

Harley Quinn's Small Night(wing) Part 3: A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Puss

Harley stuck out her tongue and licked her lips. It was a wet, pink expanse that would have engulfed Nightwing entirely had she not been holding him aloft from it. "You know, I should probably clean you off. You're absolutely coated in my snot and sweat. Here, let me help..."

She brought him even closer, until he could feel the heat radiating off her lips, could see the individual strands of her saliva in her open mouth glistening in the light. Her tongue flicked out, the slick muscle leaving a glistening trail of saliva in its wake as it hovered mere millimeters from Nightwing's body. He could feel the moisture in the air, could practically taste her breath on his skin as she teased him with the promise of a thorough cleaning.

"Tell me, bird brain, do you want me to lick you clean? Or should I just spit on you and call it a night? You know, some guys pay a lot of money for that. Had a billionaire I was holding hostage offer to pay for that once." Harley purred, her voice low and teasing. "Though I must warn you, once I've had a taste of you, I may not be able to let you go. Even Huntress once said she'd love to just eat you up. Apparently, you're that delicious."

Harley's tongue, a slick, pink expanse that completely and utterly dwarfed Nightwing's tiny form, suddenly lashed out and wrapped around him. The wet muscle lifted him off her palm and pulled him towards her waiting mouth. He could feel the textured surface of her tongue, the bumpy taste buds, and the slick saliva engulfing him as he was dragged deeper into the warm, moist cavern of her mouth.

He felt as though he was being swallowed whole like Jonah and the whale. The darkness around him was absolute as Harley's tongue curled and undulated, playing with its new toy. She could feel him squirming and struggling against the slick, fleshy prison, and could

taste the mixture of her own sweat and his sweat on his skin. It was a unique flavor that actually made her mouth water with anticipation. Much to her surprise.

“Mmm, you’re like a tiny little tadpole flopping around on my tongue, Mitey,” Harley purred, her voice booming and vibrating around Nightwing’s tiny body. “I can feel you wriggling around in there, trying to escape. But where do you think you’re going to go? You’re trapped in my mouth now, and I intend to have some fun with you.”

She rolled her tongue around him, the slick muscle pressing and caressing his body from all angles. The constant motion and pressure threatened to overwhelm his senses. The heat was intense, the air thick and humid, the scent of Harley’s saliva and the other aspects of her he’d been exposed to were too much.

Harley’s teeth, massive and practically gleaming in the dim light filtering through when her lips parted to let out a thunderous giggle, suddenly closed around Nightwing’s waist, the sharp canines digging into his skin just hard enough to make him gasp. She gave a little nip, a playful warning as she began to rock him back and forth.

“That’s it, struggle for me, bird brain,” Harley purred, her breath washing over his tiny form in hot, humid gusts. “The more you squirm, the more I want to taste you. And trust me, I have a very...robust appetite.” She punctuated her words with a slow, sensual lick up the length of Nightwing’s body, the slick muscle leaving gallons of saliva in its wake. “Oh... fuck yeah... move for me, lil guy...”

Was she actually getting off to this!? He wondered. Well, if he made it out of this, getting a woman a thousand times his size off would be a unique brag to add to the old Grayson luck. Definitely a unique accomplishment. Hopefully, he lived to tell it.

Harley's tongue continued its sensual assault, swirling and undulating around Nightwing's petite body, the slick muscle pushing him back towards the entrance of her throat. He could feel the tight, fleshy tube of her esophagus waiting to swallow him whole, could feel Harley's throat muscles clenching and unclenching around him in anticipation. But at the last second, Harley seemed to change her mind. With a sudden burst of motion, she thrust her tongue out of her mouth, launching Nightwing's tiny form into the air and catching him in her hand. He tumbled end over end, a glistening, wriggling missile, before landing with a soft plop in her palm.

"Phew, that was a close one, lil guy! I almost ate you alive, literally. I've been called a maneater before, but wow! Though I must admit, the thought did cross my mind. But that would've been a damn shame, considering there's another part of me that's just dying to... taste you."

She brought him closer to her crotch, her other hand briefly slipping beneath the waistband of her panties. "I'm talking about my pussy, bird brain. It's been wet and throbbing ever since I put you in the back of my panties, and I think it's time I gave it a little... snack."

Harley rubbed Nightwing against her clothed slit, the damp heat of her arousal radiating through the thin fabric. He could feel her pussy lips, plump and swollen with desire, kissing and caressing his tiny body as she ground against him. The scent of her musk was overwhelming, the slickness of her juices beginning to soak through her panties and coat Nightwing's form.

"Tell me, Mitey, are you ready to be devoured by my other set of lips?" Harley purred, her voice low and husky with desire. "I can't promise I'll be much gentler with you down there. But I hope ya last. At least until I'm done with you. And trust me, I have quite the appetite..."

She hooked her fingers on the waistband of her panties and began to tug them down, revealing more and more of her glistening, needy flesh to Nightwing's wide-eyed gaze. He struggled against the two fingers that pinched him tightly as the sharp aroma of her arousal filled his nostrils, the sight of her engorged, dripping pussy making his mouth go dry. He tried everything he could to escape, but eventually went limp with exhaustion as nothing worked. Her fingers were just too big, and her pussy was about to consume him whole.

As Harley began to rub Nightwing against her slick folds, he couldn't help but notice the stark contrast between her pale white skin and the rosy, flushed flesh of her most intimate areas. It's almost funny, he thought, she was made a villain by jumping into a vat of chemicals like the Joker and came out bone white and crazy. He gets chemicals dumped on him and begins shrinking. Her pussy lips, plump and glistening with arousal, were a deep pink, almost red in places.

Nightwing's heart raced as he felt the heat and moisture emanating from Harley's core. The scent of her desire was overwhelming. The sight of her other fingers slipping between her slick folds made his head spin. He struggled weakly in her grip, but it was no use. She was too strong, too focused on her own pleasure. Soon, the fingers holding him also entered the hellish harlequin.

As Harley's fingers pumped in and out of her tight channel, Nightwing could feel himself growing smaller, the shrinking serum still coursing through his body. It was a strange sensation, like he was being stretched and compressed all at once. She pulled the glistening fingers out for a moment and he took in the sight. The walls of Harley's pussy seemed to grow larger and more imposing with each passing second, looming before him like a fleshy canyon. He remembered the first time Bruce took him to see the massive gates for the lock and channel system that

adjusted water levels to let freighters into the Gotham canal. At the time, those seemed like the largest gates in the world. They paled in comparison to the pale gates in front of him.

He could feel the texture of her inner walls, the ridges and valleys of her skin rubbing against his dwindling form. The warmth was intense, the moisture coating his body making him feel slick and heavy in Harley's grasp. It was like being caught in a hot, wet vice, one that clenched and rippled around him with each thrust of her fingers. The scary thing was, as those fingers holding him pumped in and out, he got smaller and smaller, and that vice felt looser and looser. He was suddenly praying she would not lose her grip.

"Fuck, that feels so good," Harley moaned, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps. "I can feel you getting smaller, Mitey. It's like you're melting away, disappearing into my pussy. I wonder how tiny you'll get before I lose ya in there entirely?"

She punctuated her words with a particularly deep thrust, burying her fingers knuckle-deep in her tight heat. Nightwing felt like he was being pushed and pulled in all directions, and the sounds of her body squelching and working around those fingers was a deafening cacophony of organic chaos. It was a dizzying, overwhelming sensation, being at the mercy of a woman's lust. Nightwing's mind raced, wondering how much smaller he would get, how much more he could take. But he had a feeling Harley wouldn't stop until she had completely devoured him, until he was nothing more than a distant memory.

Speaking of memories, Harley remembered something funny.

Nightwing found himself suddenly plucked from the sweltering heat of Harley's pussy, the cool air of the bedroom a shock to his senses as he was pulled free from her dripping folds. He gasped and sputtered, his tiny body glistening with her juices as Harley held him up, panting from her self-pleasure.

“Hey, Mitey! There’s someone I want ya to meet,” she said with a grin, rolling over to the bedside table. As she did, she glanced down at her fingers, and her eyes widened in surprise.

“Holy crapoli! Look at you, you’re really tiny! Like a lil ant! Guess Ant-Man could be your new name! Wait, do we got one of those already? So hard to keep track. Jeez, look at ya. You really are gonna turn into a mite, huh? Can’t do much to please a gal at that size either. Well, don’t you worry that silly lil head of yours. Harley’s got a solution to that problem!”

With that, she grabbed a large, purple dildo from the table drawer, with a crude smiley face painted on the tip, leering obscenely. “This here is Mistah Giggles. He’s gonna help you treat a lady right, Mitey.”

Harley took the toy into her mouth and sucked on it, leering down at the tiny hero. She pulled it out with a wet pop and smeared Nightwing’s tiny form onto the tip of the toy, his struggles growing weaker by the second as he was coated in a mixture of her pussy juices and the saliva already covering the dildo. She brought the toy down to her waiting entrance, the head parting her swollen lips and sinking into her hot, tight channel with a low moan.

“Mmm, fuck yeah... can you feel that, bird brain? That’s what a real man feels like,” Harley purred, grinding the dildo in deep. Nightwing could feel the toy moving around inside her, stretching her walls, the vibrations of her voice rumbling through her body. It was a strange sensation, being trapped between Harley’s pussy and this massive toy, the slick surfaces rubbing against his petite form from all angles.

Harley began to thrust the dildo in and out, fucking herself with increasing fervor. The wet sounds of her fun and his torment filled the room, the scent of her musk thick in the air. Nightwing could feel himself growing smaller with each thrust, the shrinking serum still coursing

through his body, making him more and more insignificant with each passing second. He struggled weakly, but it was no use. He was so tired, and everything was so big.