

## Columbia State 25: Changing Majors

By: IndigoRho

A gentle tapping broke the extended silence in the office of Professor Trevor Hall as he steadily drummed on his desk with the claws of his right paw. The rather hefty tiger shifted in his chair—eliciting a not-so-subtle creak—and attempted to hide his growing disappointment. On the other side of his desk was Phil, a skunk sophomore whose plump belly was poorly hidden beneath an oversized hoodie. Professor Hall had been Phil's academic adviser for nearly two years now, and had watched with a fair bit of amusement as the skunk's body endured the usual trials of attending a campus like Columbia State. Slow increases in weight from the high-calorie dining hall food and dramatic upswings from overindulging on his peers at parties, the struggles of working off the pounds only to have one drink too many and being back to square one. Phil had only just recently managed to reign in his fluctuating weight, and seemed to have found a comfortable balance that would allow him to enjoy a live meal every once in a while and not get too fat in the process.

Phil's weight journey was nothing special; after all, Professor Hall had seen it often over the years. His true interest was in Phil's academic ability. The skunk had a genuine gift for analyzing a wide variety of literature, something the professor was not used to seeing in his freshman and sophomore students. On many occasions Hall had found himself almost excessively probing Phil for more during class discussions, likely to the joy of his lazier students. He always enjoyed reading the skunk's essays and write-ups, too, and had looked forward to the prospect of seeing him published one day. That was the reason Professor Hall was so confused by the revelation Phil had just made.

Temporarily at a loss for words, Professor Hall bought himself a moment by pretending to adjust his sweater vest, as if his own sizable paunch had become exposed. “I have to say, Phil, this is really unexpected. You really want to drop English as your major?”

Phil nodded, a sheepish grin on his face. “Uh, yeah Professor Hall. I think I've mentioned it a couple times in the past, but I've been splitting my courses these first two years almost evenly between English and History. I hadn't really settled on a career goal when I got accepted, but now I know history's what I want to focus on.

“Hmmp, I understand,” Hall lied. “Your timing is somewhat...curious, though. I can put in the request to drop your English major easily enough, but you do know it won't officially go into effect until the semester's over, right?”

“Yeah, yeah, of course,” Phil said. “I was gonna wait, but Professor Ellison was a bit insistent that I switch as soon as possible so we could start having some unofficial meetings regarding my future...”

Professor Hall winced at the name. “Ellison? *Kale* asked you to drop now?”

“Um, y-yeah.” The tone Professor Hall used to refer to his colleague made Phil uncomfortable.

*Kale*. Professor Hall had known the gluttonous deer since their college days, when both had belonged to opposing fraternities. The pair had butted heads often, and by the time they'd completed grad school each could claim to have eaten a couple acquaintances of the other. Positions in their preferred departments had “conveniently” opened up around the same time, forcing their feud to continue into their professional careers as well. Once or twice a year they'd eat a prized student of their rival, maybe a T.A. if they were in the mood, often sending pictures or video of the deed immediately after.

They generally avoided each other—an easy task as their department offices were nearly on opposite ends of campus—though there had been a memorable confrontation a couple years before during a conference trip. Hall and Kale had engaged in a drinking contest that quickly escalated into an eating contest. By the end of the night both had three live meals in their bellies and pounding headaches. However, despite the apparent intensity of the feud, neither had attempted to eat the other in close to a decade. The two professors were fairly content to merely interfere in each others' ambitions

from time to time.

The tapping of Professor Hall's claws had grown louder—not that he noticed—as he thought over the situation. He'd never considered the possibility that Kale could outright *steal* a student from him, especially one as talented as Phil. Kale's taunting would be endless if his plan succeeded. *If*. “So you're certain about this, Phil, you truly want to switch majors?”

Phil stood up straight, a well-practiced look of confidence on his face. “Yes, I've put a lot of thought into this. I know it's the right decision.”

Professor Hall sighed in disappointment, before slowly grinning. He went to work at his computer, bringing up his e-mail and sending a brief message to the rest of the department staff informing them of Phil's decision. A few minutes and some typing, that's all it took to change the course of the skunk's future. “Alright, the official form's been sent out. It's a real shame to lose you Phil, you were an exceptional student, I truly mean that.”

Professor Hall pulled himself from his groaning chair and walked around the desk as Phil stood as well. He offered his paw for a shake, and Phil complied, obviously looking a bit relieved. “As of today, you are no longer a part of the English Department,” Professor Hall said, his shake growing firmer. “Unfortunately you'll never get the chance to have an official meeting with Professor Kale.”

Phil's moment of confusion was shattered when Professor Hall abruptly pulled him forwards, arms wrapping around him so tightly the air was painfully forced from his lungs. He only managed a short breath before the tiger's maw engulfed his head. The skunk frantically twisted and squirmed as saliva began to slick his fur and his ears brushed against the back of his attacker's throat, but the hold was too strong. Soon Professor Hall's lips stretched over his former student's shoulders, then his chest. Though his tongue protested the poor-tasting hoodie, the professor wouldn't have been able to catch his prey off-guard if he'd forcefully stripped him first, and he wasn't eager to risk damage to his office if an actual struggle ensued.

During his first year teaching he'd acted carelessly and brawled with a student in that room, destroying his desk, computer, and a chair in the process and ending up with his good arm in a cast. On a nearby shelf he still had the student's collar in his trophy collection, forming the base of a tower that was currently topped by an acid-scarred, studded yellow piece. The incident had been a valuable learning experience, and very few of his meals since had escalated into fights, the professor preferring ambushes. Distracted by the memories, Professor Hall unwittingly turned slightly as he lifted Phil into the air and began to welcome the skunk's pudgy belly into his maw. Phil flailed his legs wildly, a muffled yelp of pain emanating from the professor's throat as a kick struck the bookshelf behind him hard, knocking over some books but causing more noise than damage.

The unexpected sound interrupted Professor Hall's rhythm, though, causing his meal to slide out an inch. Phil's reversal of fortune was short-lived. Professor Hall immediately re-swallowed the bit of prey he'd lost, then began gulping harder than before. He had just reached Phil's waist when the door to his office opened, a curious, bespectacled bison leaning in to survey the situation. “Hey Trevor, everything alright in here?” Professor Coleman asked.

Professor Hall swallowed the first part of Phil's legs, inhibiting their movement greatly. His large belly was writhing, the impressions of paws and a muzzle just barely visible beneath flab and sweater vest. He gave a quick thumbs-up to his colleague.

Coleman nodded. “Good, good. Saw the e-mail, damn shame about Phil. He was a real pleasure to have in class.”

The bulge that was Phil squirmed more aggressively as his name was mentioned, the skunk yelling for mercy even as he was being referred to in the past tense. Professor Hall reached Phil's knees and gave his bouncing gut a playful slap with both paws, hushing his meal with a firm press. Regardless of the circumstances, Professor Hall couldn't resist finding immense pleasure in vore. The struggles, the taste, the feeling of his stomach stretching to accommodate a living being, the knowledge that in only a couple days the student sliding down his gullet would be reduced to a soft layer of fat on

his midsection. A layer of fat he would begrudgingly burn off with proper exercise. Until that day, though, the surviving students in his classes would look upon the overhang of his belly and know one of their peers had gone into its growth.

“Oh yeah, you’ve got another student waiting for you by the way. Avery, I think? Yeah Avery,” Professor Coleman said, barely paying attention to Hall’s squirming gut. “Do you want me to tell him to come back another time, or just wait like five minutes or so?”

Professor Hall temporarily took a paw off his belly and held up five fingers, hoping that was enough to get his point across. “Sounds good. I’ll make sure he knocks first, too, just in case. Well, have a good lunch Trevor.”

Professor Coleman closed the door, laughing as he watched his colleague wave goodbye, a pair of twitching paws and a tail tip jutting from his maw and a huge grin on his face. His meal thoroughly secured, Professor Hall carefully pulled the sneakers from Phil’s footpaws and dropped them on the floor, followed quickly by his socks. He leaned his head back and let the last of Phil gently slide over his tongue and into his throat, closing his jaws shut with a satisfying click of his teeth. The tiger moaned faintly as he felt his belly swell out a little bit more, pressing tightly against his sweater vest in the most delightful way.

Phil shifted within the dark stomach as the rest of his body slipped in, splashing in the shallow pool of stomach acids as he pounded on the fleshy walls of his prison in despair. Despite knowing how voracious his professor could be—having seen him digesting away meals in class often enough—he had never imagined Hall eating him. They hadn’t had a negative interaction, their discussions were always lively and good-natured, and Professor Hall didn’t eye him up hungrily like some of the other teachers. Why, then, would the professor do something so horrible to him after something as innocent as switching majors?

The skunk was rocked back and forth as the stomach began to sway—presumably from Professor Hall walking—and eventually felt the tiger’s legs dig into him followed by a loud creak as he lowered himself into his office chair. “P-please Professor Hall, don’t do this to me! Don’t digest me!”

Professor Hall ran a claw over his swollen belly, occasionally poking a squirming bulge every now and then. “I’m sorry Phil, I really am, but I can’t let that asshole Kale just steal a gem like you out from under my nose. I’d never hear the end of it.”

“I-I’ll tell Professor Ellison I’ve changed my mind, I’ll stay with the English department, please just let me go!” Phil begged.

“Tempting offer, but Kale would eat you on the spot.” A bulge vaguely resembling Phil’s muzzle rose from the center of Professor Hall’s gut, and he gleefully pushed it back down with his paws, chuckling. “If it gives you any solace, you were likely doomed to be eaten by one of us anyway. Kale would have noticed your talents and added you to his waistline to spite me even if you’d never considered switching majors in the first place.”

Phil’s heart sunk when he heard the reply echo around him, slowly becoming aware of the rising digestive juices. “No...no, no, no! Please there has to be another way! Please!”

“Sorry kid, life’s not fair. I’m losing an amazing pupil, and you’re having a promising future cut short,” Professor Hall said, his voice far less sympathetic than his words.

The doomed skunk’s next response was drowned out by a loud knocking at the office door. “Come in!”

The door opened and a young tiger walked in, adjusting his backpack as he entered. He was on the chubby side—not at all uncommon for a student at a college with a reputation for rampant vore—and was initially unaware that shifting the straps of his backpack had pulled up his shirt slightly, revealing a strip of soft pudge; his attention was focused on Professor Hall’s swollen, squirming gut instead. “Um, afternoon Professor Hall. I...I can come back later if you want,” the tiger said, nervously.

Professor Hall gave a friendly smile. “No, no, sit down. Just finished an unexpected early lunch.” He gave his belly a light pat, hoping to lighten the mood. “Now, Avery, how can I help you

today?”

Avery did his best to ignore the fur struggling for freedom barely two feet away, thankful their shouts were too muffled for him to hear clearly. “W-well Professor, I'm here because I'm kind of worried about my grades.”

“I really hope you're not here to ask for extra credit, I thought I'd made it pretty clear that I don't believe in it,” Professor Hall said with a sigh, trying his best not to frown outright.

“No, no, nothing like that!” Avery blurted, his eyes drifting to the bright yellow collar on the bookshelf. He'd missed class the day Troy had been eaten by the Professor, but the popular rumor amongst his classmates was that the German shepherd had met his end after asking for extra credit. “I'm not happy with my grades in a couple classes, not just yours. I wanted some advice on how to improve them, that's all.”

Professor Hall's smile returned, though deep down he'd wanted the student to press the issue. After all, it'd been ages since he'd last enjoyed two prey at once. “Good, good. Well, I know that at least in my class your essays have a tendency to be somewhat...shallow. You get a few points across well enough, but they sometimes seem rushed. Would you say that's true for your other classes as well?”

“Maybe? I ended up with a lot of lit courses this semester, and the reading load has been hitting me harder than I thought it would. I think that's my problem in Professor Coleman's class, too” Avery said, Professor Hall's gut distracting him less and less.

“Besides simply suggesting you devote more of your free time to reading, you could also try studying with one of your classmates, maybe hold a mini-discussion now and then,” Professor Hall suggested, stifling a small belch as his meal continued fighting the inevitable. “Though if you do, make sure you don't borrow *too* much from each others' arguments.” Now it was his turn to glance over at the collar tower.

Avery avoided looking over himself, understanding the subtext of the warning well enough. “I-I'd considered that, but I'm nervous about approaching them to be honest. I don't really know any of them that well.”

“Understandable to be a little cautious. For starters, I'd avoid Andrew, Ryan, and Jordan. They're all in pred fraternities, and—at least from personal experience—any students not also in a frat are considered food far more often than potential friend,” Professor Hall couldn't help but grin, privately reminiscing about some of his old hunts. “Cole's at about the same place you are, so studying together might not give the best results. Arnold would work, if he were actually going to be in the class much longer.”

Avery's ears perked up. “Oh, is he gonna drop the class? I know Andrew's been gunning for him recently.”

“No, I'm just certain Andrew will catch him soon,” Professor Hall replied, callously casual. “Anyways, Leo or Zeke are probably your best options. Neither are very predatory, and Zeke could use a new study partner.”

“Thanks for the suggestions, but I'm afraid they'd think I have ulterior motives if I approached them out of the blue, especially Zeke,” Avery said.

“Well do you?” Professor Hall stared Avery in the eyes, genuinely interested in his response.

Avery was silent for a moment. “No! I mean, I don't think so? Zeke is way too large—I've never enjoyed meals that fatty—and while Leo does look kind of tasty, I don't really have any desire to actually eat him, if that makes any sense?”

Professor Hall laughed, causing his belly to shake. “Yeah I think I understand. Then again, I'd personally say Zeke looks damn delicious, though obviously I'm prone to overindulging!” He gave his gut a hard slap, its whole surface wobbling and eliciting a definite yelp of pain from Phil. “Shame he's graduating this year, he would've made a great birthday dinner next Fall.”

“Y-yeah, what a shame,” Avery said, laughing nervously. He'd never heard the Professor discuss the desire to eat a student so openly before, and was beginning to wonder if the only reason he wasn't

digesting in the tiger's belly himself was because of his major. "I'll ask them after our next class. Would give me a chance to socialize more, since my roommate Gary's been hanging out with his boyfriend so much lately. Some lion he met at the gym while trying to work off a meal."

"Wonderful. If you want I can throw in a good word for you, maybe promise to eat you if you end up making a snack out of either of them," Professor Hall joked.

Avery gulped. "He he, I'll keep that in mind."

"Besides the reading requirements, has anything else been causing you problems?" Professor Hall asked.

"Well, sort of. I'm taking a creative writing course under Professor Miller, but he's been down at the Tahoma Campus all semester so he teaches via stream in a special classroom," Avery said. "The work isn't the issue, though, it's the tech student handling the feed. A couple students in the back of the room near his booth went missing *during* class early on, and we all eventually figured out he was to blame. Professor Miller doesn't seem to care, and I've been skipping the class a fair bit since we have assigned seating and I'm close to being the back row now."

Professor Hall raised a brow, fairly impressed with the tech student's gorging. "So why hasn't the class simply cornered him and dealt with the issue, seems straight forward enough to me."

"Well, turns out he's got friends in class. The one time a pair of students tried to eat him they ended up filling the bellies of his friends instead," Avery replied.

"Hmm, that might explain a few of the missing students in my classes," Professor Hall said. While normally he'd ignore such a coordinated meal plot—especially such an admirable one—he wasn't eager to have a chunk of his talent pool potentially devastated. Not to mention there was the possibility of three very well-fed meals. "If you can, get me the names of that tech student and his two friends. I'll look into the matter."

Avery smiled again, not expecting the support. "T-thank you Professor Hall! I can pass along the info next time I have your class, shouldn't be too hard to find."

"Excellent. Hopefully that w—Urrrrrrrrrrrrrp!" Professor Hall rushed a paw to his muzzle as he let loose an embarrassingly loud belch, the outline of his meal becoming somewhat clearer beneath the sweater vest as his stomach tightened. The tiger's gut began rocking with renewed vigor as Phil panicked and struggled in wild desperation. He yelled and begged, but all that reached the outside world were faint, indistinguishable cries and gargles. Avery and the Professor both watched Phil's final moments in silence, their eyes following the shifting bulges as they gradually became more and more sluggish. A couple small spasms signaled the end of the skunk's fight.

Avery stared at the lumpy mass of his Professor's middle, knowing that soon the unfortunate student within would be digested. In theory they could still be saved, if Professor Hall were to throw them up and give them CPR, but in reality they were as good as gone. When Avery saw Professor Hall again after the weekend, his belly would be smoother and smaller, his lunch converted into fat. Most of his classmates would notice the change in their professor's weight right away, spotting the extra chubbiness in his face, the slightly larger double-chin, the way his gut hung a bit lower than usual. Would they know who'd been consumed to cause those changes, though? He abruptly realized that he himself didn't know.

"Um, Professor Hall, if you don't mind me asking, was...was that someone I knew?" Avery asked, his eyes never leaving the Professor's midsection.

Professor Hall thought for a moment, not entirely sure of the answer himself. "Hmm, I don't believe you had any of the same classes this semester. He was a skunk, Phil. Dropped out of the English program on rather short notice."

The name and species seemed vaguely familiar to Avery, but not familiar enough to concern him. "No, doesn't ring a bell." He tore his gaze away from the digesting bulge and stood up. "I-I should get going. Thank you for the advice Professor Hall, I really appreciate it."

"Anytime Avery. Uh, I'd see you out, but I'm afraid I might end up knocking over half my office

if I start waddling around! I'll see you next week.” Professor Hall let out a quiet burp and smiled.

“Yeah, see ya next week,” Avery said, hurrying out of the office and closing the door behind him.

Alone once more, Professor Hall pulled his sweater vest and undershirt up, exposing his bloated, cream-colored gut to fresh air. His chair groaned as he leaned back and closed his eyes, rubbing and kneading his belly thoroughly with both paws, grinning as he caused his meal to shift ever-so-slightly within the lake of digestive juices in his stomach. He couldn't wait to gloat about foiling Kale's plot. Then again, why was he waiting? Professor Hall dug out his phone and held it up at a high angle, attempting to get as much of his massive, bulging belly in a picture as possible. With a wide smile he snapped a series of pictures, then typed out a quick text message to Kale.

“Looks like Phil decided to stay with the English Department after all, too bad Kale!”

Professor Hall sent his taunting text and set the phone down on his desk so it would be close by once the inevitable rage-filled reply arrived. Phil had made a good, filling meal, but Professor Hall knew he'd start regretting it the minute he was huffing on the treadmill. Lunch would likely put him only a meal away from breaching the four hundred pound mark again, a point he hadn't reached in quite a long time. He would need to shed some of the weight if he honestly wanted to deal with Avery's issue, though, especially if there were three problem students involved. Of course, he could also recruit a helper, someone he could split the burden of fresh fat with.