

Professor Raf's Snack

By: IndigoRho

Sporadic snores interrupted the silence of an empty classroom, coming from an obese hyena passed out in his chair. Professor Raf was one of the many math teachers at Columbia State University, and the exhausted hyena had taken an unintentional nap after finishing up a late night class. The buttons of his suit creaked with every deep breath, seemingly always on the verge of popping off thanks to the professor's tendency towards overindulgence. Though Raf wasn't fond of his size, all attempts to lose weight had failed for various reasons, a constant source of frustration. His eating habits were the least of his worries that night, however.

Just outside the classroom—peeking in through the glass window on the door—was a plump zebra named Travis. He was one of Raf's students, and by sheer coincidence had spotted his snoozing professor while heading back to his dorm. Travis hadn't put much effort into his math studies, and couldn't resist the chance to take a few embarrassing pictures of his teacher for potential blackmail use later on, or at least some kind of petty vengeance if anything. The zebra stealthily entered the classroom and approached Raf, thankful the hyena was apparently a deep sleeper. Before he could take a single picture, though, he spotted the professor's bag lying on the desk nearby.

Suddenly Travis had a much better idea for passing the class. There was a good chance Raf had some learning plans on him, maybe even the answer keys to upcoming quizzes. Either could save his grade, ensuring he never had to deal with another dumb math class the rest of his college career. Beaming at his unexpected luck, Travis leaned over the sleeping professor to reach his potential salvation, his sense of caution gone. The bag proved to be a little bit further than he'd thought, and the zebra's attempt to inch closer caused him to lose his footing and fall right onto the blubbery belly of Raf.

Travis gasped in horror as he found his hooves pressing deep into the hyena's soft, pudgy gut, his muzzle inches away from Raf's own. Raf snorted and let out a small belch on impact, but somehow didn't wake. His nose twitched as a familiar, delightful smell drifted into his nostrils, the hyena's stomach letting out a low rumble and a faint grin forming on his usually sour face. Travis was still trying to think of the safest way to push away from his professor when Raf's mouth lazily opened wide and clamped tightly over the student's muzzle. The zebra's eyes widened before a second gulp sucked in most of his head, suddenly finding himself in serious danger.

Still sound asleep, Professor Raf began to gulp down his surprise snack, paws clumsily wrapping around the zebra and holding him in place. Travis swiftly panicked as his head was pulled further into his professor's gullet, failing to grab a firm hold of anything before his shoulders slipped past the hyena's jaws. The gulps became almost rhythmic, instinctive, Travis' squirms doing nothing to slow his horrible descent. He tried yelling for help, hoping to wake the sleep-eating hyena, but the tight confines of the throat hindered and muffled his voice. Raf gnawed on Travis' round middle once he took in the prize, the zebra whimpering as he started to enter the stomach itself.

Raf's already sizable belly was swelling with every swallow, the buttons of his suit jacket tearing off one-by-one as they succumbed to his gluttony. His undershirt rode up, completely exposing his bouncing tan middle. Nothing Travis did phased his teacher, and Raf even seemed to be eating faster as time passed. Eventually his jaws were closing around the zebra's hooves, a final gulp emptying Travis into his bulging gut with a considerable wobble. Travis continued to struggle and shout as he pushed against the slick stomach walls, his efforts only forcing a few more belches from Raf. Little by little his air supply was depleted, the zebra deliriously nudging at his prison as he tried to understand how things had gone so horribly wrong. In the end he passed out as well, Raf's stomach slowly working to churn him away.

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A few hours later Professor Raf finally stirred in his sleep, the hyena yawning and slowly opening his eyes. As his sight adjusted he groaned and attempted to readjust himself in his chair, confused when he felt far heavier than usual. He let out a string of curses once he inevitably looked down at his massive belly. Raf prodded his middle with both paws, wincing as he felt something solid sloshing within. There was no doubt in the frustrated hyena's mind as to *what* he was digesting, though the who and why were utterly beyond his understanding.

His struggle with his weight was distressingly well-known amongst his students, and Raf wondered if a few of the more obnoxious ones had stumbled upon him napping and force-fed him a fellow classmate as a prank. Then again, in the past they'd usually done that while he was awake in order to taunt him. There was always a chance someone had *willingly* fed themselves to the hyena—though such incidences were far too rare to be realistic. In the end, the reason didn't really matter, only the annoying pounds of flab he'd be gaining. Raf grumbled over his misfortune, then carefully hefted himself out of the chair, belly swaying as he did so. He quickly grabbed his bag and waddled out the door, cursing again when his gut nearly got wedged in the frame. Hopefully he wouldn't be spotted by *too* many students on the walk home across campus...