



Little Moments That Became A Fic

Batman - All Media Types · DC Extended Universe · Not Rated · 7101 words

by Arukir

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Little Moments That Became A Fic

Fandom: Batman - All Media Types, DC Extended Universe Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Cassandra Cain & Joker (DCU), Joker & Lex Luthor, Joker (DCU) & Edward Nygma, Jonathan Crane & Edward Nygma, Harvey Dent/Edward Nygma, Nora Fries/Victor Fries

Characters: Joker (DCU), Cassandra Cain, Lex Luthor Jr. (DCEU), Alexander Luthor Sr. (DCEU), WHICH ONE IS REGULAR LEX?, Pamela Isley, Selina Kyle, Bruce Wayne, Edward Nygma, Lyle Bolton, Jonathan Crane, Original Characters, Jervis Tetch, Damian Wayne, Original Demon Character(s), Victor Fries, Nora Fries, Bat-Mite (DCU)
Tags: My 183rd Fic overall, the 40 cakes incident - Freeform, that's as many as 4 10s - Freeform, and that's terrible, Joker (DCU) & Edward Nygma Friendship, Platonic Kissing, Hugs, Fanart, Digital Art, Consensual Possession, Victor Fries Loves Nora Fries, VICNORA 4EVER FUCK THAT ONE COMIC THAT MADE THEM TOXIC, Tim Drake is Jason Todd's Fifth Dimensional Imp (Batman), Mute Cassandra Cain, Cassandra Cain and Damian Wayne are Siblings

Words: 7101 Chapters: 20 chapters Status: In progress Published: 2024-12-16

Things that were too small or out of context or whatever to be their own fics, so they go here. Random moments with Batman characters.

Chapter 1: Joker Loves Messing With Lex

Based on panels of different comics I've seen part of online but haven't actually read.

Joker, upon finding out that Lex had a baby with Superman: Now see, Lexie, dis is da OPPOSITE of movin' on.

Lex: Shut. Up.

Joker: I mean, people call me obsessive, but at least I never pulled a Talia on Batsy...

Lex: A what?

Joker: Don't tell me ya haven't met Talia yet! Don't worry, I'll introduce ya.

And thus the 'I Mixed My DNA With That Of My Mortal Enemy In A Convolved Plan To Destroy Them And Also Maybe Because Of A Crush' support group was born.

"Would you stop goofing around?" Lex complained. He watched Joker spin wildly around his lab in an office chair, the Gothamite Rogue uncaring to all the very fragile yet brilliant projects stored there. "We have work to do."

"Noooo, ya have work ta do." Joker pouted, thankfully pausing in his destructive game. Lex leaned down over a worktable to resume building his latest weapon while the other continued. "Borin' techie stuff dat has nothin' ta do wit' chemicals or fun or laughter. My bit comes later, so what's wrong wit' havin' some fun now?"

"Have your 'fun' quieter," Lex ordered. "I am trying to concentrate on the very complicated process of creating something powerful enough to beat the so-called 'Man Of Steel'; I will tolerate no distractions."

"...isn't Supes wit' dat reporter lady now?"

Lex's hand clenched, nearly breaking a vital component of the machine in front of him. Why did people keep bringing up that damned Ms. Lane?! "Yes. Your point?" he asked, coldly and firmly.

"Ya know, just... obsessing over yer ex isn't all dat healthy," Joker tutted. He then kicked a wall and sent his office chair spinning across the lab.

"Ignoring everything else that is wrong with that sentence," Lex growled, looking up from his work to glare at the clown, "what in the world makes you think that you, of all people, are qualified to give advice on what's healthy?"

"Oh, dat's simple." Joker shrugged, grinning. "I'm not!" He pushed off a table, knocking down various expensive pieces of equipment, to launch himself spinning back to the wall. "Wheeee!"

Lex groaned and ran a hand down his face, already looking forward to the end of this particular team-up. He really should invest in clown-sized shock collars...

Chapter 2: Didn't Think This Through

"I should put my Love Toxin in the water supplies, that would give them a Valentine's Day to remember," Ivy growled, fierce determination clear on her face.

"So you're going to roffie everyone in Gotham, basically," Selina drawled, lounging comfortably.

"No, I'm—" Ivy's face fell. "...okay, new plan; uh, something to do with roses?"

Then she invents cuddle pollen. The end.

Chapter 3: Give Me The Phone

My Brain: Brucie Wayne Meets Joker.

My Brain: Brucie Wayne FLIRTS WITH Joker.

My Brain: Riddler's there too.

My Brain: He videos it.

Me: Writes aftermath.

I accidentally wrote 'shoot' as 'shout' at one point, and now I'm just imagining Red Hood chasing Riddler while loudly chanting 'YOU! YOU! YOU! YOU!'

And it's sooo stupid but soooo funny ☹☹☹

On a quiet night in Gotham — or as quiet as it ever gets in Gotham — two enemies face off on a lonely rooftop.

"Give me the phone, Nygma," Batman growls.

"Oh, nonono," Riddler chuckles, wagging a finger. "I don't think I will."

"You do remember how your last attempt to blackmail me went, don't you?" Batman asks, stalking closer.

Riddler backs up, matching him step-for-step, a smug grin plastered on his face. "Oh, if you didn't want me to blackmail you, maybe you should've stopped me from filming you."

"Bruce Wayne, willingly try to stop a Supervillain from filming him?" Batman scoffs. "That would've looked incongruous."

"No moreso than Bruce Wayne *flirting with Joker*," Riddler snorts, dodging as the hero tries to lunge for the phone in his outstretched hand.

"Give me that phone, Nygma," Batman demands again, chasing the villain across the rooftop. "Or I will shoot you."

"No you won't." Riddler missteps but still manages to duck a flying kick, landing on his rear end. He frowns, confused. "You hate guns..." He smirks, leaping nimbly to his feet. "Oh, making empty threats? You? This must be even more embarrassing for you than I thought!"

"I will let Hood shoot you," Batman amends his threat.

Riddler goes still, eyes narrowing. "You wouldn't."

Batman holds his hand out expectantly, glaring more fiercely than usual.

Riddler deflates with a sigh, plopping his phone into the waiting grasp of his enemy. "Oh, fine." He pouts as the Bat deletes the video, and several others for good measure. "You really are *no fun*."

Good thing he's still got the backups, ready to upload to Gotham's second best News Station in 3...

(Riddler takes back his phone, tipping an imaginary hat to the Bat)

2...

(Riddler turns on his heel and flees, ready to go underground for as long as he needs to)

1...

(Riddler gets shot, eventually, but not by Red Hood. He's pretty sure Joker did it on purpose, no matter what the clown claims.)

(Riddler watches the media circus around the incident, everyone speculating why the airheaded billionaire would flirt shamelessly with the chaotic Clown Prince Of Crime)

(It's nothing compared to the chaos that follows Riddler whispering the Bat's little secret in Joker's ear. From hospital beds and hideouts and even his cell at Arkham, Edward keeps track of all that happens. He hasn't been this entertained in *years*.)

(A gunshot wound was more than worth it, but what Batman will do to him once he gets his hands on him probably won't be...)

Chapter 4: Spite

Based heavily on an interaction between two OCs of mine, that I realized would work well with Joker.

Warning: Way more violent than the stuff I normally write.

"Stop laughing!" Lockup demanded, landing another punch on the bound clown's face.

Joker's giggling indeed stopped as he asked, somewhat muffled due to the blood in his mouth and nose, "Why? Does it annoy ya?"

"Yes!" the former prison guard growled, lacking any better response in his frustration.

"Well, den... No!" Joker spat, laughing all the more maniacally as he received a blow to the gut.

The look on Lockup's face was almost worth the beating... Almost. Joker internally winced at the sight of a metal pipe that his attacker had either found or brought with him and forgot about. He cackled as the pipe whistled through the air, one thought left in his mind through the haze of pain and laughter and howls of Lockup's annoyance:

Hurry up, Batsy. I need ya...

Chapter 5: Aftermath Of Jonathan Crane Calling Edward His Friend In An Emotional Moment

Jonathan froze, brain grinding to a halt as he tried to process the sudden sensation pressing into his sides. It didn't help that a desperate, deep-rooted part of his mind was clogging up his thoughts with a chant of *flee flee flee*.

"W-what're yah doin'?" he choked out, doing what he — though he'd never admit it — usually did when he was confused: asked his smartest friend for help.

"It's called 'physical affection', Jon," Edward chuckled against his chest, arms tightening slightly.

Finally, Jonathan realized that he was being *hugged*. Edward was, for some inconceivable reason, hugging him.

"Oh," he said, rather smartly. His usual confidence was lost to him in that moment. "Uh... why?"

"Because I'm touch-starved." Edward shrugged without letting him go. His voice went sing-song as he added, "*And you're my friend~*."

Jonathan groaned, relaxing minutely into the other's hold. He knew he was going to regret saying that, he just didn't know it would come so soon.

Chapter 6: Aftermath Of Joker Nearly Dying While Saving Riddler, Even Though They Were In A Rough Patch

"Well, I guess I'll be off now." Joker grins, dusting himself off and hiding a wince. Even he can't get through an explosion like that without *some* injury.

Just as he's walking away, he feels a sharp tug on his coat, forcing him to spin back around. He briefly panics, thinking maybe Eddie's angrier than he thought — he really isn't in any condition to fight, right now. He stills at the light pressure of lips on the side of his head, grin dropping into a confused, gaping expression.

Edward pulls back with a sigh, leaning their foreheads together. "I'm glad you're not dead," he says in a simple, tired voice, before quietly walking away.

Joker stares at the direction the other went for several minutes, long after Riddler's out of sight, only moving when the faint sound of sirens fills the air.

Huh. Maybe Edward doesn't hate him after all...

Chapter 7: Self Fulfilling Prophecy: Origin Of The Mad Rose

An OC-centric story that's technically part of a larger fic I'm working on, but can be read perfectly well on its own. Hope you enjoy! 😊

The larger story is supposed to end happily, so this came out a little sadder than my normal stuff... :(

But, still, kind of a hopeful ending..?

It's unlikely I'll finish the larger story for a long time, as I've got a massive case of writer's block with it — if you want to know more about Maddie's fate, just comment and I'll tell you.

Madeline Rose was a cute, plump little woman. She had chestnut curls, large eyes, and a kind laugh; a bright, happy thing, to match her home city of Metropolis.

Another noteworthy thing about her was that she was a master of the art of origami. Her cubicle was filled with her magnificent creations, delighting and astounding her coworkers.

Yes, her life was one of cheerfulness and popularity — until she transferred to Gotham.

Later, her new coworkers would swear they did their best to stay on her good side, to not make her angry. In truth, they gave her awkward smiles and did their very best to avoid the Mad Rose, a nickname they thought she didn't overhear.

Madeline didn't know what she was doing wrong, she was at her absolute friendliest. She baked cookies for the office, with paper cranes to serve them on. She brought everyone presents on holidays or birthdays, with paper tigers or bears instead of bows. She always, always turned her paperwork in on time, with smiling paper fish paper-clipped on.

But the more she did, the farther people got from her. She heard the whispers, year after year.

Villain...

Psycho...

She belongs with the rest of the freaks...

Shhhh, what if she hears you? I don't have life insurance...

Why? What did she ever do to deserve this?

She just wanted people to like her again. Just wanted to not be alone. Just wanted... Peace. Madeline, poor Maddie Rose, decided to give the whole office a gift.

She worked for weeks, missing perhaps too much sleep, but it was perfect; hundreds of origami bats, the symbol of peace for Gotham, that could actually fly! She let them loose in front of the office, expecting delight at what she had worked so long on, a special present just for the office—

"I knew it!"

"Greg, don't—"

But Greg didn't listen to his kinder (or perhaps just more cowardly) coworker's plea. "Look at her! I told you, the origami obsession was a clue all along! Now bats? Just like Edward, she's obsessed with Batman!"

"W-what? I'm not—" but Maddie's protests would go unheard.

"Villain!"

Villain, villain, villain...

Madeline Rose walked out of the office, clutching a box of her things, not believing a single thing that had happen.

Shunned by her coworkers...

Overlooked by her bosses...

Now fired from her job...

Over *origami*?!!!

All these years, all her suffering was because she was *good at folding paper*. She wouldn't, couldn't accept that. They just didn't see what origami could do, they didn't understand... Not yet, anyways.

She'd help them understand. She'd *make* them understand. Then they'd all like her again. They had to. She had to get them to.

Even if she had to become exactly what they expected to do it.

THREE MONTHS LATER

Batman looked at the wreck around him. Cowering employees, broken rubble, torn up paper robots. The origami themed villain, The Heron, sat ranting in the backseat of the Batmobile.

"Do you see it now?! Do you like me now?! They'll all like me now, they have to, I'm exactly what they wanted!" She cackled. "Do you hear that, Batbrains?! I'M EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANTED! They have to like me now..."

"We should've seen it sooner." An employee shook his head sadly. "She was obsessed, a loner, then she got fired... We should've known."

"There was no way you could have," Batman comforted him.

"Yeah, I just..." The employee sighed. "I wish there was something we could've done to help, you know?"

"Don't worry." Batman turned to his car. "She'll get plenty of help in Arkham."

And as Batman drove towards the asylum, his heart ached for the raving lunatic in his backseat. Madeline Rose had such a promising career, once upon a time, and he hoped she'd be able to get back on her feet with the proper care.

The Mad Rose, The Heron... Madeline's story is a sad one, but it's not over...

And it's not unique.

Chapter 8: Genius

"You're a genius!" Twoface laughed, watching the whirring invention with awe.

Edward turned towards them, blinking dumbly owlshly. Did he hear that right..?

"An absolute genius," Twoface breathed, smiling at him.

"O-of course I am," Edward huffed, looking quickly away to hide his blush check on the machine.

(Perhaps this particular collaboration was a better idea than he'd first thought...)

Chapter 9: Boundaries

"So I've been thinkin'—" Joker started, before being rudely interrupted.

"How did you get into my hideout?" Edward asked, then shook his head. "You know what? Nevermind; it's not like you'd give me a straight answer anyways. What's on your mind?"

He hung his coat on a chair, sat down, and started rearranging pieces on his Gotham city scale model (otherwise known as the table). He was staring at the pieces, both visible and visualized solely in his head, not even looking at Joker.

"Wha'? No hug fer yer pal, Eddie?" Joker asked, moving on an impulse to hug him. He was halfway out of his seat when the other spoke.

"Joker, please don't hug me." Edward didn't look up from his model, acting nonchalant, but Joker could see the way his whole body tensed. "We are — somehow — friends, but I do not feel comfortable with physical contact from you. I will tolerate it sometimes for your sake, but right now I'd rather you respected my boundaries and personal barriers."

"Uh, okay?" Joker moved back into his seat, frowning. That didn't sound like Edward, that sounded like— he grinned, leaning forward in excitement. "Ya seein' a new therapist, Eddie? Doc Leland's gonna be so mad yer cheatin' on her."

"You cannot cheat on someone you are not romantically involved with," Edward sighed. Joker wasn't quite sure why he kept bringing that fact up. "And I'm not seeing a new therapist... Stephanie is."

Chapter 10: Joker's Terrible Gift

"Hey, Lexi~" Joker grinned up at him from where he was perched on the desk.

Lex paused in the doorway of his office. "What are you doing here, clown?" he sneered.

"Why, I just came ta congratulate ya on a successful crime!" Joker defended himself, putting a hand on his chest. His other hand was behind his back, holding something just out of view. This, of course, made Lex extremely wary.

"What are you blabbering about now?" Lex sighed, walking over to sit on his chair. Joker twisted in a slightly inhuman way to keep whatever he was holding out of Lex's sight. "I haven't done anything of note recently."

"Well, not recently, no," Joker agreed, "I'm talkin' about one of yer old crimes. Somethin' from before we really knew each other."

"I allegedly committed many crimes before we knew each other," Lex told him irritably, trying to see what he was hiding without making it seem like he was trying to do so, "why would one particular incident from years ago interest you?"

"Well, from what I know, no-one really told ya 'good job' fer dis one," Joker explained, "an' it just really seemed like somethin' dat deserves a pat on da back, at least."

"Great. Thank you. Get out," Lex deadpanned, knowing it was unlikely the other would listen to him but taking the chance anyways.

"Aw, but I haven't even given ya yer present yet!" Joker complained, pouting.

"If I accept this 'present', will you leave?" Lex asked.

"I'll be outta here quick as a Flash," Joker promised. Then, with a far too dark chuckle, he added in a low voice, "Trust me, I wouldn't be anywhere *near* here afterwards."

Very much not liking the sound of that but knowing from experience that the fastest way to get rid of Joker was to play along, Lex held out a hand. "Alright, give it to me," he sighed.

"Oh, oh!" Joker suddenly looked very excited, slapping his free hand against the desk in a rapid half-clap. "Ya actually said it! Nobody actually says it! Don't worry, I'm definitely gonna give it ta ya!"

With a cackle, he handed Lex a largish pink box and dashed out of the room as promised, though he couldn't actually go as fast as a Flash.

Not able to believe his luck that the Clown's excitement had caused him to leave before watching the box be opened, Lex went to call security to dispose of the thing with the rest of the hazardous materials.

All on its own, however, the box's lid popped open. Inside was a cake with a large number 40 on it. Lex groaned. He thought he had destroyed all evidence of that particular incident, but somehow Joker had found out. He was going to be the laughingstock of the underworld.

"How terrible," Lex joked, knowing no-one could hear him and figuring it might lift his mood.

"Passcode accepted," a mechanical voice said from the box, making Lex freeze. A stripe of blue light briefly lit up around the edges of the box, then went out... Taking every electronic device in the building, including the lights, with it.

"Joker!!!" he yelled.

"Secondary passcode accepted," the box announced, before spraying a green gas in his face.

It took Lexcorp months to recover from its headquarters spending an entire day without any power and having to replace anything even remote electronic, including many prototypes that were now utterly destroyed. None of this was helped by the fact that everyone was too busy uncontrollably laughing to get any work or repairs done.

And to think, it was all because Lex had once scoffed at Joker for saying he was good at predicting other people's behavior. Not even a nice laugh, no, just a dismissive little scoff. How terrible.

Chapter 11: Laughter

Joker finds out some distressing information, and brings it to Batman's attention.

Batman is confused. Cassandra has a good day.

Quick note that my version of Joker was mind controlled into killing Jason, though that took a while for the Batfamily to figure out. So, Batman's not being friendly with his son's brutal murderer right here, since that's psychotic.

Oh, and Cassandra is the same age as Damian, rather than older than Jason like in canon.

"Batsy, yer child is broken," Joker said accusingly. He had appeared out of nowhere, suddenly standing on the roof in front of Bruce. He held up Cassandra by under her armpits — she was dressed in her hero suit and seemed entirely unbothered by the situation.

"What happened?" Bruce asked, concerned but also confused. Ever since the Incident-They-Don't-Talk-About with Jason, Joker's modus operandi when one of the kids got hurt was to drop them off with Alfred and hide. He hadn't brought one straight to Bruce in years.

"She doesn't laugh!" Joker whined. "Ever!"

"She's mute," Bruce reminded him flatly.

"Mute kids can still laugh," Joker replied just as flatly, glaring at Bruce as if this was his fault.

"Not her," Bruce supplied, shrugging one of his shoulders.

"Dis true, Batette?" Joker turned his head to ask Cassandra, getting a single nod in return. He gasped. "Ya poor girlie! How d'ya let people know when ya find somethin' funny?"

Cassandra signed *Funny*. Joker gasped again, turning back to Bruce.

"Batsy, do ya see dis?" Joker asked, looking genuinely distraught. "How's she supposed ta join in on a joke if everybody's gotta be lookin' at her ta know she's laughin'?"

"She can join in just fine, Joker," Bruce sighed. "Can you put my daughter down now, please?"

"What if she makes a blind friend?" Joker added as if he hadn't heard him, though he did set Cassandra down. She stayed where she was put, looking up at him as he ranted. "What if she goes ta a comedy club? Dis is unacceptable, Darling!"

"There's not much I can do about it," Bruce growled. He knew Cassandra had certain limitations that he couldn't really do anything about. He didn't like being reminded of it.

"Can I borrow yer credit card?" Joker asked suddenly. He waved dismissively before Bruce could answer. "Actually, nevermind, I've got money. Hafta make a stop by da Ha-Hacienda, dat means, but it's not dat far outta da way. Come on, Batette."

"Where do you think you're going?" Bruce asked warily. They had come a long way, but that didn't mean he fully trusted Joker quite yet.

"Ta get da kid a recorder!" Joker answered, as if it was obvious. He tilted his head down to look at Cassandra. "A nice one too, I promise, wit' all da different settin's an' a-say, what's yer favorite color?"

Pink, Cassandra signed.

"An' a pink case," Joker finished happily. He crouched down to look Cassandra in the eye as he explained, "We'll go around an' find some laughter ya like, an' den we'll record it. Dat way, ya can laugh whenever ya want!"

The lenses over Cassandra's eyes went wide.

"But," Joker added, holding a finger up, "in exchange, ya hafta laugh loudest at my jokes. Deal?" He held his gloved hand out in an exaggeratedly serious manner.

Cassandra shook it, signing *Deal* with her other hand. When Joker stood, she switched hands instead of letting go — Bruce had taught her she was supposed to hold an adult's hand when they went out in their civilian identities, and apparently she assumed that applied to Joker as well.

"I'll have da kid home in time fer bed!" Joker promised, knowing full well that none of Bruce's kids had a set bedtime.

Bruce went to protest — or at least demand he come with them to supervise — but then he blinked and the pair were gone.

...well, at least now he knew how Gordon felt when he did that.

Chapter 12: Fanart

Silly little pieces of fanart/comics that I made ☺

HOW EDWARD WENT FROM HUMPTY DUMPTY TO DORMOUSE

BATMAN IS THE KING OF DRAMA

CAN YOU TELL I SHIP HATTERCROW?

I HAVE A THEORY THAT TWOFACE HAS VITILIGO AND HETEROCHROMIA, BOTH OF WHICH HARVEY COVERED IT UP WHILE DA (the hair should've been lighter on one side as well, but I messed up...)

DORK SQUAD X3 (+STEPH)

More to be added eventually.

Chapter 13: Fanart (AI-Generated)

Riddler Redesign (The cane's a bit too long, but what can you do? And he'd have a green suit jacket he'd wear depending on the situation)

WAYNE FAMILY + BARBARA (I have spent literal months on this, I went through so many redesigns and edits, oh my stars I can't believe it's finally done ☐ It ain't perfect, but it's close ☺)

CLOSER LOOKS AT EACH OF THEM

(Alfie's just slightly inhuman unique)

(Brucie uses fashion to distinguish himself from the Bat)

(Babs is maybe a little too sickly-looking...)

(Dickie's a little squished but otherwise perfect <3)

(Jay's hair still looks a bit wrong to me, but it's been months so I'm settling for it :/)

(Timmy doesn't have to dress like a CEO-to-be of Drake Industries anymore, so he's gonna dress comfy now)

(I love these two babies ☐☐☐ You ever notice how they both have very different kinds of cat energy?)

More to be added eventually...

Chapter 14: Bugs

"Please stop talking as if you brought home an injured crow," Edward pleaded with Jonathan. "This is a child. This is an unconscious child. This is Batman's unconscious child. Who is an assassin. And part demon. This is Batman's demon assassin child who is currently unconscious in our kitchen."

Crack fic!

Edward has nicknames for all the Robins, to make them easier to talk about. I'm not set on all of them, yet, but here they are:

Dick — Ace

Jason — Deuces

Tim — Trip

Damian — Demonbat

Cassandra — Batette

Corvin is my Demon/Field Spirit OC who is bonded to Jonathan.

I reread this chapter every once in a while because it is my favorite and absolutely hilarious 😁



"Are you trying to get us killed?" Edward asked faux-casually, standing in the doorway of their hideout. "You do *remember* what happened to Joker after the incident with Deuces, don't you?"

Jervis — who was setting the table for tea but was close enough to hear, and very much tried *not* to remember Batman's near-murder spree — squeaked in fear. "What did you do?"

Jonathan, ignoring both of them and their questions, pushed Edward aside with his free arm and marched into the hideout. His other arm wasn't free because it was busy carrying a small, unconscious boy like a sack of potatoes.

"What did you do?" Jervis repeated. His face was pale and he sounded even more terror-stricken than he had a moment before.

Jonathan took a second to remind himself that he loved Jervis and slightly-more-than-tolerated Edward, and therefore should *not* take pleasure from their very real fear of Batman tearing them all to shreds. He sighed, setting the boy on a clear countertop in their makeshift kitchen.

"You kidnapped the Demonbat." Edward shook his head in an exasperated manner. He stood on his tiptoes and leaned forward slightly, trying to get a good look at the kid without actually getting too close. "What did you put him to sleep with? I thought drugs don't work on him?"

"Most don't," Jonathan confirmed, rifling through cabinets and drawers. He muttered a curse. "Edward, did'yah move mah brimstone again— oh, here it is."

"Jonathan, Luv," Jervis said, his voice shaking slightly. He waited for Jonathan to look over at him before he, slowly and clearly, repeated his earlier question, "What. Did. You. Do?"

"...it ain't mah fault," Jonathan almost whined, tearing off his mask as Corvin unbonded from him. The demon jumped onto the boy's chest and curled up, purring loudly like a cat. "Ah didn' wanna keep it, but it was sick an' all on its lonesome an' Corvin said we had tah fix it 'cause he likes it, an' if it's hurt he can't play with it any-more."

"Please stop talking as if you brought home an injured crow," Edward pleaded. "This is a child. This is an unconscious child. This is Batman's unconscious child. Who is an assassin. And part demon. This is Batman's demon assassin child who is currently unconscious in our kitchen, so I'll repeat myself — are you trying to get us KILLED?!"

"Ah'll fix him right up an' then ah'll release him back tah his flock," Jonathan promised, ignoring Edward's pleading.

"Do you suppose he would want to stay for a cuppa?" Jervis asked, eyeing Robin wearily. Every Rogue in Gotham with half a brain knew better than to underestimate the Demonbat. Any Gothamite with half a heart, however, agreed that Robin was adorable and too precious for the world and needed to be protected at all costs. "Some tea always makes me feel better when I'm sick."

"Dunno." Jonathan shrugged, mashing a slightly-sparking paste together. "Yah c'n ask him when he wakes up."

"You still haven't explained why he's unconscious in the first place," Edward said, giving up on convincing Jonathan that kidnapping a child because they were sick was a terrible, horrible, no-good idea.

"Oh, he passed out," Jonathan finally explained. "Tha little varmint jumped me in an alley, it felt like tha most confusin' an' adorable muggin' of all time. He was swayin' real bad, an' finally just keeled over after a couple times swipin' at me with that sword of his. Jokes aside, Edward, ah hope yah don' actually expect me tah jus' leave him there?"

"No, no I don't," Edward admitted. "Still though, you couldn't have taken him to the hospital or left him with the GCPD or some—" Edward's eyes went wide as something

rather important occurred to him. "Jon, how did you disable the trackers on the Demon-bat?"

"Trackers?" Jonathan repeated, his own eyes going wide.

"You know, the ones Bats puts on all his children?" Edward said slowly, growing more and more concerned. "The ones that alert him to major changes in heart rate, blood pressure, or patrol route."

"Um..."

"Jon, my dear friend, the rock that keeps what little remains of my sanity secure," Edward breathed out gently, "please tell me you disabled those trackers before kidnapping Batman's sick child and bringing him to our hideout."

"Um..." Jonathan repeated, looking considerably more panicked than he had mere moments before.

"Oh dear," Jervis whispered.

Before any of them could say or do anything more, there was a loud CRASH as something rather large broke through a boarded-up window.

They all watched as the Batman stood from where he'd landed in a crouch, splinters of wood and shards of glass pouring off of him, his face the very picture of dark fury.

"HE DID IT!" Edward yelled, pointing at Jonathan.

"Seriously?!" Jonathan spluttered. Edward merely shrugged and mouthed survival of the smartest at him.

If Edward found his food occasionally laced with Fear Toxin for the next month and a half, well, the Rogues agreed he kinda deserved it.

Chapter 15: My Theory On What Will Happen When Nora Awakens

Mr Freeze, gesturing at Arkham Rogues: These are our children.

Nora: Um... Okay?

Mr Freeze: They are idiots and require constant supervision to stay alive.

Nora: What??

Arkham Rogues: [work together to hold up a giant sign saying We're Glad You're Finally Awake Mrs Fries Freeze Nora!]

Nora: ...

Nora: I LOVE THEM.

Mr Freeze, grinning from ear to ear and actually emoting for the first time in years: I thought you might. That's why I collected them for you!

Chapter 16: Sorta Incorrect Quotes

This is just so random and I love it. Enjoy!

Jonathan, holding up Jervis: This is the reason I am not off causing trouble right now. It is too helpless to abandon.

Jervis: Myep. <3

Jonathan: You know that's upside down, right?

Edward, reading a book: What? Oh. Whoops, guess I didn't notice. I can read upside down rather easily, you know—

Jonathan: I get it, you're a genius, just shut up about it already! For Hell's sake...

Edward, internally: [happy squeeing] He called me a genius!

Jervis: Would you still like me if I was a bug?

Edward: No, I hate bugs.

Jervis: Oh...

Jervis: What if I were a fish, then?

Edward: Yeah, sure. Fish are cool.

Jervis: :3

Jonathan, under his breath: ...I'd still like you if you were a bug.

Jervis: What was that, March?

Jonathan: N-nothing, Hatter!

Edward: I think he was asking for a hug.

Jervis: Oh, of course you can have a hug, luv.

Jonathan, blushing: Let go of me, you pint-sized–
Jonathan, internally: DID HE JUST CALL ME 'LUV'?!

Batman: I work alone.

Harley: Don't ya have, like, twelve sidekicks, Bats?

Batman:

Jervis: Hello Mr Dumpty~

Edward: This is it. This is the day I stab him.

Jonathan, reading: Oh no... Don't...

//Later

Jervis: Whatever do you think of my plan, Humpty?

Edward: I think that I will pay you to stop calling me that.

Jervis: E-excuse me..?

Edward: Name your price, Tetch.

Jervis: ...

Jervis: Stop rolling your eyes when I call us friends and start coming to my tea parties.

Edward: ...

Jervis, shrugging: Or not. It's up to you... [smirks] Mr Dumpty.

Edward, eye twitching: DEAL.

Joker, on his knees, begging: Oh, please please *puh-leeaaaase* watch Monty Python wit' me, Bats! PLEASE!

Batman: ...no.

Joker: [pouts]

Joker: I hate cryin' in front of others.

Harley: Mistah J, dere is nothin' wrong wit' bein' vulnerable, especially around dose dat care fer ya–

Joker: Harls, I'm fine with being vulnerable. I'm jus' worried about burnin' somebody.

Harley: Burnin' somebody???

Joker: ...ya do know dat my tears are acidic, right?

Harley: ...

Joker: Harley, please tell me ya already knew dis.

Harley:

Joker: Seriously?!

Harley: Well excuse me fer not knowin' somethin' *insane* about ya!

Joker: EVERYTHIN' ABOUT ME IS INSANE!

Joker: As my best friend an' therapist, I demand dat ya know dese tings!

Harley: Well, den I guess I'll just put on my mind-readin' helmet when I'm around ya fer now on!

Joker: ...

Joker: Ya have a–?

Harley: NO, I DON'T HAVE A MIND-READIN' HELMET!

Chapter 17: A Halloween Surprise: In Which Everyone Loves Nora

Several snippets from an unfinished fic that I decided I wanted to post. It's really cute and I doubt I'll finish it anytime soon, so I want to get what's already written out there now.

"And then we ran into *another* Bandersnatch," Jervis told the group, hands gesturing wildly. "Can you believe—"

"Everyone shut the fuck up right now," Edward shouted, running into the room and *slamming* the door shut behind him. It was a secret backroom in the Iceberg Lounge, so slamming the door was not typical behavior. Then again, neither was Edward uttering the words 'shut up'. He looked wildly back and forth across the room. "Is everyone here?"

"Calm down, Edward," Oswald ordered, waddling over. His stern tone had an under-current of worry in it. "Whatever's the matter, I doubt there's a valid reason to *shout*."

"Just... Just humor me for a second, Oz."

"Yes, my boy, we're all here," Oswald told him. "Well, except for Freeze, but no-one's seen him in *weeks*."

"Yeah, about that..." Edward chuckled nervously. Or not nervously, more stressed? "Victor sent in his RSVP for the Lounge's Halloween party."

"Finally!" Oswald huffed out, shaking his head. "I was afraid he'd skip it this year."

Or that he was dead, no-one added. They'd all been slightly worried he'd perished in a lab accident ever since he went radio silent.

"He's marked a plus one."

And just like that, the remaining conversation in the room stopped. For a moment, no-one even breathed.

A date. Mr. Freeze was bringing a date.

He was finally over Nora.

"Oh, you awful man!" Nora laughed, pushing Freeze. "You didn't tell them about me?"

"I wanted to see the looks on their faces." Freeze laughed, honest-to-god laughed, open and cheerful and pure. He looked at his wife with a dopey sort of expression. "Forgive me, my flower, but I just couldn't resist."

"They are largely a group of idiots who require near constant supervision just to stay alive," Freeze explained. He smiled softly, turning to the offended group as he added, "And they are also the main reason I was able to keep going for these many years without you. They are the greatest friends one could hope for."

"It's such a delight to meet you at last, Ms. Nora!" Jervis chattered happily, bouncing up to her. "Oh, we've heard so much about you!"

"This is Jervis Tetch," Freeze introduced him to Nora. "He is bizarre, but cheerful and good at cheering others. He has often softened the edge of my worst depressions."

"It's a delight to meet you as well, Mr. Tetch," Nora greeted, shaking his hand. "Thank you for helping my husband."

"T'was nothing, my dear," Jervis assured her. He laughed. "And please, call me Jervis or Hatter. No Misters for little old me!"

"This is Jonathan Crane, the Master of Fear," Freeze announced. Jonathan raised his hand in a brief greeting. "Him and Ms. Isley both assisted in my research many times. They were instrumental in your revival."

"Nice to meet you." Isley nodded at her.

"Omigosh omigosh omigooooosh!" Harley squealed. "I can't believed we're meetin' da Mrs. Fries!"

"Does dis mean y're quittin' supervillainry, Vic?" Harley asked

"Well, I *was* going to," Freeze replied, shrugging. "But turns out that Nora, rather than being horrified by what I've become, absolutely loves the idea. So, she is now both Mrs. Fries and Mrs. Freeze."

They gaped at Nora, who giggled.

"It just sounds like so much fun, you know?" she told them.

"Oh, I like her!" Joker crowed, getting general nods of agreement from all present.

Everyone loved Nora.

Chapter 18: An Alternate Idea For Why He Chose The Name 'Red Robin'

I headcanon Bat-Mite's name as Btsyzbr, aka Bitsy. ☺

Feel free to use the name if you want!

One day, my little sister turned to me and said 'what if Tim is actually Jason's Imp and he's just pretending to be human?'

And thus this idea was born.

What if Tmythee the Imp decided to be reborn as a mortal so he could hang around his idol without getting in trouble with the Imp council or whatever? But then his idol died, so he honored his memory by saving his family and his legacy? And nowadays calls himself Red Robin to symbolize his idol being both Red Hood and a former Robin? HIS Robin?

I love it so much. Someone please write more of this. Tim is an obsessive fanboy stalker, it WORKS. ☺

Bat-Mite paused, squinting at Tim. He grinned. "Robin-Mite! Long time no see, pal."

"Bitsy, I told ya, it's Hood-Mite now!" Tim whined in a voice much higher-pitched than his regular one.

The entire Batfamily turned to stare at Tim.

Tim blinked, realizing what he said, and cringed sheepishly. "Uh... I can explain?"

Chapter 19: The Day The Dormouse Came A'Knockin'

An unfinished story I wanted to share, based on that comic scene where Riddler tells Batman he thinks he's crazy and needs help. It's working under the assumption that Edward has always managed to avoid being actually taken in (through deals, blackmail, or just plain escape and planning ahead) even when his plots are otherwise foiled.

"Haigha."

Jonathan groaned, turning his face into his pillow and away from the hand nudging him.

"Haigha..."

"Go away," Jonathan muttered, pushing the soft face that was breathing too close to his own away. "Ah'm sleepin', Hatta."

"There's someone at the door," Jervis whispered.

Jonathan sat up. While it wasn't exactly unusual for someone to visit them late at night (which the alarm clock on his nightstand confirmed it was), there was something unusual about them knocking on the door. Harley tended to *pound* on the door, and he couldn't hear anything of the sort, while most of the others would try to find another way in or would be shouting for their attention by now.

"Stay here," Jonathan told Jervis quietly, grabbing the scythe he kept under the bed before creeping out of the room. Technically, Jervis could handle whatever this was as easily as he could — but the Hatter disliked the violent side of himself, so Jonathan did what he could to make sure he didn't have to draw on it.

Jonathan was one of the few who could sneak up on the Bat himself if he really tried to, and he put those skills to use in approaching the front door of their apartment. He paused as a rapid but quiet knock, almost hesitant despite the speed, sounded on the door.

He craned (ha!) his neck low to see through the peephole — Jervis was too short to reach it without dragging a chair over — and felt his eyebrows shoot into his hairline. Immediately, he undid the latch and pulled open the door.

"Prove tha' y'ain't Clayface," Jonathan grumbled, pushing worry and other such inconvenient feelings to the back of his mind in favor of security.

"I let everyone believe I use a cane because I was hurt fighting Batman, but really it's because of an accident from when I worked in the carnival," Edward said flatly, his voice devoid of any emotion. He was slumped against the doorframe, his normally impeccable posture terrible, with faint green marks on his cheeks that suggested his mascara was running under his mask.

"Get in here," Jonathan ordered, standing back so the other could enter. He looked around outside for a minute, making sure no-one else was around, before he closed the door. A supervillain could never be too careful. He turned to his friend, appraising him with a trained eye. He didn't like what he saw. "Th' Hell were yah knockin' fer, Ed? Yah've got a key. Yah scared Jervis half tah death, we thought yah was cops 'r somethin'."

"Would cops knock?" Edward asked, smiling. It wasn't a true smile, it was too small and sad for that. He was leaning against the arm of the apartment's beaten-up couch, playing with his cane — one of his simpler ones, though still question-mark-shaped — absentmindedly, as if he didn't fully realize he was doing it.

"Y'know wha' I meant, Ed," Jonathan sighed, shaking his head. Then, remembering something important, he cupped his hand to his mouth and yelled, "Hatter, it's fine! Dormouse jus' came a'knockin'!"

"Have I ever told you that your accent really comes out when you're tired?" Edward asked. Jonathan glared at him. "Oh, don't be like that, you know I like it." The Riddler smirked. "I like *anything* that makes someone sound *dumber* than me."

Before Jonathan could throttle one of his dearest friends in the world, Jervis came bounding into the room. "Oh, Dormouse, what a pleasant surprise! I do so enjoy your tales, but it's a bit late for a story, isn't it?"

"I actually do have a story to tell you this time," Edward mumbled. He looked and sounded completely worn out, mentally as well as physically. "It's not a very pleasant one, I'm afraid, but I promise the ending will surprise you. All the best stories have surprising endings, don't you think?"

"Well, in that case, I think I shall put on a pot of tea," Jervis said, visibly growing concerned. "An unpleasant story must always be accompanied by tea, you know!"

"I thought you said that it was *happy* stories that needed tea," Edward complained half-heartedly, but Jervis had already disappeared into the kitchen. He smiled again, still small and sad but this time with a tinge of something fond and familiar.

//Edward tells a story of recent events, where his compulsions got the better of him despite him actually trying to ignore them this time. Maybe drawing on that one canon plotline where he thought he'd bested his compulsions only to find out that he'd been blacking out and leaving clues anyways. Or maybe he almost led the cops to someone he had meant to protect. Or something like that. Point is, it was bad, he actively tried to not do it but failed, and it shook him to his core.

"I think I might actually be crazy," Edward said tearily, staring at his lap. He chuckled, a humorless sound, and looked back up at them, "and I think I actually need help. P-professional help."

Their eyes went wide, both able to guess what he meant by that.

"I'm turning myself in," Edward took in a deep, shaky breath. "I'm going to Arkham."

Chapter 20: I Laughed So Loudly (But It Wasn't Funny)

My take on Jason Todd's death, taking into account my not-a-sadistic-murderer-but-everyone-thinks-he-is version of Joker. Fair warning, this is a bit... different.

Joker couldn't be mind controlled. Everyone knew that.

Kill him. The bright birdie that follows the Bat.

Except, apparently, for whoever the fuck was controlling him that night.

Make a game of it. Have a little fun! Be *The Joker*.

Please, no... God no... Joker fought himself every step of the way to that blasted warehouse. He tried to stop it. He tried.

'What hurts more?'

There was a crowbar in his hand.

'Forehand? Or backhand?'

There was a little Robin tied up in front of him.

'A or B?'

There was a bomb ticking behind him.

'HahahaHAHAHAHA'

Joker couldn't be mind controlled. Everyone knew that. Just like everyone knew he was a sadistic freak, a murderer, a *monster*.

When Joker dreams, he sees his own hands covered in blood that's too red to be his. He sees the bruised face of a child whose laughter he'd always loved coaxing out, those bright sounds replaced with pained screams and desperate pleading.

He remembers standing on a hill (*because it wasn't enough to make him do it, the bastard made him stay to see the aftermath too*), his body frozen and unable to run into the burning warehouse below, watching as Batsy carried the broken body of his dead hatchling out of it.

When Joker dreams, he sees his Darling staring at him with pure hatred in those blank white eyes. He relives dark fists snapping his bones and bruising his skin. He thinks this is it and there's not even a punchline to comfort him.

And then he remembers being saved by *Superman*, of all fucking people. In his dreams, sometimes the hero turns around with his eyes blazing red, and Joker learns what it's like to burn.

Burn, burn, burn.

Just like the birdie he caged, clipped, killed.

Joker couldn't be mind controlled. Everyone knew that.

And when he finds the one who did it anyway, he's going to have a crowbar in his hand and a question on his lips:

What hurts more? Forehand? Or...

HehehahahaHAHAHA!

— end of "Little Moments That Became A Fic" —