

## Harley Quinn's Small Night(wing) Part 2

Harley slid her shirt on, and the world darkened around Nightwing, the light between her 'girls' fading as the fabric engulfed him. The air quickly grew even warmer, but at least the shirt smelled clean. The scent of cheap floral detergent was a refreshing change from the stifling sweat and odor in her cleavage. She plucked him out, holding him at arm's length, her fingers wrapped around his sweat-slicked, trembling body. He immediately noticed he was smaller than before.

"Looks like you're not as quick as you thought, bird brain," Harley taunted, holding him up to admire her new shirt. The black fabric stretching across the chest he had just been plucked from bore the unmistakable logo of Nightwing's mentor and friend, a black Batman symbol with a gold oval bordering it emblazoned across her chest. She smirked down at his tiny form, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Aww, isn't this just precious? You should love what I'm wearing, Nightwing. It's almost like I'm rubbing it in, isn't it?"

She brought him closer, her face looming above him, her glossy lips curling into a wicked grin. "I could feel you squirming around in there, trying your best to escape. But you just seemed to be enjoying yourself too much, weren't you? I bet being trapped between my fun bags was the highlight of your pathetic lil life!"

Harley chuckled darkly, giving him a little shake, the motion making him feel like a rag doll. "Tell me, did you like the way my skin felt against your tiny body? The way my cleavage seemed to go on forever. I could feel you getting all hot and bothered, little man. You're lucky you didn't bust in there like the little pervert you are."

She brought him even closer, until he was inches from her face, her hot breath washing over him. "But you didn't escape, did you? Looks like you're stuck with me, bird brain. And trust

me, I've got much bigger plans for you than just a little cleavage time. So, start praying that you can survive the night, because this is just the beginning of your long, hard night of fun with yours truly! The biggest night of ya life!"

Harley glanced down at Nightwing's tiny, glistening form and let out a wicked laugh as she realized his size had diminished even further. "Well, well, well... looks like you've shrunk down to, I dunno, about an inch and a half, bird brain. I wonder how much smaller you'll get before the night is through? I've heard this serum is a bit potent. They stressed that to me. You could end up smaller than a grain of sand for all I know! Or worse..."

With a mischievous grin, she brought him around to the back of her panties and tight pants and slid him down beneath the sweat-soaked fabric. Nightwing found himself trapped in a hot, humid, and incredibly intimate space, the damp material clinging to his skin, the heat almost unbearable. He could feel the curve of her ass pressing down on him, compressing him tightly, but not quite crushing him. It was like being stuck in a fleshy vice that pulsed with warmth and the musky scent of Harley's arousal.

"Comfortable down there, tiny?" she taunted, sitting down and shifting her hips and grinding down harder into the chair. The pressure intensified, making it difficult for Nightwing to breathe, let alone move. He squirmed and struggled, but the more he fought, the more he seemed to excite Harley. She could feel his tiny movements, could sense his growing discomfort, and it only spurred her on.

"You know, for all the times you've kicked my ass, you ought to kiss it now," Harley purred, reaching back to give her rear a firm slap, the sound echoing through the room. The jolt sent a shockwave through Nightwing's reduced body, rattling him to his core. "Maybe if you're a good little boy, I'll let you stay nestled in my ass all night long. Wouldn't that be a treat, Mitey?"

Getting to spend hours, maybe even days, trapped in my hot, sweaty, sexy ass? Though at the rate you're shrinking my fit globes could turn into an actual world for ya!"

She punctuated her words by grinding down harder, the pressure building to a nearly unbearable level. Nightwing could feel every contour, every curve and crease of her ass pressing down on him, threatening to mold his body to the shape of her flesh. He was utterly at her mercy, completely at the whim of her movements and her sadistic whims. And judging by the way she was acting, he had a feeling this was just the beginning of what she had in store. He knew she didn't have a plan. She was just acting on what he'd been assuming she was, on her whims.

Harley smirked as she felt Nightwing squirming around in her panties, his tiny body sliding and shifting with each grind of her hips. "Hang tight, lil birdy. Auntie Harley's gotta send a few quick messages to set up the drop off with my client. Shouldn't take more than a few minutes. Well, a few minutes for me at least. For you, who knows how long it'll feel!" She chuckled darkly, pulling out her phone and shooting off a quick text message.

As her fingers worked the phone above, down in her ass below, Nightwing could feel himself growing smaller and smaller, the heat and pressure around him intensifying as her panties seemed to tighten like a vice. He was slipping, sliding further up between her ass cheeks as she shifted in her seat, the dim light filtering down through her crack growing dimmer and dimmer the deeper he went. It felt like the muscles in her ass were intentionally drawing him deeper.

Before he knew it, Nightwing found himself wedged right at the entrance to Harley's asshole, the puckered opening looming above him like a massive portal. It reminded him of the airlocks on the JLA Watchtower in space. He figured, based on what he could see in the low light, compared to her brown eye, which was actually as pale white as the rest of her, he was

now about half an inch tall. Her hole was larger than he was, the puckered flesh dwarfing him. The scent was overwhelming, the heat almost unbearable as he was pressed against her asshole. At least she didn't actually ask him to kiss it, he thought, trying to find a positive.

"Looks like you're dwindling down again, Mitey," Harley purred, glancing back over her shoulder with a wicked grin. "I can barely feel you wiggling around in there anymore. You're like a tiny little bug trapped in a web, and my booty's the spider about to eat the little fly. You, uh, you're the fly here."

She punctuated her words by clenching her ass cheeks, the sudden movement sending another shockwave through Nightwing's tiny body.

"Oh, I almost forgot to mention, bird brain! For a while there, all the gals in the superhero and supervillain community thought you were the hottest thing since sliced bread. I mean, have you seen yourself? You're like an A-don-ass among men, or so they say." Harley smirked, her voice dripping with sarcasm as she continued to type away on her phone, possibly oblivious to the fact that Nightwing was slowly being swallowed up by her ass.

She glanced back over her shoulder, her eyes gleaming with mischief as she thought of his tiny fit body wedged between her cheeks. "I know a few villains and even a couple of 'heroes' who would pay a pretty penny to get their hands on a tiny little toy like you. Pity you're probably gonna shrink down to nothing before I can even think about selling you off. Though I suppose I could always keep you as my personal plaything. It'd be kinda hot knowing you'll always be somewhere on me."

Harley gave another firm clench of her ass, the muscles rippling around Nightwing's petite body, threatening to crush him. She could feel him slipping deeper, the heat and pressure around him intensifying as her hole seemed to threaten to suck him in like a black hole. The dim

light filtering down her crack continued to grow fainter and fainter, the air grew thicker and more humid, and the scent of her arousal overwhelmed his senses.

“Mmm, I can feel you squirming around in there, Mitewing. You’re like a tiny little worm, wriggling around in my apple. And you know what happens to worms like you, don’t you? They get eaten!” Harley laughed, reaching back to give her ass another firm slap, the impact sending Nightwing tumbling deeper into her hot, tight embrace, face-first against her sweaty hole. He was nowhere near as stoic as Batman, and so he let out a series of curses that would make the Joker blush. Pity he was too small for Harley to hear them.

Harley finally reached back and plucked Nightwing from the depths of her panties, holding him up to her face by his tiny feet. Her pale white face loomed above him like a full moon, her features blown up to an enormous size in comparison to his shrinking form. Her blue eyes sparkled with mischief and amusement as she examined her tiny captive, his body glistening with a sheen of sweat and other unmentionable substances.

“Oh my, looks like you’re absolutely covered in my… unique marinade, my essence, my aroma, aren’t you Mitewing? I bet you reek of me,” Harley teased, bringing him closer to her nose and taking a deep whiff. She wrinkled her nose slightly at the pungent scent, a mix of her natural musk and the lingering aroma of her arousal. “Yep, you’re absolutely drenched in my juices. I can practically smell my ass on you! I smell amazing!”

As she took another deep inhale, Nightwing suddenly vanished up what he’d normally described as her cute button nose with a little snort. Harley’s eyes widened in surprise and then narrowed with a wicked gleam as she realized what had happened. She could feel the tiny tickle of his minuscule body tickling her nasal passage.

“Oopsie daisy, looks like you’ve not just made yourself tiny, but you’ve gone and gotten yourself inhaled, bird brain!” Harley laughed, bringing a hand to her nose and giving it a rub. “I can feel you squirming around in there. Must be a tight fit in my cute lil nose, huh?”

She stuck out her tongue and made a face, as she sniffled and snorted around him. “Tell me, is this what you had in mind when ya followed me into that lab? Or did you have something else in mind, tiny?”

Harley’s voice was muffled, the sound of her words vibrating around Nightwing’s ears as he was trapped in the fleshy chamber of her nose. The air was hot and damp, the pressure of her simple breathing overwhelming his senses. He could feel the tiny hairs in her nose tickling his skin, could feel the surging draft of air as she breathed and spoke, the vibrations of her voice rumbling through her nasal passages. It was a strange and disorienting sensation, being trapped inside of a face he’d punched and kicked at on more occasions than he could count. Maybe the concussions he had given her over the years were why her jokes were so bad...

He was plastered to the wall of her nasal canal by her mucus. This was a new low. He just hoped Bruce would never find out. This was when it hit him. He probably wasn’t escaping, was he? Sure, he may make it out of Harley’s nose, but he’d probably never regrow and see his friends or family. Barbara, Kory, Bruce, Tim, Cassie, Alfred. Their faces rushed through his mind as he struggled to escape the binds of a crazy blonde’s snout.

Harley giggled, her nose twitching and nostrils flaring as she felt Nightwing squirming around in the tight, fleshy confines of her nasal passage. “Aww, is this a little too close for comfort, bird brain? I can feel you wriggling around in there like a tiny little bug. And trust me, you’re not exactly a pleasant little passenger. You tickle, and I can practically taste the stink of my ass on you! Can definitely smell it. I would get a shower, but I wouldn’t want to lighten up your sufferin.”

She brought a finger to her nose and plugged the empty nostril, then with a forceful exhale through the other, launched Nightwing out of her nose and into her waiting hand. He tumbled through the air, a tiny, glistening missile, before landing with a soft plop in her palm. Harley brought him close to her face, her lips curling into a smirk as she examined his disheveled appearance.

“Well, well, well... look at you. You’re absolutely plastered in a glob of my gunk, Mitey. It’s a pity you’re so small, you could end up in a lot worser places!” She held him up to her massive, glossy lips. Her breath washed over his tiny body in hot, humid gusts. The scent of her lip gloss and the faint aroma of sweets and coffee wafted over him, a stark contrast to the metallic musk of her nose.