Press green button, get food.

Press blue button, get zapped.

Press green button, get food. Yum!

Press green button, get food. Still hungry!

Does blue button give food yet? Ouch! Nope.

Press green button, get food.

Translate this into ratsqueaks, and this could easily be summed as Vincent the Labrat’s lunchtime thought process. Aware but uncomprehending of the glass box that surrounded him and the huge furless, tailless rats that moved around and often stopped and watched him, Vincent didn’t bother squeaking hello to them. They never responded anyway, except to open the lid on the box and take him out and stroke him. He liked those times, even if they didn’t give him food. He liked his box, even if it was a little boring.

Press green button, get food. Getting full now.

Press green button, get food. One more time.

Press green button, get food. Delicious.

Vincent’s rounded rat ears twitched as the scientists outside the box murmured something. Why couldn’t they squeak like normal rats? He’d like someone to talk to. He saw them scribble something down on the clip board, and heard “He’s up to seven pellets now. That’s two more than this morning. Is this a sign the injection is working?” “Hard to tell, it could just be variance. Give him another dose, and we’ll see at dinner.” “Another one so soon? Shouldn’t we let him digest first?” “I have a headache and I want some lunch to. Just give it to him and we can get out of here.” “Alright…”

Of course, Vincent couldn’t understand a word that was being said. But that was okay, he liked the rumbling sound of their deep voices. It was more interesting than his rather plain glass box. Even his chew toys were getting boring. Looking up at the sound of a click, Vincent twitched his tail. They were opening his box! Quickly he skittered to a corner of his box and reared up, poking his whiskery nose up as high as he could, stretching his sleek mottled brown/white body as long as it could go. Playtime, playtime! He sniffed at the big hand that reached in and gently grabbed him, happy for the excitement.

He was only allowed a minute or two to wiggle in that hand and peek at his new surroundings before they gripped him so he couldn’t move much, just like this morning. It wasn’t uncomfortable, so Vincent didn’t mind. He felt fingers gently brushing under his tail, lifting it to expose his black-fleshed tailstar and rat nuts, just like this morning. He felt a little sting as something poked his tailhole, and a warmth seeping inside of him as he was injected. While the injection wasn’t very pleasant, the sensation of the liquid inside of his body was alright. He wondered what they were doing, and if they would let him play longer.

Gently they cleaned up his tailhole and pressed something else to it, measuring its diameter. Then their big fingers poked at his balls and sheath, but not stimulating him. “I can’t tell if they’re bigger yet or not. Let’s go get some lunch and check back later.” Squeaking at them, Vincent was allowed to wriggle around in their hand a bit longer, then placed back in his glass box. Hmmph! That wasn’t long enough. He placed his front paws on the glass wall and looked up again, sniffing, but saddened that they closed the lid again and walked off.

While the fluid and the warm feelings slowly spread through his body, Vincent decided to entertain himself with his chew toys. Claws clicking on the glass floor, he found his woodblock and went to work. The sounds of chewing mingled with the slow, quiet gurgles of his belly, and all Vincent understood was that he was starting to feel pretty good all over, especially where they had touched him.

Chewing on the woodblock usually entertained him for a long time, but soon the feelings spreading through his body warrented investigation. Why did his back legs and butt feel good? Was someone scratching him and he didn’t know it? Pausing from his wood block, the lab rat sat up and bent around, black paws and black nosetip poking and prodding at his hindquarters. Giving himself attention there made the warm feelings increase faster, and a louder gurgle rumble in his belly.

Watching his hindquarters and hindpaws, he could see them… changing. In time with a pleasant growling in his tummy, his toes spread a little farther apart, his whole feet subtly changing shape. Curious! He licked his paws, but didn’t taste anything different. His thighs and ass were starting to feel similar, too. The muscles in his legs were… swelling, repositioning. It didn’t feel bad, just really weird. It kind of felt like someone was swabbing his butt with a cotton ball, and someone else was stroking his tail.

Uncomprehending of what was happening to him, he simply watched as his hips slowly bulged outwards, the bones thickening and the flesh doubly so. His asscheeks pushed a little farther out and became defined, as did his legs, halfway between the giant hairless rat’s leg shape and his own proper rat shape. By now his tummy was gurgling more rapidly, and he was becoming hungry again, his tummy pulling inwards and flattening as he digested the food rapidly. The warmth centered on his tailhole, something about the flesh… changing, but he couldn’t tell what. His tail looked thicker and longer, too.

I must be getting healthier! Just look at my tail! Vincent squeaked proudly to himself, poking at his legs and ass and tail. They must be giving me good food! I should have some more.

Walking a little unsteadily towards the green and blue buttons, the labrat Vincent thought it a little strange that the buttons seemed slightly smaller now. The growl of hunger from his belly soon old him not to think about that, though, and not to think about the growing compulsion to put more of his weight on his hind legs instead of his front. His backside did weigh a lot more than it used to, after all, as a half-anthro rat.

The blue button gives shocks, I remember. Green button food. Press green button! Get food.

Vincent devoured the food pellet in record time, feeling the material splash into his belly. His tummy gurgled happily, already digesting it. One certainly couldn’t be enough. He pressed the green button again and sucked down the second pellet, then hit it again for the third.

Not feeling any less hungry than a minute ago, Vincent had an idea. A rather complex idea for a little lab rat… but a standard idea for the rat he was becoming. Already he was several inches longer than this morning, his entire body swollen with extra size. Most of that growth was centered on his middle and lower body, and he could sit comfortably on his bulging ass and hind legs. His huge tail allowed him to lean forward without needing his front paws to touch the ground. If I press the button and don’t let go, it will give me lots of pellets!

Vincent placed his black paw on the button, and didn’t let go. Pellet after pellet came tumbling out, like a river of gold. Happily, Vincent used his other paw to scoop up a pellet and stuff it into his mouth, chewing only a few times before gulping it down. Soon, he wasn’t even chewing at all, as each pellet splashed into his belly and was digested more and more rapidly. He was still slim, despite his voracious eating.

Still hungry! These look kinda small now, the huge labrat Vincent thought to himself. Almost a full foot long from butt to nose, he grabbed several pellets at a time and crammed them past his lips. The pellets continued to fall from the chute at a steady pace, but now Vincent was eating faster than they could come out. With the warmth and good feelings spreading through his whole body now, Vincent was delighted to just keep eating and eating, listening to his belly gurgle and feel good about himself.

At this rate, Vincent’s digestion was finally slower than his input. His slender, sleek rat belly began to pooch outwards, slowly filling into a rounded pear shape. It wasn’t the only part of him to bloat like this, either. His hind legs also began filling up with mass and muscle, his thighs becoming chubbier and chubbier. Half-morphic, giving him asscheeks, they too began to grow rounder and fuller, firm with muscle but soft with fat. As Vincent gobbled up every pellet that spilled out, becoming impatient, he felt his hips becoming wider and wider to accommodate his distending belly and growing ass and thighs. The tingling sensation in his tailhole increased as well, seeming to be waiting for something.

With no food left on the floor, Vincent had another novel idea. He pushed himself away from the chute, keeping his paw on the green button. Pressing his lips to the terminus of the tube, the pushed forward again, feeling his throat stretch around the metal. It felt good, his throat worked on it. But most importantly… the pellets of food could dump directly into his growing gut.

Pleasure began washing through Vincent as he sucked on the chute, willing the pellets to flow faster into him. He wanted more! He could feel his insides gurgling and growling, like he was inflating with wonderful mass. He could feel his own guts bloating bigger, growing as he digested. His bellyfat wasn’t all food now, he was actually becoming rounder and bigger. A foot and a half long labrat, his insides mutating, something else about his flesh changing but he couldn’t yet figure out what it was. All he knew was that he wanted… more.

Vincent could feel his tail thumping against the other end of the glass box, pushing up against it. He was a big boy! And a –real- rat, too, as the size of his balls and sheath attested. He loved the feeling of his nuts and cock being pressed to the floor of the box by his heavy middle, able to acutely feel each of his balls gurgle like his belly and bloat larger. His sheath was getting thicker all the time, the tube of rat meat inside of it bloating just like he was; bigger, thicker, longer. Not yet aroused, simply delighted by his own growth, Vincent felt a growing twinge inside of his ass. A… sensation. No, not a sensation. A lack of sensation. Something was missing. He needed… something, in his ass.

Pulling his soft throat away from the pellet chute, Vincent released the green button and sat back, pressing his three-inch-diameter ass against the floor. He felt perfectly comfortable sitting on his swollen and defined ass, placing his paws on his fat gut. Licking his lips, the hunger gnawing warmly inside of his belly, Vincent looked at the chute and felt his ass twinge again.

Turning around, now a little difficult as he measured two feet long and nearly seven inches across at the hips, Vincent lifted his tail and positioned the chute behind him. Grinning like no non-anthro rat could ever grin, he shoved himself backwards and SQUEAKED in pleasure as the metallic tube rammed down his asshole. He felt himself stretch easily to accommodate it, a pleasure he had never known before surging through his back. In his spasms of pleasure, he kicked his hind leg, smashing the green button with his powerful hind paw. There was a click… and a snap, as the button broke.

Pellets began to gush inside of his fleshy ass. Bourne by the shoot, shoved forward by the pressure of the pellets behind, each food item was rammed up into his sphincter and forced its way up his large intestine… small intestine… finally making its way to his gut. The labrat groaned, pushing his tailhole against the tube harder, pushing more of it inside of his ass until his fleshy butt was pressed right against where the tube entered his cage. More pellets flowed into him, his ass stretching around it, his inner tunnel muscles flexing around the metallic chute as he reverse-swallowed the food.

Eating in this new way, Vincent began to grow faster. He began gaining weight and swelling twice as fast, his body bloating and widening, mutating him. His hips stretched wider and wider and his whole body pushed forward even longer, longer than any rat or human in proportion to the rest of their body. He felt his face shoving against the edge of the glass box, while his thighs and buttox spread across the other end. Vincent felt his balls gurgling and growing heavier rapidly, his sheath disgorging his black-fleshed cock, nearly a foot long and four inches thick of lab rat fuck flesh. Pre drooled out of his urethra and his balls kept growing, as big as a human’s fist each. Impressive, since Vincent was only three feet long now.

A spasm of pleasure washed through Vincent’s changing, swelling body, causing his other leg to kick. It smashed into the blue button and broke it, triggering the mechanism. A potent shock ran through the panel on the floor, electrocuting Vincent’s paws, belly, and cock. And the shock kept coming… zapping into Vincent’s flesh, filling him with electricity, and above all, pleasure.

Vincent’s growth exploded. His flesh expanded to press against all the walls and the lid of the glass box, his body expanding faster and faster. His gargantuan tailhole clenched on the metal tube and sucked, firmly pulling the tube deeper into him, his asshole no longer needing to stretch to fit it. He felt his innards sucking in the pellets and the tube both, the container holding all the food for all the test rats emptying rapidly. The metal of the tube even began to bulge and bend as his ass devoured and sucked, forcing more pellets than the chute could fit. The entire container was creaking and shaking, as the tube itself was being pulled into his ass, the container leaning towards Vincent’s cage…

Vincent felt his face cramming against one corner of the box, his paws pushing at the walls. He sucked in a deep breath and felt his body shudder and expand again, shoving against all the walls. There was no more space inside of his box, four feet of bloated, huge, fat rat crammed into a three foot cube. With his next breath, and a loud gurgle from his massive round gut, Vincent’s mass overloaded the cube and the panels shot outwards in all direction, allowing his soft flab to spread over the table.

With no panel of glass blocking his ass, Vincent grunted and flexed his massive inner ass muscles. With a shclorping sound, the entire container of pellets was rammed up against his ass… and he stretched. His tunnel stretched and stretched, wider until the entire container of food was able to slowly sink inside. The chutes from the other rat boxes were pulled out as Vincent’s ass gobbled up the entire sphere.

Grunting as he felt his innards digesting metal, plastic and pellets, Vincent pushed himself slowly upright. His body continued to surge, but slower now as the electricity was nothing more than a dull buzz in his flesh. Five feet tall, he slowly slipped off the table, landing on his hind legs with a thud. His huge, two foot long cock thwacked the floor, as did his soccerball-sized balls, hosing down a large section of the floor with his cum. It felt so good, the massive rat-man pressing his paws to his muzzle in his enjoyment of the minor orgasm. He petted his huge spherical belly, now absolutely a pear shape. He guessed his waistline to be about the same as his hips, including his defined ass – all in all, he was five and a half feet tall, and four feet wide, with his gut sticking three and a half feet out in front of him.

Pushing himself up onto his massive hind legs, his mutated leg structure allowed him to stand comfortably. His balls hung just inches off the floor, bloated to the size of basketballs, feeling so heavy and full regardless of the cum lazily pouring out of the tip of his huge cock that jutted out from under his gut. The massive, six-foot-tall rat looked around, feeling himself expanding slowly larger despite the lack of food. He still felt hungry, and his tailhole twinged greedily, wanting… something.

His ears twitched as there was a click, and Vincent blinked as the lights came on. Turning around, he saw the two hairless tailless rats that had been here before, dressed in their white coats. They stared at him and he stared at them… until Vincent’s belly growled hungrily. The huge lab rat surged forward, pounding on the tiles as he took but five steps and he was upon them, his arms wrapping around them.

“Thank you!” He squeaked, more like a roar than anything else, spewing his hot breath into their faces. His cock slapped between them and spewed more cum in an arc that splashed outside the door into a nearby drain. “I feel really good, can we play now?” He said, as they screamed and thrashed in his powerful arms, nearly crushed against his huge, soft, warm body. Bouncing on his toes, Vincent felt delighted that he could finally play with his strange rat friends, his body surging to six and a half feet tall.

Keeping his grip on one of his captive friends, keeping the man’s face pressed against his chest, his body tucked against Vincent’s huge belly, the massive lab rat shoved the other man to the floor. Not too hard as to hurt him, but Vincent knew just how to play with his friends! His gurgling belly and twinging tailhole were telling him just what to do. Vincent stepped over the man, dragging his 60+ pound balls over the man’s body and face, musky rat ballsweat covering him in musk. Vincent didn’t notice as the man’s pants tented, despite his helpless thrashing. The other man he was holding was tenting too, poking at Vincent’s belly, and he was struggling less and less as his face nuzzled into Vincent’s armpit. But that wasn’t important now.

Vincent positioned himself above the scientist on the ground, keeping him pinned down with his huge tail. The man stared up into the black sky of flesh that was Vincent’s tailhole, a huge ring of pulsating black muscle. The ring began to shudder, then expand a bit, opening the hole about to the size of the man’s head. Giggling, Vincent sat down, smothering the man with his ass, and feeling his muscles start to work on him, pulling at him. He could feel the man’s struggling increase, his hands thumping on Vincent’s huge butt, punching and pushing and making Vincent feel good. Seven feet tall, he leaned forward, lifting the man up by his shoulders and head, working him deeper and deeper inside, stretching wider and wider to fit his new friend.

Getting a grip on Vincent’s ring, the man grabbed both sides of Vincent’s tailhole and pushed as hard as he can. The lab rat mutant groaned as he felt himself stretched wider and wider, wide enough to let the man escape. But Vincent had wrapped his tail around the man like a snake, and was forcing him deeper anyway. He felt the man kick and thrash, pushing desperately at the walls, forcing Vincent’s tailhole even wider, like he was swallowing a beach ball rather than a person. It felt wonderful. When the man was up to his knees, Vincent was stretched even more, and finally the man’s feet helped Vincent to be spread open wide enough to fit a single-person bed!

Letting the man go with his tail and removing it, Vincent clenched his ass and giggled as the man’s arms and legs were pinned to his sides, trapping him wholly inside of his ass. Using both of his hands to snuggle his other captive friend, he slowly worked the other man deeper and deeper into his gut. The pleasure began to slowly fade the deeper he went, pushed up inside of Vincent’s bloated guts, his struggles slowing as he became a part of Vincent.

Holding up his next friend, Vincent smiled at him, his nose inches from the man’s face. The man had a dreamy look on his face, the front of his body coated and soaked in Vincent’s sweat and musk, the eight foot tall rat holding a weakened and aroused male human. Vincent cuddled the man again against his belly, and felt the human wrap his arms around Vincent’s chest. This thrilled the lab rat, enough so that Vincent’s three foot long cock spewed hot cum against the man’s legs. Vincent’s ears twitched as he heard the ripping and tearing of cloth and stitches, soon feeling warm flesh pressing against his furry body.

The man was mutating. Vincent cuddled the human as his new friend’s belly began to pooch outwards, growing of its own accord. The man’s thighs and ass and hips expanded, bloating with the same warm pleasure that Vincent himself was constantly experiencing. The man’s cock rubbed against Vincent’s tummy, leaking pre, and soon squirting cum as a sheath wrapped around the man’s prick and his balls swelled larger into a furry sac. In a move that surprised, and pleasured, Vincent, the man’s transforming face nuzzled up under Vincent’s chin and they kissed.

The kiss sparked something new inside of Vincent, a desire. His throat parched, and he gulped several times, clutching the bloating rat-man. He panted into the man’s face, lifting him up higher… desire in his eyes. Slowly Vincent tilted his head back, lifting the growing man to his lips, slowly pushing his head inside. Vincent’s lips and throat stretched as he swallowed slowly, gulping and gulping, fitting his shoulders inside. The man gave no protest, only continued to transform and to bloat hugely, and grow. More of a meal for Vincent, more of a delicious dinner…

It took a long time, longer than it had taken Vincent to anal-vore his other friend. Gulp by gulp, Vincent swallowed the rat-man, his throat and jaws stretching wider each time the guy’s middle grew bigger. Nine feet tall himself, Vincent still had difficulty, but the effort was worth the pleasure of having a warm body wriggling down his throat. It took twenty more minutes, leaving Vincent ten feet tall, his bloated gut partly lodged in the doorway, his ass and tail having knocked over several tables. He licked his lips and moaned, swallowing one last time, saliva coating his face. He patted his middle, himself absolutely huge, a gut six feet around in all directions.

Sighing in pleasure, Vincent glanced around the lab, then looked through the doorway. Smiling, thinking nothing of how he’d never fit through, he began to cram himself through the doorway. It cracked and splintered until he finally shoved through, into the hallway. Squeezing down past other doors and tables in the hall, Vincent made his way to the double-exit doors. Licking his lips, feeling his hunger growing again, Vincent pushed out the doors into the bright light of the afternoon, and a sight that left Vincent gasping with desire.

Hairless tailless rats were everywhere, all waiting to become his friends.