

# GROWING TOGETHER, VILLAINS FOREVER

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It had been a long road for Harley Quinn. Dumping the Joker, forming a crew, battling the Justice League, battling the Legion of Doom, crashing Ivy's wedding, fighting to save Ivy's wedding, scrapping the wedding, and riding off into the sunset as lesbian lovers. And now, she had agreed to step away from being a villain to live a quieter life with her eco-terrorist ginger cutie. And that was all well and good, but- BOOM!

Yeah, that's an explosion in the local mall that I just dodged because, well, I'm fucking Harley Quinn. Dodging explosions is kinda my life. Well, causing them is too, but I'm supposed to be having less of this in my life to keep my new muffin happy, but... what was I supposed to do?! Sephora didn't have my make-up, and then the snobby girl said I could use a break from make-up anyway, and this led to that, and then there was fire and hyenas and screaming and then well... BOOM! But I swear you guys, it wasn't my fault!... Mostly. "I can't help it," I say as I dodge some bullets from the fine officers of the Gotham police department.

"Who are you talking to?" Ivy asks me mid-internal dialogue.

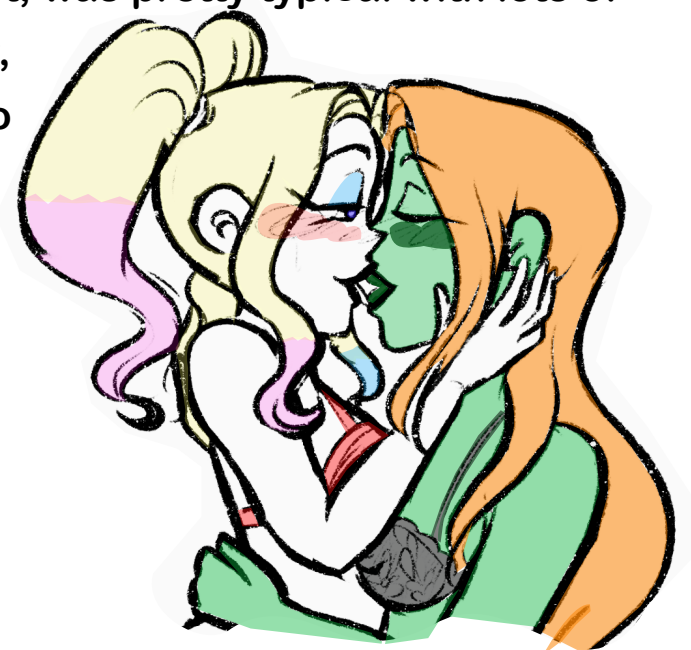
"Oh just my self, my poison-berry muffin." I smile and wink and then cartwheel out of the way of some falling ceiling.

"Yeah, I'm not so sure about that nickname," says my lovely girlfriend, summoning the cheesy mall plants to grow to epic proportions, hold up the rest of the ceiling, and burst through the wall so we could escape. "But also Harley, what the hell!?"

"What? Muffin is cute!" By now, I'm snatching up my bat and riding my hyena out through the make-shift exit.

"Not the nickname, this! We're supposed to not be villaining right now! You promised me we would step away and take the time to really figure out this. Us. And now- Oh shit and now we have to run from Batman." Cuz of course my shopping trip turned epic battle turned sexy escape date with my green-skinned gorgeous girl would now become a fight with the Bat. Which, to be honest, was pretty typical with lots of yelling back and forth between me and "Mr. Grump in the Knight" and Ivy, and you know what? Let's fast forward. We totally kicked Batman's ass to the curb, 100% no lying... ignore it if the news says otherwise. And now we're home back in our lair, and she's still going off.

The issue is, she has some things she really wants me to hear, and I want to, so so bad! But I'm shit at listening when she starts talking with those full green lips, her red hair swishing in the wind. And her firm voice just gets my nipples hard, and me breathing hard and- Fuck it, I'm gonna kiss her.



“Harls, I’m trying to be serious- I wa-” My lovely Femme Fatale can’t get through a sentence with my tongue down her throat, bodies pressed in close against each other. She’s mumbling what to the untrained ear may sound like protests, but to an expert in Poisonlvatology like me, I know she’s saying, “oh Harly, I love the taste of your mouth and the feel of your perfect tits mashing against mine, and let’s have kinky, kinky plant-clown sex all night lo- “Harly” oh wait she’s actually talking. “Harley, I know what you’re doing.”

“What ... I’m... doing?” I say in the ditziest, clueless voice imaginable as my hand slips down her toned green abs.

“Yes, and don’t try to play dumb. You may be chaotic, but you have a fuck’n doctorate Harls, far from a clueooooless-” The words catch in her throat as my fingers trace her feminine slit, “H-harls?” I just hit her with those puppy dog eyes. “Fine! We’ll fuck, and then we’ll have the serious talk!” Ha! I cracked her! Just like I always-

“WHOA!” I squeal as viny do-dads spring from nearby pots. Vines from everywhere wiggle around my body, pullin’ my clothing off. Arms flung up, feet stepping out, and in no time at all, she’s got us both to our bras and panties. “Come here, lover!” I say in a way melodramatic tone.

“Shut up,” she says as her arms wrap around my pale body. Not a mean ‘Shut Up’ like Joker used to throw at me. No, Ivy’s is a mix of half annoyance at her own blushing, half ‘No more talk just suck my face’ affectionate. And so I oblige.

I gotta say, out of all the places I’ve robbed or blown up, jack asses’ heads I’ve smashed in, even beat’n the Justice League and the Injustice league, Nothing has ever made me feel as good as Ivy. The domes of her emerald cleavage press into my pert pale tits, nipples hardening under our bras as I suck on her lovely lips and wrestle her tongue with my own. Gosh, this could only be hotter if we were on a floating platform

surrounded by sharks. Not like King Shark, though. Damn, I really don’t need to be thinking about his goofy, cheerful quips when I’m getting wet for my lover! It’s enough to not even notice the vines sneaking up behind me. Only talking

about them cuz of 4th wall breaking and shit, my ass has no clue I’m about to be-  
Woosh! Snap! Underwear is gone, and I am bound. Poison Ivy now has me right where I want me. “Oh no, I’ve been captured by the deadly Poison Ivy, she intends to have her way with me!” I say in my perfect impersonation of a damsel in distress. “Oh, you want to do role play.. Again. Listen Harls-”

She stops mid-sentence sweeping her gorgeous ginger locks out of her face to get a better look at a vial I had hid under my pillow. “What is that!?”

“Um excuse me. I was a psychiatrist, not an actress Ivy, I’m doing my best okay!” I get a little frustrated and knock said vial off the bed, which smashes and fills the room in a giant cloud of green. “Oh... you were talking

about the vial I was peepin from your labs.” Well great. Best case scenario, I become even more horny out of my mind for my girlfriend, worst-case... I become a fuckin bush.



“Harley! That wasn’t even done being tested! I’m not sure what side effects it con...tai...nzzzzz”

Well now, isn’t this interesting. It appears, in my professional opinion, that for the first time ever, Ivy is getting a dose of her own medicine. And me? I don’t feel a damn thing. She’s got the goo-goo eyes and that breathy voice, pheremoned out of her gourde, and I’m just ordinary horny! Well, probably a good thing, with one of us semi-aware, we can avoid that “two lesbians die of dehydration while screwin during pheromonal-hypno” trope... though that does sound kinda hawt!

Fwump! “Woah! Ivy, is this a good idea,” I ask as her vines tighten around me strapping, me down to the bed, “m-makin the love and stuff when you are loopy?”

“Loopy for you, Harly.” My Green Goddess cooed, her eyes cloudy and unblinking. “I know it took us forever to finally end up together, but now I feel like... we wasted so much time.” I can feel the vines under her control, slithering around my wrists and arms, looping around my breasts and knees, “Being with you, it feels good. Like really good!” Her voice drops to a threatening level of sexy. “Like, I could kiss you and make love to you and shit forever.”

“Oh well, Ivy I feel-”

“No, I mean literally fuck you brains out, nonstop, forever. I could grow some fruit trees and feed you in-between our multiple orgasms all day and night, wouldn’t it be amazing Harls?”

All I can do is gulp. “Ivy, baby... muffin. It sounds nice...”

“Amazing!” Ivy interrupts. This girl is growling like a tiger, and I’m a slab of choice prime rib. “Yes, amazing, but like... maybe when you aren’t so.. Erm...” god dammit what’s the word. “Impetuous?” “Why? Why do you always get to be impetuous? Maybe It’s my turn! To be unexpected and chaotic, and pound my girlfriend for hours all day every day!” The vines wrapped around my knees snap my legs wide open. Immediately I see that Ivy is doing this strap-on trick she showed me where she turns the vines into an emerald-colored dildo that can penetrate us both simultaneously.



“Heh, I guess my girlfriend is a grower, not a shower, eh Ivy?” I half giggle, half whimper. The vines wrapped around my tits keep flick’n my nipples, and my more than casual appreciation for bondage is flaring up a fuck ton the tighter these vines get, and- Holy shit, she’s making that insta-dick huge. “Ffuck me!” I shout, my dripping snatch looking tiny compared to the frick’n redwood tree she wants to plant in it. “OKAY!” Is her simple reply. And she shoves that vegan-cock right in there.

And wowzer, holy fuck’n hell. It’s good.

I don't know if it's the size or the way she crafted it to be slick but ridged in all the right places, so my puffy sensitive slit feels every bump and vein as it's parts and gobbles it up inch by inch, stretching my velvety inner walls that contract on it like Bane tryin to chokehold the Bat... But all I can do is stare into my ginger love muffin's eyes as I moan and spasm in her arms. Her hungry, ravenous eyes. My arms are being pulled behind my back, and I'm lifted up by the vines for some really hardcore Tarzan-style pussy pounding.

This is getting dangerous. She's grabbing the vines so she can tug and push that rod in and out of me faster and faster. The issue is... I like danger. I'm am highly attracted to danger! If I was a damn firefly and there was a bug zapper made of danger, my ass would be fried in a second. And Ivy, under her own love drugs, is a bug zapper, and the amount of v oltage running from my clit and pussy up my spine into my brain where it explodes like fireworks...the little Harley-bug is doomed man!

Ooooooh gawd, she's in deep, and I'm so full and... She came! Like not just orgasmed, we both have been doing that a shit ton already. The vine-rod in my drooling throbbing love canal just shot a load in me. "Ivy um... Is that what I- oooooooh gawd there's more?!" My puss is stretched on this thing like Elastagirl, but it's a perfect seal to hold in all the seed she's pumping into me.

"It's just a little miracle grow, Harls, nothing to worry about... mostly." She smirks. But there's a little something to worry about. I'm taking on a LOT of her "special formula." Like my belly is even bloating out to hold it all, as my body temperature spikes, sweat beading all over my porcelain skin. My bound body feels electrified. All the hormones pumping through my system have made the damn thing one huge erogenous zone. The miracle grow is going to do wonders for my hair and nails, but where does it seem to be collecting the most? My tits!

That's right, each pound, thrust, and growth serum ejaculation, I can feel them buzz and stretch. Every time my tits bounce up, they surge, only to flop back more heavily on my chest. Fwap, Fwap, Fwap, hnnng they're getting full and hot. Fwap! Fwap! "Okay, Ivy don't turn me into your bimbo fuck doll.." FWAP FWAP, "with parade float tiddies...

" FWAP FWAP FWAP! "Unless you think... That's... hnnngggg HAAAWWWWT! GAAWD!!!"



I just cannot stop cumming. And it's breaking my brain just an itsy bitsy bit. This hypno nympho girlfriend thing it's getting kind of serious. What if we die from exhaustion. What if my screaming like a howler monkey can be heard down at the Gotham Police department and they come for us, and then Ivy gets super feral protective and it ends in a Michael Bay level shit storm explosion! What if we get buried under a mountain of titty cuz they take too well to my girl's fake semen sauce! And then like... the other me in my head is saying, those are all pretty kick-ass ways to die compared to your usual options. And she's right but gaaaaah did her strap-on get bigger? Wait... how is she behind me? Sucking on my neck and groping my big honking tits. "Careful, Ivy, they are super s-sensitive right nnnnoooow!" I scream as streams of milk erupt from my big fat nipples. She sucks on my ear and turns my suspended body to the mirror. Gosh, I'm looking plump. This miracle grow is turning my cute little boobs into udders and going reality star proportions on my ass. Ffffuck she's now got three vines up in there, stretching and pulsing. This is some real hot anime level kink here but I'm a little concerned by the big lumps heading up vines looney toons water hose style to my cooch.



Hnng. Okay, one just got to the entrance, the 'le poos' as the french say... probably, and holy crap. Let's not drive the semi-truck through the front door maybe. My crotch ain't built to accept a parade of cantaloupes! It's not like the miracle-grow made frick'n elastiguuuuuuuurrrlllll oh. Oh, there it is. I'm stretching and it feels, f-f-feels GAAAAHRRreat! Oh gawd, oh gawd. It's ss-soo big but whatever mutations I'm goin through apparently I can take it. Ooo ffffudge it's gotta be bigger than Killer Crock's cock! Mppph, there it goes. Up the shoot. My eyes are rolling and I drool, cummin' my brains out as I feel it float up and settle behind my belly button. Like I just packed away a couple of Biggie-burgers. Well done muffin, you got me. Now how about we get this th-th-

Another just pressed against the lips of my cooch. I clench hopin' I can slow down this crazy train, but the next giant bulge backed up behind it, and then the next, and the next till it was too much, and all I could do was open up and accept it all. "GAAH! FUCCK! DAMN! AEEEE!" Yup, I'm turnin' into a clowny puddle of spasms, gasps, orgasms and gurgles. That's my life now. Bucking and screaming and lost in wild jungle vine sex with my sweet sweet Harls... I mean Ivy. I'm Harls hehehe. GAWD I'm losin' my frick'n mind. Though, pretty sure I did that a long time ago. This is when crazy is driven crazier, feelin my best girl pump me full of plant baby after plant baby, as my eyes roll, and brain turns to goo. Is the love of my life concerned about me, though? Hell no. She's stroking and grinding and groping and sucking on every nook and cranny of my swelling body. Holding on like I'm a fucking bucking bronco.

I wake up what must be hours later, if not days. My body is on fire. Like sexually and temperature-wise. I feel like a swamp, humid and slimy with sweat and- Holy Horny Clown honkers, my tits are huge. Big sweaty, sloshing mega-tits. My nipples are leakin' just to stop the damn things from popping. I try to sit up and then find my next surprise. I don't bend at the waist so easy when I have the belly of a past due preggo with twins! "You gotta be shitting me! Ivy!"

I feel a nibbling on my chubb-i-fied thighs, a tongue dragging down towards my need as that red hair I love so much rises into view. "Mmmm don't you look glorious!"

"I thought we said no more plant babies!" I whine, running my fingers over the tight dome of my belly.

"I know, but you're so perfect like this!" Ivy purrs. "And you know you love it."

"Yeah..." Damn it why does she have to out me like that to all yous guys. Clayface does one joke impression of "Harley" if I was knocked up and I've had a preggo kink ever since. Ever since she's inflated me a few times but never like this. "Okay, you had your fun."

"Get up and waddle around for me. Shake that thicc mama booty for me!" "You have to get them out of me!" I pout, blushing at how my milk filled boobs sway this way and that.

"Now, why would I do that silly. They just started growing!"

I gulp. "Because now that your crazy pheromone stuff off we can all think with clear heads. I can't do heists and shenanigans expecting like this!"

"Wear off? Oh no. I'm still turned up to eleven baby. You won't ever have to do anything, ever again. You'll be the new Mother earth, and I, your priestess. Nothing but worship and sex and baby-making, getting bigger and sexier each time!"

"R-right right, muffin." She's making me hot and worried all at once, it's clear she's still under the influence and I have no flippin clue how to make antidotes for this stuff. "But how do I get them.. You know... out?"



She just keeps smiling and rubbing, and the vines are stirring again, and I'm realizing I'm in deep deep trouble. Because It's easy for me to get wrapped around her finger, and now she's in sex fiend mode and obsessed with drowning me in my biggest secret kink! Is there a bat signal to fix girlfriends? cuz if I don't how much longer I have till we're going to need a bigger lair!

