

Alright, so... where did we leave off?

You've seen Season 2, right? If you have, go rewatch it. If you haven't... what the fuck are you doing here, man? Do you *know* how much continuity there is to this show? This ain't for no filthy fucking casual watchers! You think you can just pull up this .pdf, pull down them sweats, and start pleasin' yourself without understanding the intricacies and complexities of these characters, man? *Harley Quinn* is a highly serialized, heartfelt, badass show about—

FRANK.

Goddammit I am setting the *fucking mood* here! S'bad enough that this shit is unlicensed, unapproved by DC Comics editorial staff, and only *halfway* ghost written by Grant Morrison's astral projection; the *least* that I can do is to weed out the casual fans and *warn them* that—

WORD COUNT, FRANK.

MAN, FUCK YOUR WORD COUNT!

...anyway, we pickin' up a little while after the last episode of *Harley Quinn*. I'd recap it for you, but apparently this shit's expensive. Just go watch the show and come back. Pull them sweatpants back up.

Y'nasty.



As romantic as it sounds, driving off into the sunset after a super fucking hectic shootout with the woman that you've been besties with for years after coming to terms with the fact that you've been in love with her for almost just as long and just confused about your sexuality is not the most stable way to begin a new life together.

Supervillains (and heroes too? Probably?) in fiction tend to paint over this aspect a lot. Those movies that are so popular right now—they never really discuss the fact that you've got to *come down* after something so huge and enormous happens in your life. And we're not just talking about a big fight or whatever with some interplanetary-slash-dimensional thingy.

Go reread that introductory sentence—*each and every thing on that list* is stressful by itself.

Even to these two gals, it had been the most stressful day that either of them had had in a *long* time. And they both had personally seen Bane floss.

There was a lot of down time needed to effectively come down and explore their new relationship not just as friends, but two friends who were very deeply in love with one another—and were both in their first homosexual relationship, outside of experimental years in college.

And things had changed a *lot* since college.

“Ive.”

Harley nudged her girlfriend as she sunned herself in the passenger side seat of their white limousine. Kite Man's white limousine, whatever. The gorgeous green gal had nodded off again, her bright red hair pushed against the rolled-up window as they trekked the desert highway.

“IIIIIVE.”

Harley poked a pale white finger into her girlfriend’s stomach, jolting her awake with a snort.

“M’up, m’up.” She mumbled unconvincingly, “We’the hotel yet?”

“Nah, we’re just about to pass a gas station and I wanted to know if you needed to... you know, go.”

“Do we need gas?” Ivy leaned over to check the fuel gauge, “I know this thing’s got shitty mileage, but it looks like—”

“You *asked* me to wake you up next time we passed a rest stop.” Harley gestured vaguely in the direction of the Shell station, “Well, we’re about to pass a rest stop—you gotta make?”

“Whattimeizzit?”

“Like six in the afternoon.”

“You’ve been driving since *this morning*?” Ivy rubbed her eyes, “Harls, you could have asked me to swap out with you.”

“Nah, I’m good.” Harley shrugged, “It’s not a big deal—it’s the least that I could do, you know?”

“You’ve been saying that for like four months, Harley.” Ivy rolled her eyes, “You don’t *have* to keep doing things to make up for the whole Wedding Fiasco. It’s over. It’s done. And I’m happy that I wound up not marrying Kite Man and stealing his rented limousine with you.”

Ivy lured her girlfriend’s face over with a finger underneath her chin, leaning forward with doe eyes.

“I love you.”

“And I love you too Ive—there’s nobody I’d rather play *Laverne and Shirley* with than you. Honest.”

Ivy leaned forward for a kiss, her eyes slowly closing as she placed a hand over Harley’s ghostly white cheek. Just as the tips of her fingers brushed against Harley’s soft skin, the plush of their lips touched oh so slightly...

“Oh shit, they’ve got a Big Belly Burger!” Harley shouted loudly, her bright baby blues catching the sign off of the freeway, “We have GOT to stop here—”

Ivy reeled herself back across the partition, placing her cheek back in her hand where she’d had it before Harley woke her up. Pursing her lips in a pout, she could actually *feel* the energy drain out of her as her gaze ran back out into the lifeless brown abyss that was the West Coast.

“Yeah, alright.” She said, crestfallen at yet another quick getaway, “Do you have the smartphone? I want to make sure that King Shark’s been watering my plants.”

“Still can’t believe that you forgot your cell phone.” Harley snorted, “Who forgets their cell phone?”

“It was a busy day, okay? I had a lot going on...”

There was an awkward silence in the car as Ivy’s attention turned away from the road and her driver. She exhaled deeply, still sleepy from the drive. Harley couldn’t help but notice it.

“Hey.” She took one hand off of the wheel and placed it palm-spread across her girlfriend’s thigh, “Love you.”

“I love you too, Harl.”

Ivy gave her a quick wink as Harley mimed catching it with her hand and putting it on her cheek. About the time that she realized that that didn’t make any sense was around the same time that she realized that she had missed the turn off of the highway.

“SHIT, SHIT, SHIT—”

Harley cut a dramatic, screeching u-turn as she whipped the limo into the other lane.

“Harley, what the hell?!”

“Sorry Ivy, just, uh... not used to having a girlfriend in the passenger seat!”

Harley eeked out a nervous little haha as she took a slower, more methodical turn a little bit down the road, getting off on the exit and heading towards the gas station...



“Yeah, can I get two number threes? Both large? No pickles, and um... you want anything I’ve?”

Harley was the only woman in the Legion of Doom who could hang her head out of the driver’s side window, shout her order into the order box, and still remain completely on-brand.

“Their French fries aren’t made of real potatoes, are they?”

“Hey your fries aren’t made of real potatoes, are they?” Harley squawked into the box, “They’re that imitation shit—potato paste or whatever?”

‘Uhhhhh—’

“Just checking.” Harley smiled into the little camera over the talk box, “Large fries and a Dr. Pepper.”

“*Diet* Dr. Pepper.”

“Sorry, a *Diet* Dr. Pepper.”

“Pull ahead for your total.”

“Man, I have been *dying* for a burger since we left Coast City.” Harley leaned back with a little labored grunt, “Why is it that you can go like your whole life without wanting to pull over for a fast food joint, but as soon as you’re on a long road trip that’s *all* you want to eat?”

“Right?” Ivy said as she stared into the phone, “Like for real, I don’t even *eat* vegetables and I’ve been craving a hashbrown for like three states now.”

“Tell me about it—truckers are so lucky they get to eat like this all the time.”

“...are they really?” Ivy snarked, “No sleep, unshaven, four hundred pounds, squeezed into overalls with a methamphetamine addiction?”

“Whatever, I heard what I said and I’m still sticking to it.”

Harley pulled their long car up through the drive-thru, surprising everyone inside when not only a white limo pulled up through the window, but one that was also being driven by none other than one of the most famous supervillains from the East Coast—with another, ostensibly more famous one riding shotgun in the passenger seat.

“Yeah, hi, thank you.” Harley took the paper bag with both hands, “Thank you, yeah hi, thank you...”

“Is that diet? We can’t floor it until we make sure that it’s diet.”

Harley took a big swig while the teenager behind the counter was busy fumbling with the canceled credit card that she had stolen from someone way back in Keystone.

“Yuck, gross—it’s Diet.”

“Okay, let’s go.”

The limo roared to life as Harley put her pedal to the medal, making their long car buck at the front as she sped off while the credit card was still firmly in the hands of the (still probably) starstruck teenager who had checked her out at the window.

Harley and Ivy threw their heads back in laughter as they checked the rear-view mirror to see his little head poking out with a confused look on his face.

“What. A. Rush!” Harley cawed, “Did you see the look on his face?”

“Never gets old.” Ivy’s laughter calmed down to a modest chuckle as she leaned forward with a little grunt, “Mm. Pass the bag.”

“Oh sure, umm...”

Harley wriggled her fingers greedily over the brown paper bag, trying to parse out what greasy lump was her double-decker cheeseburger with fries and what was just napkins.

She bit the bullet and grabbed *something* from the bag.

“Uh...” Ivy cocked a suspicious red eyebrow at her girlfriend as her puffy white cheeks bulged, “Thanks Harl.’

“Wllcm!” Harley managed with a mouthful of napkin and a pained thumbs’ up...



It had been like this for a while now. Delightfully uncomplicated, without any attachments that had held them back when they were in Gotham.

The few months that they had spent on the road together had been sort of a makeshift honeymoon that just so happened to include a lot more sex than Ivy and Kite Man would have ever gotten to enjoy on theirs. A chance for the two of them to say ‘fuck it’ to their old lives apart and try to get to know one another in the new one that they wanted to craft together. As something more than best friends. As something more than even the term ‘girlfriends’ could describe.

A Hornymoon.

Months and months of going from one town to another, fucking shit up for everyone around them while they enjoyed their little getaway and banking on the goodwill that had come from maybe-sorta-kind helping to save the world was the best way that either of them knew how to spend a Summer.

Most of the time, they managed to find a hotel room in whatever unfortunate place they'd descended upon. But when they couldn't (either due to being stranded in the middle of nowhere or because they'd blown all their money) Harley and Ivy would spend their nights in the limo. As they had gotten further and further out west though, Summer had started to become unbearable. It was already hot enough in a limo without the air running on the East Coast—but once you passed Central City, it was pretty much just desert all the way out.

Motel 52 wasn't exactly Wayne Towers, but it was what they could afford with what little cash that they had left.

"Lotta stairs for a place out in the middle of the desert."

Harley and Ivy hadn't taken much with them after the Wedding Fiasco™—they hadn't been given any time to.

"It's not like we couldn't use a chance to stretch our legs."

In a Now or Never decision, Harley and Ivy had both just abdicated their lives as supervillains and hopped in a rented (stolen) limo and started driving. They'd both had exactly one change of clothes, and Ivy's was a wedding dress.

"And what's *that* supposed to mean?"

Over the course of their slow trek across the states, they'd picked up a few things (legally and illegally) that had ranged from souvenirs to new pieces for their life together back in Gotham. Whenever they decided to turn back around and drive home.

"...nothing, Harls."

When that would be though was a matter of some confusion.

It was natural that the longer the two of them spent together, with only each other for company, that they would begin to argue more. Both of them knew that. It was just hard making the transition between "I'm fighting in a toxic relationship" and "I'm fighting in a relationship that I might want to be in for the rest of my life."

It was honestly kind of hard to know the *difference*.

Thus explaining the coping mechanisms that had spread this trip across the country out for so long. The ones that they knew about, like stopping at every weird little town and the stealing silverware from every restaurant they went to together and the excess shopping when they had the cash to blow; and the ones that they *weren't* so keen on acknowledging...

"Ughh... air conditioningggg thank gawd." Harley plopped down on the bed, arms spread wide as her shirt rode up over her stomach, "I'm sweating like a pig."

Harley's white belly didn't bunch into rolls as she wriggled on the stale bedspread anymore. After months of sitting behind the wheel and getting excessive amounts of takeout, Harley's toned gymnast's middle had become a round, ivory paunch that rose into the air when she laid flat, and pooched out over her lap when she sat upright in the limo.

"Gotta get outta this t-shirt..."

The Houma Hooligans had been Harley's favorite shirt ever since the two of them had happened across a creepy old swamp town that was legally distinct but very similar to what some nerds on the internet would have called "Lovecraftian". It was *insane* and *easily* her choice for highlight of the hornymoon so far. She had gushed over the fact that she had gotten to bash in an octopus skull *and* team up with some kind of "weird fucking Swamp Thing" in one crazy night.

But it hadn't fit the same after another two months on the road as it had when she smashed the window of that gift shop to grab it.

The green graphic had distorted slightly around the high-tension areas (along the waistline, mostly) and the fabric had been worn thin through steady wear and tear. After only a few months, the thing looked a few years old.

"Hey, where'd we put the burgers?"

Harley rocked herself to a standing position with a little 'oof'

"Nevermind, I've—I gott'em."

Standing topless in the cheapest motel room so far, her hand wrist-deep in the Big Belly Burger bag as she palmed a Double Belly Deluxe like it was an exceptionally large hand fruit and her paunch starting to roll over her last pair of leggings, Ivy couldn't help but remark inwardly that this was about the least glamorous moment of their hornymoon so far.

"You sure do." Ivy looked her girlfriend up and down, "You gonna help me with these bags or are you just gonna stuff your face?"

"I'm helping!" Harley furrowed her brow, "I'm just hungry—Jesus Christ, I can't be hungry now?"

"You're *always* hungry, Harley." Ivy put her hands on her hips, "You practically haven't stopped eating since Keystone; what's going *on* with you?"

"What's going on with *you*, Ivy?!" Harley put down her burger on the shitty little table that held the 22" TV, "Don't *body shame* me on our hornymoon! I haven't had time to exercise while I've been driving us across the fucking country, okay?"

"Will you *stop calling it that?*—What the fuck even *is* a hornymoon?"

"IT'S A HONEYMOON WHERE YOU'RE HORNY ALL OF THE TIME—WE HAVE HAD SO MANY TALKS ABOUT THIS!!"

"Whatever." Ivy threw her hands up and started towards the door, "I need some air."

As distressing as it was to think about, this kind of thing was becoming more and more common between them. Fights that started out as tiffs, transitioned into lovers' spats, and then blew up into actual fights. In the beginning, it had been weeks before they'd even so much as disagreed—but the longer this little road trip of theirs went on, the more it felt like they were fighting...

This time, it hadn't even been a big *thing*. Ivy had just *decided* to go get some air. It hadn't taken a shouting match, a whole-ass hour complete with a sore throat and teary eyes for her to decide that they needed some space away from each other. It hadn't even taken fifteen minutes for Ivy to get out the door.

Like she knew that it was the only way she was going to get some peace and quiet.

Like she knew that it was the smart thing to get away from her.

"Yeah, you go get some air." Harley grumbled as she palmed the burger bag and the sandwich she'd left on the end table, "Get some air *without any French fries!*"

In a huff, Harley kicked her leg up and brought her knees up high—her fat belly bunching as her dinner quickly became comfort food for the growing lump in her throat...

"Just leave me all alone, by myself I guess..."



As much as Ivy didn't like to think that her relationship with Kite Man had been toxic... it had been toxic.

Not in the same sense that Harley's relationship with the Joker had been toxic. There were few and far between who could hold a candle to that mess.

But toxic in the sense that they hadn't really known each other before he started to make these goals for their life together. He'd pursued her and she'd reciprocated, but at the same time... he had wanted the whole nuclear family deal (or at least, a weird supervillain version of that) and that just wasn't what Ivy was ready for. Those nights (plural) with Harley had shown her that she *wasn't* ready to commit to a relationship like that, but Ivy had still been willing to do it anyway.

She still would have done it if Harley hadn't crashed their wedding and...

Well.

If she hadn't been Harley about everything.

Why was it so hard for her to love pretty much everything about Harley and find it so difficult to deal with at the same time? The longer that this (ugh) hornymoon or whatever had gone on, the harder it was getting to deal with all of the negatives that came with her personality. Namely the fact that she never *talked* about her fucking problems and instead just relied on unhealthy coping mechanisms...

Like crashing a wedding instead of dealing with her emotions in a healthy, responsible way.

Or like putting on a porny clown costume to get a guy's attention.

Or like binge-eating coast to coast in a stolen limo.

“Fuck, I should have been the psychiatrist.”

Nightfall in the desert was something that Ivy hadn't gotten to experience firsthand yet in her long, green life. She'd been a city girl since she was a kid. Surrounded by concrete and people and noise and shouting and superheroes and explosions. Ivy had been walking for a while now as the afternoon cooled off the hot summer landscape, but she'd settled in this nice little thicket of desert greenery.

She'd always thought that she would have hated the desert—what with the fact that there weren't nearly as many plants out here—but she had found the peace and quiet relaxing.

“I don't see how you guys do it out here.”

The saguaro stood tall in the moonlight, solitary and strong. Prickly. Sort of like how Ivy used to see herself. How she probably really *was* before she became friends with Harley. Consciously she knew that it was because cacti didn't need a lot of water and were surprisingly resistant to colder temperatures, but she was just making conversation.

“I guess I'm a little more resistant to colder temperatures too, these days.”

Ivy's little paunch bunched into two little rolls as she hunched over, cross-legged in front of one of the many cacti that surrounded her. As much shit as she had given Harley about stuffing her face, it wasn't like she'd been all that much better. Her slim, trim waist had rounded out just a smidge in the form of an extra twenty pounds of comfort weight that had settled right there in her belly.

“No, it's not about that.”

Ivy sighed, leaning backwards on her palms and avoiding the non-existent gaze of the cactus that she'd been pouring her heart out to for the past hour or so.

“I don't care what she looks like—at least, I don't care about a few extra pounds or whatever.” Ivy began with some trepidation, “It's just... we've both been through a lot together, and we only really started fighting when we became a couple.”

Silence from the plant.

“Okay, yeah, but like I mean *fighting all the time fighting* not like... not like one of us does something stupid and the other one has to talk them out of it fighting. O-Or *I thought you ditched me for the Legion of Doom* fighting.”

More, somehow more condemning silence from the plant.

“Yeah, like... like *real* fighting I guess is what you'd call it.”

Ivy sighed, her little green belly pooching out as she surrendered.

“I almost married someone who wasn't right for me. And I got together with my best friend, who I *love*, and everything started out great and it's all just... sorta come down around us.”

Ivy palmed her little starter belly.

“Emphasis on the round part.” She sighed, “And... you know... I just don't know what to do. I don't want to be making *another* big mistake in my love life just because this one just so happens to involve Harley.”



The saguaro looked nobly into the distance as the dark sky flickered with stars.

Ivy wasn't a nut job. She didn't talk to plants like she talked to people. Plants didn't have people problems, because they were plants. Just like people didn't have (a lot of the same) problems as plants did. But talking to plants *about* people problems was a good way to help her work through them. Even if they couldn't care less because they were an objectively superior form of life.

When she really needed them, the times when she was more human than plant the plants tended to be more human than most people.

"You are so right." She said with a smile, "Thank you."

Ivy grunted a little as she rose to her feet. Her sweatpants filled out firmly with chunky green buns, bulging out after months of sitting on her ass and getting driven from state to state by her girlfriend. Picking at her tight Central City Centurions t-shirt so as to better disguise her tummy, Ivy happily stood tall in the desert beneath her prickly listening ear for the night.

"I'd give you a hug, but..." Ivy winced before turning back towards the long highway, "You know. The thorns."

As Ivy hurried off, back towards the stretch of road, she suddenly found herself convinced of what she had to do...



By the time that Ivy returned to the faded, buzzing sign of the Motel 52, Harley had managed to wolf down the contents of the Big Belly Burger bag that they had grabbed on their way up the road.

She had also managed to rack up a sizable UberEats bill in the form of deliveries—but that was really more of a problem for the poor schmuck who hadn't thought to cancel his credit card when it was swiped from him a few weeks ago.

There were no less than four plastic bags that had been untied and, once upon a time, filled with food that were now sitting discarded on the gross, carpeted floor of their cheap hotel room. A very stuffed and very logy Harley Quinn laying bleary-eyed as she struggled to digest what had to have been her first out-and-out binge since she was a freshman in med school stressing over finals.

"URRP..."

Ivy had heard the belch from the other side of the door, gripping the handle tentatively as she eased herself back inside of their rented room for the night.

"Heyyyyy..."

"S'uURRP." Harley visibly stuttered as another belch surprised her, "Fuck, I meant to say 's'up'."

"Yeah, I... kinda gathered."

Ivy sat down at the foot of the bed, laying her arm over Harley's bare white feet. They were cold to the touch.

"So... you've had an interesting evening."

“Yeah.” Harley huffed noncommittally, “Just you know... dealing with my feelings in totally healthy ways that have literally no downsides.”

As if to audibly disagree with her statement, Harley’s stomach—further swollen and distended from the afternoon’s indulgence—gurgled grossly. She placed a hand on it as if to steady a wobbly table.

“Harley...”

“I know... I’m sorry.” Harley frowned, vulnerable and weak and stuffed stupid, “I guess I went a little crazy with the takeout food again...”

“It’s okay. It’s not like we can’t mug a couple of tourists while we’re out here.”

Harley exhaled, her breathing steadying as she slowly realized that this wasn’t going to be a continuation of the fight that they were having before Ivy had left.

“So... do you want to talk about why you’ve been eating so much?”

“Not really...”

Harley tried to curl up into a little Harley ball, but her gut wasn’t having any of that. She was way too full to do much of any moving, let alone bring her knees up to her chest. Even if she hadn’t put on a good forty pounds since the Wedding, there was no way that that was happening.

Ivy sighed and continued carefully.

“Look, I get that you don’t want to talk about whatever’s bothering you. But you’re the psychiatrist—you *have* to know that whatever’s bothering you isn’t going to fix itself.”

“...it might.”

“Look, I want to make it clear that I don’t care about your weight.” Ivy backpedaled a bit, “In the sense that I don’t care if you put on a couple of pounds. But something is *clearly* bothering you and you *won’t* talk to me about it. Which is *why* you’ve been eating like crazy and putting on all of this weight.”

Ivy sighed again, and continued a little less carefully.

“Which, I don’t know, I guess you have a right not to trust me yet. Because we’re in this really weird spot right now where we’re fighting all the time and it’s only after we JUST started hooking up—not like hooking up hooking up but like *dating* hooking up and...”

She groaned and stopped there.

“I’m freaked out because *you’re* freaked out—I just wish you’d tell me what’s got you so freaked out. You know?”

There was a long, heavy pause between the two of them in their roadside hotel room before Harley finally broke the ice.

“The only thing I’m freaking out about right now is what everyone’s gonna say when I get back.” She snorted, “I mean... I don’t have literally ANYTHING that’s going to fit back at the hideout.”

“Yeah.” Ivy laughed, “Keep this up and they’re gonna start calling you Harley Queen-Sized.”

“Nonono wait, I got one better—Harley *Chins*.”

“That’s so much better than Harley Queen-Sized.”

As the two of them chortled amongst themselves, Ivy offered a hand to help hoist Harley up out of her funk. With a labored fatty grunt, Harley managed to struggle past her distended, swollen gut and sit with her thick white legs off the side of the bed.

“Oof!”

“You got it?”

“Yeah m’good.”

Another pause, though this one not nearly as heavy as the last one, as Harley looked around their hotel room for seemingly the first time.

“This place is a real dump, huh?”

“More like a barge—the roaches here are probably bigger than the ones we have back in Gotham.”

“Ewewew.” Harley squelched, “Gross, Ivy!”

“You’re the one who brought it up.”

“Yeah, well... maybe I should have brought up a couple of other things sooner. Maybe we wouldn’t have ended up here.”

Clearly Harley had meant their travesty of a roadside hotel room, but with the way that she palmed her engorged, ghostly white gut, it was clear that there was a little more to ‘here’ than she was comfortable talking about seriously.

“I just... I don’t know... I’m really freaked out by all of this.” Harley’s expression faltered, “You, me... a real couple...”

“Are you saying that you don’t want to—”

“Of *course* not Ive, I just... I feel like I’m only capable of communicating my feelings through big, loud romantic gestures. You know, like crashing your wedding and going all Laverne and Shirley with you for the past few months. And even *I’m* not crazy enough to think that that kind of thing is sustainable or *normal* and I’m just worried that you’re going to wake up one day and realize—”

“That I traded one mistake for another?”

“...yeah.”

Harley slumped forward sadly, her big blue eyes watery. She looked more miserable now than when she used to come over during one of her and Joker’s spats—smacked around and black around the eyes.

“C’mere...”

Ivy threw her arm around Harley’s shoulders and reeled her in close. The clown sniffled sadly as she fought off tears.

“Look, I’m not going to tell you that our relationship hasn’t been weird so far. It has been. I’m an eco-terrorist who goes out into the desert and talks to plants just so she can work through her problems like a person and you’re a clown-themed supervillain social climber who beats people up with a baseball bat; and we’ve been—as you so deftly put it—playing Laverne and Shirley for the past four months while I avoided going back to Gotham to face my fiancée after you crashed our wedding and we stole his limo.”

“Sounds about right...”

“We’re never *going* to have a normal relationship.” Ivy pressed her forehead against Harley’s, “But that’s okay—I’ve known you for years Harley, and as far as I’m concerned the only mistake we’ve made has been not being honest with each other. We have to call each other out on our shit, y’know?”

“I know...”

Harley sniffled.

“Then maybe I’d still be able to fit into something other than leggings...”

“You *have* been taking comfort eating to a new extreme.” Ivy laughed, leaning forward to pinch some of her girlfriend’s milky white paunch, “It’s like I’ve been driving with King Shark for four months.”

“Shut up.”

“Why don’t you come over here and make me?”

Harley and Ivy stared at each other for the briefest of moments before kissing for the first time in what felt like forever.

Harley had overcome her intense sensation of gravity and launched herself at the green girl who just a few hours ago she had been cursing silently to herself. Ivy wrapped both of her arms behind Harley’s and laid down, allowing her to sort of spread over Ivy’s thinner body. Spreading her girlfriend’s legs with her knees, Harley fell deep into the embrace as Ivy held her close, suddenly overcome with that sense of heaviness again as she felt... felt...

“Ooogh...”

“Still feelin’ those cheeseburgers, huh?”

“And the Chinese food... I think I’m retaining MSG...”

Ivy chuckled as she helped to lay Harley back down.

“Then why don’t you lay back down here, and I’ll see what I can do to make you feel better...”

Ivy’s green lips puckered as she leaned in for another deep kiss, one hand on Harley’s round cheek while the other caressed her swollen belly, hot to the touch. After a few moments, Ivy’s lips parted from Harley’s, slowly moving downward as she began to kiss her girlfriend’s chin. And then her neck. Lower down on her neck before lifting up her shirt...

“Why did you even put this thing back on?” she asked with a mouth full of boob

"I don't know I don't know I don't knowwww I wanted to look cute when you came back and..." Harley panted hotly, "Just... lemme..."

Harley wriggled and jiggled her way halfway out of the shirt, grunting desperately as she tried to yeet the top off of her in the name of some expedited love making with her girlfriend. Ivy couldn't help but think that, in times like this, Harley was *way* cuter than when she was actually trying to be.

"Okay, okay, hold still..."

With nimble green fingers, Ivy rolled the neckline of the shirt up over Harley's nose before mousing her tongue between her lips.

"I think I can work with this." Harley announced suggestively, her face half-covered, "We didn't pack a blindfold anyway."

Regardless, Ivy managed to wriggle it off. Once she was freed, Harley latched onto the gorgeous green gal with another deep, passionate kiss before Ivy resumed her trek downwards. Mouthfuls of a supple white marshmallow fluff bulged between her teeth as Ivy teased and teathed sensually along Harley's more sensitive areas. Tonguing along the outline of Harley's pale gray nip, Ivy found herself rubbing the churning, squelching stomach that was next to her.

"Oohh... that feels good..."

"If you burp again I'm going to kill you."

"N-No... don't... don't stop..."

Harley laid slack against the headboard as Ivy suckled harder at her teat, green left hand traveling down past the summit of her stomach, tracing along the curvature of her soft thigh, and then eventually cupping along her sex before finding her way inside...

Harley's fingers gripped the sheets tightly as the pain from her overstuffed stomach began to mix and swirl with the distinctive pattern of Ivy's green pointer finger. Her girlfriend's softened body easing off of her own as she resumed her wet-lipped trek down, down, down until her jade jaw brushed against the hotel sheets...



"Got everything packed?"

"Sure do—and look! I even found that snow globe that you were talking about!"

"Aww, Metropolis." Ivy cooed, "That feels like forever ago."

"It may as well have been—I could have sworn that I used this thing to bash in an octopus monster's face in."

Harley threw the bags into the trunk and slammed it shut. The limo had seen better days. Months and months of travel on such a surprisingly delicate vehicle meant that it was sporting more than a few dents and dings. Kite Man was *not* getting his security deposit back, that much was for sure.

"So, now that we've done the whole 'talk about our feelings' thing—"

*“Had awesome makeup sex.”*

“—yes, *and* had some pretty great makeup sex...” Ivy turned a darker shade of green, “Where to now? Back to Gotham?”

“Are you *kidding?*” Harley grabbed her jelly belly, “I’m not setting *foot* in that place until I’m back in tip-top fighting shape! You think that anyone’s gonna let me live down coming back with this gut? No no no, we’re headed to Star City like we planned!”

“And then?”

“And then we kick some major ass until mine fits back into the black and reds, duh!” Harley stuck out her tongue, “And, you know... other stuff.”

“Other stuff... right.” Ivy smiled, “So I guess this means that the Hornymoon is back on?”

“DID YOU JUST CALL IT THE HORNYMOON?!”

“Shut *up.*”

Harley opened the door for her girlfriend and scampered over to the driver’s side. Cranking the key of the beat-up limo, Harley was almost surprised that it started after all of the abuse and neglect that she’d put it through. Not to mention the extra weight that it was carrying.

But somehow, it kept going.

“You didn’t check out at the front desk, did you?”

“Not a chance—FLOOR IT.”