



⚖️☯️Hello, Did You Hate Highschool?☯️⚖️

Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 2349 words

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Harvey decides to flirt with Edward, despite Harv's protests. When Edward is having trouble with his adopted daughter's decision to go to highschool, Twoface comforts him in their own ways.

Harvey is he/him, Big Bad Harv is he/him, but Twoface is they/them as 'he' is technically two people.

I'm trying to think up a better nickname for Big Bad Harvey, maybe something based on Big Bad Wolf. Any suggestions would be greatly appreciated! ☺

He's not worthy of us. Harv hissed. He's just an arrogant brat.

"He's more than that." Harvey argued, quietly. They were 'alone', in their bed, but he still didn't want to take the chance of being overheard by the neighbors. "He's brilliant. And he plays fair."

That just makes him an idiot.

"We play fair."

Nothing's fair about chance. Nothing's fair about being stuck with your moral opposite.

"We aren't entirely opposites." Harvey whispered. "And we're as fair as we can be."

Yeah, and he's fair until he loses. Big Bad Harv scoffed.

"That's more than most." Harvey hummed. "And he sees us both."

So he knows how to sweet talk a guy, big deal.

"He knows how to sweet talk *us*." Harvey corrected. "He always wants both of us to guess before he gives the answer to a riddle. He wants to know both of our opinions on the books he recommends. If you and him fight, he isn't mad at me too."

Whatever, he's still an entitled, needy bastard. Harv dismissed. And he's flirted with half of Arkham! He'd break your heart.

"He respects the Coin." Harvey added, as if the other hadn't 'spoken'. "He forgives us when we screw up a heist because of it. He's not scared of you, and he's not scornful of me."

So?! Harv roared. He's still not worthy! He'd just manipulate you, make you fit what he wanted, make you forget me!

Harvey grabbed his head, the 'yelling' physically painful. "Cut it out! And, no, he won't. If he tries, I'll make him regret it. I promise."

You say that now... Harv was quieter this time, sulking. What about once he has his grip around your heart?

"Our heart." Harvey corrected, smiling softly. "Yours and mine, together whether we like it or not. I don't want him to date *me*, I want him to date *us*. If he doesn't want both, he gets neither. Okay?"

...

"Okay?" He repeated.

... Fine, we can try this. Harv relented. But it won't end well, and then I'll have to comfort your sorry ass.

"We'll see." Harvey smirked. "And think of it this way; he hurts us, you get to hurt him *much* worse."

Anytime a large group of Rogues were out of Arkham, they had a meeting. They'd catch up, eat, gamble -- then they'd fight over who got to rob what when.

It was at one of these meetings, in a secret section of the Iceberg Lounge, that Two-face next saw the object of their (Obsession!) affection.

"Hey, Eddie." What an original opener.

"Harvey, Harv!" Riddler smiled, his green eyes seemingly sparkling. "It's good to see you two."

See?

Shuddup. It don't mean anything.

"Is anything new with you?" Harv growled out.

What was that?!

Flirting. We gotta scope out whether he's even into guys, much less us.

"Oh!" Riddler seemed surprised. "Well... House of learning, prison in disguise. Where children hate and creativity dies."

A school.

How is that-

Just guess it, Rose Tinted Glasses.

"Harv thinks the answer's a school." Harvey rolled his eyes. "I think it's... Juvie."

"Harv is correct." Riddler smiled. Then he pouted. "Stephanie has insisted on starting highschool next month. She says it will give her new 'avenues of information'. She says she'll be fine."

"Why wouldn't she be?" Harvey asked.

Seriously?! This is why I had control most of highschool.

Gee, I wonder why I can't remember any of it.

"Twoface, I'm sure you were a popular kid in school-"

Twoface snorted, laughing. "Sorry, Eddie, but we really weren't. That's where we split, actually, in Junior High. Harvey would get hit, black out, then wake up to discover Harv had hurt them so much worse."

"So you fought back, in a way." Riddler thought for a second, looking to the side as if remembering. "I never got to do that. Too small, too frail, too weak. I had to take whatever they dished out, because they were *bigger* and *stronger* than I could ever hope to be."

"That's pretty bad." Harvey agreed, to Harv's protests. "But just because that happened to you doesn't mean it will happen to Stephanie. What are the chanc-"

"Come with me, please." Riddler interrupted suddenly. He grabbed their hand, pulling them through the Lounge.

Who does he think he is?!

He's not doing anything wrong.

He thinks he can just pull us around!

We're letting him.

You're letting him, **I'm** letting you let him. He still should've asked.

Last time we did a job together, you picked him up and threw him into a truck.

The police were coming, and what's it even matter?

You didn't ask.

"Your face is twitching." Riddler whispered, still looking for something. "People are going to know you're arguing about something. If that something involves bodily harm to my person, just wait until the meeting's over and flip for it- Jonathan! Jervis! I need to ask you something."

"Ah'm not in the mood for a riddle, Ed." Scarecrow sing-songed. "How's 'bout a rhyme instead?"

"No riddles this time." Riddler promised. "Was highschool an utter hell, filled with torment and beatings from your so-called peers?"

"A bit overdramatic, Dormouse." Mad Hatter hummed, thinking. "But, yes, more or less."

"It wasn't worse than home sweet farm," Scarecrow scowled, "still nothin' more than house o' harm."

"And did you learn anything?" Riddler asked smugly. "Not life lessons, but from the curriculum."

The other two burst into laughter.

"See?" Riddler gestured. "No one has a good time in Highschool. Someone's going to hurt Stephanie, then I'm going to hurt them, and then everyone will know that I'm taking care of her under an alias. She'll be taken away!"

"You picked some bad examples." Twoface glared at the laughing villains. "We could find plenty of people who had a good time in highschool."

We?

You're helping.

But he's right!

Since when do you care about that?

I don't wanna spend the next hour prancing around trying to find someone whose high-school years didn't suck.

We'll flip for it.

Na-ah, this is too big.

Asking people about highschool is too big?! You once made me flip on whether to take a parachute for a skydiving escape.

I thought the trees could break our fall, I was more reckless back then. Ahh, the days of our youth.

You're younger than I am.

Only mentally!

My point exactly.

You little...

"Why is his face doing that?" Jervis asked, pointing at Twoface.

"They're just having a bit of a fight." Riddler explained. "Tweedle Dee wants to reassure me about an upcoming incident, while Tweedle Dum thinks I'm right to be worried."

Did he just call me dumb? Get the Coin out, I wanna punch him.

If we're trying to date him, you can't hurt him. Coin or no.

"Fascinating." Scarecrow said, his voice turning raspy rather than sing-song. He pulled a vial out of his pocket. "I wonder if he'd have two different reactions to-

"Please don't start a panicked stampede until *after* I secure the museum for next month's heist." Riddler warned, grabbing his friend's wrist. "Corvin, why did you let him bring any of that stuff in? Penguin is going to freak, and then I'm the one that will have to deal with pay cuts."

"What's for lunch, spike the punch!" Scarecrow laughed, his voice an echoing growl. "Say hello to all our friends, more than means to our ends. We feed, we feed upon your fear, but please don't doubt we hold you dear."

"March Hare!" Jervis yelled, jumping up. "Where did you hide the toxin? We have to remove it before the others find it, or it's off with our heads. Please do excuse us, Edward."

"Certainly." Riddler nodded politely, watching his friends scurry off. "Ozzie is going to ban them one of these days."

"Probably." Harvey agreed, smirking. "So, shall we get started?"

Harley had apparently started a non-lethal hit squad during highschool due to corrupt teachers.

Clayface had been so utterly neglected during his teen years, he wished he had been bullied.

Clock King had shut down and refused to talk about it. Kite Man ran off before they could ask him. Bookworm had been homeschooled.

Music Meister said something confusing about schools being better than they were a century or two ago.

They didn't even bother asking Croc or Penguin.

"Oh, highschool! Those were great days." Catwoman purred. "Every boy in campus was wrapped around my claw. Some of the girls, too."

"See, Eddie?" Harvey said triumphantly. "Highschool can be a great educational environment."

"Oh, no, I didn't learn anything." She chuckled. "Well, not from the teachers, anyways."

Joker had spent two minutes trying to remember, screamed, then ran to Harley.

"Okay, so a bunch of literal *mental patients* had a bad time." Harvey growled. "That doesn't mean normal people do."

"Stephanie isn't normal." Riddler said softly. "Her neglectful father *murdered* a bunch of people, then died because of information *she* gave to the cops. She's being raised by a Supervillain while training to be a Superhero. She's an absolute genius. I don't give my attention to *normal* people, I certainly don't let them live in my house."

"...What if-" Twoface cut himself off.

No.

It would *fix things*.

We aren't playing *guard dog*!

Eddie doesn't have to worry about her getting taken away, she gets to go to highschool, I get to do something nice for him, and you get to hurt someone! Everyone wins.

I ain't doing nothing for **him**.

How about for me?

No.

What about for Stephanie?

... I'm supposed to be the evil one, jerk. Fine.

"You're worried about her getting taken away, right?" Harvey asked. "About people finding out that she's being raised by Riddler if- when you protect her."

"Correct..?"

"What if you didn't protect her?"

"Excuse me?"

"I mean, what if we did, for you?" Harvey clarified. "I still think Stephanie will be fine, but if she gets hurt, Twoface will cause some trouble. Whatever alias you're using with the school, no one could possibly think we're the same person as you."

"I... You'd do that?" Riddler asked. When the other nodded, he hugged them. "That solves everything! Thank you both sooo much."

"Uh, no problem." They awkwardly hugged him back. "We're happy to help. Well, Harvey's happy to help, Harv mostly just wants to punch someone."

I want to punch **him**.

An announcement sounded that the business part of the meeting was starting in a few minutes. Riddler looked up at the hidden speakers, scowling. "I have to go help Oz-zie set up a presentation he wants to give. I guess I'll see you two later, then?"

"Yeah, guess so."

It went pretty much like it usually did. Penguin tried (and failed) to make an orderly schedule, Joker blew something up, Scarecrow fear gassed Catwoman, Ivy tied Scarecrow to the ceiling, Harley figured out a schedule that they all promised to stick to but knew they wouldn't, Jervis did a dramatic reading with Music Meister and Clayface, they grabbed their coats and called it a night.

Twoface stood outside the lounge, stretching, trying to figure out if they had enough time for a small robbery before sunrise.

"Twoface, wait up!" Rid- no, Edward -- he was in civvies now -- caught up to them. "I am said to be more important than my brothers, I often include milk and grain. When you happen to live a busy life, making me can be a pain."

"Breakfast?" Harvey guessed. Harv refused to make a guess, wanting to get back home now.

"Precisely." Edward nodded, shifting nervously. "But breakfast for most people is dinner for us, isn't it? But, uh, Steph and I always try to eat breakfast and dinner together, since we're each asleep when the other eats lunch. We call it dinfast."

"Sounds nice." Harvey wasn't really sure where this was going.

"Do you want to come eat dinfast with us?" Edward asked quickly. "That way, Stephanie can thank you for your offer. And, uh, well..."

Riddler speechless? Maybe this will be fun after all. Let's mock him!

No. Are we going?

Fine, but I swear if you miss your chance to flirt-

"We'd love to come." His kid'll be there!

So flirt subtly! Tell the joke about two airmen on a subway.

Definitely not!

"Y-you don't have to come if one of you doesn't want to." Edward was staring at their no-doubt twitching face. "I'd hate to cause trouble between you."

"We both want to go." Harvey assured him. "It's just that Harv doesn't understand what an appropriate joke is."

"What joke does he what to tell?" Edward asked, ever curious.

Harvey shot to the back of his mind, letting his other half tell it.

Edward went red. "... Harvey's right, that is certainly not an appropriate joke. I know worse, though."

"Really? Like what?"

Edward got the most evil grin on his face as he started leading the way to his home. "So, a Hufflepuff and a Jedi walk into a bar, and..."

They followed him, soon going red themselves. Was this flirting? Probably not, but they didn't care. They were both having fun, he was having fun, and the night was calm.

It was nice.

— end of "☾☾Hello, Did You Hate Highschool?☾☾" —