

Columbia State 27: Zeke's Unlucky Day Part III

By: IndigoRho

Professor Jacobs walked through the halls towards his classroom with a smile. The horse had been having a wonderful week so far, free of stress both in class and within his department. Today would only get better. He'd been planning a special meal the entire semester, carefully gaining the trust of one of his fattest and most timid students, waiting for the right moment to turn him into a filling feast. The student, an absolutely delectable otter named Zeke, arrived early for class every day, thanks in part to the professor's encouragement. They would chat as Jacobs prepared for the day's lesson, and Zeke had finally started letting his guard down completely around him. Jacobs could only imagine how Zeke would react once he was tied to a table and seasoned.

The professor pushed open the door to his classroom and entered with high hopes. A horrible, jolting pain in his back changed everything sending him crumpling to the floor in agony. He briefly heard a cackling sound before the pain struck again, causing him to spasm on the ground. Though Jacobs couldn't see, a large hyena was crouched over him, a stun gun in his paw. Confident the professor was down for the count, the hyena began pulling off the shoes and socks of the horse, then his pants.

"Long time no see Mr. Jacobs. Doubt you remember me, name's Michael," the hyena said as he tossed the horse's pants aside, moving on to his jacket. "I was in your class last semester."

Jacobs groaned, feeling his arms pulled back as his jacket was removed, a claw tearing at his undershirt.

"I failed, you know? You thought it'd be hilarious to make attendance a major part of our grade, which is a huge 'fuck you' to preds. A guy my size needs a hearty meal now and then to survive," He gave his massive gut a slap. "Not my fault I sometimes need to take a day off to digest them."

The professor struggled to pick himself up as he felt his shirt torn off, but was quickly shocked back into compliance.

"I needed that course requirement to graduate this year, and if I hadn't found a way to get it deferred I'd have been stuck here a whole semester longer for a single, fucking class!" Michael growled as he sat hard on Jacobs' legs and began zip tying his paws behind his back. "Turns out another professor hates your guts, though, and he's more than willing to sneak me into his class and pass me with flying colors if I retire you."

A swift kick to Jacobs' side preemptively ended any response. With his future meal secured, Michael began to arrange the professor's clothing on the floor nearby, flattening the pieces out to resemble an outline of a fur. Though Michael planned on being long gone by the time any students arrived for the class, he wanted their professor's fate to be clear. Satisfied with his presentation, Michael returned to Jacobs, dragging the much smaller horse across the room before lifting him off the ground and slamming him against the wall for good measure.

Professor Jacobs grimaced, glaring at Michael. "You insolent punk I swear I'll..."

Michael muffled the horse's complaints by shoving his head in his mouth, greedily swallowing his former professor up to his neck. Jacobs squirmed and tried to break free, but Michael simply leaned into him, pinning him to the wall with a gut so big it practically engulfed him. The size difference between the two was fairly dramatic, with Michael being both a foot taller and well over twice as heavy as Jacobs, allowing the pred to utterly dominate his prey. Eating a professor was something Michael had always wanted to do, the sort of accomplishment he'd be able to gloat about for the rest of his life. The fact that he would be eating a professor for a passing grade was just a delightful bonus.

Bound, stunned, and faced with a pred far larger than him, there was little professor Jacobs could do but kick and curse from within Michael's throat as his body was swallowed with frightening speed. He knew there was practically no chance of escaping his fate, experience taught him that plain and simple. Anyone who stumbled across the pair would back off, not intervene, and being stripped

down to his boxers meant having no way to contact help or force himself free. While many would have given in to the sorrow of facing death, Jacobs turned to anger. Everything had been going so well, but now he was about to be ended by a disgruntled student who had likely skipped class out of laziness far more often than gluttony. Of course there was also the matter of the professor who'd encouraged the hyena's ambush. Even if a friend bothered to avenge him and consume the student, that mystery professor would likely never be linked to the incident.

With practiced ease Michael continued gulping down his meal, sliding the horse up the wall with his paws while his belly kept him in place. The hyena loved eating smaller prey. He loved how effortless it was to carry them around, how he could walk and swallow them at the same time if the situation required, how he had no trouble going about his business once they settled in his stomach. Their low calorie-content also meant Michael could eat others far more regularly than if he was gorging on every fat fur he came across. To a certain extent, he had trouble imagining lightweights as anything *but* food. Micheal had felt that way since he first starting eating others, when his weight ballooned to the point where few realized he and his brother Raf were identical twins.

He remembered with fondness the day back in high school when he'd almost managed to digest his thinner twin, the day he'd stopped considering Raf family and started seeing him as food. Unfortunately Raf had managed to bulk up a fair bit after surviving the consumption attempt, making him slightly less of a priority in Michael's mind. His twin was merely an annoyance now, someone he put up with at holiday gatherings and mocked on the rare occasions they ran into each other on campus. He knew Raf would end up in his stomach again someday, though. After all, having a prey escape was a sour mark on his predatory record.

Jacobs' head pushed into the stomach, and the horse had just enough time to gag at the horrible smell of digesting food before the next swallow drove him headfirst into the muck. His squirms immediately increased. Guessing his meal's predicament, Michael briefly slowed down his gulps, enjoying every second of the professor's struggles to breathe. The fun was kept brief, though, as Michael was intent on Jacobs being conscious for as much of the digestion process as possible. A few more swallows slid Jacobs along the bottom of the stomach and out of the terrible mess. He yelled in a rage, slamming his now fully swallowed paws into the sides of his flesh prison and cursing out the hyena more. The wet sludge coating his muzzle stung slightly, and he could feel more digestive juices oozing in to aid in the process of breaking him down.

Michael finally stepped away from the wall, taking a moment to admire how much wider Jacobs had already made his gut. The thick layers of fat covering his belly softened the shifting bulges and muffled the yelling considerably. Just the way Michael liked it. Jacobs was food, and proper food shouldn't be recognizable at a glance while in your stomach, or be heard as anything but gurgles and sloshes. Sure, the sheer size of his middle would give away what he'd eaten, but with his ultra-stretchy predwear shirt still covering most of it any onlookers would second-guess the assumption. Even more-so in a few hours once his stomach had broken the professor down a bit.

Looking at the clock, Michael realized he needed to hurry up his fun so he could avoid being seen by too many witnesses. While eating a professor was definitely a proud accomplishment, the university's faculty tended to frown upon student's preying on them, and most would jump at the opportunity to make an example of him. The fewer who knew about his involvement, the better. Michael opened his mouth wide and took the deepest swallows he could manage, gulping down what remained of the flailing legs of professor Jacobs. His belly pushed out a few inches more and lurched as the horse was fully contained within, before bouncing wildly as Jacobs took his frustrations out as best he could.

Michael grinned and gave his bulging gut a hard slap, holding back the urge to belch. He wanted to make sure Jacobs had more than enough "fresh" air. The professor's yells and insults were already being noticeably interrupted by pained yelps as digestive juices filled more and more of the stomach, stinging his flesh. Triumphant, Michael waddled to the classroom door, belly swaying.

Something bumped right into his middle the moment he exited, and a surprised squeak alerted Michael to a tubby otter now nervously backing away.

Zeke was shaking. The strangely familiar hyena leaving his next class was massive, and the odd bumps and movement in his middle proved without a shadow of a doubt he'd eaten someone. Someone now screaming in pain. His heart was racing despite knowing the pred was more than likely full, thoughts of being grabbed and forced down the hyena's throat invading his mind.

Michael had to resist laughing at the terrified otter. Had he been slim, Michael probably would have eaten him too just for fun, but dealing with such a fatty meal just wasn't appealing to him. "It's your lucky day, class is canceled." He gave his belly a hefty shake with both paws, splashing stomach acids all over Jacobs and provoking even louder pained yells.

The meaning of the hyena's words were clear to Zeke right away. His eyes began watering, now aware that Professor Jacobs was the one being digested alive in the pred's stomach. Jacobs had been one of the kindest teachers Zeke had ever had, always treating him as a pupil rather than a potential meal. He'd actually felt somewhat safe in Jacobs' class, too. Soon he'd just be an anonymous layer of fat on an obese student's waistline, an extra jiggle in the hyena's step. Zeke turned and ran.

"Oh man that never gets old," Michael chuckled, his gut shaking violently. He might not have been able to gorge on the otter, but at least he was able to terrorize him a little, which was rewarding by itself. Hopefully the other student would be too scared to remember any details about the pred who'd eaten professor Jacobs, at least until Michael could find a suitable scapegoat to frame for the deed. Besides, if he ever felt the otter was a threat, he could have him dealt with fairly easily. Quite a few of his friends would jump at the chance to stuff themselves with such a blubbery meal. Michael smiled as he felt Jacobs thrash about within his gut, desperately trying to avoid the roiling lake of digestive juices and begging for mercy in between screams. The week was turning out to be a wonderful one.