

Sladin Forever Drabbles!

By Rocky_Rex_Wolf_

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This is just drabbles of the greatest pairing in the world Sladin! I wanna keep this pairing alive because it kicks too much @\$

Song "Sorry" belongs to Buckcherry and Teen Titans belongs to DC comics

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1 - Sorry

Slade's POV:

It seemed like an accident then, but now I feel that it was merely fate. I blame him for showing up in Jump City, but if he hadn't I might not have felt what I felt towards him as I do now. Watching his tiny, lithe body move the way it did changed me inside.

I made you my apprentice. All my knowledge, all my power, all for you. But the only thing you care about is your worthless little friends!

I didn't mean to shout at him because deep down I knew that his friends weren't worthless. They were what made him whole from the beginning. That was the only thing that was a lie. I gave him everything except his friends. I guess I said he only cared about them because I wanted him to care about me along with them.

My first mistake was the day of his fever. He was defenseless. I had taken advantage of him and downright kissed him. I had him straddled underneath me, leaning over his face and just staring, staring at that beautiful face of his. Then he had to open his eyes and just stare right back, not knowing what was going on. I didn't smile. I wanted to, but I just couldn't.

In his fever induced state he raised his arm and laid a hand on my face, right next to my eye patch. Then he silently started to cry. When I saw him cry, it made me want to die.

And when I see you cry it makes me want to die

I leaned down, closed my eye, and kissed him again. He didn't protest, he didn't make a sound. He just raised his weak arms and wrapped them around my neck, succumbing to my kiss. He continued to cry, but he never made a sound. He even allowed me to coax him further. He allowed my tongue to slip in and massage his own. I knew what I was doing was wrong, but he captured my heart and I couldn't stop.

I eventually stopped to allow him to breathe. He gulped in air and moaned. I stared as he raised his hand to his head. He moaned again as if to tell me he was hurting. I took the hint. I got off him and went to my bathroom medicine cabinet. I took out a bottle of aspirin and poured him a glass of water from the tap. I came out and sat down beside him. His arm had fallen to his side and his hand was clutching the satin, blood red sheets from the headache. He stopped clawing at them once I moved his bangs away from his sweaty face. I opened the bottle of aspirin and took out two. He moaned, as though longing for it. I lifted his head off my pillow and placed the aspirin into his mouth. I held the cup to his lips and he slowly drank. He spluttered from taking too much and coughed after I moved the cup away. He had finally stopped crying. I laid his head back on the pillow.

I got back up to put the cup and aspirin away, but he grabbed my hand to stop me. He stuttered in a whisper for me to stay until he fell asleep. I told him I was going to get a wet washcloth for his forehead, so he let go. I went back into the bathroom, leaving the door open for him to see me. I opened my

shower door and took out the orange washcloth hanging on a hook from the shower. I went to the sink. I soaked it. I went back to his side and placed the folded washcloth on his forehead. I sat back down and placed my arm over him, staring down at him. I rubbed soothing circles over his taut stomach to help him fall asleep.

He closed his eyes and succumbed to my touch. He sighed through his nose. I leaned down and kissed him again, but this time on the cheek. He then whispered into my ear, his breathing coming out hot and slow.

I-I like you. I like you a lot.

Those words were almost the death of me. I had never truly been liked by anyone, except perhaps Wintergreen, but even he was beginning to hate me. Blackmail was, in fact, against the law. I didn't think he thought I would stoop so low as to kidnapping a little teenage boy and then having these very wrong feelings become a part of me.

Once I knew he was asleep, I stood up and left the room, needing fresh air. The door slid open when he said my name. I looked over at him. He asked where I was going. I went back to his side again and sat. I turned the washcloth over to the other side. I told him I would be back. I promised with a kiss. I backed away and saw him smile weakly at me. I took that as a sign that I could leave. I stood up and left the room, the door sliding shut behind me.

I went to the roof of my lair and looked out at the horizon, seeing Titans Tower. I had decided right then and there that I couldn't keep him here anymore. I went back inside and to my room. The door slid open and I walked in. I had almost walked right into him once I entered. I tried to tell him that he needed to get back into bed, but I was cut short once he decided to come right up against my chest and wrap his weak arms around me in a hug. I could easily feel how weak and fragile he was that it almost scared me. I had to reassure myself, and him, that he could be strong. So I wrapped my arms around him too, hugging him close. I closed my eye and sighed through my nose. I wanted to keep him with me, but I knew I couldn't. I loved him, yes, I still do, but it was wrong, so wrong. I didn't want to hurt him anymore.

Yes, it was fate. Fate brought him here to me, but it just couldn't last. I had to let him go.

*I'm sorry I'm bad, I'm sorry I'm blue, I'm sorry about all things I said to you
And I know I can't take it back
I love how you kiss, I love all you're sounds, and baby the way you make my world go round
And I just wanted to say I'm sorry*

I missed the way he sounded. The sound of a battle cry, the sound of his panting breath. He made my world go round. I still had to let him go.

I had said some horrible things to him, but I did it to get him away, away from the evil that would eventually consume him. I just wanted to say...

I'm Sorry.

I'm sorry for everything I said about him and calling his friends worthless.

*Oh I had a lot to say was thinking on my time away
I missed you and things weren't the same
Cause everything inside it never comes out right
And when I see you cry it makes me want to die*

Ever since I let him go, I've had many sleepless nights. I still watch him though. I still had hidden cameras in his room. Every night I would say...

I'm Sorry.

*I'm sorry baby
I'm sorry baby
Yeah!
I'm sorry*

I'm sorry I'm bad, I'm sorry I'm blue, I'm sorry about all the things I said to you. And I know I can't take any of that back. So all I can say is that...

I'm Sorry.

2 - Sit In Daddy's Lap

Robin sighed while he walked down the dimly-lit hallways of Slade's hideout. He could tell it was late at night and Slade wanted him, but for what reason and the exact time he didn't know. Arriving at the monitor room with his friend's blood streams on the walls a few minutes later, he saw Slade sitting in his throne-like stone chair with his head leaning on his propped up fist. Robin approached him and stopped at the bottom of the steps leading up to Slade's chair. Slade looked down at his apprentice.

"I know you've been working very hard today, Robin. So for being such a good boy, I will allow you a bit of...comfort."

Robin quirked an eyebrow.

"Comfort? I don't think you could provide any form of 'comfort' the way you act."

Slade closed his eye and chuckled. He reopened it.

"Come up here, Robin." Robin, reluctantly, walked up the few steps to Slade's throne. "I want you to sit...on daddy's lap."

"What?"

Slade chuckled at Robin's confusion.

"I want you to sit in my lap."

Robin's faced slowly started turning red.

"You said 'daddy's' lap. What's with the 'daddy' thing?"

Robin tried to get away when Slade leaned forward, but Slade grabbed Robin's arm and pulled his apprentice towards him. He turned Robin around and wrapped his left arm around the teen's waist, bringing him onto his lap. Robin blushed harder. He rested his hands on his awkwardly bent knees, a bead of sweat forming above his left eye. Slade rested his head on his fist again, staring at Robin and smirking.

"Why so nervous, Robin?" Slade asked. "You seem a little...tense."

Robin glanced at Slade from the corner of his eye.

"I think you would be too if you were in my position," he said.

Slade chuckled.

"I wouldn't know. I didn't really have a father when I was your age."

Robin looked at Slade fully.

"Really?" Slade raised his head off his fist. "Why not?"

Slade shook his head.

"Now, now Robin. That is not a question to be asking unless you can do something for me in return."

"Such as...?" Slade smirked. He quickly lifted Robin and spread his legs apart to sit Robin on the actual chair in his lap. "Why did you-?"

Slade placed his hand to Robin's mouth to shut him up. He whispered into the bird's ear.

"Oh it's very simple." Slade's hand holding Robin's waist slid down to rest on the teen's crotch. He spread Robin's legs open. Robin's eyes widened. "Do you still want to ask that question?" Robin shook his head, but his cock said otherwise. It pulsed against Slade's hand. Slade chuckled. "It seems you want that question answered. Would you like me to give you one?" Robin moaned against Slade's hand when Slade caressed Robin's cock slowly. Slade chuckled in his little bird's ear. "Trust me, you'll enjoy it."

Slade undid Robin's belt and threw it aside. He unzipped Robin's pants. The master placed his hand between his apprentice's legs after plunging his gloved hand through his boxers. Slade held Robin's cock in his hand. Robin threw his head back against Slade's chest from ecstasy. Slade thrust his hand up and down on Robin's shaft. He felt Robin moan against his hand. Dropping his hand, Slade rested it on Robin's slightly quivering stomach. He pumped at a faster pace, Robin's cock swelling bigger as he came close to his release.

"O-Oh...God..."

Robin practically screamed out in pleasure when he came into Slade's hand. He slumped against Slade's body and panted. Robin's face was flushed red and sweat formed on his temple.

Slade whispered into Robin's ear and said, "The answer to your question, Robin, is that my father left me when I was very young. My mother was an alcoholic and we were very poor. My childhood was very hard on me. I have always wanted a better life, and now I have it...with you."

Robin finally regained his breath. He slowly looked over at Slade.

"You...pedophilic psycho."

Slade chuckled and placed his head back on his fist, that was back to being propped on the chair's armrest.

"You enjoyed it, didn't you?" Robin didn't answer. "Next time, remember that asking a question means you have to do something for me for an answer." Robin looked away from Slade. "Now, I think it's time

for bed, little Robin. You should give your daddy a good night kiss."

Robin quickly zipped up his pants and got off Slade's lap. He walked over to his belt and picked up, replacing it around his waist. He looked over at Slade and smirked.

"Sorry Slade, but, like you said, I would need to ask a question and get an answer after I do something for you in return." Slade smirked behind his mask at Robin's boldness. "Good night Slade."

Robin left. Slade sighed.

"Good night to you too, my little robin."