



# ☐Monotheist☐

Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 671 words

*by Arukir*

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

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Jonathan Crane, Harvey Dent, Joker (DCU), Original Demon Character(s)

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*Somehow, someway, Jonathan Crane has made friends -- friends who will protect him. He isn't entirely sure how to feel about this.*

*Corvin, Jonathan's Demon, when not bonded with him as Scarecrow:*

"Mr Crane?"

Jonathan looked up from his book, mentally holding himself back from yelling at the the nurse that had interrupted him. He'd hate to lose rec room privileges again.

What he saw standing next to the nurse made him forget that. "What in tha god-damned hell?!"

"Please, child," the priest smiled in false kindness, "you shouldn't take the Lord's name in vain."

"Father Preston just wants to talk to you about your refusals for an exorcism." The nurse explained softly. "Please hear him out, Crane."

Jonathan tugged Corvin to his chest, about to say something that would definitely lose their rec room privileges, when he was lifted by the back of his shirt and carried towards the door.

"Sorry, hunny," Twoface called over his shoulder, "but Doc Leland said we could invite another inmate as 'emotional support' during sessions, and the professor volunteered. Isn't that right, Jonny?"

"Er, yes, quite right." Jonathan nodded, hoping he wasn't being dragged to a beating. Though, honestly, that would still be better than talking to a priest. "We must hurry if we don't want to be late, so I guess we'll have to reschedule our talk, Mister Preston."

As they left the rec room, Joker could be overheard intercepting the protesting priest. "Say, pops, I'm havin' a bit of a religious problem myself! See, I'm very devout, but it seems like He doesn't even recognize my worship. I even burnt his symbol into that rubble last week, and still it was just 'Joker, stop burning down abandoned warehouses.' and a batarang to the head."

"...please tell me you aren't talking about Batman."

"Of course I am!" Joker's laugh echoed through the building. "I'm a monotheist, after all, only one true god for me!"

Jonathan put a hand over his mouth to stifle the snickers, imagining the priest's reactions that he'd now been dragged too far away to hear. Coming back to his present situation, he lifted a hand to touch the rune collar that kept him from utilizing Corvin's power.

"I appreciate the save." He started, noticing his own fear reactions with interest. Stronger than they should be, probably related to triggered memories of Gra- of bad times. "Though I can't help questioning your motive."

"We're not gonna beat ya up." Twoface chuckled. "Harvey's got a soft spot for ya and Harv likes pissing off priests. Besides, we really are suppose ta have 'emotional support' at therapy."

A niggling suspicion grew in the back of Jonathan's head. "... Is Edward spying on my therapy sessions?"

"Yep."

"How many people has he told about my past?"

"Everyone, give or take a few nurses."

"Hell." Jonathan muttered, scowling. "Harvey, are you going to drag me the whole way there?"

"Ya gonna run off 'n' sulk tha moment we let go?" Twoface asked.

"..."

"Thought so." He chuckled. "Come on, you'll like it -- we're doin' joint therapy with Scarface and the Ventriloquist today."

"Oh joy." Jonathan rolled his eyes, pulling at his collar. Corvin cooed, clacking his beak a few times. The professor absent-mindedly patted the Demon's head. "I better not end up in the hospital wing, Dent."

"No promises." Twoface winked at him. In the distance, they could hear Joker's laughter, followed by the angry shouting of someone who sounded suspiciously like Preston. Jonathan hoped the orderlies didn't tase Joker, knowing that sedatives didn't work on the Clown.

Jonath-  
an froze, as much as he could while being dragged, and growled as something *horrible* occurred to him; he somehow had managed to acquire *friends*. Him, the fear-obsessed, grumpy old freak, had people who would help him for no reason at all. The Master Of Fear, who should've been above such pathetic things, had people who cared about him.

And *damnit*, at some point he'd actually started caring for them too.

— end of "¶Monotheist¶" —