

Batty Bedlam – choleric, February 2012.

“Fucking hell.” Malcolm Grieve, PhD, was generally not an optimistic bat at the most of times. Discovering that that the centrifuge in his office had decided to disgorge its contents all over what was, prior to an upside down coffee break, a sterile environment, only proceeded to turn disgruntlement into a squeaking rampage of ineffectual rage. Suiting up for biohazard, the bat grimly started to disinfect the surfaces from the nanobiological cocktail that had previously been contained in the centrifuge, that traitorous spinning timewaster. It did not take him long, however, to notice the effect the dreadful mess had made on his samples. Peering up from scouring a work counter, he noticed that one of his crops was... huge. Not just one – every plant in the room was a monster-sized aberration, a sin against fruit.

“Fucking hell!” Mal picked an orange from one of the trees – it was about the size of a cantaloupe! It felt the right weight and though he didn’t dare take off the helmet to smell the citrus... fuck the cleaning. He had to synthesize another batch of this miracle. He locked the doors, sealing them up so no ineffectual interloper could interrupt his moment of genius. He’d feed everybody! He was going to get five, maybe six Nobel prizes out of this... four minimum. Luckily, being a scientist well in touch with the modern era, the bat had well documented steps to explain each step of his concoction’s recipe in a format that wasn’t dissolvable when nanotechnology spilled all over it. Brewing up another batch of the little biological machinery, he gingerly placed the mix into an incubator in order for it to cook to perfection.

That done, Mal decided to crack on with what little cleaning there was left. It was unlikely that he had affected the batch he had just made even with the contaminants around, but even in his excitement he grudgingly accepted that it was probably poor form to leave the stuff lying around for any old idiot to step in. He scrubbed the rest off and slipped out of the biohazard suit, deciding to go for another upside-down coffee break while he inspected these unusually large plants. Truth be told, they didn’t look so healthy any more, almost as though they were dying away – possibly they weren’t receiving enough nutrition to sustain their larger size, or perhaps –

Mal would have finished that thought, but the incubator decided to ruin his day for a second time by vomiting its contents all over the room in a foamy, frothy explosion. The gloopy mixture mainly drenched Mal, who had cunningly positioned himself hanging from a pipe on the roof in front of the bloody machine, being that it was the only heating duct going through the room. Gripping on tightly to the warm pipe with dextrous paws, the startled bat kept frozen in place for a while until he managed to lower his heart rate, feeling his chest tightly constricted with fear. Having managed to calm himself down, the bat promptly heard the heating duct creak, groan and strain, quickly giving way and sending him first class to the ground, his wings flailing wildly across the room and knocking over every piece of glassware they could possibly get their leathery hide on.

Confused, scared, bleeding slightly and still with an uncomfortable feeling of tightness around the... well, everywhere, the bat slowly got to his feet. Something was wrong – the room! It had... no, it must be... “Oh, fuck me.” muttered Mal, in a new, deeper voice. The bat found himself a foot taller, and currently in the process of shedding his labcoat, in a fashion that he would have described as snakelike if he didn’t want to get fired by HR. Can’t offend the reptiles now, can we? Worst, though, was the most peculiar sensation. He was so hungry, so tingly, so tired – whatever was working on him seemed to be taking its toll. As he caught a glimpse of himself in the spilled liquids, he noticed he was looking a little malnourished and anaemic, and glanced over to his row of plants.

They were dying. Worse, he was dying – he knew it! “Fucking hell.” the bat sighed, as he bumped his head on an overhead light with what would be an amusing clanging noise were he in a better mood.

He was growing fast, and he needed something to fuel the growth with before he ended up like his woeful citrusy friends. Taking a wide step forwards, Mal promptly shredded his pants, leaving a pair of tattered rags hanging around his ankles and a pair of incredibly stretched boxer-briefs to do the heavy lifting – and hell, it was heavy lifting indeed. Muttering angrily to himself and cursing the sheer level of fertility drugs he had injected into the chemical cocktail, he tore the shreds from his feet with his claws, and attempted to shield what was left of his dignity with his wings. Storming down to the company canteen, his rapidly growing paws drumming out a thunderous beat, the bat passed his shocked and awed co-workers on the way with grim determination and an onslaught of cursing that would have the Navy and the Marines agreeing that sometimes, one person can take it just too far.

By the time he reached the canteen, he was far too tall to fit through the double glass doors, and far too hungry and painful to give a shit. Shouldering his way through the cheap plasterboard, smashing the glass door to pieces that utterly failed to penetrate his thick hide; he took one look at the whimpering staff. “Excuse me, what’s on the menu today? Never mind, just give me all of it, I’m incredibly hungry. I’ll also take a coffee to go, bucket size, if you have it.” “yessir of course sir” stammered the panicking staff, as they ran off to form some sort of plan and/or meal. Mal decided he would sit down and enjoy his unscheduled break. If the boss didn’t like it, well, he could go fuck himself – it was me time for Mal.

By now, a small crowd had gathered to watch the huge, 12-foot tall bat sit down on a bench and promptly crack it in two with a satisfying crunch. Deciding on a table instead, he lowered himself delicately onto his seat and gave the watching crowd a toothy smile. “What are you looking at, slackers? Shouldn’t you be working?” As they muttered amongst themselves, ogling the giant and his rapidly failing underwear, the canteen staff brought out a meal fit for a king of beasts. It didn’t take long for Mal to devastate the food, taking the edge off his aching hunger for a moment. He noticed as he ate, he filled out slightly, losing the malnourished look he had been cultivating since this morning and becoming more muscular and well defined – a look he could certainly get behind. For a moment, as he watched the canteen staff wring their hands and preen their fur in nervous anticipation, he felt...

Whatever he felt, it was about to get ten times better. The food hit his system proper, and he felt a burning sensation. Not the hunger, but something more, something different. Something good. Practically purring, the bat felt his cock hardening as he grew up into the roof, his new broad, muscular shoulders putting an irresistible pressure against the ceiling. The elastic in his boxers gave way dramatically to his firehose of a cock as he slipped a hand down to stroke himself, enjoying the feel of what was undeniably larger and weightier than what the bat had had to make do with on lonely nights. He gripped his rod tightly, beginning to pleasure himself greedily.

This was, of course, when the floor caved in. Mal’s wings whipped out in sheer panic, causing enough property damage to make your average tornado moderately jealous as the large leathery limbs crashed through furniture, walls, ceilings... and not to mention the large bulk of the bat himself. He piled through a floor or two before coming to an unceremonious halt in front of the receptionist at the front desk, enjoying full view of a particularly large bat’s particularly large cock towering over her, rock hard and impossibly huge. His sac spilled up against her desk as a look of sheer disbelief crossed her face, which quickly turned to terror. The bat rose to his full height of fifty feet in a shower of dust and concrete, a vicious sneer across his face. “You know, I think I’ll resign.” Mal said, pushing his way out of the building as he started licking his fur clean and shaking off the rubble. The structure held no challenge to a beast of such strength and ferocity, Mal effortlessly smashing his way out and into the open air. He was beginning to feel hungry again, but there was something he had to do, first...

Unbelievably aroused by such an unlikely scenario, the bat decided to take care of the crops problem in the best way he could. Now truly a giant, he reached up and onto the building with ease, hearing the structure complain as he decided to spear his fourth storey office with his incredible endowment. Although he could now barely fit his hands around it, the hard concrete and steel proved to be no obstacle as he jackhammered his way through his workspace, rending chunks from the building with his claws and mulching anyone who was unlucky enough to be investigating the scene of the crime. Mal thrust again and again, but ultimately the rough structure of his now totalled office was not bringing him any level of satisfaction. He needed something more, and he was fairly confident no copycat formulas would be developed to oppose his - and more importantly, him - now that his research was devastated.

He tore a gash down the side of the building with his formidable claws, pausing for a moment to check his reflection in the glass windows. An intensely muscular bat leered back at him, with an impressive cock standing to attention and smeared with pre and debris, a drop or two dribbling to the pavement below. Leaping down off the building, he noticed his former colleagues swarming out of the exits as he crashed down in front of them, his ineffable mass leaving a sizeable imprint on the ground as he cracked the earth beneath him. The miniature furs at street level mostly just stared at the colossal bat, who ogled back greedily in turn, the fear radiating from the tiny petrified figures a delight to the giant. The last growth spike had left him a little hungry, but the more pressing need right now was the agonizing lust. Whatever part was left of his rational mind made a note to go easy on the fertility treatments in the chemical cocktail next time, before being rapidly shooed away by more primal needs. Corraling his co-workers between massive paws, he guided them to his car-sized shaft before they could flee. "What are you waiting for?" he snapped, starting to rub himself in exasperation, huge black-furred paws gliding across the surface of his mammoth, hypertrophic bathood ominously close to the tiny figures.

He noticed a mixed reaction amongst his captive friends. Some tried to clamber out over toned muscle. Some broke down, crying and weeping for salvation and mercy. Much to his pleasant surprise, some actually did as they were told, providing him with delicate, delightful sensations down the considerable length of his thick member. It wasn't enough for the bat, however, and Mal decided to motivate the prisoners with a display of force. Grasping one of the potential escapees in a hand, Mal tossed him casually into his gaping maw, snapping him up quickly. Maybe it was just the hunger speaking, but the little fellow tasted heavenly. He caught himself dribbling, drool dripping down onto the captive, wailing crowd, and stared down at the group between his legs. "You best hope you finish me off before it's you next." he murmured, a wide grin growing on his face as the captives flocked to his cock. They desperately pampered and stroked the behemoth organ, begging for clemency from the monster holding them prisoner, and as they did, Mal started to lean back in ecstasy as the sensations began to bring him over the brink. Every part of his formidable genitals were being massaged, stroked and licked, and all too soon he was seized in the throes of orgasm, a paw lashing out wildly across the road and smearing some unfortunate employees beneath it as a ripple ran down his cock, blasting his cum in waves onto the surprised and frightened crowd. He laughed malevolently, caught in a moment of sheer joy and madness, watching his former co-workers struggle and slip in the sticky substance. A hunger pang caught the better of him as he watched them wriggle and writhe. Not usually one to try his own semen, he grabbed some of the would-be runaways and pushed them eagerly into his drooling jaws.

Delicious. Divine! Mal started grabbing up workers with haste, pouring them down his throat as he felt the delectable burning sensation of uncontrollable growth fill his form. He needed more. MORE! He relished in the taste of the insignificant wretches he once called co-workers as his musculature started filling out magnificently, almost straining against his sleek, glossy black fur. His cock hardened up once more to reveal it too had grown vastly out of proportion, 75 foot to the bat's 150

foot frame, with a gargantuan sac, already full to bursting once more, accompanying it beneath. He gave his shaft a delicate lick, shivering with arousal and anticipation. He had plans, now. Mal would be the dictionary definition of decadence, of hedonism. A new force of nature. But first, he needed some help from his little friends. Tensing his muscles and spreading his wings, Mal attempted to take flight as he so often did on the way home. Incredibly, he managed to lift himself off the ground, his incredible wingspan overcoming the sheer bulk of his toned body. The bat had a mission: firstly, to take the edge off the piercing hunger he was developing. Secondly, to take his place as the God of these pathetic creatures. Superiority complexes are a bitch.

The first most people heard of this was when the roof of the local shopping centre exploded and a hundred or so tons of bat came crashing down on them. Slamming his weighty paws down to mark his territory in the way only a giant can, the locals that were lucky enough to not be in the way made the sensible choice to run, rather than gawk at... whatever that was supposed to be. This did not please Mal and his new-found god complex. "STOP! STOP RUNNING AND FEAST YOUR EYES AT MY MAGNIFICENCE!" The scent of meat and blood caught his nose, tantalizing to his tortured stomach. "BRING ME FOOD AND I MAY YET LET YOU LIVE TO SERVE ME!" he screamed, wild with lust, hunger and power. Not shockingly, his new friends were eager to comply as chaos erupted, the colossal bat stroking his cock as he drooled in anticipation of his feast. While clearly some of his new friends had the good sense to bug out and run, others brought the giant his due with shopping carts full of liberated food. Not caring to be picky, Mal grabbed the lot, trolleys, frightened tiny folk and all, and jammed them into his gaping, toothy maw while his new servants looked on, nonplussed at best and terrorized at worst. As he gorged himself, he felt the burning start again – the good kind. "Now come," he said, a whisper for him a godly command for his audience. "Please your king." A gentle stroke across his member sent a ripple down it, as it began to expand with the rest of him, bulking out proportionately. Reluctant to do much of anything, a few members of his crowd approached tentatively, but gods have no need to wait. His colossal hands scooped the people up from around him, and he foisted their wriggling bodies onto his achingly needy cock. They seemed to get the idea, writhing and licking and doing whatever, anything they could think of to free themselves from the giant tyrant maniac bat. As he grew larger, Mal became lost in the throes of passion, gripping his member tightly and stroking for all he was worth, turning his worshippers into a slick red sacrifice upon his throbbing pink altar in his mindless fugue. With an incredible surge in energy and height, the bat came screaming as he crashed once more through the wall, his truly enormous form wrecking what was left of the mall, debris and cum mixing in arcs spiralling through the air. He lay panting for a while, but eventually succumbed to his sheer exhaustion, his reserves drained. He curled his wings around his colossal, prostrate form, the deep bass of his snores rocking the city.