

love, A Strange Word

By nedj77

Submitted: September 19, 2012

Updated: October 23, 2012

This is my only love story I made about Joker and Harley Quinn. Harley is an abused girl named Sarah McKinley. Please comment! Tell me if I spelled anything wrong! Comments make me happy!

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0 - Back in 1983

Sarah McKinnley and Jack Lake sat on the steps in front of their school, Mary Anne's School for the Missunderstud. They were both worried about two things. Their abusive abusive parents, for one thing. Sarah was leaving for another. Jack thought, along with the whole student body, that Sarah was going to another school, but Sarah knew the truth. She lost her 'school privelege' by reading at anytime. All Jack knew was the upside-down bunny scar behind her neck. Sarah looked down. She couldn't lie to him, not again. Jack looked at her, taking her in. "Sarah," he said, smiling. She looked away. "Just-" he hesitated, frowning. "Don't forget about me." He took her hand. "About us."

She smiled. "I'll remember if you do," she said, looking in his green eyes. He smiled. Some stray pieces of hair fell in her face. Jack pushed it back and kissed her lightly on the lips.

A car horn blared violently, breaking the silence. Jack looked at the puke green VW and sighed. They dreaded this moment ever since they met. "Goodbye," Jack whispered. "Sa-Ha."

"Bye, J-Babes," she whispered back. Before Jack entered his VW, he got slapped across the face. *Feel happy that's it, hunny*, Sarah thought, rubbing her badly injured back. She turned and walked home, the reason for the bunny.

1 - 2006, Present day Gotham

Peter POV

I sat across Sarah at Benitry's. She was eating a steak and cheese entree. I sighed, she was so beautiful.

That made this all the worse.

"Sarah," I said. She looked up, still chewing her steak. "I just wanted to say, now, know this hurts me more than you, it's just-" I sighed again. "-your dad. He's making this relationship harder than it should. Especially with all his rules. I just can't stand the way he micro-manages your life. We-I'm breaking up with you. Sorry."

She swallowed her steak and looked down at her plate. "I thought you were different," she said, tearing up. She had meat in her teeth but I said nothing. "I really had high hopes for us."

"I am different!" I said. "Did you not notice how I denied to hurt you when you read in front of me? Or listened to music? Plus, I said 'sorry!' I doubt any other guy would do that!"

Sarah wiped her mouth with her napkin and threw it on the table. "And you think doing any of that means something?" I might have been intimidated, but she started crying, feeling her fork.

"Sarah," I said. "Your right, I was stupid to think any of that mattered." I started petting her head. "I mean-"

Before I could get another word out, Sarah grabbed her fork and jabbed it in my hand in one swift move. I should have seen *that* one coming. When she let it go, it stuck straight up in a vertical line. I touched it, but it was on top of a nerve, so it hurt more, more, and more. I suppressed a scream. "You don't get it!" she screamed. "None of you idiotic *men* will ever understand!" She lifted her knife and threw it at me. I ducked and it hit the wall, echoing as it dropped down. Luckily we were in the room where no one was here but us. Then she grabbed her lemonade and threw it in my eyes. The manager and our waitress came in. The waitress dragged Sarah out, kicking and screaming, "Stupid! Why no one understands! Your all stupid!" Then she started laughing maniacally. Her cute, hickuppy laugh.

The manager came up to me. "Sign this," she said.

"What is it?" I asked. But I knew what it was before I asked. It was a lawsuit.

"Just sign it."

I'm sorry, Sarah, I thought. I signed it. I grew cold.

2 - Asylum Most Wanted

Jack POV

She's coming.

Could that mean she? As in my Sarah? Or just another 'she'? Another tormentor. A reminder of whom I lost.

I chuckled into my pain. My chuckles, to my laugh. Just another lost love, another failed romance. I read what this girl did. Wow, almost as mad as me. Almost. I kept reading. I skipped to her personal life. Blank. Her young life. Only her school was on the paper. "Mary Anne's School for the Missunderstood. I froze. This was my school. Our school. I let myself be taken back in a flashback.

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She didn't seem like any of us. We thought she was just there to make fun of us for being different, except me.

She was outgoing, talking to anyone who would listen. No one did, except me. I was her first friend. Her only friend. She said her name was Sarah McKinnley. Her beautiful blonde hair kept falling in her face. Her blue eyes were always curious, always asking questions that she never dared ask. Always solemn. Her laugh was like hicc-ups. It always left me smiling. She pored her heart out to me, I believed her. I had to. She had a video taped evidence. She told me about her father's rules and beatings, her mother and sister's death. She never said her name.

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I looked back at the paper, scanned to her name. *Mary Track Record*. Wierd name. Says the one who knows Maxie Zeus.

What if I knew her? I'd probably act like my own, selfish reality. Even if it is Sarah. She would think of me like everyone else. Insane, alone. The Clown Prince of Crime. The Joker.

3 - Court

Sarah POV

"The court order between Sarah Read McKinley and Benitry's. All rise for the honorable Judge Maxwell," the judge's assistant said. We all stood while Judge Maxwell took his place. He sat down, and we followed. I looked at my sisters who bothered to show up behind me. Only Marissa, Kayla, Mariana, Natalie, Patrissa, and Claudia came. Marissa came in place of Cassie, whom agreed without question. I looked back at the judge. He had dark red hair, deep black eyes, and an expression that, I guess, was supposed to be intimidating.

My defendant stood. "Your honor, you do not need me to tell you that this..." She looked back at me, wondering how to put it. "Woman, is clinically insane and deserves nothing less than to be sent to Arkham Asylum for one to two years." She sat back down.

"Thanks a bunch, Mary," I snarled at her. She responded with a knowing smile.

Marissa stood up. "I object!" she screamed from the top of her lungs.

Judge Maxwell found the disturbance rather cute and said, "Not taken."

"I'm not a child," Marissa said. "I have worked longer than you."

Maxwell sat back, not taking this to mind. Marissa leaned in her chair. "Posture," I whispered, pulling her to sit up.

"Sarah McKinley," the judge said, motioning me up.

I stood. "Call me Sarah, Maxy."

"Call me Judge Maxwell, McKinley," he snarled back. The manager walked to the front of the prosecution table. I walked to the defense table. I tuned out what the judge said until he said, "Five years in the Unwanted."

I wanted to ask what the Unwanted was, but decided against it. Marissa stood up again. "One year Unwanted! I want my sister back!"

The judge growled. "Fine. One year, three days Unwanted." Before anyone else could argue, which all my sisters did. Complaining about could happen to, with, and about me and this guy. Batman and Robin stood up and put me in handcuffs. They took me away, and once we were out of the court, I didn't shut my mouth for a second.

4 - Across the Cell

I watched the cell across from mine. Joker's cell. *Poor guy*, I thought. He started laughing after reading the newcomers files. Probably of lost hope, again. He has this way of laughing to let the people who are really close to him know what he's feeling. "You know," he said, startling me. "Everyone here has some sort of love life. Catwoman and Batman, Two-Face and his two girls. Heck, even Pam has a better love life than me."

I glaired at him. "I don't have anyone."

"Catwoman."

"Shut-up."

5 - Blood Shed

Another one. Stuck with Joker. I felt bad for her. We put her in the back and closed the door. She finally shut her mouth. When we entered the front, she started back up again. "Sarah!" Robin yelled, slapping his hands together. She didn't flinch, like normal people do, but she did be quiet. "So, here's your summery of the asylum. They'll beat you, chop you up, put you down-

Sarah sighed. "I thought I got away from him," she said.

I looked back for a second. She looked like she regretted the words as soon as they left her mouth. I drove forward. "What do you mean 'away from him'?"

"Yeah right," she said. "You'll just pretend to listen, then flirt with what you did pick up. Sorry, not intureded."

We sat in silence for a minute. Then Sarah tried to bit Robin's hand. She was succesful a few times. "Stop," he said. She lached on his hand again and bit harshly. "Get off," he yelled. She bit so hard she broke the skin. She finally released.

He started cleaning his hand. "Sorry," she said. "I needed war make-up."

"Then you could have this," I said, taking Robin's hand and wiping it on her cheek.

"Thanks," she said.

"It's *my* blood," Robin mumbled.

We reached Arkham and let Sarah, whom was very cooperative, out. The guards grabbed her and let her in. "We probably should have told her she wasn't Sarah," I said, suddenly remembering the inevitable.

"She'll figure it out," Robin said, cleaning his hand.

6 - Knock-Out

Sarah POV

Insane, but I'm not. I wore my favorite shirt, pink with purple words saying 'I'm insane, so what' and a picture of a penitentiary on the front. I kept my eyes faced forward, but I could feel their eyes boring into my skin. I shivered.

Once we got to the cell, he pushed my in and locked the door. I checked out the design. Stainless steel walls, two beds, both made but one was obviously used. "Yo," I heard from across the cell, "you the new girl?" I turned to look at him. He was that Oswald Copperfield, the almost mayor. Natalie had me clean the living room the day he was interviewed.

"Yes," I said, clearing my thought. "My name's Sarah, spelt with an 'h'."

I heard a sharp breath from behind me. "Sarah," said a bairly audible voice. I turned around and was greeted with a sick grin from a clown in a purple suit. I gasped and stepped back-

Right into the electrical gate. I fell as the world went dark.

7 - Future

"How long until Sarah comes back?" Marrison asked for the fifteenth time today. "You see-" she explained for the fiftieth, "-Daddy says I could morn for her early. And since I don't feel like she's dead yet, I thought I could spend the day with you."

I smiled. *First Sarah dies*, I thought. *Then Marrison.*

8 - Bunny

Jack POV

"You killed her," Penguin said, not very helpfully.

I growled at him. "I did nothing of the sort," I said, keeping my eyes on Sarah, "Mr. I'm-So-Special-I-Get-A-Chance-To-Become-Mayor." He murmured something under his breath. "And-Epicly-Failed," I finished. Sarah put her hand in front of her ear. I kneeled and flipped her over. Pushing up her hair, I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding in. The same little upside-down bunny stood out on her neck, just with another scar cutting across it.

I laughed. This was my Sarah. Will be my Sarah. I won't rest until she is.

9 - Regret

Peter POV

I felt so stupid. I can't believe I-

No. She did that to herself. She tried to kill me. I just-just-

I just covered up the truth with a lie. I started tearing up in my vacant apartment. What a fool I was!

That night, I cried myself to sleep. Or, is it the afternoon? I couldn't tell. The bordered up windows let no light in, so I couldn't check unless I was in the kitchen. So I never understood what time it was and, frankly, didn't care.

10 - Mary Track Record

Sarah POV

I woke up a few minutes after being knocked-out. I heard a low whistle. "Two hours, last record was five." I turned and saw the clown, sitting on his bed. The right one. "You must be confused, Mary Track Record." He spat the words like they were poison.

"Who's that?" I asked, looking over my shoulder to see if there were any other girls outside. He went over to me, his clothes smelled clean and he smelt like-like-

No I couldn't think of him. Not now. The clown threw some files at my chest, cold hatred in his eyes. But there was something else. Lose. I looked at the files he gave me. He went backwards to his bed, never taking his eyes off of me. I opened the files and read. My old school, my life, Mary Track Record's name, if there was one. "Oh," was all I could think of saying.

" 'Oh'?" the clown asked. He sat up. " Oh'?" he started shouting. "That's all you can say? You left me for twenty-three years and all you can say is 'oh'?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, furious at his accusation. "I don't even know who you are!"

11 - Belief

Marrissa POV

She isn't coming back. She wouldn't if she knew what was coming for her. A bullet, just like Mom, just like Coral. She's next. Once she gets home. The ultimate punishment. Even if she didn't know, she wouldn't come. It would be suicide.

12 - Jack's Back

Jack POV

Ouch. "If your wondering, I'm the Clown Prince of Crime, the Joker, your Jack."

She froze, then shook her head no. "No, your not," she said. "Jack is dead. He-he-" She started tearing up. "He killed himself!" She shouted, her voice shaking. "He thought-I left and once I left he shot himself. He thought I was so beautiful even though," she sniffed, "I'm not. He gave me everything and once I left, he shot himself." She put her hands to her face, so her voice was muffled. "He- I saw his grave."

I sighed. "Come here," I said as soothingly as possible. She stepped forward and let me hug her. Penguin put his fingers in his mouth, showing 'gag', and I flipped him off. Right then, I remembered a song. Our song. "Blind as a Bat" by Meatloaf. She said that is we ever meet again, quote any line from the song and she would know what it means. "Your heart is kind," I said. I don't sing. "Mine's painted black, The way you've forgiven me."

Sarah looked up at me, her blue eyes shone through her red, puffy eyelids. "Your love is blind, Blind as a bat, The way that your leading me," she sang, smiling. She burried her face in my shirt. and cried. I hoped tears of joy.

These were going to be a good four years.

(A/N)I do not own Blind as a Bat, or Meatloaf. It just seemed like an appropriate song at this time.

13 - Rates

Batman POV

Me and Robin went home as soon as we dropped off Sarah. Dick went up to finish his Current Issues paper's last question, 'What was the name of the villain Robin and Batman put away last night?'. I still think it's cheating and that they should change the Batman questions, but Dick argues that it's not his fault he's Robin, the boy wonder. It's either this question or 'What number, from one to ten, would you rate the villain?'. I would give Sarah a four.

14 - Smile

Sarah POV

It was a lie. Daddy was lying. I don't know why I believed him in the first place. "You single," Joker-Jack asked me.

We laughed together. "Yes," I said. "Yes I am."

He held me closer. I breathed in deeply, never wanting to leave his arms. Jack rubbed my back, his breath sounding like chuckles. It suited him. "Well," said a voice from the electric door. Jack threw, litterally threw, me from him. "Let's get started."

15 - Who's Next

Natalie POV

I was watching TV. There was nothing on. I settled for a re-run of Burn Notice. "Not here," Daddy said from above me. His green eyes were furious, so I knew he'd been drinking. "Where is Sarah? Today is the day."

"I told you, Daddy," I said, pretending the TV was broadcasting something amazing. "She's in the Asylum, but she will be back in a year."

"Too long," he murmured. "Too long."

A/N I do not own Burn Notice

16 - Psych

Jack POV

Our psychologist started with me. "Well," she said, "it's a good thing you haven't killed her yet."

"Yes," I said, formally. As we've been practicing for a few years. "I had a very fun day with Mary."

Her smile lit up. "And, what about you, Mary?"

Sarah scowled, her lip turned up. "Quit the act, lady," she said. "He knows better than you."

"Sarah, darling," I said, patting her leg. "Calm down, please."

That got her. "How did you find out?" she blurted, then put her hands over her mouth.

"Could be fate," I said. "Could be memories-"

"Or she introduced herself to the wrong guy," Penguin said.

17 - Cruelty

Peter POV

I looked out the kitchen window. I had always imagined doing this with Sarah by my side. I felt a tear streak my cheek and lead a trail down to my chin, where it fell off. She always said that, with my help, she could be free, and we would be together forever.

But I broke the only way, and now, with her gone, she'll probably forget me. I touch myself more than her.

18 - First Second Kiss

Sarah POV

We laughed at her expense. Jack slapped my back, causing me to cough. "Good job, Sa-Ha," he said. I smiled at my old nickname.

I looked up at him, catching my breath. "No problem with *those* types of people," I said. "So, how's life."

"Good, good," he smiled, "you?"

I shrugged. "Good, I guess." I looked into his green eyes. The same eyes that comforted me so long ago. My eyes traveled to his mouth. The ones that said things to lift my spirits, now turned to a twisted smile. I smiled, wondering if they were still as sweet as Middle School.

As if reading my mind, he bent over and kissed me. I saw those fireworks that everyone always is talking about. I closed my eyes and put my arms around his neck. He put his around my waist, pulling my body closer to his. In this world we were living in just then, it was just me and him. I almost felt...

Happy.

19 - PJ

Batman POV

Dick was asleep, but I couldn't seem to do the same. I was thinking about what all the girls were talking about. All the what if's. "What if they run away together?" "Her own father has given her reason enough to destroy the city, bonus points for killing all men and this family!" "She could just be crazy enough!" What was that supposed to mean? Why would she want to kill her family? Her father seemed so nice, and I can read people.

Wait. I sat up. He was nice. *To* nice. "Alfred!" I yelled, flinging myself from the bed. "I'm going to see Mr. McKinnley!"

"Alright, Master Bruce," Alfred said from the door. "Have a good night."

I was halfway to the door when I realized something.

I never changed out of my PJ's.

20 - Visitors

Jack POV

I felt my lips tingle as we seperated. I opened my eyes before her, and was glad I did. I saw her smile for the first time in twenty-three years. She opened her eyes, her beautiful, blue eyes. She looked down and mumbled something. "What is it, Sa-Ha?" I asked, placing my hand on her shoulder.

She looked up at me. "It felt better than middle school," she repeated. I smiled wider, if such a thing was possible. "I mean-"

I placed my finger to her mouth. "I know," I said, moving my hand behind her neck. I looked behind her, to the cell door that I heard open. My breath caught in my throat. The Bat and Bird were here on their regular schedual. But they weren't alone. Sarah looked over her shoulder and screamed, jumping into me for support.

They were with my mother.

My father.

And Mr. McKinnley.

21 - Responcible

Natalie POV

Marrissa's cleaning. Everyone's cleaning. Daddy's missing. No one asked where, why, or how, but I knew. Batman came to talk with Daddy, and took him away when he said to talk to Sarah. I tried to give him an excuse to stay, but I lost every excuse. So Daddy had to leave, and I felt happy I was in charge, mixed in with a feeling of consern. How did Daddy keep everyone in line again?

22 - Men

Sarah POV

I couldn't believe it. They brought *him*? "You-you-" I bit my tongue from saying what I wanted to say, "-How dare you?" I finally settled on.

Jack put his arm around me, his fingers connecting in front of me. I hugged his arm for support. His next words were confused. "What-how?"

The woman, probably Jack's mother, spoke first. "Jack, we know it's been a hard time on you," she said with (fake) sympathy. "We all understand-"

"You *understand* nothing," I yelled at her. "You knew and let the things that that *man*-" I pointed my finger to Jack's dad, "-did in your house and did nothing about it!"

Batman cleared his throat. "Sarah, please sit down," he said. Huh, in my anger, I must have stood up.

Daddy came over with blinding fury. "I'll give you three seconds to sit down," he said, putting up three fingers. "One." he put down his ring finger. "Two." He put down his middle finger. "One." He put down his pointer finger. "Zero," he growled, throwing his fist at me.

23 - Support

Marrissa POV

I felt a tingle of guilt. You know Mother's intuition? Well, me and Sarah share something called 'Sister's intuition' or, as Sarah calls it, 'Sister-sences', that yells at us if either one of us is in trouble.

It's a good thing we live next door to Arkham. "I'm going for support," I said to Natalie. The reason we call it 'support' is because it shows us what happens to girls who don't work.

"Have fun," she said back. I left and sprinted toward the front gate, happy that she doesn't know that Daddy canceled the 'support' time.

24 - Fight

Jack POV

I jumped up in the last minute in the middle of Sarah and her father, his fist hitting me square in the gut. That's when I realized that he wasn't aiming for her chest, or face, he was aiming to choke her.

"Move out of my way," he growled, forming another fist. I looked behind him and saw the Bat and Bird, their arms being restrained by my parents.

"Make me," I said, turning my attention back to Mr. McKinnley. "You want Sarah, you have to go through me."

Sarah placed her lips to my ear. "Are you crazy?" she asked me.

I shook my head. "Not 'crazy'," I said. "Insane." I turned my attention back again. "Put 'em up."

He did. I started punching him, leaving nothing back. The pain Sarah explained. The way he punished her. I was so blind in rage that the only thing I saw was his face. I was probably wearing away my knuckles, but I didn't care. As long as this bastard got what he deserved. *Punch. Punch.* His face grew red, black eye, lips splitting, bruised cheeks. No mercy. I heard Sarah chuckle lightly behind me. I smiled, still beating the snot out of him. Mr. McKinnley finally dropped. My parents let go of Bat's and Bird's hands. I turned to see Sarah's 'glad-to-be-alive' face. I looked down at my knuckles, which were cracked and bleeding. I looked and watched the Double-Duo-Whatever check if he was alive. He must have been, since they sighed with relief. They laid him down on Sarah's bed, which she openly disliked.

"Come here," she told me, holding my hands out. "These should get cleaned and dressed. We don't want his-" she gestured to her father, "-germs on your precious body."

I smiled. "No," I said, smoothing her hair. "I guess not." She smiled and walked to the end of my bed. I followed. She tore her sleeve off and wrapped my hands with it. I touched her eye. "Are you okay?" I asked.

She smiled. "Yeah, fine," she said. When she was finished, she touched my wounds gently. "The real question is, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

25 - Whom

Marrissa POV

When I got to the front of the building, some guys stopped me. "Hey!" I yelled, looking up at them.

"Purpose for coming?" the tall one said. His hair was black, but the shorter one had blonde hair.

I sighed. *Good reason*, I thought. *Any reason*. "I've come to check on my sister. She made me promise to visit ever so often." They looked regretful but walked out of my way. Walking through the Labrinth of halls, I finally reached a map. *Map to Unwanted*, the heading read. I mentally went through the directions. *Right, left, straight, straight, left, right, straight, turn left to the cell*. I repeated the directions until I was there. I looked in at Sarah, Joker, an unconscience Daddy, Batman, Robin, another man and woman. They didn't notice me. I cleared my throat. They didn't close the gate

Sarah looked at me and her face brightened. "Princess!" she cried, running over to me. "What are you doing here," she whispered in my ear.

"Sister's intuition, " I whispered back. I looked at Joker as she stepped back.

"Oh," she said, "you remember Jack, don't you?"

I smiled. "Of course, but I don't know this guy."