



5th (And A Half) Life Crisis

Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 1096 words

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Contents

5th (And A Half) Life Crisis..... 3

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Fandom: Batman - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: Multi

Warnings: No content warnings apply

Relationships: Jonathan Crane/Jervis Tetch, Harvey Dent/Edward Nygma, Jonathan Crane & Edward Nygma & Jervis Tetch, Stephanie Brown & Edward Nygma

Characters: Jonathan Crane, Jervis Tetch, Stephanie Brown, Edward Nygma

Tags: Roommates, Father-Daughter Relationship, Domestic Fluff, Stephanie Brown is a Ray of Sunshine, The Dork Squad, Found Family, Platonic Cuddling, Adopted Children, Adopted Stephanie Brown, Minor Jonathan Crane/Jervis Tetch, Mentioned Harvey Dent, Parent Edward Nygma, Television Watching, I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping, The Riddler can't lie, how is that not a tag?, Tags Are Fun, Over Tagging

Words: 1096 Chapters: 1 chapter Status: Complete Published: 2024-07-20

In which Stephanie has a crisis, Jonathan is over everyone else's shit, Jervis hates Alice In Wonderland remakes, and Edward isn't allowed to watch Jeopardy anymore.

A fluffy night in for the Dork Squad (plus Stephanie). Based on some moments in my own family.

I need something for Jervis to call Stephanie. I don't know which character he might connect her to.

Harvey and Big Bad Harv are both He/Him, but together they're They/Them as they are technically two people.

He's only mentioned once, but I feel the need to explain that Corvin is my OC demon that has a symbiotic possession thing going on with Jonathan. He's a big sweetheart, shared fear obsession aside.

Edward is actually friends with Joker, much to his own distaste.

Scare the children is what happens when my sister and I stare at a coffee spill on a table for too long.

Edward is dating Twoface (both personalities). Jonathan and Jervis are dating. Edward, Jonathan, and Jervis have almost no personal boundaries with each other due to a combination of familiarity, living together, and touch starvation. Well, Jervis isn't touch starved, he's just cuddly.

Hetty's a real show, though I'm not sure I'm writing her last name properly. It's really great, even though episode four is really zapping weird.

"What else have I never thought about?!" Stephanie cried from the dining table, holding her head in her hands. "Has my whole life just been a lie?"

"Oh, for fucks sake." Jonathan groaned. "Ed, deal with your child."

"But she's right!" Edward yelled from where he laid on the couch. "What else do we just blindly accept, without question or thought? Are we all just slaves to the establishment, even those of us who claim to rebel?"

"By Fear, this is getting ridiculous!" Jonathan yelled, looking between the two Nygmases. "You can't actually be serious..."

"Well, Steph does have a bit of a point, Haigha." Jervis piped up. "It is quite peculiar-"

"It's TOAST." Jonathan growled. "We've been talking about toast for *thirty minutes*. She's panicking over toast!"

"Well, excuse me for having a midlife crisis!" Stephanie retorted.

"You're eighteen!"

"A fifth and a half life crisis, then." She pouted. "How are you not freaking out over this? No one questions it, no one even thinks about it, we all just accept that toast is eaten in pairs. Why?!"

"Humans like even numbers." Jonathan pushed Edward's legs off the couch, plopping down next to him. "And it's the same amount of bread you use in a sandwich."

"Well, yeah, I guess that makes sense." She conceded. "But why does no one think about it? We think about why bathrooms aren't called toilet rooms, we ask why lions roar, we even question why the sky is blue! Why not toast?"

"No one tell Twoface about this." Edward suddenly piped up, leaning his head against Jonathan's shoulder. "They're so obsessive over their health, I'd hate to imagine what would happen if they realized toast comes in twos."

"The Tweedles wouldn't eat anything else ever again!" Jervis laughed, falling into Jonathan's lap. "Just think, Harv shouting at some poor henchman around a mouthful of crumbs?" He cackled.

"Ugh, stop that." Edward muttered. "You're reminding me of Joker."

Jonathan shuddered "Please don't compare my boyfriend to Joker."

"Oh, the Knave isn't that bad." Jervis argued. "He's got a queer sense of humor, sure, but he really can be pleasant."

"You think everyone can be pleasant, Uncle Jervis." Stephanie chuckled, moving from her chair to Edward's other side. "I'm not just ignoring this toast thing."

"It. Is. TOAST." Jonathan enunciated, going to gesture wildly before realizing both his arms were occupied holding his roommates. He settled for growling. "I am not spending the rest of the night talking about this."

"We could watch a movie?" Edward suggested, shifting to hold Stephanie while not dislodging Jonathan's arm. "There might be something good on the TV."

Stephanie grabbed the remote, twirling it in her hand for a second before clicking the 'on' button. She flipped through a few channels filled with commercials, until-

"Tonight, on Jeopardy..."

"Ooh!" Edward grinned.

"No." Jonathan snatched the remote, immediately changing channels. "Last time we watched Jeopardy, you threw a hissy fit large enough to get Batman involved!"

"I do not throw-" Edward choked on his own lie, tried (unsuccessfully) rewording it a few times, then changed tact. "We're Rogues! Half of what we do gets Batman involved."

The TV cut off Jonathan's no-doubt-scathing reply, playing music that sounded like the intro to a cute little kids show. The words, on the other hand...

"Scaaare the children! Doo di-doo doo~ Scaaare the children! Doo di-doo doo... It's storytime, kiddos! Hahahaha!"

Jervis took hold of the remote, changing channels despite a certain scarecrow's protests. "I swear, the kinds of things on the telly nowadays-"

"Curiouser and curiouser..."

Panicking from the moment the Disney movie registered in his brain, Edward dove for the remote while Jonathan restrained a ranting Jervis. Stephanie grabbed some cooled tea from the kitchen fridge, barely holding in her giggles.

"Here you go, Uncle Jervis." She handed over the tea, sitting back down.

"Oh, I'm ever so sorry." Jervis pouted, sipping from the travel thermos. "Something about that blasted movie just puts me in the worst mood."

"Maybe we should watch a disc instead." Stephanie suggested. "Oh! We could watch Hetty!"

"Hetty?" Jervis asked.

"Hetty Wainthrop Investigates." Edward explained. "It's this cheery little show about an old lady that becomes a detective. Stephanie and I have been watching it as of late, we just finished episode three-"

"You're on episode four?" Jonathan asked, excited.

"That is generally the case when one finishes episode three, yes." Edward rolled his eyes.

"We must watch it, then!" Jonathan cried, grinning. "Episode four is Widdershins, it's one of the best."

"You like Hetty, Uncle Jon?" Stephanie asked, shocked.

"Well, Corvin is the one that really likes it." Jonathan replied, only a tad defensively. "But I must admit it has its charm."

"In that case, I'm quite intrigued by the sound of this show." Jervis added. "I wouldn't mind watching an episode."

"Hetty it is, then." Edward shrugged. "Sweetie, go grab it from my room, would you?"

"Whoo!" Stephanie cheered, running off.

"I cannot believe you like a sweet little show like Hetty." Edward said suspiciously, glancing at Jonathan.

"It isn't sweet all the time." Jonathan argued. "Besides, you like plenty of shows outside the mystery genre. Must my interests be stuck so firmly in horror? Is it so very unbelievable that I could enjoy something soft every once in a while?"

"Don't take this the wrong way, Dear," Jervis replied, briefly kissing his cheek, "but yes."

Jonathan grinned. "Correct!"

"Who's correct about what?" Stephanie asked, coming back in with a set of DVDs.

"It's quite possible that watching something Jonathan is a fan of right before bed is a very bad idea." Edward answered.

"Since when has that stopped us?" Stephanie asked, setting up the proper disc before resuming her spot on the couch. She smirked. "Are you scared?"

"When it comes to Jon?" Edward asked, snuggling closer to the other man and pulling Stephanie with him. "Usually."

"Hush, you're missing the beginning." Jonathan scolded, leaning forward in excitement.

And so, three of Gotham's top criminals and one of its heroes sat together, cuddling and watching a cute little show about an old lady detective. And yes, watching it before bed had been a terrible mistake - one they all agreed was quite worth repeating the next night.

— end of "5th (And A Half) Life Crisis" —