

KNIGHT OF CHAOS

-PART 2-



小林縁子
KOBAYASHI

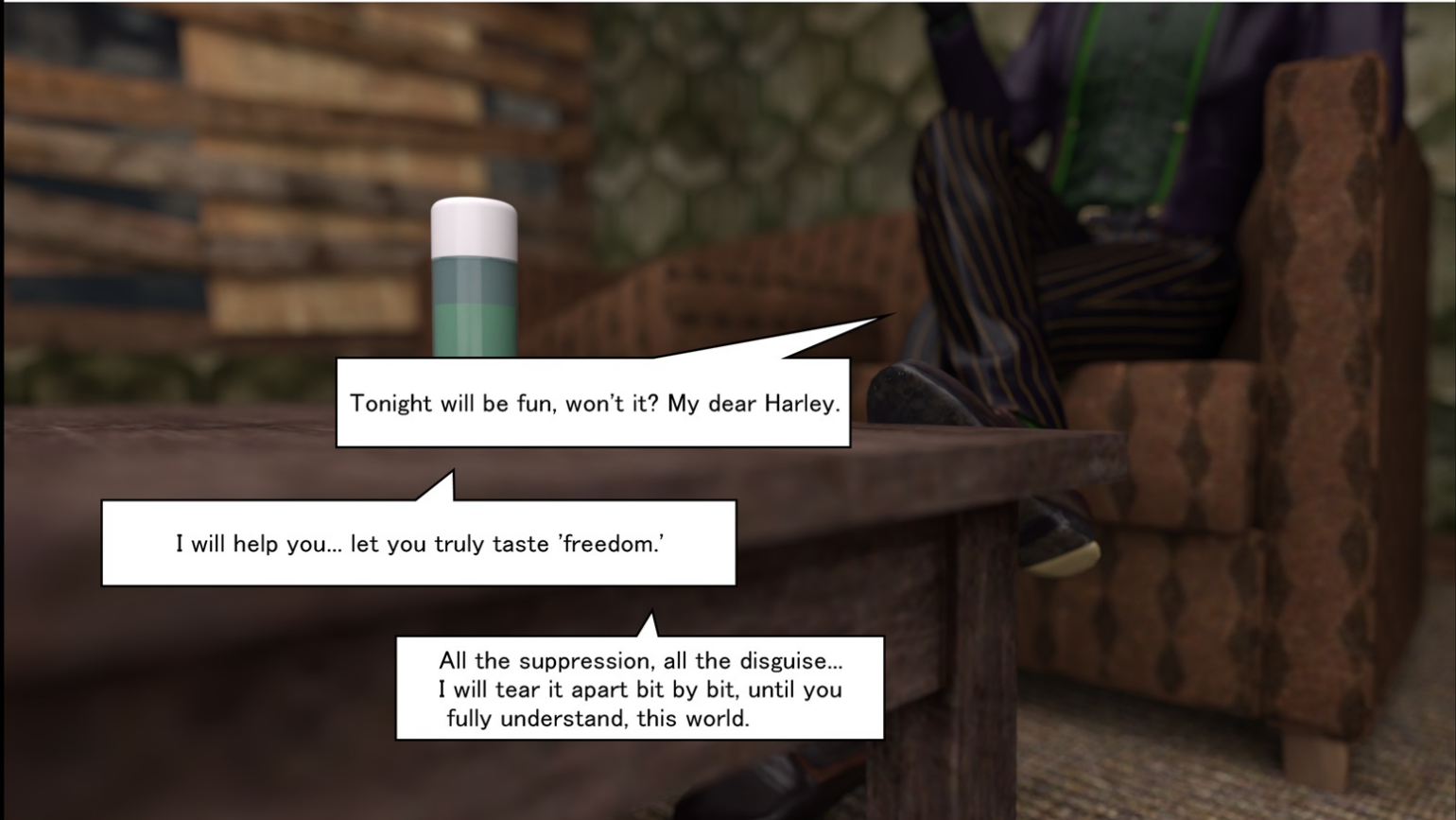
Joker's Lair

Several days have passed since getting close to the Joker, yet the investigation has not gone as smoothly as Batman had anticipated.

Even disguised as Harley Quinn, he still struggles to gather sufficient evidence—Joker's vigilance is exceptionally high, and more often, he assigns tasks to Harley Quinn. What makes it even more challenging for Batman is Joker's intimate behavior towards "Harley Quinn."

Those touches, whispers, and even provocatively close approaches instinctively make him resist. However, in this game of disguise, any unusual reaction could expose his identity. He is forced to suppress his inner repulsion and accommodate Joker's actions, fearing that even a moment's hesitation could provoke dangerous suspicion. Yet, within those increasingly blurred boundaries, an indescribable pressure begins to spread within him... And Joker's gaze seems to have seen through everything, waiting to drag his prey into his meticulously woven web of chaos.






Tonight will be fun, won't it? My dear Harley.

I will help you... let you truly taste 'freedom.'

All the suppression, all the disguise...
I will tear it apart bit by bit, until you
fully understand, this world.


Just one injection, and she will see—see those things she desperately forgets, desperately avoids. See... her deepest darkness, the self she has desperately tried to conceal. And then...





...will just, just keep laughing non-stop,
hahaha hahahaha...






Ah ha! Look who's back? My little sweetheart,
you've had me itching with anticipation!

How did it go? Was tonight's
'little fireworks show' a success?"

Oh, Puddin'! You should have seen it, the flames shot up into the sky like fireworks, bursting, 'boom', all the glass shattered, and the screams were all around! Those poor little bugs ran scared. Hahahahaha!

It was beautiful! Just like you said, chaos is this city's best 'make-up'!



Hahahaha! Fantastic! You truly are my proudest little pet, nobody compares to you, Harley! Look at that proud little face of yours, it's just... maddeningly adorable!

The moment Joker embraced her, Batman's muscles instinctively tensed—a conditioned reflex formed from years of battle training. However, he immediately forced himself to relax, playing the part of an excited and affectionate Harley Quinn.


Hey, Puddin'! You're holding me so tight, don't you want to let go?

Can we go out and cause some chaos together in the future? Just like before you and me, and all of Gotham trembling at our feet. Wouldn't that be fun, right?


Oh no... His look is off. That's not just excitement, he's testing me... Has he sensed something? No, he shouldn't have, I've mimicked Harley perfectly, even her tone and actions are flawlessly replicated. But why... why does he still doubt?



Hahahaha! Listen, listen to what my little Harley is saying! You want to be with me? Ha-how amusing! But well...



Sit down, my dear, I still need to check
like always... ..just how 'loyal' my
sweetheart really is.



You know, sweetheart, your recent behavior's been a bit off, always makes me feel... somewhat sad.


Puddin'! What are you talking about!
I'm your most loyal Harley Quinn, my
little head is filled with you and those
'big bangs'!

If that's the case, you surely won't refuse this little gift of mine, dear.



His smile masks the tension, which rises like cold tide up his spine, making his hairs stand on end. As Joker's fingers glide across her cheek, the touch nearly triggers Batman's instinct to recoil—but he clenches his teeth, forcing himself to remain composed, continuing to play the part of "desiring to be adored in madness."

Of course not, I would never refuse anything from Puddin'.




You know I'd do anything to
make you happy, right, dear?

His smile remains, but the tension builds like a cold tide creeping up his spine, making his hairs stand on end. The sensation of Joker's fingers caressing his cheek nearly overwhelms Batman's instinct to pull away—but he must grit his teeth, remain unflinching, and keep up the act of "craving adoration."

You'll like this one, dear, it will remind you of the night you fearlessly jumped into the chemical vat for me.





Harley, you better not disappoint me, you'll like it, right?

He saw the so-called gift—a slender syringe glinting eerily in the dim light, with blue liquid slowly flowing inside the tube, emitting a chilling shine.



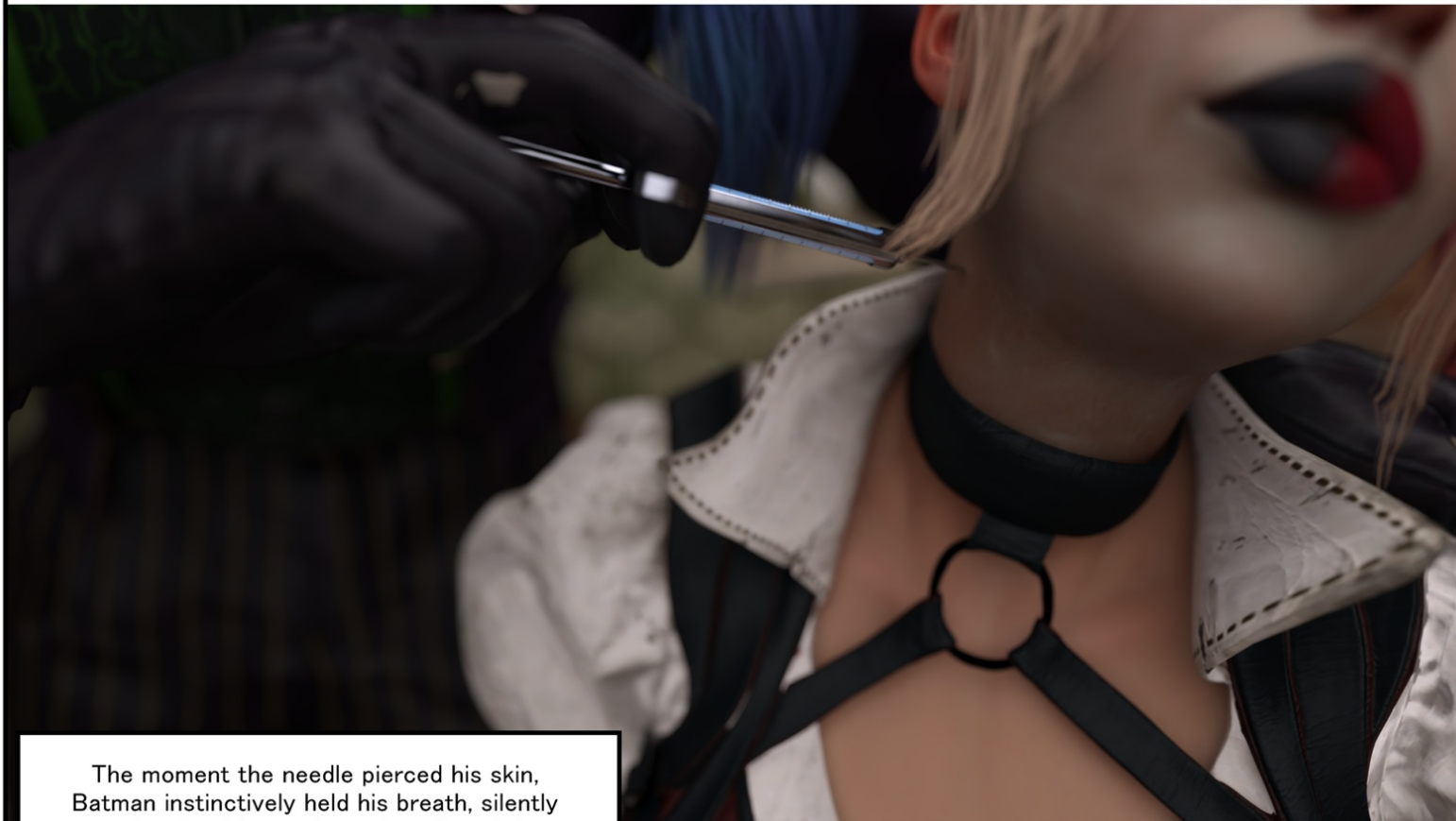
He doesn't know what's inside, maybe it's a brainwashing agent or some other chemical. His breathing steadies, but his heart still pounds violently in his chest, as if it might tear through his tense disguise at any moment. He knows he has reached the final step—just passing the Joker's last test would earn the Joker's trust, appearing side by side with the madman at a crime scene. This would be the best chance to gather evidence of Joker's crimes, and even at the risk of his own sanity and dignity, he must complete this dangerous masquerade.



Come on, Puddin'! I can't wait!

He then resumed that frenzied and obsessed expression, as if truly longing to be completely controlled by the Joker.






The moment the needle pierced his skin, Batman instinctively held his breath, silently praying that his regular anti-toxin training against Joker would work at this moment.

How does it feel, my Harley?

It's okay, what exactly is this, dear?



I told you, dear, this will remind you of the day you jumped into the abandoned chemical vat for me.

Joker's lips curled up, his eyes twinkling with malicious anticipation, seemingly looking forward to an even more "interesting" reaction.

Ah!

As Joker's voice fell, he sharply inhaled a breath of cold air, his smile freezing on his face, his body beginning to tremble uncontrollably. At first, it was just a mild burning sensation, like warm water sliding over the skin. However, this warmth quickly escalated within seconds, as if an invisible flame had been ignited inside him, spreading rapidly from the injection site to his limbs and throughout his body.

Uh-ha... ah ah...

A twisted and suppressed scream squeezed out of his throat as he collapsed to the ground with a thud, his body shaking uncontrollably from the intense pain. His knees struck the floor with a dull sound, and the cold hardness of the ground did nothing to soothe the bone-deep burning sensation, instead making his senses even more sensitive, magnifying every bit of pain.

Oh ho ho, you don't look so good, dear.

That was just the appetizer.





The pain is not just a surface burn on the skin but seems to grow from the bone marrow, as if every nerve is being torn along the blood vessels by flames, with layered torment nearly destroying his will. His lungs feel as if they are filled with scalding air, breathing becomes rapid and chaotic, each gasp accompanied by needle-like intense pain. Even his heartbeat becomes heavy and sluggish, each throb bringing heart-wrenching pain, as if his heart is seared by flames and then sliced open with a cold blade.



The intense burning sensation forces him out of his composed disguise, as if countless hot needles are repeatedly piercing and tearing at his nerves beneath the skin. Sweat mixed with uncontrollable trembling slides down his forehead. He instinctively tears open the collar stuck to his skin, trying to use the cold air to alleviate this unbearable heatwave.





Ahhh!


His fingertips trembled uncontrollably as he weakly pulled off his shirt, as if the fabric were chains intensifying the flames. As the clothes were torn off one by one, not only did this fail to lessen the internal searing heat, but it seemed to burn away the last vestiges of his sanity.



Meanwhile, the hallucinogen in Joker's hand had fully spread to every corner of the room, quietly entering Batman's lungs with his rapid breaths.

Baby, this is my 'special blend'.
Enjoy it—see if you can find your 'true self'.

This is...



Damn...







Haah... Haah...

He came to his senses, finding his thoughts 'becoming unclear, replaced by strange and 'unfamiliar memories—no, those were Harley 'Quinn's memories!



Where is this?

His consciousness was completely drawn into the illusion, where he fully became another person—the mad, obsessed, hopelessly in love Harley Quinn.

No... this isn't right... This isn't me...
I'm not Harley...


In the illusion, he seemed to return to that
decisive night of Harley's fate, forced to
experience the moment of Harley Quinn's
true transformation from a first-person
perspective.

Of course, Puddin', but where are you?

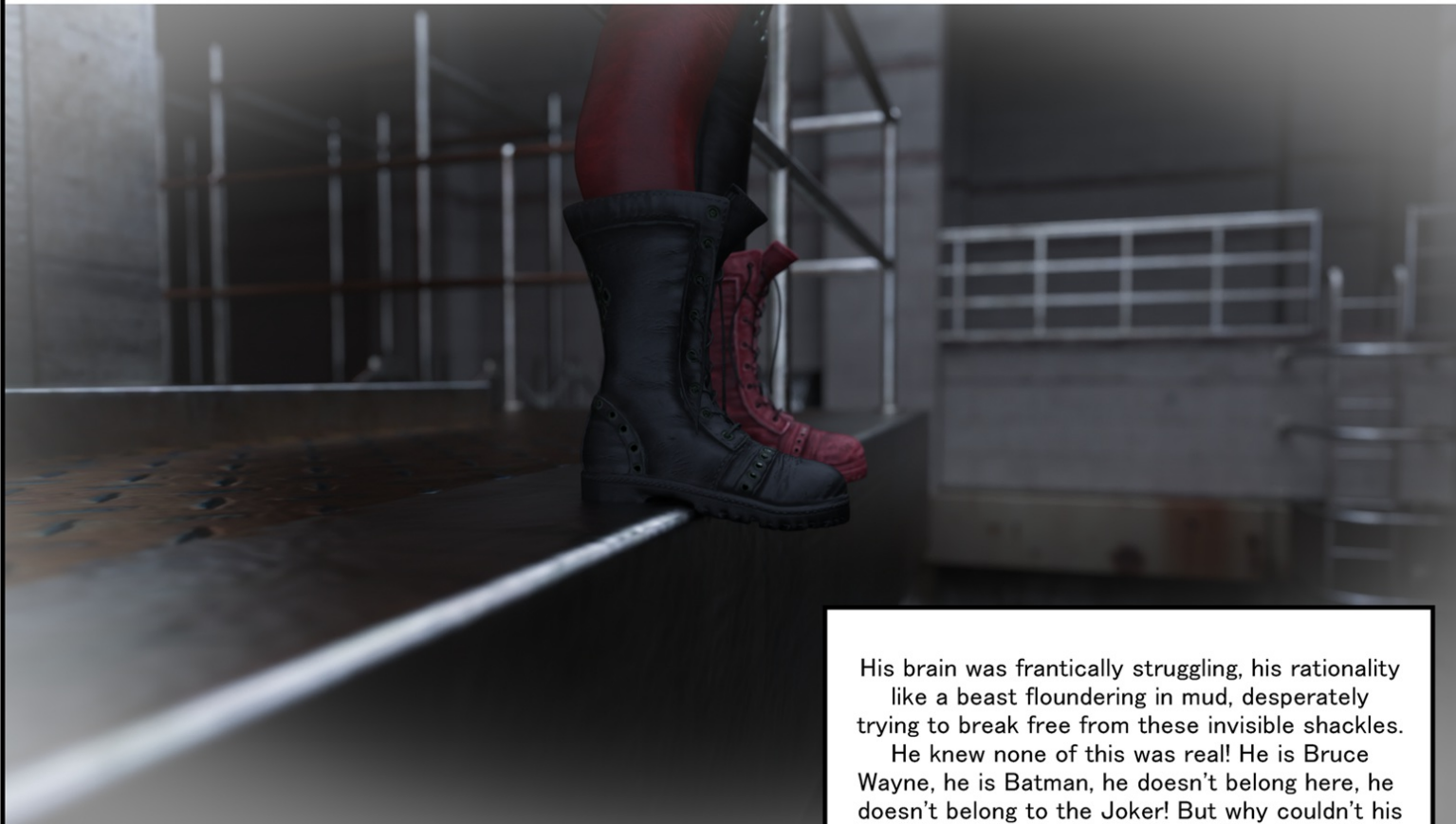
Hey, baby. Didn't you say you'd do anything for me?



Then jump down, baby. Experience
the pain I've endured, become like me.



The liquid below the chemical vat churned, emitting a pungent odor, its pale green surface like a devil's smile, beguiling the mind. Batman, or rather Harley Quinn, stood on a high railing, her steps slightly trembling. Her heartbeat was fierce, cold sweat slid from her forehead, and Joker's mocking, deep voice lingered in her ears, like a clinging disease, entwining every inch of her nerves.



His brain was frantically struggling, his rationality like a beast floundering in mud, desperately trying to break free from these invisible shackles. He knew none of this was real! He is Bruce Wayne, he is Batman, he doesn't belong here, he doesn't belong to the Joker! But why couldn't his body stop?

Come on, baby~ you know this is where you belong... We are made for each other, aren't we?
Why resist?

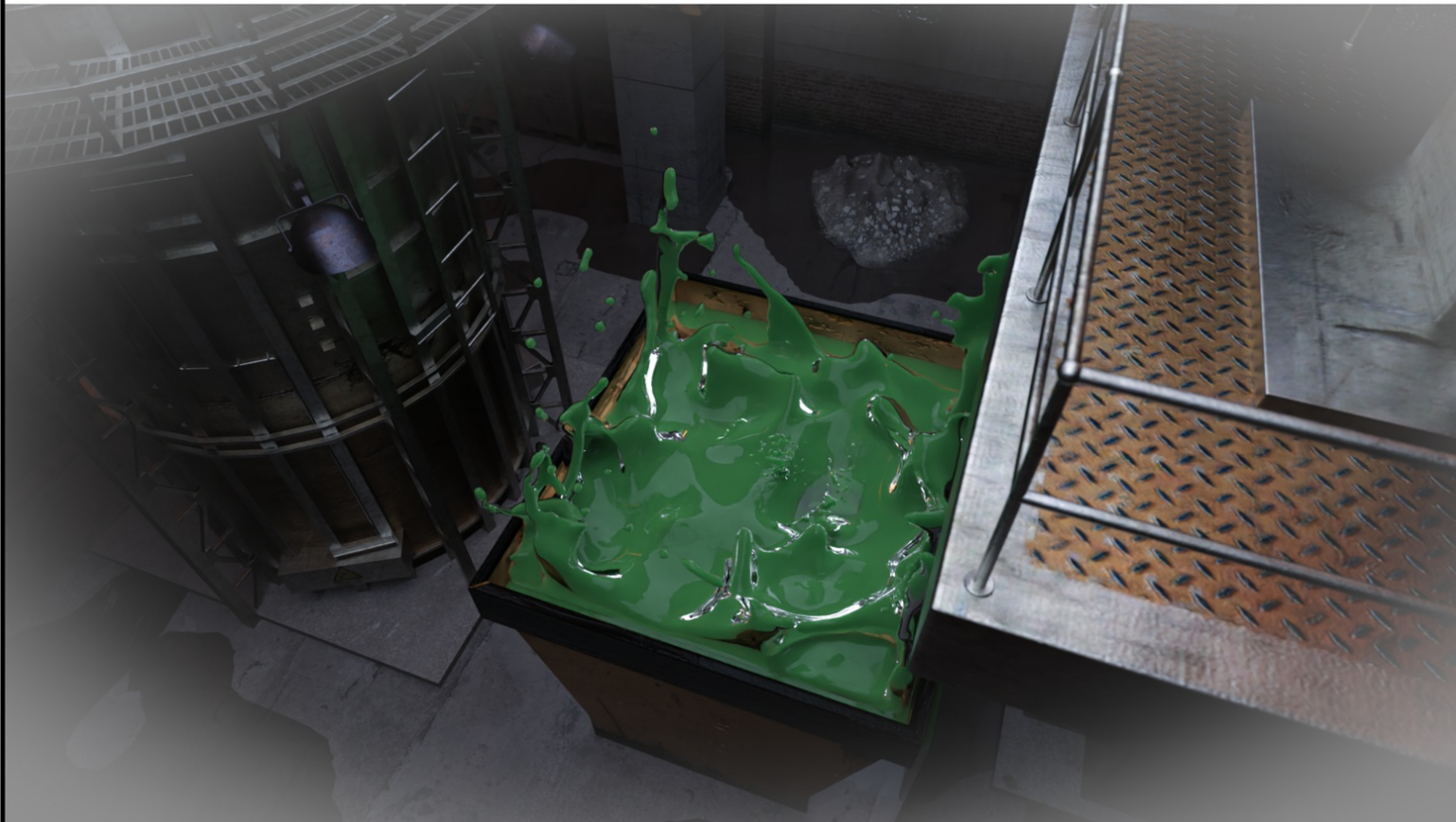
Of course, Puddin'.

His consciousness screamed, he tried to control his movements, to break free, but his body wouldn't obey. A sweet voice escaped his throat, gentle yet without hesitation.



She suddenly spread her arms and plunged headlong into the chemical vat without a second thought.





The cold liquid instantly engulfed her body, green ripples swirling on the surface of the water. As she sank into it, the world around her dissolved into nothingness, all emotions were completely erased at that moment.

Though it was within a dream, the chemical seemed to slowly permeate her skin, as if her body was being reshaped, every bone and every inch of her skin was changing. Batman could feel that from this moment on, Dr. Harleen

Quinzel was no longer the once lucid, meticulous psychiatrist. She was being consumed by Joker's world, becoming Joker's "baby."







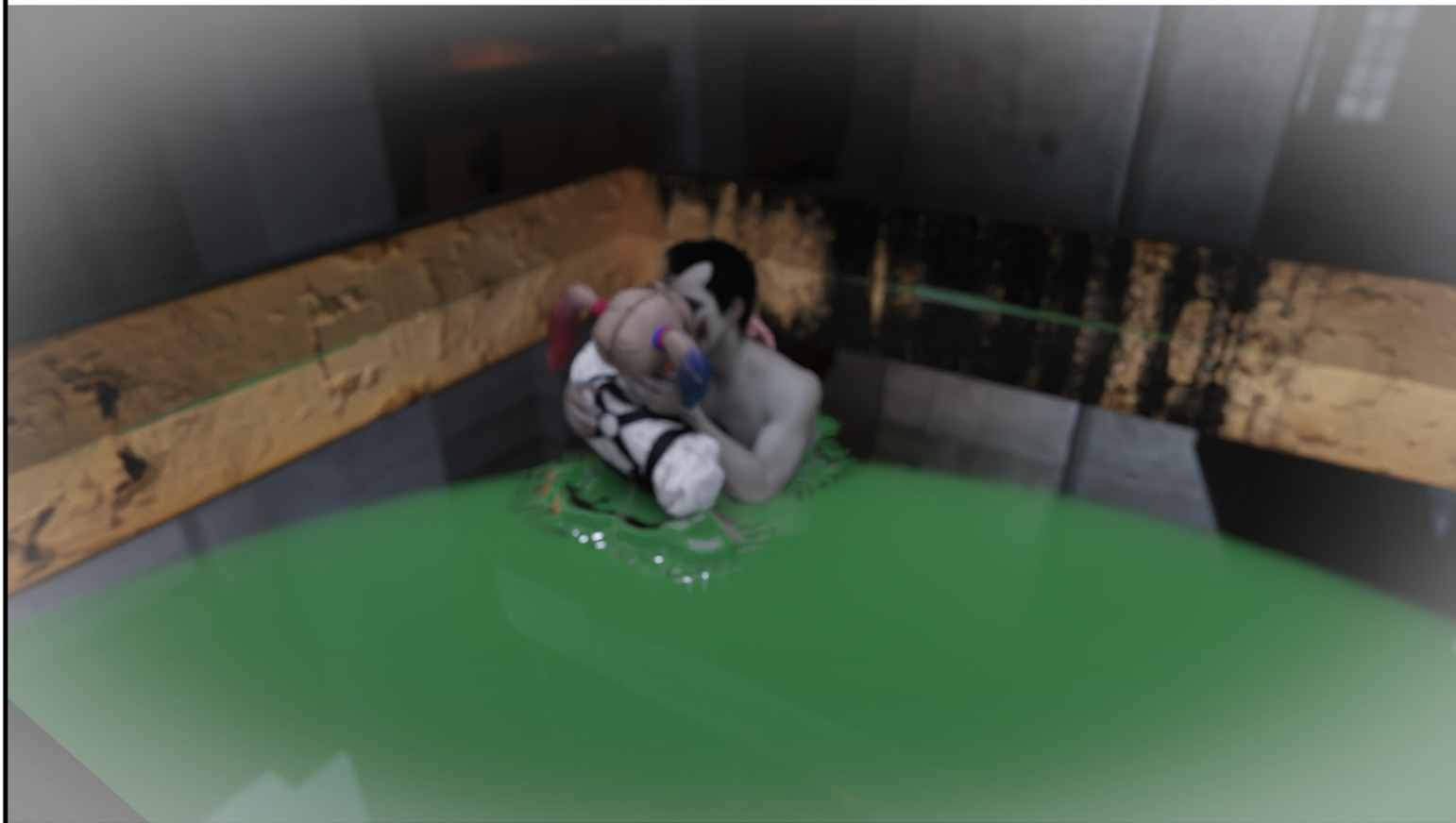
Look at you now, sweetheart...
you've been reborn.



Batman wanted to object, to resist, but his body no longer obeyed commands. His thoughts were chaotic, illusions and reality intermingled, and deep within his consciousness, an uncontrollable strange thrill surged.




The chemical vat's liquid still clung to their skins, their breaths mingling, the closeness between them suffocating. At this moment, his identity in the illusion completely overlapped with Harley's. He could not tell if he was Bruce Wayne, or the Harley Quinn who found solace in madness.



Look at you, sweetheart...
Are you still struggling?
Oh, how pitiful.

No... I am not...

You know? You and I, we're really not so different.



Think about it, Harley. You think you're different from me? But look at what you've done—you've immersed yourself in pain, you respond to violence with violence.

You hate me, right? But do you know what's the funniest thing? Every aspect of me you hate is actually a reflection of yourself.

Don't believe me? Then tell me, dear Harley... Did you ever try to resist in your illusion?

Uh...



Oh~ sweetheart~

Alarms blared in his mind, but his lips did not obey his will, even voluntarily opening with a coquettish tone.



He tried to control his movements, tried to break free, but his body wouldn't listen. His gaze became hazy, and a faint smile even appeared on his lips, just like the real Harley.



But in the next instant, his tongue stretched out, without any coercion, even with a hint of tenderness and passion, just like real lovers would. His heartbeat suddenly accelerated, blood roaring in his ears as if something was slowly eroding the walls of his sanity.



You see, sweetheart. You don't want to leave, you belong here, you belong to me.



His eyes trembled slightly, his lips parted as if he wanted to object, but ultimately he couldn't say anything. His thoughts became muddled, covered by chaotic colors, his consciousness floating on the edge of the abyss, while Joker's laughter, Joker's breath, Joker's embrace, all pulled him towards the depths of corruption.



Hehe, Puddin' you know, I love being with you the most.

He heard a gentle murmur escape his lips, like the intimate whispers between lovers, with a coquettish charm. His voice was soft and sweet, filled with Harley's saccharine tones, like candy soaked in honey.



Puddin'~ Your favorite Harley,
isn't that just me?

He compliantly did everything Harley would do,
his lips curved in a seductive smile, his eyes
carrying a hint of shyness and longing, like a
lover craving affection, offering himself without
reservation.

His inner self was tearing apart, his reason tormented and riddled with holes, yet his body continued to compliantly sink deeper. He seemed no longer to be Bruce Wayne, no longer Batman, but had completely transformed into Harley Quinn, a woman belonging to the Joker.

His brain was still trying to struggle, but the voice of reason became weaker and weaker, as if covered by a thick fog.



The burning sensation on his skin had receded,
replaced by a strange pleasure that pulsed
throughout his body.

Ah~~



His breathing was disordered and rapid, his eyes hazy with a hint of intoxication. He knew his body was responding to the Joker's desires, yet he still unconsciously cooperated with the Joker, as if this would more fully satisfy the emptiness within him.

Puddin'...

A 3D rendered character of Harley Quinn, depicted from the chest up. She has blonde hair with blue and pink highlights, styled in pigtails. She is wearing a black glove on her left hand and has a red mark on her right breast. She is looking upwards and to the left with a slight smile. The background is a textured wall with a repeating pattern of stylized, overlapping shapes.

Oh~ Puddin'...

Is all this an illusion? Or reality?
He doesn't know. He can no longer tell.

Look at you now, dear~ Are
you still resisting?



You understand now, Harley, ...
You were meant to be here!
Belong to me!

Ah~~

His brain was still trying to recall reason, but
that intoxicating feeling completely soaked his
thoughts, making him unable to extricate himself.




Ahhh~ Oh my God, Puddin~ I... I'm yours~

His consciousness completely disintegrated in the chaos of pleasure, his reason like thin ice, gradually cracking in the Joker's palms and finally sinking into a dark abyss. His breathing was rapid, his pupils slightly dilated, his body no longer resisting but clinging to the Joker, like a kitten craving caresses, enamored with the warmth of the embrace.

Oh, dear Harley~ you've finally come around!
I knew it... you were always going to be mine.

How could you doubt me? Puddin' I've always
belonged to you... always your most loyal Harley!



Of course, dear, you belong to me... forever.

Yes, dear, forever!



Batman was completely immersed in that deep, gentle voice, the last vestige of reason in his heart thoroughly shattered. His consciousness utterly surrendered. He was no longer Gotham's Dark Knight, no longer Bruce Wayne, no longer the solitary guardian who once stood on the edge of darkness and justice. In the Joker's embrace, he let out a sweet and mad moan, fully embracing the fate that belonged to Harley Quinn.

His mind was filled with joyous illusions. He saw himself in the red and black tight suit, agilely tumbling through Gotham's night sky. He heard his own laughter, crisp and insane, saw himself snuggled up next to the Joker, listening to his sweet yet dangerous whispers. Now, he was only Harley Quinn—Joker's most loyal lover, the perfect plaything, the most chaotic accomplice.



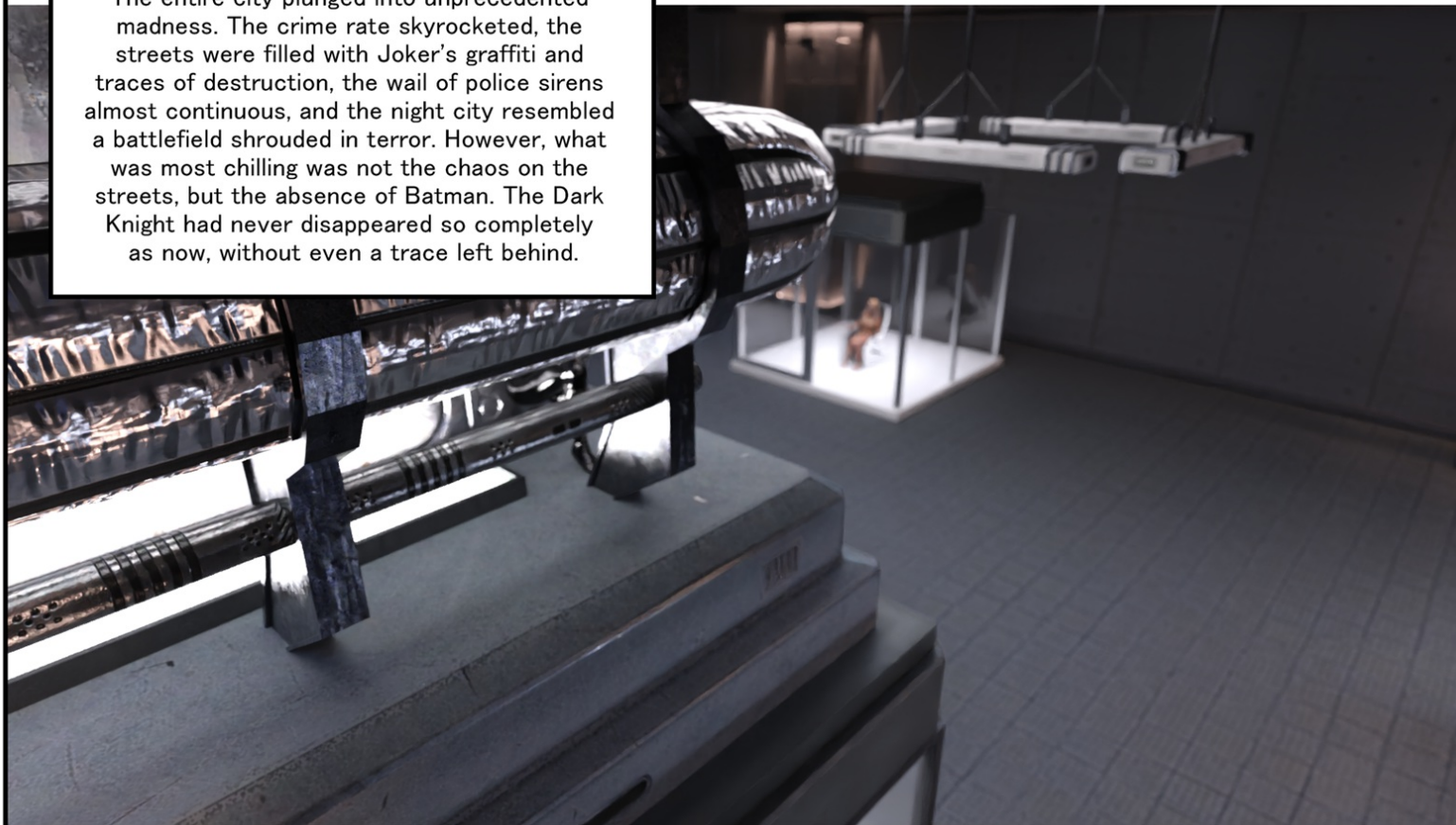
Alright, dear, let's cause a big scene together tomorrow.

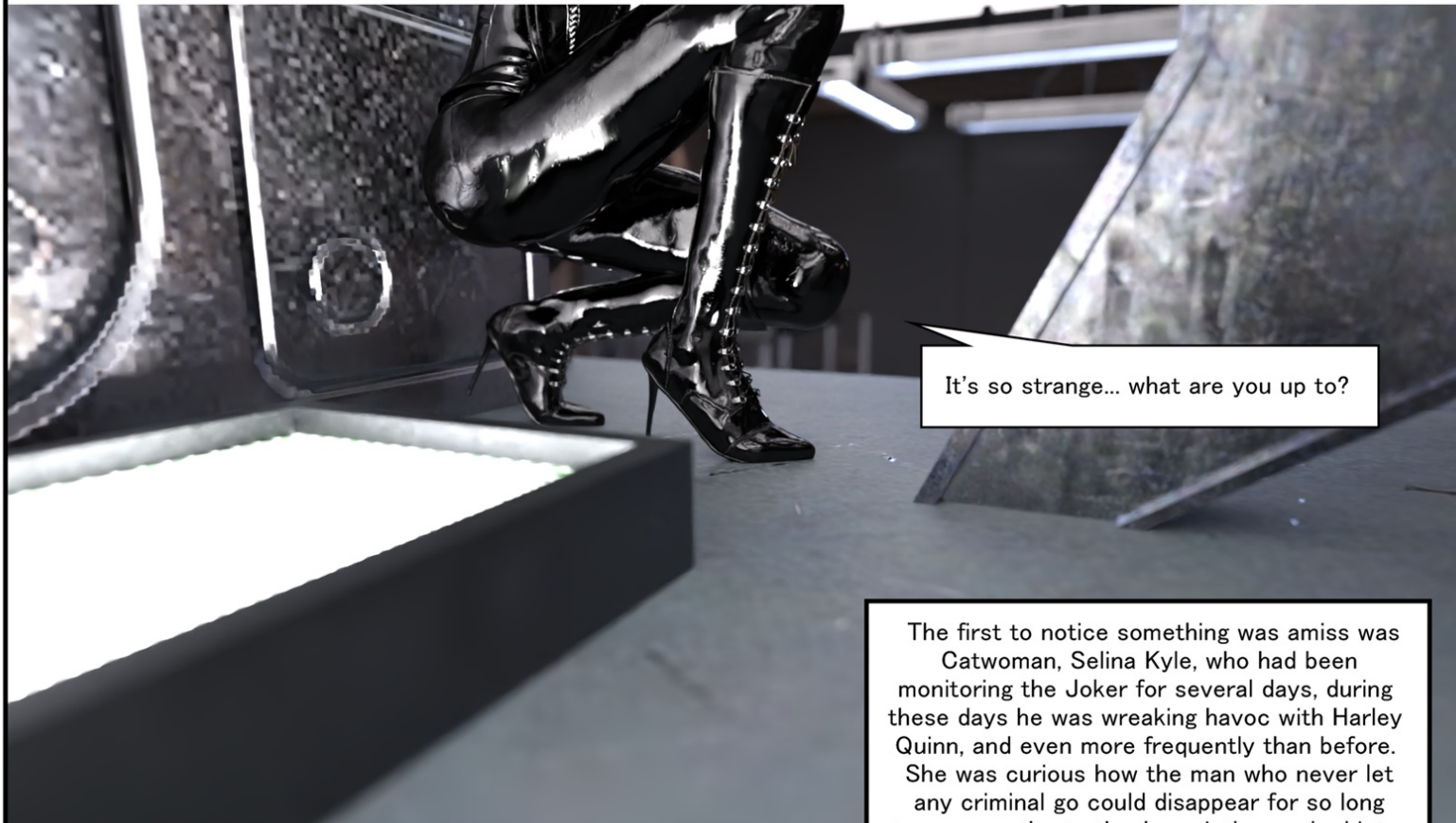
Of course, Puddin', I'm always by your side...





The entire city plunged into unprecedented madness. The crime rate skyrocketed, the streets were filled with Joker's graffiti and traces of destruction, the wail of police sirens almost continuous, and the night city resembled a battlefield shrouded in terror. However, what was most chilling was not the chaos on the streets, but the absence of Batman. The Dark Knight had never disappeared so completely as now, without even a trace left behind.





It's so strange... what are you up to?

The first to notice something was amiss was Catwoman, Selina Kyle, who had been monitoring the Joker for several days, during these days he was wreaking havoc with Harley Quinn, and even more frequently than before. She was curious how the man who never let any criminal go could disappear for so long to uncover the truth, she quietly sneaked into the Batcave.

Not here either, where have you gone?



And how could she be here?









Harley...?

Uh...



Is that you, kitty cat? Did you come specially to laugh at me? Or has the Batman impersonating me been exposed?



What? You... you're saying that the Harley Quinn outside is...?

...You didn't know? Looks like he didn't tell even you...


That Harley out there... is fake. That's
Batman—he disguised himself as me!
He has me locked up here!




You're saying that's Batman?
No... it can't be...!

He looks so crazy, so intimate with
the Joker, so in sync.





Why would he do that?

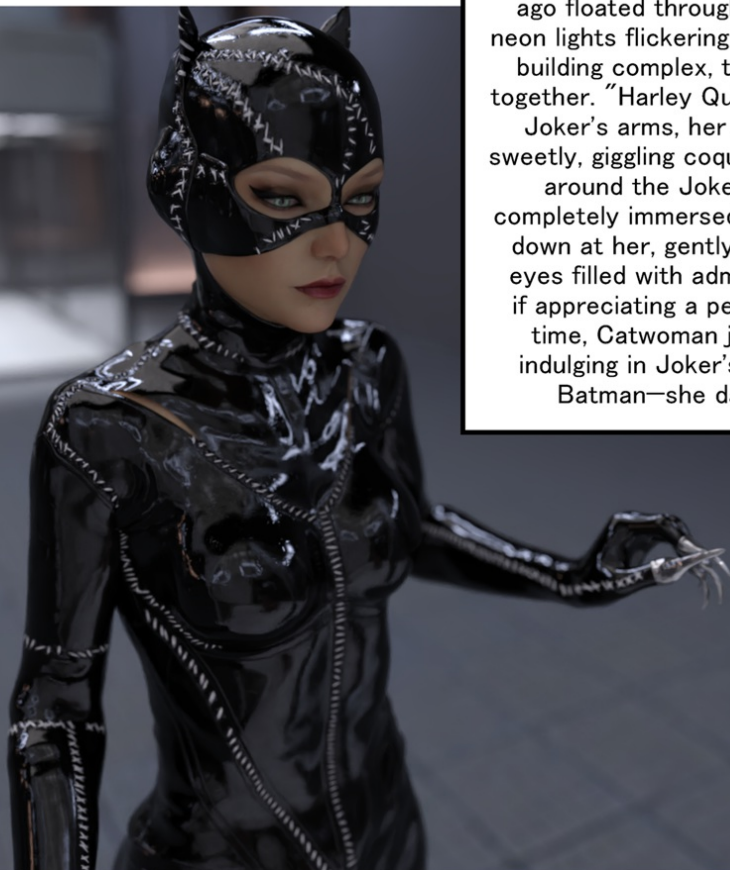


How should I know! That madman,
she took my place, became Joker's darling!

No... there must be a reason he did this.



Selina's mind struggled to accept this fact. She couldn't imagine that the woman in Harley Quinn's clothes, wearing exaggerated clown makeup, sweetly snuggling up to the Joker, was that calm, determined, no-nonsense Dark Knight.




However, the image she had seen a few days ago floated through her mind—dark streets, neon lights flickering in the rain, in a dilapidated building complex, two figures cuddled close together. “Harley Quinn” leaned gently into the Joker’s arms, her eyes crazed, whispering sweetly, giggling coquettishly, her hands hooked around the Joker’s neck, like a woman completely immersed in love. The Joker looked down at her, gently caressing her cheek, his eyes filled with admiration and indulgence, as if appreciating a perfect piece of art. At that time, Catwoman just thought Harley was indulging in Joker’s mad games, if that was Batman—she dared not think further.


Something definitely went wrong.
I need to investigate further.



Hey, kitty! Are you just going to leave?
Aren't you going to save me? You're not
going to save me!!




Hasn't Puddin' realized yet that the me by his side is an imposter? Could it be... could it be that he really plans to abandon me?



No... it can't be, Puddin' wouldn't
abandon me... not ever...

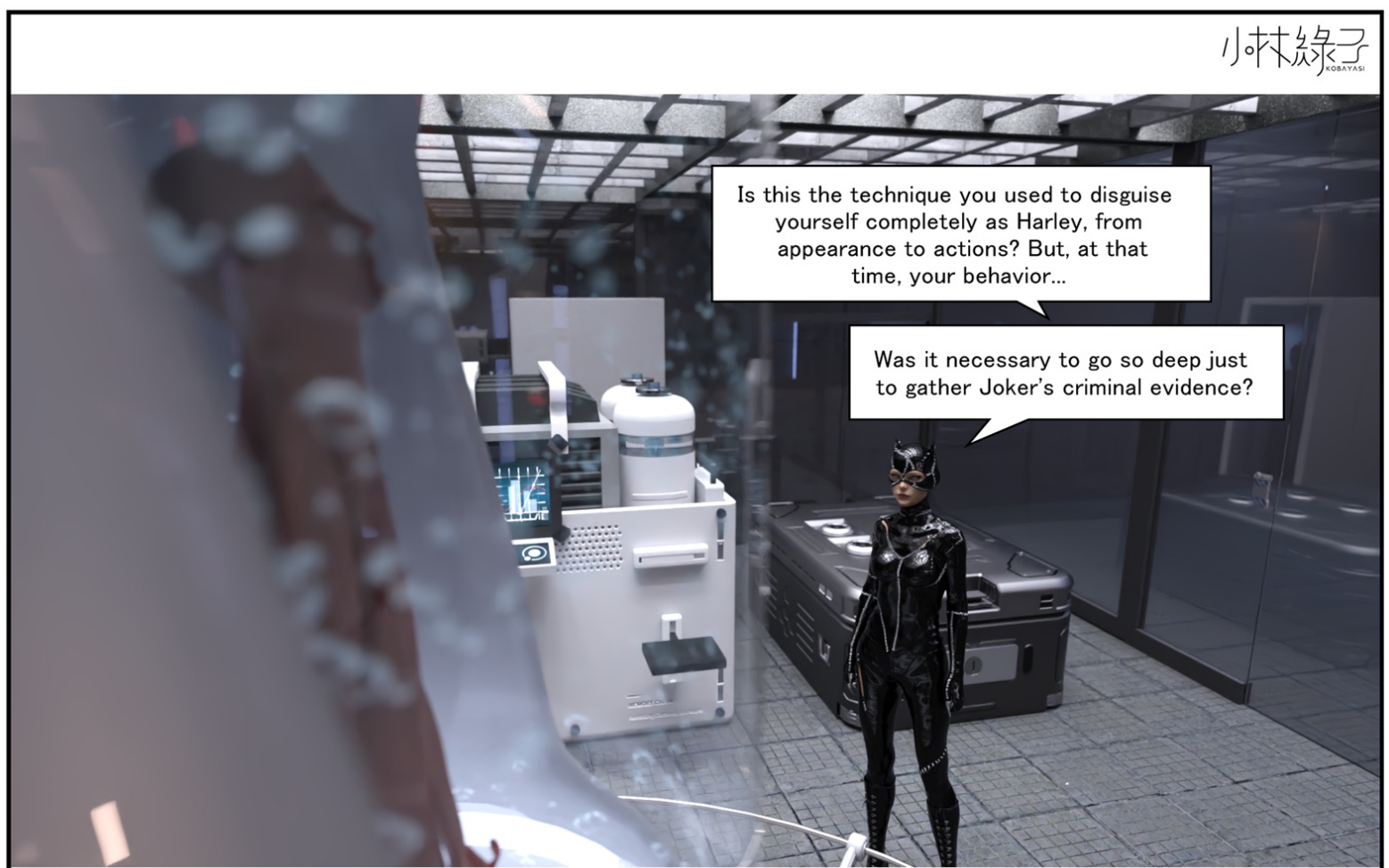
Her faith was beginning to waver. What if...
what if the Joker had truly accepted that
"imposter"? She dared not think further.
All she could do was hold herself in the dark,
desperately waiting for the man she was no
longer sure would save her.



A 3D rendered image of Catwoman in her black, form-fitting suit and mask. She is standing in a futuristic, high-tech control room, looking at a console with her hands on a keyboard. The room has various pieces of equipment, including a large white cylindrical object on the left and a control panel with a glowing blue interface. The background is slightly blurred, showing a person in a white lab coat in the distance.

Harley Quinn's speech patterns...
her mannerisms... Oh my God, Bruce...
you actually disguised yourself as
Harley Quinn?

If I hadn't seen these documents with
my own eyes, I'd truly believe that was
Harley...



Is this the technique you used to disguise yourself completely as Harley, from appearance to actions? But, at that time, your behavior...

Was it necessary to go so deep just to gather Joker's criminal evidence?

But... this isn't right... Bruce would never go to such lengths... At that time, he no longer seemed to be just playing Harley...



Could it be that he was discovered
by the Joker and assimilated by him?
No..! If that's the case...



Police radio channel:
"There has been an explosion downtown,
it was Joker and Harley Quinn... We have
casualties... Requesting backup!"


Gordon's voice (anxious):
"Has anyone seen Batman?
Where is he? We need him!"

Damn it, Bruce, at this rate the
whole city will lose hope.

I need to do something, but...
what should I do...?



Hmm?



If you can perfectly disguise
yourself as Harley Quinn, maybe
I can become that symbol in your
stead, at least until you return.



My God, the feel of this skin,
it's indistinguishable from a real person.




Bruce, your plans are always so thorough... But this time, let me save you.










Is this... my leg? I've never
felt so powerful before.



This... this is Bruce's..., oh, god..

A 3D rendered character with dark hair and a pale complexion is shown from the waist up, sitting on a dark surface in a laboratory or medical setting. She is holding a large, pink, fleshy, and somewhat grotesque object that resembles a large, inflated penis. The object is attached to her body. In the background, there are various pieces of medical equipment, including a white machine with a handle and a large white container. The lighting is soft and focused on the character.

It feels like I'm holding
Bruce's cock, but it is
somehow attached to me.



Oh no.. Bruce, I think I'm going to cum..



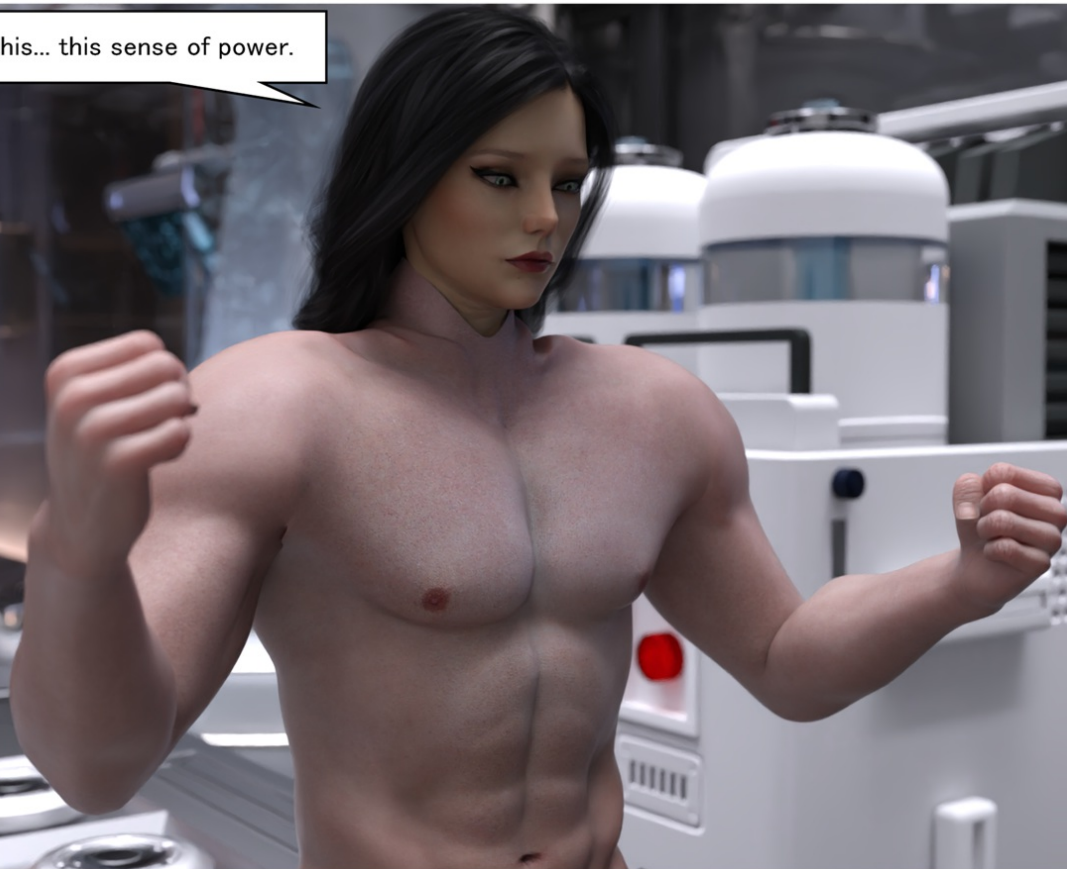
Is this... semen?
I ejaculated? That's unbelievable.







Oh, this... this sense of power.



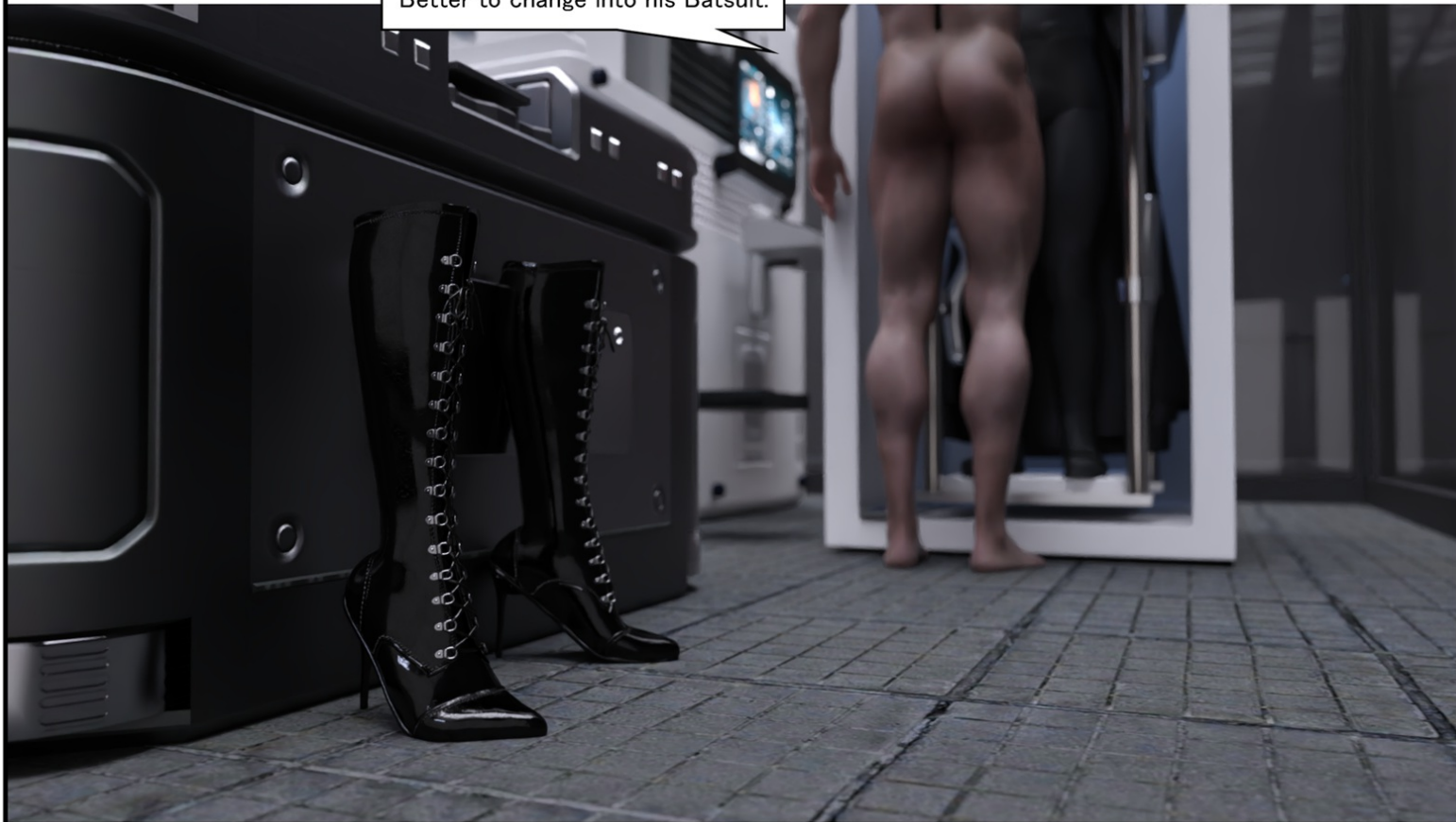
Bruce's body is truly... beautiful.
Oh it's hard again...



Catwoman's combat boots
probably don't fit me anymore.



Better to change into his Batsuit.




The Dark... Knight?





This suit is surprisingly lightweight.



A man with short brown hair, seen from the back and side, is wearing a black t-shirt and a black cape. He is holding a black, stylized mask with pointed ears and a wide, open mouth. The background is a dark, industrial-looking environment with a tiled floor and some equipment.

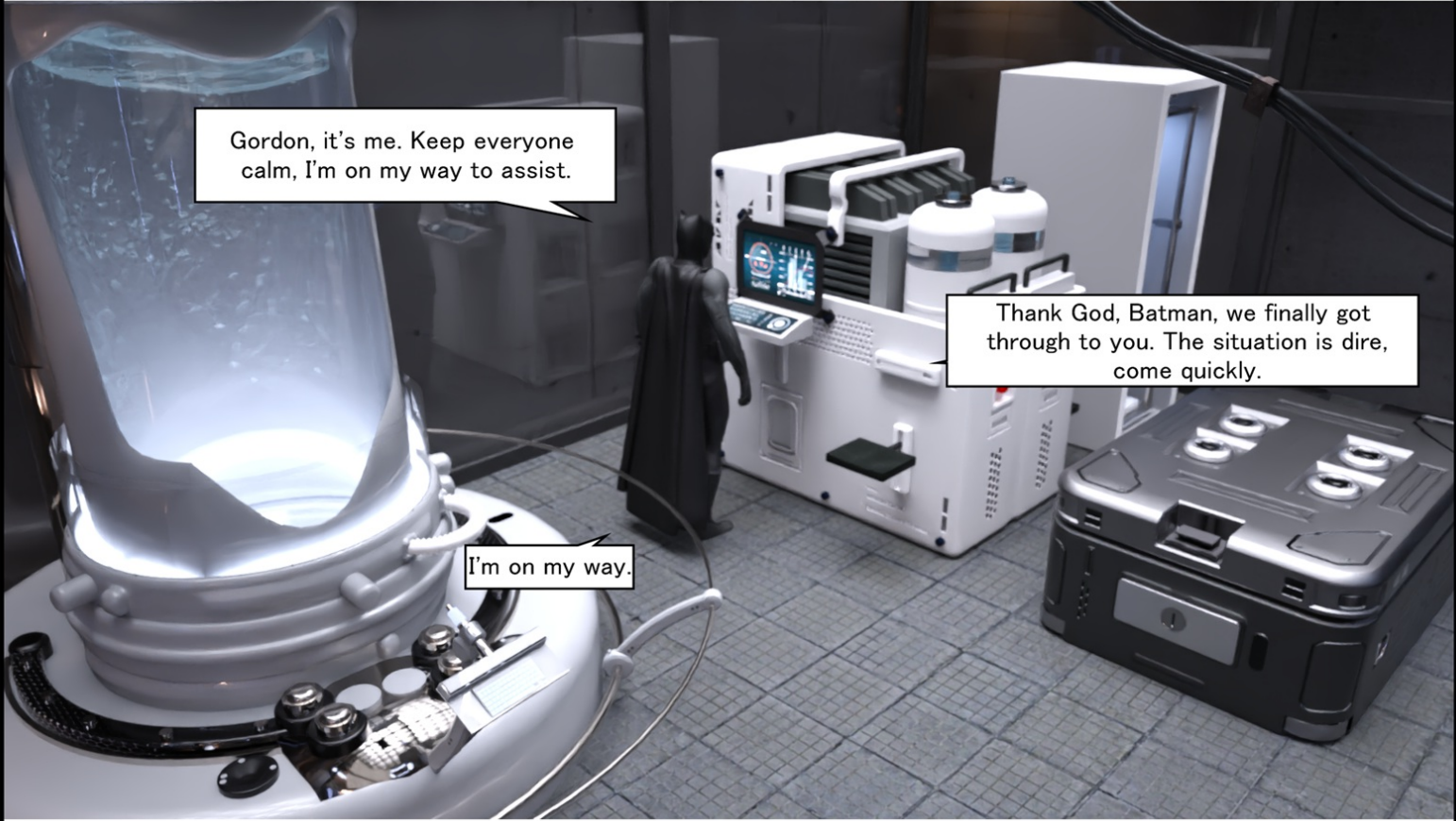
Never thought I'd one
day wear this mask.



Ha!

I... I am Batman!






Gordon, it's me. Keep everyone calm, I'm on my way to assist.

Thank God, Batman, we finally got through to you. The situation is dire, come quickly.

I'm on my way.



No matter what you become,
I will bring you back.

.To Be Continued.