

Filling Extra Credit

By: IndigoRho

Professor Rho Taliesin stood at the front of a nearly empty classroom. The orange-striped zebra was leaning against his desk, subtly showing off his round middle contained within a vest and dress shirt. He smiled as he looked out upon his audience of three students, each purposely spaced out amidst the multiple rows rather than being clumped together. Their expressions ranged from apathetic to nervous.

At the very front was Len, a plump lion who tended to favor the back row when class was actually in session. Professor Taliesin was convinced Len had only taken the Science Fiction Literature class because he'd assumed it'd be easy. Constantly waddling in late with a peer swaying in his bulging gut and napping rather than taking part in discussions had certainly played a role in his crumbling grade. Rho couldn't blame the lion for indulging on delicious classmates—he'd done so frequently during his own college years. It was unfortunate Len did so at the expense of his education, though.

A few rows behind Len was a hyena, Sam. He'd been in Professor Taliesin's classes before, always just coasting by on minimum effort. Rho had known the attitude would catch up with him eventually, so he wasn't surprised he'd jumped at a chance for extra credit after doing poorly on the last exam.

In the last row was Scott, an impatient crocodile. Unlike the other two, Scott seemed to actually try, though his efforts that semester had been in vain. A part of Professor Taliesin wished Scott had ignored the extra credit offer; the rest of him knew the student was now bound for something much, much better.

Rho cleared his throat. "Alright, you are the only three who accepted my offer for extra credit." *They were also the only three he'd contacted, though they didn't need to know that.* "Just consider this a private lesson."

The Professor's chuckle was met by silence.

"Now I'm sure you're all wondering what the extra credit will entail, but I assure you it's all rather simple." Rho moved from the desk and started to pace in front of the room, belly gently jiggling with every step. His stomach was growling loudly, but if Len heard it he didn't show any concern. *Excellent.*

"You'll all be watching a classic science-fiction movie—*Giants of Jupiter*—and writing an essay on how you feel it influenced any of the other works we've read in class."

None of the three appeared practically enthused about the assignment. Concern would keep them focused on the movie instead of their surroundings, hopefully.

After a few quick, clarifying questions Professor Taliesin turned out the lights and activated a projector to play the movie. The students winced a little at the sudden onslaught of questionable-quality sound as an orchestral piece boomed over opening credits. Rho knew the movie was filled with blaring music and equally-loud dialogue, which was exactly why he'd chosen it. Why he chose it every time he decided to give out "extra credit". It always disguised his gluttony perfectly.

Rho—like the vast majority of professors at Columbia State University—was voracious. He regularly gluttoned on students, turning them into the delightfully soft layers of fat that made up his belly, butt, and face. While the zebra wasn't particularly picky about his live meals, he did have a preference towards naturally predatory species—such as the lion, hyena, and crocodile he'd gathered that day. The fact they were all underperformers was an added bonus.

With the students distracted by the movie they all thought was key to saving their grades, Professor Taliesin went to work "dropping" them from his class altogether. He quietly made his way to the back of the room under cover of darkness, licking his lips as he closed in on Scott.

The crocodile was already obsessively taking notes, most of which were undoubtedly unnecessary. *Scott you really should've gotten a tutor like I suggested, but you were so paranoid about*

them trying to eat you after one bad experience with a lab partner Freshman year. Now you're going to become zebra pudge instead. Oh well.

Hunger soon overrode any lingering regret, and Professor Taliesin gave the crocodile a firm tap on the shoulder once he was standing beside him. Scott turned in surprise, just in time to see his professor's open maw lunging towards him.

In a flash Professor Taliesin had managed to swallow most of Scott's snout, preventing the student from shouting for help. Scott thrashed about in his chair and frantically pushed at his unexpected attacker, but Rho had a clear weight advantage over the rather lean crocodile. With a bit of effort Scott's arms were secured, the creaking of his chair and stomping of his claws drowned out by the movie's first over-dramatic scene.

Scott's eyes were wide as Professor Taliesin's jaws stretched over the rest of his head, plunging him into darkness. He didn't have much experience fighting off predators, and being trapped in a chair made fighting back difficult. He whimpered and writhed as the slick walls of Rho's gullet slathered him with saliva and pulled him in deeper. Every gulp brought the crocodile closer and closer to doom, gradually crushing his hopes for survival.

The collars of Professor Taliesin's vest and dress shirt simultaneously strained as the bulge of his first course traveled down his neck. One-by-one the snap buttons disconnected, exposing the Professor's belly as it ballooned outward while not destroying the clothes themselves. Having to replace his outfit every time he indulged a little would've been a waste.

While most of his attention was on his meal, Rho made sure to throw a glance the other students' way on occasion to make sure they hadn't become aware of their future fate. Luckily the sounds of Scott's consumption were nothing compared to the movie itself.

With Scott almost half-way consumed, Professor Taliesin pulled him off the chair and carefully arched his head upwards as he continued swallowing. The imprints of Scott's claws and snout were vaguely visible on Rho's middle, the crocodile pounding against the walls of his dark prison out of sheer desperation. Professor Taliesin could *feel* the vibrations of Scott's shouts within him, but aside from that they were completely muffled by everything else.

Despite escape being almost impossible at that point Scott kept fighting bitterly, refusing to willingly be treated like food. His fidgeting managed to make Professor Taliesin stumble a bit but didn't truly inconvenience the zebra; he'd eaten *far* stronger students than Scott in the past.

Professor Taliesin had to consciously resist the urge to moan as he felt his belly stretch and expand, a lone hoof creeping down to grope the bouncing mass. The sensation of getting bigger had always been one of the main allures to eating others for him. He'd often gluttoned due to that desire rather than actual hunger, stuffing himself silly with multiple prey, immobile. Their calories were the reason he was rarely below three hundred pounds.

As Scott's claws slipped past Professor Taliesin's lips he was curled into an uncomfortable ball, his face pressed right into the stomach walls. He tried flailing his tail wildly but Rho kept a solid grip on it, denying him one last opportunity to alert the others. Not that he was convinced they'd have interfered if they'd noticed. In all likelihood they would've either fled or kept their distance as they waited to see if their professor was still hungry.

Inevitably Scott's tail vanished from sight as well, the crocodile reduced to a rowdy bulge in Professor Taliesin's belly. The zebra stifled a potentially thunderous belch, then began to massage his gut with both hooves, blushing in glee. Scott still had quite a bit of fight left in him, but all that'd amount to was an internal massage as far as Rho was concerned. No student had ever escaped his stomach without his permission.

The Professor relaxed for a couple minutes as he waited for his first course to tire some. He doubted Sam would be an issue, but caution never hurt. Soon he was waddling back down the aisle and towards the unsuspecting hyena, greedily rubbing his squirming gut the whole way.

Even in the dark Professor Taliesin could tell Sam was bored. The hyena was only half-way

paying attention to the movie, rarely scribbling notes down and mainly staring down at his phone. Rho had debated eating Sam often in the past, just grabbing him in the middle of class and scarfing him down as a warning other slackers. While he was disappointed he wouldn't be handling Sam publicly, he didn't doubt that the hyena's sudden disappearance would be connected to him eventually, and that would be good enough.

Professor Taliesin waited for Sam to put his phone down, then spun his chair around till they were facing. Sam didn't even have time to gasp before Rho dropped his heavy gut on the hyena's lap, knocking the wind right out of the student. The chair groaned in protest as Rho leaned in with his whole weight, the movie once again disguising his acts.

Sam wiggled violently in place, slowly guessing who was in his professor's belly as he grew dizzy from the lack of oxygen. A hoof clamped tight around his muzzle prevented him from crying out. His struggles weakened and his eyes drifted, until finally Sam's head dipped backwards and to the side, the student barely conscious.

Rho took a step back, his future meal coughing as the weight was removed from his chest. He didn't have to rush like with Scott, allowing him to swallow the hyena's head in a single, long gulp. Sam was limp aside from infrequent, instinctive squirms. There was no fresh air in the Professor's warm throat, denying him a chance to recuperate as he was easily slurped down. When he pushed into the stomach Scott tried pushing back at him, but he lacked the strength to do anything aside from slow his descent.

Consuming Sam caused Professor Taliesin's gut to swell further, a lumpy white mass that was quickly becoming too wide to fit through most doorways. Its weight threatened to pull him down, but through experience he knew how to brace himself to remain standing. Sam was still thoroughly dazed when Rho's jaws closed around his footpaws.

With two courses Professor Taliesin had managed to eat his body weight in students. Usually the zebra would've been content with such a feast, ready to lay down and sleep off his meal, but he was feeling especially gluttonous. Len still remained, and now more than ever Professor Taliesin saw the doughy lion as an overindulgent dessert just begging to be eaten.

Professor Taliesin lumbered towards the last student, muffling belches the entire way as he slowly approached Len. Scott's struggles had almost faded completely, even as the pool of digestive juices in Rho's stomach deepened. The addition of a third course would likely end those squirms altogether.

A wide grin grew upon Professor Taliesin's face as he got closer to Len. Against all odds the lion had somehow passed out, snoring lightly as the movie fought in vain to wake him. He'd written *something* down before the impromptu nap, though the Professor wondered if it had anything to do with the movie.

Rho gently turned Len's chair around till the lion's footpaws were facing outward; the student didn't stir in the slightest. Slowly the Professor lowered himself to the floor, rolling atop his bloated belly as if it were a bean bag chair. With a smile he grabbed Len's ankles and shoved them into his mouth, then swallowed.

Slow gulp after slow gulp caused Len to gradually disappear down Professor Taliesin's throat. The lion continued to sleep, blissfully unaware he was being eaten even as his knees passed his professor's lips. Rho guided Len's paws into his mouth, ensuring the lion would be powerless when he finally woke. The sensation of stretched jaws sliding over his butt and gut was what it took to shatter his slumber.

When Len's eyes snapped open he simply stared, obviously confused by the sight of Professor Taliesin's muzzle inching upwards. He wiggled, weakly at first but then with increasing aggression as the reality of the situation sunk in. All at once Len was twisting and turning, a sheer look of horror upon his face.

"N-no! Let me go, let me go!" Len shouted.

Len's struggles were erratic, desperate. He wasn't used to being in such a position of weakness. He was someone who'd always preyed upon those smaller than him, people he'd been able to ambush and gulp down without a fight. The idea of being eaten himself was unfathomable, perhaps a joke amongst friends at best but nothing ever seriously considered. Just having the tables turned on him was almost as devastating as the fact he was in danger of being digested alive.

"Please! Plee-ee-ease don't do this!" Len whimpered as his belly was swallowed, his footpaws pressing hard into something squishy, something moving.

Professor Taliesin ignored the begging. Showing mercy to a meal was a good way to end up as one yourself, and there were no doubts in Rho's mind that Len would seek revenge if allowed to go free. He didn't hold anything personally against the lion—he had the feeling they'd have been friends had they been peers—but the need to add Len's mass to his own was strong.

The Professor's immense belly spread across the floor as Len was swallowed. He gave the lion's round cheeks a teasing squeeze before placing his hooves on Len's head and pushing, eager to finish his meal.

"I'm not food, I'm not food, I'm not—*mmmph!*"

Len's frantic pleas were finally silenced, a few more swallows cramming him securely inside Professor Taliesin's stomach along with his two classmates.

Professor Taliesin let out a euphoric sigh of relief, followed by a rumbling burp he did nothing to hide. He was beached atop his gut, hooves unable to even scrape the floor. Len was shifting within, but the lion lacked the space to properly struggle and was already feeling the sting of stomach acids. Fortunately for him Rho didn't toy with his meals, and Len would be long passed out before he started to churn away.

Inside the Professor were close to six hundred pounds of pupil, which he guessed would be digested into at least a hundred pounds of zebra fat. Professor Taliesin's gains would be impossible to ignore when he waddled into class after the weekend—as would the absence of three whole students. There wouldn't be any proof Rho was the one who'd eaten Scott, Sam, and Len, just assumptions and speculation. Even those who assumed all three had ended up on the Professor's waistline wouldn't know why. Everyone would put in more effort as a result, though. They always did.

Rho's tail swatted about in celebration of the feast, the zebra feeling the inevitable food coma approaching. As he drifted off his thoughts went to the names of other students he felt would make a great addition to his gut. Such a shame he'd have to slim down a bit before he ate them too...