Getting Around Gotham, or: Five Drabble Trysts with Batfam Men, and One 3500 Word Epilogue About How You All Realized It

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Getting Around Gotham, or: Five Drabble Trysts with Batfam Men, and One 3500 Word Epilogue About How You All Realized It

by relocation

Summary

A fresh arrival to Gotham trying to meet new people, you find yourself entangled with five different men, unaware that they are all connected, just as they are unaware of each other's connection to you, until you all end up at one party.

(In your defence, they all had different surnames.)

- Inspired by every time I've thought "What if someone dated everyone in the Batfam, and never realized it because they all have different surnames?"
- Written for the characters in general, most recently (but certainly not *only*) influenced by WFA
- Only Jason got outright smut, sorry Dick et al.
- Drabbles can pretty much be enjoyed separately, but they are meant to be read together with the longer epilogue.
- Sequel featuring women when complete

Notes

Title edited- originally 3300 word epilogue but decide to go for a 3500 for a nice clean 4k total.

I literally don't care how old this fic gets, I would love to read your comments (unless you're a dick or a bot, I guess, but this note won't stop either of those)

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Bruce Wayne

Chapter Notes

Not sure if it's worth doing warnings, since if you glance down you might read the whole thing before seeing them, but I will put them in anyway

After this point I am hiding chapter notes so they won't be distracting, especially to those who clicked 'entire work,' but if you're curious of course they're there to be looked at.

▶ **Click for this chapter's warnings**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Laughing, you pulled back from the kiss and looked at Bruce Wayne, enjoying the flush of his face, his slightly swollen lips. You could feel his cock beginning to swell under you as you sat on his lap, and a wave of desire ran through you.

"Shall we...?"

You tilted your head at the elevators to the hotel above.

Bruce looked almost dizzy, and the lights and noise of the club probably didn't help. His eyes sharpened, and he pulled back from your embrace, taking your hands in his.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I should get back to the party."

Chapter End Notes

▶ small ramble about Bruce Wayne's relationship status

Chapter 2: Tim Drake

Chapter Notes

▶ **Click for this chapter's warnings**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Things hadn't worked out with Bruce Wayne, but you hadn't exactly expected to walk into Gotham and get with its most prominent billionaire. Even making out had been a fluke, though you wished it had gone further.

Still, things were on the up; a cute guy had asked you out when you picked up a new hard drive. The date was going well.

You stirred your drink.

"So, what's your story, Tim?"

"Oh, well, long story short, I'm Tim Drake, of the Drakes."

"Sorry, I'm not from Gotham, I don't really know what that means."

He smiled, and started talking.

Chapter End Notes

▶ Click to expand notes: not knowing the Drakes and a happy disclaimer

Chapter 3: Jason Todd

Chapter Notes

▶ **Click for this chapter's warnings**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The date with Tim had been nice; he'd seemed genuine and kind, but he didn't take you home. You were pent up.

So when you came across a dark and brooding and *built* man in a dive bar, you moved in on him, first flirting, then whispering filthy things in his ear until he brought you outside and fucked you deep against a wall, holding you up with one hand while the other rubbed you almost too hard, making you come messily just before he shot his load.

You didn't get his name, but you hoped you'd see him again.

Chapter End Notes

▶ Click to expand notes: safer sex and another happy disclaimer

Chapter 4: Batwing

Chapter Notes

▶ **Click for this chapter's warnings**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Finally it happened. Just being in Gotham tempted fate.

Some henchman dragged you and a handful of other hostages to the roof of a building and lined you up at its edge. It felt strange and dreamlike, though no less terrifying when his first demand wasn't met, and he shoved you off.

A dark, winged figure caught you, swooping you onto a small, isolated balcony.

"Kiss me," you whispered.

"I can't-"

"Nothing feels real; please."

He hesitated, then slipped the mask away from his mouth, and you saw his soft lips for only a moment before they touched your own.

Chapter End Notes

▶ Click to expand notes: not actually spoilers but only read after the chapter
▶ Click to expand notes: Batwing's risk and what's to come

Chapter 5: Dick Grayson

Chapter Notes

▶ **Click for this chapter's warnings**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The flyer for your day trip to Blüdhaven had boasted a beautiful downtown core and numerous classy restaurants, but when the bus dropped you off, it was all empty storefronts, and the city had an odour.

"Not quite how it looks on the brochure, huh? You look lost, can I help you?"

You met eyes with someone squarely tall, dark, and handsome. Immediately, you introduced yourself.

"Dick Grayson," he replied.

You raised your brow, bold and playful.

"You don't hear that nickname much. Do you live up to it, 'Dick?'"

He laughed.

"At least let me buy you dinner first."

Chapter End Notes

▶ Click to expand notes: just chatting

Chapter 6: The Party

Chapter Notes

- ▶ Click to expand notes: thank yous and fic talk
- ▶ **Click for this chapter's warnings**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You looked at the invitation Tim had sent you for a holiday open house at Wayne Manor. Well, it was called an open house, but the note explained that it was invitation only, and the title was meant to encourage guests to come and leave as they pleased, on their own schedules. With his rich parentage, you weren't surprised he'd been invited, but you were flattered to be his plus one.

By now you were pretty sure Tim only saw you as a friend. If not, he was *very* old fashioned, because other than your parting following that first date, after quite a few hang outs, he hadn't so much as went for a kiss, and he kept enough physical distance that you wouldn't be the one to make the first move. He also seemed a little young, especially compared to your hot, if unfortunately temporary, round with Bruce Wayne.

Besides, with several months in Gotham under your belt, you were much more satisfied. You hadn't found the guy who had rocked your world in that dark alley again yet, and cursed yourself now and then for not getting his number, or even his name, but on the other hand, a guy that spontaneous probably wasn't one for calling back. You *had* met Dick a few more times; it seemed he made the trip from Blüdhaven to Gotham rather often, apparently having family in the city. He also seemed quite comfortable with you having other options between his visits, though for all that it was casual, you hadn't met anyone else yet. He showed up at awkward hours, but his lithe body and manner in bed were worth it.

You had also seen the vigilante you now knew as Batwing around, though you made a point not to be in his way after your desperate, half-dazed kiss; your fantasy, but probably not his.

It was a relief that the visit was a holiday event, and free of a dress code. You imagined most guests would be dressed quite nice, not to mention the host- in fact, you spent a good amount of time *imagining* Bruce dressed up nice, and the undressing following- but it meant that an ugly Christmas sweater or any other overtly-holiday themed outfit would not be wrong, and those were a lot cheaper than the looks the billionaire probably expected at most of his parties.

It did feel a little awkward to be going to one of his parties with a date, even if it was non-romantic, but you shrugged that off. Your makeout with Bruce wasn't exactly romantic either, and you doubted he'd recognize you; you had both been drinking that night at the club, and if you hadn't recognized his name, you probably would have forgotten his face too.

That was how you found yourself handing an invitation to a polite butler, an kind, older British man who had introduced himself as Alfred Pennyworth and let you know that Tim was inside. You shot off a quick text letting him know you'd arrived.

You wandered for a while, looking at the variety of decorations. Christmas and Hanukkah dominated, but sections of the space were for other holidays, and different cultural interpretations of the major ones, with each of these areas having its own distinct snacks and sweets.

After eating a good selection of foods, partly in hunger and partly to sample all the different options, you still hadn't found Tim. It wasn't too crowded, in fact you were rather surprised to find you had been invited to such a private gathering, but he just didn't seem to be there.

You texted again, but started looking wider away from the food, wondering if perhaps their was some sort of entertainment distracting him. Part of you worried that Tim had left without the butler seeing, but the Tim you knew wouldn't stand you up, so you assumed he was just getting air or something.

Along the outer edge of the party space, there was a guy, still wearing a red wool cap despite the warmth of the indoors, moving deeper into the manor. He looked oddly familiar, and you followed. He probably just wanted a bathroom, but perhaps he knew where else people had gathered.

In the quieter hall, he apparently heard your footsteps, and spun around, almost grabbing you.

"Sorry," he said, putting his hands down. "Don't like being followed."

"I'm sorry," you answered almost automatically, then looked at him again. "Wait, aren't you..."

He stiffened, and you stammered out the rest of your sentence.

"Didn't I meet you in that bar a couple months ago?"

He visibly relaxed, and his eyes seemed to refocus on you.

"Oh, you're-" he cut himself off, and cleared his throat. "Yeah, I recognize you now. What are you doing here?"

You shrugged. "A friend invited me, but I haven't seen him around."

"A 'friend' huh?"

He gave a teasing smile.

"*Just* a friend," you answered, stepping closer, not hiding your lascivious gaze at his body, which was not particularly hidden in his fitted clothes, a thought that made you notice the oddness of his hat above the rather formal outfit. "And I don't know where he's gotten to. You're the only other person I've recognized here, do you wanna..."

You trailed off, waiting for him to make his own conclusions.

He looked up and down the hall, and you followed his gaze. You were alone.

"Do I wanna what?" he asked, closing the distance between you, looking into your eyes in an almost hypnotic way, his body almost touching yours. "This?" He reached between your legs, stroking you through your clothes.

You inhaled sharply.

"Yeah, that."

He wasted no time in finding an empty bedroom, and as you walked behind him you sent off a quick text.

BRB, saw someone I know

As you hit send he locked the door and pushed you down on the bed, holding you down with his body weight where his hips met your own, his thick, hard cock pressed against you. You tossed your phone aside and reached your arms around his neck, but before you could even pull him in, he was kissing you, brutal and passionate, tongue deep in your mouth, moaning when you sucked it, careless with his teeth against your tender lips.

When he pulled back, you cinched your arms around his neck and were pulled up with him, kissing him more, tasting his mouth, then releasing him, instead occupying your hands with unbuttoning his shirt. You remembered that he'd looked strong that night in the dive bar, but he had enormous pecs and defined abs, toned to a point that although he was not shrink-wrapped and vascular like a bodybuilder, you could see the outlines of all his muscles. You ran your hands over him, admiring the view, then pulled him closer.

"Shit," he said grinding against you, and internally you agreed. "You have condoms?"

You didn't, not having expected to hook up with anyone at what you expected to be a formal, stuck-up event with a friend who was just a friend, and he groaned, then rolled off you, rifling through the nightstand. You heard the rustling of him pulling out a condom.

"Expires... January next year. We just made it."

"Good, celebrate that by *putting it on*, please."

He didn't; he didn't even take off his pants, instead choosing to expose you, but you couldn't complain when he leaned forward and licked you, long wet strokes where he moaned, at your taste or feel or perhaps in anticipation, then he sucked you, sloppy and wet and making you shake with the intensity of his assault, despite its seeming simplicity.

Panting, he pulled back and finally unzipped his pants, still wearing his open shirt and that oddly mismatched hat.

You hadn't gotten to see his cock that dark night, but it looked luscious, hard, thick, and smooth, curved just slightly upward, and beginning to drip clear precum. It was framed by

the impressive cut of his hips and V lines.

"Can I-" you asked, rolling yourself forward, mouth open. You licked your lips, then left your tongue cushioning your bottom teeth.

In answer he pulled you closer, and you followed through, not just tasting his cock but taking it in one motion, swallowing hard as you went down, until your nose pressed against his pubic bone.

"*Fuck*," he hissed.

You pulled back rather quickly for air- you hadn't exactly warmed up- then repeated the motion several times before going slightly easier, taking a break to mouth and lick his balls, then swirling your tongue over the head of his cock before you swallowed him again.

Pulling back, he tore the wrapper open, rolling the condom over his cock. He looked down at you, at the way you stared at him, from his handsome face, to his body, to his cock.

"What are you waiting for?"

He dropped any remaining shred of hesitation, climbing on top of you, holding your shoulders down hard, in a way that might have hurt if not for the undoubtedly expensive mattress under you, but instead was a hot pressure. He wasn't the only one who had been dripping, and he thrust against you, spreading the slickness you had exuded over his cock and your hole, then pushed in deep.

You cried out, loud, and he slapped a hand over your mouth, then released it, remaining still for a moment, allowing for protest before he continued fucking you. It was a cry of pleasure though, not pain, and after that first startled moan you clenched your teeth to keep the sound of your enjoyment internal, though hums and squeaks in your throat, and gasps through gritted teeth still escaped you, and spurred your partner on.

Seeming to lose himself in the heat of fucking you, he released your shoulders, then fell forward, bracing his forearm horizontally across your collar bones, sliding slowly toward your neck, but you allowed it, looking forward to the restriction, to choking for breath as he finished in you, and used your newly freed arms to grab his hot, firm ass, pulling him harder against you until your vision seemed to go white; your fingers twitched where they dug into him as you came.

He swore and thrust in, harder than before, then with a few slower strokes he pulsed inside you, then went still, breathing hard.

"Fuck," you said, breathy and flushed.

"Fuck," he agreed, finally pulling out, then carefully removing the condom and tying it off.

He pulled out a handkerchief out of his jacket, and tentatively held it out to you.

"Do you want to uh, wipe down?"

You accepted it, and did, then handed it back. He rolled the condom in it, then tucked it discreetly away in a pocket.

"You're very conscientious about Bruce Wayne's sheets. Are we also making the bed?"

He snorted.

"Bruce shouldn't leave the guest rooms unlocked if he doesn't want people hooking up. I just don't want to leave any cum behind for Alfred to clean up."

"*Very* conscientious," you repeated as you dressed yourself. "I do think I like Mr. Pennyworth, though."

"He's great. Thanks for this, by the way. I hate these things, really needed a release."

"The pleasure's mine. You come to these things a lot? I didn't take you for another rich boy... or someone who carried hankies."

"Oh, emphatically no; I grew up in Crime Alley. I just know a few people; I have an obligation to be here for a Boy's Night later."

"Heard. Hey, I know it's just been a couple hookups, but would it be alright if I got your number?" You held out your phone. "No pressure, just wouldn't mind doing this again. I kept my eye out for you after we met, but..."

He hesitated, then took your phone and punched something in, then tossed it back to you.

"Can I get your name, or is that too familiar for you?"

Smiling, he gestured zipping his lips.

"Well, if we end up at another one of these and you need to let off some steam," you said, and sent a quick text to your new contact, which he'd labelled with an emoticon wink. "You know how to find me."

He grinned, with a cocky tilt of his head.

"I might just take you up on that."

You phone buzzed; you swore, and retrieved it.

"Your friend?"

"Yeah, he says he got dragged into a conversation in the sitting room. Says he doesn't think he'll get out of it very soon."

"I just happen to have a meeting in the sitting room, would you like me to show you the way? Any guests in there'll be getting kicked out anyway."

"Sure, thanks," you said, smiling. "I swear, I don't know how people get around this place without getting lost."

"Oh, they do."

Laughing, you followed him into the hallway, and almost ran into someone.

You apologized, as did he, then froze when you saw his face.

"You alright?" your hookup asked.

"Oh, sorry," you said, more to the guy in front of you, who you'd been staring at. He was a young black man, and wore a charcoal suit with a shiny red button down beneath belying the holiday spirit. He had an easy strength to the way he held himself, similar to your hookup, and to Bruce himself. "You just look so familiar somehow."

He smiled patiently, and your eyes were drawn to his mouth.

"Luke Fox. You've probably seen my father, Lucius in the papers, or over in the foyer just now, though I do hope I look a bit younger."

"That must be it," you answered, smiling back, though you were not sure that *was* it. "Nice to meet you. And he's with Wayne Industries, right? I'm still fairly new to Gotham, but that rings a bell. Plus you're both here, so..." you trailed off.

"You've got it," he said, still pleasant. "This guy bothering you?"

"Hey!"

"Oh no, he's just escorting me to meet a friend at the sitting room."

"Funny, I was just about to head there myself."

"By all means, come along," said your partner, though he didn't seem pleased to be interrupted. Fair enough, there would probably be no more opportunities to grope each other in the halls.

You walked in relative silence until you reached a door, not grand or huge, but more elaborate than the bedroom door, and the still-nameless one pulled it open, letting you and Luke ahead of himself.

"Tim, there you are! Wait. Wait..."

You looked around. Not just Tim was in there, but Bruce, Dick, and now your hookup and Luke, a man you were beginning to suspect was Batwing, because what the hell else could he and the four other bachelors you'd seen since arriving in Gotham have in common to end up in this room together? You then noticed a kid, though you weren't sure who he was.

"..."

"Tim, Bruce, Dick... you," you added, looking back at your escort. "What's going on? Is this some kind of intervention?"

They all just stared for a moment, then looked at each other, and all began talking at once, to each other and you.

"How do you know-?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Who *is* that?" the kid asked, rather loudly, and the others fell silent, apparently unsure how to explain.

Ignoring the awkwardness of everyone else, you introduced yourself.

The kid opened his mouth, apparently to say something rude, and Bruce cut him off.

"We're all a bit confused. How do you know everyone here?"

You blushed a bit, but looked to each person, then back to the kid.

"Well I *don't* know him," you said, nodding toward him, then met Bruce's eyes. "I met you at the club. Tim's the one who invited me here, we've been hanging out at the coffee shop near the library pretty often." You looked back at your hookup. "We've also... spent some time together. Then me and Dick met in Blüdhaven, we've been seeing each other now and then, though I *thought* we both agreed it was nothing serious, so I don't know why you've all ganged up on me here, let alone why you brought some kid."

Dick was covering his mouth, looking between you and Bruce, then each of the other men, then back at Bruce. Tim was wide-eyed and doing the same. Luke was looking anywhere but you, and Bruce was focused on you, though his eyes flickered to your hookup, directly behind you. You had no idea what he was thinking, but assumed it was no more flattering than the others.

The kid's presence made it pretty clear that this wasn't an orgy situation, and even without that issue, you'd have rather been involved in the planning than have all your recent dates lure you into a room unsuspecting.

"Do you know Luke?" Bruce asked.

"Well, I thought I met him just now, but I have a sneaking suspicion that I might have kissed him once, especially considering the rest of you here..."

The kid's face was in his palms, and you heard him mutter "This is disgusting," to himself.

"It's a little hard to believe," Bruce said, "that you just happened to come to Gotham and meet my sons- actually, almost all of the boys in the family- purely by coincidence. Especially so soon after meeting me."

Reeling, you snapped at him.

"I'm not that desperate! I'm not going to stalk your family after you rejected me; I thought we had a decent time, but I clearly wasn't your type, so I left it at that."

Maybe you were a little more offended by his original rejection than you'd admitted to yourself.

He looked doubtful, and you remembered again that you were in Gotham, where the asylum was better known than most of the city's attractions. Still, with Bruce and the rest silent, you picked up where you had left off.

"And what do you mean your family, anyway? That's- he's Tim *Drake*, he's Dick *Grayson*, he just told me he's Lucius Fox's kid, and he- okay, to be honest I don't know his name-" you said, pointing at the hookup again, who had finally stepped forward.

"Jesus Christ, Jase," said Dick.

"-but I'm pretty sure it isn't 'Wayne.'"

"It's not," he muttered, rubbing his temples.

"I'm a Wayne," the kid said, sitting up straight.

"Fair enough, but I've never seen you before in my life."

"Wait, what about Duke?" Tim asked. "He's on his way right now."

"There's no one else; I don't think I even *know* a Duke. What does he look like?"

"Well he's about seventeen-"

"Yeah I'll stop you there, definitely never made out with him. I don't know why you're accusing *me* of something when you all conspired to gang up on me here-"

"*We* conspired!?" the kid snarled, and Bruce spoke up over him.

"Damian," he said, silencing the boy before turning back to you. "I assure you, I had no idea of your relationship with anyone else here, or even that you were coming here today. I doubt any of my boys knew about your... connections either."

"I mean," Dick spoke up, hand on his chin, ponderous. "I *did* know you were seeing other people. I just wouldn't have guessed that they were Bruce, Jay, Tim, and Luke."

"Okay, I wasn't seeing Bruce or Luke," you corrected. "And I wasn't dating Tim."

"Harsh," apparently-Jase said with a laugh, while so-called Damian made another grimace of disgust.

"I met Bruce one time, at a club, and we made out, and that was it. I went home alone," you said, tapping one finger, "though not for lack of trying," you added, mostly to make them squirm. "If," you said, tapping the next finger, "*if* I met Luke, it was one time, we kissed, and

it wasn't exactly planned... though if that was you, Luke, I really appreciated it." You did not explain further, and instead tapped a third finger. "And as far as I know, after a couple dates, Tim and I have just been friends... no offence if you thought otherwise."

"No," Tim said, "that was the vibe I got."

"Then I only met him-" you indicated 'Jase,' not quite ready to try his name out, "for the second time today. Also not for lack of trying," you added, giving him a saucy grin.

"And while I'm surprised you have bad enough taste to be with Dickie, I definitely didn't think we were exclusive."

"It would have been weird if you did," you agreed.

The group sat in silence a moment, then the door slammed open, and another kid ran in.

"What did I miss- wait, who's this?"

"I'm going to go eat more of your apps," you said, looking at Bruce.

"No, wait-" he called.

You let the door fall shut, leaving them to figure it out themselves.

Chapter End Notes

it was very hard not to call Jason's hat a toque, but I'm assuming most of my readers aren't Canadian. (edit- I have been told this probably would have been fine but I'm not changing any words now unless I find actual mistakes- rebalancing the word count for every little edit is surprisingly challenging)

I was so nervous about posting this last chapter, but also very excited. It's hard to wrap up a story, especially with a mostly-new audience. I really enjoyed making this entire fic though, and I'd like to revisit this fandom (and possibly this specific story) in the future. No promises though because I am [figuratively] dying trying to complete my ongoing fic.

Thank you to everyone who read this through, I really hope you enjoyed it!

I will start posting the sequel (a fic in the same format, but about five women in Gotham) in a couple days

End Notes

I literally don't care how old this fic gets, I would love to read your comments (unless you're a dick or a bot, I guess, but this note won't stop either of those)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!