

Fattening the Faculty Part I

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To put things bluntly, Professor Trevor Hall was having a shitty day. Most of his morning class had obviously not read their assigned materials, his car had somehow gotten towed while he was teaching, and of course his lunch had been in the back. The overweight tiger was frustrated and hungry—a bad combo for someone who enjoyed eating others—and he still had to deal with an unexpected meeting with the university's literary journal he supervised. Only then could he retrieve his unjustly impounded vehicle and finally find something to eat; he was suddenly in the mood for tow-truck driver. As Hall made his way through the massive central library of Columbia State University his gaze drifted from one plump student to the other, stomach rumbling and mouth watering as he resisted the urge to scarf one of them down quickly. Fortunately for his unaware prey he didn't want to juggle a squirming gut while handling journal business.

After what felt like an eternity Hall finally reached the study room at the end of his tempting trek. While the student staff of the journal had never met at the library, Hall was too irritated to dwell much on the odd inconsistency. When he pushed open the double-doors, though, he found himself staring at two strangers. They were students, seated at a central table strewn with open books, and they appeared as confused by the Professor's presence as he was their's. In the back was a lithe husky, his fluffy fur jutting from the collar of his shirt and giving him the illusion of having the slightest bit of bulk. The tiger to his right, on the other hand, was legitimately doughy, his purple and gold hoodie only managing to accentuate his weight. Hall's ogling was obvious enough to unnerve the students, especially the tiger who could feel he was being sized up.

For a moment Professor Hall assumed he'd wandered into the wrong room on accident, but a swift glance confirmed the location was correct. His stressed mind demanded answers, and by chance he recognized one of the Roman history textbooks amongst the pile on the table; he'd frequently found them in the belongings of certain, carefully selected prey. *Kale Ellison*. The deer professor had been his fierce rival since their own days as college students, and while they rarely tried to do each other in they *did* often target their students. In the heat of the moment Hall created a convoluted conspiracy blaming Kale for every minor and major hassle he'd dealt with that day, including sending a false message about a non-existent meeting on the far end of campus. Nothing short of disproportionate vengeance could satisfy the ticked-off tiger, the professor deciding he'd just found lunch.

With a sinister gleam in his eyes he closed the doors behind him. Utilizing years of predation experience Hall formulated a plan almost on instinct. His prey were nervous despite outnumbering him, which implied they weren't active preds, but the odds of taking them both were slim. He didn't have anything to incapacitate either with, so focusing on one and hoping the other bolted seemed like his best bet; after all, the sight of someone getting eaten alive was often enough to cause a panicked bystander to abandon even a close friend if they believed it'd help them live to see another day. Tigers were the Professor's absolute favorite food and he preferred prey meatier, meaning his choice was made up from the get-go.

“Seems like Kale used you as a calling card for his bullshit,” Professor Hall grinned as he prowled towards his intended meal. “No hard feelings but I'm hungry and an example needs to be made!”

The hapless tiger reacted far too late to the professor rushing his way, stumbling backwards out of his chair just in time for a heavy paw to tightly grip his arm. He managed one strong tug trying to escape before the voracious professor spun him around and practically slammed him into a wall, knocking the wind right out of him and prompting a pained yelp. The husky had only made it a couple feet from his seat in that period, and froze as he realized his friend was caught. There was a brief moment of hesitation as he saw the tiger staring at him in terror, and then he did the unthinkable: he tried to save him. Hall had just engulfed his meal's head when he felt something smash into his side

with barely enough force to make his gut wobble.

A second, weaker strike succeeded in pissing the Professor off enough to act. With one arm still firmly on the tiger Hall drove his other elbow hard into the husky sending him straight into the table's edge and onto the floor, buying him precious time to continue eating. Though his prey was struggling he wasn't struggling smart, his wild kicks and wiggling doing little to slow Hall down. Soon the Professor's jaws were stretching around his meal's shoulders, the bland taste of wool making him grimace. In an ideal world he'd have had the luxury of stripping down the student and indulging in his savory pudge, but such situations were rare. Winter wasn't doing him any favors, either, ensuring his unwilling food source was often clad in difficult-to-tear layers. The sensation of a full, wiggling stomach was still more than worth the effort, though.

As the husky writhed on the floor in pain, his unfortunate friend was being pulled deeper and deeper into a pit of no return. He was suffering a full-blown panic attack, his breathing strained as saliva soaked his face. The student had no clue *who* his attacker was, let alone why they were so intent on eating him, and the thought of being digested was understandably traumatizing. His attempts to fight back were failing and he knew he was gulps away from being doomed. Worst of all he was convinced the husky had abandoned him outright, unaware he'd actually done the opposite. With a sickening *glrrrk* his whole head slid into the Professor's stomach, provoking a gasp for air he immediately regretted. The smell within the fleshy prison was rancid and inescapable. Being upside down didn't help, especially once he felt his paws leave the safety of the ground.

Professor Hall's grip had shifted down to his meal's hips as he greedily swallowed the doughy middle of his feast, gently chewing in order to feel the softness more vividly. His own belly was swelling out with every swallow, stretching his expandex sweater vest and swaying as lunch protested its unfortunate destiny. Long moans escaped his lips as he continued gorging, in pure bliss as he gradually sealed another living being away in his bulging gut. He'd always loved the inherent power in turning someone else into food against their will, deciding they'd be of better use sustaining his hefty body than enjoying a happy, free life. As soon as the tiger's bubble butt slipped into his maw he was as good as flab. Overcoming both gravity and the powerful muscles of the throat was essentially impossible and anyone attempting to pull him out by force would be facing an almost herculean task, more likely to become a second course than save him.

The Professor's meal was painfully aware of that face, despite having nearly zero experience eating others himself. With his face pressed against the slick stomach walls and his legs kicking weakly he broke down, reduced to a terrified mess with no hope of properly resisting anymore. Realizing the tiger was beat, Hall turned his attention to the husky he'd shrugged off earlier. Though sore, the student had recovered, but his bravery was crushed as he looked up to see his friend was now mostly a squirming bulge in the older tiger's belly. Overwhelmed by fear and a shameful sense of self-preservation, the husky frantically crawled across the floor in an effort to escape the predator. His panic proved he was an easy meal.

Still slurping up the legs of his main course, Professor Hall lumbered after his second, dead-set on overindulging. He dove to his knees and rolled atop his gut in one swift motion, ignoring the discomfort and muffled grunts of his prey as he lunged. The husky cried out in dismay as he fell on his snout trying to stand, a determined paw clinging to his ankle. Falling again had dazed the student, giving his attacker a few precious extra seconds to reaffirm his grip and begin eating. Unappetizing sneakers from both prey were callously torn off and tossed aside, and Hall hadn't even completely finished swallowing the tiger's twitching footpaws before shoving the husky's right in to join them. Warm breath and saliva pelted the husky's toes as he felt himself dragged backwards. He whined and dug his claws into the carpet, but couldn't maintain enough of a grip to reverse his course. Faced with the very real prospect of being digested, he grew increasingly desperate, wishing he'd just run and abandoned his friend. Maybe he could've gotten back-up or a weapon; at the very least he would've lived.

For most, consuming a single live meal was exhausting, a strain on the jaws and throat, not to mention the stomach. Active, experienced preds, on the other hand, were a very different beast. Hall had spent his youth gorging on peers and strangers alike, rarely missing an opportunity to eat two—even three people at once. Getting a career hadn't slowed his predation much, so he had more than enough energy left over to tackle the lean canine. Swallowing the considerably fatter tiger first had stretched out his gullet and loosened his joints, easing the terrified husky's passage into oblivion. The student begged for mercy with only the slightest bit of coherency, unable to overpower the pred who was gulping down his legs with frightening speed. Writhing and thrashing failed, his eyes locked on the doors that were slowly drifting further and further away, all hope lost.

Deep within Hall's belly the tiger's struggles intensified as he realized he was getting company, and even in the oppressive darkness he had a good idea as to their identity. He groaned and whimpered, pressed hard between the bulky professor's body and the ground, feeling like he was being compressed. Back on the outside, Professor Hall chuckled as his lumpy middle continued to grow, his whole body swaying from the commotion inside. Glutting on two of his rival's pupils had certainly improved his spirits—and likely spared someone at the towing company from becoming tiger pudge. Hopefully the duo were promising students, a catch worthy of gloating about in an angry text to Kale, though it was doubtful the deer would've sacrificed anyone of significant value for so little gain. For all Hall knew he was being used to punish the tiger and husky. He wasn't going to let the possibility ruin his good meal.

Inch by inch the husky vanished down Professor Hall's throat. He twisted and sobbed every time he felt the tiger's paws move further up his body to pull him in, horrified by his own inability to do *anything* to escape the predator. Despite the hopelessness of the situation he still fought to the bitter end, when his head slowly slipped past the Professor's lips and into his warm maw, eyes widening as his final view of the outside world was blocked by sealing jaws. As soon as his second prey was fully deposited in his stomach Hall groped his distended gut with both paws and let out a triumphant *uooorrrrrp*. Not wanting the fun to end quite yet, he eagerly gulped down fresh air to sustain his lunch.

"You two *really* hit the spot," Professor Hall said just loud enough for his meals to hear. "Would've preferred the dog a bit chunkier, but I'll take what I can get."

He was laughing and poking at his belly when one of the double-doors unexpectedly opened, a chubby lizard stepping into the room. "Sorry guys, didn't think he'd want to chat so—" The sight of Professor Hall beached on his massive wobbling gut made the student freeze, though a look of fury quickly came over him as he guessed what had happened. "L-let them out!"

Hall couldn't believe he'd overlooked locking the door, an amateurish mistake. Size advantage didn't mean much while immobile, leaving the Professor in an incredibly precarious position. "I'm giving them a private tutoring session, though you're free to join," he flashed his fangs, hoping to intimidate the lizard away.

Unfortunately the student wasn't easily coerced into giving up on his friends. "If you're not gonna spit them out I'll beat them out of you!" the lizard declared, already scanning the room for something to make good on his threat.

Before Hall could respond, the lizard yelled in pain as something struck him hard on the back of the head, causing him to stagger forwards and collapse against the Professor's shifting belly. Standing in the doorway with a smug smile was a geoffroy's cat holding a thick book. The Professor wasted no time securing the lizard he'd been gifted, his gaze mostly on the newcomer. "Mr. Taggart, what brings you to this corner of the library?"

The spotted feline shrugged innocently. "Research for another class. I happened to notice you wander by and thought I'd say hello. Didn't realize you were grabbing lunch."

"I'd prefer to think of it as tutoring," Hall said before turning back to his new meal. "Speaking of which, time for you to meet up with the others."

A greedy lunge silenced the lizard's last-second plea. Even by Hall's standards three prey was a little excessive, but he was always willing to go above and beyond to accommodate Kale's students.

Taggart—often called Hashtag by his friends—closed and locked the doors to the study room to prevent further interruption, then happily watched the show. He admittedly had a crush on his teacher, going as far as to become his teacher's assistant just to be around him more, and seeing the large tiger eat was a guilty pleasure. His eyes followed every bulge and wobble of Halls' belly, the cat delighting in the futile struggles almost more than the Professor. Hashtag had never seen Professor Hall so well-stuffed before, and he was getting even bigger as he steadily swallowed the ambushed lizard whole. Normally he'd have wondered if he were dreaming, had it not been for the fact he'd set up the whole incident.

The scheme had been months in the making, Hashtag waiting for just the right circumstances to strike. He'd casually snagged a spare key to the Professor's car at one point, which made removing the parking pass a cinch, and an overdramatic call to the towing company guaranteed it got taken away during class. Since Hall tended to keep lunch in the car he'd be left hungry thanks to the towing. Being Hall's TA also gave Hashtag access to the literary journal's office and their computer, allowing him to lure the Professor to the somewhat isolated library study room via the deceptive e-mail. Then he just needed a proper feast for his crush.

Unbeknownst to Professor Hall, Hashtag was a double major, also serving as a trusted TA for none other than Professor Ellison. The “lucky” study group was chosen almost entirely because a tiger was amongst its members, ensuring the frustrated Hall would be inclined to gorge, and Hashtag had abused their trust to arrange the session. To give the Professor an edge Hashtag had lured the lizard away from the others, putting his faith in Hall to clear the room. Swooping in to save the day afterward was improvised, but seemed to have worked out well.

“I’ll have to remember to turn down any tutoring offers you give me, Professor,” Hashtag said as he watched lizard's butt swallowed. “Not sure I'd survive it.”

Professor Hall rolled his eyes and muttered something incoherent. As enjoyable as the three-course meal was, the tiger *was* finally feeling the strain from his non-stop gluttony, and was ready to relax. He took the biggest gulps he could, working hard to cram the lizard into his stomach as fast as possible. The struggles of his initial two prey were dwindling as they ran out of both energy and room, their wills crushed as much as their bodies. While the lizard had some nice spots of flab here and there his overall taste wasn't special, and Hall was beginning to wish he'd just run instead of playing hero towards the end. Still, the faint feelings of regret weren't nearly enough to dissuade him from adding the student to his waistline.

Inevitably Professor Hall was able to close his tired jaws again, the tiger rubbing his chin as he swallowed the last of prey number three. “Ugh, I'm remembering why I'm usually drunk when I eat this much,” Hall complained. “Numbs the pain.”

“Well personally I think you handle meals way better than most of the drunks I see at parties,” Hashtag said as he slowly approached his engorged professor. “Mind if I get a closer feel? It can be payment for my help.”

Hall scoffed at the request before reluctantly giving his TA the go ahead. He knew the cat had an interest in him, but Hashtag was restrained enough about his feelings that Hall had let the issue slide. Besides, teasing prey was always fun.

Grinning wide, Hashtag knelt down and pressed his paws against Professor Hall's mostly-exposed gut, pushing aside the stretchy sweater vest in some places. Though Hall's hide had stretched considerably to contain his feast he'd remained soft to the touch thanks to his existing blubber, a testament to how fat he truly was. Beneath the layer of squish Hashtag could feel the prey reacting to his prods, trying in vain to lean away. He was close enough to hear their suppressed pleas for help and some of the louder whimpers as well. Fortunately none of them seemed to have discovered *he* was behind the paws now kneading them dutifully; if Professor Hall found out he'd have undoubtedly been turned into dessert.

Gentle pokes soon turned into thorough rubs, Professor Hall begrudgingly allowing his student

to continue. After all, he needed the cat to stick around long enough for him to digest his way back to mobility. Hashtag's attention provoked the occasional belch, which in turn would inevitably cause the Professor's belly to wobble frantically. He was impressed by how persistent his soon-to-be former classmates were, eager for their movements to cease so he didn't start to feel regret over his betrayal. Sure he hadn't known any of them that well, but he hadn't particularly disliked them, either. Unwilling to let a little thing like guilt sour his mood, Hashtag instead dedicated all of his attention to the wonderful tiger belly he'd helped make.

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Three days later, Professor Hall sighed as he heard his doorbell ring. With considerable reluctance he lugged himself out of his recliner, belly jiggling the entire time. For as much as he adored indulging in live meals, the aftermath was always inconvenient, *especially* when multiple prey were involved. He'd been stuck in the study room for hours as the three student's he'd eaten were churned into something more manageable, and even then he'd required the assistance of Taggart and a colleague from the English Department to physically leave the library. After that he'd been mostly bedridden, forced to cancel classes and have TAs pick up assignments and hand out materials in his absence. Taggart was the most competent of the bunch, which gave the cat the honor of actually bringing everything to the Professor's home.

Outside, Hashtag waited with baited breath. Watching Hall's transformation over the last few days had been a delight, and he suspected the tiger would finally be sporting a middle of pure flab today; he would not be disappointed. While Hall kept his dress very professional on campus—sweater vests and dress shirts made of expandex that could stretch to handle the largest prey—he was the exact opposite at home. The Professor had on sweatpants and a worn Columbia State University t-shirt that clung to his blubbery belly, likely an old relic of his college days. Hashtag's gaze was plainly glued to a small strip of exposed fur along Hall's waistline.

The Professor cleared his throat. “Up here Mr. Taggart,” he said somewhat sternly. “Bring the stuff inside, same place as usual.”

Without waiting for a response Hall waddled back into the living room, the cat eagerly following. Hashtag ogled his professor's jiggling love handles and rear, impressed by how much he'd changed from eating three people. His vague guesses put Hall's total gain at somewhere between eighty or ninety pounds, though he didn't have the courage to ask outright. He lamented not being able to lure fatter classmates to the study room, his imagination running wild as he envisioned how much bigger Hall would've gotten if all three of his prey had been overweight, or even obese! Still, the actual results were wonderful.

Hashtag dropped the bag of papers on a desk as requested, but instead of departing right away he lingered—not that Hall was surprised. “Umm, Professor Ellison's students really went to your gut, didn't they?”

The small talk was terribly unsubtle, something Hall was used to by now. “If you want to feel it just say so, though don't expect it to be a recurring benefit.”

Hall's bluntness made Hashtag blush, and he was almost too embarrassed to accept the opportunity. *Almost*. Barely able to disguise his euphoric glee, Hashtag approached his professor anxiously, paws hovering over the tiger's soft middle. Once he finally pressed into the belly his fingers practically sunk in, the cat's face flush red as he got his first real feel of Hall's bulk. His movements were very cautious at first, as if the Professor were a sleeping beast who'd gobble him up if woken, but he gradually grew bolder. Soon his eager paws were sneaking underneath the shirt to give the raw pudge a careful squeeze. The temptation to just bury his face right into Professor Hall's gut was strong, and he imagined it was a better pillow than any memory foam money could buy. Fantasies of dozing off on the tiger's belly filled his mind, till he was so caught up in the daydream he was simply stuck

rubbing Hall's middle rhythmically while staring blissfully at his chest.

As enjoyable as the attention was, Professor Hall sternly resisted showing any outward signs of approval. Taking advantage of Mr. Taggart's admiration could end poorly in a dozen different ways, and his general opposition to consuming his own students meant he couldn't just eat the problem away if things got out of hand; besides, replacing a TA in the middle of the semester was a hassle. He let the cat have his fun for a little while longer before deciding his belly had been toyed with enough for one day.

"Alright Mr. Taggart, I'd say my little debt is paid," Hall said. "If you want to keep rubbing it'll be from the *inside*."

Hashtag was quick to comply, snapping back to reality and putting his needy paws back in his pockets. He'd purposely left his professor's shirt pushed up above the curve of his gut during the retreat, though. "I'd rather avoid that honor, no offense."

"None taken. I'm taking Friday off as well to handle some—*ahem*—obligations regarding my recent meals, so make sure the class knows which chapters to read over the weekend." Professor Hall pulled his shirt up and escorted the cat back to the front door.

While Hashtag walked he silently bemoaned the end of his delightful scheme. Everything had worked out perfectly, but he found himself craving the feeling of grasping a bouncing belly as prey struggled in vain, not to mention watching the gradual transformation of the pred afterward. Unfortunately he couldn't use the same ploy against Professor Hall again, and aside from him the only other teacher he had a crush on was...Professor Ellison. A devious grin spread across Hashtag's face. Hall's rival would undoubtedly be alerted to the loss of his three students soon—both professors loved gloating about such victories—and once he knew he'd want revenge. If Hashtag played his cards right he could personally hand over three more of his oblivious peers to Ellison, who wasn't one to shy from post-meal adoration, especially when plenty of praise was involved. He'd be putting himself at considerable risk, but the reward was irresistible. Now he just had to choose the perfect plump classmates to sacrifice...