

(**Warning:** This story contains female muscle, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content.)

Gotham City sang. It sang with the chorus of police sirens, the sounds of breaking glass and felonies committed across at least half the city. An endless symphony of life and chaos in a city ruled by disorder and crime.

God help her, Stephanie loved it.

Her city, her people, *her* mess to clean up.

The Spoiler lived to ruin the plans of thugs, crime lords, and would-be villains. And she wouldn't have it any other way.

Dangling upside down from a gargoyle, one of Gotham's favorite pieces of architecture, Stephanie brought a pair of binoculars that zoomed into the many floors of an apartment complex. The building was a dime-a-dozen, run-down, old, ugly, the type you only lived in if you could barely afford minimum wage. No supervillain with an enormous ego would ever set foot on such a place. The Penguin would rather turn himself in to the police before spending a single night in a place like that.

To a more down-to-earth criminal, however, that was the ideal spot.

Removed from the city center and the other hot spots of criminal activity, it was a great choice to lay low if you wanted to do your business in peace.

Your very illegal business.

"Mmm-hmm!" Stephanie hummed to herself as she spotted a couple of figures behind closed windows on the 7th floor. The records she took showed that the apartment was under the name 'Sarah Goodman'.

Yeah, nice try, Ivy. But the chemical trail did not lie.

Too many fertilizers for one simple apartment.

Barbara had informed her about the run-in Cass had with Ivy and those thugs who were apparently trying to sell a Venom variant. Well, somebody was gonna get in Bane's bad book with that stunt. But Ivy's involvement in the whole thing, namely trashing the meeting place and the drug, raised a lot of suspicions for the team. Which was why Stephanie put on her Sherlock-shaped thinking cap and put on her detective skills to use.

With some top-of-the-line investigation that'd make Bruce crack a quarter of a smile, Stephanie figured out the good biologist's address.

Totally didn't have anything to do with the fact she saw Harley get into that building. Okay, the clown lady with her neon red and pale skin stuck out like a sore thumb in the middle of the night, but she still pieced the rest together herself!

"Time to see what this is all about." She'd get a quick look and report back to Barb later.

With practiced ease and silent acrobatics, Spoiler climbed up to the top of the building and began crawling through the ventilation system without making a sound as she navigated through the cramped metal labyrinth. A smile broke under her mask as she felt the familiar voices of two older women get stronger, filtered through the metallic echo of the vents. Jackpock, she was on the right floor now.

"...still can't believe they stole-! UGH!"

"Hey hey hey, relax babe. You destroyed their shipment."

"ONE of them! I have no idea how much of this stuff they're making with MY research!"

Ivy's research? Spoiler thought curiously as she crawled to a barred opening in the ventilation, stopping right in the room. Through the bars, Stephanie spotted Ivy's makeshift laboratory, lots of clean and sterile instruments, lots of plants, lots of chemical sets. Green plants and a green Harley stood out amidst all the white, next to the black and red-clad, lithe and athletic form of Harley Quinn.

Goodness, those curves. Steph was never *not* impressed with Harley's figure.

But priorities. Ivy mentioned her research, and with the way she paced angrily, she could already see where this was going.

"It was *not* meant for those assholes" The plant villain seethed, banging a fist on a table, rattling the test tubes and burners.

"Yeesh hon, why are you so mad about this?" Even Harley looked surprised as she put a hand on her girlfriend's shoulder. "What are they using it to kill rainforests or something?"

"No, it's-!" Ivy stopped, taking a deep breath and sighing. "I'm the one who started this mess. I never wanted this Venom to get into the streets like that. But these people-!" She took another breath. "They somehow figured out what I was doing."

Harley blinked a couple of times. "Ive, you modified the venom on your own?"

Bingo.

Also, what? Why would she-?

The clown woman voiced Stephanie's thoughts. "But why?"

Ivy threw her head back in exasperation, throwing her arms to the side at a wide angle. "For you!"

Steph tilted her head at the same angle Harley did. "Huh? You *wanted* to give me Venom?"

Ivy bit her lip, looking away, embarrassed and ashamed.

"Is this some fetish thing?" Harley pressed with a twang in her voice, a wide, quirky grin forming on her lips. "Hey, if you'd like me to hit the weights, I'm up for it you don't have to go the extra mile."

"Tch!" The redhead rolled her eyes. "Of course, you'd try to joke about it, you *know* why."

Harley's smile slowly dropped.

"Two weeks," Ivy rounded on her, holding up her fingers. "Two weeks in a coma, broken bones, blood loss, by a miracle, you didn't have brain damage. And the only reason you recovered as fast as you did was because I cashed in a lot of favors with more magic guys than I'm comfortable with." Beneath her anger, there was so much concern and pain.

It even got to Stepth. It was hard to forget these people were... people, under all the insanity and crime.

"Ive, I..."

"That fucking Grodd better stay hidden, because next time I see him I'm ripping him apart with my vines" Ivy's promise of vengeance was dulled by a choked breath. "I almost lost you, I had to see as that mutant throw you around like a ragdoll..." She slowly shook her head. "Not again. You're not gonna risk your life like that again, I told myself next time we faced something above our weight class, you'd be able to trash them all on your own. I swore I'd make you strong enough so that I'd never have to fear for your life again."

Harley slowly reached over and held her hand, while the other gently tapped Ivy's eyes so her teary gaze would meet hers. "Ivy... I promise you nothing will happen to me."

"You know I'd never doubt you." She muttered. "But that's not a certainty *you* can give me..."

She pulled away and reached down into the drawers underneath one of her chemistry sets. She retrieved an item that Stephanie couldn't see until the plant-villain turned, and there she spotted a vial of bright green liquid inside.

"Which is why I took matters into my own hands."

For once, Harley Quinn was left at a loss for words.

"I modified it so it doesn't have the same drawbacks overuse of Venom can have over prolonged periods of time," The biochemist explained. "I used a lot of my own chemicals to stabilize the mutagens and reduce any potential adverse effects they can have. That's why they stole it, because it's the most stable Venom variant out there."

The pale woman looked at the vial for a moment, lips pursed as a hundred thoughts ran through her head. "For how long?"

"It's permanent."

"Shiiiiit," Harley swore, almost letting out a whistle. "Now wonder they're willing to go to war for it."

"You won't be trading blows with Superman," Ivy explained. "But it's definitely a minor meta-level physical boost. Stronger, faster, more durable than any baseline human. Resistant to disease, a faster healing factor, increased stamina--"

She stopped when Harley gently put her hand on hers, fingers gracing the vial as she stared lovingly into her eyes. "You thought of everything just to make sure I'm safe, huh?"

"...I won't lose you," Ivy said, not with denial but with a fierce determination. "I won't, I... I can't," Her voice lost its strength at the end, lowering her gaze.

Steph honestly felt bad, peeping over such a private moment like this. But it was something that Bat-training had drilled into her head, never miss any avenues you can exploit, callous as that sounded. Information was everything, and she needed to find out as much as she could.

"You won't," Harley declared, grabbing the vial.

And so Steph remained, watching from inside the vents as Harley drank Ivy's serum.

She witnessed as Harley softly gasped as the liquid ran down her throat, staggering for a moment as the vial fell from her grasp and shattered the moment it made contact with the floor. Ivy was at her side instantly, trying to keep her balanced. "It's okay, the process can be intense, but you can ride it out. Just ride it out."

"Ugh!" Harley grunted, throwing her head back, showing the veins thickening over the neck as muscles writhed and rippled. "Ivy, I-I need...!"

"What is it, babe?" Ivy asked urgently with concern. "What do you need?"

"-room!"

A single push, and Ivy almost stumbled over the counter, nearly knocking over her chemistry equipment. Spoiler watched as Harley's shaking form slowly enlarged, the sound of bones snapping and leather stretching reached her ears, joined by Harley's growing grunts and growls.

Already a vision of female gymnastics, Harley's lithe, toned body swelled with more muscle mass, turning her faintly marked muscles into larger bags of flesh with a deeper definition. The lines cut into the muscle, first like lines on a map, then into more geographical formations as the muscles inflated and split into much more distinct groups. Her highly revealing outfit allowed Stephanie to watch as Harley developed corded muscles that only came with years of highly intense training.

Her feet slowly tore through her sneakers, toes first, then the tendon on the back ripped the material as the roof of the feet emerged amidst torn fabric and loose shoelaces. Her stocks disintegrated around the growing feet, one thread at a time, until thin straps were all that remained.

Her calves widened so much that they inflated outward, becoming full and shapely, like inverted hearts, pulsating with vigor and thick veins that pumped energy through them. "Ohhhh" Harley *moaned*, hips erratically thrusting back and forth while her thighs inflated with girth, powerful muscles filled them, pushing out stee-like cables of pure hardened flesh that jumped with the slightest movement in a hypnotic rhythm over her quads. The micro-shorts she was known to wear *shrank* with tearing noises as they struggled to cover her thickening thighs, pushing them so high up they looked like underwear, not helped by the expanding glutes, rock-hard buns that ripped through and swallowed the torn remains like a thong.

"Hmm, yeees," Harley gasped in ecstasy, shuddering breaths escaped her lips as pleasure overwhelmed her senses. Her hands pressed against the jutting rows of abdominal muscle that thrust into place, dominating the landscape of her stomach and competing for territory as they crunched down with a strong flex.

Ivy could only stare transfixed, "Okay, I.. I knew the effect would trigger endorphin release, but..." She fell silent, too engrossed by the sight of her girlfriend becoming an amazon. The way her breasts expanded and those nipples became painfully hard knocked all coherent thoughts out of her head.

Harley flexed her arms dynamically, moaning as the powerful muscles widened. Lats extended like wings on her thickening torso, stretching her tiny top further, as her biceps solidified and became thick, firm, and bulging pythons of writhing flesh. Veins hungrily pulsated over the split peaks of her biceps, displaying the power that dwelled inside.

“Ohh fuck!” Harley panted, laughing as her chest expanded with slab-like pectoral muscles, supporting her inflating breasts, thinking out the stretching fabric with the help of her rising raps. To say nothing of the monumental state of her back, a labyrinth of flesh and countless deep lines of definition that highlight the stunning display of female strength.

Her top snapped into pieces, sending them to the ground and revealing Harley’s torso in its entirety. From the sharp obliques cascading around her shredded abs to the firm and thick pecs, Harley was a monument to sensual power, looking more like an amazon than a regular human. Her ample, perky breasts and curves did not go unnoticed, far from it, the presence of both them and her muscles gave her a new level of beauty that only the likes of Wonder Woman had displayed in the modern age.

And she *was* beautiful, Spoiler couldn’t deny it, there was something so raw, so *primal* in her...

And apparently, Ivy thought the same, given the elated smile on her lips. “Oh my god”

“Ohhh yeeees” Harley growled with a manic smile, ripped the thin strap of her micro shorts to reveal her naked and very wet sex. She struck a pose, holding her wrist in her grasp and blasting her bicep to great size. “Oh you outdid yourself I’ve, I feel so fucking goood!”

Ivy gulped, walking closer to inspect the changes. She realized how much taller her girlfriend was now, a new paradigm considering *she* used to be the taller one by half a head, but now the roles had been inverted. And Ivy found herself liking it...

“We have to,” She stammered, watching Harley flex her arm, enraptured by the sight of the firm muscle and the veins throbbing, “do a lot of tests. Find out if your b-body is adapting properly.” She fidgeted, rubbing her legs together. “See how strong you are now.”

Harley’s eye glinted with mischief. “Oh, you wanna see?”

Ivy yelped as Harley snatched her in her big arms, lifting her by the waist and pulling her up so much that Ivy could touch the ceiling easily if she wanted to. She looked up at her flailing girlfriend with a toothy smile as her chin pressed against Ivy’s stomach. “How about that?”

Figuring this was not the time for tests, Ivy instead gave in to her indulgences and stopped moving, instead smirking and running a hand over Harley's powerful shoulders. "I think I'll need another example..."

Stephanie's eyes almost widened out of her sockets as Harley set Ivy down... and ripped the clothes off her with one simple tug, leaving her in her full naked green glory. She gulped, feeling so breathless out of all sudden, the vent felt small and hot...

Ivy breathed heavily, staring hungrily at her girlfriend's muscular figure before jumping into her arms and planting a desperate kiss on her lips.

Stephanie was forced to watch as the two tumbled all over the room, hitting furniture and expensive pieces of chemistry, their tongues madly and lavishly rolling over each other in mad kisses. At one point, Ivy, held in Harley's arms, grabbed hold of a breast and pulled it close, suckling the hard nipple with wanton abandon. Harley gasped in pleasure, half-lidded eyes staring with great need at her lover while stroking her long red locks.

Eventually, Harley set the green woman over one of the islands, knocking over multiple burners and chemistry cases, but Ivy did not care. The plant-meta merely spread her legs and locked them tightly over Harley's toned buttocks, her arms joining around her neck...

Stephanie was panting, feeling like she was suffocating under her own mask; she was forced to reveal her mouth, but that only helped slightly. What was happening to her? Why... Why was she feeling like this? Why couldn't she move? Why was she just staring at all this unfold when she could leave?

Why was her crotch so wet?

Harley growled, grabbing a strong hold of Ivy's body with her powerful arms... and swiveled her hips into Ivy's with one fierce movement.

"Ah!" Ivy gasped, her body rocking by the impact. She shuddered, almost drooling as her beloved began to thrust into her repeatedly and with fierce, magnificently primal technique. "Yes, oh fuck, yes. Do it," She muttered with desperation, gritting her teeth and grunting in the throes of pleasure. "Take me you fucking beast...!"

And Harley obliged, with relentless energy.

Stephaine closed her eyes shut, not because she didn't want to see anymore, but because she couldn't take it anymore. One gloved hand reached under her belt and struggled to reach her core under the tight pants made of reinforced material. She let out a muffled moan as she touched a bundle of nerves, her hips thrusting back and forth while another hand held up the utility belt so the other could work better.

"Fuck..." She muttered in desperation, almost banging her head on the vents. "Oh fuck!"

"AhhhhhhHHHH!" Ivy cried out in pure ecstasy as her orgasm triggered, unraveling herself on Harley, whose body seized, grunting to herself and burying her face on Ivy's shoulder while riding out the shocks of pleasure.

The two panted, tied up in their sweat embrace as they rode out the afterglow.

"Oh wow..." Ivy laughed out loud in utter joy. "I might have to rethink your 'fetish' comment. Because I have to admit, you with this body?" She hummed, nuzzling against her girlfriend's body. "Fuck this is the best sex we've had in a while..."

"Ohhh, you like it, huh?" Harley purred. "Well, next time I'll be sure to give you a bit more time to play with them before-" She slowly trailed off. "Wait... you hear something?"

Stephanize *froze*, looking back through the vent's bars to... to find the two were looking in her direction.

"Oh-"

X~X~X~X~X

"-fuuuuuck!" Barbara gasped in delight, her body rocking against the muscular figure on top of her.

Fingers grasped over the enormous mounds of flesh, only succeeding in making the slightest of dents over the skin as the muscles were too hard, no softness that would slip between her fingers. Barbara pawed them with great need and desperation, savoring the sensation of such delightfully toned flesh, testing every ridge and crevice between each muscle group.

The flesh rippled under her hands, flexing in waves of corded muscles as these jumped under the skin, the barest movement resulting in a cascade of flesh, making Barbara's fingers bounce up and down.

Large breasts pressed against her own, the only softness to be found in the titanic body, the full weight atop of her flattening them both with how tightly pressed the two were. Hardened nipples dug into each other's ample bosoms, brushing and sending sparks of electricity through the knobs and areola.

Her partner's mouth, so skilled and ravishing, suckled on her neck and left deep pulsating marks. She licked, kissed, and nibbled to her heart's content, as though feasting on Barbara's skin and sweat was a delicacy. The redhead gasped, pushing the head further into her neck, fingers slipping between jet-black locks of messy hair.

"Don't stop..." Barbara begged, undulating her body into her partner's.

Her lover.

Cassandra.

Barbara could almost laugh if she weren't so busy moaning. She was having sex with *Cass*. She was underneath her, being pleased to high heaven as those powerful hips swiveled against her. Her legs wrapped over her muscular buttocks and gave her the opening to do so, brushing their sexes together with delicious friction, eased by their sheer dripping state. Liquid pleasure mingled, slipping into each other's entrances.

Cassandra, she could scarcely believe it. Yet Barbara *wanted* this; she *needed* it.

Needed to feel that gloriously muscular body on top of her. Feel the shredded definition brush against her skin. Feel those powerful arms hold her. She grasped the curvature of a massive bicep while Cassandra grabbed onto the mattress so tightly she almost removed the covers from the corner.

She growled, a bestial sound that made Barbara moan louder, shuddering as spasms of pleasure wrecked through her body. Oh, Cassandra, this powerful, beautiful, fighting *beast*. Who knew and anticipated her every need, every craving. Once the idea of intimacy between

the two was such a foreign notion she had never even considered it before, now all she desired was Cassandra, her skill, her *body*.

In the gym, in the showers, Barbara had shown her appreciation by fondling and worshipping every inch of skin, tasting the mighty muscles with her lips and tongue, and pleasuring Cassandra with the vigor and devotion such a body deserved. Oh, and did Cassandra enjoy it, particularly when she moaned so loudly and pushed Barbara's head deeper into her crotch.

Now she returned the favor by fucking her with all she had, sending her into a spiral of ecstasy the Oracle never wanted to climb out of. Her hip thrusts were relentless, powerful, so erotically charged that it made her worked up sex send waves after waves of pleasure through her. She- She-.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" Barbara cried out, arching her back and holding Cassandra's larger form even tighter. Her orgasm washed off her in powerful torrents, dripping into Cassandra's sex and running between her thighs.

Cassandra's own climax hit with force, making her clench her teeth and ride out the flood of pleasure as her own lips deluged over Barbara's. Her hips kept moving back and forth on their own accord, bringing as much pleasure to the two as possible.

Their carnal entanglement crawled to a halt, and Barbara remained lying there, panting for breath. Barbara considered herself in great shape, even with the fitness she lost during her time in recovery, so even her endurance after years of being Batgirl had been put to the test with this relentless night of passion.

God, it had been the best sex of her life. Cassandra was simply on another level, being both skillful and knowledgeable as well as *raw* and forceful, a tremendous prowess she could only applaud at. Well, if she could only move her arms.

Barbara laughed, turning her head on the pillow as messy strands of red hair stuck to her skin. "Oh my god, Cass... That was *insane*. You were sooo good there."

"...Was this really okay?"

It was a meek reply that followed, an uncertain question. It was a far cry from the decisive, passionate, and downright *dominating* attitude from before. Whereas once Cassandra had boldly borne her nudity to her, advancing with intent and guiding Barbara in the pleasures she

wanted to feel, how she wanted her muscles to be touched, kissed, licked. How she wanted other parts to be touched, kissed, and *licked*. She had acted with an empowered and sexually liberated attitude that was foreign to the Batgirl, but Barbara couldn't help but *adore* in this haze of arousal.

Now that the moment had passed and they were in the afterglow, Cassandra seemed to shrink (not literally) into herself, squaring her shoulders, looking down at their nude states, their swollen nipples and dripping sex, with conflict.

"Cassandra?" Barbara asked.

"We... We had sex," She muttered, not meeting her gaze. "I never felt so... aroused before. Wanted to do all these things to you... and I did." She licked her lips, her words were slow and measured, heavy in their tone. "You didn't stop me, you did what I wanted."

"Of... course I wanted it," Barbara admitted, slowly propping herself up on her elbows. "Cass... do you regret this?"

Black eyes finally met her gaze. "Don't think so. Just... never done this before."

Oh.

Barbara blinked a few times. "Ah"

"Always been like this." She continued. "I know bodies, know everything. What to do, learning was easy to make me... to make *you* feel good." She looked so confused. "But should I have? You're Bruce's... kind of. Got your dad, but you're one of Bruce's. Like me"

Ah, the dots were starting to connect.

"Should we have done this?" She asked again. "Touch you like this, kiss you... fuck you" The voice came out shuddered, like they were a dirty taboo thing that made her feel dirty yet excited her so much at the same time. "I couldn't control myself."

Barbara sat up fully, face to face with her fellow Batgirl.

"Always in control, every movement, every punch and kick. Always as strong as I want them to be. But like *this*," She waved a hand over her muscular frame. "It all came loose, it was all untamed, wild."

Her gaze was *smoldering*, and made a shiver run up Barbara's spine.

"I liked it. I *loved* being unbound like that. No need for self-control, no hesitation, only my instincts. Base instincts, like a predator... but you were my prey." The shame returned. "Always been my friend, my family... was this wrong?"

"Oh, Cass," Barbara sighed, reaching to cup the younger woman's cheek. "I once dated Dick, and he was 'one of Bruce's' like you said. Did that make it wrong?"

She pursed her lips. "Don't know. How you two were"

"It was good, for a time. I don't regret what we had, even if it ended. So what happened here," She motioned between the two. "It can be... an experience, something I helped you learn."

Cassandra shuddered at her touch, leaning into the palm. "You're always teaching me."

"Whatever this was, it was between us. It can mean as much or as little as you want," Barbara gently said. "So what is it you felt deep inside when you 'lost control?'"

"...You're beautiful," She said. "Love you, not like that. But love you. Wanted you. Wanted this body." She flexed her powerful arms, making the veins come to life. "*Love this body*," She growled, and Barbara shuddered this time. "So I wanted you, anybody, to love it. Make me feel... complete, release this pressure I had inside."

"And I welcomed it, *very* eagerly I might add." She wrapped her arms around Cassandra's mighty torso, smushing their breasts together with a tingle of delight for both. "So I'm happy to have been part of this with you."

"Hmm," Cassandra hummed in pleasure, bringing her strong arms around Barbara to caress and touch. "Want to do this more, with you, with... another"

“Oh?”

“Love her, like you... More than you. *More*” She admitted, her eyes closed as Barbara’s lips drew closer. “Much more”

“Oh, Cass,” She chuckled, her eyes warm and full of understanding. “I know who you’re talking about.”

“Too obvious,” She shamefully admits. “To anyone, except for her...”

Barbara gave her a soft kiss on the lips. “Learn all you want with me, and then go *get her*,” She purred, drawing a longer union of their mouths this time, with a slight prodding from their tongues before they parted with a soft moan. “And give her *everything* you gave me and more.”

Cassandra *growled*, her body flexed instinctively. “Yes,” She once more pinned Barbara over the bed. “Yes”

Barbara wrapped her legs around her waist once again, ready for another session of vigorous-

The communicator rang out on the nightstand.

Oracle sighed and Cassandra grumbled, drawing away. It had to be important if they contacted Barbara directly, so it’d be pretty irresponsible to ignore it for some (admittedly incredible) sex.

Barbara put the communicator on her ear and tapped, connecting the line. “Oracle here”

“Hey, so!” It was Stephanie’s voice. Cassandra stiffened when she heard it too. “*I’m gonna need some help here, I pissed off both Harley AND Ivy!*”

Cassandra jumped out of the bed with a gymnast’s agility, quickly going to the armory to suit up.

Barbara rushed out of bed, quickly putting on panties and then looking for her bra. She decided to forgo it after a few seconds, not knowing where it could be, and put on a shirt instead. "What's your location?" She asked, her voice composed and in control.

"South-side Carter street, follow my locator!" Stephanie's voice came harried, ragged. She was jumping all over, no doubt. *"Harley's enhanced with the new venom, it was-!"*

Her line suddenly cut off.

"Spoiler? Spoiler?!" Barbara swore. "Fuck!" And picked up a pair of slacks, rushing to the Batcomputer with her cane as fast as she could.