

Robin and I rushed through the facility. Dealing with the henchmen that we would find in our way with ease, which didn't set well at all with me, where was the Joker? Harley?

He was insane, sure. But he wasn't stupid, not by a long shot, he had to know we were too much for his goons.

Meaning he was either underestimating us, which didn't fit with his demented profile, or all of this was part of his impossibly delirious scheme, which was the option I was leaning to.

"Robin, we might be walking into a trap," I signed, getting Robin's attention, who nodded at my statement.

"The Joker is crazy, but not stupid," Robin replied, frowning. "He probably has a trap of some kind waiting for us ahead, what exactly? I can't figure out." He sighed.

"You have fought the bastard more times than I can count. Anything I should know?" I asked, hurling a metal bead at a goon that was running towards us, hitting him in the head, knocking him out cold.

"He always goes for the kill, he doesn't feel pain... well, it more like he enjoys pain, so injuries won't stop him, and he's unpredictable..." Robin muttered, his voice breaking for a second. "Other than that, be careful with his gas. It's highly dangerous, and hard to cure... it usually kills within the hour or so."

I nodded, taking the information to heart. “Batman has an antidote I assume.” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“Yes,” Robin nodded, looking down, his voice breaking down even more. “We always carry a dose or two, just in case.” He elaborated, plucking an item out of his utility belt. The antidote to the Joker venom.

“How many do we have?” I asked, looking at the vial he held in front of me.

“One,” Robin replied, giving me the vial. “For you.”

One? Why would he carry just one? That’s so unlike Batman, the master of the pre-game.

“I... didn’t restock my belt before leaving, I wasn’t missing anything important... or so I thought,” Robin muttered, his voice carrying an undeniable edge of guilt. “Be that as it may, that’s on me. I brought you here, I put your life on the line again... So, at the very least... I can ensure you have a way out of this.”

I frowned, taking a deep breath, before slapping Robin, “If you intend to die, you better not do it on my watch. I already have enough traumas for you to add another, you hear me?!” I signed, angrily.

“I can’t hear you...” Robin snickered, rubbing his face in mild pain.

I smiled, that was better. "Let's go," I signed, pointing ahead.

"Let's kick some clown ass!" Robin cheered, continuing to lead the way, now in a brighter mood.

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[Scarecrow POV]

When I had joined forces with the Joker, my plans were rather simple taking Batman out, and then dealing with the devil I had signed my contract with.

I had no qualms with other villains, and their end goals. But him? He was psychopath, a monster beyond reasoning, one that with a warped sense of love for the Dark Knight, accompanied by a disgusting sense of humor, that bordered the sadistic.

Be that as it may. He had been the closest one of us, in Gotham to ever almost kill the Bat.

Not that he wanted to succeed, not, that much was certain.

He simply wanted to play with Batman, forever.

He wanted Batman to kill him, to proof he was right all along.

To prove there's no difference between him and everyone else. That all it takes is one bad day to reduce the sanest man alive to lunacy. That that's how far the world is from where he is. Just one bad day.

He wanted Batman to descend to his level.

That was his end goal.

I would not allow this to happen.

If Batman ever crossed that line, we would all die.

If we couldn't defeat when he was holding back, I didn't want to imagine how it would be when he didn't.

The Joker's end goal was in other words, our ultimate end, if he ever succeeded pushing the Dark Knight to the breaking point. A feat I deemed impossible to achieve, as much as I hate the Bat, his will power was without equal.

His spirit was indomitable.

But I didn't want to test how indomitable he truly was.

I wasn't like Two-Faces, I wasn't a betting man.

I wanted the Bat dead, and I wanted him dead now.

Even if that meant, dealing with the embodiment of madness itself.

“Aren’t you excited Baggie!” The Joker giggled, skipping from place to place like every girl in the prairie from an old book.

“My name is Scarecrow!” I hissed at him, disgusted by his mere presence. “But if you can bring yourself to use my, show name. Call me Dr. Crane, or Jonathan if you must insist in being this informal.”

The Joker pouted, before childishly whining, “But that’s how friends treat each other! They give each nickname, and gifts!” he smiled, giggling like the deranged monster he was. “I see now! You are just shy! Why didn’t you say so, Baggie? Don’t worry, Papa Joker will give you a show to melt that mask you wear away!”

I shuddered at his comment, keeping my eyes on him. It was only a matter of time before this lunatic betrayed me, I had to keep my guard up, after all, I couldn’t leave until our joined experiment was put to the test.

A mix of his venom, and my toxin.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“That’s right my pudding! We will give Mr. Frowny Bag a show for the ages, first seat row, aren’t you lucky!” Harley giggled, doing a ballet twirl as she neared The Joker.

“Indeed Harley! After all, when The Joker puts on a show, the seats always sell out!” The Joker replied, in a chilling tone.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

Perhaps I had made a mistake with this... arrangement.

I was sadly too late to go back.