didn't know why. Anger filled him, memories of his parents... wanting him to grow up and move out. Images of them yelling at him after galas. 'Timothy your being overdramatic,' 'Timothy, why were you interacting with Miss Gordon, you are obviously annoying her with you talking so loud!,' 'Timothy, why are you so difficult?' He clearly remembers his father's voice ringing in his ears, his face prickling with tears. 'Timothy we give you everything a child could want, you're our golden child! Anyone else would be grateful to have such great parents!'

"It's. Tim." He spat out in anger...at Jason? Oh no. Oh no, no, no, he messed up. Jason was going to tell Bruce and Bruce was going to tell his father and he was gonna be so mad- he had to fix it right now. He had to apologize before the tone he used even had the *chance* to sink in. "Sorry... I really don't like being called Timothy haha... uh ill be on my way now, sorry for bothering you." Jeez his back hurt, he felt like he was going to pass out, he could feel the blood seeping through his bandages onto his bag. Shoot!! He ran inside as fast as he could the moment that Jason looked away, he didn't want to upset him any more and he definitely needed to change his bandages.

The rest of the school day was relatively normal until lunch. During passing periods he would change out his Band-Aids. The problem was they were way to small, the sticky parts ripping off dried blood on the parts where the cotton pads didn't reach. Plus they took forever to do, because of three small issues. First, his shoulder blades. Reaching behind was awful. Every small movement he made while trying to get the Band-Aids off felt awful. Second, the amount of Band-Aids. He was running out, and everytime he changed them he had to take off

and put on so many. That definitely added to the pain. Third, he was getting lightheaded. It was probably the blood. He didn't think it was that deep or bad, but something was clearly wrong. Everytime he stood, his vision went black then white then back to a fuzzy haze.

He had forgotten about the concussion. That's probably why his head hurt so bad. At least, that's what he thought it was. He could be wrong, but it felt like a concussion. But he had to have blood loss too, right? It would explain why his backpack was stained and why he almost passed out everytime he stands. He couldn't just get that from some bloody road burn though.

Strategically he waited for everyone to leave the bathroom to use the giant mirror over the sinks to look at how bad it was.

Holy.

Cow.

Tim wanted to vomit. There was a giant gash on the left side of his back. He must've had so much adrenaline last night he missed it. There was crusted blood around the edges but for the most part it was as still bleeding. No wonder he was lightheaded!! What had happened??

After a moment of pondering he came to the conclusion. His camera. When he fell it probably swayed to the side and the gravity pushed it against his back, making it the thing he landed on. The cause of that awful cracking sound. To be honest, he was more saddened by the fact that he was the one to break his own camera, than he was to find out he was bleeding badly. It still made him nauseous to look at though.

Tim decided the next best course of action was to go to the Nurses office during lunch to steal some medical equipment. The nurses had huge bandages! Why hadn't he thought of that before? Duh! If he did it while the nurse was there, he was for sure getting the police called on him for an injury this being left untreated at his age so he decided he would go when the nurse wasn't there.

He needed to hurry before anyone came along and asked him what he was doing. He already knew where the big bandages were, so it wasn't that hard to grab some. Except he wasn't tall enough to reach the top cupboards, so he moved over a swivel chair and used it to climb onto the counter. He grabbed the box of huge bandages, assuming he would need extra for the rest of the week.

Tim climbed down, but missed the center of the chair, slipping backwards and falling on to his back.

His whole vision went white, that was bad. Normally there was some fuzziness first...Jeez that was loud...screaming? Why was someone screaming? He didn't have time to realize it was him before the pain hit him like a train hitting an unsuspecting ant and he was knocked out cold.

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