



# Matriarchy

Batman - All Media Types · Not Rated · 957 words

*by Arukir*

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Fandom: Batman - All Media Types Rating: Not Rated Category: F/F

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Pamela Isley/Harleen Quinzel

Characters: Pamela Isley, Jonathan Crane, Joker (DCU), Edward Nygma, Jervis Tetch, Bruce Wayne, Music Meister

Tags: Crack, Elections, Poison Ivy's Plants & Vines (DCU), Poison Ivy's Pheromones, Mind Control, Parades, Royalty

Words: 957 Chapters: 1 chapter Status: Complete Published: 2024-06-18

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*The Rogues try to hold an election. Maybe I'll write about that someday, this just deals with the aftermath.*

*Crack fic!*

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Well, that fills my nonsense quota. Hope you liked it!

The Rogues hear that the public thinks Joker is their leader. After laughing their asses off ("Hey! I could lead if I wanted ta!"), the Rogues get into an argument about who is *actually* their leader. Finally, they decide to settle it with an election.

The candidates are chosen, debates are had, pranks are pulled ("Get off the stage, Joker!"). In the end, they don't seem any closer to choosing a leader.

Vines slam the doors open, a root lifting above the crowd to deposit Poison Ivy. She grabs the microphone and saunters onto stage, facing her fellow Rogues.

"This isn't a democracy; it's a matriarchy." Ivy looks almost bored, utterly confident in her power as the crowd goes quiet, every eye on her. "Now kneel before your Goddess, peasants."

"Alrigh'! Red for president!" Harley squeaked happily, dropping to her knees.

Ivy groaned, using her plants to pull Harley next to her on stage. "Not you, Harls!"

"Oh. Sorry, Red."

"You don' really think-" Jonathan begins, but is interrupted by Joker.

"Long live Queen Ivy!" Joker grinned, going to his knees. He blinked at the others' incredulous stares. "Wha'? If I piss off Ivy, Harley'll leave da hideout. If Harley leaves, who'll iron my pants?!"

"Hmmm... Honestly, the dangers of pissing the plant off so outweigh the embarrassment of submission." Edward shrugged, gracefully following Joker's lead. "All hail the Queen."

"I can't believe this." Jonathan muttered as Jervis raised his hand.

"Yes, small one?" Ivy asked. Harley whispered in her ear, and she corrected. "Tetchy?"

"Uh, do you plan to cut off anyone's heads?" Jervis asked nervously.

"Possibly, but you haven't earned my wrath, so you're safe for now."

"Well, I suppose I'm game, then." Jervis clumsily got to his knees. "Though, no one write my parents about this. They have their own Queen, you know."

One by one, more Rogues shrugged and kneeled, a few asking questions but most just going along with it. Catwoman briefly saluted, which was as close to a kneel anyone would ever get from her.

Jonathan looked around him, blinking in utter shock. "How are y'all okay with this?! She can't jus' name herself Queen! And ah am certainly not kneelin' to no-"

He cut himself off with what was definitely not a squeak as Ivy used her plants to suddenly be *much* too close to his face. She smirked, trailing a hand down his cheek. "Come on, Spooky. Who else could get everyone to do something like this? Who else has the strength to lead? Unless you want to try wrangling this group?"

"Hell no." Jonathan muttered, looking around himself for support. He sighed as he realized he was completely outvoted, then glared at the so-called Queen, who actually cackled as she returned to the stage. Somehow, he turned submissively dropping to his knees into an act of hateful spite. "One of these days, ah'm gonna make a Toxin that works on her."

"Before or after you make one that works on Joker?" Edward asked. The clown next to him burst into more laughter than the comment was worth.

"Shuddup." Jonathan growled.

Bruce Wayne had gone away for exactly one week, on a business trip. He'd thought it'd be safe, since things had been so quiet recently (he knew nothing of the election).

He had definitely expected chaos when he returned, he just hadn't quite expected this particular *brand* of chaos.

A path through Gotham was empty of cars thanks to hacked traffic lights, clearing the way for a giant float, covered in plants. Poison Ivy sat on a throne, thorn crown on her head, Harley Quinn happily sitting on the arm of the royal chair. Music Meister lead an impromptu band in front of the float, Joker loudly blowing a trumpet out of tune.

Just about every Rogue, and several lesser supervillains, were part of the bizarre parade, many using their gimmicks to do tricks. Batman growled as he landed in the float. "What's going on here?"

"Welcome to my Queendom, Batboy." Ivy snapped her fingers. "Scarecrow, does he have an appointment?"

Scarecrow leaped out of the surrounding foliage, his regular costume augmented with some *ridiculous* poofy thing, and unfurled a scroll. "Hmmm. *Jack and Jill went up the hill, to fetch a pail of water. Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after.*"

"He says no." Harley translated. "And we shoid push Batsy off da float."

Batman was used to Crane's habit of poetry when wearing his costume, but there was something off about this. The man was grinning goofily, swaying side to side, humming... And staring at Ivy.

"Did you Kiss him?" Batman accused.

"Jealous?" Ivy asked.

"Pammy!" Harley gasped. "How could ya do dat ta Professah Crane?"

"He wouldn't wear the costume otherwise." Ivy shrugged, lightly tugging on the white frills sewn onto Crane's regular burlap.

Scarecrow purred. "Long live the Queen!"

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Of course, Batman managed to snap Crane out of it and send everyone in the parade to Arkham, trapping all of them with Scarecrow. To this day, Crane's revenge is spoken about in hushed, terrified whispers. He can't decide whether to be proud or embarrassed, so he settles for stabbing anyone who mentions it with a syringe.

Needless to say, it was agreed that another election would not be held. Unfortunately, the news somehow got the idea that Killer Croc was in charge.

The next election is Monday. No flora or suspiciously green fauna allowed. Free snacks!

— end of "Matriarchy" —