

Much needed reassurance

Donnie x insecure!reader

Req from anon: Donnie x (gn) reader, where the reader is feeling particularly self conscious? feeling as tho they don't contribute enough to the team due to not having mystic powers or not knowing how to fight, maybe they feel as tho they get in the way a lot? I know donnie isn't always great with feelings but I feel like he would relate to this problem and would know how to solve it in his own special way?

You wince, letting out a hiss, as your cut stung in pain. Peeking out from in between your fingers, you see Donnie's frown, not processing any of the words he rambled on to you. He let go of your hand, putting down the bandages, before moving onto your face to disinfect the scrapes along the side of your face, making you flinch in pain, listening to him chastise you for how careless you were.

"-I thought I'd told you to stay in corners. They can't sneak up on you, if your back is against a wall."

Sinking deeper into the mattress of the bed, you sigh, running a finger over the bandaging on your forearm, only for Donnie to slap your hand away. Rolling your eyes, you let him patch up your face, avoiding eye contact, because you knew as soon as you did, shit would hit the fan.

After what seemed like *hours* of nonstop admonishing and multiple rolls of bandages (which in all reality was only a few minutes), Donnie finally packs up the first aid kit, having finished patching you up. You stretch a little, before reaching for your phone, which lay on the far end of the mattress. Just as you were about to pick it up, a metal arm suddenly swipes it off of the sheets, holding it up.

"Hey-"

As you go to reach for the phone again, he just brings the phone higher up, farther out of your reach.

"So..." the mutant started, busying himself with putting supplies back into the first aid kit. "Leo informed me you, uh...got jumped-"

"*Please*, don't remind me-" you sighed, the memory of being unable to defend yourself flashing behind your closed eyelids. Not only had Leo been struggling to take care of his share of the ninjas, he had to make sure you weren't getting hurt too.

Opening your eyes once more, you frown at the floor, listening to Donnie go on.

“*Scoff*,” Donnie scoffs, voicing his actions, “Well, if you let me *finish*, you would've heard me say ‘-you got jumped, are you feeling ok?’ It’s unlike you to get taken advantage of like this in combat.”

“Stop it,” You mumble, not wanting to hear about how you were unable to help, frustration rising as Donnie went on, not having heard you.

“I mean, it was just a couple of foot ninjas, and statistically speaking, you’ve done better before-”

“Donnie-” You frown, speaking a bit louder, but your words went unheard as Donnie’s rambling went on.

“I’m just thankful Nardo was there for you, don’t tell him I said that though-”

“Donnie!”

He freezes, facing you as his rambling comes to an abrupt end. Seeing the frown on your face as you shifted in your seat, your head held down, Donnie was riddled with guilt. “Were you,” he clears his throat, “Were you about to say something...?”

Silence.

That’s all he got in return, before soft mumbles could be heard, “It doesn’t matter how many times you’ve told me, it just won’t get in my head alright? I’m not a ninja, I’ve never gotten training-,” you muttered, as Donnie stopped what he was doing, focusing on your words- “Hell, I don’t even have a proper weapon!” you scoff, gesturing to Donnie’s tech bo, which lay messily on his desk, piles of unorganized blueprints and tech scattered around it. “Even April has one! *April!*”

“Well, that is an issue can easily be resolved by simply paying a visit to the local sports store-”

Donnie’s words were cut short by the glare you gave him, as you went on. “But that makes *perfect* sense, since she’s just...so perfect,” you chuckled dryly, jealousy creeping into your voice, or maybe it was just self-pity.

Running a hand through your hair, you pause to take a deep breath, knowing you've already said too much; but fuck it, if you were going to get reprimanded for something out of your control, might as well let out some of those pent up feelings...right?

The only noise that could be heard was the soft whirring of the vents filtering air, and the sound of you guys' breathing. The silence was eating you up from the inside, uneasiness hanging in the air. After a whole two minutes of silent torture, Donnie lets out a sigh, biting his tongue so that he doesn't say anything he might regret, before finally speaking again.

"Where...where are you going with this?"

"Fucking christ, Donnie-" you snap, your head in your hands, as you let out a strong exhale. Looking up at him, you took a deep breath, trying to stabilize your voice, as a lump formed in your throat.

You mumbled under your breath, trying not to break down as tears of frustration formed in the corners of your eyes, your vision slowly going blurry. Why? The hell if you knew, all you could process was the fact that you were practically useless, and if that wasn't enough to make you break down...

"I'm not as strong as you guys and I *sure as hell* don't have any mystic powers," you say, as a tear finally falls. One turns to two, and two turns to four, and before you know it, tears streamed silently down your face, as you tried to stop; but you both knew it was pointless.

Panic flashed behind his eyes as he noticed you crying. What was it you do when people cry? Talk to them? No, no, he was pretty sure you give them space.

"I always need at least two people out with me when I join you guys for patrol, and I always get hurt, and end up being more of a burden than a help..." You clear your throat, cursing at yourself as your voice cracks.

Once again, silence.

Looking down at the floor, you sniffled, using the sleeve of your hoodie to wipe your tears away. White floods your vision, looking up, you see one of Donnie's mechanical spider arms holding a tissue out in front of you, his eyes averted to the side.

Nodding your thanks, you blow your nose, as quiet ensued once more. You both sat there, your minds occupied by your own racing thoughts respectively.

After what seemed like hours, Donnie spoke up, his voice soft, but firm, as though he were deep in thought, "...apologize, for not realizing how you felt earlier. I should have been more observant, I should have been able to notice how you felt about all of this much earlier on... I'm sorry for being a terrible partner-"

"Donnie-" You just sigh, the adrenaline from earlier wearing off, as a wave of exhaustion washed over you. "I'm not calling you a bad partner, I'm just saying that...maybe I shouldn't go out on missions with you guys anymore. I'll just hold you all back, and-"

"Hold us back?-" Donnie interrupts, his face going from that of understanding and thoughtful to utterly flabbergasted. Standing up from his seat on the mattress, he has a robotic arm shoot out of his battle shell and yank a chair over, as he took a seat across from your place on the mattress. He faced you, arms crossed, eyebrows furrowed, renewed confusion apparent, "You believe that you're...*holding us back?*"

"...Well, yeah-"

"**SCOFF!** Never have I heard such malarkey- Oh Y/N, you are anything *but* deadweight!-"

You could only listen as he went on, giving up on trying to get your point across as he never gave you the chance to. Yet despite the affirmations, a nagging feeling stuck in the back of your mind, refusing to leave as he rambled on about your strengths, physically and intellectually.

His voice became nothing but a soft hum in the background, accompanying the buzz of the vents, as you spaced out. Why was he doing this? You aren't worth the struggle, the effort... He's always had to help you catch up, get up to speed on things. Homework, fights, hell- even simple things like staying on task, giving you something to do, to think about...

"-And just because you don't have mystic potential, doesn't mean you aren't a valuable asset to our group. There are plenty of other ways you make up for it..."

The **nerve** of this hypocrite; saying you're useful while still in doubt of his own abilities.

"I mean," Donnie went on, putting a hand on your shoulder, trying to get you to look at him, "It's not like you're the only human in our little posse. April's our friend too, and she's just as important as the rest of us-"

"She doesn't count-" You snap, your voice raising to a higher volume. Donnie flinched, his hand retracting in shock. Wincing, you mumble a quiet apology, feeling a wave of disappointment and regret wash over you before going on.

"April's been training with you guys since she's met you, she doesn't count..." You mumbled, trying to keep control of how loud you spoke. "She's been there since the beginning, basically on you guys' level. She's known you all since you were young, grew up with you guys, trained with you guys, *fight*s with you guys...all while kicking ass and looking good...all I do is stand in the back and cheer you guys on..."

"Oh my sweet Y/N," Donnie sighs, looking up at you again. "What will it take for you to understand that moral support is better than no support whatsoever?" The pleading look in his eyes, the desperation in his voice for you to understand just how valuable you are didn't go overlooked by you, as you just sighed in response.

"I've said this before, and I'll say it again, darling. You are as valuable to our bunch as any of us are. Learning to fight takes time, time which you never gave yourself, which I'm gladly willing to change.

"And as for getting hurt..." Donnie put a hand on yours, making you look at him as he let himself smile, "I guess we'll just have to start training."