

# **Deadpool Loves Harley Quinn**

**By**

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Under the glow of the emergency lighting, surrounded by freshly dismembered bodies, distant screams echoing through the halls, I thrust both my katana towards the ceiling, and shout, “*Mortal Kombat!*”

The one-eyed guy in an orange and black helmet rolls his eye. “How is it I’ve only just met you and you’re already the most annoying individual I’ve ever had the displeasure of speaking with?”

I shrug. “Believe it or not, I get that response a lot.”

“Well, you won’t be getting it anymore.” He unsheathes the sword on his back. “Not only did you kill *my* target, wasting the time and effort I spent breaking into Arkham and releasing all the prisoners, but your attitude in general simply pisses me off.”

Moving into a defensive stance, I ask, “So whatta they call ya, Evil Captain America? Or just Generic Deadpool Ripoff?”

He growls, “Deathstroke the Terminator!”

I arch an eyebrow and drop my arms to my sides. “*Really?* Cause ya don’t look anything like time-traveling robot Schwarzenegger. Not that I have a lot of room to talk, but you’re kinda scrawny in comparison. Maybe they should call you One-Eye the Pipsqueak. Or Cyclops the Old-Lady Queef. Or Brown-Eye the Soiled Princess-Panties.”

With a roar of furious anger, he charges at me and stabs his blade through my heart to the hilt.

I glance back over my shoulder at his sword protruding from my back, blood dripping to the floor. “Ya know, it’s all fun and games until some *assmunch* loses an eye.” And I jab a katana into the eye opening in his helmet and out the back of his skull.

With a rattling gasp, he collapses in a heap of armor and asshole, and twitches a few times as I sheath my katana and draw his blade from my chest. I drop it to the floor with a metallic clatter.

It’s been so long since anyone’s stabbed me in the heart, I almost forgot what it feels like. It’s gotta been at least two weeks.

I skip down the hall, whistling cheerfully while pondering which loony I’ll have the vengeful joy of murdering next. I’ve gotten just about everyone that wronged me the last time I ended up in this cuckoo’s nest, plus a few I hadn’t met the last time. That’s called being proactive!

I freeze mid-skip after frolicking passed a closed cell, and take a step back to see if I saw the wonder I thought I saw out of the corner of my eye. An inmate that looks like the beautiful pale pornstar Stoya Doll in a sexy jester’s outfit, only with big boobies and a twisted twinkle in her eyes. “Oogah-oogah!”

I guess this madhouse doesn’t have a dress code, because her miniskirt’s *scrumptiously* short and her top’s *lusciously* low cut.

She notices me gawking, and approaches the door with the naive curiosity of a toddler. She mouths, “Who are you?”

I hold up a finger, then jimmy the jammed lock with a katana, and open the door. “The Regeneratin’ Degenerate Merc with a Mouth. But you can call me Deadpool.”

“Whatta ya do?”

“Kill people, mostly.”

She smiles wide, baring gleaming white teeth. “Sounds like fun. I’m Harley Quinn. Wanna play?”

“Ooo, I like you! You’re like a grown-up Lizzie from The Walking Dead. Ya know, if Carol hadn’t gone all Of Mice and Men on her ass.” I shake my head with a mournful sigh. “It was such a shame to see so much potential go to waste.” I rattle my fists at the heavens. “Damn you, Carol, damn you!”

“Well, c’mon in, silly pants, and lemme get ta know ya.” Grabbing my wrist, she yanks me inside and slams the door shut behind me.

I scratch my head. “Um, weren’t you planning to escape?”

“It’s too late now. B-Man will be roundin’ folks up soon, if he isn’t already.”

“Actually, ain’t many folks left for roundin’ up.”

She cocks her head, pigtails swinging, and pinches her brow in confusion. “Whatta ya mean?”

“Well, ya see, sometimes Deadpool gets the urge for some serious rampagin’. I killed a bunch of ‘em real good.”

Her blue eyes go wide. “Even Mistah J?”

“Jerkface the Clown? Took a little off the top. Everything from his dopey smile up.”

She balls her fists, and shrieks, “Ya killed my Puddin’?!”

“Well, yeah, unless he has an extra head I don’t know about.”

Leaping atop me, she knocks me to the concrete floor. Her knees pinning my arms, she clobbers me with a flurry of punches. Tears stream down her reddened face as she continues to wallop me, until abruptly her furious sobs become maniacal laughter. “I’m free! I’m free! I’m finally free!”

Pulling my mask over my nose, she pecks my bloodied lips with loud exaggerated kisses. “Mwah! Mwah! Mwah!”

“Ummm, you’re welcome?”

She fixes my mask before shimmying down, so she’s straddling my waist. “So who else ya kill? Gimme the deets!”

“Well, I used up all my ammo on Alligator-Face. Damn, is his hide tough, let me tell ya. So I had to get inventive with the others. I poked an icicle through Old Man Popsicle’s eye. Using a katana, I bisected Coin Flipper with one clean cut. I used Question Mark Douche’s cane to bash in his skull. I shoved an umbrella up Fatso Wobbler’s fat ass and pulled the trigger a few dozen times. Used a tangle of vines to strangle Sexy Hippie Lady, but only to incapacitate her. She’s too hot to kill. Like a redheaded Kayden Kross.”

Harley cheers, “Red’s my bestie!”

I quirk an eyebrow. “Maybe ya could hook us up?”

She shakes her head. “Sorry, I don’t think she’s interested in guys.”

“What makes ya say that?”

“Red likes ta string me up in her vines and do dirty things ta me.”

“Such as?”

“Full body tongue baths, with emphasis on my extra-sensitive bits.” She looks around nervously, before leaning forward to rest her elbows on my chest, and whispers softly, “Even my bumhole.”

“Oh my gosh! Do tell!”

“I know, right?! She likes ta worm her middle finger in there and wiggle it all around while she twitters her tongue on my flower.”

“Appalling!” I arch an eyebrow. “But you enjoy it, right?”

“Oh yeah! Red knows how ta please a lady. Unlike Mistah J, who was only ever interested in one thing.”

I ask, “And what’s that?”

“My mouth. Or I should say, my throat.”

“Whatever do ya mean, darling?”

“Mistah J liked ta hold my pigtails like reins.” She grips them to demonstrate. “And stuff his meat into my throat ‘til he filled my belly with warm cream fillin’.”

“Goodness me! He wasn’t interested in your flower at all?”

“Nope, but thankfully Red likes ta strap on a rubber toy and give my flower a good poundin’. I don’t know what I’d do without her. I’d probably go *crazy!*”

I smile inwardly. “We wouldn’t want that, would we?” This broad is *nutso*. I think I’m in love!

“I’m glad ya didn’t kill Red. If ya had, I would have ta smash ya brains with Beatrice.”

“Who’s Beatrice?”

She smiles bright. “My mallet.”

I nod. “Fun.”

“Yeah, the stupid shrinks won’t let me keep it in my cell. I guess it’s locked up somewhere.”

I shake my head. “*Shrinks*. Whatta they know anyway? Nothin’.”

“I used ta be a shrink, ‘til Mistah J taught me better.”

“*Ooo*, cool origin!”

“Bet ya ass it is. But I don’t wanna think ‘bout him no more. I wanna celebrate!” Harley leaps up, pulls me to my feet, turns her back to me, then rolls her hips and shoulders, wiggles her bottom as she sinks into a crouch and rises again, while singing, “I wanna hold ‘em like they do in Texas plays. Fold ‘em let ‘em hit me raise it baby stay with me. I love it. Luck and intuition play the cards with spades ta start. And after he’s been hooked I’ll play the one that’s on his heart.” She flares her miniskirt with smacks of her hands, flashing me her cheeky black and red panties. “Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhhh, ohh-oh-e-ohh-oh-oh. I’ll get him hot, show him what I’ve got. Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhhh, ohh-oh-e-ohh-oh-oh. I’ll get him hot, show him what I’ve got.”

I sing, “Can’t read my, can’t read my. No, he can’t read my poker face. She’s got to love nobody.”

Harley squeals with delight and throws her arms around me. Our gazes lock for a long moment that seems to stretch on and on as our minds and hearts entwine in a deranged dance of rapturous delirium, and then I’m groping her bosoms over her top as she tears off my mask to kiss me in a frenzy of passion.

When she finally breaks away, she doesn’t recoil in revulsion at the sight of my scars as every other woman ever has. She doesn’t even flinch. Instead, she licks my cheek, and purrs, “Mistah D, ya scars are so sexy!”

My eyes glassy, I peck the tip of her nose. “Glad ya think so, my little smitten kitten.”

She giggles and flares her eyes as she drops into a crouch. Gripping my pants, she yanks them to my knees, and my erection springs up and bops her on the forehead between the eyes. “Holee capacolli! I thought Mistah J had a big salami!”

I chuckle with pride. “Think ya can handle all that?”

A crazy grin splits her face. “Gee, I’m sure gonna try!” And she presses a wet kiss to the head, sending warm tingles flowing through every nerve in my body, and pulls away with a soft giggle, a thick string of saliva stretching from my dick to her bottom lip.

Smiling up at me like a kid with candy, she coos, “Daddy Deadpool want more?”  
“Ooh, yes, please!”

She gives the head of my pecker another tingling peck, rises, spins around and saunters over to her bed. Feet planted shoulder-width apart, she stretches forward over the blanket and looks back over her shoulder. She purrs, “Not ‘til ya give me a good spankin’.”

Eyes wide with pupils dilated, my jaw slack, drool dribbling down my chin, hands stretched forward, my pants around my knees, I shamble toward her, groaning, “Must spank delicious booty.”

Pulling up her miniskirt, I glide a palm over a firm cheek and give it a hardy squeeze. Harley moans, “*Ooo*, Daddy. Take down my undies and spank me good.”

I bite my lower lip with anticipation as I grip the waist of her panties. My breathing quickens with expectation as I tug them down. My cock throbs at the sight of her rosebud peeking from between her pale cheeks.

Harley whines, “Spank me, Daddy, spank me! Please!”

I give her rump a solid smack, and she cries, “*Ooh*, yes! Yes! Again! Again! Spank me again!”

And so I slap her bottom over and over again, back and forth between each magnificent hump, harder and harder, as she thrashes wildly, pounding her fists, kicking her feet, and squealing in salacious glee.

When I can’t take anymore, my arousal overwhelming, my palm stinging, my heart hammering in my chest, I drop to my knees, splay her reddened cheeks, and *plunge* my face between them. Jabbing and swirling my tongue, I sensually assault her tight pink star in a Tongue-Fu fury of ravenous need and famished groans, and she shivers and moans in response to my lustful molestation.

Adrift in a spiraling galaxy of titillation, I bite at the tender flesh of her rump with intoxicated cries of desire, until Harley gasps, “Take me, Daddy! Take me now!”

Springing to my feet with the swiftness of a jack-in-the-box, I grasp her curvy hips and lunge my pelvis with a grunt of effort, driving my fleshy katana into her silken sheath, so tight and moist and hot. She bucks and throws back her head and wails in trembling jubilation.

I pull back and hit her again. “*Damn*, that’s some good pussy!”

She growls, “Give it ta me, Daddy! Give it ta me hard! I wanna cum on ya big fat wiener!”

So I slam her awesome vajayjay again and again, hard and fast, my pelvis smacking her cheeks rhythmically, as she incessantly sobs. “Yes, Daddy, yes!”

Before long, she explodes into screaming convulses of ecstasy, and her hoochie coochie grips tighter than Wolverine’s asshole.

When her tremors cease, I pull out and she turns over, swinging her feet over my shoulders. She tears open her top, unveiling her tittastic titties, and pants, “Daddy, put ya kielbasa in my hineyhole.”

In preparation for violation, I grip my meat-stick in one palm and a handful of one her beautiful bitties with my other. I poke the head at her rosebud and it blossoms for me. She’s no anal virgin. Forging inside with a gradual thrust, I slowly burrow deeper and deeper as she quivers, her eyes rolling back, until I’m buried to the hilt. Then I pump her ass for all it’s worth. She claws at the blankets, whips her head about, ponytails lashing, tears splashing, and shrieks in excruciating bliss.

After only a few minutes, her bunghole clinches with such intensity my prick goes numb, as her body is wracked by an orgasm so fierce, I fear I may have killed my new loony lover.

And then suddenly she ascends from the depths of her cavernous chasm of climax and woofs down my cock, swallowing all twelve inches in a couple of gulps, and without a single gag or cough.

Her blue eyes stare up at me with a demure expression fitting a puppy, pleading for me to feed her belly. I clutch her pigtails and she nods. She wants me to fuck her throat, and I'm not gonna disappoint her. That would be rude.

She never breaks eye contact as I gouge her gullet, wallowing in the glorious sensation of her taut throat and relishing the wondrous look of worship on her pale face. And then finally I curl my toes and grit my teeth as I erupt a powerful geyser of hot splooge down her esophagus with a grunting howl of mind-bending pleasure.

When spunk bursts from her nostrils and floods from her stretched lips, I release her. She blows a huge cum bubble, her eyes going cross as she stares at it, and then it pops, splashing her face, and she bursts into a fit of giggles. I'm totally undeniably in love!

A deep voice rasps, "What are you doing in my city, *again?*"

I spin around, cock flailing. "Hey, Pointy Ears! Long time no see. How's Lasso Bitch and Green Diddy?"

"Rather than send you home, this time, I'm going to send you somewhere less pleasant." He tosses a marble spewing gas and darkness consumes me...

Head throbbing, I awaken to a booming roar. "I am Shao Kahn! And you will fight for Outworld!" Oh, *fuck!*