

Fifty Tonnes of Grey

Part One: The First Month

Day One

Gadget laid in bed next to his partner. The early morning sun pierced the fabric of the curtains, bathing the room in a warm glow. Next to him his lover laid in rest, wings spread to one side, the covers shifting as the bat's domed stomach rose and fell with each slow breath.

Gadget smiled to himself as he observed his handiwork. They had only encountered one another a few months prior and had quickly taken a shine to one another. Grey had been a skinny one back then, a keen flyer and even on the verge of being bony. But Gadget had saved him. Gadget had seen his potential. Through gentle coaxing and a few well-placed kisses and naughty whispers Gadget had managed to swell the chiropteran out and drag him in to his bedside. There he had been for many nights since, each morning rising to a slightly larger midriff and a reptile's beaming smile.

Grey had never commented on his growing size; Gadge was vaguely worried that he hadn't even noticed.

Something probed his mouth. He slowly opened his eyes to see those of Gadget before him, placing a tender, welcoming kiss upon his muzzle. One he gladly reciprocated.

"Morning, sweetie," he whispered quietly.

"Morning, dear," Gadget whispered back as he pushing a thick rubber hose into Grey's mouth.

He blinked down at the hose, quizzically mumbling muffled nothings at his partner before him. It was then that Grey suddenly became somewhat more aware of his situation; his legs and wings had been tied to the corners of the bed frame, he was laid belly up in the middle of the linens, a couple of pillows supporting his head. Around his neck a leather dog collar had been buckled, gently digging into his fuzzy flesh.

Gadget leaned in, almost to Grey's ear, whispering, "Oh dear, you'll always be sexy to me, but you are much too small for the real fun," he smiled deviously, "just one last little touch..."

Grey squeaked and winced all at once as Gadget, his most darling Gadget, unceremoniously shoved a thick cork into the bat's naked rump.

He grinned and cooed in such an irresistible way, "You're going to be my little stinkpot." Even that sounded beautiful from his lips.

A whirring noise broke the quiet serenity of the room and with surprising force the rubber hose started to flesh out. Grey tried not to gag as baked beans, so many baked beans, flooded into his maw. He didn't even like beans that much, and he liked them even less when they were being forced into him. He let his cheeks fill before the building pressure forced him to swallow, groaning in protest as the horrible foodstuff made tracks down to his stomach.

He looked up wistfully at his lover-turned-captor, his sorrowful yellow eyes meeting the green of the archer's. Wordlessly he received a look of reassurance, but it did little to stem his concern. The pump continued for a few more minutes and by now he already felt fit to burst, despite the meal consisting of nothing but beans, they came in greater quantity than anything he had eaten before, his stomach starting to strain as it reached capacity and painfully surpassed it.

And then the pain was gone, Gadget's hand laid upon the gently rising dome, rubbing and caressing the bat's tender gut with his fingers. Grey had had belly rubs before but this... this was something

special. The feeling of touch against such strain, the feeling of pressure intensified by the archer's caring manner. He found himself immediately placated, moaning in pleasure and yet barely noticing the beans still flooding into his already stuffed stomach.

It was only when the archer's fingers left his body that he became aware that the beans had stopped, it was only when he tried to move did he remember he was tied down, and it was only when he tried to see where the lizard's fingers had gone did he notice that his gentle sloping belly had become a swollen behemoth.

With a wide-eyed squeak he finally took in his size. He was massive! He couldn't have eaten that much, surely?! How long had it been? He glanced sideways to the bedside table: an hour?! His tried to raise his head to look around, the collar digging into his chin, but he could see little before him but himself. But then, ecstasy. His head flopped back into the pillow, the archer's fingers pressed once again to that great, shivering ball, his whiskered muzzle smiling.

"Enjoying breakfast in bed, dear?" He removed the hose.

With the taste of beans and tomato sauce still burning in his mouth, he could only respond, "Why?"

Gadget grinned, Grey couldn't tell anymore if it was one of care or one of malice, "Because you're my bat, and I think I should be able to

do what I want with my bat. You're not exactly in a position to disagree," he emphasised the last sentence by pressing a paw into the bat's engorged gut, intensifying the pleasure to such an extent that he couldn't formulate a reply.

"Beans, beans, the musical fruit," Gadget sang as he made his way slowly around the bed, "the more you eat, the more you toot," a grin more maniacal than the last spread across his face, "and you're one hell of an air horn!"

With as much ceremony as he had used beforehand, Gadge grabbed the cork and pulled it out. A cacophony of sound erupted outwards as a lifetime's supply of beanfarts trumpeted from Grey's padded rear. Gadget's ears pricked up, closing his eyes as he revelled in the sound and the smell before - all too quickly - it was over.

Gadget collapsed onto the bed next to Grey's bemused face, planting a gentle peck on the bat's fuzzy cheek, "Oh honey, this is the start of something beautiful..."

Day Seven

Grey's eyes flittered open, immediately closing them again as the harsh morning sun burned into them. Wearily, he raised a wing to rub away his blurred, sleepy vision.

He stopped. He blinked. He waved his wing a little. Yeah, that's definitely mine.

For the first time in the last week, he hadn't started the day with ropes around his wrists and a boatload of beans for breakfast. God he hated beans.

Hastily he slid himself out of bed and waddled over to the wardrobe. Oh god, he waddled. His thighs were *actually pressing together* as he walked. And that belly. It swayed with each step, it would have dragged him with it if he let it. Quickly he pulled on a pair of formerly large jeans - unable to pull up the zipper - and was about to make for the door when he caught himself in the mirror.

The collar was still there.

"Keep it on," Gadget said as he slid into the doorway and stepped towards the bloated and bemused bat, "I don't want you taking that off, ever," he took Grey's hand and led him downstairs. The stink of grease filled Grey's nostrils, the smell of a hearty fried breakfast like a haze in the air. He was pulled into the kitchen and greeted by food spread across every surface: sausages by the dozen, fried eggs towered onto a plate, piles of bacon, and... oh god... a steaming hot oil drum of baked beans.

Grey audibly whimpered, "Gadge, please don't..."

“Well I’m not eating all this, and we can’t let it go to waste,” the archer snickered back, “so I guess I’m just gonna have to make you eat it all,”

Still leading him by the hand, Gadget placed Grey’s rear into a seat in the centre of the kitchen, deftly tying his wings together behind the chair to remove all pretence that this might have been voluntary. The reptile took a moment to lean against Grey’s padded gut, twirling a finger teasingly against it as he looked into his bat’s eyes, “and just so you know, though you are never to remove that collar under any circumstances,” his voice dropped to a low purr, “bursting out of it is *highly* encouraged,”

“Gadget, please... no...”

His pleas were silenced as a sausage - delicious after having survived the week entirely on beans - was pushed between his lips, “Hush now sweetie, time for breakfast,”

Gadget’s fingers made light work of stuffing the sizeable bat with the sizeable meal, his one hand pushing greasy meats and heavily buttered slices of bread between the bat’s lips, placating Grey’s every whine with a tender rub (and the occasional grope) upon his taut, overstuffed belly.

At some point, he wasn't even sure when, the drum of beans was emptied into his stomach. Gadget took great pleasure in gently groping at Grey's overweight middle - each gentle squeeze eliciting a poorly-contained poor and a barely-contained moan from it's host.

Badge placed down the last plate as he spooned the final fried egg into Grey's whimpering muzzle. He manoeuvred himself into the plump bat's lap, wrapping an arm around his lover's back and leaning into his comfortably swollen midriff, whispering to his ear. "Love you, piggy," he muttered quietly, pushing his tender, caring tongue into the bat's fat, greasy maw.

Day Eighteen

Grey awoke with a slow, weary groan. His stomach hurt. His thick, huge, jiggling dome of stomach that smothered half of the king size bed he shared with Gadge and rose a few feet above it. Badge was currently wrapped around him, an arm and a leg cradling his belly while the reptile's muzzle pressed into his puffy cheek, gently snoring. Grey glanced over to the alarm clock on the sideboard - it was 5:24am.

With a sigh he laid there, staring into the dim blackness of the night. His stomach made another audible complaint, almost stirring Gadget from his slumber. He figured he could get up and get some

medication for his troubled gut, but hesitated as he remembered what he had been told over dinner yesterday: He was never to leave Gadget's sight, not at day and not at night.

He glanced towards the sleeping archer, whimpering as his gut growled again, quietly asking for "Five minutes?" as he tried to wiggle free of his boyfriend's grasp.

One foot on the floor. Two feet on the floor. He almost considered giving Gadge a pillow to snuggle instead, but none were as well-stuffed as he was. Laboriously he tried his first step forwards. His thighs rubbed and bulged over one another, balance made difficult as his mass shifted with every step, needing to hold his arms out to compensate for his fumbling steps. He'd almost made it to the door! Just another few steps and-

"Trying to make a 'speedy' getaway, my pet?" Gadget muttered from behind him, "Can't be having that now, can we?"

"Sweetie, I was just going t-"

"Get back into bed honey, and don't turn around, I'm enjoying the view," Gadget giggled, his voice filling with playful lust, "You're having beans for this,"

Grey slowly backed away from the door, "I'll eat anything you want except bea-"

"For a week,"

"Please? Anything but b-"

"And I'm corking your fat ass for every one of 'em," Gadge sneered, his grin growing wider than his face, "lie down, honey, breakfast is in bed today,"

Two hours later and beans were still pouring down the feeding hose into the squirming bat below. The sun had risen since then, but the curtains remained closed to hide the goings on within from any neighbours who might glance their way. Grey had been spared the shackles on the basis that he was cooperative in his feeding; unfortunately for him, it turned out that being cooperative apparently meant being fed twice as much.

The cork rammed up his rear had remained sturdy all morning, and although his belly was already well past capacity on beans alone it had become monstrously large from the buildup of gas inside him. His stomach was painfully taut, stretched wide enough to fill the entire bed, and high enough to be almost brushing the ceiling; he couldn't burp it out because of the hose, he couldn't fart it out

because of the cork, he was sure he surely should have exploded by now. And yet...

The sensation was more than pleasant. It was unknown how much of it was because of pressure, or because of size, or because of Gadget's unwavering ability to massage away the most intense of stomach pains and turn it into an almost orgasmic experience, but he felt... good. Groans of pain were instead groans of pleasure; while he was no longer tied down, he felt no desire to move anyway, just to lay there and enjoy it as his tight, rounding middle pressed into his thighs and forcefully against his chin - letting Gadget dance around and rub and grope and pinch at the swelling stink bomb.

Another hour went by before the hose ran dry. Grey's stomach had swelled further into the ceiling and his sides pushed forcefully against the bed frame. He could barely see anything more than the feeding hose and a wall of stomach before him, the sheer size of his blimp-like midriff obscuring Gadget and the room from view.

He just lay there, panting in his own little ecstasy. His belly, so wide and so tall, so thick and yet stretched so thin. He couldn't help but to moan whenever Gadget's magic fingers went to pleasure the beached bat's ballooned gut. Grey actually felt a twinge of sadness when that wonderful blue reptile uncorked him, the last remnants of such perverse pleasure draining away into the aether.

Gadget went around disconnecting all the machinery, whilst Grey's stomach shrunk down to a more manageable size - albeit a good hundred pounds heavier than he was a few hours ago. Finally he approached the bat's head, unhooking the still warm feeding hose from his maw, "Same time tomorrow, stinkpot?"

Grey just nodded silently.

Day Twenty-Eight

By the time the week of punishment was over Grey felt no desire to get out of bed ever again. This very much played into Gadget's favour, as the bat's increasing laziness and lethargy just made him all the more gluttonous and - better yet - suggestible.

By the end of the month Grey was taking up most of the shared double bed. Gadget had resorted to sleeping under him, using one of Grey's swelling fat rolls in place of a duvet; an exchange he gleefully called an improvement.

All breakfasts took place in bed now, with Gadget carrying platters of bacon, eggs and sausages right to Grey's bedside; he insisted on feeding the bat himself, as though scared that any effort exerted on Grey's part would be sacrilegious. Every calorie a memory to be preserved until time immemorial.

Every meal ended with fifteen minutes of beans. Grey hated beans.

Daily weigh-ins had become the norm by now, taking place just after breakfast. Badge insisted on them just as much as he insisted on the bean hose and, true to his beliefs, he refused to let Grey do anything. Every morning he hoisted Grey out of bed and onto a large, steel scale where he took no shame in molesting the bloated, heavy stomach with his lips and hands, much to the bat's embarrassment.

"Well ya finally made it to a tonne!" Badge gleefully exclaimed, his wide smile directed towards the mound of grey fat he had been making out with just minutes before.

Grey looked up dozily, stomach still churning from that morning's baked bean assault.

"I think this calls for a treat, don't you pet?"

"Eeep."

The character of Grey is @blubberpony. The character of Gadget is @ArmorDilloBot.