

Canceling Class

By: IndigoRho

Professor Hayes groaned as he sluggishly stirred awake, his head aching. The orange-and-yellow snake opened his eyes a crack before immediately shutting them as the bright light blinded him. He tried moving his arms but discovered they wouldn't budge, and had no better luck with his legs. He could just barely tell he was laying on his belly, exposed scales pressing against a cold surface rather than his clothes. Hayes' memory was fuzzy. He remembered waking up still feeling full thanks to the blubbery student he'd gorged on the previous morning, remembered waddling to campus for his only class, remembered greeting his TA Rho and then suddenly...

"Oh hey, you're coming around. Good!"

The Professor's eyes shot open, Hayes enduring the brightness so he could regain his sight. He was on a desk—*his* desk—with Rho standing before him. The doughy orange-striped zebra was smiling down on him. When Hayes attempted to demand answers for his situation he found his mouth gagged by an apple. Worry hit him like a load of bricks.

"You would not *believe* how hard it was to lift you onto the desk Professor!" Rho chuckled. "I'm guessing you're, what, three hundred pounds at least on an empty stomach? And from all the sloshing you made I assume Russ hasn't completely settled onto your waistline yet?"

Professor Hayes' furious reply was muffled by the apple.

"Yeah, Russ was always causing problems, not surprised he continued being an issue even in digestion." Rho sighed, as if the conversation he was having was entirely normal. "Well you won't have to worry about him anymore soon. Or anyone for that matter.

Rho casually walked around the desk, admiring his handiwork. He'd stripped the Professor down to his boxers, the snake's clothes sitting on the chair nearby. Though it'd been a pain to get him up onto the desk after knocking him out, it'd make things much easier in the long run. He watched his Professor struggling, knowing he wasn't likely to break his restraints. Hayes was entirely at his mercy.

"We're about the same size, right?" Rho asked as he picked the Professor's pants up, then started to put them on. "I mean I was barely over two hundred pounds when I became your TA, but it's pretty easy to blimp up with students being so fattening lately. Not that I mind the weight, it's actually rather nice. Of course you were rather keen on me getting fatter, too."

The struggles of the Professor on the table ceased for a brief moment, realization hitting him.

"I wasn't the slightest bit suspicious when you had me eat most of the troublemakers in class. I just assumed you wanted to retain some mobility, or not have to lose a day or two digesting students when you needed to be preparing lessons," Rho's smile faded some, but eventually returned as he put on his stolen dress shirt. "It's really disappointing discovering that the professor who's been so generous to you has actually been fattening you up for an end of semester feast."

Professor Hayes was silent, not that he could really say much. He'd been so careful, and his previous TAs had never found out about his deception until the moment they were sliding down his throat. *What had gone wrong?*

"Ah, I see the wheels are spinning in your head. Do you remember a month back, when you passed out after eating Darren while we were grading papers?" Rho let the Professor think on it, grabbing the suit jacket. "I went to grab some from your pile after I'd finished all of mine, and by sheer chance I noticed your email was up on your monitor. There was a message with my name on it and I couldn't resist looking. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered it was all about how juicy and fat I'd become, and you encouraging Professor Hall to consider treating his own TAs as meals, too."

The bound snake tried speaking again, his muffled voice filled with panic. Whatever excuses he was making would go unheard.

"I was angry at first, but once I started looking at you as a potential meal rather than a mentor I actually got rather excited," Rho said. "I continued to play the role of a model TA, waiting for the

perfect moment to catch you off-guard and well...you can probably guess what's gonna happen next.”

Rho had completely changed into his Professor's outfit, which fit even better than expected. It was a wonderful suit, made with at least some expandex so it could stretch to handle a belly swollen with prey. The zebra had always dreamed of having such a fancy outfit to gorge in, and getting one for free was delightful.

“I've never actually had the chance to indulge on snake before, but I'm sure you won't disappoint me—this time.” Rho squeezed Hayes' soft sides, teasing and prodding his doomed professor.

The zebra lowered himself onto the chair and rolled right up to the desk, licking his chops as he stared at the feast before him. Professor Hayes' eyes widened as Rho opened his mouth and leaned in. The last clear thing he saw was the back of Rho's throat before his head was engulfed. Hayes' thrashed as best he could as he was slowly pulled into the zebra's maw, jaws stretching around his shoulders with ease. His smooth scales made the journey through Rho's gullet a swift one, copious amounts of saliva ensuring he practically glided into the stomach.

Rho was pleasantly surprised by the taste, which didn't have the lingering remnants of shampoo like most furred prey. In ideal conditions he would probably have basted the Professor, something he would need to keep in mind for future snake snacks. Professor Hayes was squirming wildly within him, Rho basking in every little struggle.

As Hayes began to empty into Rho's stomach the zebra's belly ballooned outward, dress shirt expanding alongside it. Rho snuck a hoof to his middle in between gulps, rubbing and kneading and groping it with glee. The attention only made the Professor wiggle more.

The consumption of Professor Hayes was steady, Rho savoring him just enough to sate his desires. It wouldn't do him any good if someone were to happen by and interfere, after all. Rho did linger on the snake's belly, which was a sizable mass of scaled blubber that felt incredible slipping past his jaws. He'd always preferred heftier meals.

Rho's chair groaned beneath him as he added more and more of Professor Hayes to his waistline. His gut had spilled over his lap, wobbling about as the snake crammed within it fought to stay above stagnant digestive juices. Most prey would at least have their arms free to help maneuver around in a dark stomach, but Hayes was denied even that. His stay would be a very uncomfortable one.

The snake's claws slipped from view, leaving only his flailing tail out in the open. Rho greedily began to slurp it up as if it were a noodle, shaking his belly with both hooves as he did. An exaggerated, content sigh left his lips the moment he finished swallowing Hayes.

The buttons on Rho's stolen shirt were vaguely strained, his bulging belly partially exposed. His chair creaked constantly, especially when Rho lifted his legs up and rested his hooves on the desk. He was utterly stuffed and in bliss. For a solid minute he just rubbed his gut and moaned, letting out the occasional *uoorrp* and *braaap*. He swallowed *some* fresh air after each, but not enough to fully replenish that which was lost. Slowly his stomach was tightening around the trapped professor.

“This is actually making me want to be a professor even more,” Rho cheerfully said as he leaned back in the chair, belly bouncing. “Great outfit, comfy chair, all the fattening students I can eat. What a shame you messed up a good gig so carelessly~”

Rho's middle was settling down some, Professor Hayes growing exhausted from the lack of air.

The classroom door suddenly opening drew Rho's attention instantly, though his nerves calmed once he recognized the new arrival. A lean crocodile was frozen in place, gaze locked upon Rho's massive belly. It didn't take him long to realize what had happened.

“Ah, you're here—*urrrrrrrrrrp*—early Oscar!” Rho greeted the student as if nothing were amiss. “I'm afraid class has been canceled rather—*bwaaurrrrp*—rather last minute due to some faculty changes. I'll see you again on Wednesday, though.”

The toothy grin Rho gave Oscar was enough to cause the crocodile to practically bolt from the room. Rho fished out his phone and started typing up a quick text to send out to the rest of the class,

which would hopefully reach most of them before they stumbled in unexpectedly. As he hit the “send” button his stomach produced a long *glrrrrrrrrrk*, Rho officially inheriting Professor Hayes' class...