

Harley Quinn sauntered into the dimly lit, high-tech lab, her red and black leather corset creaking softly with each sway of her hips. The skintight pants hugged her curves like a second skin, the reversed color diamonds accentuating the length of her legs as she moved with feline grace, which she imagined even Catwoman would envy, towards the towering glass container filled with the precious serum she'd been hired to steal. Her red and black bomber jacket, adorned with spiked shoulder pads, completed the look of a woman who meant business. This was a serious job, she was told to take seriously, so she decided to dress seriously. The comically oversized mallet slung over one shoulder was her serious hammer. She had actually written the words "Serious Hammer" on it with an angry face below it

"Serious work. Serious pay," she smirked.

She approached the nine-foot-tall cylinder, her boots clicking on the polished floor. Harley reached up, gripping a spigot on the container, and carefully extracted and filled a few vials of the shimmering, iridescent liquid. Just as she turned to make her exit, a metal bird-shaped projectile embedded in a keyboard next to her, and a deep but cocky voice cut through the air behind her.

"Freeze, Quinn!" Nightwing commanded, his black and blue costume blending with the shadows of the lab.

Harley rolled her eyes, a smirk playing on her lips. "Aw, why so serious? I was just leaving..." she quipped, holding up the vial in a mocking gesture. "And here I thought you'd be all for a little chemical enhancement, Boy Blunder. All that leather and Kevlar can't be good for your lil swimmers!"

Nightwing advanced on her, pulling out his Escrima Sticks. "They're swimming just fine. You're not taking whatever that is out of here, Harley. Not on my watch."

Harley let out a huff and grabbed her trusty hammer. “You really wanna do this the hard way? Fine by me, bird boy.” She swung the hammer in a wide arc, aiming for the hero’s head.

Nightwing deflected the blow, the clang of metal-on-metal echoing through the lab. They traded strikes, Harley’s blonde, red and black tipped hair whipping around as she dodged and weaved, trying to get a clear shot at the flying hero. But Nightwing’s experience and skill proved too much for the impulsive villainess.

With a well-placed kick, he knocked the hammer from Harley’s grip, accidentally sending it flying towards the towering glass container just behind him. The hammer smashed into the cylinder, shattering it and sending a cascade of the experimental serum pouring out, engulfing Nightwing in its sticky, glowing embrace. Some of it went down his throat in bursts due to the pressure of the spray. Nightwing collapsed to the ground, coughing and choking as the chemicals overwhelmed his senses and stunned him. His whole body tingled and spasmed. He couldn’t move; the pain was so severe! Harley stood over him, shaking her head, hands on her hips, surveying the damage. The last thing he heard was her taunting him.

“Whoopsie daisy. You’re really gonna regret doing that, bird boy.”

The last thing he saw was the heel of her red and black boot coming down on his face.

Nightwing slowly regained consciousness, his head throbbing and his vision blurred. As he blinked away the spots, he realized something was very wrong. The ceiling above him was far too high, and the room far too large. He tried to sit up but found himself unable to move more than a fraction of an inch. Glancing down, he saw thick strips of clear adhesive securing his naked body to a large platform, his limbs splayed out like a perverse starfish about to be dissected in a lab. Lab? This was not the lab anymore...

“What the hell?” he muttered. He strained to lift his head and crane his neck, looking around the unfamiliar room. The decor was garish, the colors too bright, and the furniture too large. That’s when he saw her, looming over him like a colossus in her black and red corset and pants that left little to the imagination. Her blonde hair, tipped in red and black, bounced as she walked towards him, her hips swaying with each step. He focused on the familiar aspects of the one thing he recognized, Harley Quinn, as he tried to gather his senses. He realized he was taped to a table and very very small.

“Well, well, well... look who’s finally awake,” Harley cooed, a wicked grin spreading across her face as she approached the table. She leaned over him, her ample cleavage filling his field of vision. “Quite the sight you are, Nightwing. Or should I say Mite-wing? Never thought I’d see the day you’d be brought down to size.”

Nightwing’s brow furrowed in confusion and growing dread. “Quinn, what did you do to me? What happened?”

Harley chuckled, trailing a red lacquered fingernail down his chest, tracing the lines of his abs. “Nah uh. Can’t put this on me. Don’t you remember? You happened, hot stuff. When you so kindly broke open that big ol’ vat of experimental shrinking serum, it splashed all over you. I was just hired to steal a few vials, but you went and contaminated the rest of it. Hopefully I’ll get paid extra for having all that’s left!”

She tapped her chin, pretending to think. “I wonder what that concentrated shrinking stuff is gonna do to a strapping young lad like you? The client said a single vial could slowly shrink dozens of people to the size of kids. Imagine what a whole vat might do to one boy blunder!”

Harley threw her head back and laughed, a wicked, tinkling sound that sent shivers down Nightwing’s spine. “I can’t wait to find out, bird brain. I’m thinking I’ll start by playing with

you like the toy you've become. And maybe, if you stay there like a good boy, I'll let you watch as I... get more comfortable."

Harley smirked down at Nightwing, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief and lust as she slowly unbuckled her belt, the leather strap sliding from her hips with a teasing jingle. "Like what you see, little man?" she purred, letting the belt drop to the floor with a thud that shook the table beneath Nightwing's shrunken body.

She brought her hands up to her corset, the tight pleather creaking as she began to undo the straps one by one. Nightwing's eyes widened as he realized she wasn't wearing a bra underneath, her ample breasts bouncing slightly with each movement. "I know you're just eating this view up, bird brain. You may be gettin smaller, but part of ya is definitely growin!"

Harley joked, nodding to his growing member as she shrugged the corset off her chest, letting it fall away to reveal the full glory of her bare tits, the red and black tips of her hair brushing against the soft swell of her cleavage. She cupped the heavy globes in her hands, lifting them towards Nightwing's face as if in offering. "See something you like? These puppies are usually out of your league, but now..."

She leaned in closer, her nipples grazing his body, each larger than his chest and face, the sensation sending tingles through his body. "Now you're smaller than even one of my girls. You're just a tiny little toy for me to tease and torment. I wonder how long you can resist before you just can't take it anymore and you beg ol Harl for more like a good boy?"

Harley's hands roamed lower, slipping under the waistband of her skintight pants. She wiggled her hips, the movement making the pleather creak obscenely. "Mmm, I can feel myself getting so hot and bothered just thinking about all the fun we're going to have, Mitey. I hope

you're ready for a wild ride, because this is going to be the longest, hardest, most mind-blowing night of your life."

She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her pants and began to slowly peel them down, revealing more and more of her creamy skin and the tantalizing red lace of her black panties. Nightwing gulped, craning his neck to watch. His heart was pounding in his chest as he realized he was completely at the mercy of this sadistic, villainous vixen's whims. And judging by the wicked grin on her face, Harley had countless whims planned for the helpless little hero.

Harley suddenly yanked the waistband of her pants back up, it snapping against her skin with a sharp crack. She looked down at Nightwing's tiny, naked form and smirked, her eyes gleaming with wicked amusement. "Whoa there, little man. Gotta pace myself. Can't have you busting too early now, can I?"

She leaned down, her face looming even larger above him, her features filling his entire field of vision. Her plump, glossy lips curled into a wicked grin as she spoke, her voice dripping with mockery. "Besides, you're just a tiny little thing now, aren't ya? I've had bigger men than you... well, try to get into my pants. And fail miserably, I might add. Takes a much bigger guy than you to please me. But if you're nice, maybe I'll give you a go?"

Harley reached out a finger and poked Nightwing's chest, watching with glee as he scooted and shifted as much as the tape would allow from the slight touch. She chuckled darkly, enjoying the power she held over him. "Mmm, let's see how small you really are now, bird brain. You were what, maybe four inches tall before? Now..."

She grabbed a ruler that was lying on the table and held it beside Nightwing's shrunken body. "Huh. Looks like you've shrunk down to a bit under three inches, give or take. I've got

fingers bigger than you, Mitewing. How's that make you feel, knowing you're smaller than a finger on a dainty lady like me?"

"You're hardly a lady, Harley." He spat.

Harley frowned, tossed the ruler aside, and leaned in even closer, her breath hot against Nightwing's skin. "I can practically feel your heart racing, little man. I bet you're just trembling with anticipation, wondering what I'm going to do to you next. Well, don't worry..." She paused, letting the suspense build. "...you'll find out soon enough. But first, I think it's time for a little game. And trust me, it's not one you'll win, bird brain."

Harley peeled the tape off Nightwing's naked body with a wicked grin, his skin tingling from the sudden feeling of glue being ripped off of him. She wrapped her unnaturally white fingers around his tiny form and lifted him up, bringing him face to face with her ample cleavage. "Alright Mitey, here's the deal. I may let you go, but you gotta earn it. Think you can escape my girls here?"

She pressed her breasts together, engulfing Nightwing in a warm, soft prison. The heat was intense, almost suffocating, as he was pressed by the plush flesh. The lingering scent of leather and pleather from her costume mixed with the natural musk and sweat of her skin, filling his nostrils and overwhelming his senses. It was like being trapped in a fleshy, padded room that conformed to his every contour. Just like how this giant giggling clown deserved to be in a padded cell. The sensation of her skin against his was overwhelming, sending shivers through his tiny body. He could feel the slight sheen of sweat on her skin begin to coat his as she moved, the dampness only adding to the intense, intimate embrace. She held her breasts together with one arm across them as she reached to grab something with the other.

Harley began to walk around her room, her breasts swaying and jiggling a bit with each step. She may have been exaggerating her steps a bit to increase the bounce. She wondered if Bird Boy ever enjoyed a bouncy castle. She could probably charge folks to experience this. If he lived through it. Nightwing was bounced and jostled, rolled and pressed between the pillowy mounds. It was disorienting, the constant motion and the way her breasts seemed to engulf him from all sides. He clung to what little air he could as she carried him, his lungs burning from the pressure and lack of oxygen.

But the real challenge came from the constant stimulation. Every movement sent jolts of fear or pleasure through him, the sensation of her soft skin against his sensitive body almost too much to bear. He felt hypersensitive, hyperaware of sensation on his skin. He could feel every contour, every slight wrinkle and crease as she shifted and moved. It was like being trapped in a fleshy vice, with no escape except through the valley between her breasts. He hated himself for enjoying this. Was it the chemicals he was doused in?

Harley's arm pressed down tighter, trapping him even more firmly between the sweat-slicked mounds. The heat was incredible, the air thick and humid, like being nestled in a warm, breathing cavern. He could feel the pulse of her heartbeat, the rush of blood through her veins, the way her skin seemed to throb with life and energy. It was a test of endurance, of willpower, and of stamina. Nightwing had to resist the urge to surrender to the sensation, to let himself be overwhelmed by the sheer, overwhelming experience of being trapped in Harley's cleavage. He began to struggle in earnest, putting all the strength he can muster into trying to break free from this bosom bondage, but it was to no avail.

"I went through all the trouble of washing that gunk off ya, just for ya to get soaked in boob sweat! C'mon, at least try to escape!" A pouty complaint rumbled through her chest. "Or are ya just having too much fun? Figured ya'd do something..."

He was! He wanted to shout, but he was mortified that she didn't even feel him trying with all his might. How bad would things be if he ended up a mite as she joked?