

# Magically Laughing Mad

By: Firingwall

“Thank you all for coming out tonight and having a splendid evening!” Zatanna declared, bowing to the audience as she backed away towards the curtain. Under her breath, she muttered, “Nepo sniatruc” and the curtains opened a tad for her to slip through.

They closed as she turned around, the magician now heading towards her dressing room. A few stagehands and the stage director greeted her as she walked, the off-the-clock superheroine greeting and answering any of their questions happily.

“Great show as always!”

“I loved that new trick! I wish I could do magic.”

“You have a gift in your dressing room.”

“Thank you. Thank you as well, but I recommend not seeking out magic casually. Usually causes problems that my friends and I have to fix. Also, wait, a gift?”

The stage manager nodded, mumbling, “Yes, you got a gift from an admirer. I checked, don’t worry. Just a nice bouquet of flowers!”

Zatanna frowned, brushing some of her long black hair from her eye. She asked cautiously, “did the giver leave a name by chance?”

“Yes they did! It was from a Miss Barbara Gordon. I have the card here.” She held it up to the superheroine, who quickly took it and looked it over.

The card simply read, “I wasn’t able to catch the show tonight liked I wanted to. Hope this makes up for it in some silly way. See you later at the tower, Barbara Gordon. P.S., Stephanie, Cassandra, and the rest will be there as well.”

Zatanna sighed a breath of relief, a soft chuckle escaping her lips. Shaking her head, she simply thought, *just Babs. Gotta stop being so paranoid about everything once in a while.*

She looked to the manager and said, before continuing on her walk, “Thanks. I’ll gladly accept the flowers then.”

“Already put them in your room!” The heroine nodded and happily continued off the stage and into the back hallways of the theater.

Eventually, the woman reached her dressing room and took off her top hat. Playfully, she flung her hat towards the hat rack, managing to hook it for once. She smiled. *Alright, tonight is good! Good show, a gift from a friend, and managed to finally pull that off.*

She undid her jacket and placed it onto one of the hangers as well, before taking a look around the room. She spotted the table that housed her flowers, a lovely bouquet of red, white, and purple ones. Their stems seemed extra green as well inside the clear glass vase.

Zatanna smiled and strolled over to the table. *Very pretty*, she thought appreciatively, *better make sure to get these into someplace special.*

Stepping up, she leaned forward, putting her face up to the bouquet. She sniffed gently, a strange, but pleasant aroma coming off it. She couldn't quite describe it, but it definitely left a pleasant impression.

"Well, this is certainly rather--"

A thick, wet substance hit her in the face suddenly, some of it getting into her eyes. The magician stumbled back in shock, quickly trying her best to wipe the gunk off. Her entire face felt on fire, stinging like she got a small sunburn.

Zatanna groaned, snapping, "Knug ffo ecaf!"

Just like that, the substance was gone, and the pain subsided. The superheroine sighed annoyedly, rubbing her face. *What the hell was that?! she spitefully thought, was that some kind of joke from Babs?! No... she wouldn't put anything in that hurt...*

The heroine looked at the flowers in their vase. Outside of some liquid dripping from some of their centers, they appeared to be perfectly normal. However, with the painful shock and message identifying some of her friends' secret identities, she didn't take any chances.

"Yortsed esoht srewolf!" she snapped, looking harshly at her target. A second later, the flowers went up flames, sizzling from the stems and up to the petals. Soon, all that was left was just ash.

"Heh, glad that's taken care of." Zatanna shook her head, grabbing at her forehead. She felt weird; her mind fuzzy as well. Whatever that stuff was, it certainly hit her more than just on the outside.

She stumbled over to the large makeup mirror in the room, hunching over the dresser and panting harshly. Everything was spinning. It was suddenly getting harder to stand or even think at this point. Something bad had struck her in a way nothing had before.

She looked up in the mirror, almost to confirm to herself she looked as bad as she felt. Her jaw almost began dropping immediately upon seeing the sight before her. Her face was white; bleached white, snow white. Parts of it at least, huge splotch markings showing where her snow-white skin laid instead of the usual cream-color she had.

*No way, no way in hell is this happening!* She reached a hand up, touching the splotches on her face. It felt like her skin, like nothing had changed at all. The coloring seemed to be the only thing off about it

However, upon touching the marking, the splotches began growing. The snow-white spread out and across her face, merging with other spots and spreading further. All trace of her normal color was quickly fading.

Well, there was one trace of color on her skin: her lips. Her makeup seemed to fade away, but her lips remained rather red. In fact, they grew brighter and more intense. Eventually, the red was a flaming red, her lips even a touch bigger.

“My face, my face!” Zatanna moaned, “What’s... what’s happening... egnahc ym ecaf kcab ot lamron!” She stared long and hard into the mirror, her heart beating uncontrollably. However, despite her words... nothing happened.

“This can’t be possible!” she mumbled, grabbing at her head and yanking at her hair, “My face should be back to normal by now! Is this some kind of joke?!”

Her eye twitched, her mouth twisting. “Joke...” she muttered, her body twitching as well. “Heh... like a joke... heh... hehehe.”

From deep within, a twisted, disturbed bout of giggles bubbled from deep within. This whole thing was a bad joke, a very bad joke played on her. It kind of made her want to just laugh and laugh.

As she giggled, her hair quivered. From their roots to their tips, her hair brightened just a touch as an invasion of color spread. It was green, dark green.

The color oozed along her hair strands until they reached their tips, the shape of her hair and its style modifying. What once was long shortened ever so slowly, flowing from her hips to around her shoulders. Her hair grew curly, wavy, fluffing and puffing up in a way that resembled a hairstyle from the past.

Zatanna looked at her fuller, shorter hair, feeling it gently in her gloved hands. “Oh sure!” she chuckled, an anger hidden beneath the laughs, “Why not turn my hair green as well?! Make me into a bigger joke already, heheheh!”

She blinked. Her eyes darkening for a moment. She blinked. Her eyes were a dull green. She blinked. They were a bright green shimmer. She blinked. Their color remained the same, but there was something off in them now. Something... mean.

Zatanna shook her head, gripping it. “Uuuuuugh, stop laughing!” she grumbled, “This... this has to be some kind of supervillain trap! But who?! Who could it-”

She had diverted her eyes for only a moment, but in that time, she saw more of herself fade away. The bleach white was rolling down her neck and flowing beneath her clothing. She looked to her arms, seeing the white flow out of her arm sleeves and under her gloves. She looked to her legs, witnessing snow white skin beneath her fishnets.

She then looked into the mirror. The eyes, the skin, the hair, the weird, mean laughs echoing out of her mouth. She... she had a Joker-esque appearance.

“Crap,” she muttered, gulping, “N-no way... he can’t be back! He’s... he’s gone!”

But was he really though? The Joker disappeared several years ago during an incident at pyrotechnics factory. The place went up, and he was never seen again. However, he had certainly come back from worse situations in the past and went back to spreading his style of madness to Gotham and the world.

Zatanna shook her head, clutching it slightly. It felt on fire and thinking about the causes of this situation were only going to make things more difficult she suspected. “Ugh,” she muttered, “Whatever... I... I need to contact Babs right now!”

It was the best course of action, she reasoned. The gift was sent in her name after all, and she may be in danger. The magician had to call her right away.

She turned towards her phone, lying on the dressing room table. But as she turned, she looked back into the mirror for a moment. Only just a moment, but it gave her pause.

She stopped turning away and returned to looking dead on at the mirror. Her mind stung, but she couldn’t focus on that. Something was bugging her now, nagging away and pulling her attention off what she needed to do.

Her jacket; her white boutonniere upon it. Both things... didn’t seem right at all.

Frowning, she muttered, “Xif ym tekcaj.”

Her outfit quivered, like a soft breeze had rolled through it. From its hedges and its stitching, a vibrant, but still darkish shade of purple rolled through. It smothered her black jacket from every inch, giving color to once was nothing.

The coloring all eventually came up to her boutonniere, which twitched and shivered itself. Its pure, snow-white gleam dulled and widened, rapidly changing shape until it had five large, withered-like petals. Orange bloomed from its center, fully coating the accessory. Lastly, a soft aroma arose from it, passing by her nose. It smelled suspiciously similar to the flowers she had just destroyed.

Zatanna smirked, readjusting her jacket. “Much better~”

Her face twitched, the magician shaking her head. “No! What... what am I doing?! Uugh, I feel like I’m going crazy! I... I need to focus on...”

She looked back towards the mirror, taking in her striking jacket. She then looked at her white, button blouse. She bit her bottom lip, her body shivering. *Maybe... maybe just one more thing to fix this up...*

“Xif ym esuolb.” Her undershirt shivered like before, color beginning to stain its pure white shine. Its color was green, a bright tone that covered every aspect of her button-up shirt. Her small, dashing bowtie even quivered as well, though its color changed from red to purple, two long ribbon ends drooping down her chest and to where her bellybutton was.

Zatanna bit her lip; her body trembling again. She was looking a lot better now. So much better.

*Gees, was purple and green always my color?* she thought, *everything looks so good on me and...* It then truly clicked with her: the white skin, the green eyes and hair, the purple jacket, and green undershirt.

“Crap! I look like a female variant of the Joker!” she gasped, stepping back in horror.

*Well, I look still look amazing. After all, his style was pretty good.* Her heart thumped loudly, echoing in her head. She blushed, gritting her teeth. Did she really just think that?

Zatanna shook her head, gripping it. “No, the guy was a psychopath and a monster! Stop thinking like this!” Her head stung, her mouth twitching. “I mean, I look amazing now, but being him is not something I should be!”

Her head throbbed, her body shaking. Her gripped her head with both hands, her mind feeling like it was going to burst. *Can't... can't stop... what... what's wrong with... with...*

Her eyes drifted up again at the mirror. She saw herself looking back. She barely looked like herself anymore, completely jokerized from top to bottom. It should be horrifying for her and yet... there was a smile on her lips.

It was a weird smile. A smile of brokenness, a smile filled with a certain meanness as well. A cruel, maniac smile.

She shivered. She looked even better.

Her hands slipped from her head. She smiled wider. “I look so beautiful, so sexy now,” she spoke, a soft chuckle escaping, “Just... just perfect.”

She couldn't explain it or understand it, but... she felt right. “I feel perfect,” Zatanna cooed, running her hands down her sides and hips. She paused, a sense of irritation striking her hard. It was feeling she never really had before or would even consider. Yet...

She pouted her lips, grumbling, “This form simply won't do at all. No, it must fit me much better. Egnahc ym ydob.”

A purple aura radiated around the woman's form, the magician quivering with delight. Fingers twitching, toes clenching, Zatanna sighed happily as she felt a tightness wash over her in certain areas of her body.

Her hands slid down her hips, going to find them being pushed to the side. They grew a little, providing her already curvy bottom half with even more pronounced hips. Her thighs expanded to where they almost rub up against one another, her fishnets thankfully adjusting to better fit her. The same extended to her black leotard beneath her shirt as her own rear plumped, swelling out into a wide bubble butt that shook temptingly with each step she took.

Zatanna blushed, a little bit of color turning to her white face as she felt a new feeling brewing within her chest. She gulped, her hands slipping upwards now and again, were pushed aside. Her already decent sized breasts expanding two-fold, jumping her up to an impressive DD-cup. Her dress shirt popped opened at the top, showcasing some of her cleavage.

Zatanna took a deep breath and sighed, brushing some of the sweat from her forehead. She looked back into the mirror and smirked. “Now that’s beautiful,” she cooed, soaking in her lavish outfit, perfect physique, and measurements, “Heh, I can’t believe I was being such a negative-nancy about all of this.”

Zatanna chuckled, and then laughed. *Yeah? Why was I afraid of this? This is great! I feel great! I look great! It’s only because of Joker that...*

She paused for a moment at that line. All of her reservations ultimately were because she was turning into a variant of the Joker in looks and appearance. He was a monster, a killer, a horrible, horrible human being.

She thought about it, reflecting about everything that Joker had done up to now. The killings, the maimings, the viciousness, and all the destruction he brought to everyone.

It was awful, but yet, somewhere in Zatanna, she couldn’t help but laugh. The magician chuckled, gripping her forehead. *The Joker is awful, but goddamn those plans! The smiling fish, becoming an ambassador, all those wacky crimes, and gags. That stuff was hilarious!*

Zatanna laughed and laughed. It was true. As dark as it was, the Joker’s plots and schemes had this black humor to it. She never laughed once before, but now? It was all funny!

“That asshole,” she chuckled, stroking her chin, “He had great material... but he always messed up the damn punchline with all the death. If he didn’t do that, everything would be a lot funnier and classier. He could be a great showman!”

*Funnier and classier... a great showman... I could be that...*

A huge smirk crossed her face as she declared, “Ha! You know what? I can and will do better. His schemes are so second rate, always having terrific punchlines and gags, but end up always resorting to violence and death. Amateur hour. What this city needs is a real showman... or showwoman in this case, that can really-”

“Miss Zatanna? Is everything alright? I heard weird laughing and...” The door opened behind the jokerized magician, a gasp following not long after. Zatanna looked into the reflection, spotting the familiar face of the stage manager from before.

The woman had a horrified, utterly shocked expression on her face. She took a step back and started to turn. Zatanna felt the whole world start to slow all around her. *I can't let her mess this up for me! Time for an improvement!*

“Nrut eht egats reganam otni ym wen, tcefrep tnatsissa!”

**POOF!** A green, foggy cloud of gas erupted all around the woman, stopping her in her tracks. There were some heavy coughs and grumbles, but that was it.

Soon, the fog faded and a new figure appeared in place of the worker. A new figure that happily strolled up to Zatanna with confidence. A new figure with a big grin on her face that spoke, “Hey Ms. Z, when are gonna wrap up here and get to da next job?”

It was her own makeshift “Harley”, if you would. With a curvy, but less curvy than herself, form, the stage manager stood there with a big grin. Her hair was longer, tied into twin, green ponytails. She had a similar bodysuit as Harley, though with purple instead of red.

Zatanna giggled, her tone still as mean and nasty as her new laugh. “Good good, my dear, very good to hear!” she spoke, patting the top of her head, “Now then, go fetch me my hat and then we shall move on to our newest gig.”

The new “Harley” nodded and quickly grabbed the hat, bringing it back to her mistress. Zatanna smirked as she took hold of her old, trusty top hat. She muttered under her breath, “Egnahc ym tah!” Her hat quivered and shook, the black fabric of her it turning bright purple like her regular jacket.

“Thanks, dollface,” joked Zatanna, placing the hat upon her head, “Glad I got that on. I feel rather naked without to be honest.”

“So, where’s da next gig at?”

“Oh! Why that is-” Just as the former superheroine was about to explain, something gave her pause. An annoying feeling prickled at the back of her head, reminding her of something that had left her mind a little bit ago. And now that she thought of it, a devious realization struck her.

“Before we do anything, we’re going to need to make a little trip first!”

“Oh, to get sum supplies and da rest of da gang?”

“Possibly. I need to visit a friend. She sent me some lovely flowers that were a real eye-opener and skin changer. I think she just might be the ally we need right now.”

*THE END?*