I

Despite what the people who make the movies that wind up on the big screen want you to believe, superheroes (and to that extent, supervillains) aren’t perfect.

One of those is a lot more obvious than the other, but you’ve probably guessed that by now.

At their core, both parties are people who dress up in spandex and leather mish-mashes to go seek vigilante justice and/or cause trouble for the world at large. They’re people with human flaws and foibles that do their best to live their lives to the best of their abilities. Sometimes *in spite* of their abilities. The average citizen looks up to these people—yes, both heroes *and* villains—like they would any celebrity, but it’s important to remember that super people are still *people*; subject and susceptible to the same faults as all of us.

And though she was loathe to admit it, Poison Ivy was far more “people” than she liked to admit.

The denial of her humanity had taken many forms over the years; starting with a general sort of misanthropy towards humans as well as a sense of bonding towards plant life, and culminating with not just one but *several* attempts to either rid the world of humans or make them slaves to vegetation (and, by effect, herself).

However, the re-emergence of her human side… her *real* self, buried somewhere beneath the green skin and psychopathy, didn’t start to come back around until she had met Harley Quinn.

There were plenty of reasons why this *shouldn’t* have worked as well as it did. Harley was loud, abrasive, annoying, and (at the time) in an incredibly toxic and abusive on-again, off-again relationship with a psychotic clown.

But she was also brilliant, charming (in her own way) and had a way of looking on the funny side of things that really spoke to Ivy. In a deep, weird, spiritual way… Ivy had come to feel like she *needed* Harley in her life, in whatever capacity that she was comfortable with.

Luckily, Harley was *incredibly* comfortable with everything between long-distance, non-committal girlfriends and total monogamy. They’d always had spells where they’d go long time without talking to each other, but as soon as they reunited they’d always picked up exactly where they left off. Then they’d drift apart a little, Harley would go off on a mission for the Suicide Squad or something, she’d come back and Ivy would be in Arkham, and eventually they’d just sort of get back together.

But this time it felt different.

This time, it felt like the real thing.

“BURRAAAAAAP~”

In the good ways and the bad ways.

Harley had never had any issues being comfortable around Ivy, even before they had started dating. Come to think of it, she’d never had any issues getting comfortable around anybody, dating or not. But it had certainly helped that they’d found a stable hideaway where they could get cozy together in a little place that Ivy liked to call Eden.

“Hey Ivy, think you could hit me with another beer?”

That had its ups and its downs, of course.

“Sure thing, Harl.”

What had brought them together again was Harley getting a particularly nasty beatdown that had required a few weeks to heal. A few broken bones wouldn’t have done in her in too badly, but with both of her legs getting fractures from a fall off of a Gotham City rooftop as well as some pretty substantial knee-damange, it had put her out of commission for a good long while.

It had also provided some much needed rest and relaxation—with an opportunity to reconcile with her girlfriend.

For a self-styled misanthrope, she had a surprisingly nurturing side so long as it came to certain individuals. Caring for Harley and nursing her back to health had given her roots in ways that nobody else could have given her. When it came to Harley Ivy was, if not happy, at least less begrudging to let down the thorny walls that she’d built to shield herself off from humanity. And that meant mothering her, loving her, and treating her like any other potted plant that she’d taken from the streets.

Harley’s recovery time, as well as the fact that she and Ivy were going *quasi*-straight meant that there wasn’t much to do but lay around and heal up anyway. She had a manic energy that was hard to bottle, but also an inquisitive mind that required stimulation to keep it going and made her recovery a living hell.

To top it off, she wasn’t going out into Gotham City to bash people’s heads in with a hammer, and was taking an “abstention” from the Squad (due to having not been arrested recently, and therefore not in Waller’s custody, on top of being not fit for active duty), which cut out a large amount of that stimulation—leaving her with whatever sorts of entertainment Ivy had stocked in her latest horticultural hideaway to help pass the time.

Which, given that Ivy had designed it as a place that the two of them could live *together* was a lot.

But without the exercise of aforementioned Squadding and Skull Bashing, that meant that Harley’s finely-honed gymnast’s body wasn’t getting to burn the insane amounts of calories that it was used to.

Now granted, the two of them weren’t *without* exercise (once Harley had healed up after a few weeks) but no amount of bedroom shenanigans could make up for fighting Batman, running away from Batman, and then getting shipped off to do black-ops missions for the government.

It was little wonder where Harley’s little white belly had come from—even for someone who could (at her own admission) be something of an airhead, Harley was fully aware that this extra comfort weight had come from laying around, playing video games, watching TikTok, and *not* being a supervillain.

This is, of course, about the time where that “being human” part comes back into play; and where Ivy isn’t very good at it.

Because while *Harley* wasn’t happy about it, Ivy had found herself strangely attracted to it.

Any normal person, who hadn’t been an eco-terrorist for most of her adult life and had learned how to cohabitate with other beings who didn’t perform photosynthesis, would have thought to sit down and think about these feelings with some level of self-awareness. To maybe explore them in healthy ways, perhaps *with* Harley’s input, in order to come to a conclusion that satisfied her newfound urge to…

To…

Well, snuggle her! Harley was so *cute* with the extra weight! Her cheeks were fuller and her little tummy just barely brushed the waistband to her her *Freakazoid!* pajama bottoms, bulging out from underneath her tank top—Ivy had always thought that Harley was cute, but something about the extra weight made her look absolutely *adorable!*

And that was why… she’d maybe been trying to keep her inside.

Where the food and the snuggles were.

Consciously, Ivy knew that it was really selfish of her to try and fatten her girlfriend up. But it wasn’t like she was hurting anybody! Harley looked good with the extra weight, and Ivy was so, *so* unused to these kinds of feelings—she was used to being the one who inspired lust in the minds of others, but she’d been so unable to deal with them when they were her own that—

“Hey Red, you or somethin’?” Harley shook her empty beer can, “I’m empty here.”

“Sorry, Harl.” Ivy pressed her green lips on Harley’s cheek, “Got a little distracted.”

“Oh yeah, whatcha gawkin’ at?” Harley fluttered her eyes playfully, “You like whatcha see or somethin’?”

“Do I ever.”

Ivy positioned her hand between Harley’s legs for support as she slid into place, wrapping herself around her girlfriend’s slightly softened physique. As she slid into a more stable position, the green gal deftly placed her hand along the soft layer of chub that had come to live along her girlfriend’s trim waist.

“Ooh, handsy~” Harley tittered, “Careful Red—you know your Harley don’t like her knobs gettin’ turned without someone pumping the gas a little.”

Ivy’s hand snaked around the surface of Harley’s little tummy, pulling her close into their kiss and slowly moving them towards a more horizontal position.

“Up for a little morning ride?” Ivy purred

“A joke! You made a joke!” Harley announced triumphantly, “I must be rubbin’ off on ya Re—”

Ivy pressed her lips against Harley’s, making sure that she always had one hand on her girlfriend’s newly developing softness as she slowly slid Harley’s furry pajama bottoms down, down, over her thighs and then down to her knees as her now free hand nestled firmly between her thighs…

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“Wow.”

Harley was out of breath. They both were. Collapsed in a sweaty pile of post-coital comedown. At some point, they had moved their little makeout session to the bed, and that ended up like it always did. Ivy and Harley were both in disarray—Harley’s messy twin buns having come unfurled while Ivy’s long red hair became tangled and unkept, and both of them in various states of undress ranging from the former’s “completely” to the latter’s “still has a shirt on, because she wasn’t the one getting her nipples sucked.”

“I’ll say.”

Ivy hadn’t been able to keep her hands off of her girlfriend lately. And she knew why. The added weight was really doing it for her.

“That didn’t hurt too much?” Ivy asked, looking over to the other side of the bed as Harley rustled beneath the comforter, “I know that position was probably a little rough on your knees…”

“I’ll live.” Harley grunted, “Besides—I think that burned more than a couple’a calories.”

Harley had almost no compunctions about getting up and strolling around the bedroom naked, despite the extra fifteen pounds or so that she’d picked up under Ivy’s care. Her long blonde locks tickling the small between her shoulder blades, the ivory-skinned beauty slowly walked over to open up the curtains—and give everyone in the apartment building next to them a view of her naked white tits.

“You wanna do lunch?” Harley asked, turning back to Ivy, “Somethin’ light. I’m feelin’ kinda bloated lately.”

Ivy couldn’t imagine why that would be.

“How about that pizza place you like?” the botanist purred as she pulled the sheet over her naked green chest, “It’s Friday, right? Don’t they have a special where you buy one you get one free?”

“One, it’s called Pie Day Friday.” Harley turned her back to the open window as she looked for her pajama bottoms, “Two, I think I need to cut back on the ‘za, Red.”

Returning, still topless, Harley pinched her little belly between her forefinger and thumb.

“I’m startin’ to retain grease, here.”

Ivy felt a little shiver go up her spine. Consciously, she knew that she should have let Harley go on a diet if she wanted to. It was her body, after all. But at the same time, she was starting to really *like* the extra pudge around her girlfriend’s waist. It was so soft and squishy… and all that “retained grease” was certainly going to the right places, as far as Ivy was concerned…

“Awww come on. You *like* pizza.”

“I do. I do like pizza.” Harley relinquished her belly chub and exhaled at her girlfriend’s valid point, “But at some point, I gotta start gettin’ my steps in. I’m startin’ to get all squishy.”

Ivy rose from the bed and wrapped her arms around Harley’s shoulders, pressing the tips of their noses together as she stared deeply into her girlfriend’s eyes.

“I like your squishy.”

As they kissed passionately once more, Harley fumbled blindly behind her as she drew the curtains to a close—much to the disappointment of the officegoers who had gathered in the meeting room that faced the mysterious brownstone overgrown with plant life and vegetation and two very attractive women making out in it…

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As the weeks passed, Ivy did her best to continue to keep Harley on her butt for as long as possible, as often as possible.

Because of course, Harley still a little beaten up. Even after all of the months of recovery, Ivy had fallen into the habit of erring on the side of better judgement when it came to Harley straining herself. Which of course went hand in hand with her newfound ulterior motives, but were undoubtedly responsible for Harley *not* going out before she was fully healed and re-fracturing her legs.

There were some things that couldn’t be avoided, obviously. As Harley healed up, Ivy couldn’t very well *keep her* from going outside. Going out and dressing down in regular clothes, avoiding the various spandex outfits that the average Gothamite saw them in on the News or Twitter was simple enough to do—it wasn’t like they were the only technicolored population of Gotham City.

But most of those outings had been related to leisurely walks through the park before dates—dates that usually involved going to Harley’s favorite establishments, where Ivy encouraged her to order whatever she wanted. With a couple of creative implementations of her pheromones, she was able to induce a sort of localized hunger whenever she needed it—leading to Harley indulging a bit more each time.

Okay, so that was probably pretty bad of her.

But she couldn’t help it! Harley was talking about losing weight, and Ivy couldn’t bear the thought of her girlfriend’s new curves vanishing just as quickly as they’d arrived!

It had *seemed* like the best idea at the time. And of course, Ivy wasn’t doing anything *else*—most toxins except the ones that Ivy created herself were ineffective against Harley, thanks to a combination of her own chemical bath and the booster that Ivy herself had given her, so it wasn’t like there was a long list of things that Ivy *could* do if she wanted to! She had already been using botanical pheromones to help stimulate Harley’s body’s natural healing factor, what was one more little boost on top of that? She would need to eat to keep her strength up anyway, so making her a little hungrier than normal, a little lazier… that wasn’t too terribly unethical, was it?

“I’m boooooored…” Harley moaned as she slumped deep in the couch, “And I’m *bloateddddddd*.”

Harley crossed her arms just over her chest, pressing down on the bulging belly that now poured over to sit just so on her lap. Her legs spread wide apart as she slid down in a pout, noticeably thicker around the thighs and glutes.

“Are you listenin’ t’me, Red?” Harley threw her head back over the couch so that she could make sure Ivy was still in the kitchen, “I’m *booooooored* and I’m *bloatedddddd*!!”

“Oh I’m listening, Harley.” Ivy purred as she divvied up the box of donuts, “It’d be really, *really* hard not to…”

As to be expected, Ivy’s subtle manipulations had meant that Harley had managed to put on even more weight. Cresting near a good forty pounds heavier than when she had initially been rescued by Ivy, a fair good bit of it had gone straight to her gut. She sported a pretty sizeable muffin top that bulged out on either side of her waist, but her thighs and arms were getting delightfully thick. Not to mention her chubby cheeks, or the slow swell of her breasts.

The amount of muscle that had been built over more than a decade of fighting against Batman, and then a relatively short career of fighting *with* Batman couldn’t melt away in the scant few months that Ivy had been keeping her girlfriend potted like a plant, but there was much less definition to her now. The strong muscles that had let her perform acrobatic feats and swing that big hammer around had softened in the months of rehabilitation that had kicked off her minor gain, and they’d been eclipsed by a growing amount of pudge ever since Ivy had been…

Ugh, it sounded so *supervillain* to say “sabotaging her girlfriend’s diet”.

But that’s exactly what she had been doing.

Slowly but surely, through a mixture of pheromones and simple mollycoddling, Ivy had been molding Harley into her perfect little couch potato—keeping her well-fed and contented with her baser pleasures as her figure bloomed and improved under Ivy’s tender love and care.

Instead of spending her nights on the streets, fighting vigilantes and causing mayhem, Harley was here in Eden with Ivy; doing no harm to anything except for her waistline. Here she was cared for, pampered, and doted over like…

Ivy sighed deeply at the budding revelation that she’d been trying to squash from the back of her mind.

Just like one of her plants.

“Ugh… goddammit, Ivy.”

“Huh?” Harley gnashed on her microwave burrito a bit, “You say somethin’ Red?”

“No… but I probably should have a while ago.”

Ivy put the box of donuts back down on the counter and pinched the verdant bridge of her nose as she was suddenly hit with the ethics of what she’d been doing to someone that she loved.

“Harley, we need to talk about something, and it’s kind of serious.”

“Okay, but do we *have* to talk without the donuts?” Harley’s baby blues lingered on the box that Ivy was conspicuously leaving behind, “Because I tend to do my best thinking on a full stomach these days…”

Ivy paused for a brief moment to consider…

“Yes, we have to do it without the donuts.”

Ivy sighed begrudgingly as she took a seat next to her girlfriend, her head in her hands before they dragged down her face. She’d been dreading having this conversation for a while now.

“Harley, I haven’t been completely honest with you lately.” She said with quivering steel in her voice, “I’ve… kind of been keeping you here, even though you’re pretty much healed up.”

“Yeah? So?” Harley took another chomp of burrito, “Ain’t that what girlfriends *do?* Make time for each other?”

“Yes, but there’s also this…” Ivy pointed to what was either Harley’s fourth or fifth burrito, “…and how it directly correlates to *this.”*

Here Ivy gestured more softly, with an open hand waving in the direction of her girlfriend’s pasty white gut.

“I’ve been overfeeding you on purpose, and using pheromones to make you lazy so that you wouldn’t leave, but also…” Ivy took another deep breath, but found herself unable to actually *say* what she’d been doing to Harley…

“You’ve been usin’ pheromones to make me all fat n’ lazy an’ junk.” Harley answered for her before she took another nonplussed bite of burrito, “I know.”

It took a moment for Harley’s words to actually sink in, with Ivy sitting in silence as her girlfriend finished off what remained of her burrito. By the time she had grabbed for the bag of chips, opened it, and stuck her hand in forearm deep, Ivy realized the implications of what Harley had just said.

“You… you *know*? You *knew* the whole time*?”*

“Okay maybe not *the whole time*.” Harley shrugged, “But I *was* a trained psychiatrist, Red—you’ve been actin’ weird an’ giving me everything that a gal could ever want to eat. Classic neuroses overcompensating for feelings of guilt.”

Ivy blinked, numb and dumb over the bombshell that Harley had been aware of her subterfuge for as long as she had.

“Plus, you’ve been starin’ at my jiggly bits pretty much non-stop since I busted outta those sweatpants.”

If Ivy could have gone red in the face, she would have. Instead, her cheeks flushed a deeper shade of blue-green as she quickly resumed averting her gaze from Harley’s big, blue eyes.

“Come on—you don’t think a gal puts on fifty pounds’a pure pudge without realizing that *something’s* up, do ya?” Harley laid a hand on the swell of her stomach and gave it a firm shake, “I’m a doctor fer cryin’ out loud.”

Harley took this moment to shove, quite literally shove, a handful of chips into her mouth, smack her lips, and chew noisily.

“A lotta people tend to forget that.”

“B-But if you knew this whole time, why have you—”

“If you’re about to ask why I laid around and let myself turn into a tub of goo just so my hot girlfriend could boink my brains out harder and longer than she ever has before, I’m gonna stop you right there. Because you for sure already know the answer to that one.”

“So you’re… not mad at me?”

“I mean, dopin’ me up and turnin’ on my eatin’ switch was a pretty low blow.” Harley shrugged noncommittally, “But I can’t say that I haven’t *enjoyed* gettin’ta lay around and eat whatever I want. Do you know how hard it was to fit in my Red and Blacks when I lived in Coney Island? *Funnel Cakes are my Kryptonite, Ivy!”*

Ivy couldn’t help but chuckle mildly at Harley’s typical dramatic throes—but they were soon left right where they started.

“So… where do we go from here?” Ivy asked in a downright uncharacteristic whimper, “I-I mean… not just you, but… *us.*”

“Whaddaya mean?” Harley snorted, “You go get those donuts off the counter an’ hand ‘em over!”

“I-I’m sorry?”

“Look, if you think that this is the weirdest thing that I’ve ever been involved in, you’re wrong on all counts. And fallin’ off a rooftop, breakin’ both yer legs… it changes a girl. That and *maaaaybe* the concussion. Jury’s still out on that one.”

“I don’t understand… do you mean—”

“I *mean* that we’re going to have a very serious discussion about the line that you crossed with all your botany brujaja, but that I’m not as mad at you *as you’re probably thinkin’* about the fact that you made me fat.”

Harley punctuated her statement with a rare authoritative tone, crossing her thick arms over her full chest. The motion made her gut slosh slightly as it brushed against her lap, and forced her double chin to bunch up just over her chest. Her tight frown dimpled her chubby cheeks—while there was still a definite (and understandable) amount of scorn there, there was levity too.

“You can start makin’ it up to me by gettin’ those donuts from off the counter… Mama’s hungry.”

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And from there, and after a couple of days and many meals, Harley and Ivy reached something resembling an agreement.

The fact that Ivy had been using her pheromones to nudge Harley into doing what she wanted *had* crossed a pretty major line in their relationship. Even if Harley had enjoyed eating whatever she wanted and the incredible sex that followed, both of them agreed that Ivy was still in the wrong.

Not an uncommon place to be for a supervillain, but somehow more scathing when it was confined to their relationship.

But since the weight was already *there* and it would have proven way too hard to work off, Harley came into the argument as much more open to the idea of keeping it on than she might have been otherwise. The fact that she was still shaken from the incident that had led her to getting so hurt in the first place had further influenced her decision to enter a formal retirement.

And that meant that there was no longer any pressure for her to fit into the old Red and Blacks anymore.

“Now let’s get one thing clear.” Harley said to Ivy some nights later, “I’m still a little mad at you.”

“Very understandable.”

“But a girl’s gotta eat, and you seem *very* intent on making that happen.”

Harley ran her fingers over her stomach alluringly, watching Ivy’s bright green eyes trace the swell of her tummy, and back up the curve.

“So, since I’m officially retired now.” Harley’s voice lowered to a purr, “I think it’s only fair that I get to *enjoy* letting myself go a little.”

Harley’s hand, now placed softly on top of her lover’s, guided Ivy’s palm and pressed it lightly into the doughy white tummy that pressed against her slender green physique.

“And it’s only fair that *you* get to enjoy it too—after all we’ve been through together, you deserve this just as much as I do.”

Ivy bit her bottom lip as her fingers sank into Harley’s plush physique. She was able to feel the hard abdominal muscles that had been there what felt like yesterday, but were now buried under pound upon pound of soft, squishy fat.

“So I’m gonna lay here, and you’re gonna make sure that I fill this belly of mine full. Capiche?”

Straddling Harley’s waist with her thighs spread wide, Ivy rocked uneasily as she tried to balance herself and the latest in a long line of donut boxes. Using one hand to pluck the first morsel out and the other to hold the box flat, she struggled to find her balance.

“Because if this is what you really want, then we’re gonna do it right.”

Harley was licking her lips by the time Ivy had started lowering the first Boston crème towards her mouth—her girlfriend was practically trembling with excitement and, yes, unease at the prospect of introducing food into their bedroom antics.

Nevertheless, Ivy persisted.

“*Mmmm~”*

Harley moaned thickly as her mouth filled with cream, her head rolling back into the pillows as she chewed and gnashed on the first pastry from the box. Ivy’s heavy breathing broke into a smile at Harley’s theatrics, though how much of it was performative and how much of it was genuine was (quite honestly) up in the air after their little talk about where to go from there.

“You like that?”

“I *love* Boston Crème.” Harley’s voice was thick with filling, “But—”

She struggled to swallow. In her haste, perhaps a leftover trait from Ivy’s chemical nudging into further gluttony, she had taken a very large bite. Ivy made a point not to press the issue, and let her finish patiently.

“*Mm*—You knew that already, didn’t ya?”

Ivy chuckled out an excited little laugh as she readied the other side of the donut, and placed it back at Harley’s mouth. Her toes curled with excitement as she slowly fell into the rhythm of feeding her girlfriend.

The rest came more or less intuitively, despite Ivy’s surprising lack of experience with kinks and toys. Ivy’s clumsy first attempts at fondling Harley’s stomach were met with giggles and snorts, with the occasional little kick, but all in all it had felt very natural. At least, to a degree. Whereas feeling and squeezing Harley’s fatted physique had been something she’d been covertly doing for a while now, Ivy was still relatively unaccustomed to being at somebody’s else’s beck and call in the bedroom.

She was going to have to get used to doting, spoiling, and coddling someone else for a change.

By donut number five, Harley was starting to feel the pressure, her eyes getting heavier as her chewing started to slow. Cream dotted the corners of her mouth as her breathing shallowed.

“Oogh…” she burbled out a husky chuckle, “…this ain’t as easy as it looks down here, Red—slow down.”

“Sorry… it’s still a little new to me.” Ivy tried to let her girlfriend breath a little, shifting down so that her swelling stomach could have some room, “I’m a little excited.”

“I’ll say.”

Harley huffed weakly, running a free hand down her swollen stomach before opening her mouth to signal that she was ready for another bite. Ivy happily obliged.

“I am gonna get *so fat* ‘causea you.” Harley said, smacking her lips, “Gonna be some big, fat washout who can’t even squeeze into the stretchy outfits anymore.”

“Promise?”

After a deep, passionate kiss and at Harley’s insistence, the box was put aside for the latter half of their love-making. Stuffed to the brim and up to her ears in cream, Harley wasn’t good for much else but laying there. Which was fine.

Ivy could make that work.

A series of slow, sensual kisses that traipsed down the curve of Harley’s retired body and eventually the nape of her fuzzy blonde bush as Ivy began to slip more and more tongue into the mix.

This part, she knew how to do. This part she was good at. Years of experimenting and college and a stellar sex-life after being transformed into a chloropath could attest to that.

“Oh… Oh gawd…”

Harley’s expression melted into one of pure bliss as she gripped be bedsheets tight, Ivy working her way down between her lover’s legs and probing the way inside with her tongue. With one hand placed firmly on Harley’s undercarriage, almost like it was holding back a great ivory hill, the other squeezed her fleshy thigh while her agave-colored tongue did the rest of the work.

“Ruh… Red…” Harley panted, “You’ve—*ooohhf~*—you’ve picked up a thing or two…”

What followed was a comparatively short, but no less satisfactory run through the act. Harley didn’t have the stamina that she used to, and things were still a bit awkward between them. But Harley was about two more little counter-clockwise twirls and some hair-pulling away from letting all of that slide; at least for now.

The two of them eventually parted in another sweaty heap, just as they always had, and did the necessary aftercare. But with a small twist that somehow seemed poignant, and that would set a precedent for the rest of their relationship from that moment forward.

When Ivy woke up in the middle of the night, as she often did out of old habits, Harley hadn’t been in the bed next to her, and the sound of her rummaging through the fridge, and the beeps from the microwave warming up cold pizza could be heard all the way from the bedroom.