

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content.)

Gotham City sang. It sang with the chorus of police sirens, the sounds of breaking glass and felonies committed across at least half the city. An endless symphony of life and chaos in a city ruled by disorder and crime.

God help her, Stephanie loved it.

Her city, her people, *her* mess to clean up.

The Spoiler lived to ruin the plans of thugs, crime lords, and would-be villains. And she wouldn't have it any other way.

Dangling upside down from a gargoyle, one of Gotham's favorite pieces of architecture, Stephanie brought a pair of binoculars that zoomed into the many floors of an apartment complex. The building was a dime-a-dozen, run-down, old, ugly, the type you only lived in if you could barely afford minimum wage. No supervillain with an enormous ego would ever set foot on such a place. The Penguin would rather turn himself in to the police before spending a single night in a place like that.

To a more down-to-earth criminal, however, that was the ideal spot.

Removed from the city center and the other hot spots of criminal activity, it was a great choice to lay low if you wanted to do your business in peace.

Your very illegal business.

"Mmm-hmm!" Stephanie hummed to herself as she spotted a couple of figures behind closed windows on the 7th floor. The records she took showed that the apartment was under the name 'Sarah Goodman'.

Yeah, nice try, Ivy. But the chemical trail did not lie.

Too many fertilizers for one simple apartment.

Barbara had informed her about the run-in Cass had with Ivy and those thugs who were apparently trying to sell a Venom variant. Well, somebody was gonna get in Bane's bad book with that stunt. But Ivy's involvement in the whole thing, namely trashing the meeting place and the drug, raised a lot of suspicions for the team. Which was why Stephanie put on her Sherlock-shaped thinking cap and put on her detective skills to use.

With some top-of-the-line investigation that'd make Bruce crack a quarter of a smile, Stephanie figured out the good biologist's address.

Totally didn't have anything to do with the fact she saw Harley get into that building. Okay, the clown lady with her neon red and pale skin stuck out like a sore thumb in the middle of the night, but she still pieced the rest together herself!

"Time to see what this is all about." She'd get a quick look and report back to Barb later.

With practiced ease and silent acrobatics, Spoiler climbed up to the top of the building and began crawling through the ventilation system without making a sound as she navigated through the cramped metal labyrinth. A smile broke under her mask as she felt the familiar voices of two older women get stronger, filtered through the metallic echo of the vents. Jackpock, she was on the right floor now.

"...still can't believe they stole-! UGH!"

"Hey hey hey, relax babe. You destroyed their shipment."

"ONE of them! I have no idea how much of this stuff they're making with MY research!"

Ivy's research? Spoiler thought curiously as she crawled to a barred opening in the ventilation, stopping right in the room. Through the bars, Stephanie spotted Ivy's makeshift laboratory, lots of clean and sterile instruments, lots of plants, lots of chemical sets. Green plants and a green Harley stood out amidst all the white, next to the black and red-clad lithe and athletic form of Harley Quinn.

Goodness, those curves. Steph was never *not* impressed with Harley's figure.

But priorities. Ivy mentioned her research, and with the way she paced angrily, she could already see where this was going.

"It was *not* meant for those assholes" The plant villain seethed, banging a fist on a table, rattling the test tubes and burners.

"Yeesh hon, why are you so mad about this?" Even Harley looked surprised as she put a hand on her girlfriend's shoulder. "What are they using it to kill rainforests or something?"

"No, it's-!" Ivy stopped, taking a deep breath and sighing. "I'm the one who started this mess. I never wanted this Venom to get into the streets like that. But these people-!" She took another breath. "They somehow figured out what I was doing."

Harley blinked a couple of times. "Ive, you modified the venom on your own?"

Bingo.

Also, what? Why would she-?

The clown woman voiced Stephanie's thoughts. "But why?"

Ivy threw her head back in exasperation, throwing her arms to the side at a wide angle. "For you!"

Steph tilted her head at the same angle Harley did. "Huh? You *wanted* to give me Venom?"

Ivy bit her lip, looking away, embarrassed and ashamed.

"Is this some fetish thing?" Harley pressed with a twang in her voice, a wide, quirky grin forming on her lips. "Hey, if you'd like me to hit the weights, I'm up for it you don't have to go the extra mile."

"Tch!" The redhead rolled her eyes. "Of course, you'd try to joke about it, you *know* why."

Harley's smile slowly dropped.

"Two weeks," Ivy rounded on her, holding up her fingers. "Two weeks in a coma, broken bones, blood loss, by a miracle, you didn't have brain damage. And the only reason you recovered as fast as you did was because I cashed in a lot of favors with more magic guys than I'm comfortable with." Beneath her anger, there was so much concern and pain.

It even got to Stepth. It was hard to forget these people were... people, under all the insanity and crime.

"Ive, I..."

"That fucking Grodd better stay hidden, because next time I see him I'm ripping him apart with my vines" Ivy's promise of vengeance was dulled by a choked breath. "I almost lost you, I had to see as that mutant throw you around like a ragdoll..." She slowly shook her head. "Not again. You're not gonna risk your life like that again, I told myself next time we faced something above our weight class, you'd be able to trash them all on your own. I swore I'd make you strong enough so that I'd never have to fear for your life again."

Harley slowly reached over and held her hand, while the other gently tapped Ivy's eyes so her teary gaze would meet hers. "Ivy... I promise you nothing will happen to me."

"You know I'd never doubt you." She muttered. "But that's not a certainty *you* can give me..."

She pulled away and reached down into the drawers underneath one of her chemistry sets. She retrieved an item that Stephanie couldn't see until the plant-villain turned, and there she spotted a vial of bright green liquid inside.

"Which is why I took matters into my own hands."