

THE HERBOLOGY OF FLATULENCE

ACT 1

“Ugh! Crime is so BORING!” Ivy groaned, flopping down on her leisure-softened green rear in the depths of her plant-filled hideout. “I need something new to keep my entertained. . . My babies are bored with stealing missile plans and royal jewels.” She stroked a giant Venus flytrap she’d made affectionately. Nearby, the cunning Catwoman, who had reverted to her traditional purple suit for a time-travelling caper, reclined on a bed of soft leaves. Due to their recent inactivity, she too had grown soft and somewhat lazy, her painted-on whiskers stretching as she yawned.

“Yeah, Ivy, maybe you should brew us up some ‘entertainment’ with your plant powers,” she said with a wink. “Beats getting it from a dealer around Gotham. Dumb jerks always try to shoot me when I ask for a blunt. So unprofessional.”

Ivy sniffed at the concept of using her powers for entertainment. “Just because I cornered the marijuana market a decade ago doesn’t mean you get free samples, Kyle. But I did have something in mind I’ve been working on. . .” She pulled aside a curtain of vines to reveal a large, lumpy, mossy tree that bulged in the middle like someone who’d put on weight. Its branches hung heavy with a kind of pendulous, watery purple-green fruit. “Behold, the noble ‘messy berry’ plant. I’ve been breeding them from saplings, but they grow so much better when their fruit is eaten.” She plucked one, easily the size of a basketball, and handed it to Selina.

Catwoman raised an eyebrow. “This better not turn me into a mushroom or anything, Ivy.”

Ivy chuckled. “Just try it,” she assured. “You’ll like it. . . I promise.” She had made sure to make the Messy Berry plant as addictive as possible. Too bad she herself had had three fruits this morning, hence her bulging stomach.

Kyle took a bite, and grinned, juice running down her chin. “Hot dog! This is delicious!” She quickly chowed down, fruity mush bulging in her throat and juices running down her collar bone and into her cleavage.

“Of course it is. My little friends make the best food in the world. Although I admit this one has. . . unique effects,” Ivy said, taking a bite herself. She immediately felt lazier, more amorous, and

gassy. Her stomach rippled and then oozed out an inch, pressing against her all-natural leaf leotard. "I find it very relaxing."

A strange wet gurgle come from Selina's insides and the supervillainess blushed as she squeezed out a large fart. "You can say that again. Excuse me!" She continued eating, though, and a lazy haze entered her eyes. "Say, Ivy, why do we even bother stealing stuff so much? Why don't we just like, eat all the time, you know?" She took another messy, slobbering bite, belching around a mouthful of the strongly scented fruit.

"I'm not sure," Ivy admitted, stretching and scratching her stomach as her photosynthetic insides processed the fruit and gave off a floral gust of gas, fluttering the bottom of her leotard. "It would certainly be a lot more fun." She belched gutturally, her normally demure and seductive demeanor taking a hit as juice dribbled from the corners of her lips.

Selina had finished gorging on the fruit, her stomach plump and ripe with mysterious calories. "That was the cat's meow, Ivy. Got any more of those?" She burped again, louder this time, and didn't bother to apologize. She was also beginning to look at Ivy with the same sort of appetites that she usually reserved for the Batman. Ivy wasn't sure how to feel about that, but she wasn't complaining.

"Sure! Here you go." She tossed Kyle another fruit, already too lazy to get up and hand it to her. "They're a special blend of aphrodisiacs and biological sedatives. Oh, and I threw in some gene re-wiring proteins just for fun." She sipped some fermented juices from a pot-shaped plant and smacked her lips noisily. "I figured we could just unwind for a few days. Or weeks, if you want."

Catwoman bit into her new meal with greedy gusto. "I do want! This stuff is the cat's pajamas. I'm like, already stuffed but I can't stop eating, what's with that?" Her purple suit fluttered in a very large fart, which rippled her impressive ass and made her grunt with pleasure. "Damn, that feels kind of good when you get used to it. Er, excuse me I guess?"

Ivy waved a hand lazily. "Oh, please. We're all girls here. We can let loose once in a while. Or a lot. It's no difference to me." In fact, it was getting her aroused. Ivy had always been inclined to flirt with her fellow supervillainesses, and it was no coincidence that Harley's rude slapstick antics appealed to her. There was just something so delightfully raunchy about bad behavior, so deliciously decadent and dirty.

So the two of them launched into an eating frenzy, competing with each other to release the biggest farts and belches, and to eat the most fruit. Each assumed they would get back to "business" soon, but they were wrong. Ivy's Messy Fruits were more powerful than even she knew, and before too much time passed, both girls were having their behavior permanently changed.

Ivy went from aggressive femme fatale to lazy, slow-moving green dullard. Her normal sharp wit was eroded by overeating and her figure slowly began to melt into a jiggly, puffy parody of itself. Her vibrant red hair grew greasy with splattered juice and her belly bulged obscenely out of her leotard.

Catwoman, by contrast, was living up to her name, lazing and snoozing and generally acting like a spoiled pet. In between cat puns she vented enormous whooshes of gas, quickly learning to take erotic pleasure from her powerful blasts. Her purple catsuit grew snuggler and snuggler as the hours crawled by, and she grew incredibly randy, openly flirting with Ivy in a way she'd never done before. Teasing and hinting at the plant mistress and "accidentally" flaunting her big round ass, Selina felt more stupidly and blindly horny than she'd ever been, even around Batman.

So the two continued eating and continued farting, Ivy not even knowing the potency of what she'd created. They would both know soon enough, as the act of eating and eructating became all they desired, all they wanted. And Selina would quickly learn that not all the changes the "berries" gave her would be noisy.

ACT 2

A few weeks later the lair was absolutely filled with noxious gases brewed specially in the bowels of the two women. With guts bloated on "messy fruit" products Ivy had made like jam, wine, and even pies, the pair of them had feasted long and hard, and it showed.

Ivy was a swollen mess of green flesh, her leotard long since burst under the pressure of her fat. She wore an Adam-and-Eve style pair of fig leaves over her newly enormous breasts and puffy, chubby cunt. A G-string thong made of vines dug deep into the depths of her warm, flabby ass. Easily several hundred pounds, she was like an Earth goddess come to life, complete with an earthy scent discharged from her rumbling gurgling guts every few seconds. Her libido had spiked and she often spent hours masturbating or molesting Selina.

The once-slinky Catwoman was now a sleepy, stupid blob of fat. Her skin had turned greenish under the influence of the berry fruits, just like Ivy's. Her physiology had changed: now she lazed under the UV lamps that Ivy had hoarded to take care of her plants. Photosynthetic, she moved slowly and ate slowly, but just as greedily. Her skintight suit had torn huge holes where her fat spilled out in thick, sweaty rolls.

Both of the girls were getting greasier, cruder, and lewder by the day. Their obsession with eating had turned them into lumpy, out-of-shape parodies of their once-fit, graceful selves. Batman

and indeed any superhero wouldn't have taken the two seriously anymore, now that they were coated with a thick layer of heavy meaty blubber and vented gas like a couple of deep sea vents.

"This is the purrfect lifestyle," moaned Selina as she shoved more mutated fruits down her craw, spreading her flabby legs to release another wet doughy fart. "Except I can't stop pawing at my poor pussy. Ivy, will you pet me?" She pouted at the other lazy supervillainess, who rolled her eyes, pulling a cucumber out of her own overweight groin.

"Oh, if I must," grumbled Ivy, belching and trying to haul herself upright. She failed twice, the new weight of her flabby gut and jiggly green ass dragging her down with a trumpeting fart and a juicy forced-out belch. "Babies, get over here. Momma had too much to eat," she whined, allowing vines to snake around her and press into her fat flesh. Heaving her up, several vines creaked under the strain, but Ivy's flower-scented flatulence helped blast her upright and she waddled over to Catwoman, her thick emerald thighs rubbing together.

"Let me be your catnip," she said, crashing to her chubby knees and lowering her head between Catwoman's thighs. Stripping away the last of the purple uniform keeping Selina's crotch hidden, she invaded the soaked region with a dexterous, vine-like tongue.

Selina squealed and purred, her large legs jiggling and bouncing as she enjoyed Ivy's cruel attentions. In the midst of her drugged, horny, orgasmic haze, she had an idea. "Hey Ivy," she moaned, farting in the girl's face and squeezing her own tits as Ivy breathed in her gas. "What if we could get more 'playmates' huh?"

"Mmf? BRLCH." Ivy belched. "What do you mean?"

"What if we just. . . Gave the berries to. . . All our lady friends? All the supergirls and bad girls?" She breathed heavily, wheezing under her fat as Ivy violated her with that long tongue. "Please? I want to see them get like us. Like me." Her face was growing green with chlorophyll, her cheeks wobbling with a mix of plant cells and fat. Ivy made sure her big fat kitty cat purred nice and hard before she answered.

"I'm sure we could," she said, pumping out a fart longer than an oak trunk as she reclined again. "With some it will be very difficult. . ."

"How about Harley?"

Ivy smirked. "With Harley it'll be easy." Harley Quinn was not exactly a mental giant to begin with, and once subjected to Ivy's fruits she would be as pliant and round as a giant whoopee cushion. Ivy made up her mind to spread her nefarious, gaseous influences to every girl in Gotham, starting with Harley.

Ivy had no trouble sucking Quinn into their maelstrom of stinking arousal. All she had to do was flirt with the ex-psychologist over the phone for a few minutes, and Harley showed up at the lair straight away. At first Ivy was worried that the muffled thumps and rattling wet croaks of her farting and belching might have scared off the clown girl, but when Harley showed she had an armful of pies and a big lecherous smile on her face.

"Food!" Selina was thrilled at the prospect of pie, actually getting her fat green body vertical enough to toddle over and snatch at the pies. The once graceful thief had grown so clumsy and lazy that her blind grasp didn't even get her a whole pie, just a fistful of filling. Nevertheless she sucked this down into her greedy fat craw, licking each finger like a cat who had snuck into the kitchen.

"Woah, woah, woah theah!" Harley hauled the pies away, her accent getting thick as she scolded the obese Catwoman. "You ain't gettin none a this, you big green. . . cat thing! These are all for Red, see?" She squinted. "Selina Kyle? Holy hand buzzers, you really let yourself go!" Selina let loose a trumpet squawk of vaguely garden-scented gases, and Harley leaned in, sniffing deeply. "Mm, you smell darned good though. . . Nnn, what is that, peat moss? C'mere you smelly blob! I love weird smells, they're like some kinda childhood trauma or somethin' I betcha." The gene therapy in Ivy's plants was now being mass produced by the girls' asses, so with every lungful Harley took she got dozier, and hungrier, and hornier. "Nngh, really gets me goin' actually! I'd put my face in your pie, if you know what I mean. Snrk."

Then she saw Poison Ivy and danced over to her sometimes-lover, carrying the piles of pies. "Red, woah, you got a FAT ASS now, huh? That's okay, I like 'em with a little meat. 'Cept for my Puddin, but you can't have yer pudding if you don't eat no meat, know what I'm saying?" She nudged Ivy and the redhead's tits jiggled on top of her big green belly. "I like what you've done with the place, lots of fog and gas and. . . wow, you're really fat, huh?" She stared, mesmerized and already hooked on the chemical compounds floating in the air. "Like, really fat. I just wanna squeeze and fondle and freakin' FROTTEURIZE every inch of ya!"

Ivy leaned in. Quietly and seductively, she belched in Harley's ear. The jester girl shivered. She'd always liked funny noises, having a very bizarre and sexual sense of humor. But this was different. For once, someone was actually using those noises to come on to her.

"I'm beautiful to you, aren't I?" Ivy asked her. Harley nodded so enthusiastically the bells on her jester hat jangled out of control. "And you want to see more of me, don't you?" More jingling.

Harley was roped in, farts of her own already brewing, her body chemistry altering. For once, Ivy had found a plant actually capable of overcoming Harley's resistances, and she loved it.

"Well then." Ivy leaned in and belched, loudly this time, in the girl's ear. Harley bit her lip, her eyes crossing. "Feed me. See more."

Harley didn't need to be told twice. She grabbed a pie and placed it on Ivy's immense rack. The plant girl simply dipped her head down and bit into the crust without even using her hands. She was just too lazy to bother, now. Farting as she ate, the smelly supervillainess made bedroom eyes at Quinn, while Selina flopped on her gut in front of the pies and started digging in like a pig. Huge rank stench rose from Catwoman's giant ass mounds and pie filling splattered on her mask. The girls were on their way to big things. Together, they would break scales.

ACT 3

"Dear Diary: Today, the ass was fat." Harley scribbled the note in her therapist's notebook, then stuffed it down her now-ample cleavage in her tattered jester's uniform. The notebook was quickly lost in a pale sea of tit meat, and Harley forgot about it just as quickly, reaching for another Messy Fruit. "Sweet suffering silly putty, these are so good! Mmf, Red, here, come have some! Oh wait. . . You can't! Haw haw! FRT."

Harley and Ivy had always been polar opposites, personality wise. But now they differed in size as well. While Harley was already getting quite fat, her belly loaded up with mystery fruits and her ass swelling by the day, Ivy had turned into an absolute hog of a plant, growing out of control just like Selina. She was now larger than a small car, a sweaty emerald fertility blob who mostly wheezed, belched, farted and demanded sex. Even her intellect had grown flabby, leaving Harley to do most of the planning for the villainous group. Predictably enough, crazy plans had been made.

They were on their way to the remote Gotham water supply, tides of Ivy-controlled vines bearing their fat asses forward into the night. Ivy had learned to make all her "babies" grow Messy Fruit, and the girls ate like swine now, day and night. Harley in particular took lots of pleasure, erotic and otherwise, from tending to her "big fat ballooney-woonies" as she now referred to Selina and Ivy. They were her huge, gassy sex partners, and she wanted nothing more than to please them. And logically, nothing would please them more than making sure everyone everywhere was just like them: just as horny, just as gassy, and just as mind-blowingly smelly and overweight.

"We're gonna make the whole gosh darn CITY like you, Red!" Harley enthused, patting her supine friend's enormous oozing belly with one gloved hand. The sweat of Ivy's gurgling gut soaked through Harley's glove immediately, and she licked it. "Mm, you're so GROSS, Red! I've never seen

you like this before! I'm so glad yer opening up to me. I feel like we really had an emotional connection over these fruits, ya dig?"

Ivy belched. She didn't talk much recently: only enormous belches, floor-shaking farts and other, even more unpleasant noises. She'd sunk so deeply into the role of being a lazy bloated blob that she was too slovenly to bother speaking, instead just ordering her "babies" to feed her. As much of an eating machine as Ivy was, though, Selina was worse.

Laying on her waterbed of a butterball belly, Catwoman was stoned silly on hallucinogenic fruit juice and perpetually being driven to smelly orgasm by the sounds and scents of her own farts. No longer the clever cat thief, the purple-costumed burglar was now a mindless eating machine, lazy and decadent and only concerned with filling her belly and various orifices on her body with anything she could get her hands on. Giggling at how Ivy and Harley's bodies jiggled, she reached under her gut and started jilling off as she gorged on Messy Fruits. Life was good. Now if only she had some lasagna. . .

"There it is!" Harley pointed to the top of a hill where a cement tower stood watch over a reservoir. "Land ho, creepy vine ship! Drop us off so I can diddle these fatasses and get the town's freak on!"

Unfortunately, a certain local superhero had other ideas. The beat of bat-rotors announced the appearance of a suspiciously bat-shaped helicopter, which proceeded to shine a bat-shaped spotlight on the patch of moving vines below.

"Attention, Harley and. . . Whatever the rest of you are!" hollered Barbara Gordon, ginger Bat-Girl extraordinaire. "Cease whatever weird and probably creepy thing you're doing, right away! You're under citizen's arrest!"

Harley frowned, sweating through her makeup. "Nuts! The coppers! Ya know, I don't think citizens' arrest is even a thing, it's not on CSI. . ." Knowing the Bat-family had way more resources than her tiny (well, not so tiny) band of smelly miscreants could gather, Harley improvised. Sometimes stand-up comedy took a little sacrifice, so she tried to ignore Selina's squeals of discomfort when Harley belly-flopped onto her gut. This had the desired effect, though: Catwoman farted like a giant stinky pair of bellows, gusting warm fart-gas up into the night sky and destabilizing the delicate Bat-Copter.

Barbara spun off course and the helicopter crashed. Coughing and hacking, Batgirl climbed out, and was met by a wall of brown haze. "Argh, too much smoke! Can't see! Wait a minute." She sniffed the air. "This isn't smoke, this is. . . Oh, EW!!"

With a come-hither belch, Harley swaggered over and smacked the confused heroine over the head with a comically enormous mallet. “That’ll take care a’ you. Red, c’mere and bring her some ‘smelling salts,’ heheh. Get it? Get it? Smelling salts. Because ya smell.”

Ivy did not appear to be amused. Rolling-sliding over to the fallen Batgirl, she lifted one hamwing-straddled green leg and released a concentrated blast of genetics-altering hormone-inducing plant farts into the sleeping girl’s face. Batgirl awoke with a sudden start and took in a full lungful of the pungent gas. Immediately, she forgot their feud.

“Aw shit, where am I? What’s happening? I want burgers.” She looked up pleadingly to the villainesses. “Oh damn I am SO hungry. Do you guys have any food? I don’t care what it is, I just FRRT, excuse me. I just need it.”

Ivy grinned and plucked a Messy Fruit. Harley handed it to the superhero. “It’s not exactly Lean Cuisine, you might say. But it sure is good, isn’t it?” Barbara nodded enthusiastically. Eyes unfocused, she was mowing down on the fruit like it was her last meal.

Her own skin already turning green under her makeup, Harley dug a hand under Ivy’s heaving shelf of belly to check if her lover was as excited as she was. “Mm, just watchin’ her gets my Harley revving, Red. What do you say? Want to give her a show before the finale at the water supply?”

Ivy was too lazy to answer, but a long, sultry fart told Harley the answer was yes.

EPILOGUE

The “slob plague” hit Gotham like a sledgehammer, destroying the figures of every woman in the city and turning them into simple-minded gluttons. Incidents of obese female same-sex couples skyrocketed, and the corrupt police had their hands full restraining public displays of lesbian affection. The Justice League were mystified, unable to find the source of the affliction, but with the streets clogged with bloated women, crime actually did go down. Therefore, they decided to let whatever the hell it was be, disregarding the absence of Babs Gordon as probably another incidence of Bat-family time travel.

Meanwhile, in the Secret Lair—now nearly entirely filled with the flesh of the two “fat queens of crime,” Catwoman and Ivy—“messy fruits” grew everywhere, dropping themselves into

the mouths of every woman in the room. Catwoman had grown as plantlike as Ivy, her hair turning to leaves and her mask into a flower on her forehead. She was a ripe, swollen, nearly two-ton mass of green flesh, as was Ivy. The only different was that Selina had scraps of purple cloth clinging to her, and a vaguely “watermelon” pattern on her fat rolls.

Harley and Batgirl were cresting their first ton, both of them vaguely greenish farting fatasses, barely able to move. Harley, as usual, had plenty say, but Batgirl was content to constantly stuff herself with anything she could fit into her face. Her orange hair was stained with juices and her eyes were wild, horny and desperate. “Need. . . more. . . food!”

“Are ya sure, Lady Bats?” sniggered Harley, filling the plant-coated room with another rich rump release. “Ahhh, that was a good ‘un. See, carrot top, I think yer putting on some weight. Just in my humble opinion-o,” she said, nudging Babs and watching her flesh ripple under the hideously overstretched Wayne Corp. batsuit. “You’re looking kinda porky, see? Maybe we should get you some ‘exercise,’ knowwhatImean? KnowwhatImean?” She belched, noticed Batgirl was non-responsive, and shrugged. “Wink nudge, say no more. Hold still, gal pal, I’m GOIN’ IN!” She tipped herself over, creating a flesh-and-fart-quake throughtout her own body and Barbara’s. Burrowing under Batgirl’s enormous gut with the kind of energy only a one-ton clown could muster, she began doing despicably dirty things to the sweaty “gunt” concealed there. “Here, little piggy piggy piggy. Mama Harley’s gonna suck up ALL your nectar, baby!”

Batgirl belched and grinned stupidly. Scratching her armpit, she moaned and squeezed a fruitful of fuice into her mouth. This was the life: eating, being screwed, and propelling mass quantities of gas out of both ends of her body. Why had she ever wanted to be a superhero? She couldn’t remember. It was something about truth and justice and Batman, and protecting her dad, Inspector Gordon. But all that seemed so unimportant in the face of all the delicious mutant foods Ivy had given her. Everything was so delicious, so utterly addicting, that she couldn’t stop eating even for a moment. She had to have more, get bigger. She could feel her brain growing slower, more turgid, like a vegetable. Even Harley’s nonstop energy had been slowing down lately. . . She glanced at Catwoman and saw that the plant-girl’s ass was sinking into the ground, becoming one with the earth. Rooting herself and her fat into the ground, the brainwashed ex-thief grew visibly fatter off the nutrients in the soil, like a titanic, smelly, fuckable pumpkin. Batgirl wanted to be just like her. So she ate, frantically and obsessively, even though she was stuffed beyond all reason. Her body was a mass of churning gas and jiggling flesh, and her skin grew greener and more plantlike as she ate. Below Batgirl’s obese gut, Harley managed to get the girl off, and sticky honey spurted from her queefing loins.

“That’s right! Give Mama some sugar!” She swallowed some of it. “Wow, this is actually really good.” Desiring more, she licked greedily at the growing Batgirl’s crotch. Ivy looked on with an expression of pure, decadent contentment. Soon the bloated women of the city would flock to them via pheromones, and an earth-shattering orgy would begin. Ivy would rule over her happy, gluttonous garden of transformed women as their sexy, farting queen. These soy-colored, bent green women were her people. And she was going to make them bloom.