



★ Oops (See Ya Later, Alligator!)



Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 2464 words

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Tags: Good Person Joker (DCU), Medicine withdrawal, Crimes & Criminals, Explosions, Non-Graphic Violence, Alternate Universe - Supernatural Elements, Breaking the Fourth Wall, Joker (DCU)'s Name is Jack Napier, Amnesia, Amnesiac Joker (DCU), Joker (DCU) Loves Bruce Wayne, Protective Bruce Wayne, The tags are a little misleading -- Bruce Wayne doesn't appear except as Batman

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In the previous fic 'I See You', Joker got pretty banged up after he escaped Arkham. Want to know what happened to him? Read on!

Trigger Warnings: Slightly more graphic than my usual stuff, but nothing too bad. Oh, and some cursing.

If you haven't read the previous fic, here's what you need to know:

Joker has a reputation similar to the comics, but he doesn't ACTUALLY hurt anyone; he maintains the reputation in order to control other villains.

He has bad reactions to Arkham meds, so the new psychiatrist Dr Harleen Quinzel studied his blood and had new meds that actually work for him created.

A rookie nurse accidentally gave Joker the wrong meds, causing him to go on a delirious rampage where he hurt Harleen. Horrified, Joker ran away, which is where this fic starts.

Oh, and Joker's accent changed somewhat randomly, somewhat with his emotions. No one knows why, not even him.

Joker needed to get his mind off of things. Specifically, the weird, nice thing he'd had with Harleen -- before he'd utterly ruined it, anyways.

And what better way to get his mind off of absolutely everything else than to plan an homage to his Bat?

It took over a month to gather his men, pull off the various heists needed to gather (and cover up the gathering of) all the necessary materials, and get it all to where he needed it to be. But it was going to be worth it.

Joker stood on the upper floor of a condemned warehouse, watching his men work on the floor below, occasionally yelling orders. Okay, more than occasionally; he was getting antsy, spending far too much time with thoughts of *her*.

"Boss." Jonny Frost, his straight man that kept things running smoothly, walked over. The guy was an expert at toeing all sorts of lines that kept Joker's people fanatically loyal. As far as everybody else was concerned, it was the reason he was still alive after all these years helping The Joker.

"Jonny, baby, what's up?" Joker grinned, leaning on a rail and trying to look nonchalant. Frost was utterly unimpressed.

"You haven't been right since you escaped, Sir." Frost put a hand firmly on Joker's shoulder, staring worriedly into his eyes. "You stayed in a lot longer than usual. Did they do something to you, Boss?"

Joker got distracted with the absurd realization that Frost's grip was so hard because he was trying not to agitate Joker's sensitive skin. Silly, he had tight clothing and padding under his purple suit, Frost didn't need to be careful. Good old Frost...

Joker woke up in one of the old warehouse offices, laid across a desk, being guarded by a large man in a pink tutu.

Oops. "Heya, Bob. How long was I out dis time?"

Bob lifted both hands, fingers spread out, three times. His painted face was pulled into a worried frown. *30 minutes.*

"Don' fret, buddy, I'm just..." *Going through withdrawal from the only meds that ever actually worked.* "Feeling a little off, alright? I'll be right as rain afta I see my Batsy."

Bob looked skeptical, but obediently helped Joker onto his feet and into his coat. Joker was thankful for his lieutenants -- Frost, Bob, and Chuckles -- they were the only ones that knew the truth about him, the only ones that could help him with his more benevolent activities.

And, being the only ones knowledgeable that he wasn't an utter monster, they were the only three that gave a damn if he wasn't feeling well. Actually, Harleen would probably care...

Or would've, before...

He shoved passed Bob with a muttered thanks, walking out into the main building to see that preparations were almost done. If they did this explosion just right, it would release thousands of bat-shaped smoke puffs into the air, a perfect present for his Darling.

(No one bothered telling him that he was severely misunderstanding how smoke worked for two reasons. 1: Fear. 2: Things tended to just slightly bend the rules of reality where Joker was concerned, so long as he was ignorant to the rule in the first place, and it was always interesting to see it happen.)

Just as everything was almost ready, the lights flickered off. Barely three seconds passed before the shattering of glass and screaming of henchmen filled the air.

Joker grinned, blood speeding up through his veins, eyes glowing with emotion. Yes, this was *exactly* what he needed. He pulled out his razor-edged cards, aiming them at his foe. The brighter his eyes glowed, the better his night vision was, meaning his weapons always hit home.

Still, Batman fought on, despite the metal continually flying at Him to scrape against His skin. He dealt with the grunts *easily*, and Joker couldn't help pausing to watch. He was in rare form tonight, a blur of shadows and fists as He made His way towards His loyal Jester.

Joker's laughter echoed loudly through the warehouse as he dodged a blow. *Come on, Darling, let's dance!*

And dance they did, between the different floors and across machinery, with neither noticing Joker's lieutenants dragging the unconscious henchmen away. Joker didn't see anything but his Darling.

"Catchin' up on your sleep, Batsy?" He asked, flipping over the other to avoid a kick. He twirled into a right hook, left hand gripping a dagger for a surprise attack. "Ya seem more focused than usual."

As if to prove his point, Batman simultaneously dodged the blow and twisted Joker's left wrist until he dropped the weapon. "I'm always focused when stopping psychos like you."

The hard, simple truth once more raises its head, making Joker deflate for a moment. His Darling Bat, whom he devotes so much to, would never love him back. Gotham's Vengeance could never like a Killer Clown.

But that was hardly a reason to stop dancing! With a mad cackle, Joker flung himself at Him, ignoring a snapping sound in his wrist. They both tumbled to the ground, wrestling, each trying to throw the other off.

Joker's mind was almost entirely empty, his world taken up only by the Bat. Which was unfortunate, as he entirely forgot about the hundreds of explosives that were packed into the small space, and about the detonation remote that was safely tucked away in his pocket.

He fell backwards, teeth rattling from a fist to the jaw, landing on said pocket. As he heard the tiny click, Joker's mind caught back up to reality. "Oopsy..."

The explosion was too quick to react to, sending both men flying. Batman would be protected by his suit, hopefully, so Joker didn't worry too much.

Joker hit the ground *hard*, burn marks still smoking all over his favorite outfit. He groaned and propped himself up, overjoyed to see that at least some of the smoke had indeed formed into bat silhouettes.

"You utter lunatic!" Batman growled from where He was unwrapping an explosion-proof cape from around Himself. He stares at the smoke. "You almost killed us both for an **art project**?"

"Glad ya like the gift, dear." Joker forced himself into a sitting position. A normal man would be a charred pile of flesh, while he would merely be sore for a few days.

Batman growled, listening to His earpiece. "It looks like your goons made it out. No casualties."

Something unclenched in Joker's chest, and he breathed out a shaky sigh of relief. But he couldn't let Him know that. He made an exaggerated pout. "Aw, too bad. Guess I'll have to give those pink slips out afta all. Ya know how tha economy is today, employee benefits get so expensive!"

Batman just muttered under His breath, ignoring the Clown Prince Of Crime as He fiddled with the Utility Belt, retrieving a pair of handcuffs.

Joker stretched. He loved these little dances, but they always ended so quickly, no matter how much planning he put into them. Now's the part where he surrenders and lets his Dark Knight drag him back to Arkham for a well deserved rest.

His brain began to buzz, images of soft blue eyes crinkled in laughter appeared in his mind. Arkham was where Harleen was. He couldn't face her again, not after what he'd done. Which led to the inescapable conclusion that he *couldn't* go back to Arkham.

He'd have to run. Normally he only ran after this part if he had something else planned or if he *really* wanted their dance to last longer. And he wasn't usually quite this injured when he ran...

But under no circumstances could he see Harleen yet. Joker waited until Batman was a bit more distracted with the cuffs, then jumped up into a mad dash between two buildings. With a startled cry, He gave chase.

Ow, ow, ow... Joker winced as he discovered that he'd apparently twisted his ankle, the pain of which joined the wrist he'd finally remembered was broken.

Absolutely none of this was helped by how very weak his body felt from withdrawal. Joker knew he couldn't keep this up for long. He had to hide from his Bat.

First things first, he had to get out of the dark shadows of the alleyways. His Darling was quicker in the dark, more comfortable and focused. So he jumped between the walls of two buildings, getting to a roof easily. He wrist made another snap, now visibly facing a not-great direction.

Joker cursed, but ignored it. No injury was permanent for him, he could probably even regrow a limb if he had to (he was no hurry to test that particular theory). He jumped to the next building, and the next, always staying where the moon shown brightest.

It was hard to keep focus. Very hard, harder than he normally had to deal with. So hard that he managed to slip, tumbling off of one roof onto a lower one. And while trying to get up, he tripped, falling onto the very edge of a still lower one. A slanted roof that he rolled off of before he could stop himself, luckily caught by a clothing line.

A clothing line that snapped under his weight. Oh, *come on!* Joker had just enough time to think before he hit the street below.

Joker lay in the road, dazed and tired, wondering why he hadn't just let himself be taken back to Arkham. Then he remembered why, and reluctantly forced himself to his knees. He was pretty sure Batsy had lost sight of him, meaning Joker would be home free if he could get to a manhole cover...

HOOOONK! A truck was driving down the normally-quiet road, slowing down to avoid hitting the man in its way. Joker looked up, locking eyes with the driver. Recognition lit up the civilian's face.

Shit. Joker didn't have the energy to move out of the way before the truck barreled into him, flinging him across the street. Again, it was something a normal man wouldn't have survived, especially considering the injuries he'd had in the first place, but it took more than that to put The Joker out of commission.

Not a lot more, mind you, but still. He absently memorized the license plate as the truck drove away. Running over the most notorious killer in Gotham? That man deserved something nice, maybe a sudden inheritance from an uncle that didn't exist...

Joker, his luck finally turning somewhat around, had landed close to a man hole. Which was awfully convenient plotwise, but Joker couldn't remember how far along in the story he was, so he didn't know how likely it was to end badly. Honestly, his head hurt a bit much to be peeking too far past the fourth wall right then.

So he just pried open the cover, tumbling into the sewer with a splash. He dragged himself along the dirty passageway, thankful that the Croc was locked away in Arkham. Joker could safely get to one of his nearby hideouts without running into anybody, contact Frost to regroup, and figure out a plan to avoid Arkham until Harleen inevitably quit or went insane.

Easy peasy.

Joker managed to make good progress, considering he couldn't even stand up and only had one working hand. But then he ran into a little girl with solid white eyes and sharp teeth.

Joker laughed nervously, his brain again buzzing with memories. "H-hey, sweetie. Whatcha doin' here?"

"Hello, Mister Napier. Milord doesn't like trespassing." The girl's voice was like a growl and a hiss, reptilian, inhuman.

Joker gulped. He always forgot about the Sewer King, and he always felt such terror once he remembered. He didn't know why, but he thought it might have something to do with who he used to be. Jack Napier had met the supernatural King of Gotham's sewers, Joker just couldn't remember how.

"T-there's no chance ya'd be willin' to not let him know I'm here, is dere?" Joker asked, glancing above for manholes. Maybe he could escape...

The girl giggled. "Milord already knows. Nice seeing you, Mister Napier. Tell Chompy I say hi!" And with that, the girl dived into the murky water, disappearing.

Chompy... *Fuck, fuck, fuck-* Joker redoubled his efforts in moving towards the next manhole, but he wasn't near quick enough to escape the three large, mutated alligators that seemed to descend from thin air.

Joker pressed into the curved stone wall, grinning fearfully as his gaze flicked between the beasts. "Hey, how's it going? I, uh, have a message for Chompy: Hi!" He waved, forgetting his damaged wrist, cursing as pain flared through it.

The monsters pounced, with cutting claws and razor teeth. Joker couldn't do anything but fall to the ground under the onslaught, vision fogging up as he began to pass out.

As his body went numb from the over-stimulated nerves, Joker idly wondered if Sewer King would let his pets kill the clown, or leave that honor for himself. Maybe he'd be taken prisoner, held for the amusement of the monster's bizarre kingdom of mutated orphans. Heh, then he'd really be a jester, wouldn't he..?

Joker must have lost time again, as one second he was being crushed under scaly bodies, the next his attackers were across the sewer. They were fighting something else, a dark figure that almost seemed to fly about the stone tunnel.

"Batman?" Joker muttered, watching through clouded eyes as his dearest enemy once more became his saviour. The alligators rushed off, and He approached the clown, lifting him up. Joker was utterly horrified to see that Batman had several rips in His suit, along with a bleeding lip. "Ya're hurt..."

"So are you." Batman muttered, pushing Joker out of a manhole before following him. "The doctors at Arkham will be able to treat you. Just hold on."

"Why?" Was all Joker could ask as he was laid in the back of the Batmobile.

"Shut up." Batman ordered, getting into the driver's seat. It was quiet the rest of the drive.

Already half asleep, a pleasant thought came to Joker's mind; Arkham was where that little Harley Quinn was. It would be nice to see her again.

His brain buzzed, urging him to remember something important, but Joker ignored it.