II

“Ivyyyyyy your Harley’s runnin’ on an empty tank!” the former clown princess of crime called out, “Better fill’er up!”

Whether it was because of the introduction of Ivy’s hunger-inducing pheromones, those same pheromones reacting with the “booster shot” that had allowed Harley to stay with Ivy in a poisonous environment some years back that had made her immune to most toxins, or neither of those and she was just taking her new role in the relationship a little too seriously, Harley had become insatiable.

The woman on the couch was easily twice the size that Harley had been when she’d been rescued from the mean streets of Gotham to be nursed back to health, and she ate enough for two more Harleys to boot. Her great white stomach seemed like a bottomless pit to anyone (read: Ivy) whose job it was to keep her full. And the more she ate, the bigger she got.

Which was, admittedly, kind of the point of all this—but Ivy was still more than a little concerned with Harley’s rapid adoption of the lifestyle of a “retired” supervillain, and how quickly she seemed to be growing.

Not that Ivy wasn’t getting *something* out of all of this, of course. She had been the one who wanted to make Harley fat in the first place, and getting to live out her fantasy on an entirely consensual level was on a whole other level when compared to subtly doping her into submission.

“I should have known that you would have adjusted swimmingly of the sort of wordplay that this kind of thing lends to.”

“Are you implying that I haven’t adjusted swimmingly in *all* areas of your little kink?” Harley cocked a blonde eyebrow as she slapped her fleshy gut, “All of the *surface areas*? *The exceedingly large, jiggly surface ar—”*

“Okay, okay, you’ve made your point.”

The fact that Ivy was but one woman and was now tending to a woman who ate for several meant that she had to put her babies to good use. Large vines had taken root and began to grow throughout the building that made up their Eden to complement the more common kudzu. The smaller, more delicate plants that Ivy had taken to the building wouldn’t stand a chance when it came to the greater service of Harley’s appetite.

A large vine extended from deeper into the kitchen, curled around a pre-loaded shopping bag of snacks, and receded just as quickly as it came.

“Now, open wide~”

Ivy could now steady herself on Harley’s gut, only having to fight her engorged side boobs for space as she leaned towards her girlfriend’s mouth, snack cake in hand. The cheap stuff was unavoidable with how much and how often Harley ate, but she never complained. In fact, she might have liked the cheap stuff better…

“Mmmph… those are good.” Harley smacked her lips, “More please~”

“You’re a hungry little heifer today, aren’t you?”

Ivy chuckled as she traced a finger down the swell of Harley’s milky white gut.

“Ain’t I always?”

As demanding as it was (rather, as demanding as Harley could be, now that she was playing up the part of the Lazy Girlfriend) Ivy was enjoying herself now more than she ever had been when she was an eco-terrorist. Rather, an *active* eco-terrorist. She still had the lofty ideals of plant superiority, but there was something far more compelling that she felt the need to help grow—and it wasn’t connected to The Green at all.

However as Harley continued to grow at a pace that was just outside of “quickly”, the logistics of such a lifestyle were beginning to become apparent. Before either of them knew it, Harley weighed three hundred pounds. Three hundred and fifty came not but a couple of *months* after that!

“I got a figure’ta keep up here, Red.” Harley hefted up a handful of her porcelain-colored pudge from the bottom roll, “If you’re gonna space out, try not to do it during snack time.”

“Sorry, Harl.”

“Ish okay.” Harley munched through an overdue bite, “It ain’t like I’m goin’ anywhere.”

In theory, the injections that Ivy had given Harley back during their first few outings acted as an all-purpose booster shot. They’d keep her in as good of health as was within their limitation, in addition to a minor boost to her body’s natural healing processes. As she got bigger (and bigger and bigger) Harley had shown no issues commonly associated with obesity, which Ivy took as a green light to keep going.

But could they have also affected her metabolism? Her natural appetite? She was a big eater before she’d entered “retirement” to enjoy the life of a pampered couch potato, but she did a lot of running around and intense fighting. Was this just the natural outcome of the seeds that Ivy had planted all those years ago without even realizing it?

As Ivy kept feeding Harley, who waited with queen-like demeanor on the continued fuel line of fatty foods, the creeping realization that she was only going to get bigger slowly came to light. Mental images of her girlfriend at titanic sizes, continually being fed from a team of her and her plants, flashed before her eyes as the comparatively smaller Harley on the couch continued to scarf down snacks at Ivy’s behest.

If she wanted to keep Harley in some measure of comfort as she grew, she was going to need some help. The kind of help that (unfortunately) plants weren’t capable of giving.

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Asking for help in the supervillain community was something of a double-edged sword—especially for someone like Ivy, who had a tendency to err on the side of justice when the chips were down. Or could be easily manipulated by way of bodily harm to her botanical babies. Or had a nasty habit of forcing coercion into joining her schemes with pheromones.

*Most* of the time, the motivating factor that was behind each and every villain team up came down to a matter of money. Or revenge on the Batman and his flock of birds. But these were not sustainable motivations for getting what was (essentially) another pair of hands to help around the house while Harley got huge.

Ivy didn’t need someone who was looking for the next Big Score, she needed someone who was looking for a way out. A wayward little D-Lister who didn’t want to get beat up anymore, but didn’t have the resources, means, or superpowers that could make quitting The Life for good a realistic goal. Add into the fact that she also needed to find someone who didn’t hold a grudge against her or Harley for something that either of them may or may not have done, because most of these people tended to be incredibly petty with a penchant for *inventing* reasons to be angry with other people, and the list grew ever slimmer still.

However, there were at least a few people who fit the qualifications—and someone as well-connected as Ivy had been happy to extend an olive branch.

“Margaret Pye.”

Ivy had dressed up for the initial meeting, opting to wear something business-casual rather than the usual lopsided combination of flop clothes and skin-tight leotards. She’d donned a soft dogwood pink blouse for the occasion and a black a-line skirt, as well as the cute little cat-eye glasses that she hadn’t needed since she was a beleaguered lab assistant for Dr. Woodrue.

The “supervillain” known as Magpie had chosen an ill-fitting sweater, leggings and some barely-combed bedhead that went well with her blatant disregard for the company that had unexpectedly ridden a vine into her one room apartment.

“Pamela Isely.” The bobbed villain answered flatly, “See? I can go on Wikipedia too.”

Magpie had been one of the lesser-known of the many (*many*) scourges that plagued Gotham City. Less of a would-be conqueror and more of a cut-rate Catwoman, Magpie had been the butt of many jokes in the inner circle cultivated by Joker, Two-Face, Penguin and the like. She’d never been formally invited to many meetings and team-ups unless it was *specifically* because she needed to be used as Bat bait.

Okay, so finding someone who didn’t hate *big name villains* was going to be an impossible task, but Ivy was happy to settle for someone who didn’t hate her or Harley *in particular*.

“So… you broke into my apartment.” Maggie gestured vaguely to the ruined window, “And I’m guessing that you *want* something from me, or else we wouldn’t be having this conversation right now.”

She took a sip of her coffee.

“I hope that it wasn’t money—the whole “shiny shiny” thing doesn’t really pay off a lot of the time.”

Maggie held up her cup as a silent inquiry as to whether or not her unwelcome houseguest would care for coffee, to which Ivy passed politely with a little wave of her hand.

“I gathered as much. It’s hard to compete when you’re in direct competition with—”

“Don’t you say that name in this house.”

“—fair enough.”

The villain formerly known as Magpie slumped back into her well-worn sofa with a disgruntled expression. But she was quiet, and she hadn’t asked Ivy to leave yet. Which was more promising than could have realistically been expected.

“I came to propose an avenue *out* of living in this charming little… hole in the wall.” Ivy steepled her fingers and crossed one leg over the other, “We’ve got an extra room in a brownstone, and we need—”

“A B&E expert.” Maggie interjected tersely, “What, is little miss *stupid pink goggles that don’t do anything* toobusy dry humping a fascist with pointy ears to help you out?”

“We don’t need that kind of help.” Ivy chuckled mirthlessly at her prospective roommate’s petulance, “We’re really, honestly just looking for a roommate.”

“I don’t know if you gathered, but…” Maggie gestured vaguely around the apartment, “I’m not exactly flush with cash right now.”

“Luckily, we’re in a position where we don’t exactly need money.”

The idea seemed to confuse and irritate the small woman on the couch, so Ivy tried a different approach.

“We really just need someone to help take care of Harley.”

At this, Maggie seemed more interested than perturbed. Regardless of how she felt about most “big name” villains, most of the C-listers held a special place in their hearts for everyone’s favorite Clown Princess of Crime for one reason or another. Those reasons either being a familial bond for being a once-abused hench like themselves or a bitter jealousy at having surpassed those who had been on the scene longer than she had.

“Oh yeah?” Magpie snorted, “Did something finally happen to little miss breakout character?”

Obviously, Maggie held the latter sentiment.

“You tend to call people who you don’t like, “Little Miss”… is that a new habit?”

“Oh shut up—something happened to Harley?”

“Well…”

Ivy wisely chose to be vague in the matter. Because nothing had happened to her *yet*. At least, if she didn’t count the getting seriously injured part. While that had been a catalyst for her to rethink her life of villainy and cause to enter retirement, that hadn’t been the motivating factor in trying to wrangle up bodies to help keep her in some measure of comfort.

Nothing had happened to Harley *yet* because she didn’t really need the help *yet*.

But she was going to—that much, Ivy knew for sure.

And if Harley was going to need help to do even the most basic things, then she would see to it that Harley got it.

“It’s not something that’s happened *yet*.” Ivy clicked her tongue and laughed awkwardly, “It’s really more of a preventative measure than anything necessary *right now…*”

“But you’re here, in my apartment (that now has a busted window, thanks, I’m gonna have to pay for that) *right now*.”

In that moment, Ivy could understand the rumors about Magpie’s gaze. How some people had said that the scariest thing about her (besides her fashion sense) was the *look* that she gave people—it was like being watched by a murder of crows, all at once.

Even now, when Ivy had a whole garden at her beck and call should tensions start to rise, she didn’t feel particularly safe.

“So I’m going to need a little more information to go on before I make a decision.”

A slow, unnerving sip of her coffee as Maggie’s bright blue eyes emerged over the cup.

“Please.”

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Ivy’s Eden was a small brownstone apartment building in the Lower East Side, one of many that had been built during the city’s expansion during the early turn of the century, and had managed to withstand the city’s continuous descent into calamity without major damage done to the original structure.

However, it was also a large brick building with a large number of vines growing up the side, which meant that it looked closer to the buildings in Miagani Island’s Residential District.

But the real reason that Maggie knew it was Ivy’s house was because the flowers watched her as they approached the front door.

“Love what you’ve done with the place.”

“Like I haven’t heard that one before.”

Inside of the Eden building was more or less (and very surprisingly) normal. Despite the vines growing up the side, stretching their way under the floorboards and through the cracks that led to the second story and down into the basement, it looked very stylish and chic in its execution. Certainly much better than Magpie’s sad little nest in Crime Alley—the luxury that had been eluding her was enough to make poor Margaret Pye eyes well up with tears.

*They* were living like *this* while *she* lived in *squalor?!*

“So where’s your girlfriend?” Maggie asked as the door shut behind her, “Is there like some secret *Star Wars* lab where she’s hooked up to a Bacta tank in the basement or something?”

“You’re really on your game when you take your meds, aren’t you Magpie?” Ivy snarked, “She’s upstairs, not strapped down to anything or in a… whatever tank.”

Magpie tossed her purse down on the sofa, barely used since Ivy liberated it from a Goodwill in a high-end neighborhood.

“You have a whole floor that you don’t use? Talk about needless…”

“Well, I was hoping to find *someone* who could occupy the first floor…”

A small but pointed barb to serve as a reminder why Magpie was even here in the first place. If she weren’t so desperate to get out of that little hovel she’d been calling home since she’d escaped from Arkham, she wouldn’t have been here in the first place.

The bobbed blonde cleared her throat awkwardly, and started towards the stairs.

“Well, with that in mind, let’s go check in on your girl.” Maggie put one foot on the stairwell, “You know, so that I can get an idea of what I’d be doing here if I… you know *decided* to—”

“Oh just get a move on already.”

The second floor was just as modern in décor, just with more overt influence from Ivy’s plants. The vines growing from the first floor up formed a thick carpet, and there was a certain humidity in the air. However, the greens and earth tones worked well with Ivy’s signature decorating style.

It wasn’t until the great white thing on the couch in the middle of the living room started to *move* that Maggie realized that it wasn’t part of the décor.

“Oh my gawd, is’sat…?”

The sound of a heavy Jersey accent was the clear giveaway to the gag as the large white woman pushed herself from the couch. Waddling over gut first, her arms stretched out wide, she rushed Magpie and Ivy with a wide smile on her dimpled, chubby face.

“It’s Magpie!” she squealed, “C’mere an’ give Harley a hug!”

Before Maggie could resist, or even process exactly what was going on, Harley pulled the smaller woman close for a tight, rib-crushing hug. Wrapping her huge, fleshy arms around the svelte former thief, she actually lifted the poor woman off of the ground as she used her superior height and leverage over Magpie’s smaller stature.

“Holy shit…”

Magpie could hardly squeak the words out. Yes, by merit of being forced into Harley’s speedbag stomach, but also via shock. There was no way that this walking talking marshmallow was the same woman who had been squeezing into red and black spandex for the better part of ten years now, was it?

“It’s so good t’see ya Tweety!” Harley was left breathing hard just from waddling over for a hug, “Whatcha been up to?”

Once upon a time, Harley and Maggie weren’t built so dissimilarly. Whereas she had always been a bit shorter than Harley, Maggie shared her slender gymnast’s physique and more angular features—not to mention the same unsettling manic blue eyes when they were off of their respective medications. They could have passed for sisters in another life; one where Harley hadn’t hit retirement with such gusto.

But the woman standing in front of her now was a bloated, huffy bag of a woman. With a great stomach that sagged low over her thighs, whose rolls oozed over the waistband to her sweatpants. Her fat, formless arms jiggled and squished against her puddling dollops of breasts even as they pooled in her tarp of a tank top.

The lithe, fit body that had once been able to loop-de-loop around lampposts during her more manic phases had become supple, soft, and rotund—with legs so caked with fat that they dimpled and touched all the way down to the knees.

“Clearly not having nearly as much fun as you have.”

“Yeah, I’ve been havin’ a blast.”

Harley pat the outermost swell of her stomach, making the whole thing ripple with the slight impact. God, even her *fingers* were stupidly thick. Magpie had never seen anyone fall so far out of shape—had it really been *that* long since she’d seen Harley in action? On the news, in a viral video… *at all*? There was no way that she’d just been hanging out in this brownstone with Ivy and getting fat.

“I’ve kinda just been layin’ around here porkin’ out.” Harley burped, “But hey, you’d figure that out eventually, right?”

Maggie looked back at Ivy, whose stern and confident demeanor faltered slightly as Harley gave away the gag. One of Magpie’s eyebrows piqued with intrigue as she slowly turned away from the heavyweight harlequin and back towards the blushing botanist desperately trying to avoid eye contact.

“*This* is why you need help with Harley?” Magpie asked incredulously, “Because she got *fat*?”

The small woman laughed incredulously. Who would have ever thought that anyone would have come to *her* for anything other than as a cut-rate jewel thief? Let alone so that she could help a former gymnast get back into shape!

“You just didn’t want to get embarrassed by going to one of the big guys to help sweat her back down to size!” Magpie couldn’t help but cackle wickedly at Harley’s expense, “This has got to be the best… *biggest* golden goose in the history of—”

“We’re not looking to help trim her figure.” Ivy said abruptly, knocking the wind out of Magpie’s roaring laughter, “We’re looking for someone to help her out *as she gets bigger*.”

Pausing mid-sentence, mid-*expression*, Maggie turned back around to face the corpulent clown, who wiggled her chunky fingers playfully as her thick double chin smiled twice over from behind her colossal chest. Looking back to Ivy, who could only smile coyly in response, the best that Magpie could come up with was

“I’m sorry, what?”

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Spending the rest of the day with Harley and Ivy, Maggie almost immediately understood just how the former had gotten so fat.

The living room of the second story had been set up with only the utmost comfort in mind—a little love nest for two, complete with a bunch of Ivy’s babies growing everywhere to help keep them in the lap of luxury. The climate was closely controlled, not too humid for the many electronics that made up the entertainment center, and a hell of a view as far as this part of Gotham City was concerned. Harley had a big long couch to spread out on like a big pad of butter, melting into the cushions as taking up as much space as possible in the name of getting cozy. Meanwhile, the kitchen was just a few steps away—stocked full of all of the junk food that any kid could have ever wanted in their day-to-day diet.

And then there was Poison Ivy, big bad botany bitch, waiting on her white whale of a girlfriend like she’d grown her from a seed in the soil.

“Jeez, no wonder you’re blowing up.”

Magpie could barely hide her contempt as Ivy brought over a selection of the finest take-out options that Gotham City had to offer—a sampler platter of grease, calories, and cheese that would have made any self-respecting spandex wearer blush. Harley had an option of doubly stacked burgers, boxes of chicken tenders, boxed Chinese food, and a foot-long sub sandwich, and she looked ripe and ready to pick all of the above.

“You should try it sometime~” Harley snorted as her hand returned with a full double decker cheeseburger with the works, “It’s *way* more fun than gettin’ tossed into Arkham every Wednesday.”

Watching Harley scarf down fast food obsessively, practically unhinging her jaw and shoving whole bites of burger into her mouth with her cheeks bulging out on either side, was enough of a deterrent in and of itself. The fact that the couch seemed to creak beneath her elephantine weight was another; which was why she’d been sitting on the farthest end of their big long couch.

“So what, you just want me to help her while she waddles around the apartment?” Magpie turned back to Ivy, who sat primly on the opposite L-end, “And you’re willing to let me have a whole floor to myself, for free?”

“Kind of.” Ivy spread her hands vaguely, “I mean, I’m only one woman.”

“One woman who can control all of the plant life in Gotham City.”

“But still only one woman.” Ivy corrected, “And Harley’s looking to get really, *really* big. We’re going to need another *person* here to make sure that that can happen; and moreover to make sure that Harley—”

A monstrous, window-rattling belch interrupted everyone’s train of thought. All eyes pointed to Harley as she sat on the couch, having taken a momentary pause to catch her breath after such a massive eruption.

“Doesn’t go nuttier than a squirrel turd if somethin’ happens to Ivy.”

“If you ask me, you’re both pretty nutty as it is.” Maggie shrugged, “And I realize that that’s a little rich coming from me of all people, but—”

“We’re not asking for much.” Ivy raised a slender green hand in objection of their prospective roommate’s next statement, “And we’re offering a lot in return. All we want is to retire in peace, and to live comfortably together.”

“Yeah, comfortably.”

Harley hefted up two handfuls of fupa and gave it a good slosh from side to side.

“I intend to get real comfortable~”

Magpie made a sour face as she watched the hugeness of Harley’s gut wobble and shake, slapping against her lap as she felt herself up. She turned to Ivy, still sour, and waited for a moment.

“She’s not going to do that *all the time* is she?”

“She does it a fair amount, yes.” Ivy nodded sagely, understanding but not contemptuous of Magpie’s disgust, “But you’ll have a whole layer of floor between you and us to help you not to think about it.”

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And so, it was decided that Margaret Pye would move in on the lower floor of the Eden building—and that in exchange for not having to pay rent, she would lend a helping and capable hand in ensuring that Harley’s slide into further obesity was comfortable and fulfilling.

No matter how unreal it was to see Harley tipping the scales at more than three hundred pounds (not to mention edging closer and closer to *four hundred* with every passing day) and disregarding how outright *bizarre* their requirements in a roommate were, poor Magpie would never have been able to afford anything even remotely as nice as the vine-covered ground floor of Ivy colorfully called the Eden building.

If helping Ivy fatten up her girlfriend was the price for a free apartment in Gotham City, she would have been stupid not to take it. And regardless of what her previous outfits made by mania-fueled fashion choices might have told the average person, Margaret Pye was *not* stupid. Her experience may have been in thievery and professional breaking and entering, but she was more than capable of doing anything that she put her (medicated) mind to.

If Harley wanted help getting fat, and Ivy was willing to put a roof over her head, Harley was going to get fat *as hell*.

“Alright, so here’s what we’re gonna do.”

Ivy had gone out for the evening to *procure* some more funds to as to keep up what had become an incredibly extravagant lifestyle for her increasingly greedy girlfriend. Which meant that Maggie was in charge of dinner that evening.

“Ooh~” Harley teased as she wriggled around on the couch in mock enthusiasm, “I like it when ya get authoritative, Tweety.”

“Shut up. Here’s what we’re gonna do.”

Maggie grabbed the first of many brown paper bags, grease-stained at the bottom, and plunged a hand deep in until she reached something that felt like a cheeseburger. Pulling it out, unwrapping it, all without breaking eye contact (or even *blinking*) Magpie made her mission statement for the time that she was in Eden known:

“I don’t know what’s going on between you and Ivy and food; and personally, I don’t care. It may be a sex thing. It’s probably a sex thing. If it’s some long-con to the DMV to get you a handicapped tag for whatever van you’re driving so you can park it closer to the steps of a bank. I don’t care.”

“What I *do* know and I *do* care about is the fact that I get to sleep in a really nice brownstone and don’t have to worry about anyone picking on little ol’ Maggie Pye anymore, because living with the two of you is about as close to “off-limits” as a C-Lister can be. And I am *not* going to screw that up, because I get *really* tired of being forced, bribed, and brainwashed into joining whatever scheme’s just going to get me thrown back into Arkham.”

Harley watched, wide-eyed and amazed at the level of fierceness that came with her new caretaker’s glare, as the spritely woman seemed to tower before her with a steely gaze. She unwrapped the burger with a cold, hard look in her eye as she began to push it slowly towards the incredibly overweight woman who was sitting in front of her.

“And if me getting to stay here, away from Crime Alley and away from getting pummeled or beaten or *worse,* means that I have to feed you until you’re even fatter than you already are? So be it. In fact, I’ll feed you until you’re so big that you can’t walk. I’ll do it—because I’m *not* going back to that haggard little nest with all those squawking gawkers who look at me like I’m some kind of failure as a supervillain, and I’m *not* going to put up with any abuse from anyone. Not even you. Do you understand?”

Harley nodded slowly, her insular chin fold squishing against her fleshy torso.

“Good. Then we have an agreement—I feed you, you eat, and I get to not think about all of this as much as possible. Deal?”

“Deal.”

Magpie’s burger finished the trek into Harley’s mouth, who took to it gratefully. Her black lips parted and her pearly whites gnashed against the greasy sandwich. She took it between her chubby fingers and thumbs, and gawked at the slender woman as she returned back to the bag for more.

“Okay, that was hot.” Harley said matter-of-factly (and not in her usual over the top way), “Ivy was right—you *can* be scary when you wanna be.”

“I’m not very scary, I don’t think.” Magpie sniffed, prepping the rest of Harley’s meals in the small box that held the various bags and containers that would constitute her takeout dinner, “I just don’t want to go back on the streets is all.”

“Well golly, you sure know how to turn it on when you wanna.” Harley commented as she chewed feverishly, “Y’got me all hot and bothered now…”

“…please, don’t ever get hot and bothered around me.” Maggie wretched, “…it’s kind of gross.”

“I’m sensing a lot of pent up aggression.” Harley said in a facsimile of her best Harleen voice, “Do you think that maybe a belly rub would help?”

“Why in the world would I want a—” Magpie wretched, “—I-I don’t even have a belly!”

“I was talking about for me, but okay.” Harley slurped on the soda nestled between her breasts, “We can talk about the fact that you had such a strong reaction to the insinuation that you had a belly later.”

“Just… shut up and eat your food.” Maggie rolled her eyes as she went back to sorting out portions, “You’re gonna tell Ivy that I did a good job on my first night, right?”

“Honey, you keep talkin’ ta me like that, and I’ll tell Ivy whatever ya want me to tell her.”