

## Harley's Booty Bomb

In one of Gotham's many abandoned warehouses, a certain, clown-based super villainess busied herself with going through a collection of crates. Despite the dim lighting in the building, she managed to stand out like a beacon thanks to the crimson parts of her red and black body suit. Each slight step jostled the pair of white balls hanging from the tips of her jester's hat. The baubles matched the bright shade of white that covered every inch of her skin, all thanks to her previous employer's less than favorable working conditions.

"Mister J really didn't know what he was working with," Harley Quinn commented, adjusting her black eye mask to get a better look at her haul. "All of these neat gadgets just left to gather dust. No wonder he got taken down by old Bats. Good thing I managed to snag directions to this place from one of the henchmen before making my escape."

Each and every piece of equipment that the Joker had deemed "failures" seemed to carry with them a playful air of wasted potential. Delectable blueberry gum that had the ability to turn a person into a massive, bloated sphere of juice. Oversized whoopee cushions capable of cursing someone with horrible indigestion and a lack of shame. Bright pink lip balm designed to make a person's mouth larger than the rest of their body. All of the unique gag items tickled Harley's interest in mischief, but they were all pushed to the wayside as she made her way to the bottom of the box for something in particular.

Just like the villainess herself, the strange device made itself stand out with a bright red color on its singular, big button. Recklessly tossing out piles of lactation inducing milk bottles and lotion that caused skin to turn to fish scales, Harley pulled out the object to discover that it was some sort of detonator. She had seen her fair share of explosives before, but something about the device felt different to her. Whether it was due to a lack of any obvious bombs to go with it

or the black and white eye printed on the side, she couldn't stop herself from feeling the urge to press the button.

Unable to control her curiosity any longer, Harley put a hand over her ear and pressed the button. After a few seconds passed and she didn't hear any explosion, she opened her eyes to check and see if maybe it was some kind of silent bomb. Alas, there wasn't any sign of a massive hole in the wall or fire dancing across the warehouse. Everything seemed exactly the same except for a strange tingling sensation quickly traveling down her arm on its way down to her lower body.

Sliding her hand along her waist on the off chance Joker had slipped an explosive into her suit during the earlier chaos, Harley froze as she felt a shudder go through her hips. It wasn't an entirely unpleasant feeling. If anything, it was akin to an intimate massage that directly poked at the pleasure center of her brain. The tingles made her chew on her lip as they continued to grow in strength. Through waves of increasing pleasure, she managed to find the source as her fingers made their way down to her butt cheeks.

It started with a thump that spread out across her backside. The tremor was followed by another, much more powerful one that enticed Harley to look over her shoulder to get a better idea of what was going on. Though she had a ridiculous theory about what was happening, she didn't actually think it would be real. That was until she saw with her own eyes her ass beginning to swell with extra heft.

As Harley's butt gradually increased in size, any push or prod of it with her fingers sent another spark of pleasure throughout her body. With her ass cheeks filling up and eventually overflowing her palms, she had more than enough area to work with to explore this sensation.

Though her suit strained to keep the expanding derriere at bay, the fabric was able to contend with the growing backside even as it grew to be twice as wide as the rest of her body.

Just as it appeared that the clown would topple over under the weight of her new curves, her hips and thighs began to follow the same pattern. In addition to giving her some much needed balance, the added flesh provided more for her curious fingers to play around with. Unconcerned of what her embiggening lower body would do to her suit, she freely groped and squeezed herself to continue exploring herself. Her luscious hips and chunky thighs provided a sizable amount of entertainment, but she inevitably returned to focus on the large pair of orbs that had become a part of her body.

So overcome with the pleasure of feeling up her massive bubble butt, Harley saw little reason not to give it a good smack. The impact brought with it the sound of her euphoric cry, followed by a ripping noise. Shrugging it off as just a small tear in the suit, she reeled back her hand for another slap.

An unsettling hissing noise brought back a semblance of clarity to Harley. Peeking over her shoulder once more, her eyes went wide at the sight of a lanky, length of rope peeking out a hole in her suit. The makeshift tail slid across her ass cheeks at even the slightest movement, tantalizing her with a few tingles of euphoria. Her excitement only grew as she took note of the clock that had affixed itself to her back, baring the same style and colors of her own outfit. Taking out a mirror to get a better look, she noticed the timer starting to quickly count down. She only realized what the clock was for when she noticed the lit fuse slowly making its way up the wick.

“The hell is this?” Harley said, casually snuffing out the spark before it could go any further. “Mister J wanted to turn people into living, horny bombs? I don’t get it.”

Puzzled by her discovery, Harley began to pace around the room. As she put her psychology degree to actual use trying to think of the purpose of such an unusual form, her thoughts kept getting interrupted. Every few steps she could feel her bubbled-up backside swing within the confines of her suit. As the fabric strained against the meaty globes, so too did she have to try and hold back a series of moans from escaping her lips. While her efforts were valiant, she wasn't exactly known for her self-control.

"I really should try to find a way to change myself back," Harley spoke aloud, rubbing her palm along one of her ass cheeks while her free hand toyed with the bells atop her countdown clock, "buuuuuuuut I am curious what this thing can really do. If only there was a good place to test it out."

Harley's befuddled face turned into one of mischievous delight as a plan formed in her head. Making her way out of the warehouse she set her sights on the car she had "borrowed" for the evening. Slipping her upper half into the driver's seat was easy enough, but her lower body refused to move more than a few inches. With a bit of shoving and more than a few cries of euphoria leaving her lips in the process, she eventually squeezed in enough of herself inside to close the door. Carefully balancing her rear in the driver's seat, she strained her legs to reach the pedals and set off.

Setting off the down road twenty miles over the speed limit was Harley's definition of trying to be careful to avoid setting off her explosive self. Attempts to be a steady driver were foiled from a mix of her own demented mind space and the shivers of pleasure that overtook her form with every shift of the wheel. On certain occasions, she would purposefully drift around sharp turns just to feel her cheeks jiggle like gelatin as she shifted around in her seat. Luckily she

was able to control herself long enough to swerve away from any pedestrians, but numerous fire hydrants and road signs weren't so lucky.

Harley's mad drive through the city came to a premature stop several blocks away from her destination. Frustrated with trying to turn the wheel in her compromised state, she parked the vehicle on a nearby sidewalk. With a few more tugs, she managed to free herself from the car at the cost of leaving the seat as little more than a flattened piece of leather. It was only by the barest margin that she was able to keep herself from falling under the weight of her rear by tightly clutching onto the doorway. This iron grip left her vulnerable to a stranger reaching out to grab her wrist.

"The hell do you think you're doing?" the man asked, using his other hand to gesture towards the massive dent in his own car. "You're going to pay for this, you psychopath. Stay here while I call up the cops to--"

"Sorry, sugar," Harley said, undeterred by his expression as she effortlessly pulled free from his grasp. "Go cry about your little fender bender to someone that cares. I've got big plans tonight and they don't involve spending time in the slammer."

"You're not going anywhere," the man said, hurrying to block off her path. "Otherwise, I'll call up Batman to take care of you, you crazy bi--"

Reeling back her hips, Harley sent the man flying with a bump of her waist. She was rewarded by the sight of him slamming against a nearby wall. While she took delight in watching his unconscious form slump against the ground, she enjoyed the lingering ripples through her ass even more. Hearing the ticking noise start up again, she swiftly reached back to snuff out the fuse to avoid a premature end to her evening. Pushed by the lingering high of her jiggling glutes, she

began to waddle her way down the sidewalk, giving the troublesome man another hip check along the way.

Harley wasn't a stranger to getting unsavory looks when she went out in public. However, she could certainly tell that the gazes that night were filled more with curiosity rather than fear thanks to her enhanced curves. Quite proud of her bombastic booty, she was more than happy to give them a show of purposefully rocking her hips back and forth to clap the massive cheeks together. While she was sure any one of the awestruck people she passed would make for a good playmate, she was determined to find her partner for the night in the palace of neon lights just around the corner.

As if purposefully trying to bring down the caped crusader's wrath, the night club known as "The Bat Cave" was a popular den for all of Gotham's various goons and criminals to let off some steam. Harley had been there countless times herself, making the task of gaining entrance trivial. Still, she wasn't against lingering near the entrance for a few moments longer than she needed to. This gave her an opportunity to tease the patrons waiting in the long line outside as she swayed her booty bomb back and forth. With a flick of her fuse tail, she sauntered up to the bouncer and got his attention with a light smack to her rear.

"N-name?" the muscle bound bouncer asked, his sunglasses doing a poor job of hiding where his gaze was locked.

"Do you really not know who I am?" Harley replied, pointing towards her white face with one hand while the other played around with her wick.

"No, no, of course not," the bouncer said, taking a few steps to the side to leave a wide opening to the club. "Right this way, Ms. Quinn. Enjoy your evening."

The bouncer let out a huff as Harley bumped her rear into his gut. She lingered in the doorway to watch the muscular goon nearly topple over from the impact. When he finally managed to re-balance himself, she gave him a consolation prize in the form of blowing him a kiss. Giving him and the other patrons outside a clear sight of her ass cheeks wobbling back and forth, she went through the entrance with barely an inch of clearance to spare for her enormous hips.

Even after Harley stomped moving, her butt cheeks continued to shake thanks to the loud music being pumped into the club. Strobes and neon lights did the job of illuminating the rowdy establishment. Up above, she could spot various private rooms that she had no doubt would be where she spent the later hours of the night fully exploring what her modified form could do. At the center piece of the display was a mock bat signal that patrolled the dance floor to highlight any particularly interesting patrons. The massive spotlight made it easy for Harley to decide where she should go first.

Putting her enlarged derriere to use as a shield to push through the throngs of people, Harley made her way over to the dance floor. Her charge across the club was more than enough to earn her the attention of everyone that so much as glimpsed at her odd form. If her luscious curves weren't enough, others would be more concerned about the fuse flickering behind her that occasionally obscured the countdown timer on her back. Making her way to the center of the floor, she saw numerous people had stopped what they were doing just to gawk at the booty bomb.

“They hell do you think you’re doing?” Harley asked aloud to the onlookers. “I’m here to party and I’ve got an ass full of TNT. Got a problem with that?”

When no one dared to move or even speak, Harley took things into her own hands. Waiting until the perfect moment that the bass dropped for the song playing over the speakers, she began to shift her hips back and forth. Faster and faster she wobbled her butt, adding the cacophony of her ass cheeks slapping against each other to the music. Hitting her peak as she sent her backside into a shaking fit seemed to do the trick in getting the rest of the club goers to ignore the obvious danger in order join in on her fun.

While most of the patrons were willing to just dance along with their own group while keeping a safe distance from Harley, a few of the more daring ones approached the bomb girl directly. Giggling at every new face that came to get a closer look at her bombshell body, she greeted them with a shake of her booty to entice them further. Swinging her hips into the perfect position, she would give them ample opportunity to grab at her wealth of ass fat. However, this was on the condition that they didn't bore her. Should they stop groping her butt for a few seconds too long or fail to keep up with her rhythm, she would send them away with a hip check before moving on to her next potential playmate.

Over and over again Harley played out the same scenario of finding another hopeful dance partner, only to be disappointed when they failed to fulfill their duties. She was getting what she wanted in the form of the many caresses and smacks to her rear, but she had yet to find someone to perfectly suit her needs. There were a few light sparks here or there, but nothing that couldn't be snuffed out with the slightest flick of her fuse. Seeing her sign to take a break as the music hit a lull, she sent the man currently burying his face between her ass cheeks away with a slam, before waddling her way off to the bar.

Seating herself upon two stools at the counter, Harley waved over the bartender to give her usual. Eagerly accepting the cocktail drink adorned with an overly curly silly straw, she took



a sip to regain her energy. Using this time to ponder her next move, she scanned the area for whoever could make a good partner for her glorious backside. Amongst the flashing lights and pounding music, her gaze sought out something to break from the monotony of it all. That's when she saw her.

Through the sea of handsome, airheaded men and busty, bimbo women, Harley's attention drew towards a secluded corner of the bar. The space was sparse with lights and sounds from the rest of the club but had just enough illumination to show off a scrawny woman dressed in a black, sequin dress. She seemed content to spend the evening fixing her glasses and messing with her dirty blonde hair as she kept her eyes glued to her phone screen. This left her off guard as Harley sauntered towards her; pulled by a strange curiosity.

"Hey there, hot stuff," Harley said, not so subtly getting the woman's attention with a bump of her booty. "Shame such a cute doll like you is alone in a dangerous place like this. You here by yourself?"

"Y-yes, but I'm fine," the woman replied, trying her best to remain focused on her drink even as her eyes kept glancing over the gigantic rear and the ominous clock hanging above it.

"Awwwwww, come on. Don't be like that," Harley replied, further tantalizing the patron by flicking the tip of her fuse against her back. "I'm only half as crazy as people say I am. Wouldn't do you any harm just to tell me your name, right?"

After a few moments of being subjected to the tickling sensation of Harley's "tail" the woman finally spoke up. "My name is... Bari."

"That's a cute name for such a pretty doll," Harley replied, squeezing in a little closer, close to knocking the woman over with her hips. "What brings a pretty thing like you over to a shady place like this?"

Bari took a deep breath. “I was looking to break out of my shell and meet people. My friends took me here upon my request, but they ditched me as soon as they found someone they could party with.” Clenching her drink, she finally relented and turned directly to face Harley. “Please don’t take this the wrong way, but I’m not sure if I’m ready to go all out. Especially with someone like you with your history, and, um, features.”

Harley let out a chuckle that made Bari shudder in her seat. “You got some nerve saying that straight to my face.” Reaching out and grabbing the woman’s hands, she placed them on the sides of her wide hips. “Then again, you seem to struggle with being honest with yourself.”

“W-what do you mean?” Bari asked, her shivering sending ripples through Harley’s rear.

“I know what you really want,” Harley answered. “One of the few things I kept from my days as a therapist was my ability to read people. You just need a little extra push to bring out the real you.” Strengthening the grip on the woman’s wrists, she stood her up and began to move her over to the dance floor. “Come on. I need a dance partner and you seem perfect for the job, hot stuff.”

“I-I appreciate the offer, but I really must be getting home soon. I’m sure my friends are just finishing up with their-“

Bari’s plea was drowned out by another song getting blasted over the loud speakers. Either ignorant or uncaring of her partner’s growing anxiety, Harley proceeded to dance along to the music. Though the feeble woman remained as still as a statue at first, something began to change as Harley gradually increased the speed of her hip thrusts.

Bari’s shaking fingers eventually took the plunge to sink into Harley’s ass flesh. Even as the pale faced woman released her hold, her partners palms were eager to grope and squeeze at every inch that they could reach. By the time the bass dropped on the track, any sign of hesitation

on the woman's face was replaced with a nervous grin that was a mimicry of the wide smile on Harley's.

"See, isn't this fun?" Harley asked, using the few moments of silence between the next song starting up to pull her playmate in to whisper into her ear.

"Y-yeah," Bari said, her adrenaline keeping her mood heightened just enough to prevent her from running away in a panic.

"Then what do you say we get a little crazier?" Harley asked as she grabbed onto Bari's shoulders. "Really give your inner self what it's been itching for?"

"Yes!" Bari exclaimed, stepping back a few steps as she reminded herself who she was with. "If that's okay with you, that is."

"Of course, doll face," Harley said, taking the first step by getting Bari onto the ground with a thrust powered by her thickened thighs. "Just let me take the reins and you'll be in for the night of your life."

As the next song played at a gradually increasing beat, Harley swung her body around to mesmerize Bari as she sat up. Nearly toppling her partner over by swinging the bomb booty within inches of her head, the clown girl backed herself up to have her ass press against the formerly meek woman's face. Grabbing at the behemoth butt cheeks, Harley spread them apart to allow Bari's head to sink in between them. Feeling her partner's face get buried deep enough to have the fuse tickle the back of the black dress, Harley strained her muscles to keep her little toy visible up until the last possible moment.

When the music finally hit with bass powerful enough to rock the dance floor, that was when the clown girl triggered her booty trap. A loud smack echoed over the sound system as Bari's head became firmly stuck in Harley's butt crack. Feeling just enough struggle to confirm

that her partner was still breathing, Harley procced to shake her hips back and forth to jiggle her ass fat against Bari's face. The additional stimulation of the woman wriggling between her butt cheeks proved to be just the thing to give Harley the stimulation she had been looking for. Unfortunately for her, it was also the trigger needed to light a bright spark at the tip of her fuse to restart her countdown.

With the song drawing to a close, Harley gave one last bump of the hips to free Bari from the fleshy prison. Stumbling to the ground, the woman was unable to hide the ecstatic look on her face in the wake of her dance session. This heightened mood lasted until she saw the flame slowly eating away at Harley's wick.

"Um, Ms. Quinn," Bari spoke up, eyes carefully watching each second tick down on the clock. "I think something's wrong. Someone must have planted a bomb in your--"

Bari was silenced as Harley brought her massive ass slamming down on her face.

"The only thing that's wrong is that you've stopped when we're nowhere near done here," Harley said, her own ecstasy helping her to ignore the ominous ticking coming from, not only the clock, but her whole body. "Come on, doll. Let's hit the big finale. We're so close. I can feel it."

Without waiting for Bari to respond, Harley threw herself fully into the next song. The rapid beat fit well with the frantic thrusts of the clown girl's hips. Each repetition further slammed her partner into the ground as she threw her entire weight into it. Though Bari tried to keep her eye on the dwindling fuse, at some point she gave into her desire to merely lay there and act as her dance partner's seat cushion.

“This is exactly what I’ve been waiting for,” Harley exclaimed, ignorant to the few inches separating the spark from the base of her booty. “This feeling of exhilaration. This wealth of luscious ass fat...”

Trailing off, Harley further indulged herself by giving her rear a sharp smack before bringing it crashing down onto Bari once more.

“...it’s all so perfect. Just a bit longer now.”

Going into overdrive, Harley acted like a human jack hammer as he rapidly shook her butt up and down. While the patrons were mesmerized by the clapping of her ass cheeks, one by one they began to notice her dwindling fuse. Recognizing the clown woman as a ticking time bomb, the people began to rush away from the dance floor for fear of being caught in the blast zone. Word spread upwards to the private rooms, bringing out groups of people in various states of undress who all rushed to the nearest exit. Even as the DJ ran for cover, the music continued to lull the booty bomb-obsessed pair into the perfect mindset for their inevitable release.

“Yes,” Bari said, having gained some of her partner’s insanity in the process of repeatedly getting slammed by the gigantic rear. “Give me more!”

“And I plan to give it, ya perverted ass lover,” Harley replied, giving an extra hard slam to hasten the speed of her wick.

Ignorant of their encroaching doom, Harley and Bari continued to revel in their own perversions. As the last few inches burned away, the ticking noise emanating from Harley’s backside grew loud enough to overpower the music. Tremors began to wildly shake through the expanse of her hips and waist that migrated through Bari’s own form. With the final length of rope being burned away, Harley set off her bomb booty with one final slam to send the two of them into the throws of ecstasy as the clock reached zero.

A loud KABOOM echoed through the club that shook the building by its very foundation, before spreading out to the rest of the city block. In the wake of a massive flash, the explosion resulted in a smoke cloud billowing out from the dance floor and onto the streets outside. No one was able to see, let alone enter the club, making the sight of ash covering every table, chair, and light something only witnessed by the two people at the epicenter of the blast.

Left in a state of shock and euphoria, Bari remained in the ass shaped crater that she had fallen into when her partner had hit her limit. Making a futile attempt to wipe her face clean of ash, she managed to adjust her crooked glasses enough to see someone reaching out to her. Left weary from the event, she was more than eager to grab the hand in order to be pulled back to her feet.

Staggering across the cracked dance floor, Bari gazed upon her simultaneous heroine and perpetrator of the destruction. In spite of the massive explosion, Harley's rear was just as large as before. Each jiggle of the behemoth buttocks sprinkled more ash across the ground and revealed splotches of red underneath. Bari only had a few moments to linger on the regrown fuse hanging above her partner's ass before she was pulled in close. Helping herself to the underside of Bari's shirt to clean off her face, Harley tilted up her head to show off a wide grin.

"That was amazing, huh?" Harley asked, keeping up her excited mood even as an overhead light crashed to the floor a few feet away from them.

"It was certainly something," Bari replied, unable to stop herself from smiling back even as another light fixture fell behind the counter to smash one of the few bottles of liquor that had survived the blast.

“And that wasn’t the end of it,” Harley said, pulling her partner in close. “The night is still young, and we still got some mayhem to cause with these puppies,” she added giving her ass a sharp smack.

“I’m more than ready for it,” Bari replied, reaching out to snuff out a new spark. After all, she wanted to save the next explosion for after the two of them had reached the peak of what her booty bomb could offer.