IV

The Eden building was one of the busiest places in Gotham City—literally crawling with supervillain activity.

But looking at it from the street, you would have never known that anything out of the ordinary was happening inside—at least, if you could ignore the specimen of megaflora that were crawling up the sides.

In secret, Ivy had made a community for supervillains that were looking to go straight. And while they weren’t exactly good at staying out of The Life entirely (this “paying bills” stuff gets *expensive*) the criminals who had come to stay under Ivy’s care were far more repentant and earnest than most in their desire to clean up their act.

The fact that they could hoard as much cash as they wanted, so long as they adhered to a relatively lax schedule focused around taking care of Harley and the lights stayed on, made it a lot easier to stay on the (relative) straight and narrow path.

And on the upside, getting this many people together with doctorates had to have some upsides—Harley *never* would have been able to get so big if it were still just her, Ivy, and Magpie squatting in an old abandoned brownstone…

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The three floors that the Eden building had come with were now fully occupied by at least two people at all times. Great for would-be former villains who needed a place to stay, not so much for ones like Magpie who had been enjoying not having any roommates and a whole floor to herself.

“So are we gonna be able to add in a fourth floor or not?” the petite blonde huffed, thighs rubbing together as she tried to keep up with Ivy’s more brisk pace, “Because I am getting really sick of sharing my floor with a Whale.”

“Are you seriously complaining about that to *me*?” Ivy laughed, “Honey, if anyone knows what it’s like—”

“Okay okay whatever yeah, we all make the joke.” Maggie’s round face bunched into a tight frown, “Just tell me that we’re getting some more space in here—it’s getting seriously cramped!”

“We’re working on it, Maggie.” Ivy rolled her eyes as she continued to climb the steps with no issue, “But modifying these old buildings is tricky—and if we do it wrong, then we wind up with a whole in the roof, and then Byrna and Jenna have to move into the first floor with you and Orca until we can get it fixed.”

Magpie looked absolutely mortified with the idea as she oof’d and huffed her way up the steps to follow Ivy.

“Okay… I see your point…” she managed, “But even still, it’s coming, right?”

“It’s coming.” Ivy said with a touch of her roommate’s fleshy shoulder, “After all, we’re being given plenty of reasons to look at finding more space every day. What with Harley and all.”

“Like you don’t love it.”

Coming into the second story of their renovated brownstone was a sight that took some getting used to.

In the center of the 70’s style conversation pit that had been built into the floor (and had to be reinforced *multiple* times to avoid a cave-in) sat this big, white *thing* with blonde hair. Where once had been the vague shape of a woman and a woman’s physique, now there was just… *fat*. Sagging onto the floor at every angle, hanging off of what had once upon a time been a slender, acrobatic supervillain in pounds upon pounds of rolls and folds…

On either side of her, however, were two redheaded twins—Lime and Light. While easily the least qualified to do much of anything when it came to Harley’s routine care, they were at least capable of feeding and cleaning her. They had *hands* after all. And if they tried really, really hard, they could hoist her up with their hard light constructs for a brief moment. A very, very brief moment.

“Oh thank God, is it Maggie’s turn to take over?” Light moaned, relinquishing Harley’s may side-rolls gratefully, “We’ve been with her all morning.”

Ivy cocked a thin red brow and checked her phone.

“Hmm… you’ve still got about eight minutes left…”

“Hey, I’m not the—orp—one complaining.” Lime said with a mouth full of runoff snacks, “This is the best part of the day for me.”

The longer that the Star City twins stayed in the Eden Building, the easier it was becoming to tell them apart. Whereas one of them was more or less openly regretful of having moved in when it came to holding up her end of the bargain, the other took to it swimmingly. Whether it was the free food or the fact that she was doing some relatively simple work in exchange for not having to get Boxing Glove Arrow’d to the face, the Lime half of their little duo was more than happy to do what she was told in the name of keeping herself under a roof.

At the cost of becoming anything *but* the light half of their sibling rivalry.

“Light, seriously, you’ve barely been here a few months. Those are my biggest sweatpants. Get a grip, girl.” Magpie scoffed, “Go ahead and knock off a little early—me and Ivy got it from here.”

“You’re a saint.” Light sighed, “We just fed her like thirty minutes ago—but she’s probably still hungry.”

“Canff imaffin why.” Lime said as she toddled off with a mouth full of snacks, “Byyeeeee~!!”

Ivy and Magpie shook their heads as they took their respective places on either side of the great blob that used to be Harley Quinn.

“R…d…” Harley’s fat, breathless features shifted high above the mountain that was her body as she heard Ivy’s voice, “Hn…gr…”

“I know, Harl, I know.” Ivy coochy-cooed the enormous woman like she was one one-thousandth her size, “Let mama get a good look at you…”

A small amount of vines that had grown throughout the building, between the floorboards and up the walls, descended as Ivy held her hands out to either side. They wrapped around their mother and lifted her up high, placing her on top of the great mound of ivory flesh that was her girlfriend. Harley had grown so large that Ivy could easily lay between her breasts as they pooled to either side, using her stomach as a vast enough surface area to lay on.

The vines retreated back into their proper places throughout the house as Ivy got comfortable, snaking her hands underneath Harley’s heavy cheeks and rows of chins.

“Look at you…” Ivy purred, “So cute.”

“M…ch…ky…”

“You *are* chunky.” Ivy squished Harley’s cheeks together, her hands sinking deep into the soft white fat that made up her face, “If anything, I think that’s something of an *understatement…”*

It had become pretty much impossible to actually *weigh* Harley as her weight had continued to climb. In theory it should have been easy, given that Orca alone could lift a truck if she needed to. But lifting an unfeeling machine and lifting a soft, delicate flower like Harley were two entirely different things. If there were a scale that they could have used, it would have required a lot more renovations to the Eden building…

But the estimation was that she weighed somewhere around two tons.

The floorboards creaked beneath Harley even with the extensive bracing that Jenna and Byrna had added to the lower floors to help support her weight. There wasn’t any noticeable bowing, but then it was also hard to focus on anything *but* the vast white blob that took up the center of the living room—so who would have really been able to notice anyway?

Harley’s body had exploded with fat, with every limb becoming every bit as enormous and fleshy as anyone could have thought possible. It was only through her own unique physiology, Ivy’s spores, and some outside intervention via a few favors that she was even able to maintain this size. Let alone live to get this big *and* continue growing.

Because she was still growing. There was no doubt about that to be found in anyone who spent more than a day with her. Even those who spent their days feeding, washing, and generally just hanging out with her in the general vicinity could tell that she was getting bigger—albeit at a slower pace than normal.

With any luck, she’d finally hit her peak weight.

But Ivy wasn’t counting on that happening any time soon.

“Hey Harl—how you holdin’ up? Wanna watch something on TV?”

Magpie could press her entire hand into the vast canvas of draping flesh that was Harley’s squishy left side, and it got buried up to the wrist every single time. Harley’s whole body was an avalanche of snowy white pizza dough with pancake-like rolls.

“hff…k…y…” Harley panted breathlessly, her piggy blue eyes flickering momentarily away from her doting lover, “Hn…gry…tho…”

“You say that like we’re not all well aware of it.” Maggie laughed as she kicked up her feet on the couch, “Ivy, think you could…?”

“Of course.”

With a wave of her hand, Ivy’s vines adjusted the TV so that the compareatively slender blonde could see it a bit better. Harley mumbled something about not being able to see as good, squirming petulantly in her sea of fat that pinned her to the floor.

“Now now tulip, calm down.” Ivy said with a comforting stroke of the outermost of Harley’s many chins, “You’re not even going to be looking at much anyway… it’s lunch time, remember?”

Despite the fact that she was beyond immobility, Harley still had a certain spirit to her. It was mostly the eyes, which lit up at the thought of even more food to stuff her face with. What little wriggling she was capable of, Harley did it with excitement. After all, meal time couldn’t come soon enough when you ate enough to weigh four thousand pounds…

“I’ve got some of the other girls whipping up your favorite *riiiight* now, daffodil.” Ivy cooed sensually as she traced a green pointer finger along the rolls and folds that made up her girlfriend’s face, “All you have to do is be patient, and I’ll make sure that you get good and stuffed~”

“Y…ee~” Harley’s low squeal was one of excitement, her finger twitching as they hung out at an angle on either side of her, “L…v…you…”

“I love you too, honey.” Ivy pressed her face deep into Harley’s, giving her a sloppy kiss, “Now let’s get to it…”

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Things had steadily been getting quieter around Gotham City for a while now.

A more naïve crimefighter would have believed that their crusade was actually working. But Barbara had been in the game long enough to know that there was “good” quiet and “bad” quiet. And maybe it was because she’d been hanging around with Bruce a little too often, but this didn’t feel like the “good” kind of quiet.

Working at her desk as Oracle, rather than out in the field as Batgirl, had come with a few neat tricks that were pretty much exclusive to only her. And while she didn’t like to *use* all of them, sometimes it was necessary to get an idea of what certain members of a certain pool of Rogues Gallery members could potentially be up to.

Even if they hadn’t done anything *recently…* come on, it’s Gotham City. They were going to pull something off sooner rather than later.

Bruce had been against that. He’d told her that they had to wait until something actually happened before they could start investigating. But Babs had always been of the mind that a little well-being check could go a long way in the name of preventing a relapse into villainy.

Confined to her desk, Babs had a team of drones ready and prepared to make these sorts of visitations. With enough coverage to scan most of Gotham City, she had found plenty of usage for these little guys to act as her own personal field agents—especially when she was doing something that didn’t exactly warrant calling in one of the other Bat Family members or one of the Birds of Prey.

And when there was a brownstone in the middle of the Lower East Side growing vines and sprouting megaflora, Babs had felt that this would be the time to intercede. Even if it had been dormant for a while, and nobody had been *complaining,* it had still felt like the right thing to do.

After all, how many times had Bruce been able to stop something if he’d just been paying better attention to the city that he protected?

“Just a little espionage—no different than what Bruce or Dick would do.” Barbara pushed forward on the joystick, “Easy peasy.”

The city streets were loud enough to drown out the small hum of the quad propellors that kept her tiny camera up in the air. And the vines that had been encasing the building didn’t seem to reactive. People on the street had almost no problems walking up and touching them to see if they were real; Babs didn’t see why they would mind if a small drone happened to bump against one of them.

Starting on the first story was a relatively interesting sight—two of Star City’s most wanted (or rather, least wanted, given their relative obscurity) squatting in front of the television with Orca, all the way from Bludhaven. That had certainly proved and interesting sight.

“Gonna make sure to capture that in case anyone wants to try and make any alibis…”

Although, it didn’t look like any of them were in much of any shape to try anything funny. One of the redheaded twins looked to have put on a good…

“*Eighty pounds*?” Babs read off of the biometric scans from her computer, “That can’t be right…”

But lo and behold, pretty much everyone on the first story was heavier than what their profiles in the BIOS system had saved for them. Even accounting for changes in muscle mass due to things like venom usage, these readings were way too precise for it to just be a mistake. What’s more, there was no denying that the weight changes seemed to line up with what her very own eyes were telling her from the screen…

“Something’s *got* to be up.” Babs steeled herself, “If Ivy’s behind this, she’s got to be on the top floor.”

Driving her little drone up and up into the smoggy skies, she was forced to bring it closer to the window. Minding not to tap against the glass or upset what looked to be more delicate flower-like flora that hadn’t been tested on the streets down below, Babs manually focused the lens to account for the lower level of visibility…

“Alright… I’m not even sure that I know who these people are.”

Two brunettes pinged by Watchtower security as The Blue Snowman and The Carpenter, but again, neither of them looked like they were going to be doing any criminal activity any time soon. Despite the fact that she couldn’t recognize them, she knew that supervillains didn’t sport guts—something had to be up.

“This is…” Babs adjusted her glasses as she got a good, long look at Jenna Duffy’s belly pressing hard against her overalls, “O-Odd…”

Though she was far from chaste, Barbara was having a hard time reconciling the emotions that these plump bodies were making her feel. Even if she had never been into girls *particularly* (you don’t wind up on a team full of women and not at least have thought about it) she’d never been faced with anything like this before. The idea of supervillains going soft during their off-season was just…

Not *weird* but…

But…

“I, um… I guess Ivy’s on the second story then?” she said aloud, to herself, steering slowly (very, very slowly) down a floor, in an attempt to regain control of the situation and her thoughts “Better see if she’s got anything to do with th—”

Thoughts that were interrupted mid-sentence as she got a good, long look at what waited for her on the second story of the Eden building.

The BIOS scan matched Poison Ivy easily—even if it hadn’t, Barbara would have been able to guess that the green-skinned, red-haired woman wearing not much of anything at all was one in the same with the woman who was making all these crazy plants grow out of the ground and up the side of this building. Much to a disappointment that she couldn’t quite place, understand, or even hope to feel was “normal”, Ivy hadn’t followed the recent trend of her apparent housemates. She still looked as glorious and as green as ever.

The woman next to her, further down on the floor, was one Margaret Pye. An Arkham escapee (that was illegal, right?) that had been on meds for a split personality disorder. Which, granted, one of the side-effects did include weight gain. Barbara supposed that made her the only person in the house with a reason to have not been able to keep her girlish figure. But the butt on that woman…

“I… I don’t understand…” Babs blinked behind her thick black frames, “The readings are saying that Harley Quinn is in the room, but—”

If Barbara hadn’t been watching her monitor like a hawk, she might not have seen the slight movements that told her that the great white *thing* that Ivy was laying on was not, in fact, some kind of strange piece of furniture. The BIOS readings had pinged Harley as being in the room—but it hadn’t been able to tag her specifically into a certain area.

Now it was clear that the reason it couldn’t pin her down beyond more than a few feet of one another was because she took up several square feet, all to herself.

Even after she had consciously connected the dots, Barbara could hardly believe it. She was dumbstruck—how does someone manage to gain that much weight? Literally, how was it possible? The world’s fattest people never clocked in at much more than three quarters of a ton—and it looked like Harley weighed more than *twice* that!

“Is she…” Barbara’s breath was baited, her face unreasonably and inexplicably hot, “There’s no way that can really be…”

Barbara wanted—no, she *needed* a closer look. For posterity’s sake. So that she could be sure that this was really Harley Quinn, not some… look-a-like or imposter that had managed to fool the system that she had designed. Yes, that was it. She needed to make sure…

Make *double-sure…*

That everything was on the up and up…

*Clnk!*

The sound of the drone bumping against the second story window sent feedback through Barbara’s speakers, knocking her off guard and making it fly wonky. Thankfully, nobody seemed to notice the erratic little machine hovering just outside of the window that it had just bonked with its faceplate…

“How could they?” Barbara asked aloud, her voice a little more low and sensual than she probably realized, “With all that Harley in the middle of the room to look at…”

And grope and squeeze and feel. These women were *handsy*, just caressing every handful that they could manage. There was no way that this was…

This couldn’t have been a sex thing, could it? There’s no way that Harley would have given up any semblance of a normal life—or at least, what constituted as a normal life for a clown themed supervillain—just so she could lay around all day and get fed fatter and fatter, so that these other people could squeeze her…

“Do… do *all* of them get to squeeze her?”

Oracle’s pale freckled cheeks were as pink as could be as she focused long and hard on the spectacle that was laid out for her in the large bay windows of the old Gotham brownstone. She didn’t quite understand the appeal of the lifestyle, but there was no denying that it had its… *charm*…

“Maybe… a closer look…”

Babs bit her bottom lip as she steered around to the other window. One that would offer her a different vantage point. She couldn’t see Harley’s face—she really just needed to confirm that it was her, that was for sure it—behind that big neck roll. Sure the ponytails could have convinced anyone, but Barbara Gordon studied under the World’s Greatest Detective, and she wasn’t *about* to let these people pull one over on—

“Ohhh it’s her.” Barbara couldn’t stop the excited smile pressing against her glasses and dimpling her cheeks, “That’s definitely, *definitely* Harley Quinn…”

Looking at her from the front, it was impossible for her to deny that fact any longer. Despite their relative beadiness when compared to her great physique, Harley’s crazy blue eyes still shone through at the sight of Poison Ivy…

“Is she getting topless?”

Barbara had a natural tendency to avert her eyes. After all, she wasn’t supposed to see something like this, was she? Surveillance was one thing, but acting like a peeping tom was another entirely. She was here to protect, not watch as Poison Ivy undid her brassiere and let it fall down, down the sloping hillside that was Harley Quinn…

“I… I can’t hear what they’re saying…” Oracle said in a very put-on voice, “I-I’ll have to enhance the drone’s audio…”

As Babs turned up the settings on the drone’s microphone, she was suddenly able to hear what was being said behind the thick brick walls and the carpet of vines…

*“Do you think that it’s listening to us?”*

*“Maybe… doesn’t look like it…”*

Barbara nearly spit her energy drink out of her mouth when she realized that she’d been found out. How could they have known that she’d been spying on them? Just one little bonk was enough to tip them off?

*“You wanna give’em a show, Harl?”*

Harley’s vast wide face broke into a smile as she started wriggling slightly, sending shockwaves of jiggling and wobbling motions down throughout her humongous physique. The three of them all looked at once into the drone, with Ivy winking as she let her top fall down onto Harley’s chest.

“*Do we know who it is?”*

*“Why bother? If they’re watching, they must have come for a show—let’s let them have their fun.”*

Barbara couldn’t stop herself from looking. Watching. It wasn’t like she didn’t have a reason not to, right? Who knows what they could have been up to in there… doing God knows what with… all that Harley…

*“Give ‘em a show, Honey.”*

At the encouragement, Harley began to shimmy her chest as best she could, making her enormous sloping breasts sway and slab against her sides. Her layers of folds, pancaking against each other, bounced as the floorboards creaked beneath her.

*“There we go. It’s still there—I think that they like it.”*

Magpie blew the little drone a kiss, grabbing a handful of Harley’s belly blubber and giving it a good shake.

“I… definitely shouldn’t be watching this…” Barbara said aloud to her otherwise empty headquarters, “But… at the same time…”

Babs was starting to get a familiar tingle between her legs. A swell in her chest that wouldn’t go away as she drank in the sight of Harley Quinn’s fattened form. Literally so big that Poison Ivy could lay on top of her like a beanbag, and Magpie could grab *handfuls* of her creamy white chub and still have so much to spare. Barbara had seen some strange things as Batgirl, but she’d never seen anything that had made her so… so…

“*hnnnn…”*

Before Barbara knew what was happening, she was touching herself through her pants.

Babs had never been so conflicted about something turning her on before—what did this even say about her? That she was attracted to one of the worst villains that Gotham City had ever seen (or at least, worst-villain adjacent) fattening up an entire brownstone full of other C-Listers and below? What she’d done to the lot of them was deplorable… but what she’d done to *Harley…*

“I-It’s gotta be some kind of pheromone in the air.” Barbara quickly yanked her hand away from the warm crotch of her leggings, “I-I would never… *they* would never… succumb to something…”

Harley struggling to move her arms to grip either side of her enormous fleshy chest and heft them up seductively was enough of a distraction to cut Barbara off mid-thought. It was so hard to think when she was looking at… *that*.

“Something… so…”

Babs nearly bit through her lower lip as she watched Ivy grind on top of Harley’s beanbag stomach. Ivy was either enjoying herself or enjoying screwing with whomever she thought was tuning in for a free show with the drone. And Magpie playing it up, groping and squeezing the massive former supervillain was just icing on the cake.

“…hot…”

Barbara hadn’t realized that she was touching herself again.

“R-Recordings… need…” the former Batgirl tried to steer her mind back to professional vigilantism as best she could, “I-I need to record this for…”

Harley moaned throatily as Magpie tweaked one of her sausage nipples and Ivy kissed her neck. The sight of all that flesh in motion, rolling and folding as the massive pile of woman struggled to so much as *move* because of her weight was so strangely captivating, so *wickedly* and *sinfully* arousing that Barbara couldn’t bear to look away.

“*Need recordings. Now.”*

Pressing the according keys on her keyboard, slamming down hard on the poor thing as her id took over, Babs’s nimble fingers worked their way underneath the waistband of her panties…

*“That thing’s flying kinda funny, Ivy.”* Magpie said in a put-on seductive voice, *“You think they’re a little distracted?”*

*“Hmmm… maybe we should stop?”*

“N-No…” Babs mumbled in a thick, husky voice, “D-Don’t…”

“Noooo, we’re having too much fun to stop now.” Magpie rubbed large swathes across Harley’s great gut, “Aren’t we Harley?”

Whatever Harley said, Barbara couldn’t hear it. She was too fat to talk properly—a fitting end for someone as gifted with *spirited conversation* as Harley was. Babs knew that she should be horrified at the sight, but…

*“M-Maybe I should go do some recon.”*

The tiny part of Bab’s brain not overcome with lust told echoed from the back of her mind.

*“Get an up-close and personal look at whatever’s going on in that building…”*

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Let it be said here, if nowhere else, that the people who go out and fight crime (or cause it) are people, first and foremost—with all of the drawbacks that being a mere mortal entails.

Most would agree that it’s silly to put them up on a pedestal and expect them to be more than people who take it upon themselves to try and change things, either for the worse or the better. But sometimes the worse or the better winds up changing *them*.

“You know… I’ll admit that I thought you were up to something shady when I caught your drone flying outside of our window.”

Being among these people without the second skin and set of ears was easily the thing that felt the oddest about their new status quo. It shouldn’t have been, given all of the *other* changes that had since gripped them, but that was easily the thing that was going to take the most time to get used to.

“We don’t exactly have room for another roommate right now, but we wouldn’t mind having a nosy neighbor dropping by to *help* with Harley.”

Babs trembled at the sight of all of that porcelain white flesh in person, quivering with uncertainty and lust as she dared to lift a hand to trace down, down the massive slope of stomach that sagged heavily onto the floor before her.

“As long as you don’t mind a hands-on position.” Ivy purred, “You know, now that I think about it, you Bats have never been shy about getting *physical*…”

Harley Quinn had entered retirement with nothing more than battle scars and a supportive girlfriend who doted on her perhaps a bit too much. And now she was enjoying the quiet life with a community of fellow retirees who were apt to make her life as pleasurable as possible, getting to do eat and act as she pleased so long as it furthered her goal of becoming humongously, impossibly fat.

“And besides, Harley *likes* redheads.” Ivy tickled Harley’s sensitive middle roll with her long coral locks, “Don’t you, Harl?”

Harley’s face broke out into a dimpled, buried smile as her fleshy puddles of cheeks fought against her lips. She panted out an ineligible response, but one that sounded rather pleased with the idea of their former enemy joining the Harley Harem.

“Don’t be shy, Batgirl…” Ivy’s voice was low and sensual as she snaked an arm around the younger woman’s slender physique, pulling her closer into Harley’s immediate range, “It’s not like she’s going to reach down and bite you…”

The thick, deep chuckling that emanated from the hugeness that was Harley Quinn, rippled out into her heavy chins. Her skin was buttery soft to the touch. Harley was so vast that Bab’s brief touch amount to mere tickling.

“F…d… me…” Harley commanded with her heavy voice, “N…t…gonna…f…t…m…self…”

“Wh-What did she say?” Barbara hadn’t trembled this much in years—certainly not from the kind of excitement that she was feeling in the face of something so incomprehensively vast, “I can’t really understand her.”

“She said for you to *feed her*.” Ivy said with a smirk, “And that she’s not gonna fatten *herself* up.”