

## Harley and Ivy's Pollen Problem

"Dammit," Poison Ivy said as the alarms blared throughout the warehouse. With her vines still busy trying to pry open the boxes, the red haired woman had to look elsewhere for assistance. "Harley, we're going to have company soon."

"I know, I know," the clown woman replied, her more old-fashioned method of using a crowbar finding slightly more success. Even still, the red and black suited villain realized that there time was short. "Hey Red, can't you just take care of them?"

"I'm kind of busy here," the redhead replied, trying to keep her focus on transporting their stolen goods. "Use that pollen I gave you."

"Ya mean the stuff that's kind of like what we used back at the wax museum, right?" Harley asked, holding out a platinum case filled with grey pollen.

"Yes, but a little less powerful," Ivy said, relenting in leaving the boxes behind for a moment to address her ally. "It's supposed to leave any unwanted guests completely immobilized."

"So it won't turn them into cute little babies?"

"No, I learned my lesson from last time," Ivy said with a sigh, remembering the successful heist came at the cost of weeks of taking care of her infantilized teammate. "But that doesn't mean that you should be reckless with this batch. Just a single whiff of the pollen is enough to--"

"ACHOO!"

Harley's experimental sniff of the pollen turned into a shotgun blast that hit both herself and Ivy. While Harley wiped her face clean with the back of her sleeve, Ivy kept her eyes peeled

for any signs of danger. Both women realized the gravity of the situation as they simultaneously noticed the way that their bellies were starting to rapidly rumble and swell.

“No, no, no...” Ivy repeated aloud, trying and failing to push the encroaching mass back into her mid-section. “This can’t be happening!”

“I think its kind of funny,” Harley replied, looking more amused than anything as she shook around her growing belly. “Look at this jiggle.”

“This is just the start,” Ivy said, wincing as more of her dress stretched to accommodate her swelling form. “I’m not sure how big we’ll get based on the dosage.”

“Aww, I think we’ll be just fine,” Harley said, smacking her belly as its swelling managed to reach to her chest and backside. “Better than that, I think it makes ya look pretty. Like a ripe, plump apple. Or maybe a pear!”

The momentary blush on Ivy’s cheeks as she felt her expanding butt cheeks sucking in the back part of her dress was overridden by the sound of alarms blaring in the distance. “Come on,” she said, forcing herself into a slow waddle as she shifted her thickening thighs back and forth. “We need to move.”

“Right behind ya, Red!” Harley announced, keeping one hand pressed up against her expanding rear while she followed the lead of her still growing companion.

With each heavy step, the pair were further slowed down as they grew larger and larger. By the time they had more than tripled their original sizes, they had been reduced to a pace that even a snail could beat. The sound of the approaching cop cars in the distance tried to get Ivy to quicken her heavy strides. However, she realized that her swollen form was far from the graceful visage she was used to. Trying to keep herself calm, she carefully shuffled towards the exit to

avoid any unnecessary risks. Yet again, her efforts were put to waste all thanks to her more impulsive ally.

“COMING THROUGH!”

The yell came just soon enough to allow Ivy to swivel her widened hips out of the way of something red and black rolling by her. She managed to turn her thick neck over in time to watch Harley barely miss the exit door and bounce off of a wall. Avoiding the return trip of the bloated sphere, Ivy swore that she could hear giggling coming from her incapacitated companion. The sound was disrupted with a loud crash as Harley’s momentum was halted by her body getting wedged between two crates.

“What were you thinking?” Ivy called out, straining her legs in order to waddle her way over as fast as possible.

“That we needed to get out of here before the fuzz arrives,” Harley replied, trying and failing to use her blubbery arms in order to yank herself free. “I ended up tripping and turning into a human pinball. It was pretty fun though.”

“And a huge risk,” Ivy said, taking a moment to catch her breath before grabbing onto Harley’s hindquarters.

“Ooh! Red, I didn’t think you’d be so blunt about things,” Harley teased.

“Now is not the time,” Ivy replied, trying to free her ally by pulling with all of her might. “Just stay still so I can get you freed.”

In spite of Ivy’s firm order, Harley couldn’t seem to stop herself from giggling with each attempt made to pull her out of the trap. Stomping her feet against the ground and wincing at the way her body jiggled, Ivy tried to keep her focus on the task at hand. Bringing out her vines

again, she wrapped them around Harley's legs for extra grip. With the added help she managed to slowly pull the bloated clown woman free.

The slow progress of Ivy's method was disrupted as Harley was overtaken with a series of intense belly laughs. Unwilling to let go and lose what little progress she had made, Ivy attempted to finish the job in one strong pull. Though this did succeed in pulling Harley out from the boxes, the leftover force sent her bouncing straight into Ivy's belly.

The impact sent Ivy rolling through the warehouse at incredible speed. Unsure of what was up or down, she at least figured out where the wall was as her bloated backside pressed against it. Ricocheting off of the concrete like a rubber ball, the swollen villainess came rocketing back across the floor. Just as she was about to fall into the same trap she had just freed Harley from, she was sent bouncing back through the room by something just as big and round as herself slamming into her.

"WHHHHEEEEEEEE!" Harley called out, finding a strange sense of glee as her body rolled back and forth through the warehouse.

"Harley, this is no time to be messing around," Ivy said, trying to retain some semblance of dignity as she was tossed around like a basketball.

"But it's so fun," Harley said, pausing to relish in the feeling of her bloated form pressing against a wall before being sent back for another trip. "You should live a little."

"And you should focus on getting us out of here," Ivy said, her reaction to the same pleasurable tingling as her body ricocheted off of a box being suppressed by her sense of shame.

Between Harley's laughter and the awkward sensations brought about by her swollen form, Ivy used what little control she still retained to figure out an escape plan. She saw her chance as she managed to kick off against the ground with her foot at just the right moment.

While it did stop her from rolling across the floor, the impact instead used her momentum to send her bouncing upwards to hit the ceiling and come slamming back down. Her mass managed to negate any possible damage from the fall, but the action came with its own series of consequences.

Watching Harley repeat the action to send her own, bloated form bouncing through the warehouse, Ivy tried to ignore the increased giggling of her companion. Adapting to the unorthodox maneuverability of her swollen body, she managed to make a few more twitches of her limbs. Though this didn't provide perfect control of her direction, it was just enough to make her get closer and closer to her destination. With the door in sight, she waited until the best possible moment to slam her belly up against the wall and send her rolling straight towards the entrance.

The sense of excitement Ivy felt as she gazed upon the streetlight-lit road outside was hindered by a sudden jolt. Left with her head sticking outside upside down, she tilted her thick neck up in order to survey the situation. What she saw was that the once roomy, double-wide entrance had firmly lodged her widened hips in its doorway with little space for her to free herself. Just as she was bemoaning being stuck in such a compromised position, her priorities changed as she noticed the group of squad cars parked right nearby.

"Harley!" Ivy called out, her shout gaining the attention of both the police and her still bouncing companion. "Give me a push."

"You got it, babe!"

From inside the warehouse, Ivy heard the giggling and bouncing increase in frequency. As the cops drew closer with their guns drawn, the sound of the clown girls' hysterical laughter grew louder as if to mock the stuck, swollen woman. A momentary thought passed through Ivy's

mind that her one chance to escape was too preoccupied with her own fun in order to come to her aid. Watching the police pull out their handcuffs and discuss how they were going to put them around her limbs, she prepared herself for a very awkward stay in Arkham.

A sudden, powerful force like a cannonball hit the back of Ivy to send her flying out the entrance. Her status as a living bowling ball was put to the test as she crashed straight through the blockade of cars and rolled down the street. Sticking out a leg, she gradually lowered her speed to eventually bring her bloated form to a stop. Halting herself several blocks away from the warehouse, she looked back to where she came from to see a familiar, black and red sphere heading her way. With an exasperated sigh, she managed to use a collection of vines to create a cushion to stop Harley before she rolled too far.

“Thank you,” Ivy begrudgingly said.

“No problem, Red,” Harley said with a grin. “So what now?”

“Well, we lost out on our merchandise, but at least we weren’t captured,” Ivy commented. “Even if it came with some unintended consequences,” she added as she started down at her still swollen body.

“Aww come on, you can’t tell me that you didn’t have fun,” Harley pressed, looking ready to rocket off again as she wobbled back and forth.

“I’ll let you know when the swelling goes down... whenever that is,” Ivy said. “For now, let’s focus on getting back to the hideout.”

“It would be a pretty long walk there,” Harley commented. “Unless we have ‘other’ means of transportation.”

A glimpse at the smile on Harley's face filled in the blanks. Unwilling to vocally acknowledge that her companion was correct, Ivy merely shifted her vines into the right position. Bracing herself, she used the tendrils to send herself and Harley rolling back down the road.

"Thank goodness this is only temporary," Ivy shouted out as she bounced along the street.

"Aw, don't be so dour, Red!" Harley replied, giggling with each car she bumped into.

"You like veggies and you're pear-shaped. It's destiny!"

As much as Ivy wanted to shout out the obvious inaccuracy, instead what came out was a small chuckle.

"Ah! I made you laugh!" Harley cheered.

"You're unbelievable," Ivy replied in an affectionate tone, knowing that she could always count on Harley to lighten the mood whenever things got too heavy.