

# KNIGHT OF CHAOS

-PART.1-



In a factory



How about this place, dear?



Really nice, dear. Is this our playground tonight?




We, oh, not dear, you might  
have to cause a scene here  
alone tonight.



Are you saying you won't be here with me?

Don't make that face, my sweetheart.  
Just complete the mission well, and I'll  
reward you handsomely when you return.




A 3D rendered scene showing Harley Quinn from the DC universe embracing a man from behind. Harley has her signature pink and blue pigtails and is wearing a red and black leather jacket. The man has short brown hair and is wearing a dark purple suit. They are in an outdoor setting with a blurred background of buildings and a body of water.

Really, dear? Will it be the reward I'm hoping for?

Of course, sweetheart.




I love you so much, dear.



Although I don't know why dear is interested in this place, I just need to do as he says.





I'm curious about how he will reward me.



Who?! Who's there?



I won't allow anyone to mess  
up the mission dear gave me~



Alright, little mouse, no more hiding.  
I already know you're nearby,  
come out now.





Oh no! Damn!





…, every time I confront the Joker,  
I'm so passive…



This time, I need a different strategy,  
a disguise he would never expect,  
to strike first!





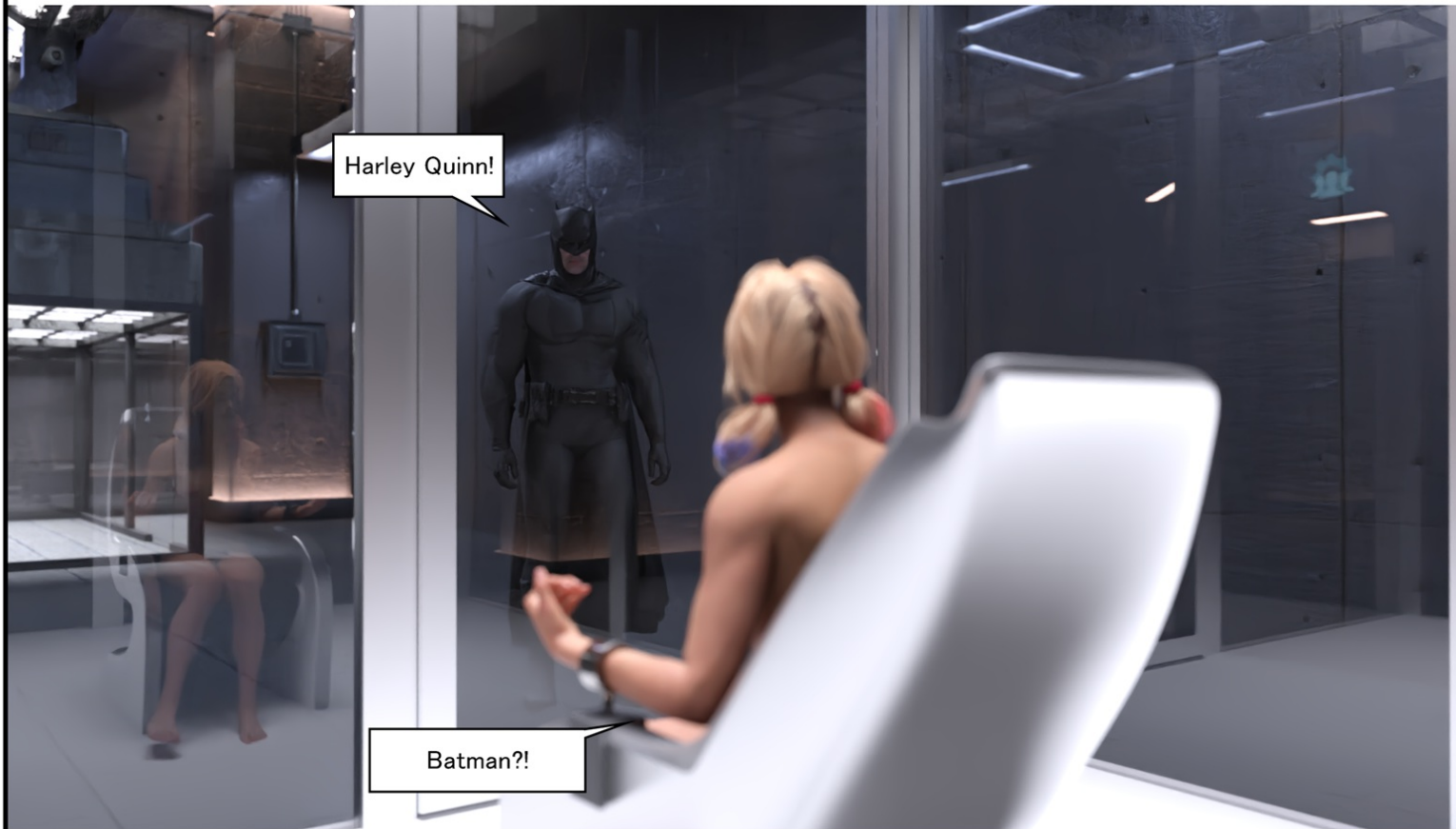


Uh...




Where am I?





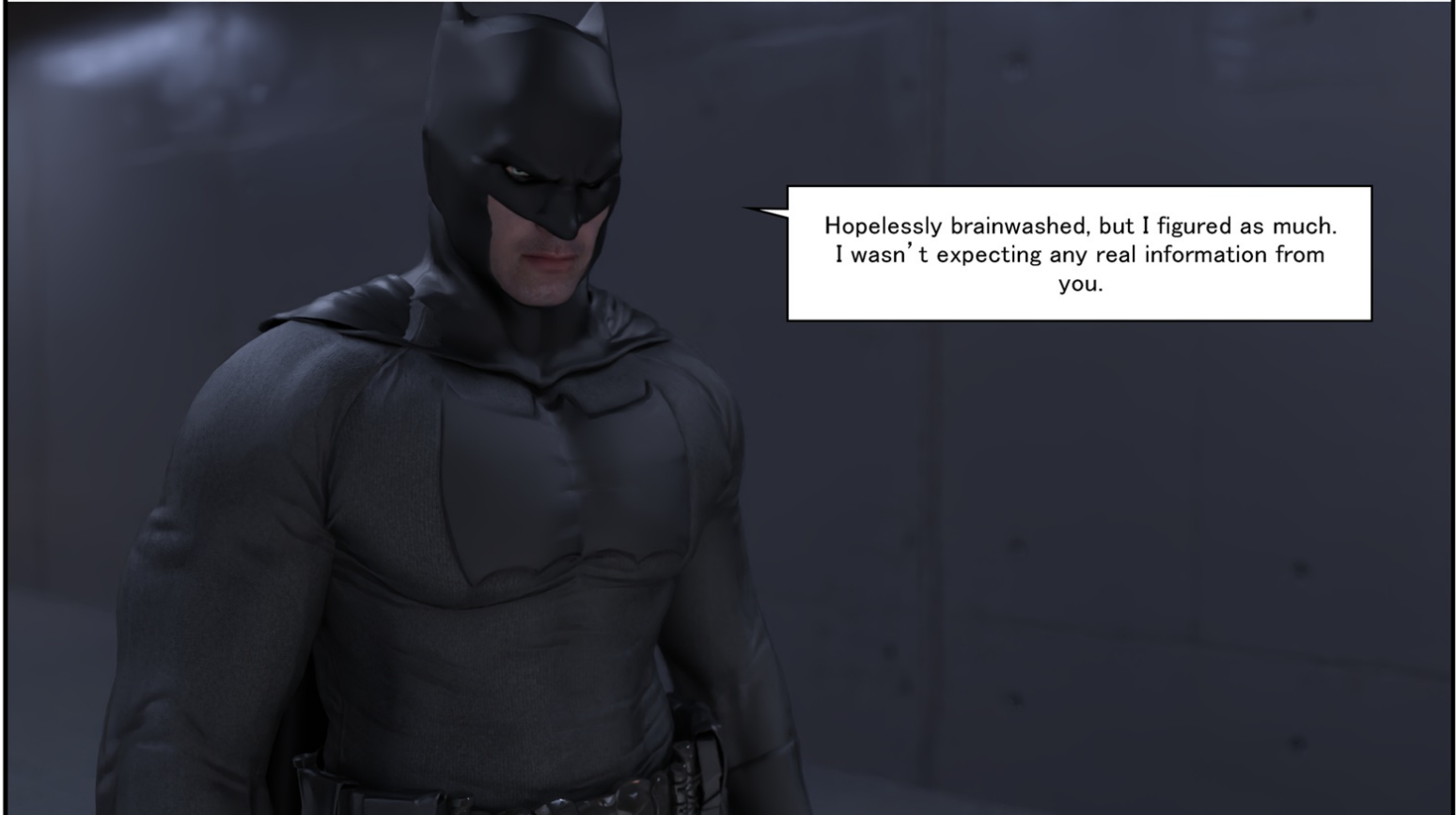
It looks like you've caught me again, little bat. But catching me is all you can do, you'll never catch my dear Joker!






The Joker won't come to save you,  
you're just a pawn to him, you better  
tell me his next move.

Oh? Is that why you brought me here?  
Too bad. You won't get anything from me.



Hopelessly brainwashed, but I figured as much.  
I wasn't expecting any real information from  
you.

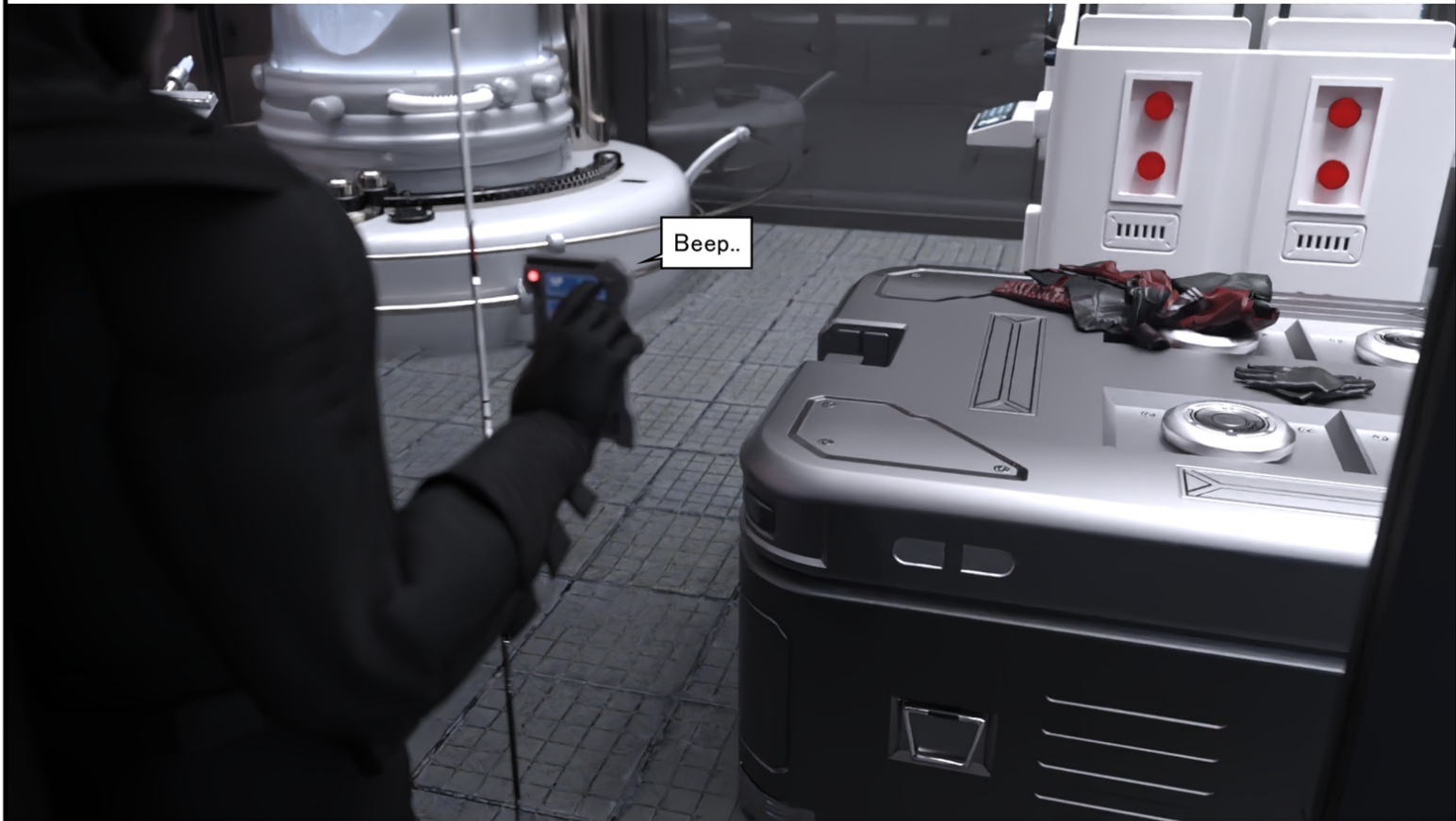


Then why did you bring me here?

Hmm, you're just a tool.


You? What do you mean!  
Why am I naked! What have  
you done to me?






Beep..





It looks like it's completed...



With this, I can disguise myself as someone  
Joker knows well and get close to him.

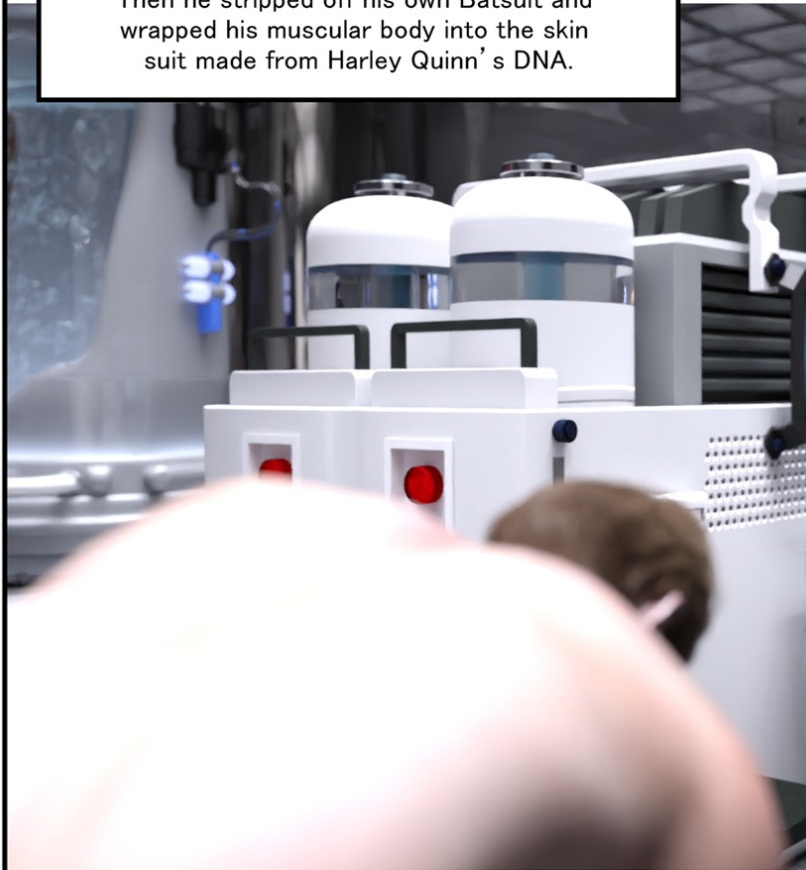
Ah, disgusting, this thing looks even more real than I imagined. Do I really have to approach the Joker this way?





To better understand my enemy,  
I must do this. I can manage.

Then he stripped off his own Batsuit and wrapped his muscular body into the skin suit made from Harley Quinn's DNA.





The feel of the skin suit against his own skin is indistinguishable from touching an actual person, it just lacks warmth for now.



The skin suit clings tightly to his muscles,  
gradually obscuring his form under the disguise.

God, this is so awkward, I'm actually getting aroused while wearing Harley Quinn's skin...



Well, even Batman is still a man, after all,  
and the feel of this skin suit... it's so real.

Calm down, Bruce.

These tattoos are disgusting...



I thought it would be as simple  
as wearing the Batsuit.



Only the headpiece is left now.





As the wig was placed, Batman's presence gradually disappeared, replaced by the wild red and blue tones, marking Harley Quinn's appearance.



I've really become  
Harley Quinn, this is... crazy...



But... it's not enough...



It seems the Batsuit is unsuitable for now.

He unzipped the leotard, the leather fabric clinging tightly to his new skin. The clothes he had just taken off Harley now gradually enveloped him.

Uh... this familiar criminal scent...



Oh, these clothes are too tight,  
her breasts are deformed...

This is awkward, but if I want to perfectly deceive the Joker, I might need to get used to this quickly...

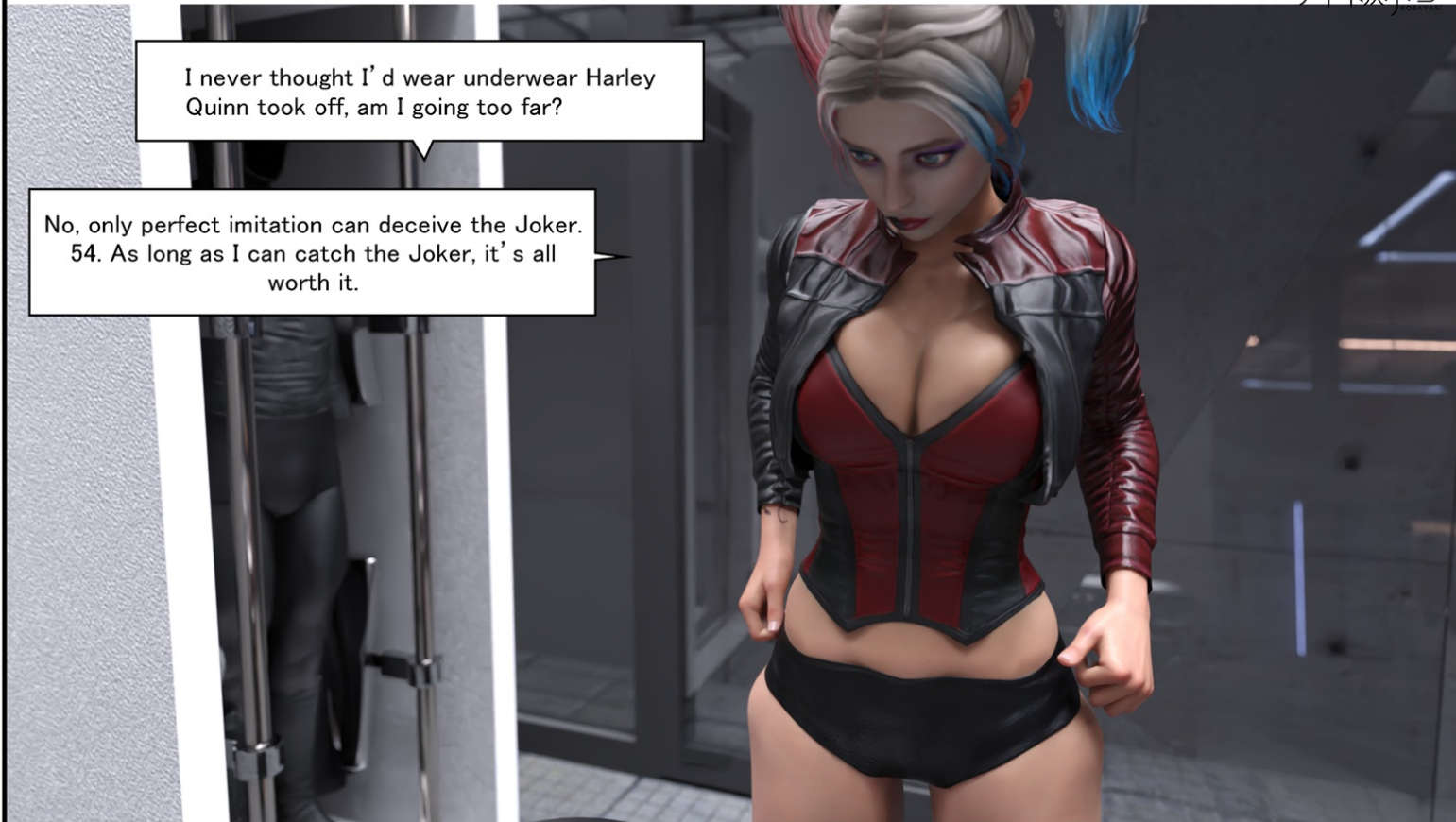




This is now my chest.

I never thought I'd wear underwear Harley Quinn took off, am I going too far?

No, only perfect imitation can deceive the Joker.  
54. As long as I can catch the Joker, it's all worth it.



As long as I can catch the Joker,  
it's all worth it.



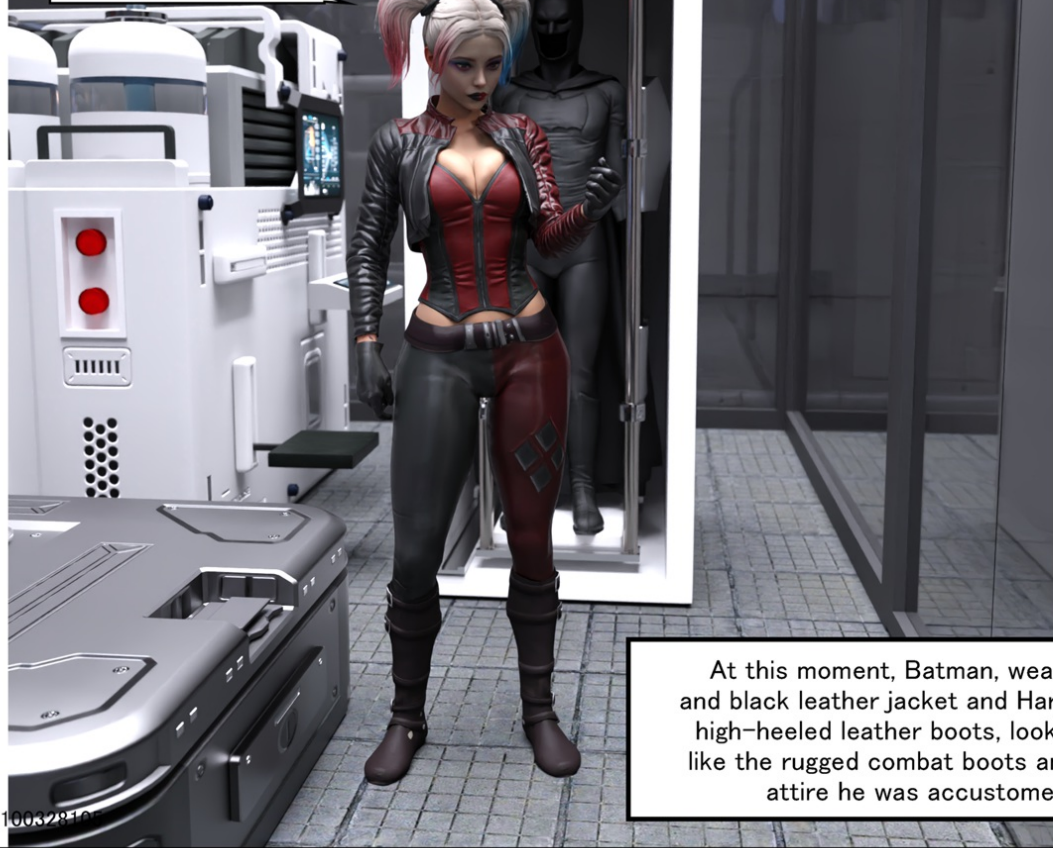
Thank goodness, they're boots,  
she wasn't crazy enough to fight  
in high heels.








Finally, it's all done.



At this moment, Batman, wearing a red and black leather jacket and Harley Quinn's high-heeled leather boots, looked nothing like the rugged combat boots and practical attire he was accustomed to.



He turned to see his reflection in the glass,  
a complete image of Harley Quinn appeared.



But this is not enough.  
I must become her.

Even though the appearance is perfect,  
he knows he must fully immerse himself in  
the role to fool the Joker.




I need to be light, natural... just like her usual self.



When he opened his eyes again, he forced himself to relax his shoulders, raise his chin, and mimic Harley Quinn's light, unbound feminine movements.

He took a step, trying to make each move more casual, more theatrical. Thus, the body language of the Batman in the mirror began to subtly change. His steps were no longer heavy, starting to carry a bit of Harley's exaggerated flair.





It can be more exaggerated,  
more flamboyant...

He recalled how Harley often leapt and  
turned with a playful, eerie dance quality  
to her movements.




He lifted one foot, gently spun around, posed on tiptoe like Harley, and relaxed his arms, lightly waving his fingers as if sketching humorous arcs in the air.



He was surprised by the lightness of his body now, but the emptiness below and the tightness around his chest from the clothes gave him an unprecedented, strange sensation.

Not just the movements...  
but also that crazy look.





Oh dear, you know, I really do love a bit of danger!

He mimicked Harley's piercing, bewildered look, with a hint of jest and danger. His own reflection showed a face full of dramatic and frantic smiles, strikingly realistic.


That's the tone, it seems I need to maintain this way of speaking and expression for a while.



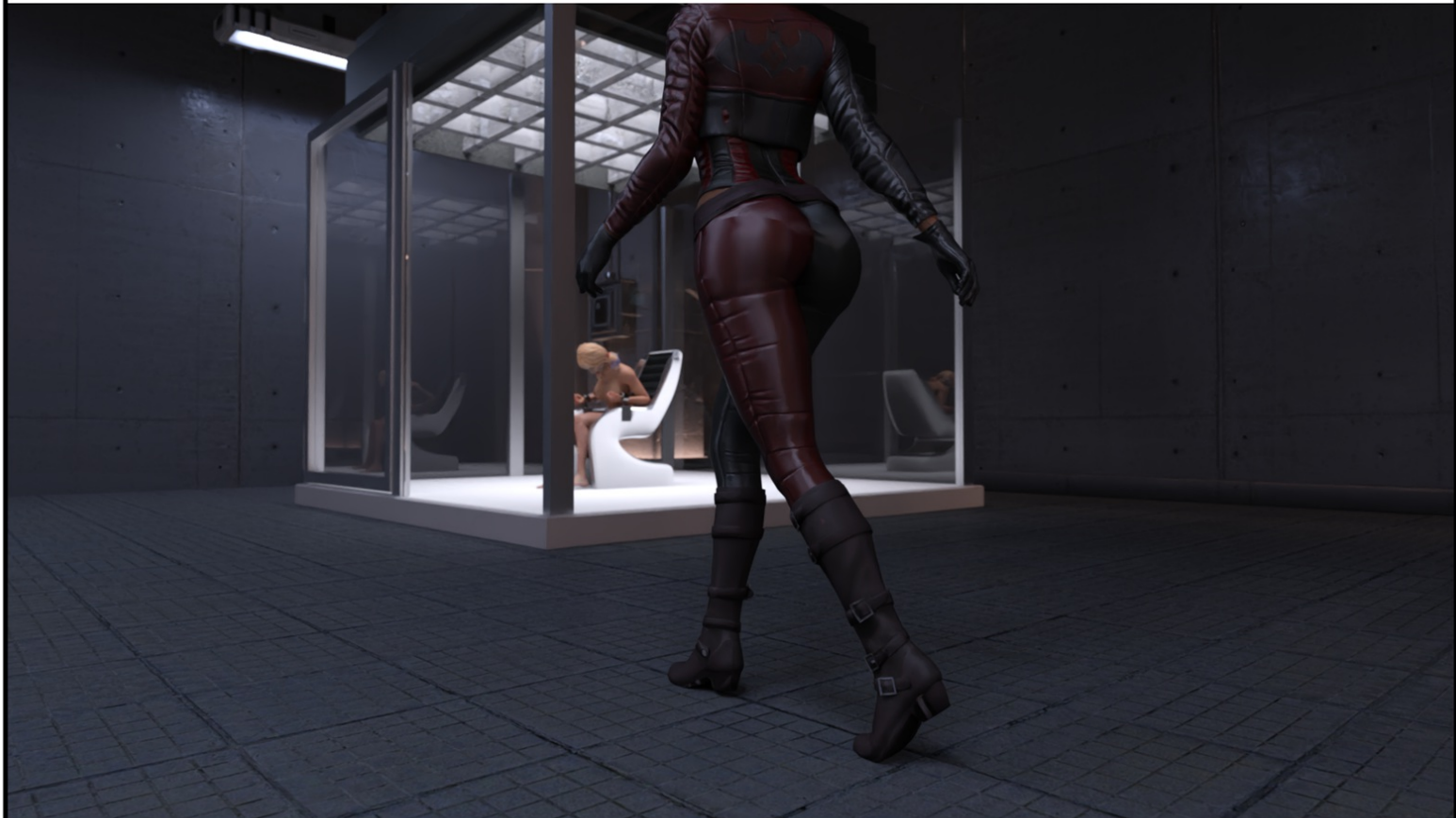


He made one last attempt, mimicking Harley's most common posture—hands on hips, head slightly tilted, shoulders relaxed, a carefree smile on his face. In the mirror, Batman saw a completely different self, a Harley Quinn full of madness.

Now, let me test my own acting skills.

A 3D rendered scene showing a person with blonde hair, wearing a red and blue head-mounted display, sitting in a white, futuristic chair. The person is facing away from the camera, looking towards a large window. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from the window and some interior lights. A speech bubble is positioned above the person, containing the text "How long is he planning to keep me locked up..".

How long is he planning to  
keep me locked up..





Damn you, stinking bat! How long are you going to keep me locked up...



Oh~ dear, do I look off somehow?



Oh, you damn bat, you really are crazy!  
You think you can become me? To get  
close to Joker?




Dear Harley, haven't you noticed,  
I'm a born actor?



Look at this bodysuit,  
how well it fits!

Not bad, big bat. You've even learned my  
stride and tone! But... do you really think  
some eyeshadow and my clothes will make  
you me?



This isn't just a role... this is me! I have a connection with Joker that you'll never understand! You're an outsider, you'll never get it!

Maybe~ but who says an outsider can't become an insider?


Don't rush, sweetheart, I'll make him believe I am you. When the time comes... he'll open up everything to me, including all his criminal evidence.




You think you control everything, but you have no idea what kind of fire you're playing with. I'd like to see how Joker 'welcomes' you.

Oh, Joker! Dear sweetheart! Harley brought back a big surprise, you're going to love it!


He flipped his pigtails, turned to the mirror, and struck a playful pose, even the real Harley Quinn would have to admire his imitation.



How about that? What will my Joker think of me?  
Will he be charmed by this enchanting appearance?



Or... will he find that his Harley has gotten smarter and started playing new games?



Oh, are you jealous? Sweetheart,  
maybe I understand him better than you...

Or do you feel like you're more of a fake now?

You're mad! You're really mad! Wait until you stand before him, wait until he starts to corrode you... you'll understand.

If madness is the only way to get close to him,  
then I don't mind being a little crazier.



In an instant, his voice returned  
to calm, cold, firmly responding.

Goodbye, fake Harley~ just stay  
put and hibernate here.



What is this gas! What are you doing!

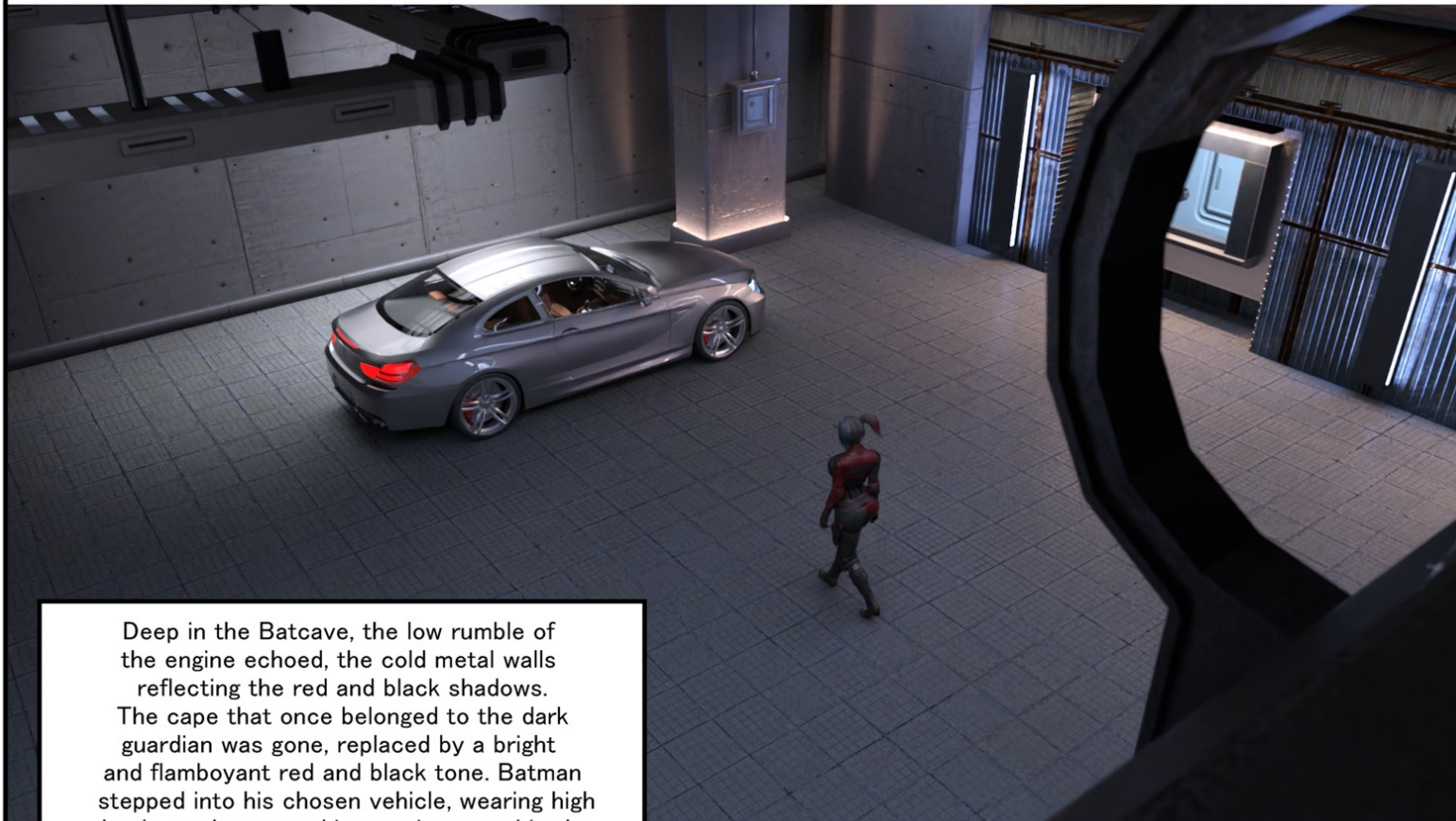
Recalling Harley's terrified expression just now, Batman knew his performance was very successful. If even she could be scared, then even the Joker should be no exception.



Finally, he completely put on all of Harley Quinn's weapons and accessories, ready to return to the Joker's side. At this point, there was no longer any sign of Batman, Bruce Wayne.

From now on, I am Harley Quinn.





Deep in the Batcave, the low rumble of the engine echoed, the cold metal walls reflecting the red and black shadows. The cape that once belonged to the dark guardian was gone, replaced by a bright and flamboyant red and black tone. Batman stepped into his chosen vehicle, wearing high heels, each step making a crisp sound in the silent cave, unusually piercing.





As the door opened, he took a deep breath, his chest slightly heaving, forcing himself to suppress the discomfort in his heart.



And in the rearview mirror, the face of Harley Quinn smiled at him, bright yet eerie.

As if mocking him, yet also welcoming  
him into an unknown abyss.



.To Be Continued.