

Love At First Sight

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Love At First Sight

by [DiYunho](#)

Summary

First time you saw the Joker you were mesmerized. It felt like someone dropped a bag with 20 bricks on your head and kicked you in the nuts. Wait, you don't have any, scratch that off; it might have been a cramp.

Notes

You can also follow me on Tumblr and Wattpad under the same blog name: DiYunho.

**** You just froze, staring at him. J is sitting on that fancy armchair he stole from Commissar Gordon's office when he raided the police headquarters last week. He is on his phone texting and Frost is at the desk, typing something on the laptop. Everyone is running around the warehouse like crazy, getting ready for tonight's robbery.

The Joker lifts his eyes for a sec and notices you glare his way. He doesn't think anything of it and goes back to texting. After a couple of minutes he looks up again and you are in the same spot, glancing in his direction. He looks left, right and behind him to see if there is anything out of the ordinary that got your attention. Nothing. And he doesn't know you. How did you get in? Unless you're...

"Hey Frost, who's that?" he growls at his henchman, pointing his head towards you.

Jonny sees you and:

"That's my cousin Y/N, sir. She finally got here."

"You sneaky bastard, you didn't tell me she's pretty! I would have hired her sooner," he smirks, throwing his cane at Frost.

I had my reasons, Jonny sighs, keeping his composure. He knows what that look on your face means: you are smitten with your new boss- J is so your type.

"Oh my God, I didn't know Mister J is such a nice piece of a..."

"Y/N, you found us!" Frost interrupts your train of thought, signaling you to follow him.

**** You can't take your eyes off him; you are totally infatuated with the Joker. Your cousin completely hates it that you two shamelessly flirt all the time. J calls you all these pet names and he can tell you love it. Frost wants to throw up every time he witnesses all this shit. Too bad for him because you absolutely adore your boss.

"Princess, go get Daddy a drink," he asks while organizing the maps on his desk.

"Right away Mister J," you grin and go get it for him. The Joker is concentrating on his project, grabs his glass and without even realizing it he takes your hand and briefly kisses it:

"You're such a good Doll."

You never had a heart attack before, but you are pretty sure that is what it would feel like.

Holy crap, I'll never wash my hand again! you promise yourself, excited to the maximum.

**** You have to go to the penthouse and pick up some explosives. Getting around a living room might seem like an easy task for a skilled hitwoman such as yourself but it all goes to shit when you see the Joker coming out of his bedroom with just a towel around his waist.

The two neurons in your brain that survived the visual impact have a hard time connecting because you can't think right now. You are basically drooling.

Oh my God, look at those tattoos!!!! you squeal inside like a high school girl. His skin looks sooo smooth and soft, I wonder if he's smooth aaaaalllll over. Lord, I just want to yank that towel off him and grab his...

"Pumpkin, did you hear me?"

"Hmmm?" you try to pay attention but it's hard.

"I said the dynamite is on the balcony, go get it. Come on, you don't have all day; you need to take care of my black list too."

You make a few steps then you stop, a huge smile flourishing on your lips: Mister J is winking at you. Ahhh, he's such a flirt, you think, delighted, but...why does he look so awkward while doing it?

"Stupid contacts, I really hate them!" he complains, heading towards the bathroom and rubbing his eyes, annoyed.

You must admit this moment is one of the biggest disappointments of your life, right up there with that time when you cat died.

**** Late at night at his club, just you and him in the VIP room, trying to wrap it up. You help him bag the money you guys stole from the Bank of Gotham and he suddenly asks you:

"Y/N, can you please scratch my back? I have a spot, right around ...here," he guides your hand, "...it's been itching like crazy, I can't stand it anymore!"

You gulp, your eyes devouring him but he can't see because you are behind him.

Oh, you sexy thing, I have an itch also and I would love for you to ...

"Baby doll, what are you doing?!"

You look down, coming back to reality and realizing you are running your nails along the velvety tapestry of his chair. Oops. You didn't mean to fondle it.

**** J sits at his desk, very interested in the notes you gave him. Your informant was able to smuggle the new plans of Arkham Asylum, it looks like they actually have some secret rooms in the basement. The Joker keeps on licking his lips, purring, satisfied he has such a treasure in his possession and you are a step away from losing it.

You go and sit on the glass desk, scooting over until you are in front of him and all the papers are pushed to the side. He sees you and looks up, confused.

"Princess, what are you doing?!"

You lean over so you can be close to his face and just ask:

“Did anybody tell you you’re beautiful?”

The Joker’s blue eyes narrow, he thinks he didn’t hear you right.

“What?!”

“Did. Anybody. Tell. You. You’re. Beautiful?” you repeat, smiling.

“Ummm...yes?” he replies, now completely baffled.

“Who?” you snap, backing out a bit, irritated. “Was it one of the bitches working here?!!!”

“What? No, you told me last week and the week before; you always tell me that, you naughty girl. I’m starting to think you’re flirting with me.”

“Huh? I did?” You really don’t recall. “So I’m the bitch then,” you begin laughing so hard and he doesn’t know how to react. “All right, as long as it’s me I’m OK.”

He watches as you happily head towards the door and bump in the armchair.

“Sorry, my bad!” you giggle, closing the door behind you.

Why is she taking to the furniture? he wonders, snickering. And they say I’m the crazy one, J rolls his eyes, amused.

**** “Baby doll, can you make me some of those dark chocolate chip cookies I like?”

“Sure can, Mister J, “ you gladly oblige because you like using the kitchen in the penthouse.

“Can you make them into little bites?”

Gosh, I would love to bite your ...

“Kitten, did you hear me?” the Joker interrupts your daydreaming.

“Yes, bite...everything,” you mumble, distracted.

“What?”

“I got it sir, no worries!” you reassure J, backing out while staring him down.

“Y/N, kitchen is the other way,” he points out the obvious direction, not understanding why you forgot where it is.

After you bake the goodies you bring them over and watch him munch on them, absent minded while drawing things on his maps.

He’s such a delicious morsel, you conclude and feel it is your sacred duty to do something about it.

You step in front of him, lift his chin up and kiss him. That was something he did not expect.

“Mmmmm, you taste so sweet, yummy!” you close your eyes, enjoying the moment.

“Y/N, are you flirting with me?” he asks, even if he knows the answer.

“No, never, not me...nope...Maybe?... Most definitely!... God, you’re such a tease!” you blur out, frustrated, kissing him again.

J snickers, definitely impressed by this new approach:

“What did I do?! I just kill people, steal and blackmail,” he seductively whispers on purpose (jerk, taking advantage on such a sweet, innocent little thing such as yourself) and doesn’t expect your reaction:

“Oh my God yes, talk dirty to me!!” you moan and land in his lap, starting to kiss his neck and face all over and he has to admit you’re not boring at all.

“I also drive my Lamborghini...”

“Jesus, yes!! Tell me more, you bad boy!!!” you scream, pressing your body against his, totally turned on.

He is so entertained and he has to admit no woman did this to him before.

“...And last night I washed my own dinner plate,” he confesses, winking at you.

Your jaw drops to the ground.

“Shut up !!!! No way !!! My Goodness and all the saints, you have such a dirty mouth, I love it !!! You sexy beast, keep going!!!”

He laughs and spans you while you try to rip his shirt and actually succeed after two tries. You frantically start kissing his tattoos. The Joker has another one for you:

“The other day I was able to change a light bulb in my bedroom.”

“Holy shit !!!” you gasp, panting like you ran the 10K marathon. “You are so bad, I love it!!! I never imagined you could be so naughty!” You pull down his pants and push him on the floor.

He never had a woman before that undressed him so fast. And he thought he was impatient.

**** Frost comes up to the Penthouse to talk something important with his boss but doesn’t see anybody around. He suddenly hears some noises coming from the master bedroom and stops in front of it, listening at the door. What’s going on in there?

His eyes almost come out of their sockets when he hears you two:

“This morning I changed my earrings,” the Joker grunts.

“Ahhh...” you scream, “...you’re killing me!!! Talk dirty to me, don’t stop!!” you moan, ecstatic at the revelation.

“Last week I stole 8 million dollars,” he snarls, nibbling on your ear.

“You’re the worst!!! Wash your mouth with soap, Mister J!” you shout, feeling you are going to completely go bonkers soon.

“Wanna wash it for me?” A few slaps and muffled laughter.

WTF?! Jonny thinks, distancing himself from the room.

He’s going to have nightmares after this.

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