

Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy's Slobby Succulents

A worn out couch in the middle of an abandoned mall wasn't a normal place to spend a lazy day in Gotham. Then again Poison Ivy was far from normal herself with her green skin, bright red hair, and penchant for murder via her powers over plant life. This precious moment of peace had been afforded to her thanks to Harley and her crew being out to perform a string of heists. With Frank out hanging with the weed dealer he had befriended, she was set to just lay back and enjoy skimming through a magazine. It was such a perfect moment that it was inevitable that something would come along to bring it all to a screeching halt.

"Sup, Ives?" Harley asked, her bleach white face grinning ear to ear as she shook the blue and pink tips of her blonde pigtails.

Looking up from her magazine, Ivy looked around to see that Harley was alone with only a sack of ill-gotten loot accompanying her. "Where's everyone else?"

"They're still out doing some clean up after our last job. It got a little messy," she added as she wiped off lingering blood stains from her red and black crop top and shorts.

"Do you want to change first?" Ivy asked. "I think I have a spare outfit around here somewhere."

"Sorry, no time," Harley said as she rummaged through her bag. "Besides, the green jacket, white shirt, and green pants look doesn't really work for me." Harley paused for a moment to glance over at Ivy. "But they look great on you."

"Thanks?" Ivy said, making her way over to the bag. "So what did you steal this time?"

With a wide grin, Harley yanked back her hand to reveal a small, sealed paper envelope. Taking the packet from Harley's hands, Ivy opened it up and took a peek inside. What she saw

were a gathering of purple seeds. Though she had seen her fair share of dangerous plants before, something about these in particular seemed off.

“What are these?” Ivy said, waving around the packet.

“Some kind of experimental seeds I stole from a fast food corporation,” Harley answered. “Nabbed them from a guy named Dr. Teld. Really stringy and creepy so he was just asking to be given a good beat down. Don’t worry, he’s alive. Just might not be eating solid foods for a while.”

“And you did all of this, because...?”

“Because it was guarded like it was a piece of fucking fine art,” Harley replied. “That means it’s got to be worth something.”

“Or that it could be incredibly dangerous.”

Just as Ivy was about to toss the bag away, Harley grabbed her wrist. “Which is why I gave them to you,” she said. “Come on Ives. This could be a huge score for us.”

As much as Ivy wanted to say no, she knew her argument couldn’t get past the puppy dog like-look in Harley’s eyes. Heaving a sigh, Ivy gave a slight nod. Holding the packet above her head, she turned once more towards Harley.

“If this kills us, please remember it was completely your fault,” Ivy said.

“Can’t blame me if we’re dead,” Harley replied, trying in vain to ease Ivy’s worries with a grin.

Preparing herself for the worst, Ivy used her powers to inject a surge of energy into the seeds. She tossed the packet to the ground moments before it burst open to allow the developing plant to spread out with green tendrils. Though the vines were dotted in numerous flower buds

with a similar dark purple hue as the seeds, any sense of awe at its beauty was undone by the astounding rate in which the plant spread across the mall.

Seeing the encroaching vegetation envelop the room, Ivy turned towards Harley with a glare in her eyes. “I told you!”

“Just shut up and run!” Harley shouted, making a break towards one of the exits.

Moments before Harley could grasp the door handle, she was pushed back by a thick veil of vines. Gritting her teeth, she tried to break through with a few swift whacks of her bat. Seeing that the tendrils were unaffected, Ivy stepped forward to take the lead. Holding out her palms, she attempted to control the vines to move them out of her way. Despite her best efforts, the plants remained steadfast in keeping the two of them in place.

“What’s going on?” Harley asked, continuing to beat against the vegetation. “Why isn’t this working?”

“I don’t know,” Ivy said, trying once more to get the plant to obey her commands.

“Something’s off. It doesn’t want to listen to me.”

“Now’s really not the time for you to be having performance anxiety.”

“It’s not that! There’s just something off about how its reacting to me. It’s like it has a mind of its own. The problem is I don’t know what it wants. Maybe the seed packet has an instruction manual or-“

Ivy and Harley sprung back from the wall as two vines came flying out. Landing away from the blockade they watched as the tendrils slithered towards them only to stop a few feet away. Flower bulbs perched at the tips of the vines opened up to allow plump, dark purple fruit to pop out. A pair of gasps escaping from the two women’s mouths at the sight made for the perfect opportunity for the plant to launch the produce right down their throats.

The revulsion the two of them felt as the fruit slid down was slightly diminished by the sweet flavor that graced their tongues. Shocked by the sudden feeding and wonderful flavor, they didn't have a chance to stop the tendrils from pushing another set into their mouths. This time they allowed the produce to linger on their tongues, biting down and letting the juice pour out the sides of their lips. The sweet juice that graced their taste buds put them in a momentary state of bliss that lasted up until Harley let out a loud BWOOOOOOOOORRRRPPP.

"Oof, sorry about that, Ives," Harley said, waving away the stench of rotten fruit from the pair of them.

"That's what we UUUUUURRRRP get for messing with this thing," Ivy replied. "We need to refocus on finding a way out of here."

"Right, I think there was a fire escape over--"

Harley was silenced once more, this time by an ominous groan in her intestines. Sliding her hand across her exposed mid-section to try and ease her indigestion, she discovered that she had developed a flap of pudge that stuck out an inch from her waist. Poking and prodding at this sudden growth, she glanced over at Ivy to see that she had gained a similar amount of chub around her belly. Constantly glancing back and forth between Ivy and her own added pudge, Harley's accidentally sunk a finger a little too hard into her stomach.

The sudden push led to a roaring PHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRTTT spurring out of Harley's rear to bathe the area in a stench similar to fermented produce. Recoiling from the awful odor, Ivy stumbled away and accidentally bumped her belly into the corner of a table. The jolt made a similarly noxious blast of gas erupt from her backside to the tune of a loud BRRRAAAAAAAAPPPP. Though the smell swirling about the pair was awful, it was just what they needed to remind them that they needed to escape the out of control plant's clutches.

Running away from their lingering stink cloud, Ivy and Harley once more set their sights on finding an exit. Everywhere they turned more vines extended to block their path. Though they were able to smash their way through a few of the tendrils that got in their way, every exit had already been blocked with a thick bramble of the foliage. Losing options with each passing second, they were forced to hold their ground in one of the mall's corridors as they tried think of a plan.

"What about the roof?" Harley called out as she beat back another onslaught of vines.

"Pretty sure that's not an option," Ivy relied, casting a glance towards the skylight to see that the vegetation blocked out most of the sun. "Didn't Sy have an underground exit to some tunnels?"

"No good," Harley said, grasping Ivy's waist as they leapt out of the way of another group of vines. "That place has been wrecked ever since his crazy sister got loose."

"That doesn't leave us with a lot of options," Ivy commented as they attempted to run towards the second floor. "I think King Shark left a car in the garage that still works. If we can just get to it, we might be able to plow right through."

"Yeah, that could do it. We just have to--"

Harley's words turned into a scream as she and Ivy's ankles were grasped by the vines, and they were hoisted into the air. Any attempts to fight back were foiled by multiple sets of tendrils tightly winding themselves around the duo's bodies. Though they tried to wriggle their way out of their restraints, there was little they could do as they were carried back to the atrium. Passed down the line of vegetation, they watched as they drew ever closer to a massive grove of the tainted produce that had spread across area.

Dangling above the mutated fruit orchard, Ivy and Harley were overwhelmed with the sweet aroma. The tantalizing smell did little to stop them from recalling the awful gas their little snack had created, alongside the added padding around their mid-sections. While they were in no hurry to eat anymore of the plant's tainted produce, they weren't in a position to refuse as dozens of vines rose up to force feed them.

Lips pried open by the plant's tentacles, Ivy and Harley were given one fruit after another to swallow. The sweet taste that graced their mouths did little to take away from the feeling of their bodies swelling with each mouthful. Their expanding flesh could be seen between their restraints as the tendrils struggled to keep their expanding bodies in place. Unwilling to allow its captives to slip away so easily, the plant sent out more vines to squeeze around Ivy and Harley's bulging bellies. This pressure forced the two of them to splatter the vines with loud belches that put a momentary stop to their feedings. As they watched the leftover drops of juice leak from their lips and onto their engorged cleavage, they shuddered as they felt the fruit make its way down their digestive tract. With their mouths preoccupied downing more helpings of produce, the gas inside of their bodies was forced out through their chubby rears in the form of abhorrent gas that further tormented them with its awful fragrance.

The silver lining to the women's gassy expulsions was that they worked alongside their expanding bodies to loosen their restraints. One last bout of flatulence from their rears combined with their widening waistlines was enough to make them split apart the vines holding them together. Their landing cushioned by their recently gained fat, they gradually brought themselves back up into standing positions. Given a chance to recollect themselves, their gazes were immediately drawn to one another to look over the various bulges of pudge that had begun to rip through their clothing.

Despite the imminent danger, the two women couldn't seem to take their eyes off of one another. The unsightly pudge sticking out of their outfits had a mesmerizing effect on them; each jostle of their bodies jiggling their added chub about. Even the release of a foul burp from Harley's mouth and a rippling fart from Ivy's bottom didn't put an end to these looks of longing. Just as certain urges began to creep their way into the women's heads, the wriggling of the nearby flora got them back to their senses.

Hearing the plants continue to move nearby, Ivy and Harley took up fighting stances. Despite the aggressive behavior beforehand, the vines made no attempt to capture them again. The vegetation settled down as it surrounded the pair with a plethora of more of the corruptive fruit. With only the odd creak of the building and gassy expulsion making any noise, Harley and Ivy hazarded to lower their guard.

"What's going on with BWOOOOORRP them?" Harley asked.

Holding up her arms once more, Ivy held up her arms to try and control the plants, only to fail again. "I'm not UUURRP sure," she replied, pulling her arms back down to wave away a rancid fart. "They're no longer attacking at least. Although I'm a bit concerned by the fact that they still have us trapped."

"Eh, no big deal," Harley said, putting on a smile as she gave her thick rear a smack. "Nothing the two of us can't handle. Now come on, let's UUUUURRRP force our fat asses out of here."

Getting an affirmative nod from Ivy in response, Harley turned away to start tapping her bat against the thick vines in her way. As she continued down the line looking for weak points, she couldn't stop herself from glancing at the hundreds of tainted fruits waiting in front of her.

Even with her added weight and constant flatulence to remind her of the produce's effects, she still licked her lips at the mere thought of sinking her teeth into one of them.

Slowed down by strain of moving her thick thighs about, Harley dared to let her fingers pluck one of the fruits off of the vine. Turning over her shoulder, she checked to make sure that Ivy was still on the other side of the room trying to find an exit. Seeing the green-skinned woman be preoccupied with waving away a blast of her own flatulence, Harley once more turned to stare at the fruit. Justifying her decision with the idea that just one more couldn't hurt, she opened up her mouth and tried to eat the fruit as quietly as possible.

Though Harley managed to down the produce quietly enough, her attempts at stealth grew weaker as the tasty juice spilled down her throat. What started as a single fruit turned into a dozen or so as she began to snag them off the vine. Dropping her bat to the ground to keep both hands free, she showed no restraint as she continued to stuff her face.

Any chance for Harley to hide what she was doing was undone by the sound of her clothing being further torn apart by her expanding form. What remained of her top was split down the center as her bosom grew to resemble a pair of ripe melons. The torn pieces of her top were left to sink in-between her increasing number of belly folds. Her shorts didn't last very long under the duress of her expanding backside, with one more mouthful of fruit to leave her in only her undergarments.

Left to devour the fruit in her bra and panties, Harley only paused her indulgent feast whenever a bubble rose up her thick throat. These belches shook about her two chins to send ripples through her body. The force of these burps strained the very limits of her bra as the straps dug into the meat of her thickening arms. A similar story was told by her panties, with each release of her pungent flatulence threatening to pop them off from the sensation of her butt

cheeks jiggling about. The aroma was nearly as potent as the taste of the fruit was delectable, leading her to believe that no one would be able to stand next to her. It didn't take long for her to be proven wrong.

Another loud belch burst out from Harley's mouth as something big and soft slammed into her back. Turning her head to the side, she could see an equally fat Poison Ivy hanging onto her in an attempt to squeeze every inch of flab she could reach. Like Harley, Ivy's outfit was left as no more than shreds that clung to her heaving breasts and belly rolls. Gas erupted from her fat ass with the same frequency and fragrance that had been disrupting Harley's eating. Noticing the droplets of juice clinging to Ivy's face, Harley knew that the two of them had fallen right into the plant's trap. However, they didn't have long to dwell on their worsening condition.

Both driven by overwhelming desire, Harley and Ivy pressed their bellies together as they embraced for a deep kiss. Given a chance to sample each other's saliva and the lingering taste of fruit, their hands roamed about to remove what little remained of their clothing. Managing to pop off each other's panties at roughly the same time, their hands moved on to delve between their legs to give them the relief they were searching for.

Harley and Ivy's kiss was momentarily broken as they both began to moan. These euphoric cries mixed in with their belches as they each moved their fingers in rapid succession in the pursuit of pleasuring one another. Looking at each other's expressions of depravity as they each tried to rub at their partner's weak spots, they barely flinched as their ongoing pursuit left their colons free to surround them in a miasma of their own gas. Feeling each other reaching the very edge of their limits, they forced themselves together once more to muffle their orgasmic cries with another kiss.

Momentarily drained by their climaxes, the pair of women fell into each other's arms as they slumped to the ground. Letting out a stream of heavy gasps between their burps, they smacked their lips in desperation for something to wet their dry throats. Casting her gaze once more towards the numerous fruits lining the vegetation, Ivy gave a wave of her arm. Though it was at a slow pace, the vines eventually crept their way towards the pair with produce in tow.

"I thought you couldn't control these BWOOOOOORRRPPP plants," Harley commented.

"I couldn't before," Ivy replied, a quick burst of flatulence from her rear hurrying the tendrils along. "My best guess is that I've become more UUURRP acclimated to their specific desires."

"Well come on then," Harley said, belly flopping onto the floor to snatch up a fruit with her lips. Happily chewing on her wad of tainted produce, she let out a fart of her own to further stink up their eating area. "Put these BWOOOOORRP bad boys to work."

"I'm not sure this is such a UUURRP good idea," Ivy said as a tendril dangled a fruit in front of her face. "No doubt this thing's goal is to turn us into BWOOOOOORRRPPP sacks of fat and gas driven only by indulgence."

"I think we passed the point of caring about that when we were diving our hands into each other's coochies," Harley replied before devouring a fruit in a handful of bites.

Unable to deny that she had already fallen into the plant's clutches, Ivy opened up her mouth to receive the fruit. Swallowing up the produce, she let out a satisfied belch to get the vines to bring her even more. Having gained control over the surrounding plant life, she gave it the order to keep her and Harley fed.

As they expected, this constant binge eating further packed on the pounds to their already enormous bodies. Juice that leaked from their lips whenever they let out a loud belch was quick to be lost within the valley of their growing cleavage. Any droplets that survived their beach ball-like breasts would then have to overcome the numerous fat folds that were making up the bulk of their 800 pound bodies. A few splatters of juice did manage to overcome their deep belly buttons to sink between their thick thighs. No matter where random droplets came to rest, they were scattered about whenever their elephantine ass cheeks saw fit to refresh their fog of flatulence with another round of loud farts.

Becoming completely obsessed with the fruit, Ivy snapped her fingers to let the vines drop their load of produce onto the floor. Crawling along the ground on all fours like hungry hogs, Ivy and Harley continued to stuff their faces without a care in the world. Their low posture kept them in the premiere spot to receive and give out their gassy expulsions to one another. The smell that had initially disgusted them now filled them with a need to further indulge their hedonistic tendencies.

As the amount of food on the floor began to dwindle, Ivy and Harley focused more of their attention on one another. Completely infatuated with each other's gas, they showed little hesitation in pushing their lips together to sample each other's echoing belches. Parting from each other's faces, the obese women managed to maneuver their hefty forms around to have their faces press up against each other's lower areas. In addition to giving them near direct access to one another's thunderous farts, the position was perfect for sating another need of their pleasure obsessed bodies.

Harley was the first to start, diving her head between Ivy's legs to grace her womanhood with a vibrating belch. Releasing a pungent fart cloud in response, Ivy gritted her teeth as Harley

proceeded to lick and suck at her dripping pussy. Ivy answered with a burp of her own bouncing off against Harley's crotch before slowly dragging her tongue across her partner's labia.

Focusing their efforts on pleasuring one another gifted the pair with a near endless supply of flatulence to further heighten their libidos. Frantically licking and sucking at breakneck speeds, the two ended their moment of intimacy with a loud release of moans and flatulence that echoed throughout the entire mall. Waiting until the very last of their post-orgasm farts petered off, the pair parted from one another to roll onto their backs.

"That was BWOOOOOORRRP incredible," Ivy said, scrunching up her multiple chins to watch her heavy gut continue to jiggle from the exertion. "Maybe we should UUUUURRRRPP call someone to help us now."

"No way," Harley said, sending her fat rolls into another shaking fit with a rumbling BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAP from her ass. "I want more!"

"Food or fucking?"

"UUUUUUURRRRRPP yes."

"Sorry to say," Ivy began, scrunching up her five chins in a failed attempt to get her hefty figure into a sitting position, "but I'm completely spent."

"Then get your BWOOOOOORRRRP little helpers to work. It's the least they can do after turning us into UUUUURRRP horny gas bags."

Turning her head to the side to look over the overgrown vegetation, Ivy forced out an outburst of farts to issue her commands. In a matter of seconds the vines shot towards the pair and wrapped themselves around their blubbery limbs. Though it took quite a few tendrils to do it, the plants managed to lift the living blobs into the air. Kept aloft by the dozens upon dozens of

vines, the two women let themselves relax as Ivy flicked about her plump fingers to send out her orders.

The vines that weren't busy holding up the couple set to work gathering up as many fruits as they could carry. Opening up their mouths as wide as possible, Harley and Ivy showed no hesitation as the plant helped them resume their session of binge eating. Though this stuffing made their weights skyrocket to be well over the 1000 pound mark, it was a problem easily solved by adding more vines to cradle their bodies.

In addition to keeping them comfortable, a few of the tendrils busied themselves with wrapping around their medicine ball sized boobs to give them a deep massage. Ivy and Harley's similarly sized ass cheeks were given their own attention by the vines, either by skimming across their surface or giving them sharp smacks to keep the pair invigorated. A majority of the plant's attention was focused on the two's gigantic guts; the various fat folds making the pair appear as nothing more than enormous blobs of white and green.

In-between shoveling fruit into the slob's faces and groping their massive forms, the vines busied themselves with spreading around the abundance of gassy expulsions. Each noxious outburst that left the pair's bodies and vibrated their collection of chins was stirred around by their helpers to ensure the entire mall was filled with their rancid fumes. This pungent aroma let them revel in their own degraded forms and pushed them towards wanting another session of satiating their libidos. While their enormous forms left them incapable of directly pleasuring each other, Ivy already had a backup plan.

A snap of Ivy's pudgy fingers sent out a series of vines to begin squeezing their various fat folds. This rough groping readied their needy womanhoods just enough to allow them to take the brunt force of vines shoving themselves inside as hard as possible. Though the initial impact

would have been overwhelming for their old selves, they were only truly satisfied when another series of vines lunged forward to plug up their gassy anuses. With their mouths filled with fruit and their other holes being serviced by the motion of the sliding tendrils, Ivy and Harley's minds became a mass of unbridled lust that could not be contained. Enduring the overwhelming pleasure, Ivy kept her fingers moving to direct the vines towards her and Harley's weak points. This perseverance culminated in the pair climaxing to the sound of their muffled moans and a cacophony of flatulence to force out the vines from their backsides.

Breathing heavily, Harley and Ivy barely moved as the vines carried them back down to the ground. Placed right next to each other by the helpful tendrils, the two immobile blobs used the very last of their energy to press their bodies against one another. Just before their strength gave out, they managed to press their faces together to share one last kiss. Pushed apart by a pair of belches, Harley and Ivy rolled onto their backs. Drifting off into a well-earned nap, the pair were all set to live out the rest of their lives as the hedonistic masters of the sloppy succulents.