

Motivating the Class

By: IndigoRho

"Times up!" Please pass your papers to the left, the TA will be along shortly to collect them."

There were a few groans and sighs amongst the students in the college chemistry class, though not a distressing amount as far as the Professor was concerned. Professor Fisher smiled cheerfully as he scanned the room, the heavyset black bear trying to guess how certain students had performed based on their expressions. They'd all known the quiz was going to take place that day, and Fisher had designed it to match his lectures. Anyone paying proper attention in class and taking notes should've been able to pass. He knew there'd be exceptions, though, which only made him grin wider.

The TA gathered up all of the quizzes and brought them to a desk, where he immediately began to grade them. Few students noticed the odd urgency in the grading; usually they didn't get them back until the following day. There would be many surprises that day, and Professor Fisher eagerly awaited them all.

For a brief while class continued normally, the Professor casually pacing down the aisles as he taught. He felt his presence discouraged laziness, ensuring students wouldn't try to favor the back rows so they could play games or text. The TA—having apparently finished grading—hurried over to Fisher and showed him a piece of paper, which the bear skimmed before dismissing him.

Professor Fisher returned to the lecture, and the class quickly forgot about the odd interruption. When his meandering path brought him to a lean panther, he stopped.

"Now class, quiz scores this semester have been rather lackluster, I'm afraid," Professor Fisher said in a tone that didn't seem nearly as disappointed as it should have been. "To be fair I didn't make them a very significant portion of your grades, but that doesn't mean they shouldn't be taken seriously."

Most eyes were on the Professor, though some didn't seem concerned with the topic at hand.

"Fortunately I've come up with the perfect way to motivate everyone."

Without warning Professor Fisher grabbed a hold of the panther, pulling the surprised student right out of his seat and into the air. He wiggled in the bear's firm grip, confused until the moment Fisher opened his mouth wide. A terrified yelp was swiftly silenced as the Professor swallowed the cat's head and shoulders in a series of strong gulps.

A chill came over the classroom. Vore was commonplace—especially on campus—but the sight of someone getting swallowed whole seemingly at random was still unnerving to most. Even the active preds amongst the class found themselves nervously eying the bulge forming in their professor's neck, the bear's tie loosening in the process.

The size difference between the professor and student was considerable, and Fisher was well over twice as heavy as his squirming snack. The panther kicked and thrashed, but every swallow pulled him deeper into his professor, inhibiting his ability to fight back. Nothing short of an intervention was going to prevent him from ending up in the pit of the bear's massive stomach. He doubted anyone would dare try.

Professor Fisher's belly swelled slightly as the panther began to empty into it. His dress shirt had been designed to handle such indulgences, and barely showed any signs of strain, as if the student was a natural part of the bear's waistline. In a few hours he certainly would be.

It didn't take long for Professor Fisher to finish off the unfortunate student, the bear grinning as he slurped up the panther's tail and footpaws. He stifled a small belch as the panther settled into his gut, which wobbled side-to-side from the struggles within. The Professor's thick layers of fat muffled the trapped student's shouts, rendering them inaudible.

Now *all* eyes were on the Professor.

"I'd like to thank Miles here for being the first lucky example of my new policy." The bear gave his bulging belly a teasing shake, tossing around the panther. "He scored worst on the quiz, so now he's going to become bear pudge. He can try to escape, of course, and if he succeeds he's free to go. *If*."

“Alright, where—*uorrrrrrrrp*—were we?”

A moment later Professor Fisher jumped right back into teaching. The sounds of typing and writing were noticeably louder now, the Professor delighted to see his approach showing immediate results. He couldn't help but smile as he saw every student he passed staring at his shifting gut. Fisher was certain most were thankful Miles had done so poorly, or imagining themselves in the panther's situation had they studied just a little bit less. Tensions eased slightly after a while. The relief was premature.

Professor Fisher stopped in front of a zebra, Wesley. Miles' struggles had weakened slightly, either because the panther was exhausted or conserving his strength. Either way he'd be active again very soon.

“Oh yes, I neglected to mention there was a *tie* for the worst grade,” Fisher chuckled.

All too late Wesley realized he was closest to the Professor. He was a bit chubbier than Miles had been, but not enough to make a difference. Wesley kicked over his chair as he was lifted up and gulped down before he could manage much more than a couple frantic pleas.

In the dark confines of Professor Fisher's throat Wesley couldn't see or hear a thing. Saliva coated his face and warm breath pelted him the entire way down. When he was finally pulled into the stomach he gasped for air and nearly gagged, only to have slick paws push against him. Miles wasn't eager to share his prison with anyone, but his attempts to stop his classmate's descent were doomed from the start. He lacked the strength to counter Professor Fisher's hunger, and soon he was getting pinned between stomach wall and zebra, a slew of curses and whimpers escaping his lips.

The addition of Wesley made Professor Fisher's belly grow even rounder, black fur showing in between the gaps of his dress shirt. No buttons had burst but some were clearly strained, his shirt having ridden up a little to reveal a strip of lumpy gut. Professor Fisher did nothing to disguise his joy while eating the student, letting out muffled moans and rubbing his protesting middle. He didn't waste too much time on the meal, though, and soon Wesley was nothing more than a bulge.

Professor Fisher lifted his massive gut in both paws, then let it drop, burping loudly as it bounced about. He diligently swallowed some fresh air after, intent on keeping his underperformers around for the rest of the class.

“Looks like I'll need to start hitting the gym more often!” Fisher laughed, his middle jiggling. “I have to admit, though, I wouldn't mind someone a bit juicier failing next time.”

The bear's gaze drifted towards a number of the fatter students in class, each of whom were acutely aware they were being eyed up as food. One in particular was sporting a bloated gut of his own, a classmate he'd gobbled up earlier in the morning in the process of digestion. Suddenly he felt less like a successful pred and more like a stuffed delicacy.

As much as he enjoyed teasing his delicious-looking class, Professor Fisher still had a lecture to finish. He was waddling slower than before, his rowdy belly bumping into desks and students, even knocking over a folder or two as he passed. The shouts from within the bear were getting louder though still indistinguishable. They were also joined by rumbling *glrrrrrrrrrrks* and *grrrrrrrrrgles*, digestion obviously kicking in. Professor Fisher's belching became more frequent, but fresh air always replaced them.

After the surprise second meal none of the students were at ease. Whenever Professor Fisher lingered at a desk the student sitting in it would cower or scooch back. Only those directly facing the engorged bear were truly on guard, though.

Brandon the weasel knew the Professor was passing behind him just from the ominous churning sounds alone. He tried to distract himself from the uncomfortable noises, not realizing just how long they were remaining.

Professor Fisher abruptly stuck his gut out, shoving the weasel's chair and pinning him against his desk. There was a gasp as Brandon had the wind knocked out of him, the shifting belly practically enveloping him. He flailed, head spinning as he struggled to breath.

When Fisher stepped back Brandon collapsed atop his desk. The weasel wasn't unconscious but he wasn't in good shape, either, eyes aimless. He twitched as he was lifted up, his paws and arms slurped up like noodles. Professor Fisher didn't have any difficulty consuming him at all.

The Professor's gut swelled out from beneath his dress shirt, rocking and sloshing and gurgling. He was impressed there was still movement within, though he doubted that would last once Brandon was added to the mix. Struggling was almost impossible in a crammed tight stomach, especially one actively trying to digest you.

As Brandon's footpaws slowly slipped from view Professor Fisher rested his enormous gut on the weasel's old desk, which creaked loudly under the weight. He was certain he could still waddle if necessary, but a rest was nice.

"A three-way—*braaaaaaaaaap*—tie by the—*uorrrrrrp*—way. Excuse me!" Professor Fisher apologized as he idly massaged his middle. "Either all of you are going to have to get better at escaping or I'll need to just randomly choose who gets eaten when ties occur, because otherwise I'll be too fat to fit through the door by semester's end!" He couldn't deny the thought was rather delightful.

The Professor took a glance at the clock, and realized only a few more minutes were left in class. The remaining students were likely relieved at that fact. He was just about to waddle his way back to the front when he felt an odd lump in the back of his throat. Fisher belched, then coughed. The coughing persisted, the bear thumping his belly hard as his eyes went wide. To the shock of the students a bulge began to rise up the Professor's throat, his cheeks puffing up big and round.

A thunderous *bwaaurrrrrrrrrrrrrrp* rattled the desks and chairs in the room, as someone came flying out of Professor Fisher's open mouth. The bear's stomach shrunk, wrapping tight around the remaining two prey as all the air within was purged. Fisher was left blushing, his glasses off-kilter.

On the floor below was Miles. The panther was twitching, gasping for fresh air not marred by a bear's stomach. He was completely soaked, his clothes covered in small holes from where stomach acids had chewed at him. He appeared just as surprised to be free as everyone else was.

At first Professor Fisher was silent, but then he smiled again, and laughed. "You managed to avoid becoming goop Miles, congratulations! Doesn't look like you'll have any company, though."

The bear gave his belly a jostle, no shifting occurring in response. The churning noises were louder than before, Wesley and Brandon clearly being broken down. By tomorrow they'd be fresh layers of fat on his belly. More classmates would join them later.

"And with that class is officially over for the day!" Professor Fisher bellowed, students hastily packing up, eager to leave before the bear decided to replace his lost third course.

Professor Fisher sighed contently as he watched them disperse. No doubt they'd study twice as hard as before just to avoid the fate of Wesley and Brandon. As an added benefit they might also be less likely to eat one another outside of class, as every missing student increased their odds of getting at themselves. He still wanted to teach, after all.

By the time the class had emptied Miles was just standing back up, the panther groggy and shaken. He cowered visibly when Professor Fisher waddled his way, gaze locked on the bear's bulging gut. He knew painfully well how close he'd come to having a permanent position on it. The fact he'd used Wesley as an island to stay above the rising digestive juices didn't bother him too much.

"You've got a second chance, Miles, so try not to waste it." Professor Fisher smiled. "But if you do, feel free to get a bit plumper beforehand. You'd taste even better with some extra padding here and there."

Miles nearly abandoned his backpack fleeing the classroom, laughter and belches echoing behind him...