[David Lance POV]

I glared at Batman, my mind still trying to process what I had discovered, that Robin had manipulated me, used me, and almost gotten me killed.

I had trusted him, and he had betrayed me.

I felt anger bubbling up inside of me, and I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes out of frustration. But I refused to give anyone the satisfaction of seeing me cry, so I raised my chin and stared at him defiantly.

~It was all his fault,~ I signed coldly. ~He manipulated me, and I almost died because of it. I trusted him, and he betrayed me, am I right?~

Batman just looked at me, his expression unreadable.

~Well?~ I asked once again.

However, before Batman could answer, a door opened, and Robin walked into the cave.

I looked at him, knowing now he had been listening, and asked the same question, this time directed at him.

Without meeting my gaze, Robin nodded, his eyes nailed to the ground as a soft, almost scared yes escaped his lips.

I couldn't believe it.

I...

I was furious.

I had almost died because he had decided to act like a spoiled child!

I wanted to confront him then and there, but the moment I laid eyes on him again, something clicked inside my head.

A child...

He was a child.

I had trusted a child...

No matter how mature he wanted to be or was, he was a child, and I had put my life in the hands of a kid; I had forgotten he was nothing but a child, fighting crime.

It all made sense now.

What had happened was nothing but my own fault, really. He wasn't out of sin, but still, I shouldn't have trusted him, not with something so important.

He was just a kid, and in some part of my head, that fact got lost, and I had trusted him almost blindly, and now I could see how wrong that had been.

This was my second life.

I should have known better than to trust a kid with something so important; I should have contacted Batman right away. If I had just been more careful, more cautious, that terrible night never would have happened.

"I... I'm sorry, I know I made a mistake, I know I..." Robin began, his voice breaking every now and then with high-pitched tones.

I looked at him across the room and I could tell that he was trying to look tough. His arms were trying to stay firm to avoid shaking as he tried to look at me without averting his eyes.

He was trying to look tough, but no matter how much he tried, there was something in his posture that betrayed his insecurity. At that moment, I didn't see the one I wanted to be angry at; no, at that moment, I saw a scared child, scared of the consequences of his actions.

I took a deep breath, collecting my thoughts for a moment as I tried to reign in my anger. The memories of that day coming to my mind as my anger tried to bubble up, threatening to spill over, but using Rachel's techniques, I forced that rage back down.

~What you did, was very… very stupid,~ I replied slowly, making sure each sign was punctuated. ~You betrayed my trust… almost had me killed, and instead of facing what you did the moment you did it, you avoided this conversation for more than a year…~

"I…" Robin began, but I cut him off with a look that could challenge any of Batman's any day.

~I'm angry, very angry,~ I sighed, crushing the phone I had forgotten I had on my hand. ~I want to punch you… I want to kick all of your teeth out…~

At this, Batman tensed, ready to jump in Robin's defense should this conversation come to blows.

I inwardly smiled at that. Batman did have a heart, after all, one deep under that dark suit of his, a heart that loved his adoptive son, shit and all. How poetic.

~But I won't, because you are not to blame, at least not entirely,~ I continued, dropping the broken phone on the floor. ~I'm also to blame for trusting a child. I shouldn't have trusted you, not with something like that. Because, down the line, it doesn't matter how skilled you are, how smart you are, how mature you seem to be, or how much trauma you have lived through. You are a kid.~

Robin said nothing, each word seeming to hit him like a truck. It almost seemed like he wasn't breathing, with how still he was standing.

~Be that as it may, this doesn't wash your hands from what you did, after all. Ignorance and immaturity does not equate to innocence,~ I continued, taking a deep breath. ~So, if you ask me to forgive you, I can't. How can one forgive another for a mistake they themselves made? I can't. Just as I can't forgive your entitled behavior, after all, adults don't forgive kids; they tolerate them and try to change their faults if they are responsible for them.~

"You're angry at me," Robin muttered, finishing his mutter in something close to a shout. "Be angry at me; I deserved it, I fucked up, I deserve your anger!"

~I'm angry, but right now? Mostly at myself,~ I replied, giving Batman a look. ~What kind of adult would hold a grudge against a child? Robin, a kid, is not blamed if the kitchen burns down. He might be punished, sure, but not blamed; the one who is to blame is the adult that should have known better...~

I sighed, waving at Batman, before walking toward the exit that was behind Robin, barely sparing a glance at him as I did, leaving both Batman and his sidekick alone to deal with what had happened.

I left the building feeling morose, exhausted, angry, and in the need of a new phone.

I might get the new phone that just came out. If I was to buy a phone, it was best if I made a lasting choice. After that, maybe I can talk with Rachel about this.