

Months ago, Selina Kyle would get her exercise in by jumping across rooftops. Tugging her tubby yet tight body across the skyline was an experience fueled by pure adrenaline. But that was then. Now? Selina was just trying to stick to the basics.

It was quite the design flaw that her trusty whip, The Cat O' Nine Tails, couldn't even wrap itself around her waist once. Even if it could hold her weight through sheer tensile strength, the whip's length was disappointing. Selina, now, was working on extending it, practicing her whip-cracking as she did. After her bulk-up in Arkham City, Catwoman grew more reliant on her size, strength, and claws during fights. Lessons with the hefty Shiva were painful but effective. Still, her whip remained mainly a swinging tool—turning her into a human wrecking ball, which only worked half the time. Not anymore, Selina resolved.

It was time for Catwoman to get back in her prime. Whether she was cursed with eight hundred and fifteen pounds of a mixture of muscle and fat or not.

"Hi-yah!" Selina yelled as she cracked her whip at a dummy, narrowly missing by an inch. She tried again, managing to get a quick tap on the face. On her third try, she whacked the mannequin over. Content with that, Selina wiped sweat off her forehead as she waddled over to pick up and put away her test subject. She bent over and then-

"Damn girl, quite the show!"



Selina nearly fell over at the sound of another voice. She looked at the time, and it was about when Holly Robinson usually returned from school. Her young roommate was like a little sister to the larger cat burglar, but somehow she had twice the smart mouth.

"Oh shut up," Selina retorted with a smirk, "I may dress up in latex for a living, but that doesn't mean I'm inviting unsolicited remarks!"

Holly laughed, "I mean, how your butt is the size of my bed, but whatever, silence the opinion of which one of us actually has game," she tossed her backpack by the door and jumped on a beanbag...one meant for her much larger roommate.

Selina groaned at the trespassing of territory, "I have game, Holly...and it is not that big."

"Oh, really? Then guess which one of us scored a date for Valentine's tomorrow!" Holly tapped her feet with glee.

Not even pretending to hide her happiness, Selina beamed up,

"That's wonderful, with who?"

"Karon, my girlfriend? You met her? You ate like a quarter of the stock at her bakery job."

"A day I'll never forget, ugh," Selina reminisced while holding her gurgling stomach, "Also, that's not 'having game' if you already had a partner to go with."

The redhead shrugged. "Maybe, we're gonna see a movie, this new rom-com that has like, 22% on Spoiled Peaches. I'm so excited. Are you doing anything tomorrow night then, O' Master of game?"

Selina froze, "Uh...I...don't know, wait, tomorrow? That can't be right. I mean, I have plans, but--"

"You got nothing, don't ya?"

"WHAT DO YOU THINK HOLLY?!"

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Since Selina had been "working undercover" at St. Cloud Ent. The past few months had become less of an inside job to pierce the veil of one of the supposed clean philanthropists in Gotham. Becoming a way for Selina to earn some dough and have some stability, seeing as she had become far too wide for most heists, plus a day job to keep her from staying inside and eating all day.

(Even if Silver absolutely kept her on a desk eating all day, that didn't count, Selina was technically getting paid for it!)

Right now, she was counting on Silver to do the usual: keep Selina chained to a desk. That way, she wouldn't feel like even more of an emotional embarrassment.

"Oh, of course you get the day off, Ms. Kyle!" chirped Silver St. Cloud. "I'm not cruel; my employees will be covered for the holiday, no problem!"

Selina wanted to smash her phone in protest of how stupidly nice her boss was, but refrained. "Thank you for letting me know. I was pretty worried," she grumbled.

Silver had an awkward pause. "Why, did you have plans for the evening? I don't actually have any myself, and well—I was thinking—"

"Yeah, totally, why wouldn't I?" Selina interrupted, "It's only one of the most commercialized holidays ever, I used to have dozens of men trying to send me heart-shaped boxes of candy."

"Did you eat them?"

"If I liked the guys enough, so most of the time, no. You got any plans, St. Cloud?"

The millionaire hesitated, "Well, I have a private meeting with Maria Powers, hoping her hotels could be used to house the prisoners once we get them out of Arkham City."

Selina chuckled, "Heck of a work date, isn't she like seventy and married? How scandalous!"

Blushing Silver fought back, "Oh, you kidder! I already have to make my own notes, so don't make me call your holiday off!"

Under her breath, Ms. Kyle could only mutter, "If only..."

Once Silver realized there was nothing else to say, she said her goodbyes and told Selina she hoped she would have a wonderful time.

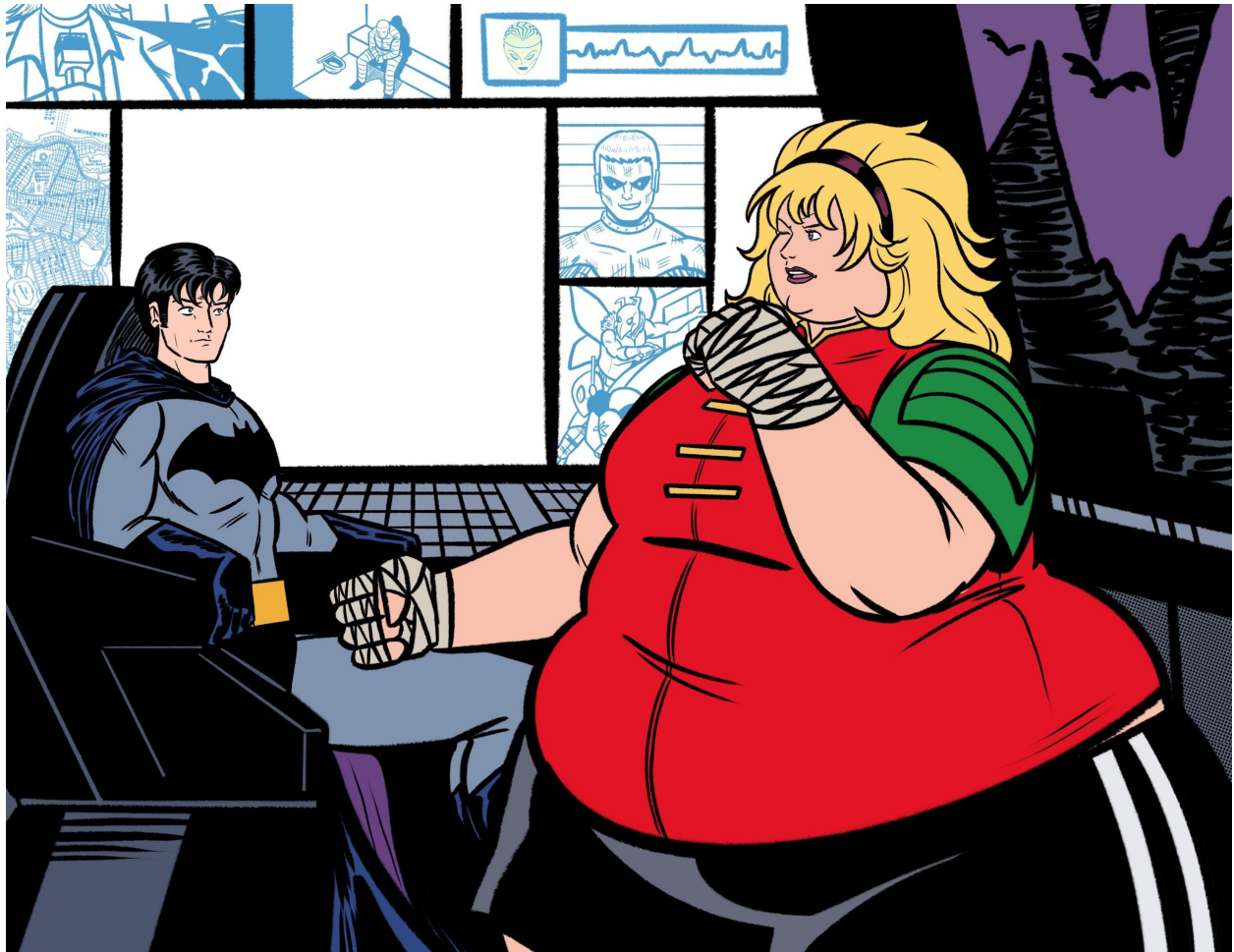
Selina collapsed in a beanbag chair—one of the few that could handle her hundreds of pounds—and wondered when the elusive femme fatale became an emotional mess who cared what people thought. Maybe this was her true self: thick skin, ironically putting her on display.

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Meanwhile, in the Batcave's dark lair, one half of the dynamic duo focused on their next crime-fighting move. The other half refueled on energy bars during training. Bruce Wayne sat quietly, scanning open case files on the large, multi-screened Bat-computer.

His current protege, Stephanie Brown, was training with a nearby punching bag. Each punch sent her 340-pound body jiggling. Her goal: to make attacks so quick they wouldn't push her hefty frame off balance. Losing balance could decide a fight's outcome. If there's one thing Steph hated, it was disappointing Bruce or her mom, who believed she'd left superhero life for college. Unbeknownst to her mother, the bubbly blonde had become the next Robin!

But right now, she had a different mission: convincing Batman to let her take the night off.



"I'm just saying, Stephanie Brown has to keep up appearances," she reasoned, "I think one day will be just fine to handle on your own, what's the worst that could happen?"

When Bruce gave her the eyebrow from his chair, Steph immediately regretted her word choice.

Bruce listed the threats: "Victor Zsasz is being moved to Belle Reeve Maximum Security. Two-Face is close to taking over the rest of Sionis' territory. Firefly and Killer Moth are working together again. Calendar Man will probably make a move on the holiday."

Robin felt bad for wanting to skip patrol, but knew compromise was best. "Okay, that's pretty serious. But what if we divide and conquer?" Steph offered. "We cover more ground. Oracle and Batgirl can back either of us—maybe Huntress too if she's cooperating."

Batman looked sternly at his protege. "And the Grey Ghost, will you be able to work with him while—"

"Listen, just because we broke up when he dumped me this suit, it doesn't mean I can't work with the guy." Robin pouted.

After much contemplation, Bruce sighed, "Fine, we'll split up, but you must report everything you find and let me know if I need to come help."

"Aww, boss, oh ye of so little faith," Steph teased, then swung at the punching bag with a bit too much force. She almost lost her balance, catching herself just in time.

Trying to quickly change the subject away from her latest blunder, Stinker Steph was returning with a question, "But as for the daytime shift, does Bruce Wayne have any Valentine's Day plans?"

Bruce's stoic expression didn't shift whatsoever. "I have a few business meetings, but I'll be turning in early to look over the transfer next afternoon."

"Aw, c'mon, any of those meetings happen to be at St. Cloud Enterprises? Are you sure you don't want to see their lovely secretary again?"

"Silver gives her employees a holiday, so Selina wouldn't be there if that's what you're implying."

With a pout, Stephanie groaned, "Like you don't have her number on file, you two go way back as it is, why not just ask her out already--"

Bruce snapped back, "No, I...I can't afford to compromise myself at the moment, there's still too much to do..."

"Compromise?!" Steph exclaimed, "How on Earth is opening yourself up for one day compromising your-wait," her internal logic starting churning out a possible answer, and she didn't like it all.

"Oh, don't tell me you think dating her after her weight doubled is gonna out you as Batman, is that it?" Stephanie asked fiercely. To which Bruce responded with a look of genuine surprise.

He tried to fight back, telling Stephanie she had the wrong idea, but she was too busy storming off. She thanked Alfred and left the cave. The faithful butler gave a look at Bruce before stopping him from following.

Bruce pleaded, "Let me talk to her, I should have explained myself better--"

"If I may, sir, it would be wise to let Stephanie blow off some steam," he advised, "Given her emotional state, I believe this goes beyond your refusal to admit your feelings for Ms. Kyle."

With just the slightest tinge of red on his cheek, Batman quickly turned around to return to his monitors. "Fine, contact her tomorrow, relay any information she finds."

"And Ms. Kyle?"

"...Someone like her...she'll find a way to stay busy."

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Selina lazed around on her couch, spilling over the cushions, while she was practically drowning in ice cream. In all honesty, it had been her second bucket, right after three bags of chips and dip, with a side of goldfish for good measure. All while half-watching television as the turmoiled thief tried to ignore her inevitable incoming boredom and depression.

Once, Selina was an elusive, sought-after socialite, born to steal hearts from under their noses and their jewelry too!

And on the most romantic night of the year, she was left with nothing to do, and she was far too fat to pull off a worthwhile heist! This fat, she thought to herself, how her belly reached past her knees while she slouched, thighs taking up half of the mega sofa, her own butt being so packed with gelatin it raised her stature up by over a foot after the squish. The worst part was that she was stuck like this; the Bulk in her veins kept her body above the eight-hundred-pound threshold, so any hope of losing weight would prove fruitless.

As she opened up another bag of chips, Selina's phone rang. Desperate for anything to distract her, she checked the caller ID, hoping it would be someone who could give her friendly company. Maybe Holly had to cancel and would come over. Maybe Bruce spared a day in his busy schedule. Perhaps Batman finally decided to wake up during the day to give her some time. But alas, it was none of them.

It was Harley Quinn.

Catwoman had avoided Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy since their testimony went sour after Arkham City, and Selina had made the rash decision to let them go*. After being used by Strange, Black Mask, and the Joker, she hoped the duo would take time to recover and lay low. But evidently, for the past month, the jester had been trying to contact her. For what purpose? Selina really didn't want to know. But now? At her lowest moment...she figured what could go wrong. She answered the call.

*See Hood02's >insert title here< on his page for Harley and Ivy's tale!

"Hiya Selina!!!" Harley said, her accent on full display, "Ya finally picked up the phone! How have ya been?"



"Uh, fine," Selina lied, "You?"

"Well, we stuck to what ya said and tried to lay low, we've mostly been eating a bunch tho, trying to get Ivy back in shape!"

"I wouldn't know," the corpulent cat burger said after gulping down another snack.

Harley continued rambling as Selina just ate and listened, barely caring for the jester's minute details of her life since the escape. Until one sentence, she said.

"And I'll admit the first like fifty-eight calls were more for socializing or pranks, but the next thirty-two calls were for a recent breakthrough, Ivy's been experimenting, cuz she's a real smart alec, ya know, and she thinks she may have found a cure for that Bulk stuff!"

If Selina didn't have a counterweight that was larger than most people with her massive posterior, the ever-so-nimble thief would have fallen over onto her distended stomach and likely crushed her table of goodies.

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Upon sundown in Gotham City, something of an apparition scoured the rooftops, to anyone below it would look like a pale white cloak hopping across the skyline. But like a lot in Gotham City, it was often simpler than it appeared. A young man garbed in grey, making sure everything was in order, with a familiar name and even more familiar one left behind, Tim Drake wanted a simple date tonight.

It'd been a little over two years since his father's murder when Tim left the Robin mantle behind to his ex, Stephanie Brown, while he mourned. But as time went on, he realized something. Ever since his calling, Tim wanted nothing more than to help people, and every minute he didn't wasn't doing that was wasted. But...Stephanie was a genuinely good Robin. The role gave her a greater purpose, one beyond screwing over her dad. Tim couldn't bear to take that away from her. So he forged another identity, one from even before Batman. And it was public domain by now anyway...

And so the Grey Ghost was reborn to help fight crime for real.

But the detective had an even bigger secret. And she was zip-lining to his location as he waited. A three-hundred-or-so-pound blonde landing with the grace of someone less than half her size, adorned in a costume based on his own former identity.

Turns out that Stephanie Brown and Tim Drake didn't really stop dating. Once he was back in the game, Steph embraced him with open arms, but the two still decided to keep their relationship a secret so as not to compromise themselves to Batman's...judgemental tendencies.

"Happy Valentine's," Tim said while pulling out a heart-shaped box of chocolates. He was always delighted to spoil his girl, but right now, he noticed she looked down in the dumps. "Hey, you okay?"

"Peachy," Robin said bluntly.

With that tone, the problem seemed obvious, "Bruce?"

"Yeah," she grumbled, but after gulping down a few chocolate bites, her mood did rise a little, "But let's not worry about the Boss-man tonight, you got a Girl Wonder to treat!"

The date had some business to attend to, of course, given the city's many criminal activities, which were not in tune with the concept of a holiday break, and Stephanie's own list of check-ins with Alfred, but otherwise the company more than made up for it.



After stopping a mugging, Robin rewarded herself with the last of the sweets, patting her plump stomach as she cuddled with The Grey Ghost. Her soft body, wrapped in a thermal suit, made for a great evening blanket on nights like this. But then her mind crossed back to Selina, and just how LARGE she was now, and how Bruce possibly wouldn't risk getting closer with her because of it. It was a rather distinctive shape and size after all, the dots wouldn't be too hard to

connect. But the sheer thought of Batman writing her off for such a silly reason...Well, it made Stephanie worry about how he would feel if he ever found out she was still with Tim. Sure, they weren't famous or anything, but given his paranoia, nothing was off the table.

Her boyfriend placed a finger on her (first) chin, speaking softly to her, "Hey, are you seriously okay? Hungry? Or is it still Bruce? It's fine to talk about it; I know I got in plenty of fights with the man myself."

Figuring it was time, Steph opened up, "I know it sounds unbelievable, but he's completely holed himself up in work tonight." Tim nodded while she explained more, "I wanted to try to get him on a date tonight, just during the day, even just so Batman wouldn't be a problem."

"Smart."

"So I suggest Catwoman, because they've been chasing each other since like, before dinosaurs roamed the Earth, I have no clue! Then he's all like-I mean, you've seen her since she got on that Bulk since Bane's attempted breakout!"

Tim chuckled, "Yeah, I remember distinctly watching you and Bats try to push her out a window; it looked like fun."

"Down boy," Robin joked, "But yeah, he probably thinks that it would tell everyone who he is if suddenly you know who and he starts dating the largest lady in the city! And like, I'm no spring chicken myself, what are the odds he tries to do the same thing with you and me if he finds-"

"Woah woah," Tim said as he held her close, "Why do you ever think you would ever let that happen? We're taking the safe road now, but we're not gonna let Batman stop us from being happy."

"But-"

"I know, he's Batman, and you're just Robin, but you deserve so much more given what you've gone through. You've earned the suit, and a couple extra pounds above the weight average won't stop that."

Stephanie's emotions swelled in that moment; she didn't exactly cry, but after a passionate hug, she certainly felt like it. Who cared what Batman thought? Tonight was hers, and nothing would change that.

Even as she spotted a Bat-signal in the sky, but not the big one. Jim moved that signal around the city since GCPD was becoming less reliable every day. This was more like a flashlight with a paper bat put over it. It was just as intriguing though...

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It was a nerve-wracking experience travelling to Harley and Ivy's provided address, not only because of Selina's size, making public transport a nightmare, but also because of the thought of finally slimming down and taking her body back. She was feeling...oddly conflicted. But the sheer curiosity got the better of her. She would just have to hope the classic saying didn't bite her in her bulbous behind.

Were there perks to how Bulk affected Catwoman? Of course, her strength and speed, growing in proportion to her body, made her an even stronger figure to protect the East End. But... the constant hunger and ostracization didn't yield the same benefits. If she were able to lose three or four hundred pounds, just big enough to be the star of the show, while being small enough to raise her confidence to show off her curves to all the boys and girls in her social club. Maybe Bruce Wayne could make time for her if she just-no. Stop thinking about that, Selina told herself as she waddled through the doors to Harley's place.

Right away, the lack of other residents was apparent; vines growing out of the in-betweens of doorways unsettled the voluptuous visitor. To contrast the eeriness, there was someone not quite as large, dressed in a red-and-purple jester suit adorned with frills and a domino mask. Harley Quinn was all dressed for the occasion! It made Selina almost regret not wearing her own costume, but she told herself that after tonight, she wouldn't need it anymore.

Still, she carried it in her purse. Just in case.

Harley slowly skipped to her guest, wobbling up and down all the way. She had grown a bit since escaping Arkham, looking to be in the low 500's, her apple-shape becoming more prominent as her belly inched out and towards the ground little by little. She stopped just in front of Selina, leaning into her much bigger stomach. Before, Catwoman's belly wouldn't have been her most impressive feature, given her pear shape, which was always Harley's asset, while Ivy was a bombshell hourglass who had been bigger than both at the time. How things change...

Harley greeted Selina with a big hug to the gut, "Selinaaa, it's so good to see you again! Excited?"

The taller and fatter thief wheezed out some air before answering, "Yes, just, I've had a long walk here and, you're squeezing pretty tight-!"

"Awright," letting go, Quinn started leading Selina to the lab, "I was kinda betting that you would give a call back, sayin' ya changed yer mind and wanted to stay all huge! Wouldn't have blamed ya for it."

Rolling her eyes, Selina answered, "Considering you gave me the stuff that got me fat in the first place, it figures you would say that."

Harley shrugged, "Well, you were supposed to inject it, not drink it. I sure didn't tell you to do that to stop Bane."

That was partly what bothered Selina Kyle about the whole Bulk ordeal. Harley may have given her the fat-strength-enhancing serum, but if she had just been strong enough to defeat Bane on her own, this would have never needed to happen.

Pamela Isley walked out of her laboratory to greet Selina in a much more professional fashion with a handshake. The changes with Poison Ivy had been even more apparent; her time as a prisoner of Black Mask, being forced to create Bulk and other substances, had left her to lose incredible amounts of weight, to the point she had gone from the biggest Siren to the smallest. But it looks like the bloated botanist had been working to get her stature back slowly but surely. Still smaller than Harley, but not by much, her hourglass figure was becoming more prominent after a hundred or so pounds were piled on in the months since Arkham City.

Dressed in a lab coat with her hair tied up, Ivy still had an orange leaf dress as winter continued through Gotham, looking much better for wear with color beginning to return to her

skin. Approaching Harleen and Selina, she pulled a needle from her pocket.



"Is that the cure?" Selina asked, still in disbelief that this was happening. Only for Ivy to shake her head.

"Not yet," she explained, "The cure still needs a bonding agent, such as a sample of pure Bulk-infused DNA not unlike...your blood."

Selina sighed and rolled up her sleeve as she sat down on a nearby couch. As Pamela started the procedure, Harley took it as an opportunity to blabber her mouth again.

"We're really glad you came by, Selina, we felt really guilty about putting you through all this," the jester spouted on, "But we hope we can work together as a trio after we're all well, you're all better."

After wincing at the pain of a needle, the tubby thief responded, "Um, thanks, girls, but I'm really thinking of sticking on my own right now."

Harley blew a raspberry, "Yeah, right, you were just working with the Bat every other night! Didja have to cancel your date with the lug to come here?"

"We're not...dating. In any case, he doesn't keep a leash on me...oh man..."

Ivy plucked the needle out, "Sorry, you might feel lightheaded for a bit. But hopefully... the cure will be ready soon."

Music to Selina's ears.

As Ivy returned to her lab, Harley sat in a nearby chair as the soon-to-no-longer-be-eight-hundred-plus woman sprawled on her couch with a soda, enjoying the excess of fat while it lasted. True, she would be losing her enhanced strength and speed as well, but she made up for it beforehand. Besides, it was more of a way to compensate for carrying her weight than a legit superpower. Once this was all over, it was time for Catwoman to become her prime once again!

Then Robin and the Grey Ghost crashed through the window.

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About half an hour earlier

Tim and Stephanie didn't have many guesses who would be flashing around a makeshift Bat-Signal, but reporter Vicki Vale certainly wasn't on that list. The former Gotham Gazette diva had turned to running her own news network... one that usually just involved Vicki herself. It was like a really accurate tabloid, but nonetheless, she got the duo's attention.

Grey Ghost greeted her with "Yes ma'am?" which made his successor roll her eyes.

Scoff Vicki remarked something about hoping for the Bat, then pulled a folder out of her chubby arm. Vicki had a backward physical spiral since striking out on her own, with her unkempt red hair, lack of makeup, and clothes she wouldn't be caught dead in on camera, covering a fairly standard figure for a woman her age. Three hundred pounds and apple-shaped, Vale devoted herself to this job, as inconvenient as it could be. Explaining to the capes her findings, "Got a tip that

some escaped prisoners set up shop in the Narrows, I went to investigate and got some pictures, and unless I'm mistaken...that's Poison Ivy hard at work."

Robin and Grey Ghost turned towards each other. "If Ivy's hanging out here, then Harley might be too," she rationalized.

"Ms. Vale, did you see anyone else go to this location?" Ghost said, still looking through the files.

"Not that I could find out," Vicki answered, "But I intercepted their phone; it sounds like someone was trying to call together a crew alongside an ungodly amount of calls to some Ms. Kyle, whoever that is."

Robin went wide-eyed, "That kind of tech seems sketchy for you to have Vicki- wait, did you say Kyle?!"

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Back in the present, the softer half of the dynamic duo kicked Harley down by her chest, as Grey Ghost dashed towards the lab. With every second of chaos, Selina Kyle was more confused. She lumbered out of her seat and made her way to the scuffle between Robin and Harley. The Girl Wonder was about to land another hit on the jester before Selina caught her wrist.

"Alright, Birdie, what's the big idea here?" Selina asked harshly.

Robin was slightly stunned by the sight of her sort-of-ally, "You're here?? You didn't give these two anything, did you?" she asked.

"What are you talking about?" she questioned back, "They're trying to help cure the Bulk out of me!"

Suddenly, Stephanie understood Selina's presence. She was about to apologize when the lab doors were kicked down, and

Ivy followed suit, landing on the floor. And there was Grey Ghost, holding several vials of purple serums.

It was then that Selina finally got a good look at the lab. Multiple canisters are being filled; her blood is being used as a sample to build on.

There was no cure.

Harley just wanted more Bulk for herself.

Selina looked back at her "friend" as she nervously laughed, "Uh, listen, it ain't what ya think!" Harley pleaded. But her excuses fell on deaf ears, and everyone started gathering around her.

"What it sounds like is that you're restarting your old Bulk operation, and that you're gonna invite your men over to spread it around," Grey Ghost accused.

"What? No! I was gonna keep it all to myself!" Harley claimed. Which made Ivy tick up, clearly confused by this part of the plan.

"You said that the Bulk operation would gain you notoriety in the criminal underworld!" Ivy said, "I only agreed because you said this way wouldn't involve producing it with my own body!"

"And it didn't! But I gotta have the power to run a criminal empire that'll smash Mister J to bits! I can't go handing it out willy nilly!"

"Joker, Joker, Joker, it's always that pathetic little man to you! Did you ever consider that saving yourself was more important?"

The argument between the two fugitives was becoming more and more personal as they spat insults at each other, to the point that the former and current Robin didn't really know

how to handle it. And their guards were let down for just a moment.

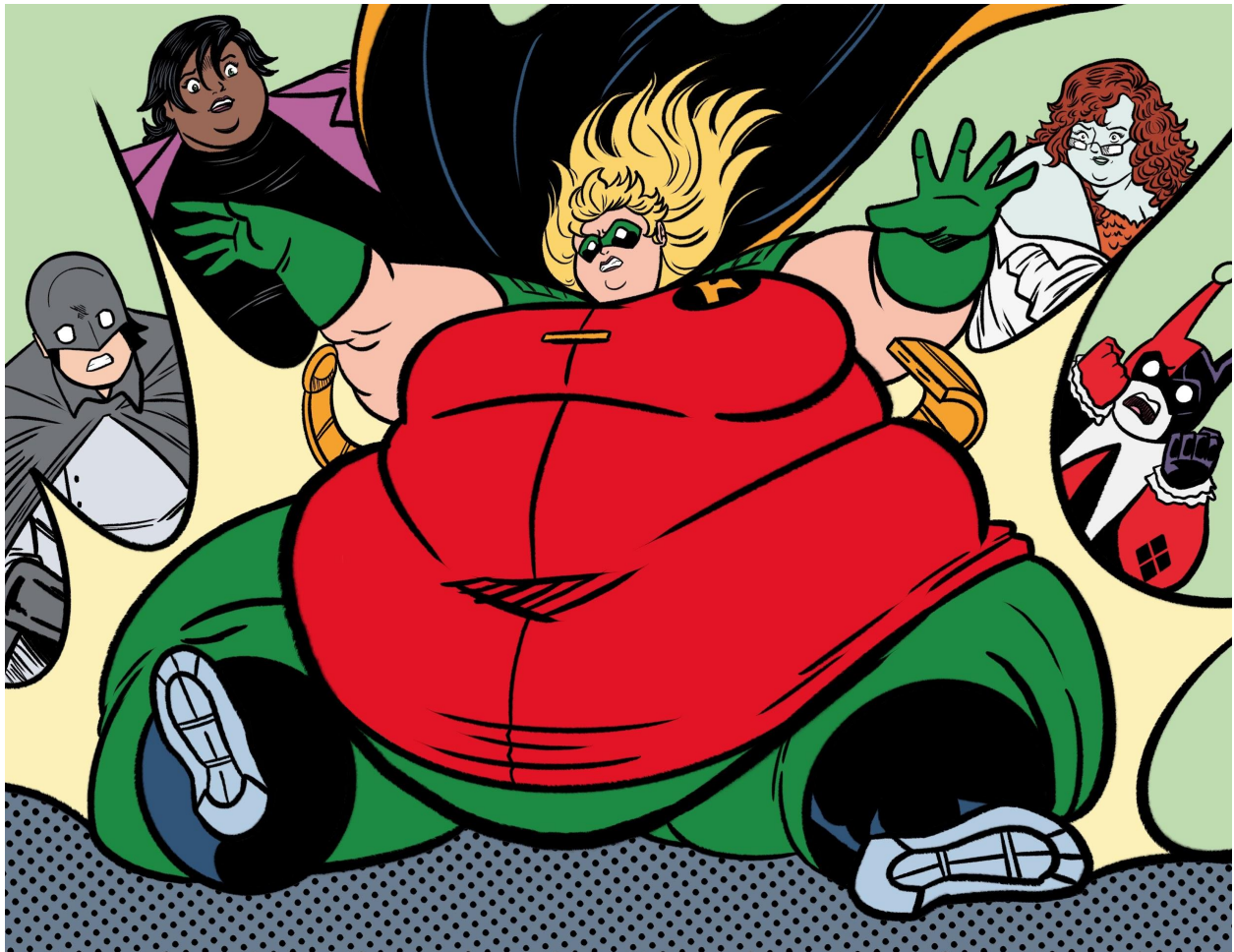
But just a moment was too long.

"If you need a demonstration, Ives, watch me grow bigger than the Fat Cat here and send Bat-brain's little sidekicks back flattened!" Harley yelled, pouncing towards Grey Ghost, her heavy frame easily knocking him over, which allowed the Jester Queen of Crime to get her hands on a vial of Bulk!

She was about to inject the fattening yet strengthening serum when Robin gave her a surprisingly swift kick to the stomach! Knocking the wind out of Harley caused her to drop the Bulk.

Right onto Stephanie, the glass vial breaking and seeping into her skin, her open mouth. The soft sidekick started gagging, trying to release any serum from her system. But as Selina could see right before her eyes, it was too late. The blonde young woman started expanding; first, her stomach

caused her utility belt to pop open in seconds! While her core was taking the brunt of the weight, the rest of her body started to follow suit, her bottom widening, her arms filling out her sleeves and gloves to the point that rips began to show. Robin's cape was covering less and less of her fat back over time. All this rapid growth was such a shock to Steph that she lost her composure and fell to the ground! Her stomach (thankfully still covered under her shirt somehow) was already plopping to the floor.



If it was anyone's guess, it looked like the Girl Wonder had reached over six hundred pounds in under a minute.

"NOOOOO!!!" Harley Quinn yelled, "That wuz supposed to be for meee!!!"

Everyone else was stunned to see the sudden growth from Robin, but especially Selina, who was moving to try to get close to the hyperventilating sidekick, "Hey, hey, hey, look at me, you need to calm down."

"Oh my god, oh no no no, Am I stuck like this?? What's happening? Oh no, the boss is gonna kill me for sure--"

"HEY. You're going through a withdrawal, I get it, you feel huge, and it's freaky, but try to compose yourself, okay?" Selina said.

Tim leapt to his girlfriend's aid, and even Ivy seemed regretful of the situation. However, Harley was making a break for another sample, and Catwoman wasn't about to let that happen. She grabbed her purse and got ready for a fight.

While the jiggling jester made her way to the lab looking for a vial of more Bulk, she wished she'd paid more attention to Ivy's lectures. She wished she had done a lot of different things with Ivy, actually. Why did she lie to her? Then again, how else would she have helped? One way or another, Harley Quinn was gonna get everything she rightfully deserved. But now was the time for more power and more fat as she reached for a vial in a fridge and then-

CRACK

Harley felt a painful sting on her wrists, recoiling to see Selina, somewhat suited up and wielding her Cat O' Nine Tails. And she was angrier than the former psychiatrist had ever seen her be.



"You lied to me, you used me for a crappy drug because you were too dependent on it for power after you were dumped, you used me to hurt a good hero to this city, what were you thinking, Harleen?!" Catwoman growled.

Harley panicked and reached for a pipe, pulling it out and starting swinging, "It's the only way to get respect from my

mooks awright!" Selina's whip wrapped around the pipe, and she pulled it out to disarm the jester, then followed with a left hook.

"Not even you believe that," Catwoman retorted, "Most of your men are in Arkham, were you planning to break into prison or what?"

She couldn't come up with an answer, and Harley was sweating for reasons not entirely because of the fight; she kicked Selina's stomach in, which actually knocked her back a smidge. Enough for Harley to get back up, "Ivy likes me bigger, I'm sure you can relate with your Bat-toy!"

"Pamela can't even look you in the eye right now!"

"We can crush Strange easily with all this weight!"

"Like you give a damn about that cockroach!"

"IT WAS MINE FIRST!" Harley shouted as she tried to tackle her bigger opponent, to which Selina simply bumped her back to the ground with a heave of her stomach. At this point, Harleen was spent. She just lay down on the ground, looking up at Catwoman (not an easy task with just how much junk she had in front of her).

Selina asked plainly, "Can you be honest with me for once? How many times did you take temporary hits of Bulk? You think this is the only way to get respect? Harley, this isn't just dependence, this is an addiction you have."

"No..." she tried reasoning, "No, it's not like that..." But the reasoning wasn't quite sound.

"Harleen, Bane himself fought a Venom addiction for years. Despite all my instincts, I am not trying to judge you right now. I know what it's like, I've seen it too many times," Selina said.

Harley sat up, "What do you mean?"

Catwoman sat down and smiled, "I have...a roommate, more like a little sister, not by blood. I've known her even before I suited up. She had a tough life, and she had taken many wrong turns at too young an age. But as we grew up, I was able to help her break her addictions, yes, more than one."

Harley just had to sit and think about this for a minute, still listening to Selina's story, "I knew I couldn't lose hope for Hol-my friend, and there wasn't anything better i could do for her than just be there for her, but most importantly, give her the choice. The choice to love herself for the wonderful young lady she is. Guess where she's at right now?"

"Heh, what?" Harley said, fighting back tears.

"She's at the movies with her girlfriend, and she still wants the best for me. I know she's fighting every day to be better," Selina answered.

Harley just looked on blankly. She had been hurting too; she broke up with Joker, finally realized what a monster he was to her, and turned to the first substance provided to give her the edge. She looked up at the vial she was meant to grab, she gripped that old pipe, stood up, and smashed it in.

As the two left the lab, Ivy waddled over to hug Harley, to which Harley hugged her back. She looked Selina in the eyes and promised, "No more Bulk, I won't talk to ya unless I actually need your help."

"And if you make progress."

"Yeah...Tell your roomie I said hi."

With that blonde out of the way, there was one more needing attention.

Steph had been able to stand back up, with her enhanced strength relative to her gains, she didn't have much of an issue doing so. Physically, she was fine. Emotionally, it was another issue.

"That's all she said," Grey Ghost tried to remind her.

Robin retorted, "Well, ask the botanist who made this again, because what does she mean by she doesn't know if this is temporary or not?!"

"Listen, babe, we can figure it out. I'll stand by you either way. You know that, right?"

With that reassurance, Stephanie held Tim close to her, squishing into her softness like a beanbag. Meanwhile, the

one woman in the room who was bigger than her approached Robin.

After relaying everything that Ivy said, Selina sighed, "Okay, that's not great. These usually last a night, and I'm guessing you don't wanna sleep back at that old cave that I suppose you all cuddle in tonight?"

Robin laughed nervously, "Not in my life, same with my college dorm...or my mom's or...Tim?"

"Uhhh...I don't think I have enough space in my place. Not because of your-well-it's just a big mess really," he answered nervously.

Once again, Selina asked herself what it was about strays that compelled her so much: "Alright, you can come home with me to stay."

Stephanie perked up, "Seriously? You mean it? Oh my gosh, thank you so much!" She hugged Catwoman, really emphasizing what a difference two hundred or so pounds could be.

Deciding to let Harley and Ivy go, Arkham City would have been less than helpful anyway. Tim and Steph kissed each other goodnight (having to lean over such a bigger belly was something he'd have to get used to), and afterwards, she followed Selina home.

"I thought it would be more...rich."

Selina rolled her eyes at Robin's comment, choosing to ignore it for now and leading her to the guest room. The girthy Girl Wonder removed her mask to reveal...someone Selina didn't recognize at all.

"I won't ask for your name," she assured her guest, "If you leave before I wake up, I completely understand."

"Yeah uh...how do I get in there?" Steph asked.

"Oh uh, you...go a little sideways, suck in your gut a little, simple as pie," Selina explained.

Once she was through the doorway, Steph got to her temporary bed and lightly jumped to test that it would hold. Luckily, it did. The sidekick had one more question, however, "How does it feel not having a cure then? I know I would take one in a heartbeat."

Selina looked down, pressing her hands against her larger body. "It's...disappointing, but I've been learning to live with it so far," she answered. "I think we could all use a bit of self-love now and then."

Steph grumbled, which prompted the Fat Cat to ask her about it; she said, "I just wish my boss would learn that sometimes."

On that note, Selina closed the door and let Robin rest. She would have gone to her own bedroom had she not felt a buzzing on her thigh. Checking her phone, she was shocked to see that it was from...Batman's private number?

"Oh, he remembered," she grunted as she reluctantly answered.

"Um. Hello, Selina," she heard on the other side.

"Hey, Bat, were you on holiday today or what?"

"I was busy, but...that's unimportant. I haven't seen Robin since last night. According to her belt tracker, it says she's in your apartment?"

Grimacing at the thought, Selina answered, "Yes, she's had a particularly rough night, and I offered her my place to stay. She needs some time to herself."

Batman was quiet for a moment before answering, "Thank you, that's all I need. No, it's not...How are you, Selina?"

She smiled, still a softie under that cowl after all these years, "Could be better, but I think we're getting there."

Now the dark knight had to mutter a sentence he didn't think he'd say tonight, "Can you...Tell Robin she was wrong, but not for what she thinks? That I let...opportunities slip because I'm afraid of what will happen if I-"

"I think that's a conversation you'll want to have with your sidekick yourself, but I can be there for her if you'd like," Selina said.

"Well, I just want you to know...I would be happy to see you anytime you want. I...thank you again. Good night," Batman said before ending the call.



Sighing again, Selina wondered when he would ever admit it and just say those three little words to her.

For now, she just wanted a good Valentine's night's sleep.