



His Mad Love

Batman - All Media Types · Batman: The Animated Series · Not Rated · 1296 words

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Being abused doesn't mean you can't be an abuser.

Being an abuser doesn't mean you can't be abused.

What happened between Joker and Harley at the end of Joker's Millions?

Everything before 'Please-' is directly from the episode, canon except for references to Joker's thoughts/emotions.

Edit: I hate this fic. A lot. If I ever delete any of my fics, this will be first in line. Maybe just skip it, please? Thank you.

Sometimes, fighting back against an abuser can look like abuse. This wasn't that, as there is a difference. Of course, mutual abuse is much rarer than other kinds.

Despite Joker's thoughts, no one 'deserves' domestic violence. This fic isn't supposed to depict anything remotely healthy. If you're in a bad situation, seek help.

As well, if anyone wants to rewrite this, please do! I don't write abuse often, and I'm not that good at it, but I feel like original Harley's abusive side needs more attention. In the cartoon she first appeared in, she had her fair share of abusive moments, even though they didn't happen as frequently as Joker's. Everything from trying to convince him to have sex after he said no to having to be restrained from attacking him by two other criminals.

Joker sat on the bench of the transport, sighing. He'd had quite an adventure, hadn't he? A solid few days of unimaginable wealth, goofing off, even annoying Batsy -- and the IRS still didn't get him.

It wasn't a complete loss, he supposed. "After all, it's only money," Joker chuckles, "so I'll let the taxpayers foot my bill again. Besides, it'll be nice to see the old gang."

The guard that's in the transport with him leans forward, her face no longer obscured by shadows, and takes off her hat to further reveal her features. "One of them's dying to see you too, Puddin'."

"Harley?" Joker asks. Her voice isn't so high pitched as normal, her accent almost completely gone. That... isn't good.

"The one and only." Oh, he knows *that* smile. Looks like Replacement Harley was managing to cause him trouble when she wasn't even present.

"Y-you don't know how happy I am to see you!" He watches as she stands up. He's telling the truth for once, even as she removes the nightstick from her police disguise -- if there's one thing he's learned, it's that no one is quite like Harley.

"Welcome to the club." Harley answers, nightstick whacking against her palm. Okay, maybe he could do without seeing her *right then*.

Joker can't help the nervous chuckles that escape him as she advances. He definitely knows that smile. "Now, baby, I can-"

He grunts as the first blow hits. She's gotten stronger since she met Ivy, he doesn't know why, and it hurts more than it used to.

"-explain!" He finishes, but she doesn't give him a chance. He groans and yelps with each whack, unable to pull his arms up to shield himself thanks to the handcuffs. He technically could pick them, but that would probably make Harley angrier, and he knew better than anyone just how dangerous her rage could be.

"Please-" He moves to the side, just barely managing to dodge a hit, "I swear I'll never do it again!"

"That's what you said last time!" Harley yells, grabbing his tie and pulling on it to keep him in range of the nightstick, making it impossible for him to soften the blows. Honestly, he should've known better -- he'd have reacted the same way if Harley had dodged one of his punishments.

Because that's what this was; a punishment. He'd abandoned her and tried to replace her, he knew he deserved every second of what was sure to be a long beating (he couldn't have been caught a little closer to Arkham, could he?).

That didn't mean he was just going to quietly accept it. "Harls-" whack "Pumpki-" whack "If you could just hold off for a second-"

Smack, right across his face, but at least it was only her hand. "Shut. Up."

"Harley..." He whimpered, but didn't say more, just grunted as she continued beating him. He didn't even try to hold in the pained noises, he knew the real guards driving wouldn't give a damn. Actually, they'd probably laugh over the security footage later.

Bruises peppered his sides and stomach, he was bleeding from *somewhere* -- he couldn't reach up to check -- on his face, and he'd completely lost track of time a while ago. She wasn't normally quite this vicious, he must have really pissed her off.

She raised the nightstick again, and Joker squeezed his eyes shut in anticipation of the next blow. But it didn't come. He waited a minute or two, just to make sure, then carefully opened one of his eyes.

"Pumpkin..?" He hesitantly spoke, watching as she slowly lowered the nightstick to her side, a considering look on her face. "Are you-"

He doesn't get to finish, as the hand holding his tie tugs hard, pulling him into a forceful kiss. He offers no resistance, not that he actually could, and kisses back passionately. He's confused -- why is she stopping when they aren't at Arkham yet? Is this just a pause, a momentary respite before she gets the rest of her frustration out?

He doesn't care, enjoying the kiss. He's not very good at the physical stuff, especially not the sort Harley likes, but he definitely understood the appeal of this particular activity.

He pouts when she pulls away, and not just because he's dreading the nightstick again, but she barely backs up. She rests her weapon in his lap and uses her now-free hand to grab his chin, soft blue eyes staring into chemical green.

"I'm yer one an' only, Puddin'." She says, cracking a wicked smirk that's only moderately less dangerous for him than her earlier smile. "Yer not gonna forget dat again, are ya?"

He shakes his head no, yet he probably will. She's something special, but staying faithful is a bit too much like following the rules for his taste.

"I'm so glad ya learned yer lesson. Ya know how much I hate teachin' 'em." Harley playfully scolds as she lovingly cleans up his face.

For all she didn't do it as often as he did, he doubted she actually disliked the activity -- he could see that same streak of sadism he'd seen in Doctor Quinzel, every single time things like this happened.

"Oh, I know, my sweet Harlequin." He coos, making her giggle, and he laughs along. Soon, it's like nothing was ever wrong, and they're back to their regular selves.

He starts ranting about his next plan, how they'll escape the Asylum, whether they'll stay for a while or break out immediately -- she excitedly nods along, giving suggestions but relenting to his decisions, uncomplaining when he stakes a claim to her ideas.

She's exactly as Harley should be, helpful and obedient and brilliant in such an evil way. She'll take his hits and insults in complete stride, believe any lie no matter how much she knows it isn't true, love him in a way no one else ever has, all while being his assistant on top of it all. And, okay, she has Ivy -- but he has Batsy, so isn't it fair, really?

She'll run off sometimes, deciding he's gone too far and doesn't love her and blah blah blah, but the simplest of inane gestures is all it takes to win her back. He makes it a game, sometimes, seeing how little he can do to make up.

Of course, days like today happen, where his usually-submissive henchgirl reminds him that her vulnerability is a favor -- she's weak only because she knows he likes it. But it doesn't take any gesture to win him back, no matter how far she goes.

For Joker, sadistic glee switching so easily with doting sweetness is what makes her appealing. She loves him for his crazy, violent genius, and he loves her for her contradiction.

The truck stops, the guards come, and once more life resumes. As the guards drag them separate directions, he looks back and blows a kiss at his girl, enjoying the amusing way she melts in glee.

Joker always spent at least a week in solitary before being allowed to interact with other inmates, standard policy after a few, heh, incidents. Normally he's accompanied by bruises, broken bones, and thoughts of his Bat. This time, every pained movement reminds him of his mad, wonderful girl instead, leading to a rather torturous seven days.

Joker does have one happy thought to bide him by until he sees Harley again -- he still owes her one for forgetting to get gas.

— end of "His Mad Love" —