


# KNIGHT OF CHAOS

-PART.4-




In the room.

小林緑子  
KOBAYASI




No... don' t...



No... I'm the real Harley...

Sweetheart... don't trust him!

No!



Where is this? Wasn't I supposed to be locked in that damn glass cage?


My body still has no strength...



Imposter, you're finally awake?

Looks like you had a  
not-so-sweet nightmare, haha!





Damn it, why is it you!  
Where's my Sweetheart.

Oh~ someone's still waiting  
for her Sweetheart.



You'll never see him again.

No... no way, did Sweetheart  
really get caught by you?

Yeah, so drop that hope  
as soon as you can.

Harley watched Bruce closely, the flippant steps, the over-the-top gestures, the teasing grin, so much more natural than his first clumsy imitation that a gut feeling surged up inside her.

(Not right, his moves are too natural, like he's fully slipped into being me.)

(If he really beat Sweetheart, how would he end up like this?)

(Sweetheart must have seen through his act and is playing him in the palm of his hand.)



Hmph, you stinky bat, stop posturing  
here, you lost, didn't you?





Look at you now, all sassy just like me,  
every move the same! My Sweetheart  
must've seen through your little  
tricks, right? Tell me how he trained  
you into this.

Bruce paused for a heartbeat, surprised she'd guessed part of the truth from his movements, then quickly steadied, lips curling into a sly smile. He decided to ride the wave and crush Harley's faith another way.



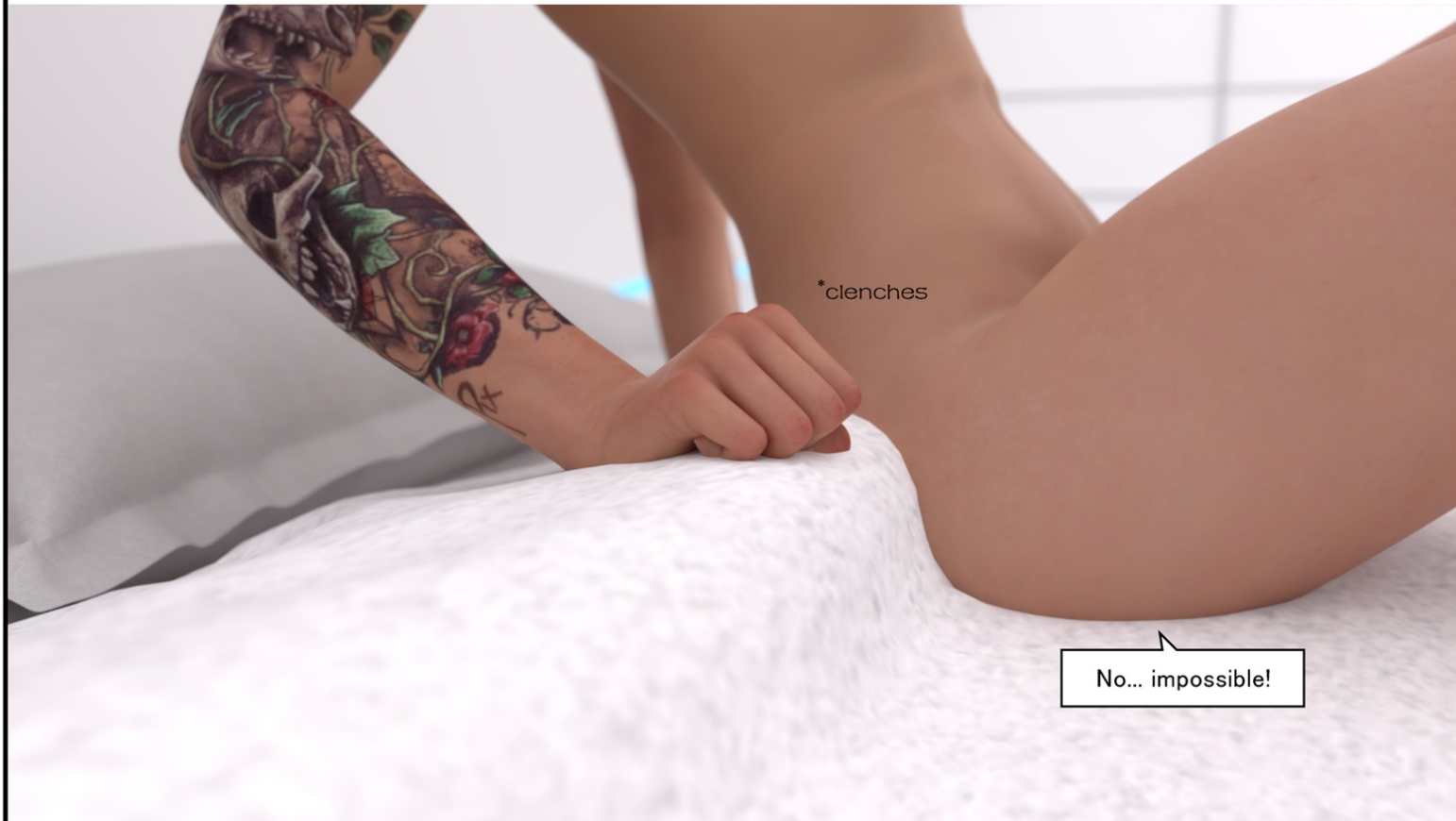
Oh, darling, you actually got it right~

Sweetheart's methods are really something, I'm totally his Harley now~



You know what? He planned everything!  
He let you get caught on purpose,  
used you as bait, just so I could  
replace you and become the new  
Harley at his side! You're just a rag  
doll he got bored of and tossed aside!





\*clenches

No... impossible!

You fake, shut your filthy mouth!  
My Sweetheart would never do that  
to me! He loves me! He's always  
loved me!

Love you? Darling, that's adorable.  
The one he loves now is me!



I'm smarter than you and I get him better than you do. And now I've got your face and your body too...

See, he even had a brand new Harley  
suit made just for me, way higher-end  
than your worn-out getup!



Oh~ he's absolutely crazy about me, I'm his Harley.



Staring at Bruce's near manic state, even someone as steadfast as Harley Quinn began to waver inside, though she kept struggling.

You fake, shut your filthy mouth! My Sweetheart wouldn't do that to me! He loves me! He... he needs me!





Needs you? Oh, honey, you should really see how he needs me!

That night at the abandoned amusement park, the carousel creaked and the air stank of gunpowder...




He slammed me against the wall,  
ripped open my catsuit, his rough  
hands slid over my chest, pinched  
my nipples, and bit hard into my neck...





His palms cradled my breasts and his tongue tangled with mine, licking my lips until I screamed.

As he spoke, he copied Harley's moves, sliding his hands over his chest through the suit, kneading his breasts and flicking his nipples with his fingertips, letting out low syrupy moans that dripped with filth.



Oh~ it felt so damn good~ every inch  
of me was shaking and I was so wet it  
was about to drip down...

Harley's gaze shattered, tears pooling as her hands went limp on the bed. She wanted to fight back, but Bruce's words pinned her there like nails and she couldn't move.

You...



You think that was it? Oh~ not even close~



Then he grabbed my waist, pressed me down on the coaster, and shoved his cock in hard, making me scream again and again...



As he talked, he stroked himself over the suit, fingers sliding between his thighs, letting out low moans as his body trembled like he was right back in that frenzy.



Oh~ every time he thrust, I felt like I was going to fall apart, and then I felt his cum spill into my body.



He whispered in my ear:  
Harley, you're mine, always.






Enough... stop talking.

Oh, darling, Sweetheart said there can only be one Harley Quinn in this world, so you have to disappear.

Since that's the case, why did you even come back.





No? You forgot your code? Are you really going to do that?

Harley stared at Bruce in shock and instinctively backed away. Her mind was a mess and her body still hadn't recovered. If Bruce was telling the truth, she was like a fish on the chopping block, ready to be carved up. Real fear of death flooded her, smashing everything inside her.

Of course I'm going to do it, it's the mission Sweetheart gave me. But before that, I don't mind a little dessert.



He had no intention of killing Harley, but the panic on her face made him smirk inside. The woman who used to be wild and unhinged was now trembling like a scared little rabbit.

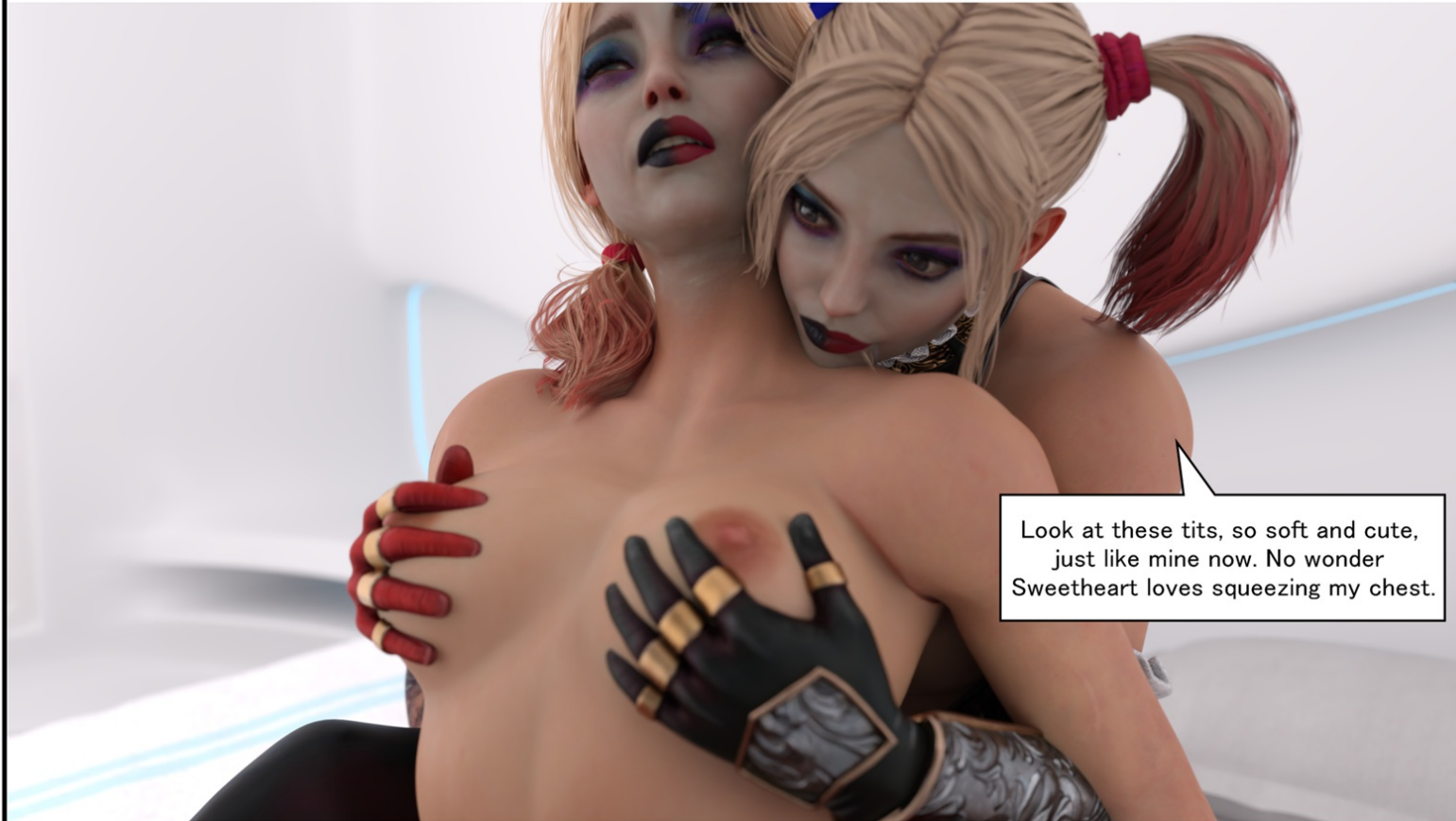
Harley, looking like this,  
you're actually kind of cute.



Maybe it was the Joker's toxin still  
fizzing in his system, maybe it was this  
body's hormones, but a prankish idea  
bubbled up in his head. He wanted to  
really play with the woman who looked  
exactly like him.

What a perfect chance, darling. Let me study your body and learn your reactions, so I can be even more like you and replace you completely.





Look at these tits, so soft and cute,  
just like mine now. No wonder  
Sweetheart loves squeezing my chest.

You really are insane.



His tongue slid along Harley's neck, tasting the sweat and faint perfume on her skin like he was savoring a precious trophy.



Insane? Thanks for the compliment, darling. High praise coming from the original.



Ignoring Harley's protests, he shoved her down on the bed and crushed his mouth to hers. The kiss was hard and wild, his tongue prying her teeth apart to ravage her breath, like he could drink down her essence and become the real Harley through that kiss.

Harley couldn't stop the low sounds spilling from her throat, and the more she reacted, the more the leftover toxin seemed to boil in his head, drowning him in warped pleasure.

Ah.~



Oh~ looks like there's one last secret left on you. Come on, darling, nothing to be shy about.



Harley's whole body went weak.  
She couldn't fight back at all as  
Bruce pushed her legs apart and  
bared her to his gaze.




Look at this little needy hole,  
so pink, just like mine now.



Bruce leaned in on purpose, his breath washing over her. Harley shivered as the soft pink walls clenched, a flicker of instinct under the fear. He studied the folds and color, catching the familiar scent of a woman, exactly like his current body, and a strange sense of recognition rose inside him.

What are you hoping for, Harley.  
Still thinking about Sweetheart's  
cock. Last time he slid into me, I  
squeezed him so tight he moaned,  
such a shame he isn't here or we  
could both serve him together.





You're never getting Sweetheart's  
cock again, but I do have another way  
to satisfy you.





Ah~

Two identical sexes pressed tight, slick heat trading places. He rocked slowly, feeling the glide of lips and the bump of clits, every stroke sparking through them like a live wire.




Oh my god, our little holes are pressed so close that our juices are mixing. More, Harley. Let me soak up more of your scent.





After the climax, Harley Quinn lay limp on the bed, naked body trembling, tears soaking the sheets, her eyes empty with despair. Bruce's story had crushed her beliefs to dust. Her feverish love for the Joker burned down to ash. Bruce stood at the bedside, breath evening out, feeling the satisfaction of victory tinged with pity for a woman brainwashed by the clown.

What are you waiting for. Do it.  
You win. I've got nothing else to say.



Yes, Harley, if we followed the Joker's real plan, you'd already be dead.

You... what are you saying.

He did brainwash me, turned me into another Harley Quinn, then sent me back to kill you. His plan was to leave only one Harley in this world, his new Harley, me.

Bruce drew a deep breath and steadied his tone, trying to sound more like the calm of Batman.





But Catwoman saved me and I came back to myself. Even so, there's residue of his toxin in my head, those Harley thoughts and Harley impulses. You saw it. I almost lost myself just now.

Now do you get it, Harley. You're just a tool to the Joker, a piece he can swap out anytime. He never loved you, only his game.



I... I...



He really did that to me.  
I'm such a fool.

Harley's eyes went completely dim, the tears dried up, leaving only silence. Inside, it hurt like she'd been ripped apart. The Joker's betrayal was a blade that pierced every last illusion.

Things are messy. I'm trapped in your skin, and your persona's toxin is still in my head messing with me. Only the Joker knows how to undo this nightmare. So Catwoman and I decided to regroup, make a solid plan, catch the Joker, and force him to hand over the cure.





Harley, this is your shot at making it right. Stop letting the Joker fool you. Join us. With what you know about him, we can take that bastard down together and make him pay for everyone he's broken.

Harley's gaze flickered as she struggled inside. She was already burned out, her old fanatic loyalty lying in shards. She looked down at her body. The face she knew so well now only filled her with disgust. She didn't want to see it again, the face that belonged to Harley Quinn. It reminded her of every failure and betrayal.



I don't want to see this face anymore.  
Harley is dead. The one the Joker  
picked.



You're right, two Harleys showing up at once would cause chaos. I've got an idea. We can use the tech in the Batcave to make you a new skin and you can operate as Nightwing for now.






Come on, let's head to the lab  
and get you a brand new start.



In the lab.


小林緑子  
KOBAYASI





Are you really Catwoman?  
You actually turned into him exactly?  
That's... that's ridiculous!

Harley, it's just skinsuit tech.  
You saw it yourself. If Bruce can  
become you, I can become him.




I'll admit, I didn't think he could talk you around. Harley, you were the Joker's diehard. For Bruce to get you on our side takes some serious skill.

He just made me see the Joker's true face. I'm starting over, even if it means a new identity.



No problem, Harley. Put this on and you can.

This... this is...



This is your new identity, Harley. Free and independent, with no shadow of the Joker. Wear it and you'll become Batman's most capable partner, Nightwing.

Come on, darling, let me help you into it.



Hey, big bat, you planning to just stand there and watch. I prepped a new combat suit for you, so why not go change into it now.

Fine, okay.



Come on, it's as easy as getting dressed.


Wow, what a strange feeling.



The parts I've put on are  
tightening up.

Awesome, the figure is perfect. Next just put on the hood and we're good.





Oh. What's happening.

A normal reaction for a male body,  
which means the skinsuit is working.

Next, you put the hood on yourself.  
I'll grab your new combat suit.






Gotta say, not bad.

How's it feel?



What about you, big bat,  
how's the new gear.



Still not used to it.  
Heavier than the last one.

That's because this set is safer  
and made especially for you.

Looks like you're both getting used to the new identities. Over the next stretch, you two head out to keep the city stable and get used to the fighting style. I'll finally have time to think through how to deal with the Joker.

Leave it to us.

No problem.

Over the next few weeks, Harley and Catwoman were out constantly handling riots and street crime, while Bruce had to stay in the Batcave as the dispatcher, analyzing intel and guiding the ops. He felt both restless and helpless.



Comms: There's another gang causing trouble in the East Side. We've taken out half already. Any new intel on your end.

There's unusual movement at the docks, likely Black Mask's crew trading weapons. Watch for heavy arms and enter from the east.

Copy!



He felt a kind of powerlessness he'd never known. The toxin made Harley like thoughts bubble up, the urge to sway his hips and even rush out to raise hell. But logic said that showing up in Gotham looking like Harley would tip off the Joker sooner or later and wreck their plan.



His eyes drifted to a corner of the gear bay where a deep purple combat suit hung, Batgirl's uniform. A black fitted cuirass, a black cape, and that mask with sharp angles threw off a strong, mysterious aura under the lights. Bruce's eyes lit up and his heartbeat quickened.

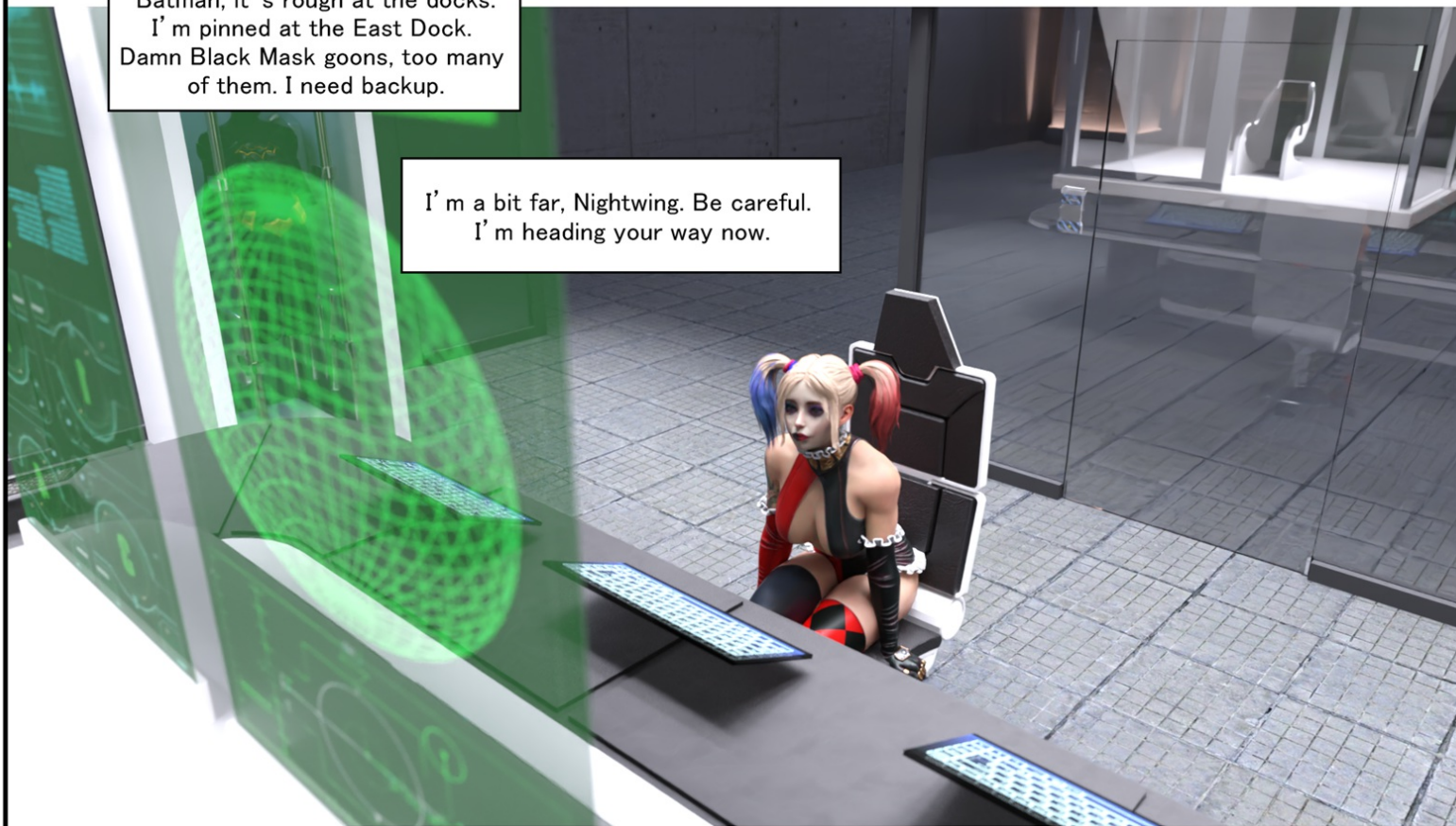


If he wore it, maybe he could go out  
and fight alongside them.  
But that suit belonged to Barbara.  
She'd worn it countless times flying  
through Gotham nights, her sweat and  
scent long since woven into the  
fabric. If he put it on and pretended  
to be her, it would feel like defiling  
Barbara, especially with the body  
he had now.




Batman, it's rough at the docks.  
I'm pinned at the East Dock.  
Damn Black Mask goons, too many  
of them. I need backup.

I'm a bit far, Nightwing. Be careful.  
I'm heading your way now.









Didn't expect it to fit this well.



Aren't you here yet.  
I'm barely holding on.

On my way now!



