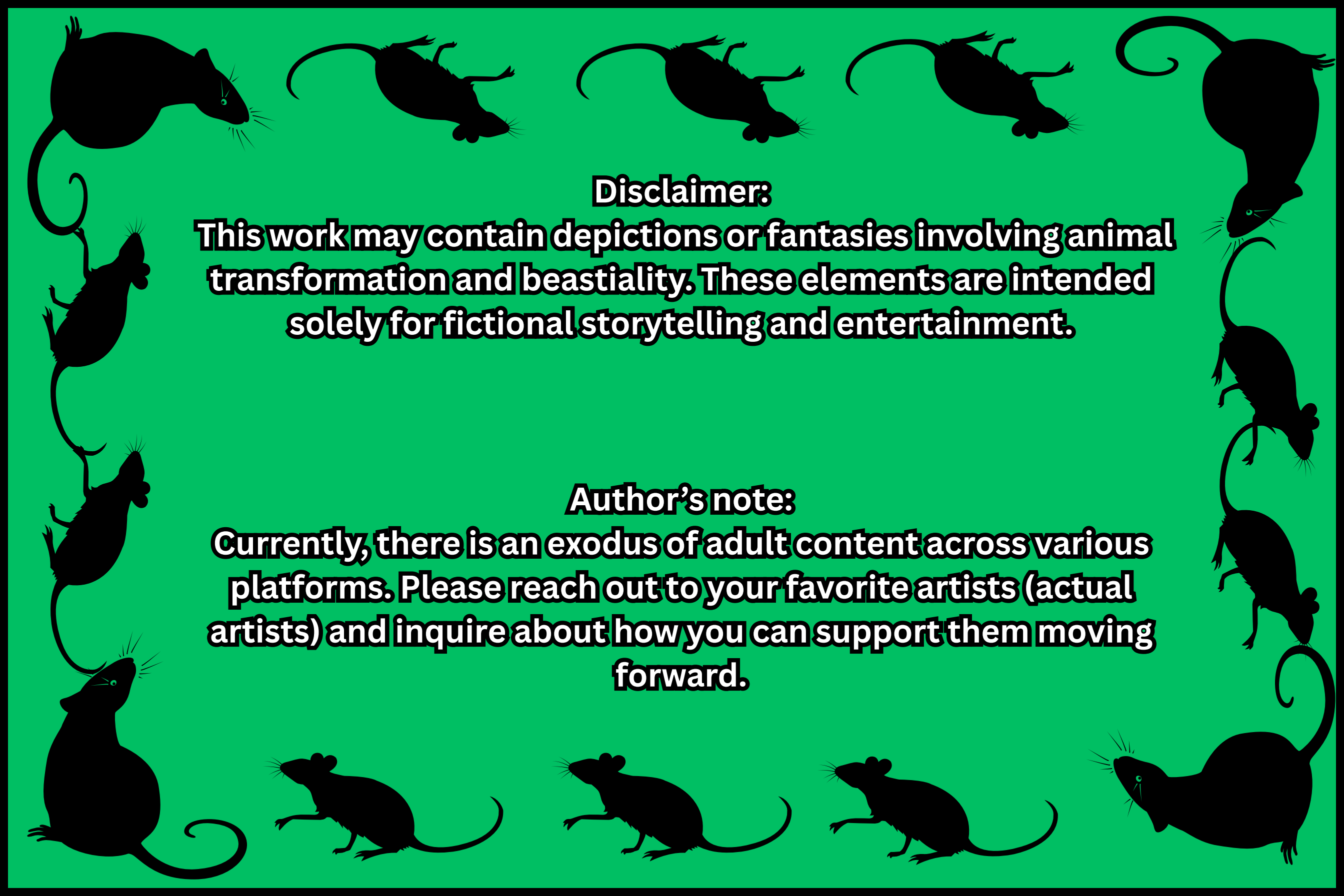


Whisker me away



The image features a solid black background with several white mouse silhouettes. At the top, three mice are shown in various poses: one on the left facing right, and two in the center and right facing left. On the right side, a vertical column of four mice is shown in various poses, including one at the top facing left, one in the middle facing right, and one at the bottom facing left. At the bottom, four mice are shown in various poses: one on the left facing right, and three in the center and right facing left. The text is centered in the middle of the page.

Disclaimer:
This work may contain depictions or fantasies involving animal transformation and bestiality. These elements are intended solely for fictional storytelling and entertainment.

Author's note:
Currently, there is an exodus of adult content across various platforms. Please reach out to your favorite artists (actual artists) and inquire about how you can support them moving forward.

Tuesday morning



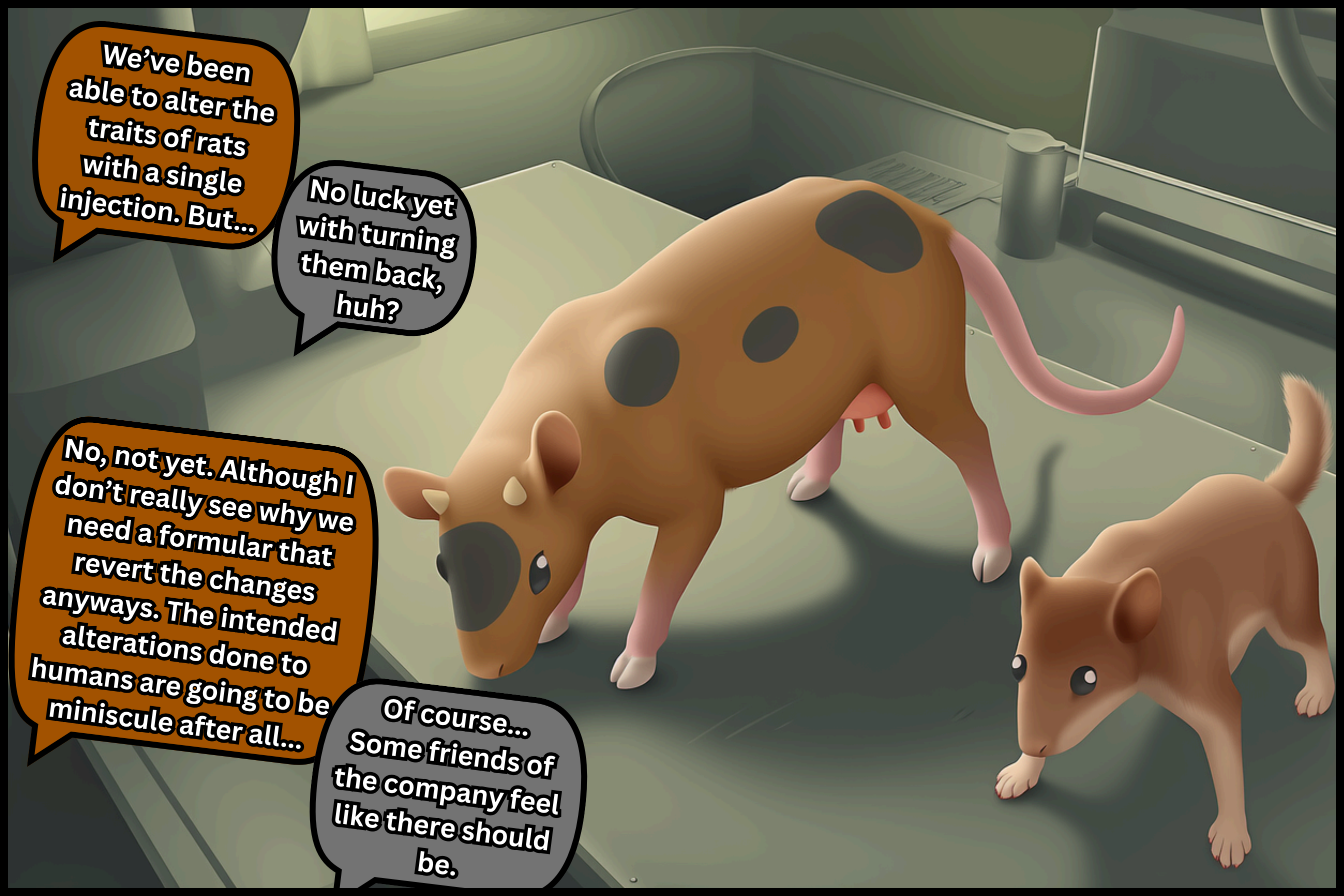
**Let's see
if it
works
this time.**

Tuesday evening



**Dr. Miller, how
is the new
formula
coming along?
Any Progress?**

My father was a scientist, working for a company that focuses on genetical alteration. As far as he knew, all of his work was only going to be used for medical treatments.



We've been able to alter the traits of rats with a single injection. But...

No luck yet with turning them back, huh?

No, not yet. Although I don't really see why we need a formular that revert the changes anyways. The intended alterations done to humans are going to be miniscule after all...

Of course... Some friends of the company feel like there should be.

Wednesday morning

Happy birthday honey. This rat has been given a second chance and I thought he'd be the perfect gift.

My father had rescued a rat from the lab, that had been given one of the formulas. For some reason, the formula didn't seem to have any effect on it.



squeak

Oh thank you, Daddy! I can already tell that Mr.Squiggels and I are going to be great friends!

Wednesday noon

**Hey!
What the
fuck Mr.
Squiggels!**

**So much about
having you hang
around with me!**

**I hope you'll
behave better
after having been
in the cage for
some time.**


Mr. Squiggels was the first rat I ever owned and my second pet after my father had gotten us a kitten years ago. I could've been more careful handling my first rat, but it was too late now...

Wednesday afternoon

**What's going on?
One hour ago I
felt completely
fine and now I can
barely talk. If only
I could reach my
phone...**

My father had left for work hours ago and I was alone at home. A strange fever befell me and I was barely able to move at all. I fell unconscious not long after.

Wednesday late afternoon



**How long was I
out for?
What are all these
smells? Did I get
smaller...?**

When I woke back up, I was still feeling a bit strange, but the worst seemed to be over. My body didn't hurt as much anymore and the fever had seemingly went down.

Minutes later...



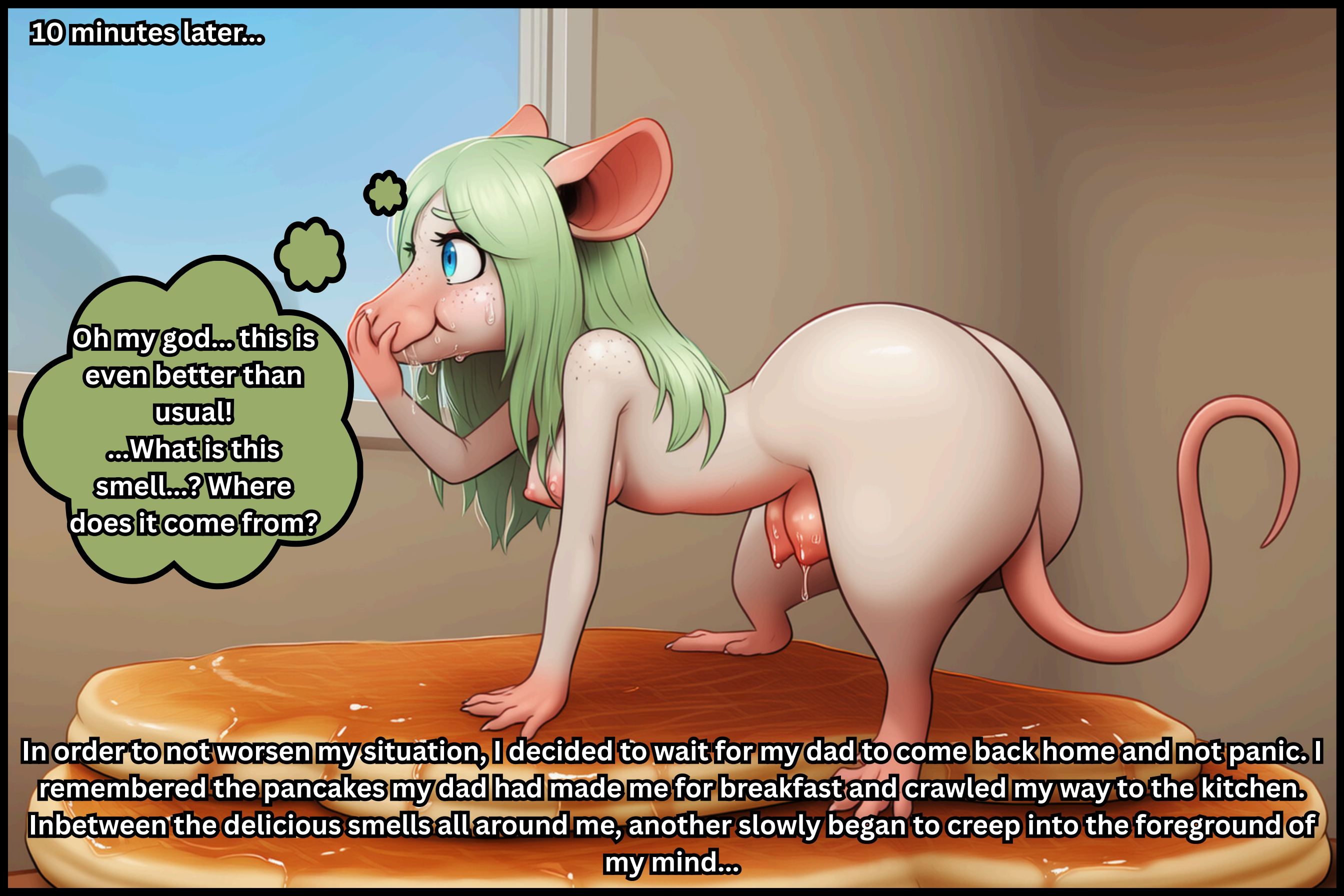
**Ok, Nicodema...
none of this is
normal...
Where is the next
mirror? The
bathroom?**

It was clear as day that something had happened to me. I felt a weird new appendage dragging on the floor, was apparently tiny now and I wasn't able to talk anymore. Sure there had been more changes, but I was so overwhelmed that I barely noticed more than that.



As I looked at my own reflection, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. At first I thought that I must be dreaming. None of this was possibly real, right? But it sure was. I was a rat. As the shock slowly faded, it dawned on me that this must've happened because Mr. Squiggels bit me.

10 minutes later...



Oh my god... this is even better than usual! ...What is this smell...? Where does it come from?

In order to not worsen my situation, I decided to wait for my dad to come back home and not panic. I remembered the pancakes my dad had made me for breakfast and crawled my way to the kitchen. Inbetween the delicious smells all around me, another slowly began to creep into the foreground of my mind...



Oh no...
it's you...

I curiously followed the smell and noticed that it came from my bedroom. Even though I already started to realize what that smell's source had to be, I couldn't help but get closer anyways. With every step I took it became more and more clear, that the infatuating smell i was sensing...



sniff

sniff

Was that of a male...



Holy shit...
What now?

I felt how my body was starting to react to the strong scent of a suitable partner. The transformation that had seemingly come to a halt, suddenly started to commence me again...



Oh god... is my hair getting shorter...?

My skin tingled as tiny green hairs started to sprout all over my body. I felt like I was unable to move. My entire body was shaking, my muscles spasming, all while my lower parts started to feel like burning from heat.



A suitable male

Breed

Delicious smell

Puppies


Need to procreate

Suddenly a wave of strange ideas began to overwhelm me. My instincts were crying for attention, trying to win over my ability to think rationally.



**Think Nicodema...
think... You should
go as far as you can
from this room... You
need dad to come
home... you are in
heat...**

I tried to fight back. I knew that giving in was going to lead to the point of no return. But no matter how hard I tried, I wasn't able to walk out of the room. My heat demanded me to stay and take in that delicious smell...



Get it out of
your system...
You *need* to
get it out...


I tried to fight back. I knew that giving in was going to lead to the point of no return. But no matter how hard I tried, I wasn't able to walk out of the room. My heat demanded me to stay and take in that delicious smell...



I should be able to open the cage with a sheet of paper...

It didn't help. My heat demanded more than fingers.

I told myself that I'd be able to withstand. That I was just exploring options, but deep inside I already knew what all of this was leading to.



I will let him
out, but that's
all...

I knew what was about to happen, but the voice that wanted me to fight was not gone yet...

I did it... I
actually
opened it...



He stared at me, the pheromones he secreted got more and more intense...



I need it...
I need *this!*

squeak

The voice wanting me to fight back went silent. All that was left was a deep instinctual desire to procreate. It didn't take long for Mr. Squiggels to answer my call...



It's done...
I'm getting
bred...



Another rat is going to give me his puppies...

I was not only accepting my apparent fate, I reveled in it. Even my wish to be turned back into a human was slowly pushed into a back corner of my mind.



I can feel
it...
My womb is
so full...

All that mattered was ensuring that there was going to be a new generation of my kind...



In that moment I noticed that my cat was glaring at us from the doorframe. She had been out of the house all day and until now I hadn't even thought about the danger I could've found myself in. But now there was still time for an escape.




**OH FUCK!
WE NEED
TO GET
OUT!**



She's
coming our
way!

With Mr. Squiggels right behind me, there was only one thing I was able to think of to get out of this situation. Jump out of the window and hope for the best.


A green anthropomorphic mouse with large breasts is falling into a hole in a wooden floor. The mouse has a shocked expression with wide blue eyes and an open mouth. A large speech bubble on the left contains the text "OH SHIT! OH SHIT! OH SHIT!". Two smaller speech bubbles, one containing a green starburst, are positioned near the mouse's head. The background shows a bright blue sky through the hole in the floor.

**OH SHIT!
OH SHIT!
OH SHIT!**

As I fell down into an open sewage, I realized that my last hope of seeing my father had just gone out of the window. Postponed for at least a few days.



Down in the sewers I had to get used to my new surroundings. Mr. Squiggels seemed to be fine. For a moment I wondered how to get back up to the surface again, but that thought soon faded...

A green anthropomorphic mouse with large, prominent breasts and a long, thin tail. She has blue eyes and is looking slightly to the left with a thoughtful expression. There are small blue circles and green flower-like icons around her head, suggesting she is thinking. The background is dark and indistinct.

**Is he
already
ready for
round
two...?**

...and gave room to my bestial desires again.



All worries got replaced by the need to procreate. To ensure another generation of rats was going to be born. I wanted, no *NEEDED* it, more than anything else.

10 days later...

**rotten fruits
taste better
than I
would've
thought...**



I was starting to swell and already felt the puppies inside my belly moving. With every fleeting day, I grew more and more accustomed with the life of a wild rat.

Another 10 days later...

You need to eat it... don't think about what it is. Your pups need the nutrients...



As the gestation period came close to it's end, I did things and ate things, I never would've deemed possible before. Things I don't even want to spell out here. It was necessary for the survival of my children and myself.

One month later...

**Breed...
Breed...**

I still remembered who I had once been, but it barely mattered anymore. I was raising my first litter of 10 and another one was already on it's way. I still wondered how my dad was doing every once in a while, but the satisfaction of my physical needs was of higher priority.

25 days later...



As we first encountered another clan of rats down in the sewers, Mr. Squiggels was beaten in a fight and chased away. His wounds had been severe, but I had no time to care about his well-being...



Strong
genes...

I was now the property of the clan leader. The appropriate prize for the stronger male. A trophy, not pausing for a second to wonder how my former owner was doing. Luckily he even allowed most of my children in his clan and our groups melded into one.

1 year later...



**Birth...
Soon
birth...**

I had long lost count of how many rats I had given birth to. All I knew was that I barely spend any time not being pregnant. I had distant memories of the past, but none of that mattered anymore. I was a rat now, nothing more.


Meanwhile back home...



Back when I had first disappeared, my dad and the police looked everywhere for me. Until my dad remembered the small camera he had hidden many years ago to monitor our housekeeper. It had recorded the bite and my following transformation on the sofa. He tried to find clues about where I could've went, even going as far as testing our cat's droppings. All he knew was that his daughter was now a rodent...

**A green
rat...?
Nicodema...
is that you...?**





**It's male...?
Oh god... Oh
god no... that
can only
mean...**

When my dad first found one of my offspring in our house, his last bit of hope to gain me back started to crumble. Even before testing my son, there was only one explanation for its fur color. Wherever I was, I was probably never going to be the same...

2 years later...



Dad...
Sorry...

I had grown old... I was trying to look back at my life. Trying to prepare myself for what was soon to come without any regrets. I was hoping that I would at least get to birth the puppies inside of me before moving on...

After everything I had done down here in the dark, I never would have been able to live with myself as a human. The terrible things I had done in order to survive...



*I scurry where the lights grow thin,
I gnaw the crumbs, the bone, the skin.
The gnawing sounds your ears deny,
Are teeth on bones that darkness hides.*

I was lying in the dark, surrounded by my kin... all waiting for my end... all waiting for their fair share...

5 years later...

Dr. Gray,
Mrs. Rosa,
Armand
Blackthorne,
Dr. Shawn,
Mr. Blonde...

welding noises

After all this time, my dad knew that I was never going to return. That his little girl had gone lost in the darkness forever. He allowed and fed as many of my offspring in his house as they came.

He had quit his job shortly after I had gone missing and had lost himself to alcoholism and guilt for some years. That was until he learned some unsettling information. Classified documents about what his research had been used for...

THE END...?