

i put a spell on you

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i put a spell on you

by [ImJustPassingThrough](#)

Summary

And fifth, and finally, Zsasz is wiping off imaginary dust from his shoulders, straightening the holsters of his guns, and holding a single rose.

"Why are you dressed so nicely, and why are you holding a rose?" Oswald asked, sat in his booth, watching Billy play the piano. He looked back to Zsasz, and noticed with shock the man seemed to be slightly flustered, "Zsasz?"

"Well, Nygma's performing tonight and well..." Zsasz trailed off, coughing nervously, and shrugging his shoulders.

Or;

With Edward falling into the role of Lounge Singer rather well, people take notice and Oswald wonders why Edward is flirting with everyone.

Notes

Apparently, I am definitely making this a series!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Oswald ran a hand down his face, completely lost and confused. First, Ed doesn't know who he is, and gives him the job of a lounge singer as a form of punishment, and torture. Second, Ed's flirting with everyone in his lounge, strutting around, and showing off skin. Third, Oswald has more competition than ever, since Ed never loved him to begin with. Fourth, Ed's enjoying himself so the only one being punished here is Oswald. And fifth, and finally, Zsasz is wiping off imaginary dust from his shoulders, straightening the holsters of his guns, and holding a single rose.

"Why are you dressed so nicely, and why are you holding a rose?" Oswald asked, sat in his booth, watching Billy play the piano. He looked back to Zsasz, and noticed with shock the man seemed to be slightly flustered, "Zsasz?"

"Well, Nygma's performing tonight and well..." Zsasz trailed off, coughing nervously, and shrugging his shoulders.

Oswald's eyes widened, "you too?!"

Zsasz pointed to the stage that still held Billy, eyes wide, "well, Nygma's the one showing himself off!"

"He's my lounge singer, they all have a thing, and Ed's thing is flirting." Snapped Oswald, and pinched the bridge of his nose, "it's like he does it on purpose."

Zsasz stared at Oswald, "he does boss. It riles you up, for one, and gets your attention."

Oswald raised an eyebrow, "you better no be suggesting he's doing all this because he likes me." After Ed had sang *Why Don't You Do Right?*, Ed's been dressing in more green than black, and going full out, finding his rhythm. And, the stand that used to hold Ed as a block of ice, was danced on by Ed, taking control of said stand, claiming it as his own.

"That's not what I'm saying boss. More of hurt tactic that seems to be working," shrugged Zsasz. However, "but you should ask Billy. I heard Nygma and him are close buds. Nygma's doing everything in his power to make you jealous, and it's working, maybe, just maybe, he's doing it because he likes you too, and this is the only way he can get revenge."

Oswald sighed, and sipped his drink, "yeah, maybe..."

Ed pulled on a tight green waistcoat, and buttoned up the few black buttons. He combed back his hair, and fixed his thick mascara, and light pink lip gloss, and left his blazers and undershirt off. He moved over to the wings, as Billy finished playing. Everyone clapped, and the man bowed, the curtains closing.

Billy hobbled over, and smiled at Ed, "your turn Eddie. Knock 'em dead."

"I always do, Billy." Smirked Ed.

"Let me guess, you'll be flirting with the boss?" Smirked Billy, tone knowing and eyes playful.

Ed grinned, "when do I not?"

Billy frowned, "why do you? You did shoot him, and he froze you."

Ed paused, and looked down, "remind me to tell you after the show, Billy." He moved to the centre of the stage, and the musicians began playing, and the curtains opened after a few seconds.

At the sight of Ed, everyone moaned seeing his biceps.

"I put a spell on you," Ed sang, eyes flashing darkly, looking to the front row of people. He knelt down, and leaned forward to a woman, batting his lashed, and dragged his hand under her chin, *"because you're mine."* He knelt up, letting out small and sexual 'do dos', also known at scatting. He pointed to a man with a pout, *"you better stop the things that you do."* He got up, and strutted down to beginning of the catwalk, *"I ain't lyin'."* He threw his head back, and moaned, *"no, I ain't lyin'!"*

He moved to the end of the catwalk, and turned to Oswald, sinning directly to him, *"I just can't stand it darling!"* He waved a dismissive hand, *"the way you're always runnin' 'round."* He walked past his main stand, where he was once frozen, *"y'know better daddy."* He winked to Oswald, *"I just can't stand it!"* He was moving directly too Oswald's table. *"The way you always freeze me down, yeah, yeah."* He was in front of Zsasz, and caressed the mans chin.

Zsasz tensed, and blushed, handing over the rose, and Ed smirked, taking said rose, *"I put a spell on you."* He gently poked Zsasz's nose with the rose before walking off, *"because you're mine."*

As a musical solo played, Ed walked to the floor, dragging the rose across peoples cheeks, and under their chins, *"yeah..."* He sang, *"yeah, yeah, yeah!"* He sat on a table with a man, and gently went to press his lips to the mans, and the man when to connect their lips, but Ed pushed him back instantly, walking off.

He moved back on stage, scatting slightly, and sang, *"I love ya, I love ya!"* He looked at everyone, spinning in a small and slowly circle, *"I love ya, I love you anyhow!"* He pointed his finger to Oswald, but made it look like he was pointing to everyone, *"and I don't care if you don't want me!"* He fell to his knees, and held his arms out to his side, *"I'm yours right now!"* He sang, and everyone screamed and cheered, wolf whistling the man.

"Y'hear me?!" He sang loudly, *"I put a spell on you!"* He pointed to them all, and stood up, as the music came to a stop for him. *"Because you're mine!"* He held out the last note, and the music began again, elevating his voice, and the moment it was over, the curtains closed.

Everyone stood and cheered, and people threw roses and flowers on the stage.

Oswald let out a shaky breath, and looked to a flustered and smiling Zsasz. "Zsasz!" Snapped Oswald, eyes wide.

Zsasz's eyes widened in shock, and pointed at the stage, "he took the rose!"

Billy patted Ed's back, "good show son."

"Thanks Billy," smiled Ed, looking at the rose Zsasz gave him. For an assassin, he sure was sweet.

Billy smiled, "so... boss?"

Ed looked down, frowning, and the two walked off, heading to Ed's dressing room since it was closer, "yeah... you know, I found Oswald when he was shot, bleeding out in a trailer van. I nursed him back to health. I was his Chief of Staff, I... I told him I would do anything for him, the night Butch tried to kill him..." He sighed, spinning the flower in between his fingers, "we was sat on his sofa, and I thought we was going to kiss... I was ready for it. He hugged me. So, I had to move on..." Ed shrugged, "I shouldn't like him. Not after he... he killed Isabella, but I do..."

"So, why still try and kill him?" Billy asked, arriving at Ed's dressing room.

"I thought I owed it to Isabella..." Ed sighed, slouching, "Oswald said he loved me, he killed her for love. It was selfish, and he learned that but... I've missed my chance, again, so this is the next best thing." He opened the door, "come in Billy."

Billy smiled, and hobbled in, "why did he keep you here? Do you know?"

Ed shrugged, closing the door behind them, "he would have kicked me out, but I had no idea who I was... still don't..."

"Well, what do you mean?" Billy asked, sitting on a stool, as Ed sat in his chair.

It fell silent between them, and Ed sighed.

"When Oswald met me, I was a nervous, jittery loser. I was nothing, just plain old Edward Nygma." Ed sighed, messing with his fingers, "then I shot Oswald, and I thought he was dead. Edward was no more, and I was The Riddler, a showman and criminal." He swallowed, "before I came here, when I was a kid with a terrible home life, I went by Edward Nashton, nobody but a broken boy." He put the rose into a vase and filled it with water, "I got out of the ice, and I can't do riddles anymore. I'm not The Riddler, I'm not even Edward Nygma, and I'm certainly not Edward Nashton!"

Billy hummed, and nodded, "your Ed..." He answered, "you're all one and the same. You're still The Riddler, albeit, with a minor set back, but your also Edward Nygma, but your history is Nashton. Being a Nashton got you here." He smiled, "you're still Ed."

Ed blinked, and smiled, "right... I'm Ed, lounge singer and flirt, relearning to be Riddler, and technically, Nygma."

There was a knock at the door, and Ed leaned back, spreading his legs, and his elbows rested on the table behind him. Billy merely chuckled at the young boy, Ed was already becoming a new person, yet still the same. Ed smiled at Billy, and looked to the door with a smirk, "yes?" He called.

The door opened, and in walked one of the bouncers, face flushed red, "Mr. Nygma—"

"Call me, Ed." Ed smirked, eyes flashing dark, warning him. It wasn't a request, it was a demand.

"Uh, Ed..." The bouncer held up a vase of flowers, "an admirer left these for you."

Ed was thrown off. He's had a number one fan, sure! But, a genuine, none creepy admirer? He stood up with a flourish of his legs, and took the green vase, "thank you." He moved back to his desk, as the door shut behind him.

Billy smiled, "who's it from?"

Ed set the vase of flowers down, and saw a note attached, reading it, "some girl named Leah Timpollee." He shrugged, he had no idea who she was, and no idea if this woman would be relevant in his life. Probably not. But, it was a nice gift.

There was another knock at the door, and Billy got up, hobbling over and pulled it open, "oh, boss!"

Ed turned, to see Oswald limp in, he nodded in greeting, "Oswald."

"Billy," smiled Oswald, and looking to Ed. He looked to the rose Zsasz gave him, and the vase of flowers, "Ed. I see you have some admirers."

"Yes, apparently they like me." Smiled Ed, tense as he crossed his arms.

Billy took this as his cue to leave, flashing a smile to Ed before hobbling out, with weak, creaky bones.

Oswald grimaced, as if he was regretting what he was about to say (he wasn't), "they only like you for your body."

"I can live with that," shrugged Ed. "My body is my best attribute," he moved over to Oswald, and leaned in. "Is there anything else you wish to share with me, Mr. Penguin?"

Oswald flushed a bright red, their noses were close to brushing, "no... just watching out for you."

"Thank you, after all... being frozen in a block of ice is rather taxing." Smiled Ed, sarcastically, "now beat it."

Oswald opened his mouth, eyes soft, but sighed. He decided better of whatever he was about to say, and limped out of Ed's dressing room.

The door shut behind Oswald, and he limped off to find Billy. The man was old, and slow when not playing piano, he couldn't have gotten far, and he hadn't. He was still in the hallway, sat down and resting.

"Billy?" Called Oswald, walking over.

Billy looked up and smiled "boss, what can I do you for?"

"Why does Ed sing these songs? Why does he aim them to me?" Asked Oswald, crossing his arms. He hoped Zsasz was right, that Billy and Ed were good friends.

"Good way to rile you up boss," shrugged Billy. "Another reason is, people sing to help show their emotions, it helps to explain."

Oswald frowned. He knew the songs were all sexual, all romantic, and more, and all held tones of anger and annoyance aimed to Oswald, but he flirted with everyone, so what did it mean?! "Thank you Billy..." Though it didn't really help.

"No problem boss!"

End Notes

Song: I Put A Spell On You - Nina Simone

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vysmdKH59kE>

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