

Harley Quinn's Small Night(Wing) Part 4: Little Bird Lost

Harley was rapidly approaching her peak, her moans and screams of pleasure filling the room as she fucked herself with wild abandon. All the while, Nightwing was trapped on the purple dildo, the slick surface pressing against his dwindling form as it plunged in and out of her tight, hot channel.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum! And I wanna feel you when I do!" Harley cried, her hips bucking erratically as she chased her release. She could feel her walls clenching and fluttering around the toy, her pussy gushing with arousal. But frustratingly, she could no longer feel Nightwing's tiny body on the dildo. He had shrunk to an almost undetectable size, too small to be felt amidst her throbbing folds.

With a grunt of frustration, Harley pulled the dildo out of her pussy, the slick toy glistening with her juices as she examined it. It was then she spotted a tiny, wriggling form trapped in a bead of her arousal at the tip. She brought the toy closer to her face, her eyes widening in disbelief as she realized just how small Nightwing had become.

"Well, would ya look at that! You're even smaller than a lil flea now, bird brain!" Harley exclaimed, a wicked laugh bubbling up from her throat between exhausted pants. She scooped the tiny hero off with a finger, holding him up to her face like a tiny, wriggling speck. "Heh, I was gonna put you out of your misery by just eating you, but I'm afraid if I do, that shrinking serum might just absorb into my body and turn me into a tiny little morsel too. And that don't sound fun, does it?"

Harley brought her finger closer to her throbbing, swollen clit, the pink nub twitching and pulsing with need. With a devilish grin, she wiped Nightwing's tiny body onto her sensitive pearl,

trapping him beneath her finger as she began to rub quick, tight circles around the bundle of nerves.

“Mmm, I think I’m gonna let you have a front row seat to my climax, Mitewing. I want you to feel every throb, every clench, every fucking wave of pleasure as I cum all over your tiny, insignificant body. Consider it a reward for being such an adorable little thing. Maybe if you put your back into it, I could actually feel you down there!”

Lowering him down to the massive fleshy mound of her clit, she pressed the finger holding him against it with little ceremony. Harley realized she could still feel Nightwing squirming weakly against her clit, the tiny motions sending aftershocks of pleasure coursing through her body. She laughed breathlessly, between moans. He was a nice, panicked little tickle under her finger.

“Mmm, that’s it... Rub that tiny body all over my clit, Mitey. Make yourself useful for once!” Harley moaned, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps as she ground Nightwing’s form against her most sensitive spot. The sensation of his minuscule struggles only served to heighten her pleasure, the tiny friction of his body against her throbbing nub pushing her rapidly towards her peak. Her other hand worked the massive dildo in and out of her pussy with a demented fervor.

She could feel her orgasm building, the pressure coiling tighter and tighter in her core. Her thighs trembled, her hips bucked, chasing that sweet release. And through it all, Nightwing was forced to endure the relentless stimulation, trapped beneath her finger, smothered in her slick arousal.

“Fuck, fuck, FUCK! I’m... I’m cumming!” Harley cried, her voice echoing off the bedroom walls as her body convulsed in ecstasy. A gush of fluid erupted from her pussy, splashing

against the dildo and Nightwing's trapped form. The toy continued in and out while her finger throbbed against her clit, prolonging her intense climax as she ground against it desperately.

For Nightwing, Harley's orgasm was a world-shattering, overwhelming experience. Trapped between her massive, throbbing finger and her mountainous clit, he felt like a speck of dust caught in a cosmic storm. Each pulse and throb of that fleshy peak sent shockwaves through his minuscule body, making him feel like he was being shaken apart by a tiny earthquake. The slick, hot surface of her clit was soaked, smearing his tiny form in her arousal as it twitched and quivered with each wave of pleasure. He was utterly smothered in her juices, the scent and taste of her musk filling his nostrils and mouth. It was a dizzying, overwhelming sensation, being trapped in the heat and humidity of a part of her no one had experienced at this scale.

Still, Harley frantically rubbed her clit, trying to prolong her intense climax. Nightwing found himself slipping and sliding across the broad, textured surface. It was like being trapped on a slick, fleshy mountain, the wind and rain threatening to sweep him away at any moment. He struggled to find purchase, his tiny limbs scrabbling against the slick skin, but it was no use.

At some point, in the throes of her passion, Harley must have lost track of her tiny passenger. In her frantic, desperate rubbing, she ground Nightwing off her clit and onto the slightly less sensitive skin of her clitoral hood. Not that she could feel him anyway. He struggled to cling to the cliff face he now found himself against. It was slightly less soaked than the clit itself, but still sodden with her juices. The location gave him some respite from the monolithic finger that ground against her clit, making a horrid wet grinding sound. It's how continents sounded when they collided, he thought.

Distracted by his struggles, Nightwing found he'd grown smaller still. It was as if the shrinking serum in his body was responding to the intense pressure and stimulation. With this

last trial, he had become more insubstantial. He felt more like a parasite than a man at this point. A man would not be able to see the curvature of a woman's clit, but Dick Grayson could.

With a satisfied sigh, Harley finally came down from her intense orgasm, her body trembling with aftershocks as the last waves of pleasure washed over her. She collapsed back onto the bed, chest heaving, skin glistening with a sheen of sweat and arousal. It had been one of the most intense climaxes of her life, and she was utterly spent.

"Mmm, fuck... that was amazing," she moaned softly, her voice still husky with pleasure. She idly played with her still-swollen clit, the afterglow making every touch feel electric. The little nub was still throbbing slightly, flushed and glistening with her juices. She could feel the sticky residue coating her thighs and the sheets, evidence of her wild session.

But as she lay there, basking in the warm glow of post-orgasmic bliss, a small pang of concern crossed her mind. She had forgotten about Nightwing. In fact, she hadn't felt him in quite a while now. She leaned up to look at her bare, soaked pussy. In her frenzied pleasure, she had lost track of his tiny form entirely. She focused her attention on her throbbing, aching nethers. Even as sensitive as they were, she couldn't feel a thing save for her own touches and juices.

"Shit... did I crush him? Drown him in my juices? Is he still alive on me?" she muttered to herself with a grimace. "Oh well!"

With a shrug, she decided not to worry too much about it. After all, if the serum had worked its magic, he'd probably be stuck at that microscopic size for a while. Maybe forever. She'd find him later or ask her client when it wore off. If it wore off. Maybe. Probably. If she remembered at least.

As she continued to idly stroke her sensitive clit, lost in thought, an idea began to form in her mind. Her fingers stilled their lazy movements as a wicked grin spread across her pale face.

“Ya know... if I could get my hands on more of that serum, I could have some real fun,” she mused aloud, her voice taking on a conspiratorial tone even though she was alone in the room. “There’s plenty of other heroes and villains I’d love to cut down to size. Imagine the possibilities... shrinking down the other Bats, or that stuck-up Wonder Woman... or maybe even some of the guys at the asylum. Oh, the fun I could have!”

She giggled tiredly to herself, imagining all the possibilities. The thought alone was enough to make her clit twitch with renewed interest. She began to stroke herself again, as her breathing deepened and exhaustion hit her. Maybe she’d get lucky and cum again before falling asleep, she thought dreamily. If not, there are far worse things to do in the morning.

Nightwing awoke slowly, his body aching and sore from being pressed against the slick, fleshy landscape of Harley’s clit for hours. He had survived the intense stimulation of her orgasm, though he felt like he had been through a battle. As he tried to move, he realized just how small he had become. The clit, which had seemed like a mountain to him before, now stretched out before him like an endless expanse, a continent of sensitive, throbbing flesh.

He had come to rest near the top of the nub, the skin here slightly less slick and more textured than the rest. When Harley’s clit relaxed and softened, the clitoral hood loomed over him like a natural shelter, casting him in shadow and providing a modicum of protection from the elements. It was a strange and disorienting sensation, being so small that even a tiny, sensitive part of the body seemed vast and endless.

As the night wore on, Harley shifted and turned in her sleep, her subconscious movements sending shockwaves through the massive landscape of her genitals. Nightwing

clung to the textured surface for dear life as the world around him swayed and bounced. He could hear the blood rushing through the ground below him, the steady throb of Harley's heartbeat giving her body a life-sustaining pulse that he could feel beneath him like a distant drum.

He drifted in and out of consciousness, exhaustion and the unique musk of Harley's arousal filling his nostrils. It was a strange, heady mix of sensations and smells, being trapped on this fleshy world. He wondered how long he would remain trapped here, lost on this sensitive, unexplored terrain.

As dawn broke, Harley began to stir, her body stretching and shifting as she slowly woke. Nightwing felt the clit beneath him twitch and pulse with renewed energy, the skin growing more sensitive and responsive as blood flow increased. He knew he would have to be very careful, to stay somewhere safe... wherever could be safe on the most sensitive and pleasurable part of one of the craziest women alive. All he needed was for her to play with herself, and he'd drown or be accidentally flicked off or worse, crushed entirely while she rubbed herself off.