

The Ballad of Alexander Grey

All the lonely people

All the lonely people / Where do they all come from? —
Eleanor Rigby

If one were to call Alexander Amadeus Grey a conventional bat then they would surely need to have their eyes examined. Granted, he was a short creature, hardly rising above four foot on his tippy-toes; had wide leathery wings reaching down from each arm; and was adorned with the almost stereotypically pointed fangs, large ears and poor eyesight.

However it was not these features that defined Mr Grey, it was instead his round, heavy gut that many recognised – and if one were looking around a corner, it would faraway be the first thing you saw. You see, it wasn't that Alex was a fat bat... Alex was an absolutely huge bat! His gut stuck out a good three feet in front of him and hung so close to the ground that his thick, clawed toes were barely visible over the horizon. The sheer size of his belly gave him an almost

round profile, save for that chubby-cheeked head that was plonked on top of a pair of thick chins.

Alex had always been a chubby little thing; you could say that what he lacked in height he made up for in girth. That was his excuse anyway.

The evening had been good overall, he'd just returned from a small get-together at the home of a portly komodog. The sky was still rather bright up on the cliff, Alex had decided to leave the party when his host so graciously decided to dunk his dreadlocks in the punch so he didn't have to keep getting up and refilling his cup. That was... unusual, to say the least.

"Uff... not this again..." Alex muttered to himself, pushing his wings against the sides of the door as his thick love handles rubbed strongly against the wooden frame. This had been a constant problem for the last few weeks, each day with increasing severity. Today was particularly bad; "I better get that sorted soon before I end up a bat out of water... or something..." he squeaked and trailed off, managing to squeeze his jiggling bulk through the frame as he pondered just how that metaphor could make any sense. His thoughts were too scrambled to make much sense of it though, and he raised a pudgy wing to lift his goggles and rub his tired eyes.

As he waddled slowly up the stairs to his bed, belly swaying lazily from side to side, Alex saw fit to question again just why he was a nocturnal creature that slept at night. He quickly found an answer: buffets weren't open at 2am.

The bed itself had always been troublesome; indeed purchasing a bed that could hold him had been a task in itself, the remains of splintered wood and twisted metal in the back yard were testament to it. For now however Alex was happy with his reinforced steel perch. His legs could hold his weight, he wasn't sure about the ceiling though.

And so as night fell on the Mazaruni mountain range, Alex snugly wrapped his wings around his belly and drifted off alone into slumber. The Beatles quietly playing the day out on his iPod...

Good night, sleep tight

Good night, sleep tight / Dream sweet dreams for me /
Dream sweet dreams for you. — *Good Night*

“Ugh...” Alex groaned, he couldn't have been asleep for more than a few minutes and he was already being awoken by a grumbling stomach. The room was dark, the sun had set and twilight passed;

the music had also strangely ended, the iPod laid on the floor, the screen blank.

Groaning louder, Alex jumped down from the perch, setting his belly agonisingly into motion; keeling over as he grasped at his gut and squeezed it, trying to stop the pain. He felt full, even painfully full, “Jeez, I didn’t eat that much at the party! I need some antacids!” He groaned painfully more and waddled quickly towards the en-suite bathroom – and stopped.

“What the-?!” he squeaked in surprise, his sides had hit the door frame and sent him into a jiggling halt. “I know I didn’t fit through the front door before but this is ridic- ARGHHH!!” another pang of pain brought him to keel over and squeeze his belly in an effort to silence it. The pain ended abruptly, much to the relief and confusion to its host. Although a much more pressing matter arose; the rattling of bottles, the rustle of packaging, the crunch of consumption – someone was in the pantry! “Thieves?” he whispered to no one in particular, wondering what to do in this situation, the pain forgotten under this new and more urgent situation.

Thinking he could at least try and scare them off, Alex rushed for the stairwell... well, he tried. He came to a wobbling, jiggling halt before he could even get there, panting for breath. “What... now...?” He looked down at his eternally bulky form, trying to make it out properly in the darkness; muttering to himself “Sure, I’m not the

fittest bat in the bunch, but I could always manage a short run before...”

He looked over himself and tried an experimental step forward, analysing every part of the movement. “Hmm... I feel so much heavier for some reason...” He rubbed over his bulging fat, his belly and sides just seemed to feel larger; even those love handles – the bane of doors everywhere – seemed at least a foot wider on each side, and the belly was pushing down onto the cold stone floor. “I really must have eaten more than I thought...” he grumbled to himself; slowly waddling to the stairwell.

As he got out on the landing at the top of the stairs, Alex’s ears twitched vigorously, something wasn’t right with the noise. It seemed so... loud. Sure, Alex has awesome hearing, especially with those huge ears, but the noise felt so close, so personal. It was still another few minutes of slow waddling until he could get to the pantry, but he might as well already be there for what his ears were saying. “Who’s there?!” he called. No reply. “I’m coming down!” Still no reply. The rustling, the crunching... the noises all continued with disregard.

“Right, seems I’m gonna have to see what’s going on...” Alex mumbled to himself, grabbing the stair railings tight and putting his left foot onto the stair below, slowly shifting his mass of body weight down the long flight.

A few steps down and he was already struggling, his paws slippery with sweat as they tried to hold on to the polished wooden railings. “C’mon body, keep going,” he squeaked dishevelled, shuffling carefully down another stair.

Then his paw slipped. “EEERK!” he shrieked as his body fell violently forwards, the pain in his stomach returning almost simultaneously... then it stopped. “Huh?” he squeaked out quietly, the cold stone flagging barely an inch from his face. He felt a pressing feeling behind him and – with great effort – looked back to a pair of thick sides squashing between the banisters, holding him tightly into place.

“Well whoop de doc... more weight to deal with...” he reached out and started dragging himself down the stairs with his wings, pulling the jammed bulk down with him, belly scraping along the cold steps down to the bottom. The noise continued without change, it hadn’t even gotten louder as he had made his way downstairs.

Alex however was making an altogether different noise, squeaking loudly as his belly surged outwards abruptly! Within the space of a few seconds he must have doubled in size, and tripled within a few more; and he did the only thing a rapidly fattening bat could... he squeaked loudly and flailed his wings.

Whoever was raiding the pantry paid no notice, they kept unreservedly gulping away at the store’s contents; light poured out of

the door and provided a dim illumination to the bat's steadily bloating bulk. His wings were growing too, turning into a swollen waterfall of flab that smothered his elbows and paws; his thighs followed suit, individually becoming as wide as his waist once was as they flowed out; cheeks bulged out and pushed against the rapidly forming chins; and that dinky little tail, after years of struggling to stay afloat, finally sunk down into the back rolls and bloating rump.

“Help! Please! Whoever you are, just help!” Alex called desperately to the stranger, he must have gained thousands of pounds in that short minute, and it showed no sign of stopping. “Please help me!” he squeaked, muffled by the round cheeks that were fashioned onto his face. In desperation he reached out and grasped what he could, trying to drag himself over to the doorway of the pantry as fat piled up against the walls and pushed aside furniture, tons of batty trying to crawl to the bright light, to salvation.

As he grew further still it took more and more effort to try and haul his vast form to the door; it took several more minutes for his sausage-fingered paw to finally grab onto door frame and pull himself to it, by which point his body was clearly several tons – nearly touching the ceiling of his amphitheatre.

He pulled his head around the doorway, the light blinding in the darkness of the cavern, and looked in. There, surrounded by the shroud of light coming from an unclosed fridge was something eerily

familiar. It was large and fat, lying pinned to its own belly, with wings and two thick thighs stuck to it; Alex could only squeak out one word as he was engulfed in flab, “Help...”

Help me if you can

Help me if you can, I'm feeling down / And I do
appreciate you being 'round / Help me get my feet back
on the ground / Won't you please, please help me? —
Help!

“Guuuhh~!” Alex gasped and raised his head up suddenly, opening his eyes and closing them again as the bright light flooded his eyes. He noticed quickly that he felt different, he wasn't growing anymore; he didn't even feel like he weighed the tons he had just gained.

Squinting through his thick goggles he looked into the light, making out the same figure he'd seen moments before – something fat and unmoving, those thick thighs and spread wings...

It was a roast chicken. And his head was inside the refrigerator.

Alex squeaked in confusion, he pushed his wings against the sides of the box and pulled his head out, rubbing gently into its coldness; “So that's why I fell over in that dream, I must have fallen into the fridge!

That explains why my stomach hurt,” it was here that he touched his cheek and felt it in his paw, it was larger than he remembered, “Huh?”, and it was then that he looked down and saw a significantly larger gut wobbling at him mockingly.

“Oh putz...” he grasped at his flab and hoisted it up, only now noticing that the whole fridge – aside from the one roast chicken – was empty, cupboards across the pantry were laid bare (save for a jar of Marmite, opened but not finished), and empty packaging littered the floor. A slow squeak left his lips as he struggled onto his feet, peering out of the kitchen window. It was morning, probably around six or seven.

Alex sighed, exasperated by the situation, “I could barely get through the front door before, I ate all night, and... how on earth am I getting out of here now?!” he waddled up to the doorway and pushed his belly into it, it stuck out nearly a foot to each side, just like in the dream. He struggled for nearly a quarter of an hour trying to squeeze his wide form through a door that was now much too small to fit through, only succeeding when he waxed the sides up with half a block of lard – the other half mysteriously missing, with a large bite mark in the remains – and sucked in his belly as much as he could; and even then it was a struggle.

Exhausted by the exertion and having to drag around a gut that was in perpetual contact with the floor, Alex plonked himself down on a

chair, groaning as it sank below his new and „improved’ weight; “Urgh... still tired, must be from digesting all that food...” Alex moaned to himself, spreading his wings over his rotund belly and squeezing it gently, closing his eyes and preparing to nap.

BANG BANG BANG! It was the door. “WHAT?! WHAT IS IT?!” Alex shouted back irritably.

“Hello! I wish to speak to a Mr Grey please!”

Alex grunted and plopped back to his feet, scowling at yet another disruption to his sleep. He jiggled heavily from side to side as he waddled towards the door, flinging it open in aggravation, “Mr Grey speaking. What do you want?!”

A tall, dark figure in a pinstriped suit and tinted red glasses stood before him, he had an air of a wolf about him, although the fox tail threw that theory askew, indeed the figure could almost be respectable if it were not for the neon green hair; “Good morning Mr Grey! I’m Gizmo, and I’m here to give you a once in a lifetime offer, courtesy of Mazaruni and Sons and Co. Incorporated!”

“Not interested,” Alex slammed the door shut and started waddling back to the couch.

The door was opened again, “We at Mazaruni and Sons and Co. Incorporated feel that dreams should come true, so I’ve been sent to make your dreams come true!” He grinned widely, the morning sun reflecting off those pearly-white teeth as if they were mini mirrors, “Did I mention that it’s free?”

Alex stopped and turned to face Gizmo again: “Does that mean that you could help me lose some of this weight? For free?”

Gizmo grinned and nodded elegantly, “If that is what you dream of Mr Grey, then that’s what you will get,” Alex looked ecstatic, he would have been doing a little dance if he was actually able to move enough to really do one; “Of course, Mr Grey, that is not what you dream of, is it?”

Alex squeaked and blinked at the strange visitor, he was still standing in the door, surrounded by the pale morning light. “What do you mean?” Alex questioned, suddenly feeling threatened and confused by the mysterious man’s presence.

A flash and a constricting feeling hit Alex, his feet left the ground and the whole room became a rushing blur, and then he was face to face with Gizmo, suspended helplessly in the air by his strangely long tail. Gizmo grinned, the sun flashing off his glasses in a almost sinister fashion, as he spoke softly: “Mr Grey, we at Mazaruni and Sons and Co. Incorporated know what you dream, we know what you think,

and we know what you enjoy; even if you don't know it yourself," Alex wiggled about in a weak attempt to get free, it was in vain however, as the long tail was wrapped tightly around his squishy and ample belly, "and we wish to fulfil your dreams!"

Alex gulped nervously and stared at the wolf-fox before him, their muzzles were hardly an inch away from each other, perhaps he could bite him and make a getaway... "MMMPPH!" Or maybe not. A hose, as thick in diameter as one of Alex's own arms had just been plugged into his muzzle; and just before he could spit it out it got secured on with three rolls of duct tape. He squeaked and flailed about in the tail's grasp, Gizmo unresponsive to the events as he ticked down a clipboard.

"All done Mr Grey! I'll get out of your way for now, you need all the room you can get! See ya later!" At that Gizmo dropped the lumbering bat onto the couch and walked out of the door, leaving it wide open behind him.

"Mmmmphh?!" Alex continued to squeal as he quickly stumbled to his feet and waddled precariously to the door. The wolf-fox thing was out of sight, the hose however was not, and it quite clearly led to the valve of a tanker that had been parked outside. Squeaking in worry, Alex could only tug on the hose held tightly into his mouth by the tape. He tried to take some of it off, but the slightest movement of the tape ripped out bundles of fur from his sensitive muzzle; he squeaked

painfully and ceased trying to struggle. So long as the hose was dormant he was safe...

Alex sat down and stared over to the clock as the minutes ticked by, the wait was almost agonising, the thoughts of the visitor and the tanker and hose clouded his mind, and he soon found himself dozing off in weariness.

And just as he closed his eyes... CLICK! The hose bulged outwards rapidly! It may as well have smacked the bat in the face for all its speed and pressure. The explosion of a pungent chocolate taste in his mouth brought Alex promptly back to reality; he squeaked loudly and grabbed at the hose to try and stem the flow somehow, but his fat fingers against the bulging hose did little to stop it.

He groaned painfully, wings automatically leaving the hose and reaching down to his belly to try and squeeze its pains away. It squashed and grew under his wings, his once round profile growing into a much more elliptical one; then bulged out with even more rolls, fat pressed through his already swollen fingers.

Alex's efforts did little to subside the swelling that overtook his body; his belly grew out by several more feet within the minute, arms grew with a torrent of flab that hung down and pressed against his belly, his rump widened into a pair of overinflated beachballs as they engulfed the increasingly small couch. Alex could only look on in a

twisted mix of horror and curiosity as his body engorged itself on the thick chocolate mixture that was being pumped into him, and even watching had to cease as his goggles failed under the pressure of an increasingly blobby head, the leather strap snapping and falling down his mountainous cascade of folds and rolls.

The flow continued for longer than Alex could tell, he had been going for about 15 minutes before the clock had been engulfed by the tons of fat that now held residence within his belly, hips and thighs.

Somewhere down the line – maybe it was minutes, maybe hours – the hose exhausted itself and stopped. Alex looked around but could see only dimly-lit fur, his body engulfed in its own glorious blubber. He let out a muffled squeak as he felt movement across his form, little paws sinking a path towards his head. Into his view a blurry head appeared, white with a large black nose and floppy black ears, followed by a tubby belly and dark blue overalls with “MSCI” imprinted on it. He licked Alex’s chubby snout and smiled. Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad...

Written with assistance from Secretfern90 and Gizmo. The character of Alexander Grey is @blubberbat. The character of Gizmo is alpha-critic. Unnamed cameos by emberkomodog and rangethebeagle.