III

Gotham City was never a quiet place to live for anyone. The common citizens were always getting assaulted by criminals, the criminals were constantly being thwarted by the various vigilantes that roamed the streets at night, and the vigilantes were often too busy fighting *other vigilantes* for them to get any amount of rest and relaxation in between their more high-profile adventures.

However, for those lucky few in the Eden building, life seemed to grind to a nice, pleasant halt; for once, it wasn’t just run, run, run—Harley, Ivy, and now even Magpie could afford to root and relax.

Well, relax as well as people who had to keep up with Harley’s appetite could manage anyway—it was no easy feat!

“IVY, I’M HUNGRY!”

“You can’t possibly be hungry, tulip.” Ivy bit her bottom lip sensually as she drank in the sight of what her handiwork had wrought, “You just ate hardly an hour ago.”

“CUT THE CUTESY FLIRTY CRAP, OKAY?!” Harley bellowed, her little blonde eyebrows furrowed as hard as they would go, “YOUR FREAKIN’ LANDMASS OF A GIRLFRIEND IS STARVING AND I THINK SHE’S GOING TO DIE OF NEGLECT—YOU’RE GOIN’ OUT TONIGHT AND LEAVIN’ ME WITH MAGGIE, AND SHE DOESN’T—”

“I think that someone’s a *little* cranky.” Ivy chuckled thickly as she ran her hands across the vast white canvas that was Harley’s hugeness, “And I know *just* the thing to put her in a better mood…”

Harley, huge and huffy, was helpless to resist as her lither, sprier girlfriend slowly wriggled her way down to the foot of the bed. Her fat-caked toes clenched in mild discomfort as she fought against the ill effects that came with not having her overindulged appetite fed constantly, but her undersexed, overstimulated id had her sputtering like a locomotive.

“Hnn… okay… we can fool around a little bit…” Harley smiled weakly from atop the mountain that was her middle, her girlfriend disappearing behind the vast slope of her stomach and the sensation of long red hair brushing against her pillary thighs, “But maybe… *hnn*… could we get Harley some snacks first?”

“Hmm… I don’t know…”

Ivy’s head of bright red hair climbed up the mountain of Harley’s immense sagging gut, summiting over it with her slender green fingers tracing yearning circles in her dimpled ivory flesh.

“I’m starting to think that you might be putting on a little weight, Harl.”

Harley snorted—her jowl-rippling cackle having grown as thick and heavy as every other part of her—and slapped what she could reach of her stomach.

“Y’don’t say, Red?” she wheezed, “I thought that I was on some kinda diet—*you’re* the one who put me on it…”

As Ivy descended out of view, Harley’s fat little toes started to clench again as she felt her gut being hefted up. The sounds of her girlfriend struggling against the heavy weight of her stomach were muffled slightly, but as Ivy’s hot breath started to touch against her untouched thighs, it was all Harley could do not to start whimpering and mewling in delight…

“Okay… maybe… maybe I can hold off on the snacks…” Harley’s thick ring of chin creased as she struggled out a response, “But not for looo…nnnn~”

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Life in the Eden building was about as far from the supervillain agenda as you could get. With the occasional exception of holding up a few banks to help keep a certain enormous former supervillain fed, they were almost entirely on the squeaky clean!

Which made the nights where Ivy went out to hold up a few banks to help keep her enormous former supervillain girlfriend well fed all the more unbearable.

“MORE, MAGGIE.”

The smaller woman had enough trouble keeping up with Harley’s demands when she wasn’t worked up into a frenzy. Now that she didn’t have the excuse of being underfed from basically living on the streets, Magpie’s sluggishness came from not having enough exercise beyond going up and down the stairs between floors of the Eden building—was it any wonder why she was starting to get a little thick around the middle?

“Jesus, I’m coming.” Magpie rolled her eyes, “What’s *with* you tonight? You’re eating like you’re a crazy person.”

“Maybe that’s because *I AM A CRAZY PERSON*.” Harley bellowed, sloshing on the couch and making the whole thing quake, “COMFORT FOOD, IN MY FACE, *NOW*!”

And honestly, Magpie wasn’t in much of a mood to disagree with her. The nights when the only person capable of going out and holding up a bank to keep the lights on in this place (and probably the only one capable of controlling these plants if anything ever went sideways) went out to literally rob banks and stores weren’t often, but when they were…

Let’s just say that both of them had a reason to not want anything bad to happen to Poison Ivy.

“Alright, christ, just… open up.”

Magpie planted a hand firmly on the topmost tier of Harley’s stomach as it rolled off of the couch cushion and dangled towards the floor. Her vast middle was so big that it could be used as a table for her now, at the cost of having severely limited her mobility and ability to actually *feed* herself. Luckily that’s what Ivy and, to a lesser extent, Magpie were there for, but the fact of the matter remained that Harley was pretty much completely helpless thanks to her weight.

“Gimme a belly rub too.” Harley said curtly, “They relax me.”

“Jesus, where to start? You’re like a landfill Harley—there’s just *so much of you* to start—”

“JUST FIGURE IT OUT, OKAY?!”

“Ugh, I should *not* have to deal with you when you’re like this.”

“Yeah, well, you do.”

Harley opened up her mouth, hefted up one waist-thick arm, and pointed to its emptiness.

“FEED THE HARLEY—IT MAKES HER QUIET.”

“Feeding you does *not* make you quiet.” Magpie scoffed, “I live right underneath the two of you—I’ve *heard* the noises that you make when there’s food involved.”

If Harley could, she would have crossed her arms. But as she was, even an act of defiance as simple as that was beyond her limitations. With how full her chest had become in her advanced size, not to mention how thick her upper arms alone had become, there was no way that she could have done something like that.

Instead, her arms hung limply at her sides, angled out and resting on her lovehandles, as she viciously waited for the next meal of many to eventually make its way towards her.

“There we go.” Magpie said in a much softer voice, “Now, open wide, say ahh—”

“Ahhh—Oomph!”

“That was a little relaxing, now that you mention it.”

“Shuffup anf feed me.”

The amount of weight that Harley had put on seemed almost immaterial now, but she was by and large the biggest person that either of her roommates had ever seen before or since. All but completely bound to whatever couch or bed just so happened to be unlucky enough to support her weight for that day, Harley was all gut with little to nothing to do about it other than eat more.

Sitting down, her great sloping stomach hung down to her knees as they dangled off of the high couch, and she sat nearly half a foot taller (not to mention so many *more* feet wider) than she used to. Her fat face puddled into a ring of jowls and chins that left her neck and jawline completely buried—if you would have told anyone that the blob on the couch was once the most consistently voted “hottest supervillain” in Gotham City, they would have never believed you.

But Magpie believed it for sure—she’d had a hand in helping Harley get so huge, after all…

“There we go…”

Harley smacked her lips and primed herself for another bite as Magpie readied it to her lips. With her free hand, she habitually rubbed little circles into the lily-white largeness that bulged over the couch cushions. As much as shit was loathe to admit it, feeding Harley did help her take the edge off—especially when it did keep her a *little* quieter than she would have been if there hadn’t been anything to snack on…

“You really love Ivy, don’t you?” Magpie asked sincerely, “Don’t answer yet. Swallow first.”

Harley did as she was instructed.

“I really do.” She said with a sad pout, “Why else do ya think I would have gotten this huge?”

“You mean to tell me that all this—”

Magpie grabbed a handful of belly flab and gave it a shake.

“Is because you’re in love with everyone’s favorite green gal?”

Saying it out loud, it was clear that Harley didn’t believe it either.

“Okay, maybe not *all* of it. But *most* of it.” She retorted with a huff, “It’s her fault for turning me on to it in the first place, after all.”

“I’m sure.” Magpie clicked her tongue, “Open up—there’s a girl…”

Whether it was the fact that Magpie and Harley were getting along better together, or that Magpie had just gotten used to the fact that part of her rent was making sure that Harley got fed until she was full and fat, the two of them had really started to take to one another. To the point where Maggie didn’t mind rubbing the occasional small concentric circular motion into Harley’s vast white flesh, and Harley didn’t mind her backtalking.

“Mm… you’re getting pretty good at this.” Harley moaned softly as her roommate’s fingers traced along the drastic curvature of her stomach, “You sure you ain’t never thought’a bein’ with a big girl like me?”

“Not once. Mostly because I’m not really into this like you and Ivy are… and I don’t think that they *make* big girls like you that aren’t… well, you.” Maggie tapped Harley on the tip of her nose, “Now open up. We’ve got lots to get through if you don’t want Ivy to think that you’ve been starving yourself while she’s been gone.”

“Ooh, I like that.”

Harley forced her legs that much further apart, allowing her gut to sag a big lower as she handled both sides of her fleshy apron of stomach. Straddling her own belly, keeping it between her knees, Harley playfully bit her bottom lip as she wriggled into a more comfortable position.

“You gettin’ me all hot and bothered so that Ivy can have her way wit’ me as soon as she walks through the door with enough money to keep me living so comfortably.”

Harley’s face scrunched as she squealed.

“I’m livin’ the dream~”

“You’re living something, alright.” Magpie rolled her eyes, “Now open up, piglet—you don’t want any of this getting cold now, do you?”

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“You certainly look like you’ve had your fill for the night.”

Whatever traceable cash currency that had been gained through the heist had been kept in a duffel bag that Ivy had, deftly, dropped on the floor as soon as she had made her way to the second story of the Eden building.

“Hff… yeah… I…”

Harley let loose an enormous belch.

“I kinda… overdid it…”

“I can tell~”

Ivy had donned her supervillain outfit for the first time in quite a while. It still fit, but the novelty of actually *seeing* her in it had come back. For Harley, to whom having any meaningful sexual activity was becoming entirely dependent *on* Ivy, getting to see her girlfriend in that tight little number was more than she could have ever asked for that night.

Well that, and to have wished that she’d taken off her pants before Magpie had gone to bed.

“You were waiting for me?”

“I… I’m too big to get up…” Harley wheezed, “Too full too…”

“My poor baby—did you want to wait up for mama to come home?”

“Yes…” Harley panted bashfully, “We always have… we always get lucky after you have a good heist.”

“Well, what do we do after a *great* heist?” Ivy cocked a curious red eyebrow, “Because tonight went off without a hitch.”

“We… roll me to bed…” Harley puffed out some pathetic laughter, “And fuck me until I can’t see straight.”

“Sounds like a plan, daffodil.” Ivy knealt down and placed her lips on the turgid white stomach that bulged far out in front of her girlfriend, “Except for the ‘rolling you’ part—I think I’ll take you right here.”

Harley mewled as Ivy placed either of her hands on each side of her lover’s vast and unwieldy middle, working her way down, down the swell of her gut with wet green-tipped kisses. She pressed in on the surface of the hot, gurgling mass that was Harley’s stomach and listened as its owner huffed and puffed pathetically as she was pinned to the couch.

“You really *did* overdo it tonight, Harl.” Ivy chuckled thickly, “You weren’t *worried* about me, were you?”

“Hnn… nnnooo…”

“Well, if you *were* I could understand why you ate so much—comfort food and all that.”

Ivy tried (and struggled) to lift up the sagging stomach even slightly.

“But since you *weren’t* and you *didn’t* eat because you were worried about your girlfriend being in a life-or-death situation… then that just means that you’re a greedy little glutton, doesn’t it?”

“That’s…” Harley’s pink tongue lolled out at the sensation of Ivy’s fingers entering her, “That’s *definitely* what it means~”

*Mwet.*

*Mwet.*

Ivy kissed the hanging underbelly of Harley’s hugeness as she sat propped up on the couch, tweaking her gray nipples while she tried not to moan loud enough to wake the neighbors in the next building. Ivy’s green lips began to work their way slowly towards her girlfriend’s undersexed womanhood, all while squeezing and groping and jiggling whatever amount of fat that she could conceivably reach.

Harley was like a human waterbed at this point, and just about as flexible. There wasn’t much that she could do except lay there and get fucked. And there wasn’t a lot that Ivy could do, now that Harley had surpassed what passed for simply “huge” to make the lovemaking any easier.

But that didn’t mean that they weren’t about to try and keep her satisfied…

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It should come as absolutely no surprise to anyone that the superhero and supervillain communities were full of people with kinks.

Not everyone, granted, but a *large* amount of the people who dressed up in leather and spandex just to go out in the middle of the night and get beat up or beat other people up were into some pretty freaky stuff. That wasn’t *always* the reason that they went out and did what they did, but it wasn’t exactly *not* a factor.

And the simple fact of the matter is that, once you discover that you’ve got one kink, it’s kind of hard not to admit that you have at least a *few* more.

Harley was getting bigger by the day thanks to the combined efforts of Ivy and Magpie, but even they were beginning to feel the limits of what they could do to help Harley continue growing, stay comfortable, and… um…

*Get there.*

As not-keen about sharing as Ivy could be, she had to admit that there were certain needs of her own that needed satisfying. And brainwashing someone into doing it with her pheromones felt so dirty after that talk with Harley. And Harley needed at least two people to work her over now. She was getting so big that Ivy couldn’t keep her belly up anymore—and sure the plants *helped* but…

Suffice it to say that there were some things that Ivy didn’t even *dare* think about doing with her babies.

And that meant that, if she wanted to keep Harley in some modicum of comfort while also keeping her growing (and maybe getting off every once in a while herself—that was still undecided!) Ivy was going to have to open up the third floor to at least one other person.

It was just a matter of finding the *right* person—someone who a) wouldn’t blow the lid off of what they all had going for them, b) wouldn’t judge, and c) wouldn’t stand in the way of continuing to make Harley even bigger than she already was.

And let it be said here, if nowhere else, that having a Fat Fetish isn’t nearly as uncommon as some people might have been led to believe.

Yes, even with the super crowd.

There were a surprising number of people who were ready, willing, and able to sex up Harley Quinn even in her fattened state. Some of them, *especially* in her fattened state. But trimming the men from the list had still left her with plenty of options to choose from. Even those that didn’t rank enormous women as their fetish of choice were still willing to deal with it in the name of getting a third floor (mostly) to themselves—it was just going to have to be trial and error figuring out who meshed well with whom and which prospective roommate would have been the best fit for their weird little threesome…

“Personally, I think that you’re both nuts.”

“Wouldja say that we’re *for the birds*?”

“No. Shut up.”

These meetings had been more or less confined to the second story living room due to Harley’s weight. Completely immobile now, it would have been hard to include her anywhere that wasn’t wherever she had been plopped that evening. And since they’d renovated everything in that floor to do away with anything that couldn’t support Harley’s enormous size, that pretty much meant that they were stuck talking to a big white bean bag chair in the conversation pit.

“I’m just saying, not *everyone* is as trustworthy as I am.” Magpie stated firmly, “We’re still dealing with supervillains here, regardless of whether or not they share the same kink as you.”

“Don’t you think we know that?” Harley’s apron of neck roll flexed as she shrugged confidently, bringing a Dagwood sandwich to her mouth and taking a herculean bite, “Dash why we’re doin’ the interviews!”

“Well… that’s why *I’m* doing the interviews.” Ivy cleared her throat, “Because I can’t be bribed with a trip to Big Belly Burger.”

“But can you be bribed by some tight spandex around a fat belly?” Magpie put her hands on her hips, stomach pooching out without intention, “Because a lot of folks get fat during their off-season. You wouldn’t know it, being a former A-lister and all, but it’s *hard* staying in shape when you’re not a member of Gotham’s Illustrious Illegal Elite.”

“I-I’m sure that I don’t know *what* you’re talking about.” Ivy sniffed, “I would never be so easily swayed by something so… so paltry.”

“Uh-huh.” Magpie’s brow hooked, “I’ll be sure to keep that in mind—because you’re not gonna believe it, but the redhead squished into the chair in what’s *normally* my living room is Roxie Rocket.”

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Having Harley in the interviews, despite the fact that her judgement was ultimately and decidedly *not* the deciding factor in who got to become their new roommate, seemed important.

Moreover, it was fun.

Watching these hardened criminals and sociopathic freaks’ jaws drop at the sight of someone so huge, someone that they had *known* becoming such an utter blimp that they could barely stammer their way through the interview for free housing in exchange for helping Harley get even bigger was about the best idea that Harley had ever had.

“So, you say that your powers could come in handy when it comes to helping Harley here.”

Ivy said it to an incredulous sister pair from Star City calling themselves Lime Light as she pat Harley on the great glop that was her forward-sagging gut. Making it slosh and shake on the couch, the humongous harlequin chuckled thickly as she massaged the upper roll that made up her doubly-tiered monstrosity of a stomach.

“That’s, uh…”

“That’s right!”

They were both clearly *phased* by Harley’s hugeness—but “Lime” seemed to be handling it a lot better than “Light”. The out-of-work Green Arrow Z-Listers were a pair in all things, except when it came to the ability to cope with the corpulent clown literally bending the couch frame in front of them.

“Okay, one of you doesn’t seem sure.” Ivy chuckled briefly, “And since you seem to be a *package deal…*”

“What? No way—I totally don’t mind…”

The latter of the two redheaded twins gulped, her green eyes tracing up and down the blob of blonde as it winked back at her saucily from behind her mountainous chest.

“I can for sure deal with this.” She said with a tone that didn’t exactly inspire confidence, “Er—her. I-I mean—”

“You are *blowing this for us*.” The more dominant of the two of them said in a low voice, “What my sister *means to say is*—”

“I think what she *means* to say is that seein’ a half-ton ‘a Harley’s makin’ her feel a little uncomfortable.” Harley suddenly said from her personal side of the giant L shaped couch that took up the floor on the second story, “And she wasn’t considerin’ that I wasn’t “super-sized circus tent fat” instead’a regular ol’ *My 600lb Life* kinda fat. Ain’t that right, Green Bean?”

“Er—”

Everyone at the interview was caught unawares by the sudden insight that came from a woman who, not too long ago, had been fondling her belly and making her own sound effects.

“Not just a food chute, my friend.” Harley said with a smirk as she tapped the top of her head, “I still got a brain underneath all these calories.”

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“And your qualifications are…?”

“Well, I’m literally a whale.”

The couch creaked beneath the large half woman, half whale hybrid as she shifted uncomfortably under the sudden scrutiny of her species. Her rubbery black and white skin shimmered in the afternoon light as she hunched over, elbows onto her knees.

“Same girl, same.” Harley laughed

“No, like… I’m literally an actual whale.” Orca clarified, “Or at least, part of one. I… kinda know what it’s like to be so big that pretty much everything buckles underneath you.”

“*And you want to live on the third floor?”* Magpie asked incredulously, stirring her coffee, “*Where there’s a large chance that you’ll fall through and possibly onto anyone who just so happens to be under you?”*

“…Well… naturally I imagined that I’d move down to the first floor because of *obvious reasons that I wasn’t going to point out…*” Orca shot a dirty, beady-eyed look at the still gawking blonde woman as she stirred her coffee, “But I used to care for *other* actual whales back before my accident. I know how to keep them healthy, I know what diets that they need to keep putting on weight, and honestly I know a thing or two about bracing furniture and things like that for heavyweights.”

“That all sounds great, but Harley’s not a *literal* whale.” Ivy clicked her pen authoritatively, “She’s just a figurative one.”

“Er… th-that’s true…” If Orca could sweat, she’d have been doing it under Ivy’s cold green glare, “But at the same time, I think that I might be the perfect candidate for roommate potential! It’s hard living out on the streets of Gotham for people like me, and—”

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Sob story after sob story went through their room—it was just one thing after the next with these people.

Harley was much more easily swayed by this kind of thing than Ivy was. Which was, again, why she wasn’t the one conducting these interviews. However, there were plenty of *other* things that Ivy could be swayed by—as evidenced by the plump brunette squeezed into a pair of overalls that probably hadn’t fit since the 90’s.

“So as you can see, I’m a master craftsman with a specialty in large, unwieldy things that need to support other large, unwieldy things.” Jenna Duffy cleared her throat as she deliberately avoided eye contact with Harley as she said that, “And, um… well… it’s not like I’m exactly in the kind of shape required to do any active field work these days.”

“*You certainly are not~”*

Ivy had barely been able to hold back her excitement as soon as she had seen that the applicant formerly known as the Carpenter was none other than Jenna Duffy, *plus* a few couple pounds. Her tummy pressing tightly against the body of her overalls and her arms bulging over the sleeves of her pullover had had the green gal practically drooling at the sight of all that extra cuddefluff—being around Harley had really made it hard to remember what it was like when *normal sized people* put on weight, and how enticing it could become…

“So would you say that you’re looking to retire *permanently*?” Ivy was uncharacteristically pleased with the idea, “Because if you’re serious, Harley here has a few tips that can really get you into the *former villain spirit* and—”

“*Thank you Jenna we’ll call you if we decide to go your way.”* Harley huffed petulantly

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“So… I’m a doctor.”

“Honey, you’re gonna have to have something a little more impressive than that if you want in with this crowd.”

Magpie had been fluttering in and out, wandering onto the second floor between snacks so that she could spy on who would be her new potential roommate. And the woman that was on the couch now didn’t seem like the typical Gotham City rogue. Not even like those LimeLight twins—this one was far and away a different kind of crook.

“So I call myself the Blue Snowman.” Byrna said nervously, “And I know how to build robots and things… I’m really tired of getting my face punched in by Wonder Woman, and I just so happened to be looking for a change of scenery, and—”

“I’m sorry… your name is Byrna Brilyant?” Ivy cocked a curious red eyebrow, “As in *burn a brilliant*?”

Obviously, the good doctor had heard this one before. She sighed deeply.

“Yes. That’s my name.” she said somberly, “And yes, I use temperature alteration in my robots.”

Harley looked over hopefully from her seat (pinned onto the couch) with a big smile on her face.

“No, Harley, we’re not accepting her just because her name is a pun.” Ivy groaned, “But do go on, Doctor…”

“J-Just Byrna is fine.” She sighed again, “I know that it’s a little on the nose, but… hey, when you’ve got a gimmick, you’ve gotta go with it. Right?”

“I hear that, sister.” Magpie raised a late-night cup of coffee with a snort, “Life’s way too short not to give into the expectations created by your punny name, right?”

“I mean, I’m having fun.” Harleen Quinzel said with a snort.

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After everything was said and done, the two of them had been given plenty to think about.

Each of the candidates offered something unique, and something that could potentially help Harley as she continued to grow to stupendous sizes. Whether it was just a helping hand or a kindred spirit, most of the applicants that had come for the upper story had made a pretty good case for themselves.

“Well obviously, we can’t afford to feed the Whale Lady.” Harley said with some amount of distaste in her voice, “Because I’m the only whale around here gettin’ fed.”

“Harley, some of us are going to have to get jobs (*or pull jobs*) to keep the lights on in this place anyway—a little muscle wouldn’t hurt to have around.”

“You sure as hell aren’t getting any muscle from me or Tons-Of-Fun over here.” Magpie snorted, pinching an inch of Harley’s puddling arm fat, “If you want someone to help you out with your heists, I say that Orca’s the gal to call.”

“Yeah, but I thought we was tryin’ to go straight?” Harley snorted contemptuously, “Why don’t we have that Snowman lady come in and build us a buncha robots that can feed us all burgers on the couch? That sounds fun!”

“…okay, but we still need *money* for the burgers.”

“Well Lime and Light seemed nice.” Magpie interjected once more, “Some normal kids who really just want out of The Life—plus, don’t they have like… Green Lantern Construct powers or something?”

“What an odd way to phrase that powerset.”

“I think that it could come in handy—you know, for movin’ me an’ all that junk.” Harley sloshed what she could reach of the topmost tier of her stomach, “It’d at least make it a lot easier, that’s for sure.”

“A-And for that matter, th-there’s um…”

“WE AIN’T CALLIN’ THAT WHORE IN THE OVERALLS.”

“Okay, but there is an *undeniable* need for furniture in this house, Harley.” Ivy’s face was a bright agave blue-green as she fought off the accusations being laid at her feet, “Pretty much *everything* is on its last lap with your white wide behind.”

“You say that like you don’t *like* my white wide behind.” Harley stuck out her tongue, “But… a girl can only hear so many creaks and groans before she realizes that she has a problem—weak furniture.”

There was a long, long pause as the three of them mulled over what to do. Given the amount of applicants that they had been shown, and the fact that lmost all of them had *something* to offer if they moved into the Eden building, it was hard to choose just which one would be the right fit for what they needed to help Harley keep growing…

“Well, I think I know what we gotta do.” Harley snorted, “We gotta call ‘em.”

“…I’m sorry ‘em’?” Ivy repeated back, “Who is ‘em?”

“All of ‘em.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“Ivy, do you or do you not want me to get as fat as possible?”

There was another, smaller, more intimate pause.

“Then we’re gonna need all of the help that we can get around here.”