

## Romance, Friendship, and other Random BS

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21102353) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21102353>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a> , <a href="#">Multi</a> , <a href="#">F/F</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Justice League &amp; Justice League Unlimited (Cartoons)</a> , <a href="#">Young Justice (Cartoon)</a> , <a href="#">Doom Patrol (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Teen Titans (Animated Series)</a> , <a href="#">Static Shock</a> , <a href="#">Lois &amp; Clark: The New Adventures of Superman</a> , <a href="#">Smallville</a> , <a href="#">Batman: The Animated Series</a> , <a href="#">Superman: The Animated Series</a> , <a href="#">Injustice: Gods Among Us</a> , <a href="#">The Flash (TV 2014)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Clark Kent/Lois Lane</a> , <a href="#">Diana (Wonder Woman)/Steve Trevor</a> , <a href="#">Diana (Wonder Woman) &amp; Shayera Hol</a> , <a href="#">Clark Kent &amp; Bruce Wayne</a> , <a href="#">Dick Grayson/Koriand'r</a> , <a href="#">Shayera Hol &amp; Wally West</a> , <a href="#">Diana (Wonder Woman)/Bruce Wayne</a> , <a href="#">Clark Kent/Bruce Wayne</a> , <a href="#">Lois Lane/Lex Luthor (one-sided)</a> , <a href="#">Bruce Wayne &amp; Martha Wayne</a> , <a href="#">Silver St. Cloud/Bruce Wayne</a> , <a href="#">Crazy Jane &amp; Rita Farr &amp; Cliff Steele &amp; Victor Stone &amp; Larry Trainor</a> , <a href="#">Kaldur'ahm   Jackson Hyde/Wynde</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Clark Kent</a> , <a href="#">Lois Lane</a> , <a href="#">Shayera Hol</a> , <a href="#">Diana (Wonder Woman)</a> , <a href="#">Steve Trevor</a> , <a href="#">Dick Grayson</a> , <a href="#">Bruce Wayne</a> , <a href="#">Kon-El   Conner Kent</a> , <a href="#">Selina Kyle</a> , <a href="#">Silver St. Cloud</a> , <a href="#">Crazy Jane (DCU)</a> , <a href="#">Cliff Steele</a> , <a href="#">Rita Farr</a> , <a href="#">Larry Trainor</a> , <a href="#">Kaldur'ahm   Jackson Hyde</a> , <a href="#">Wynde (DCU)</a> , <a href="#">Koriand'r (DCU)</a> , <a href="#">John Bowers (Doom Patrol)</a> , <a href="#">Barry Allen</a> , <a href="#">Earth-2 Harrison "Harry" Wells</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Friendship</a> , <a href="#">Romance</a> , <a href="#">Songfic</a> , <a href="#">Family Bonding</a> , <a href="#">Team as Family</a> , <a href="#">Team Bonding</a> , <a href="#">Mild Language</a> , <a href="#">Mild Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">One-Sided Pairings</a> , <a href="#">Heartbreak</a> , <a href="#">Jealousy</a> , <a href="#">Unrequited Love</a> , <a href="#">First Love</a> , <a href="#">Love Confessions</a> , <a href="#">Falling In Love</a> , <a href="#">One-Sided Attraction</a> , <a href="#">Past Relationship(s)</a> , <a href="#">Secret Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Platonic Relationships</a> , <a href="#">Attempt at Humor</a> , <a href="#">I'm Bad At Tagging</a> , <a href="#">I'm Bad At Summaries</a> , <a href="#">First Kiss</a> , <a href="#">First Time</a> , <a href="#">First Meetings</a> , <a href="#">First Dates</a> , <a href="#">Slow To Update</a> , <a href="#">Short &amp; Sweet</a> , <a href="#">Dimension Travel</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-10-21 Updated: 2022-09-15 Words: 8,579 Chapters: 13/?

# Romance, Friendship, and other Random BS

by [Mister\\_Martian\\_Man](#)

## Summary

Diana knew the truth even if Clark and Bruce didn't.

-

Short stories about these superheroes and their lives beyond their public identities.

## Notes

Short stories/snippets of stories of characters/relationships that I enjoy, or believe would make an interesting pairing, or for anyone would like it. I'll label the chapters to make it easier for anyone.

Jane | Joe (Friendship)

Jane/Joe (Romance)

I own none of these characters or the properties they come from.

Anyway, thanks for reading.

# Not Ready to Make Nice (Diana | Shayera)

## Chapter Summary

They were at standstill for the time being.

Always avoiding one another.

Always making excuses as to why they couldn't go on a mission together.

*Forgive, sounds good,*

*Forget, I'm not sure I could,*

*They say time heals everything but I'm still waiting....*

## Not Ready to Make Nice - Dixie Chicks

---

Diana (*same as everyone else in the league*) is stubborn. Most people wouldn't realize that the princess of the Amazons could hold onto a grudge like no other. She could hold on for years, decades, maybe even centuries if she really wanted to. Yes, she could and the fact that Shayera (*who is just as stubborn as Diana*) wasn't one to ask for forgiveness, for anything, doesn't help their current situation at all.

They were at standstill for the time being.

Always avoiding one another.

Always making excuses as to why they couldn't go on a mission together.

Shayera, at the very least, was trying to make it seem like it was always accidental.

Diana, on the other hand, made it very clear to everyone that it wasn't a coincidence or poor timing that kept them from being in the same room for more than a couple seconds. No one bothered question the Amazon, or the Hawk.

Neither of them were planning on making amends and no one was force that. Not even Superman, who would watched their sparse interactions with a look of disappointment on his

face. But he knew better than to say anything to either of them. Everyone knew well that Diana couldn't forgive, much less forget and Shayera was as stubborn as a horse.

No one gonna was bend.

Diana was irked at the people who have forgotten the lies, the manipulation, the *crimes*, that Shayera had committed against them and their home. She understood the need for compassion but for some reason, Diana couldn't force herself to get over the betrayal. She always felt like she needed a moment to herself. A moment where she could punch a wall and turned it into dust. A moment where she could scream her frustration out, without having someone try to calm her down.

'Cause deep down there's a part of Diana that wants to forgive Shayera, forget her betrayal, and move on. She wanted them to become friends again, for the rage she felt inside to melt away but Diana, being the strong Amazon she was, didn't know how to do it.

She didn't know if her heart would allow it.

---

*I'm sorry.*

*Please, please forgive me.*

The words were forever stuck in Shayera's throat, always threatening to come out whenever Diana was near. As much as she hated to admit it, she missed being friends with her. She missed being able to talk to her about things, about John, and about their relationship.

But going off on how she was acting, it was clear to her that Diana didn't feel the same.

Don't get her wrong, Shayera didn't blame her, nor any of the other members who still didn't trust her. She couldn't.

Because she knows well that she wouldn't be able to forgive someone like that. She knows that she doesn't deserve Diana's (*or any of theirs'*) forgiveness.

She still wants it, though.

*How could she attain it? What can she do to make it better?*

They've been cold to each other since the moment she came back. It shattered Wally's hope for reconciliation. It made both of them feel guilty to put pressure on one of their closest friends. But it didn't stop there.

---

John tried to offer some sort of reassurance to Clark. *"At least they ain't trying to kill each other."*

*"That's because they know we wouldn't put up with that, John,"* Clark sighed. *"You know damn well that one of them would try if we let 'em"*

John's shoulder sagged.

*"You're right, aren't you?"*

Clark gave him a sad look. *"You know I am."*

---

For the team's sake, they try their hardest not to fight.

Shayera bit her bottom lip when she saw Diana enter the cafeteria with Vigilante and Shinning Knight by her side.

The words were rising in her throat, threatening to come out.

*I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.*

*You can punch me in the face if makes you feel better, if makes it easier to forgive me.*

Shayera continues to watch Diana fill her tray, chatting away with Shining Knight and Vigilante. Most likely talking in depth about how things were completely different from where/when they were from. Ice motioned to them to come sit by her and Crimson Fox.

None of them spared a glance her way.

The food on Shayera's tray remained untouched. The chairs surrounding the table she was sitting at, remained empty. She wasn't familiar with any of the new members of the league yet. Most of the original members had their own things going on. Green Lantern and Superman were on a mission together, Batman was probably working on a project in Gotham, and Wally was a lunch date with Fire.

So here she was, all by herself.

Shayera's eyes started to prickle.

She forced herself up from her table, threw away her uneaten tray, and walked out of the cafeteria. Out of the corner of her eye, Shayera noticed that Ice was watching her with a look of pity on her face. Anger soon started to gnaw at her.

Anger at herself, at Diana, at her home planet, so Shayera retrieves her mace from her quarters—and heads straight to one of the training rooms.

*I'm sorry,*

*But I don't want your forgiveness, Princess,*

*I don't need it,*

*I don't want it.*

She snarls as she lifts up her mace, ready to bash it into a dummy's bright blue head.

---

*I'm not ready to make nice,*

*I'm not ready to back down,*

*I'm still mad as hell, and I don't have time,*

*To go 'round and 'round and 'round,*

*It's too late to make it right,*

*I probably wouldn't if I could.*

# Truth (Diana/Steve)

## Chapter Summary

Diana was a warrior.

She knew the harsh truth about fighting in a war.

That neither of Superman or Batman could accept.

## Chapter Notes

This is a story I posted a while back, on a different website but I changed it a little and made the title shorter.

It was The Truth She Always Known but I changed it to truth.

Diana has always known that neither Superman or Batman were the right one for her, despite what many people may think.

Bruce was intelligent, handsome, and an amazing fighter. He was mysterious and a challenge. Sometimes he could be charming and Diana loved all those things about him but she knew Bruce wasn't one to settle down. He was never going to have a normal, or at the very least—a somewhat happy life. He wouldn't rest, not even for a moment, not until his beloved city and its people were safe and free from all crime. Not until the big bad Bat was no longer needed.

But even then, Bruce might not be able to let go and Diana didn't want that.

Still, she hoped when Batman is no longer need—*by Gotham and Bruce*—he'll have someone to keep him happy, to keep him sane.

When it comes to Clark and Diana, they were pretty similar in strength and morality, but Clark, being the shining beacon of hope he is, needed someone else. Someone who could keep him grounded—keep him honest, keep him human, which was something that Diana didn't think she could do but believed wholeheartedly that a woman named Lois Lane could.

Besides, Diana's not blind. She sees the looks that Clark gives her, especially when he thinks no one's looking. It took a little bit of time but the looks she used to give to Superman, are now the looks she gives to Clark Kent.

And Diana (as well as Clark and Lois) couldn't be happier.

Even by some miracle Diana and Bruce or Diana and Clark were made an item—Diana was still a warrior. She knew and accepted the harsh truth about fighting in a war. The truth that neither Bruce, Clark, or most members of the league could accept, could tolerate. And to Diana, if saving the world meant killing the enemy then she would happily strike them down within a split second without any regret afterwards.

The result would be the exact same if any of her friends' lives were at stake.

But neither of them could understand that.

"Killing is wrong, Diana," Superman would say, with his face contorted in a pained and disappointed expression. "We have to hold ourselves to a higher standard.

"We have to be better," He would say, turning his back onto her. "We must lead by example."

At least Superman would find a way to accept her's choices, unlike Batman, would be too furious to even look at her.

"How could you?" He would say through gritted teeth, "How could you, Diana?"

He wouldn't say much but he definitely do a low blow, "If you're capable of murder, then you're no better than the monsters we face every day."

Their relationship and friendship would be completely destroyed. Wonder Woman and Batman would no longer interact unless the fate of the world was at stake.

It was the inevitable truth.

Most of the league couldn't understand that's how their relationships would come to an end if that line needed to be crossed.

---

"What's got you in such a good mood?" Shayera asked, noticing the little pep in the Amazon's step. "Or should I say who?"

Diana smiles.

"I had a wonderful date last night."

Shayera raised an eyebrow, a grin forming her face. "With who?"

If possible, Diana's smile got brighter.



He wasn't Batman or Superman but a good man nonetheless, and he was someone who also knew the truth about fighting in a war. He was a soldier, one that was willing to sacrifice everything in order to protect all he has.

And no, he wasn't as strong as Superman, nor was he as cunning as Batman but Steve was still a hero.

He just happened to be one without a cape.

"Thank you," He would breath out, after she just saved him from a terrible fate, "Thank you."

He would laugh, wrapping his arms around her shoulders, "You know, Diana, I'm almost positive that you really are an angel." Diana would laugh as well, both a bit giddy from the adrenaline pumping through their veins. "I know, Steve."

He would kiss her temple, a small display of affection, but he wouldn't go any further since they were in full view of her teammates.

"I know you just saved me and all, but I'm glad that you're alright."

Diana would find herself smiling at his concern, as well as his slight nervousness around the other members of the league. "I'm glad you're alright too."

She'll wrap her arms around his waist and pull him into a tight embrace, one that no enemy of hers shall break.

There would a slight blush on Steve's cheeks at the contact. He would turned even more red when he saw the Flash give him a quick thumbs up before speeding away. The other members would pretend they weren't looking, but it was obvious they were by the telltale signs of a smile on Superman's face, a sparkle in Hawkgirl's eyes, and a small chuckle emitting from Green Lantern.

"They're watching," Steve whispered in Diana's ear. "Does that bother you?"

Diana whispered back, "No."

They share a small laugh together before Steve would murmured in her ear, "I'll never leave your side, Diana," A hand of his would brush through her dark, thick curls. "No matter what." Diana's eyes would start to prickle, "I know, Steve. I know."

There was a lot of trust shared between them. Diana trusted Steve not to have any qualms on how she saved the day, while Steve trusted Diana to save the day no matter what. They understood each other in ways that no one else could. They would stand side by side, in a battle or in a war, never questioning or judging on how each other on how the other dealt with a threat.

Because only soldiers and warriors know the truth about fighting in a war.

It almost never ends without blood being spilled.



# Thats How He Is (Bruce | Diana | Clark)

## Chapter Summary

It was rare to see a genuine smile (or reaction) from the man. Clark didn't let that bother him. He knew Bruce made himself hard to read for a reason - and that he loathed the very second someone saw what was happening beneath the false face he wore. Clark respected that about his friend, to the point where he tried his best not to dig too deep into Bruce's mind, into his actions.

Regardless of what Clark thought or wanted from him.

Diana, on the hand, hated that about Bruce. She never expected him to change completely during their relationship but she couldn't handle not understanding her lover and teammate. It was frustrating for her, for them. It's what caused their budding romance to come to an abrupt stop.

## Chapter Notes

Past Diana/Bruce.

Clark/Bruce if you squint hard enough, I suppose.

Both Clark and Diana have seen Bruce smile countless times before, but almost all of them were just for show.

It was rare to see a genuine smile (*or reaction*) from the man. Clark didn't let that bother him. He knew Bruce made himself hard to read for a reason - and that he loathed the very second someone saw what was happening beneath the false face he wore. Clark respected that about his friend, to the point where he tried his best not to dig too deep into Bruce's mind, into his actions.

Regardless of what Clark thought or wanted from him.

Diana, on the hand, hated that about Bruce. She never expected him to change completely during their relationship but she couldn't handle not understanding her lover and teammate. It was frustrating for her, for them. It's what caused their budding romance to come to an abrupt stop.

Nevertheless Diana didn't blame him. She couldn't, he had been honest (*and right*) from the start.

"Don't say *it's not you, it's me, Diana.*"

Even under the cowl Bruce's face remained neutral. "It's not gonna work out, Diana."

He kept his face forward, his line of sight focused on the screen in front of him. "I'm sorry."

Diana bit her tongue. Harsh words would not help the current status of their relationship.

"I...I understand, Batman."

There were no more words spoken so Diana had simply turned and left Bruce alone, typing away in the darkness of his Cave.

# Unrequited (Lois Lane/Lex Luthor)

## Chapter Summary

"The love for a woman drives a ordinary man to dangerous lengths," Lex murmured to himself.

"The love for a woman drives a ordinary man to dangerous lengths."

Lois threw her head back and laugh - hard.

Amusement shined in Lex's eyes but she couldn't help it. She had asked him a simple question, as always. But true to himself and only to himself, he answered as if she had asked him something completely different.

"What a load of bull, Luthor," He knew exactly how to get people's skin. "That's not what I meant and you know it." Lex moves a step closer, his hands now folded behind him, the amusement gone from his eyes, replaced with something that made Lois's skin crawl. She knew it was one of his signature power moves, it was suppose to make his opponent (*regardless of their size*) feel small, powerless, and intimidated. Lois didn't let it affect her and remained where she was.

She gritted her teeth and squared her shoulders. Had this been any of their previous interactions, Lois would have slapped him across the face for even daring to use that move on her. Lex gave a soft chuckle. "Don't believe me, Lois?" An unusually soft expression adorned his face as he closed in on her.

Lois ignored the bile at the back her throat. "I never have, Lex." Lois crosses her arms.

"What do you want from me?" There was barely six inches between them now and Lois' fight or flight reflex was screaming at her to make a move. "You tell me, Lois, after all you're the reporter, aren't you?" Lois drops her arms and gave him a look that said *Like hell I will, asshole*.

"What is it, Lois?" Barely a breath between now. "I thought you liked hearing the truth."

Lois moved back a step, disgusted at the fact she allowed him to get that close to her.

He stopped.

"Truth? Ha, I doubt you could say anything truthful without bursting into flames," Lois snarled. "I know you, Lex."

His lips twitch, threatening to turn into a smile once more. He study Lois's face, searching for something. There was a moment of silence before he finally spoke, "How's Kent doing? I heard about what happened to his mother."

Dread filled Lois's chest.

*Of course he knows...*

"I hope she's alright," Memories from the day prior came flooding back at full speed, causing Lois's eyes to prickle, her shoulders to shake, and her whole face to contort into a grimace. "It's tragic, really."

*Did you hear about Clark's mother?* Jimmy's words echoed in Lois's ears. *She was in an accident.*

*An accident.*

Lex held up a hand, as if he was planning on comforting her, but he stopped himself before he could. He peered down at her with an emotion she's never seen from him before. An emotion that made her think of Clark.

Lois hissed. "Why do you care, Lex? All you ever wanted was to get rid of Superman!" She used what little strength she had to shoved him back. "How are you gonna do that by messing with our lives?" Tears were starting to fall from her eyes as she continued, "By buying the *fucking* Daily Planet?"

Lex stiffened at her words, but Lois kept pushing forward. "By mocking a reporter's comatose mother!" Lois moved around him as gracefully as she could, not stopping for a moment. "Really, Lex, why can't you stay out of our lives?"

He didn't try to console her nor did he turn around to face her. Lex stood perfectly still. A few seconds passed before he said anything. And when he did, his tone was oddly light. "Do you really want me to stay out of your life, Lois?"

Lois, through her tears, glared at his back.

"Is that supposed to be a trick question?"

No response.

Lois could see the gears turning inside his head. But it was too late to figure out what he was planning. Doesn't matter, she had wasted enough time on questioning him and it was pretty clear that he wasn't gonna tell her what she wanted to know.

"I'm leaving," Lois turned, her hand on the door handle. "A piece of advice for next time, Lex, don't turn a interview into something its not."

Lois opens the door and heads out.

When she finally outside and in the drizzling rain, Lois took a moment to get a grip. She had to get to Smallville, had to find Clark. Lex wasn't behind Martha's accident but he was definitely up to something. He had to be.

Lois hailed for a taxi as she dialed Clark's number.

Her eyes threaten to tear up again when Clark picked up, worry in his voice, "Lois? Is everything alright?"

"No, Clark, nothing's alright."

# Pretend (Lois/Clark)

## Chapter Summary

Lois Lane doesn't like to lie.

Most people would tell you it's because she's not any good at it (which, at times, is true) but the everyone else would tell you it's just not her style.

So Lois never lies.

## Chapter Notes

This is another story that I've posted on a different website but rewritten a bit for this one.

Lois Lane doesn't like to lie. Most people (*including her family and friends*) would tell you it's because she's not any good at it (*which, at times, is true*) but then everyone else would tell you it's just not her style. So Lois never lies.

She doesn't lie about what she thinks about that ugly sweater vest you're wearing, or about how you accidentally mixed up the salt and sugar measurements in the six dozen batches of chocolate chip cookies you spent the whole previous day making. No, Lois doesn't lie.

It's funny though, because people don't seem to realize is that instead of lying—she *pretends* instead.

"Hey, General," She'll say when she answers the phone. "Anything new happening?"

She'll pretend not to notice the increase of calls that she's been receiving from her father. And neither them will act as if it's not out of the ordinary for him to call twice a week, even though he used only call once or less a month.

"No, nothing new," He'll say. "Just wanted to check up on you, that's all."

Lois will smile to herself. "I know, Dad, I know."

---



The concern on Perry White's face made Lois's heart tighten but she pretends not to notice.

"It's a solid lead, Perry," She'll cross her arms and hold her head high, knowing fully well he won't be able to make her back down. "You know I have to follow it."

He'll grumbled and mumbled things she won't be able to hear but in the end, he'll allow Lois to do her job.

"Fine—but be careful, Lois," He'll lean back in his chair. "I don't wanna lose my star reporter to recklessness. No one can spin a story like you."

Lois would roll her eyes as she fought back a smile.

"Don't worry, Perry."

She'll get up from her chair and give him a wink, "We both know if you lose me—you'll only have one semi-decent reporter left."

Perry would snort in response and as she walks out the door, he would shout after her.

"You better be talking about Kent!"

---

The strength it would take for Lois not to roll her eyes to the back of her head at the sight of a puppy dog eyed Jimmy Olsen pinning after one of the new interns would be incredible.

"Jimmy," Lois would say. "Are you listening to me?"

But Jimmy would be too focused on a young, good looking blonde trying (and failing) to reorganize Keller's desk. He wouldn't realize that Lois was trying to get his attention until it was too late.

She would end up throwing a pen at him. "Jimmy!"

"Huh? Wha-?" He would jump up from his seat, completely caught off of guard. "Lois, uh, what, what do you want?"

"I need help," Not a complete lie. "I need a photographer's eye on this one."

A pair of blue eyes would blink in confusion while stealing a look at another look at the intern.

"S-sure thing, Lois." Jimmy sat back down.

An idea would soon pop into Lois's head.

"You know, Jimmy, I think I might actually need the new intern, Alex, too."

"Re-really?" He would asked, a little too eagerly. "I-I'll go and ask him if he'll be willing to help."

She would watch in pity as Jimmy got up and nervously walk over to Alex.

*I hope I don't regret this*, Lois thinks to herself.

---

When it came to Clark Kent and Superman - pretending was hard.

Lois had to pretend that she didn't notice that Clark's usual disappearing act lined up with Superman's arrival to save the day.

"What? You needed to return a DVD or something?" Lois would quip. "Couldn't risk a late fee, huh?"

"Lois..." He would try to make it up to her and she would let him. It was tough having to pretend that she didn't know that she was siting next to the man of steel. That she was sitting next to the man who continuously (*and sometimes literally*) swept her off her feet.

"How 'bout I buy you dinner? Anywhere you want," He'll fix his glasses before looking at her, unaware of how cute that made him. "I, um, I didn't mean to leave you hanging."

She would lean back in her chair, her hands clasp together, and fake ponder a response.

"Mmm sure, Kent," Clark would smile, knowing that she would never turn him down. "I'll forgive you for now."

When Lois was with Superman, she had to pretend that she wasn't looking into Clark's eyes as they ascend to the sky. She had to pretend that the strong pair of arms wrapped around her waist, well, they couldn't possibly belong to her clumsy, disheveled, and remarkably talented co-worker.

"Are you cold?" Superman would ask her.

"No," A little laugh would find it's way out of her mouth. "I'm perfect." They would share a kiss, floating above the city lights. The people on the streets would be unwise of what was happening in the sky above them.

Lois knows, deep inside, that it's better this way.

For the both of them.

'Cause after all, if Lois Lane doesn't know, then she can't tell. If she can't tell, she can't report. And if she can't report, then she can't lie, which means no one gets hurt, right?

# Happy Together (Bruce | Dick | Jason | Tim | Damian | Martha)

## Chapter Summary

It wasn't a bad song by all means but it was kinda depressing when you actually listened to the lyrics. Sometimes, when they got back from a patrol that didn't go as well as planned, Bruce would play it while he showered off the dirt, the grime, and the blood.

*Imagine me and you, I do*

*I think about you day and night, it's only right*

*I think about the girl you love and hold her tight, so happy together*

Dick listened intently to Bruce humming along to the song playing on the radio. It was in the afternoon, mid-summer, quiet, and peaceful. Bruce had the radio on but the volume set to low. He would sometimes (when he could afford to) sit back, relax, and listen to music while he read a book.

"*Imagine me and you*," Dick smiled, turning his head into his shoulder. Bruce had his eyes trained on his book but Dick didn't wanna risk ruining the moment. It was a rare moment, and the sight of Bruce being at ease and looking as close as content as he possibly could, made Dick and Alfred feel relieved. "*I do*."

---

*If I should call you up, invest a dime*

*And you say you belong to me and ease my mind*

*Imagine how the world could be, so very fine, so happy together*

Jason agreed with Dick that Bruce had an amazing singing voice. But what Dick didn't notice was that the big, bad Bat only sang (and hummed) along to one song. And Jason didn't know why.

"*Say you belong with me and ease my mind*," Bruce's deep voice would soothed Jason as he try to fall asleep. He found it quite relaxing, even though the lyrics were kinda depressing when you actually listened to them. "*Imagine how the world could be*." And sometimes, when they got back from a patrol that didn't go as well as planned, Bruce would play the song while he showered off the dirt, the grime, and the blood.

And from time to time, well into the night, Jason could hear him softly singing as he made his way to his room. No doubt because Alfred forced him to. Jason would hear his footsteps move down the hall and smile once he could hear his singing more clearly. He didn't know why Bruce sang that song, but poor Jason, he would never get the chance to ask.

---

*I can't see me lovin' nobody but you for all my life*

*When you're with me, baby the skies'll be blue for all my life*

Tim watched Bruce intently, as he tapped his finger against his glass to the beat of the song, not paying any attention to the women and men conversing around him. It was an odd song choice for a charity ball, Tim thought, but no one was complaining so he wouldn't either. Bruce was engrossed in the song that it took a hand on his shoulder to snapped Bruce out his trance. He put his charming smile and gave the ol' simple excuse that he thinking about a *friend* he had waiting in his hotel room. The women would be peeved at the excuse while the men would be understanding, giving him an out to the conversation they were having.

Bruce would gladly take the out and so would Tim.

As they were leaving, Tim would catch Bruce murmuring along to the song, "*The skies'll be blue for all my life.*"

Tim smiled.

The man was full of surprises. He made a mental note to ask Dick if this was something Bruce did often and what other songs he sang along to.

---

*Me and you and you and me*

*No matter how they toss the dice, it had to be*

*The only one for me is you, and you for me, so happy together*

Damian cracked an eye open, regretting doing so since the dim light from the Batmobile's dashboard made it hard for him differentiate his father from the darkness. He wouldn't have done so if his father's soft humming hadn't awoken him.

Damian wasn't mad at being awoken, only curious. He's heard his father sing this song before. Mostly after a long night of patrolling, or while skimming the newspaper at breakfast time, or whenever one of his sons were sickly. There was a time where Damian was delirious,

almost bedridden for a day or two, and he could remember his father feeding him soup. He could remember him placing a cold, damp hand towel on his forehead.

He could remember him singing this song to him.

"*And you for me,*" Bruce crooned to a sickly Damian. "*So happy together.*"

Damian sighed, his father's humming helped him drifted back to sleep.

---

*So happy together*

*How is the weather, so happy together*

*We're happy together, so happy together*

*Happy together, so happy together, s o happy together*

*Ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba*

It was their nightly tradition before going to bed. Bruce would brush his teeth, change into his sleepwear, and Martha would sing him to sleep. And every night, it was always the same song she sang.

"*So happy together.*" Martha stroked her son's face and hair, as she sang quietly to him. It was her favorite song and years later, after his life was forever changed, it would become her son's favorite as well.

"*So happy together,*" Bruce would slowly closed his eyes at his mother's feather-like touches. "*So happy...*" The singing would eventually stopped. Martha would smile to herself when she saw that Bruce had drifted off to sleep.

She would whisper to him after a few minutes, unaware of what fate has in store for her.

"I love you, Bruce. Always."

## First Kiss (Bruce/Silver St. Cloud)

Bruce's first kiss was Silver St. Cloud.

They both were fourteen, inexperienced, and awkward as hell. Bruce would cringe internally when he remembered some the moments that they've shared but he was glad that his first kiss was with someone he really liked. Someone who, had things had turned out differently, he probably could've fallen in love with.

But sadly, Bruce being Batman and being in love couldn't co-exist.

Still, his mind wonders back that night. He was at one of the millions of parties he were invited to. He doesn't remember who's house it was, but he does remember that Silver was wearing a short-sleeved, silk white dress that hanged above her knees. The perfume she had been wearing reminded him of freshly cut roses. And they were all alone, in some rich guy's office, sharing a bottle of vodka.

"Your turn." Silver giggled, handing Bruce the half empty bottle. He took the bottle from her hand, his fingers brushing hers. A jolt of excitement ran through his body as he took another swig from the bottle.

"You're cute, you know," Silver said, gazing at him fondly. "Real cute."

Bruce flashed her a lazy smile as he set the bottle down onto a cluttered desk.

"Really?" He asked.

"Mhmm, my friends would be jealous of me right now if they knew I was with you," She moved closer to him, her mouth barely a breath away from his. "Would yours be too?" Bruce didn't respond, he only closed the gap between them. Her lips were warm and soft, her breath sweet. She moved his hands to her waist as she deepen the kiss. Bruce's head started to spin, no doubt from the combination of alcohol and the lack of oxygen.

They kept kissing until the door to the office that they were in, burst open. A tipsy Veronica Vreeland stood in the doorway, a bottle in her hand, "Found you!"

Silver gasped while Bruce bit his bottom lip. Veronica yelled, while seemingly trying to hold back laughter. "Silver's here! She's was being cozy with the one and only Bruce Wayne!" Silver pulled away from Bruce, her face red. "Seriously, Veronica?!"

The red-headed simply shrugged. She didn't care that two of her closest friends were in the middle of *something*. She was told to find Silver, so she did, in fact Veronica found the situation mildly amusing but Silver did not.

"One second, Bruce," Silver dropped his hands from her waist and turned fully towards Veronica. Luckily, she realized what was about to happen and took off before Silver could

make a move. But still, Silver made pursuit while yelling, "I'm gonna make you pay for this, Veronica!"

Bruce did not stay, so sadly it was the last time he ever saw Silver before her family left for Keystone.



# Better to Love and to Lost (Crazy Jane/Victor Stone)

## Chapter Notes

I was gonna make this story it's own thing but I decided just to add it to this collection.

Jane doesn't understand why, or really care how things between her and Victor had seemingly change over a short amount of time. The thing that irks her about their current situation—are the other people she shares her mind and body with. She has to use a lot grit in order to remain in control; Hammerhead and Scarlet Harlot make it very difficult.

"Are you alright?" Victor asked, noticing that Jane had been uncharacteristically silent throughout the entire meeting. "You seem a little...occupied. Is everything okay...in there?"

Jane's lips and right eye twitch at the concern in his voice. "Yeah, we're fucking great," Jane slumps in her chair, ignoring the constant screaming from Hammerhead to be release.

*You're not needed! Go the fuck away!*

"No need to worry."

Disbelief flickered across Victor's face but luckily he knew better than to question her any further.

"Alright, uh, just let me know if you need any help."

Jane twitches once more as Victor gets up. Once Jane knows he's out reach is when she gives in and goes back to the Underground. Hammerhead was fuming when Jane jumps off the train and onto the tracks.

"What the fuck is wrong with you!" She yelled, getting in Jane's face. The others stood in shadows, watching them with interest and mild annoyance. Jane snarled. "What's wrong with me? What's wrong with you?!"

Lifting her arms from her sides, Jane gave a hard shove to Hammerhead's chest. Barely pushing her back an inch.

"You can't be seriously growing soft on the cyborg freak!"

Karen makes sound, grabbing Hammerhead and Jane's attention.

"We need to talk," Karen starts to say before Hammerhead cuts her off. "Like hell we do!"

Hammerhead walks away from Jane and pull herself onto the platform.

"We need to focus on us, on the girl. Not the Chief, not Cliff, and certainly not that hero wannabe."

Jane grits her teeth, using what was left of her willpower in order not to grab onto the back of Hammerhead's jacket and pull her back down. Karen responds to Hammerhead before Jane could.

"Can't you a bit sympathetic? Jane's in love!" Karen puts a hand on her chest and smiles lovingly, as if she were a proud mother. "While I don't necessarily agree with her choice of men--I am not the type of person who likes getting between true love."

Jane snaps, anger bubbling in her chest as well as a different emotion that she can't define. "I'm not in love with Victor!"

Penny Farthing snorts and Jane shoots her a glare.

"You're right," Karen moves her hand from her chest and smacks her forehead. "It's a little too early for that! Jane's got a crush! Which can turn into love if done right."

Hammerhead doesn't say a word as she turns around and holds out a hand. Jane moves to toward the edge of the platform and like Hammerhead, ignores what Karen just said. She reaches out for Hammerhead's hand and allows herself to be pulled up onto the platform.

"You guys could've use the stairs, you know," Penny mumbles. "So unnecessary."

Hammerhead responded by flipping Penny off before asking Jane. "Do I need to worry?"

*Do they?* Jane found Victor mildly irritating but overall a decent person. He was better than Jane at least. But something about him made Jane a little uncertain and dare she say hopeful.

Jane's tone was firm but there was a slight waver to her voice. "No."

Hammerhead stared, her non-existent eyebrows twitch. "Can you guarantee that it will stay that way?"

"I'll try."

Her eyes narrowed and her mouth straighten into a thin line. She didn't believe Jane at all but for the moment, she dropped the subject and everyone in the Underground moved on. As always, Jane didn't dwell on it, letting the unpleasantness of their conversation fade away.

---

Vic has noticed that Jane's been a little nicer to him lately. Not that it bothers him or anything, but it does make him a tad bit nervous.

*Does Jane no longer take pleasure in being mean to him? Or is he growing on her?*

*Unlikely*, Vic thinks.

Cliff's heavy footsteps takes Vic out of his thoughts.

"Hey, Mini Me," Cliff approaches Vic from behind. "Wanna watch a movie, or race cars?"

"Not right now, I have something I need to do first."

"Alright, then," Cliff starts to walk (*in his usual clunky fashion*) away before Vic holds up a hand. "Before you go—can you tell me something?"

Cliff stops and tilts his head at Vic. His red glowing eyes, though not expressive, seemed to be giving Vic a questioning look.

Vic drops his hand before asking. "Has Jane been acting...weird lately? Does she seem a little different to you?"

Cliff makes a noise. "No."

Cliff looks away from Vic's face and stares straight down the hall as if he were expecting someone to emerge into view. "But she's been letting Baby Doll run rampant and I can't go anywhere without nearly getting rammed into. And knowing Hammerhead *and* Jane, I'm gonna get blamed for it if I topple over onto her."

"Ha," Maybe Vic is just imaging things. "That seems...normal, for Jane at least."

"Why do you ask?" Cliff looks back at Vic, suspicion ringing clear in his voice. "Do you think Jane's acting strange?"

Vic shook his head. "No!" He didn't need Cliff bringing this up to Jane. "No, uh, I just wanted to know that if the anger she's feeling about the Chief's part in our predicaments was causing her to become more...volatile."

It was plausible lie. No one at the Manor wanted Jane to become more unstable. To support that notion, Cliff nods (*well, sort of*).

"Of course! She's still pretty pissed. I'm still pretty pissed at the Chief," Vic tries not to smile at his success. "But I think Jane is walking on a thin line here."

"What do you mean?"

Cliff moves his head to the side, ashamed of what he was revealing to Vic.

"She's, she's been doing drugs—I mean hardcore drugs, man."

Vic blinks, trying to process what he just heard. Jane did had a lot demons and a lot of bad habits—the whole team did. Vic didn't feel like judging her at the moment and besides, it gave him an explanation as to why she's been acting different around him.

Maybe she didn't want him to notice, didn't want to deal with his self-righteous bullshit if he found out about it.

"Well, I'm go bother Larry now." He watches Cliff head down the hall and turn around the corner, his thunderous footsteps grew softer as he made his way towards the tortured soul called Larry.

Feeling satiated, Vic went on his merry way.

---

The conversation she had with Hammerhead had soon become a distant memory. It was only when she was completely alone with Victor that Jane remembered her words, her promise to the Underground. "Thanks, Jane," Victor would say, unaware of how his god-awful niceness was starting to affect her. "I appreciate it."

Jane tries her best to ignore the queasiness building in her gut and responds with a little more bite than she intended to.

"Yeah, sure, whatever."

Thankfully Victor did not notice. Jane forced herself to get up from her chair and leave him be. To kill time (*as well give her something to do*), Jane would let the others bother Cliff, Larry, or Rita but would keep them below the surface whenever she interacted with Victor. It was always the three of them—Hammerhead, Karen, and Scarlet Harlot. Jane couldn't trust them not to do something impulsive and/or stupid to him.

Jane wander throughout the building. She let Baby Doll take control so she could bother Cliff for a bit. It wasn't long until Hangman's Daughter decided to paint a portrait of Larry, who was busy taking care of his garden outside. Jane took over once more and decided to go look for Rita.

"Hey, Rita," Rita hums in response to Jane's greeting, keeping most of her attention on the movie playing on the screen in front of her while the rest was used on the ball of yarn and needles occupying her hands. "Yes, Jane?"

Jane looks at her options, should she sit in the recliner? Hmm, fuck it, Jane thinks to herself and flops right beside Rita, startling her.

"Have you ever been in love?" Satisfaction courses through Jane as she took in the sight of Rita doing mental gymnastics in order to process what she just asked her. She also fought a smile as she watched a mixture of emotions shift across Rita's face—confusion and annoyance were in the forefront.

"Jan—what are you—?" Rita drops her yarn and needles. Her attention no longer on the screen in front of them. "Why do you ask?"

Jane shrugs in response. She wasn't entirely sure of why herself.

"Curious, I suppose," Rita turns to look directly at Jane, her face in total disbelief. "So is that a no, then?"

Rita opens her mouth then shuts it, finding herself struggling to respond coherently. "No! Wha--yes, I have! B-but why?"

Jane shrugs again, not knowing what to say.

Rita no longer felt confused but was now concerned for (*sort of but not really*) her friend. It wasn't like Jane to sit quietly and not have a response (*usually with some profanity*) to someone's inquiry.

Rita squinted at Jane, waiting for an answer.

Jane started to pick at her nails, her eyes averted from Rita's gaze.

*What is this about?* Rita wondered.

Jane and her weren't close--they tolerated each other but they weren't close friends. Jane didn't come and confide in Rita whenever she was dealing with something she couldn't handle and Rita didn't spill her secrets to Jane.

*What's her goal here?*

"Jane..." Rita started, feeling slightly peeved at herself for humoring Jane. "I can tell you about him if you like."

Again, Jane did not respond but she stopped picking at her nails so Rita took that as a sign to continue.

"We were both young and aspiring actors," Rita bit her bottom lip, allowing herself to reminisce about the long nights and stolen kisses between them. "He was a good looking fellow, no doubt about it. He was very charming, talented, and driven—it almost hurts to say it but, well, he was my equal in many ways."

*And a distraction,* Rita's mother voice echoed in her mind. "He also had the prettiest eyes that a girl has ever seen."

Jane finally glanced over to Rita, taking the longing in her eyes and willfulness in her smile as she recalls her first love. "What happened to him?" Rita's smile dampened a bit. "He died while filming his breakout role." He died not long before Mary Beth's suicide. "He was the main lead in *Goodbye Mister Farley*."

"If I remember correctly it was about a man whose life got flip upside down when the love of his life leaves him for a hard-as-nails gangster," Rita started to fiddle with the yarn in her lap, vaguely aware that she was destroying her knitting project. "It got scrapped. Mostly because the Casting Director couldn't find someone to replace him."

"Oh," Jane says softly. Rita snapped out of her trip down memory lane and focuses her attention back onto Jane.

With her curiosity at full peak, Rita asked Jane, "Will you tell me why you wanted to know?"

Jane smirks and cracks her knuckles before slowly dragging herself off the sofa. "Fuck no." Rita huffs, but like Victor, knew better than to push it. "Okay, then," She murmurs mostly to herself, waiting until Jane was out of earshot to exclaim to herself. "That was strange, even for Jane."

Rita went back to her knitting but didn't bother turning off or rewinding the picture she had playing on the TV. She knew it by heart. It was one of her earlier roles, after all. Heck, it might have been the one that she was filming when everyone and their mothers had received the news of Tommy's demise.

Rita bit her lip, trying not to let old memories get the best of her. Thanks to Jane's question, Rita's mind couldn't help but remember things that she wish she didn't.

# Injustice Pt. 1 (Diana/Steve)

## Chapter Summary

“Leave,” She hisses, raising her sword towards him. “Leave before I kill you!”

## Chapter Notes

I can't come up with a full story but short and sweet snippets are what I'm good at.

Steve stared at the other Diana with a expression that was a combination of horror and pain, “I don't know who your Steve Trevor was but he is not me. I would never knowingly hurt you or my Diana.”

Diana's grip on the lasso tighten as her face shifted, from anger to pain to hatred.

Her eyes start to prickle, her breaths grow shallow, and her whole world seem to spin. Several moments pass before she found herself able to speak.

”Leave,” She hisses, raising her sword towards him. “Leave before I kill you!”

He looks at her for a moment, his eyes full of sadness and something close to pity. Regardless of her misdeeds—she was still Diana to him. Steve starts to leave, sparing one more look at the fallen Amazon.

Her eyes were shut tight and tears were glistening on her cheeks. The sword that was gripped tight in her hand was now by her side. His heart breaks at the sight but he knew better to stay and comfort this Diana. ‘Cause is she was anything like the Wonder Woman on his earth—then she most certainly go through with her threat.

# **A Strange with a Familiar Face (Kaldur/Wyynde)**

## Chapter Summary

It was strange to see and hard to believe that any version of Kaldur could be evil.

It was strange to see and hard to believe that any version of Kaldur could be evil.

The man he loves was calm, collected, and gentle but the man he saw on the TV was none of those things.

He was told that he could end up at a different place, a different time, and possibly a different earth. There were countless universes but Wyynde did not realize he could end up in a world where his boyfriend could be a monster. On this earth, Kaldur wasn't pretending to be on his father's side.

Wyynde stared at the TV with a saddened expression as the news reporter continued on talking about the horrors the villains on this earth were committing.

He shook his head as a commercial came on—he had to focus. He had to get home and away from this nightmare.



# Poetry is Hard (Shayera | Wally/Beatriz)

## Chapter Summary

Her eyes taking in every word Wally had written for Beatriz.

*You're always so sweet*

*You really sweep me off of my feet*

*Am I dreaming?*

*Are you real?*

*I never knew I could feel this way*

*So I'm gonna try to be brave*

*And ask, can I kiss you today?*

Shayera grimaced.

Her eyes taking in every word Wally had written for Beatriz. She saw him scribbling away in some random notebook earlier but she never thought it would be for a poem. Shayera's false smile dimmed a little as she reread his poem one more time before giving him any criticism.

"Wally, I think your poem is...kinda cute," She cherishes his smile for a moment before adding, "But you probably should just get her flowers."

# Welcome to Earth-1 pt. 1 (Tess Morgan)

## Chapter Summary

Tess chewed at her thumbnail, eyeing the time displayed on her monitor.

Was it too early? Were they just setting this project up for failure?

Her team members hustled around her, going over all their data once more and making sure the platform was up and running.

Nothing could go wrong.

Nothing should go wrong.

Tess chewed at her thumbnail, eyeing the time displayed on her monitor.

Was it too early? Were they just setting this project up for failure?

Her team members hustled around her, going over all their data once more and making sure the platform was up and running.

Nothing could go wrong.

Nothing should go wrong.

Originally, the Board had been against the trial run but thanks to persistence of Tess, Harrison, and Brand, they were able to change their minds and receive approval for the next of their project. And after some back and forth with the team—it was decided that tonight was the night the platform will go up.

Tess sits back, dropping her hand. She steals a glance over to Harrison who was working on the platform. She knew that she was letting nerves get the best of her and she wasn't the only one. Brand wasn't her usual upbeat self, Hewitt wasn't filling the silence with a bunch of random facts that he learned the night prior, and Harrison was on high alert. The entire team was on edge. No one could place a finger on it but for some odd reason, no one was excited about the test run.

After a last minute look over on the platform, Harrison gestured to Tess to come over.

"Any problems?" There was a slight hopefulness in her tone, which Harrison ignored.

"No," Harrison was still kneeling down so he had looked over his shoulder to look directly at her. "Everything's perfect, but, uh, are yo—are you absolutely certain that you want to do

this?"

Tess straightens her posture, finding a little flattering that Harrison still cares about her safety.

"I am," Harrison stares at her for a moment, his expression unreadable before saying. "Then we're good to go."

Tess stood on the platform.

A soft humming noise echoed in her ears, making Tess feel a bit at ease. The entire team was looking at their monitors, built off of interest in the Multiverse theory. It's been around since the late 1800s and yet no scientist has gotten enough evidence to prove that it does or does not exist. Back when Tess and Harrison were just a couple of bright-eyed and bushy tailed research assistants; they had made a promise to one another that the Multiverse theory would be their project. And so far, they had kept their promise.

Their marriage, their son, and their divorce did not change that.

Harrison stood behind Hewitt, watching her intently, looking for any distress or discomfort.

"Turning on in 1...2...3!" Brand flipped the switch and the platform started to become brightly illuminated.

A surge went through her entire body causing her to feel light-headed. Everything seems to going fine as her team moves around her, citing off her vitals and the results coming through on their monitors.

Tess watches as Harrison's face shifts from cautious to shock. "Did something go wrong, Harrison?"

She didn't feel like anything changed but the world around her started to turn dark and soon she could feel herself falling. She didn't make far when a pair of strong arms caught her.

"I got her!" A young man's yelled as Tess drifted off into unconsciousness.

# Crush (Lois Lane & Conner Kent)

## Chapter Summary

“She’s really pretty, and smart, and funny, and she’s not afraid of who I am and what I can do,” Conner said, slamming his hands on the wooden desk causing it to shake violently. “What’s not to like?”

“She’s really pretty, and smart, and funny, and she’s not afraid of who I am and what I can do,” Conner said, slamming his hands on the wooden desk causing it to shake violently. “What’s not to like?”

Clark’s breathy chuckle caused Conner to give him a pointed glare.

”I understand how you feel, Conner,” He paused for a moment, watching the desk in front of him slowly stop shaking. Luckily there’s no cracks or hand shaped indents in the dull wood. “Trust me, I really do.”

Conner snorted and removed his hands from Clark’s desk.

”Sure you do.”

Before he could respond, Lois called from the door to Perry’s office. “Clark? We need you ASAP.”

Clark gave Conner a knowing look, ”I’ll be right there!”

“Don’t make me wait, Kent!” Lois said, before popping back inside Perry’s office.

”I’ve been working with her for years,” He stood up and put a hand on the younger man’s shoulder. “You think I don’t see it? That I don’t know her worth?”

Conner gives a look that basically says he doesn’t believe him.

“Then why haven’t you made a move yet?”

”There’s a few reasons,” He says, squeezing the younger man’s shoulder a little too tightly. “And don’t ask ‘cause I won’t tell.”

Clark ignores Conner’s eye roll and drops his hand and starts to head for Perry’s office.

“It would never work between you two anyway,” He says, looking forward. “Besides, I saw her first.”



Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!