

## Gourmand Genetics

by Sphaler

I have always had a distinct fondness for the scientific process. There's just something about its cold, stark application that puts me at ease. Here I am, far from the drearily political atmosphere of the academy with all its ethical hang-ups, bureaucratic meddling, funding races, and that ever-present pressure to publish. Here, I can experiment as I please without any unwanted interruptions—or, if there are any, they could be easily incorporated into the experiment itself. The unrestrained freedom and my ability to throw myself into my experiments without abandon almost makes me dread coming into work in the morning... but the night, the night is mine.

This location is a far cry from the academy. Certainly, I want for better equipment and perhaps a bit more ventilation. I did my best to remedy this by clearing out the crates and chaff before moving my own equipment in. Each section I created holds its own purpose—biochemistry, cryogenics, a small morgue, and even an industrial-sized kitchen. It is the perfect set-up, although I do wish I'd had the forethought to paint the walls white. I adore the cold, stark halls of the official laboratories. White suggests purity and holiness, yet it's also empty... detached... maddening. As it is, I have to make do with the wooden surfaces and the soft, amber lights. On the bright side, the location is ideal. Far from the prying eyes of the academy, it is situated in the old industrial district. Most of the buildings are abandoned or else automated. It's awfully close to the filthy, impoverished slums, but I couldn't ask for better neighbors. After all, they trudge through their dreary existences every day. Why should any of them bother to look into a few sporadic screams? They're likely used to it by now, and I doubt they want the police poking their noses around here any more than I.

Tonight will be the beginning of my next magnum opus. I took great pains to arrange for this event. I have everything clean, sparkling, and laid out in order of use—syringes, vials, and all sorts of other devices. Some of my test subjects are waiting in a room in the back, their preliminary examinations having been rather successful.

The primary subject, whom I've taken to naming "Subject Alpha", is beginning to come around. The mouse's vitals are normal, though he remains tightly bound by the wall-shackles. Before he regains consciousness, I take a moment to examine him under the dim sepia light that swings overhead, casting shadows all around. The light turns his blanched skin amber, illuminating his slender frame. I can't remember how long it's been since I had a body like his. A small tweak of envy crosses my visage, but only for a fleeting moment. I don't think he's quite as happy to see me, nor would he be jealous of my boisterous body. He's writhing lightly against his manacles as he begins to rouse from his slumber and realize his predicament. It's endearing to see his tiny pink nose twitch uneasily, sending his wispy whiskers flickering. His eyes--deep and thoughtful yet innocent and wide--gaze out questioningly from beneath their lids. In all, he doesn't seem pleased to be there, though he doesn't seem to be particularly strong. No muscle yet adorns his body--YET. It would surprise me if he could even lift himself up, given the amount of sedatives he has received. He begins to moan and shake off the

weight of the wakening haze.

"Ah, you're awake," I begin. It's a bit melodramatic, I'm afraid, but I just can't help myself. I'm in a rather giddy mood now that he has awoken: it means I can finally begin my experiments. "Slept well, I hope?" A sudden clink was the reply, the melodious sound of the shackles pulling taut, allowing him some freedom of movement but no further than the table before him. I suppress a chuckle as he crumples to the floor. "I wouldn't exhaust yourself. You'll need plenty of energy for the trials ahead." I waddle over and help him up; he hastily grasps my considerable paunch as he braces himself to a standing position again. Without a word, he tugs at his shackles. I can see the curiosity overcoming the fear in his expression. "I'm sure I needn't tell you that you are unable to break your own bonds. Certainly, all restraints have their weaknesses, but I've tailored these to your wrists and ankles. You've not the strength to defeat them yourself."

He glances up at me, his eyes beginning to water a bit. "Wh-wh..." he begins, though the sound never makes it very far past his lips. This is one of the features of our races that disgusts me: that sickening submissiveness, the timid instincts of the prey. I do intend to change that.

"Who? What? Where? Go on, spit it out," I hiss. "If you want to know something, just ask. I haven't got all day." He recoils at the venom in my words, of course. He lifts his right hand as if to ask a question. Perhaps he's younger than I thought; no matter: a subject is a subject. "Yes?" I ask again. After precious seconds, he finally works up the nerve to ask me something.

"Wh-where am I?"

"Nowhere of any note. You're in a soundproof building in a remote location. If you scream, nobody will hear you--or, if by some miracle they do, they won't be particularly inclined to care." Almost beyond my range of hearing, I hear a soft whimper, accompanied by a fearful swallow.

"I-I'll behave, I promise..."

Again, that timidness... I'll have to do something about it. I'm almost tempted to administer some sort of mood-altering substance, but I'd rather let the experiment take care of it. "No. Don't behave. Simply act normally--as normally as the circumstances permit, in any case."

"B-but what am I supposed to do...?"

I let out an exasperated sigh. "Just... just stand there for now. I haven't even begun the experiments yet."

He begins to shake. "Experiments? Wh-what are you going to DO to me?"

"I can't tell you. That might affect how you behave and alter the course of the experiment."

A defeated look seizes his face as his ears flop down. "Oh... o-okay..." I can tell he's still terrified, but he might surrender to his unknown fate soon. He seems the type.

"I will tell you this: your shackles will allow you a certain freedom of motion. You may walk up to five feet away from the wall, up to the table you see before you. You needn't worry about waste at this time--I took the liberty of emptying you out."

"Ah!" he gasps, looking down at his nude frame. My grin widens as I watch his puny

mind begin to realize he had been violated. Crimson now adorns those amber-white cheeks of his, turning them peach-colored under this light. "Don't worry," I reassure him, "I was quite clinical in my approach. I've done nothing reprehensible to you." This seems to ease his fears a bit but not entirely relieve him.

"Ah, I almost forgot to introduce myself. How rude of me! The name is Dr. Ruse. I'd ask you for yours, though it is irrelevant to this experiment and I intend not to remember it. One must not become too attached to test subjects, after all." My teeth begin to show past my lips; I'm deriving much more enjoyment than I had expected from toying with his emotions like this. However, I needn't drag this on too long.

"Let's see... that covers the who, what, where--ah, yes, when. The experiment will commence shortly and terminate upon my satisfaction with the results... and no, I cannot give you more details there, either." He presses himself against the wall defensively, but he doesn't seem too combative. "Now, before we begin, I'm sure you're famished. Would you care for something to eat?" He nods slowly and puts a hand on his flattened abs, a meager belly below an almost skeletal rib cage. "Of course. I'll go fetch something for you to eat. I'll be right back."

I skip off to the kitchen, where I've kept his meals; it never hurts to be prepared. I peel the cover off a casserole dish and place it in the oven to reheat. I'm not sure how much he'll be able to eat, but I've seen some crazy appetites before. I put a pot of water on the stove and begin to bring it to a boil. There's a lot of cooking to do, but for now a cheese and vegetable platter will suffice. I take up the tray--a large, restaurant-grade sheet some sixteen inches in diameter--and take it out to the unwitting murine. As I re-enter, I see the mouse doubled over and clutching his stomach, just as expected. He looks up to me with uneasy eyes, glad at the prospect of food but obviously suspicious. I don't blame him, either.

"Ah, well, it seems you're ready to begin. I won't force you to eat; that's entirely your decision. I'd offer to taste it for you, but that would interfere with my ability to administer the test. I must remain professional; I'm sure you understand."

He stands up and walks to the table. As I place the platter before him, he reaches out a trembling paw. He retracts it a few times, but eventually he picks up a cube of cheese. He begins to turn it over in his hand, sniff it, and prod it--just in case it's poisonous or whatever his fear-tinged brain can suspect. He then places it in his mouth and cringes, expecting--well, I can't begin to guess what he thinks will happen. I watch out of the corner of my eye as I walk back to the kitchen area. I pause at the door and watch to make sure he chews and swallows. Once he does, I don't bother staying around to see what he does next; I've got a feast to prepare.

I have my work cut out for me now. I'm not a terrible cook, but neither am I a professional. I empty a box of pasta into the boiling water and turn the heat down a bit. Meanwhile, I work on the sauce and saute some more vegetables. Everything begins to come together, but it's taking too long. I pull the casserole out of the oven and bring it out to my guest. As I re-enter the testing room, I see his body hidden behind the silver tray, tipped vertically. He seems to notice my presence and lowers the tray, his tongue sliding across the metal surface. He then freezes and blushes again. "Ah, a healthy appetite, I see. There's no need to be ashamed; I expected as much. You've been unconscious for quite some time; how long, I can't say for sure. Of course you'll want to eat more. Ah, I almost forgot--I'm all out of utensils. It's

still hot, so you may need to wait a while.”

He nods and hands me the used tray once I’ve placed the next course before him. “O-okay, Mr.--I mean, doctor! Doctor Ruse!” I stroll for the door again, but before I even make it there I hear a resonant squelch. Over my shoulder, I notice he’s plunged his face into the freshly-baked casserole. I chuckle and head back to my work.

Back in the kitchen, I begin to slave away at the next meal. I’m sure he’ll want more--in fact, I’ve made sure of it--so I turn my attention to the next two meals, as well. This will certainly put my time management skills to the test. Thankfully, I’ve had the foresight of doing most of the preparation work ahead of time. Even so, I work quickly. I take both the pasta and a rather large bowl of salad out to him.

He seems to have finished the plate before him quite some time ago, albeit quite sloppily. I don’t think he has been paying attention to where his food ends up, except for a well-tended area within tongue’s reach. “This is really good!” he beams, his tail twitching about happily now. Whatever amount of fear he had before seems to have dissipated. I doubt he suspects anything yet. He doesn’t seem to be able to sit still; he’s waiting for something. I snap out of my daze and place the two courses before him. He wastes no time and digs his paws into both bowls. As he raises them to his maw, a look of worry crosses his face. I assume he is facing the indecision of which to stuff in his maw first. He tries for both, but his maw isn’t wide enough to fit it all. He pushes both handfuls in anyway, working away at the pasta and salad as best he can. I take a moment to admire his frame. He seems to be gaining a bit of a bulge; I definitely can’t see his ribs as clearly defined as they once were. Good; he needed to put on the weight.

This process continues for about four hours; I’m almost sweating through my lab coat trying to keep up with him. I’m sure I’ve lost half of what he’s gained. By the time he finishes, a large pile of used dishes lies before him upon the dining table like a battlefield full of fallen soldiers. He’s gained roughly a hundred pounds, though I won’t know until I weigh him. His face, chest, paws, and forearms are a mess, though he’s doing his best to lick the remnants off of himself.

“Full yet?” I ask teasingly. He considers the question for a moment, as if figuring out how to say something offensive.

“Er, not really... I mean, I’m really gracious for the food, Mr--DOCTOR--Ruse. I don’t know; I’m usually not this hungry. I don’t know what’s gotten into me. But I... I think this is enough for now.”

“Hmm, that’s a shame... and here I was going to bring in your dessert...”

His eyes spring open. I can almost see the drool beginning to build up in his mouth. “Dessert? Well, I ah... I don’t want to trouble you, but I, umm... no, I’m nowhere near full yet!” He blushes and puts his hands behind his back. He doesn’t seem too comfortable with how much weight he’s put on his arms or belly; it’s as if he’s trying to hide everything at once.

“Well, good to hear that. I’ve got one more dish for you... and a special surprise.”

He stirs in anticipation. “A... surprise?” he squeaks. I can hear the uncertainty in his voice--he likely isn’t sure if that’s a good or bad thing, and he may remember that I’m experimenting on him. I don’t say a word, instead putting a finger to my lips. I duck out of the room and bring back a tray of brownies. He beams and wiggles a bit as he waits for me to bring

it. I can see he's restraining himself. As I place the dessert before him, I walk back to a compartment in the wall behind him. Inside is a thick hose, which I quietly extract. As he's busy with the brownies--almost done, I'd wager--I plunge the nozzle up his exposed rump. He yelps and takes a hasty swallow as he looks back to assess the damage. "Surprise!" I shout, turning a valve and unleashing a torrent of soft-serve ice cream up his tailhole.

"Wh-what are you doing?" he asks, mortified at this new treatment. "I... I thought you said..."

"Yeeeeeah, that's part of the surprise, big boy," I reply dryly. I ignore eye contact, instead watching the bulge of the frozen dessert make its way toward the little mouse's rear entrance. He whimpers and tries to reach back for the hose, but the food has already begun to digest and add thick layers of pudge to his arms, back, and rump. Unable to reach, he instead leans forward and braces himself on the table.

Another, higher-pitched yipe signals the beginning of the filling. "C-c-coooold!" he exclaims, shivering and biting his lip. I raise my head and observe. The semi-solid substance begins to accumulate inside him and press his stomach out. He compulsively grabs more of the brownie before him and shovels it into his maw, a bittersweet consolation to his sudden violation.

I consider how to handle this. I could taunt him some more or look into his psychological states. But, I decide instead to remain a detached observer. I notice his belly's growing rather gravid now, at least 25 more pounds just from this filling alone.

"N-n-n-noooo...ooooohh.." he moans, flailing his legs futilely. I raise an eyebrow at this.

"You want this to stop?"

"Nngh... uurf... uh..." he pants, trying to eke out the words he wants to say. Finally, with tears coursing down his cheeks, he looks backward and whispers, "...no..." His rump squeezes the hose and seems to tug at it. I take the hint and open the valve further, thus increasing the flow. He rubs at his gut, kneading the doughy ball and whimpering. It seems he has body issues; he may have had them for some time, in fact. Either way, he does not look happy. I graciously stop the flow, though he reacts with just as much hesitation and indecision as when I had opened it.

"That's enough for now. I do want to begin these experiments some time this morning."

"M-morning?"

"Ah, yes... it seems we've carried on longer than I expected. It's now after midnight, and I need to begin the experiments and get some sleep." He swallowed and began to sweat a bit, the circumstances of his captivity likely at the forefront of his mind. "But first," I proceed, "I need to get a baseline." I take a scale from a nearby compartment and slide it under his feet. He looks down, a little unfamiliar and clumsy with his new weight. Soon, though, he manages to climb onto it. I examine the meter carefully. "185," I read with a practiced detachment. He squeaks at this, though I'm not concerned. It's quite heavy for a mouse his size--he's only four feet tall, after all, just a foot taller than I but still considerably lighter. "Problem?"

"N-no, sir," he timidly replies.

He doesn't seem comfortable in his own skin anymore. He keeps prodding his belly, arms, thighs, chest, and rump. He takes extra care when examining his rump, now that he's learned he can eat with it. He likely feels very uncomfortable about the prospect. "Now," I

continue, "I'm just going to administer a few chemicals and then we'll be done for the night."

I turn toward a nearby cabinet and pick up a syringe and a few vials. Carefully, I apply my medical training and administer the clear liquid intravenously. There's no immediate change, but I suspect that will change soon. I quickly take a few more measurements in absolute silence; this seems to unnerve the subject. He doesn't say anything either, though; he merely shakes and tries to suck in his substantial gut. I pat it and smile. "All done. Now, all we have to do is wait. Get some rest; I'll come for you when it's time for breakfast." He nods and backs up against the wall--a safety-seeking behavior, perhaps? No matter; time is wasting. I check on my other subjects quickly and then turn the lights off for the night.

From what I've observed so far, the experiment is already going quite well. His appetite is astounding, and his digestive properties are working wonderfully. He's lost his bean-pole body and put on weight quite rapidly. The appetite enhancers I've concealed in his food seem to be working. I've been quite careful in my selection of chemicals as well as their staggered application. After all, I don't want him to put on more weight than his skeletomuscular system can handle. Then there are the supplementary chemicals--applied to the control group, too, of course. I want to measure only the effects of certain hormones--ones that are likely to cause one hell of an appetite. Logically, everything else that I do to the subject has already been done to the control group. I'm eager to see how the night transforms his body.

I go to the back of the facility and pull up a makeshift bed. I don't want to head all the way back home; I'm far too anxious to see the results of the experiment. I don't sleep particularly well, but the morning comes graciously swiftly. I drag myself over to the kitchen and have a cup of coffee and a light breakfast. Then, the real work begins.

I start preparing the subject's breakfast, a twenty-course meal. Much of it is standard fare for a murine diet, but I add in a good selection of meats, as well. Bacon is always popular, and the scent seems to rouse him from his slumber. I can hear him tossing about in the next room. The preparation is quite hectic, considering the amount of work that must be done. I add in all the secret ingredients--some new, some merely in higher doses. Once I get the first few dishes prepared--enough to feed a small battalion--I bring them out to the subject. They're quite heavy and hot, so I rely upon a rolling dolly to bring it out.

"Where have you been?" whines my hostage. His arms are crossed in a pose intended to playfully intimidate me. I know he isn't that brave--yet--but at least he's taking well to his capture. He's much larger now, but even behind his chubby cheeks he still has an innocent, playful expression plastered across his face. He has gained quite a bit of weight--I'll have to check on that in a minute, of course--but much of it is new muscle mass. Indeed, his arms, legs, and chest are now thickly built. His pectoral muscles are especially prominent, reaching forward and pushing against his chin. His shoulders are much broader and certainly stronger. Had I not known him before this transformation and had he not such a prominent paunch, I would have assumed he had spent many hours lifting weights. His body, now a foot taller, seems to be much better suited to holding a greater amount of weight. Given the chemicals in his system, he should have no problem putting it on. His stomach is--well, not spherical per se, but perfectly round. It juts out in front of him a few feet and hangs down to his knees. He still has nothing on my gargantuan gut, but time will tell if he can exceed it.

I roll the food-filled tray up to the table. The subject lunges for it, but I deftly yank it

away, just out of arm's reach. "Aww, but I'm hungry!" he pouts. I chuckle and pat his taut gut. It beats like a timpani and feels as hard as a rock. I remind myself not to try punching him lest I break my own hand in the process. I can barely make out the lines of his abdominal muscles across the great dome. "Yes, I suspected as much. For now, though, I need new measurements." I pull out the scale from the night before. He compliantly steps on, though he seems to be shaking in anticipation. "Hold still, please," I insist as I try to make out the reading. "Hmm... looks like... three-eighty." The words seem to strike at the subject's heart; he steps back and grabs his massive chest.

"I... what? N-no! Th-that can't be right!" he protests.

"The scales don't lie. You weigh three hundred and eighty pounds." He begins to tear up. I raise my eyebrow and pointedly ask, "Is there a problem?"

His composure begins to slip. He quickly responds to my question, however. "I--I'm just so.. so fat!" he cries. "I used to be so small. People used to pick on me all the time, and I wanted to be bigger, but... this, this isn't any better!" He sniffled a bit and prodded at his belly.

I don't have much patience for this, but I suppose now is an acceptable time to deal with this. "These issues should resolve themselves soon. I can give you something to cope with your anorexia if you'd like."

"Huh? Ano... um, no thanks," he sighed, fidgeting nervously.

"Don't worry. Over the course of the experiment, all these body issues should go away," I console. I decide not to tell him that the only body issue he'll care about is his increasing hunger. "In the meantime, try to enjoy this wonderful belly of yours." I rub my hands over the oversized beach ball, caressing that wonderful stomach. It's times like these that make it difficult to remain objective. After a moment, he joins me in the massage. He even begins to purr a little bit--perhaps a vestige from some distant feline ancestor? Curious.

"Now, let's get a few measurements and then I'll go ahead and get you fed again. I'm sure you're ravenous by now." I checked his face--indeed, he was salivating quite a bit. He kept trying to reach for the trays of food that were taunting him so. Meanwhile, I calmly took a tape measure and tried to stretch it around his stomach. Not only did it fail to reach all the way around, but it even snapped from the pressure. I suppose I'll have to leave that measurement blank--not that I mind.

"Well, there goes that. Let's get you started, then." I move the first two trays onto the table before him. A mountain of hash browns and several pounds of bacon, each of which required a great deal of strength to even lift, seem to transfix the subject. Suddenly, he snaps and plunges forward, shoveling them in simultaneously, unable to get the food in fast enough. Desperation taints his face, combined with a newfound gluttony. I turn back to the kitchen for the next round. Scrambled eggs and French toast are next on the menu--two of the more troublesome things to cook. They take about ten minutes of non-stop cooking, challenging my capabilities. Once they're done, I load them onto the cart and wheel them out. As soon as I get within range, he rips them out of my hands and begins to up-end them into his maw. He guzzles the food with a strange expression I hadn't seen from him before--anger, perhaps, or just impatience? His dominant frown soon gives way to a hedonistic smile, though. I don't stay around to witness the rest.

The rest of the food doesn't take as long to prepare. Everything from mutton to melon is

laid out in excessive amounts and placed on the dolly. The entire breakfast meal--eighteen more courses--is now loaded up and ready to serve. Before I push open the swinging doors, though, I consider a small experiment. Just what are the limits of this newfound greed? I decide to place the food at the far end of the table and observe. However, I enter to a rather unexpected scene: the quiet, unassuming mouse is now shoving the empty platters from the night before down his gullet whole. He seems to be devouring a few with his anus, as well. This is going better--and far more rapidly--than I had thought.

He freezes mid-gulp, a casserole tray bulging out his throat. "Um... I.. I can explain!" he mumbles, a rather large soup-pot spreading his lips wide.

I shake my head. "No need. Please, continue."

He gives me a quizzical look and takes a deep swallow. "Ah... I-I didn't mean to... err, I'm sorry about your plates and stuff..."

"Don't apologize. Just keep eating. I'm going to need the space anyway."

This seems to stun him for a moment. "Oh... um, okay!" He seems to get giddy as he turns back to the plates before him, glad to have the permission to consume whatever his heart desires. While he is preoccupied with that, I go ahead and lay out the remainder of the meal well out of reach. Once he finishes with the cutlery, he notices all the tempting food too far away.

"S...so mean! Rrrrr...!" he growls. He puts both hands squarely on the dining room table and lifts up. The reinforced-steel bolts securing the table to the cement below give way, and soon the whole ensemble is ripped up. He lifts the table high into the air and widens his mouth. He tips the table slowly, laboriously, until the food begins to slide toward his hungry maw. Mere seconds pass before the food is gone--but his hunger is not. He widens his jaw even further, fitting the end of the table in. Solid, determined gulps work the eighteen-foot piece of furniture down his throat, not chewing even once! A full minute passes before it disappears into the vast, rapidly-expanding mass of his stomach. He raises his head and lets out a long, drawn-out belch that rattles the windows and shakes the walls. He pats his enormous belly and gives it a few loving rubs as he licks his chops. "Eheh, 'scuse me!"

I look up at him in astonishment. He smiles and chuckles. "Pretty impressive, huh?" he gloats. Pride has definitely washed over his face. "Feels so good--eating everything--I mean, EVERYTHING! And it all goes to my huge, growing gut!" I'm still speechless. He pats it a few times and looks down at me. "But there's still plenty of room! What's next, huh? I'm still starving!" He seems to have changed so much--not just physically but psychologically, as well. Now he has the motivation to both consume and grow fatter, as well as a certain contentment with his progress. His girth has grown by leaps and bounds. His stomach is almost as large as mine now--a difficult accomplishment, for certain!

I begin to stammer. "I, ah... I'll need to weigh you again real quick," I decide. That should at least give me enough time to think of something. I lead him over to an industrial-grade scale, used to precisely measure weight upwards of several tons. He waddles over and jumps on top; considering his size, he's still very mobile. The engorged muscles beneath the thick layers of blubber that now pad every inch of his body are ridiculously strong and aren't about to let something so trivial as a few thousand pounds hold him back. Indeed, the scale agrees: "An even 4800 pounds--over two tons."



The mouse is taken aback by this. "Two... TONS?" Again, the waterworks start up again. "I... no!" Rage and sadness are locked in bitter combat in his mind, as evident by his face, twisted by anger and fear.

"D-d-doctor...?" he asks, his breath ragged and voice quivering.

"Yes?" I calmly ask, keeping my concerns for my own safety in check.

"Do... do you think I'll ever get fat enough?"

My jaw almost drops at this. Such progress, such success! "We'll see what we can do."

He gives me such a beautiful smile, sniffing through a deluge of tears. "O... okay... g-good. 'Cause I--I'm still hungry!"

Damn, I'm out of time. I breathe in deeply. "Well, you see, there's a bit of a problem... I'm just about out of food."

"WHAT?!" bellows the behemoth before me. He seems absolutely furious.

"I-I didn't expect you to eat this quickly! I'm expecting a shipment closer to lunch time, but until that happens, I..." Come on, doctor, think! "I... I suppose you could help yourself to whatever else is left in the kitchen--"

He storms past me without a second thought. I have to dive out of the way just to avoid being trampled. His belly jiggles wildly, now pushing out a dozen feet in front of him and coasting across the floor. His abdominal muscles seem to hold it up enough to avoid tripping over it. His rump sways from side to side, each one wider than I am tall. He dives through the double-doors... and promptly gets stuck. His gigantic gut is wedged in tightly. Yet, he doesn't seem to notice or even care. I can hear sounds from the other room--he's likely grabbing anything within reach, be it actual food or cookware or cabinetry.

I take a moment to assess the situation... there really isn't much left in the kitchen, so I need another solution. I look over at the walls and notice the panels. There! I run over and take out the hose from before. I run it over and plug it into his swollen sphincter. The rump pulls it in with ease and wiggles as he awaits the rush of the cold confection. I begin the flow of ice cream and quickly open the valve all the way. He moans and squeezes his rump as it begins to swell. He almost seems to take pleasure in showing off those enormous orbs. I go back to the panel and grab the second hose, a deep, rich chocolate as a counterpoint to the vanilla that's flooding his anus. He accepts this hose eagerly, too. As I run back to fetch the strawberry hose, his fat tail--now more appropriate for a dinosaur than a mouse--snatches up the hose and slams it up his ass, as well. It reaches back and turns the valve for me.

I walk back and place a hand on his plush rump. It sinks in deep, far more than a handful. I don't know how much longer I can stay professional. Either way, this is now a golden opportunity. I run back to the cabinets and grab as many chemicals as I can--growth-enhancing, muscle-building, even a few others just for fun. I fill up my syringes and empty them into his veins, one after another. If there was any doubt in my mind before that he could handle them, his recent changes have eliminated them now.

There's still hours before the cargo truck arrives with his next meal. I can't wait that long. I need to fill him with whatever I can. I start grabbing things from the other rooms--desks, chairs, even that pull-out bed. I push each one against his back door and he rips each one from my hands. I consider pulling out my ace-in-the-hole, but I decide to wait until I have no option left. Instead... I decide to give in to my own inhibitions. I take off my lab coat and throw it to the

side.

It doesn't take much to become aroused, simply staring at the mass before me. He's growing so quickly that I can even watch and measure it with my own eyes! It's not rapid yet--maybe a tiny fraction of an inch per second, but it's obviously happening. I ogle over his enormous rump and growing gut as I hastily disrobe. Once nude, I lift up my member, a decent 24-foot ordeal considering my height. I approach his backside and lay it against his rump, pointed toward the ceiling. Though he may be willing to use his anus as an entrance for food, I'm not sure how he'll react to using it for sex.

What I do know, though, is that his sphincter is quite huge--twice as thick as my head and probably very sensitive. I place a hand on it, and he draws back a bit. This is expected, but he soon relaxes a bit and lets me touch it. I place my other hand there and wrap my hands around the thick tissue, squeezing tightly. His moans are audible from the next room. My grip grows tighter and tighter, and his pleasure becomes more and more evident. I move my head in and begin to rim him, my broad tongue coating everything in reach in short order. His tailhole quivers beneath the touch of my tongue and fingers, and his rump begins to squeeze around me. It feels like he's pulling me in, but he's restraining himself from doing so admirably.

My cock's so hard now; it's begging to get in on the action, as well. I pull back and carefully guide the rod toward his entrance. As I do so, I hear a shuffling behind me, but I ignore it for now--I'm simply lost in the lust. As I line the cockhead up with his eager entrance, I grab his rump tightly and prepare to thrust in... but he beats me to it. A sudden collision behind me pushes me forward, driving insistently against my own rump. I look back and see a colossal cock--no fewer than fifty feet long but surely far longer! Its thickness is incredible, too--maybe ten feet across? I've had bigger but not that often. It seems he's doing most of the work here, plunging his member deep into me and pushing my body forward. I hilt in long before he does and grab onto his anal ring, hoping to ride out the storm. I can't decide whether to look forward or backward.

Never have I had a more brutal fucking before. He plows away with reckless abandon and not the least concern for my personal safety. It's all to satisfy his lust, his greed, his gluttony--and considering what I've put him through, who could blame him? Perhaps "blame" isn't the most appropriate word--I should be thankful for such a forceful sensation. He's able to reach deep inside me and scratch--no, SLAM against--the itchiest, neediest of spots. Each throb of his cock makes me clench ever harder. My own thrusts pale in comparison, but I do my best to satisfy him. As huge as his tender tunnel is, it's incredibly tight. I suspect it's not naturally tight but rather he's clenching down with all of his considerable might. Fucking him feels like thrusting deep into a meadow of wet, tight silk. I'm not sure how long I can last.

In a tragically short time, I'm pushed to the edge. I explode with a tidal wave of magma-hot cum, each wave shooting down my cock and up his rump with an incredible pressure. My beachball-sized balls empty themselves in short order as he continues his rampant rut. I can feel his body swelling out and his rump deliberately smothering me. His puffy pucker milks me for every last drop of seed. At the end, I ache all over, especially my genitals. Yet, he's not done with me yet. "KEEP GOING!" demands the needy mouse, smashing me harder between his rump cheeks and grinding my body against his hungry hole.

I begin again, slaving my weary body and mating with him over and over again. Each

time, his body grows bigger, his demands grow louder and more threatening, and his fucks--which I would attest lack any resemblance to mercy--grow more relentless each time. After the second orgasm, he begins to blow his load. I say "begins" because he never stops once, never ceasing to thrust or squeeze or clench. Air becomes quite scarce. I sincerely doubt he'll ever be satisfied; nothing has accomplished this yet.

After round six finishes, I decide to make a break for it. I grab onto his ass, as gravid and vast as it is, and begin to use it as leverage to pull myself out. This does not please him.

"NO! You will STAY in there until I'm FULL! GET BACK TO WORK!" he hollers. His voice is so deep now, so full of rage and greed. I'm even a little frightened now.

"I... I can't last any longer... please, let me go!" I plead. His cock wraps around me like an anaconda--no, his member was far bigger than that now--and forces my head against his tailhole.

"GET BACK THERE AND FUCK ME OR I'LL... I'll..." he threatens. His voice begins to trail off and lose all that confidence he had built up.

"You'll.. what?" I ask. I watch my tone quite carefully, as I know just what he's capable of doing.

"I... I... I don't know. I'm sorry, I'm so, so sorry! I don't know what's gotten over me lately. First my appetite explodes and I eat you out of house and home, and then I try to... I mean, I wouldn't even think of... I..." His tongue trips over his words; his mind is likely just as confused.

"Come on out and sit down. I'd like to look you in the eye and talk. Is that all right with you?"

A silence falls upon us, punctuated only by a light sniffing. Then, he replies, "Oh... okay..." He shakes his belly, destroying the wall between the kitchen and experimentation room. He stands up and moves back to the wall--though his manacles have long since snapped. He takes a seat and looks down at me like a child caught doing something wrong. I can tell he sincerely feels guilty for his role in the destruction of my laboratory, but I don't mind. He has that sort of face that I can't stay angry at, no matter how bloated his cheeks and jowls grow. He still looks adorable, in his own little way. In sharp contrast, his body doesn't seem to be able to fit an ounce more fat upon it. Of course, I doubt he's limited in any such way. His gut is massive, now dwarfing my own. He stands at six feet tall, his frame packed with pounds. He definitely still has impressive muscles buried deep down in there somewhere, but I doubt I could find them easily. They still show in the way fat has accumulated on his arms, legs, and chest; as husky as he is, his hide appears taut and hard. Everything in between, though, is soft and pliable, with very little definition or shape. His fat seems to take up whatever space is allotted to it, be it in the front or back. As huge as he is, his genitals are even bigger--they defiantly refuse to be hidden beneath his thick rolls of fat.

He seems to have calmed down a little. "I... I'm sorry I destroyed your lab, Dr. Ruse. I... I'm just so hungry, and my belly deserves to grow so much bigger! I.. I don't know what to do anymore! I don't think I'll last until lunchtime. I even started to consider... well... um, nevermind. I... I couldn't."

I know I should be detached and scientific, but he needs some comfort. "Hey, hey. You just did what your body was telling you to do. You're not in trouble, I promise."

He sniffles a bit more and asked, "I... I'm not?"

I shake my head. "How could I be mad at you. You just want to fill up your belly. It's just natural. In fact, I think you should try to do it. Gorge yourself until you're not hungry anymore. If you're hungry, you feed yourself. It's as simple as that. Denying yourself--that's just cruel. You wouldn't tell someone else they weren't allowed to eat, would you?"

He ponders this for a moment. "N..no..."

"Right! That would be mean and terrible. So why are you so willing to do that to yourself?"

The mouse's tears seem to be drying up a bit. "I... I don't know... I'm sorry, I must sound really silly."

"No, not at all. Listen, I know you're still hungry, so... I do have a surprise for you. It might not fill you up until lunch, but having something else in your belly will feel better, won't it?"

He gives me a weak smile and sniffs again. "Y-yeah..."

"All right. I'll go bring out your surprise. For now, just enjoy your new body. See how it feels, see what you can do with it."

"O-okay," he sighs. He leans forward into his massive stomach and hugs it tightly, rubbing slowly. As I turn away, I see him hefting his moobs against his face and smothering his face with them. He begins to purr, and from what I can see of him he looks pretty happy.

I head deeper into the facility, mulling over the facts of this experiment in my head. Everything has gone perfectly. These chemicals--they're definitely the same ones used against me in those abominable tests so many years ago. They made me into the beast of a rat that I am today. My incredibly obese body, my height, and all my other physical attributes--they all come from these same gene-altering chemicals. They thought to eliminate obesity by discovering the source. In the process, they mutated me, corrupted me beyond all thought. Who was I to complain? I wasn't sentient yet; I didn't even walk on my hind legs yet. Just a tiny little mouse, helpless... but better me than testing on a human being, right? Better that I suffer instead of someone who could think for himself, decline his fate, and feel pain, right?

But now I've found it: the chemical source of my suffering... although, it's not the true source, so there's little comfort in knowing the molecular structure of my suffering. No, to reach the heart of the matter, I need something else. For that, I have prepared this next experiment.

At the back of the facility, I open a sturdy iron door. "Hi, Dr. Ruse!" chimes the control group, another mouse nearly identical to the first--at least when I first got him. To eliminate the possibility that this body of mine--and that of Subject A--could have been obtained by any natural methods, I have him on a gluttonous diet. In the beginning, I had to force-feed him; however, he seems to have taken to the onslaught of food quite well and now is happy to see me. He hit a plateau at about six hundred pounds and seldom eats more than his own weight in any one sitting. I've supplied him with the same supplemental chemicals, albeit not in the same doses as when I frantically loaded the test subject's system earlier. His body is very muscular, with every part of his body packed with strong, bulging muscles. His head is lost in a sea of mountainous pecs. The only place the fat seems to have touched is his belly and his rump; however, even those seem to be taut and hard. The abdominal divisions are crystal-clear upon his perfectly-spherical gut, which would touch the ground were his genitals not in the way. It appears as if he has swallowed a wrecking ball, with two more attached to his backside.

Though just as shy as the test subject at first, he seems to be much braver, even exhibiting voyeuristic tendencies. He's also a very good--and well-equipped--lover.

"Hello, Control. I've got something special in store for you today."

He beams at this, pushing himself off the bed. "Ooh, I love surprises!" He crosses over to the door, which I held open for him. It surprises me how both subjects, no matter how heavy and bulky they get, can maneuver with not only ease but an incredible degree of speed and grace. Of course, having grown into his body naturally, the control subject is much lighter on his toes--so to speak.

"Yeah, well come on, twinkle-toes," I jab with a smirk. I begin to walk off toward the test subject.

The control subject keeps pace with me without breaking a sweat. However, a few meters away from his cell door, he begins to sniff the air. "It can't be... can it?" I raise an eyebrow, but soon he takes off, sprinting as fast as an Olympic athlete. I try to keep up, but with his longer stride he has me beat. I catch up with him just in time to see the two subjects meet.

"Is that you, bro?" gushes the control subject in amazement.

"Brother? ...BROTHER!" shoutes the test subject. It hadn't occurred to me that they might be related; I simply picked mice with similar backgrounds and initial body types. This will be even better than I had imagined.

"Oh my GOD! I was gonna brag about how big I've gotten, but look at YOU!" the control mouse exclaims. "You're practically a whale!" He moves in and begins to rub over the larger mouse's gut. He hikes up a leg and rubs his brother's cock with his foot--always a hopeless flirt.

His brother blushes. "I, ah... eheh, I guess so... but my stomach's not nearly big enough."

The control subject blinks. "Not... big enough? Bro, I don't think you can GET any bigger than this!" This was most certainly the wrong thing to say. The fragile mouse's ego is shattered and he begins to bawl yet again. "I... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..." stammers the control subject. With the air of an older brother, he moves in to comfort him. "Hey, chill out, all right? If you want to get bigger, I'm sure you'll find a way."

"I know of one," I interject. Both of them turn toward me. "Subject A, you have a very big appetite, do you not? You've mentioned over and over how hungry you are..." I begin to circle around the pair, carefully positioning myself near the exit. The two begin to regard me with suspicion but are frozen, eyeing me carefully. "There's one thing left you haven't eaten... something that would feel oh, so good if you just crammed it down your throat. It'd taste amazing and fill out your belly so wonderfully..." I paused for suspense; the control mouse was confused, but the test subject was smacking his lips and drooling gratuitously--if only he knew what tempting treat was in store for him!

"Your brother."

The words ring out cold in the sterile environment. They both appear shocked that I'd even consider such a thing. Yet, as they look into each other's eyes, the test subject bites his lip and whines. I can tell he's considering it, but his mind is viciously fighting against the very notion. His morals pitted against his hunger, there could only be one true victor. Having witnessed first-hand the ravages of his appetite, I already know which would win out in the end. I could see this, and the control subject was beginning to see this, as well.

"No... no, dude! I... we're brothers! We've known each other our whole lives! You... you can't do this! I mean... it's not even possible!"

"You and I," I address the test subject, "know just what you're capable of. You've eaten everything--EVERYTHING--in this building. You know you can do it--you know you want to. Look at him--fattened up, nice and juicy, just begging to be gulped down your hungry gullet."

The larger mouse's resolve is outstanding. He's fighting it as best he can. "B..but..." he begins. "No.... no, NO! I... I just can't! It's not right, it's just..."

I quickly interrupt him. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to imply that you had a choice in the matter." With that, I level a pistol at the older one's head. "Climb," I order.

The smaller, older brother (from what I surmise) goes wide-eyed at the sight of the gun. He begins to back up, eyes darting about for any escape route. Seeing how I'm standing at the exit and his brother's heft blocks off the kitchen door, he seems to realize he's cornered. He backs up slowly with his arms raised in peace--only to freeze in terror when his back presses against his brother's stomach--his final resting place. I gesture upwards with the muzzle and he quickly turns around and scrambles up on top of his brother's belly. I walk slowly toward the two, making sure they're good little lab rats, before I climb up there with them.

"I... I don't want to do this," the test subject whispers. I'm surprised he has any tears left, but they're pouring out like rivers now. In an act of passive resistance, he clenches his mouth shut and tries to pull his head away. His brother touches his cheek and shushes him. "Hey... I know it looks bad, but... at least we'll always be together, right? He chuckles nervously but stops when Subject A's stomach growls.

"Oh God..." his brother gasps airily. "Oh God, oh God... I... no, I can't! It's wrong! It's just so wrong!" Yet as much as he complains, he begins to shiver. His hunger is growing out of control, I can tell... but I don't have time to wait until he gives in.

I plant both hands firmly on the control subject's rump and give a hearty shove. The brute tries to spit out his brother's head but cannot seem to do so--whether my constant pressure or his innate desire is the cause, I do not know. He helplessly gums over his brother's shoulders, trying to slow the progression. However, this gives his tongue enough time to taste his meal. I can see the victim's head and the devourer's tongue dancing within his mouth, pressing against the walls of his cheek. He begins to close his eyes and moan. "Mmmmm," he seems to admit as his tongue creeps out and slurps over his brother's powerful pecs.

Though the tears still carve canyons down his face, his body is beginning to relax more and more. I stand up on his stomach and give another shove. His upper body is soon added to the clenched maw, and now the victim's muscles and fat display their flavor. I begin to push a little more, but soon the test subject's hand reach over and grasp firmly around his brother's enormous ass. The fingers dig in deep, groping and squeezing firmly. Then, he takes over. He begins to whimper as his body seems to go on auto-pilot, forcing more and more of his brother inside him but going slowly as to savor each inch. Once he gets the entire belly in, his tongue reaches forward and slurps over his brother's crotch, teasing it and taking its flavor in, as well. He takes one hand off his brother's rump to grasp his brother's member and feed it in. His tongue slithered down that massive member, forty feet long and growing hard. As I climb down, I notice the massive mouse's member is throbbing in time with that of his prey. He really is enjoying this.

Soon he slurps up that colossal cock like spaghetti. His hand returns to smash that rump inside his face--a very difficult task, from all appearances. His brother's upper body bulges out his throat and is beginning to filter down into his chest. Once the rump is cleared, one of his hand rubs the bulge in his throat slowly and sensually while the other rubs across the surface of his penis. His lips wrap around the male's testicles and teases them with his tongue. Not much remains of his brother now. He tosses his head back and swallowed hard a couple times to take in the testicles, and then the legs disappear with one long, protracted slurp into his smiling maw. With only his brother's feet and tail remaining, he licks over them and even begins to laugh in a deep, dark tone. He looks down with that same angry pride I saw before and opens his maw wider--and wider--and wider! He seems to be showing off his catch; indeed, he's making eye contact with me. He lets his throat bulge with his brother's struggles and squirms, and then... he snapped his jaw shut. A single gulp is followed by a belch that shakes the ground for a full five minutes by my watch. He pats and rubs his belly with a look of utter pride and dominance.

Yet, even this was not to last. "Ahh, that was so good..." he boasts, smacking his lips a few times. "...and I'm not even close to being full yet!" He keeps both hands on his belly. Soon, though, he feels his brother trying to punch his way to freedom from inside his stomach. "H-hey, bro, stop that... it feels really good and all, but... but you.... you can't get out that way..." Every trace of pride disappears as he addresses his belly. No more tears come--I suspect he's run out of them, either physically or emotionally. "You'll never.... never get out. You belong in my belly now." He seems dejected now, but this is exactly what I wanted to hear. He's thinking with his stomach and has accepted the fate of anyone whom he eats. All that's left is to give him reason to eat again. That's going to be the easy part.

"So, how was your meal?" I ask.

"I... I...!" he squeaks, becoming quite agitated. "I ate someone... I ate my brother! I'm a horrible, horrible person! I don't want to do it ever, ever again!" His stomach disagrees, growling impatiently. "Nngh... but.... the worst part is, I... I loved it." He closes his eyes and lets out a deep breath, as if unshouldering a great burden. "He felt amazing... TASTED amazing. I love the way he bulged out my mouth, how wide my mouth stretched, how heavy he felt and how heavy he's made my belly. But the best part is how he struggled so much--it felt so good for my insides and it made me feel... powerful. I was eating him and there was nothing he could do about it and now he's MINE." He pauses and opens his eyes, making eye contact again. "I've lived with him for eighteen years. He wasn't just my brother; he was my best friend. But... in that moment... none of that mattered. He was nothing but food for me... and now he'll never be anything else..." A heavy sigh follows the gravid confession. "I... I don't want to do that again, as great as it felt. I... I just don't think I could live with myself. So... please...please don't make me. I-I'll find some other way to feed myself without anyone getting hurt, I promise!"

He looks down at me pleadingly. He knows I'm the one who would feed him, take care of him, and comfort him. He needs me now more than ever... but there was still something I need him for--now more than ever. "So, you're telling me you won't ever eat anyone again, even if they're right in front of you? You'll be able to resist--even if they look so delicious, even if they would taste so incredible and feel even better going down? You're telling me you don't want to make your stomach absolutely huge, packed-tight with everything you can get your

hands on?" He grows silent, clutching at his still-kicking belly. He's lost in his own thoughts now. Now that the seed is planted, it's time to make it grow.

I hurry back into the recesses of the building and locate my other "volunteer". If this works well, I can consider the experiment a wild success. He comes along readily and silently, his eyes darting everywhere and looking at everything with a youthful curiosity. I chuckle a bit and lead him into Subject Alpha's chamber. Before we enter, I hear a heavy crash. I peek through the door to witness a wondrous sight: the heavysset mouse has knocked down the far wall with his rump and is now in the process of shoving the three soft-serve tanks into his anus. The moans and coos that this elicits indicate a profound pleasure from doing this as well as great potential for greater consumption. I smile softly and close the door again, turning to the third subject and putting my finger on my lips. He smiles down at me and keeps quiet. I hear another blast of something--a continuous blast, from the sounds of it, accompanied by a rather strong scent that I can't quite place. Once it dies down, I decide to have a look. As soon as the door opens, a flood of seminal fluid rushes past, immediately swamping the laboratory in a white fluid that reaches up to the top of my thighs. Subject Alpha seems to be more relaxed as he pants and rubs a pair of buttocks each the size (and surely the weight) of a wrecking ball.

He notices my entry and quickly stammers, "Ah! Ohmygosh! I'm sorry for making such... a mess..." As he trails off, his face turns quite pale, and for good reason. "Ah, I see you've met my volunteer. Mr. Shields here has volunteered to come here for a 'meal'. I believe a meat-feast was promised, yes?" I give a cocky grin as I wade through the heady-scented fluid, leading the volunteer by the hand. He follows readily, as I expect. This is one of the reasons why I specifically selected him. He's naive, much like a child, and obedient at that. He has a natural curiosity tempered by an ease only achieved when one feels at home in a laboratory; I can tell this isn't his first time in this sort of environment. He hasn't said a word all day, but he doesn't strike me as shy. He's a perfect specimen: submissive and gullible. I suppose his species and build are also good reasons for having selected him. After all, how better to test the predatory capabilities of my murine subject than to pit him against his own natural competitor? No, that stark look of fear on his face isn't from that, though: the mouse is afraid of what he'll do to the hulking, macro tiger.

The subject is now trembling before the twenty-five-foot feline. His tongue nervously slips out and licks his lips in a hesitant fashion, as if he is trying to fight his cravings and hide his intentions. His hands rub over his belly appreciatively, even as his brother kicks and tries to scream inside. The tiger seems to see and hear nothing. He smiles innocently and finally speaks, "Uh-huh! So, where's this meat-feast, mister?" He seems almost bubbly and eager, his mountainous muscles flexing to twice their size with each movement. I intend to tell him, but to my surprise, the mouse speaks first. "D-d-down h-here... umm, bend down, and... and I'll sh-show you..."

I give the mouse a proud yet arrogant grin, returned with a pained yet angry glare and a faint "Bastard..." from the mouse's fat lips. In truth, I am quite proud of him--so early in the game, and he's already taking initiative and practicing subterfuge! The tiger lowers himself to his knees readily, and the mouse flips over onto his stomach and hikes his tail high. "Closer..." he encourages the volunteer, his tailhole gaping extremely wide in anticipation. The tiger, his tail raised high in a question-mark shape, foolishly brings his muzzle ever closer. He gives it a



few tentative sniffs and whines. “In there? That doesn’t... I mean, I don’t know about th--!” With the speed and reflexes of a snake, Subject Alpha thrusts his hips backward, slamming his swollen sphincter down on the tiger’s muzzle. With a few more bucks of the hips, he takes in the crest of the skull and the majority of the neck.

The tiger lets out a surprised cry as his hands fly instinctively to the ravenous flesh, gripping the ring tightly enough to turn his knuckles white. This elicits a cry of jubilation from the mouse, who merely reaches back and stuffs those hands into the needy sphincter. “Ooooooooh, so goooooo!” sighs the mouse. “I’m so sorry, kitty. I didn’t wanna do this again, but you were just so big and juicy-looking... and my ass is so very hungry! You’re gonna be a big, huge meal for it, yes you are! Just wait an’ see, I’ll pull you all the way up my humongous, hungry ass!” The mouse wastes no time and immediately stretches over the tiger’s forearms, elbows, and shoulders. At the very peak of it, the subject begins to ejaculate powerfully and moans. “Ahhhh... you fit in so wonderfully, you’re so huge! Damn, it feels so good pulling you in there, feeling your struggles! Keep fighting in there, you just might escape! Heh heh... ooooh...”

The tiger is certainly doing all he can to purchase his freedom, writhing and kicking as best he could. He even tries to rise to his feet, which obviously pleases the mouse. “Ooh, big mistake! Now I got gravity on my side!” He widens his anal ring even further, quickly taking in the top of the tiger’s chest. Considering the size of those mountainous muscles, I expected it to take longer. Yet it provides the mouse little challenge and untold pleasure. The subject’s orgasm, having continued throughout this affair, only rises in magnitude. The fluid quickly rises up to my neck, prompting me to grab onto a nearby rope. Upon attempting to hoist myself up, I realize the rope is connected to a pulley which spins and drops me back down to the bottom. I struggle with the device and watch over my shoulder as the mouse continues his gluttony.

Already powering his pucker down the vast, bulging pecs of the tiger, he chuckles again. “Oooh, you’re stretching me out so nicely--I’ve never had anything so big up my ass before! I should really thank you. I wish I could say you were going to fill me up, but mmm, I’m so hungry I could eat a hundred of you! I’ll have to see if Dr. Ruse can arrange that... mmm, but in the meantime, let’s see you feed me even more!” With surprising dexterity, the mouse reaches down and grabs the tiger’s titanic cock. As he pulls the thick shaft against his belly, he seems undecided. The decision appears clear to me: does he feed his unattended maw and deep-throat the tiger, or should he shove that rod up his tailhole and continue to devour the tiger unhindered? He soon chooses the latter, though he seems unhappy about it. As he locks eyes with me, I see why he made that decision and just how he intends to sate his oral appetite. He plunges the kittycock deep inside his ass and lets out a heavy groan. “NNNNNGH, YEAH! Fuck my ass so damn hard! Every thrust feels like heaven and buries you deeper and deeper inside my gigantic, gluttonous ass! This really is shaping up to be a big meat-feast after all!” Then, as his hungry hole slips over the tiger’s waist and begins stretching to accommodate for the immense muscle-rump the tiger sports, he turns his attention entirely to me. “I have you to thank for that, good doctor... and I’ve yet to thank you properly for it! You’ve shown me my true purpose in life--to gorge myself on everything within reach, to never, ever stop eating, and to eat everything and everyone in existence... and I do mean everyone!”

The subject flashes me a wicked grin as I begin to scramble up the pulley. Then, when I look back again, all I see is the top of his head plunged beneath the rising cum. I quickly

see--and feel--why. A whirlpool begins to form in the center of the cum-pool, right where the mouse's maw should be. As he guzzles down gallons upon gallons of his own jizz, he frowns at me, his eyes burning with not only an insatiable hunger but a powerful thirst for revenge. I hold on tight to the ropes, but they slip and slide upon their greased pulleys. Within moments, the winch at the bottom breaks off, and the pulley system gets pulled toward the gaping maw, now attached at only one point. I see the subject's head rise from the cum-sea, his jaws getting closer and closer even as he continues to funnel his own cum into his belly. I try to scramble up the rope as a shadow passes over my body. I look up and see myself already surrounded by the hot, powerful maw... and I see it close down around my legs.

He chuckles maliciously as he slowly pulls me in by my legs. I cling to the rope but to no avail. He continues to slurp me into his wet maw and swallow repeatedly. I feel my legs slip into the back of his throat, soon followed by my waist. Before I know it, my entire body is tucked inside his mouth, his tongue slurping over me and tossing me about. Then the tongue begins to rise as I get swallowed further and further. Soon, all that's left of me is a hand in the very back of his throat, desperately reaching out to grab something--what, I don't know.

To my surprise, a hand grabs mine--or, more specifically, a finger and thumb. It holds me there for a minute and a half, keeping me from going deeper as it gulps over and over. Each swallow rubs my body against his throat, coaxing a confused purr from me. Then, inexplicably, the hand begins to pull me out. Soon, cool, musky air hits my skin and I am free--in a matter of speaking. I'm still dangling inches away from Subject Alpha's muzzle. He smiles at me with the most frightening softness, a compassion that I can't even begin to understand, given the circumstances.

"There, all better. Are you all clean now?" he asks with something so very peculiar in his voice. It.. it's innocence? I can't believe my ears!

"But.... but you were trying to eat me?"

His ears flatten against his head as he looks at me sorrowfully, dejected and hurt. "What?" he asks in surprise, "No! I... I was just trying to get you clean, I swear! I mean... you felt good in there, and I kinda wanted to do it, but... I, I wasn't going to ACTUALLY do it, I promise!"

I raise an eyebrow at him. "Soooo, back there, when you were trying to drink me down..."

"Oh... umm..." he stammered, blushing heavily. "Well, yeah, that was me trying to eat you there, but I was gonna stop myself--and I did!"

My inner skeptic bubbles to the surface and I frown at him. "Right..."

This seems to offend him, and he puffs up his cheeks with indignation. "Hey! Just because I ate everything in your lab, devoured both my own brother and a HUGE stranger, and nearly ate you once before, that doesn't mean I was gonna do it again...." he pouts, losing confidence in his words toward the end as he licks his chops.

"Yes, that's all just a grand coincidence. A correlation, not causation."

"Ummm... yeah! I think...."

"Very well. Suppose for a moment what you're saying is true. Then why DIDN'T you eat me?"

The mouse blinked for a moment. "Well, um... it would've been wrong? I mean, not that

it was okay to eat other people and wreck your lab, too, but... I just, you know, owe you so much. You gave me this huge, beautiful body. I used to be so afraid to indulge in anything, but in the end I just ended up hating myself. Now I love it, and I wanna feed my body and eat tons of people--literally! You made me a huge, cuddly, heavy, hungry monster and I love it! But you also showed me something..."

My ears perk up at this. "Yes?"

"Well, when I ate my brother alive, I hated myself at first... but I realized that I still love him, even now, even as I'm turning his body into thousands of pounds of fat. That means I'm still the same person inside, no matter how big I get, no matter who or what I eat. Then you made me eat someone so much bigger than I was, and a big, scary tiger, too! You pushed me out of my comfort zone, way past my limits, and showed me that my limits are all in my imagination. If you hadn't chosen those two for me to add to my humongous belly and ass, I don't think I would've learned either of those lessons. I'd just end up a self-hating beast afraid of what I was becoming, and I would've only held myself back. So... thank you, for making me who I am now."

Those thick digits press me against his shoulder, and he soon grinds his cheek against me affectionately. He is smiling so brightly, and somehow my emotionless face begins to crack. "Well... then perhaps I can count this experiment a big, fat success."

"Hehee!" giggles the mouse, hugging me tenderly as the last of the tiger is pulled into his astronomical ass with a loud, sickening slurp. "Nnn, so nice... he's going to make my ass so huge!"

I chuckle lightly at this and pat him, feeling a bit awkward in this hug. "Ah... well, I'm sure that that won't fill you up, so how about we go out on the town and find you all the people you can eat?"

"Oooh, sounds like a plan! I'm starving!" he chimes. I smile and pull my phone out of my lab coat. All is according to plan... he's got the appetite and the capacity to swallow every last predator on the planet. Then it will just be us rodents, ruling the world with an iron fist, and me at its head! I click on an app aptly named "Scurry", punching in a few values and pressing "send". Soon, every rodent in the city will get a text message urging them to drop everything and run--an app famous among the rodent community. This should ensure no "innocents" get caught up in Subject Alpha's path of destruction and devouring.

As I finish my preparations for the mouse's biggest binge ever, I feel a shifting and tumble down onto the mouse's monstrous moobs. He looks down at me and massages his chest and enormous nipples, letting out a soft gasp. "Ah, Doctor... I... I love you...." he confesses. At a loss for words, I fumble a bit before finally working up the courage to reply.

"I... I must be frank with you. When I first kidnapped you, I chose you specifically... but you were nothing more than a tool to me. I delighted in your suffering and callously recorded it. But now... after seeing how much you've grown, not just as a monster but as a person inside... you've really surprised me. You've displayed depths of understanding that I couldn't have even begun to imagine... and I suppose, if you can manage not to eat me, I think I might be able to return your affection someday...?"

The mouse grinned down, his dominant side shining out once more. "I'm not making any promises, CRUMB." With that, he gapes his maw open wider... and wider.. and wider...