

## Fattening the Faculty Part 2

By: IndigoRho

At an office of Columbia State University's history department, Professor Kale Ellison sat at his desk, glaring in disdain at his phone. Opened on the screen was one of the dozen pictures the hefty deer had received earlier in the day from his long-time rival and colleague, Professor Trevor Hall. The currently selected one showcased Hall's own sizable paunch, fully exposed with a trio of barely recognizable student IDs arranged atop it. He'd known the second he saw the picture that those IDs had belonged to pupils of his. While they hadn't been anyone of note—in fact the lizard was actually about to be eaten anyway for excessive absences—his pride meant he couldn't just let Trevor get off scot-free.

Snorting in frustration, Ellison slid his phone onto the desk and turned his attention to the geoffroy's cat in front of him. “Do me a favor, Taggart, don't be stupid and end up on that striped bastard's waistline.”

Taggart—who usually went by the nickname Hashtag—gave a look of faux confusion before pretending to have a delayed revelation. “Oh, you're talking about Professor Hall again, right? I try to avoid that side of campus in general for that reason.”

“That's probably the only reason he *hasn't* eaten you yet,” Ellison said. “He likes targeting my TAs, or at least the fat ones. So don't put on any weight, either.”

Don't worry, I've been lean my whole life, so unless he personally stuffs me I think I'll be fine,” Hashtag laughed.

“Wouldn't be the first time he's done that.” There wasn't an ounce of sarcasm in Ellison's voice. “I wonder what got Trevor so worked up he'd pig out on three students, though. I've been too busy juggling a brand new course to mess with him lately, and he's usually too lazy to make a first strike against me, let alone something this dramatic.”

The deer's questions worried Hashtag, mainly because *he* was the reason Professor Hall had gone on the delightful eating spree. Secretly the cat was not only a student of both rivals, but also their TAs. A few days earlier Hashtag had successfully tricked Hall into eating three of Ellison's pupils after framing the deer for a string of petty pranks, influenced entirely by a desire to see the tiger with a full belly. If *either* professor found out they'd eat him—no doubt—so it was in Hashtag's best interest for them to remain unaware.

“Maybe it was just a spur of the moment thing and he got lucky?” Hashtag offered. “One of my friends ate both his roommates just because they didn't do the dishes and he'd done poorly on a test that day.”

Ellison nodded, having been guilty of similar outbursts over the years himself. “Yeah that sure sounds like Hall. Bet he's gonna regret not taking out that frustration on a random delivery guy once he's down three students of his own. Snagging that many prey on short notice is gonna be a huge pain.”

Hashtag had been waiting for just such an opening. “Well, I think I can solve that problem for ya,” he grinned as the Professor arched a brow, his interest piqued. “As luck would have it my roommate helps out with the literary journal, and there should be about three editors working out of the English building this weekend...”

“That's pretty damn convenient information to have,” Ellison narrowed his gaze.

The TA managed to hide his fear well, and quickly deflected the accusation. “They meet up at our apartment a lot and for a while I was considering eating one of them, so I sort of did some spying,” Hashtag rambled.

Apparently the excuse was good enough to quell any further suspicion, as Ellison finally smiled. “Clever! Stuffing myself with a portion of Hall's precious literary journal team will be the perfect revenge. Are they filling?”

“From what I've seen they live off a diet of junk food and Freshmen, so yes.” Hashtag was already imagining the Professor's enormous, distended belly full of plump prey.

“Excellent. Now to put together a plan...”

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On a cold, cloudless night a hyena stood shivering outside the main building for the English Department, the mist of his breath threatening to fog up his phone screen. He hated that his terrible service prevented him from texting in the relative comfort of indoors, but he felt the conversations with his girlfriend were important enough to endure the chilly weather for. Hopefully he'd be able to upgrade soon and toss the obnoxious hand-me-down cell off a cliff. With his hoodie over his head he couldn't hear the faint sounds of Professor Ellison sneaking up on him until it was too late. The hoof clamping over his snout surprised the hyena so much he dropped his phone onto the pavement below, shattering the screen instantly. His frantic cries for help were suitably muffled, and his eyes widened as he felt a hoof snake under his hoodie and t-shirt to squeeze his chubby belly.

“Hmm, less flabby than I hoped, but you'll make a good appetizer.”

The hyena was quickly spun around and pinned against the wall. He didn't get a very clear look of the deer attacking him, distracted by the cold, the dark, and the maw opening wide to welcome him. Soon all he could see was the back of a slick throat, stale warm breath bombarding his face. There wasn't enough space for him to kick at the stranger beginning to eat him, and every time he seriously attempted to break free he ended up shoved hard back against the wall in retaliation. The speed at which he was being gulped down was frightening, his shoulders and chest slipping away with ridiculous ease, panic overcoming the student. He'd never had to endure the horror of being swallowed before—even under safe circumstances with friends—and the hyena was now learning the hard way that escaping such a predicament was far from easy.

Ellison laughed as he continued swiftly consuming his first prey of the night. His expandex suit swelled along with his gut to handle the modest meal, who was putting up an absolutely pitiful fight; so many students nowadays just seemed ill-prepared for vore. Then again, that was one of the best perks about being a professor, so who was he to complain? As soon as his jaws stretched over the hyena's soft middle he lifted him up in the air, gently teasing the student's pudge while gravity sped up his descent. Though Professor Ellison wasn't likely to get caught in the act—at least not by anyone who mattered—his desire to gorge on the more-filling meals he'd been promised inside prompted him to speed eat. Is belly was rocking wildly, but at that point there was no way for the hyena to reverse his course. Ellison practically slurped up the last couple feet of his prey, cramming his wiggling sneakers right into his maw.

While the Professor finished off the hyena, Hashtag strolled into view. Staying out of sight of the journal staff was essential for his own safety—at least while Ellison was around. All it'd take was some of the future deer-pudge casually revealing he was an English major for Hashtag to end up joining them. Despite the risks he was confident everything would go as planned, though. Seeing even a single classmate hanging from his professor's waistline was enough to put a broad smile on his face, and Ellison knew it. The deer performed an over exaggerated stretch that arched his back and made his bulging middle even more prominent, welcoming his pupil's attention unabashedly. Hashtag accepted the invitation without a moment's hesitation, his paws racing over every shifting lump.

“There's really nothing better than thinning out Trevor's talent pool,” Ellison moaned as Hashtag worked his magic. “God I'd eat every last one of them if it were even remotely possible!”

“You could always just offer extra credit to any student who brings you one of Professor Hall's,” Hashtag mused as he pressed his face into the deer's gut, giggling as he listened to the hyena within cry for help.

Ellison's whole belly jiggled as he laughed. “Tried it *once*. Trevor countered by doing the same until we both nearly ended up too fat to teach the next semester! The barren classrooms were worth it just to see him panting while waddling between classes.”

Hashtag immediately regretted not having been a student then, though from the sounds of it he might have ended up fueling one of the blubbery bodies he so adored. "I don't know, that sounds like a good excuse to try again to me."

"You're very greedy Mr. Taggart," Ellison grinned. "Why don't we go snag my next two courses."

The cat reluctantly released his grasp on the deer's belly, giving it a small pat goodbye before opening the door to the building. As they'd planned, Hashtag would scout ahead for the Professor, warning him of anyone still there late via text. Once he'd located an editor he'd direct Ellison their way, and serve as lookout so he wasn't disturbed while enacting his vengeance. The general stealthiness was recommended by Hashtag, of course, all to secretly ensure his deception wasn't ruined. Fortunately from his own experiences he knew there wasn't likely to be anyone aside from the editors, and they were prone to splitting up for long periods. A hungry pred couldn't ask for better hunting conditions.

Within minutes Hashtag had found Ellison's second meal, a plump otter thoroughly engrossed in his work at a computer. Hashtag had fantasized often about watching the otter fill out a pred's belly—even contemplated consuming him himself before deciding the weight gain wouldn't be worth it. Now that dream was finally coming true. Shortly after sending a text that'd doom his classmate, Professor Ellison waddled around the corner, gut still wobbling actively from the prey he was keeping conscious. Closer and closer the deer got, Hashtag's heart racing in excited anticipation, wondering just how his professor would strike.

Professor Ellison proved to be blunt yet crafty. With a hard kick he snapped one of the adjustable levers on the office chair the otter was in, causing the back to lurch backwards while he was leaning into it. The otter's ensuing yelp of confusion transitioned into one of terror as he found himself facing a lunging maw. He thrashed and convulsed in the chair as his head was roughly swallowed, in too awkward a position to properly defend himself or wiggle free. Everything was happening so fast he couldn't think clearly, fighting for air and completely disoriented; the hunt was almost more one-sided than that of the hyena earlier.

To Hashtag's delight he was able to get a decent view of Ellison's distended gut, waiting with baited breath for it to start swelling further with more prey. Professor Ellison had bent forward to better handle his meal, tipping the chair slightly in the process as well. He greedily pulled up the frantic otter's shirt so he could sample his softness, practically giving his prey a belly rub even as he swallowed more and more of him. The otter's modest girth was a welcome improvement over the hyena. His legs were flailing, kicking the chair, the desk, himself...everything *but* the unknown predator currently turning him into a filling snack. Unlike his previously consumed friend, the otter actually had some experience eating others, but he'd been put at too great a disadvantage to put any of that knowledge to good use. Sometimes all the practice in the world couldn't make up for sheer bad luck.

The deer's sagging middle gradually began to expand as the otter was emptied into it, jolting from side to side from both his and the hyena's struggles. Everytime Ellison teased the otter his belly would violently shake a little more in response, a sensation he obviously loved since his prodding was frequent. While his meal was unable to effectively resist his fate, the combination of the odd angled approach and dealing with an occupied belly still slowed the Professor's progress some, though he didn't mind the extra time to savor the delicious student. He was also in a reasonable position to slowly pull off his prey's unappetizing pants, shoes, and socks along the way, inevitably creating a messy pile on the floor nearby.

Like the hyena that'd preceded him, the otter was gradually reduced to a shifting bulge in Ellison's middle, locked away for good. The pair of terrified students barely had enough room to struggle, elbowing and bumping each other more than the professor intent on converting them to fat. They could feel a shallow pool of digestive juices forming beneath them, stagnant for the moment but serving as a constant reminder of their fate if they failed to escape. Unfortunately crawling out of a stomach was close to impossible even when the pred *didn't* actively try to prevent it. Their nearly

guaranteed doom simply prompted more panic, more squirming, more sobbing.

Hashtag slipped into the room for another round of pampering, his gaze rarely drifting away from his professor's massive, tumultuous belly. The deer's suit had dutifully maintained its shape, as if it were tailor-made to his lumpy middle. Part of the cat wished Ellison's outfit hadn't been so durable; seeing him burst out of his dress-shirt and jacket would've been a lovely sight to behold, not to mention a perfect excuse to run his fingers directly over his doughy exposed fluff. Ellison was still bracing himself against the office chair, so Hashtag crouched beneath him, embracing his sagging gut to feel the sheer weight contained within. His face flushed red as he thought of being completely under such a mass, unable to wiggle free.

Surprisingly it was Hashtag who insisted the duo move on, obsessed with seeing how Ellison would look once he gobbled up the final student. Rather than continue prowling the halls, Hashtag simply picked up the discarded cell phone of the otter, flipping through his contacts list until he found the name he was hoping for.

"There's a nice, quiet storage room the journal uses for spare equipment—and drunk celebrations from what I've heard. I'll just have your final course head there and save us some time," Hashtag said, obviously expecting praise for his cunning. "Besides, I wouldn't want you burning precious calories waddling up and down the stairs."

"Such a thoughtful student," Ellison smirked. "Just remember: flattery's encouraged but won't get you any extra credit, only extra belly rubs."

The cat blushed. "Honestly that makes it a lot more enticing to me!"

Professor Ellison merely chuckled in response, before encouraging Hashtag to lead him to his final meal of the night. Unsurprisingly, walking with two conscious beings in his stomach wasn't the easiest task. He constantly felt like he was on the verge of toppling over, taking wide steps to maintain his balance and trying to ensure momentum didn't get the better of him. The stronger struggles occasionally threatened to trip him up, but he caught himself each time, giving his belly a chastising punch in retaliation. As before, Hashtag staid ahead to make sure the coast was clear, though he looked back often to ogle his overburdened professor.

The bait message wasn't sent until Ellison and Hashtag had arrived at the storage room and taken position, preparing a suitable ambush well before the door opened again. A mouth-wateringly obese horse yawned as he entered the room, the jiggle in his step enough to make even Ellison's full stomach growl. Hashtag had gleefully watched the horse's weight skyrocket over the course of the year, going from the thinnest editor of the journal to its fattest—in part thanks to plenty of encouragement from the cat. He'd originally helped inspire his classmate's gains simply for the fun of it, but now he saw it as retroactively fattening him up for the sake of an even more ideal pred.

Oblivious to the betrayal already set into motion, the horse directed his attention towards the dim lighting. "Yo Weber, did the lights burn out again? Weber?"

He was answered by something large and wiggly pressing into his back, prompting the horse to freeze in fear. "Nah, just thought I'd be nice and help you adjust to the darkness a little sooner."

Professor Ellison didn't wait for his prey to recoil or freak out, instead lumbering him right into a wall a couple times for good measure with enough force to rattle the door. Reaching the horse around his immense gut was a struggle in itself, but eventually Ellison managed to snatch one arm of his meal and began slurping it up, then the other. The horse writhed and almost pulled a hoof out at one point. For his efforts the Professor bit down hard, causing the trapped student to cry out. His chest was being crushed by the deer's firm belly, making him short of breath and a lightheaded by the time his elbows were passing Ellison's lips. Unlike the first two meals, the horse was well aware of his attacker's identity, and assumed the muffled pleas for help coming from within him belonged to his fellow editors. He couldn't fathom how the Professor had discovered their meeting, something so few had known. There wouldn't be much time to ponder the question.

With considerable effort Professor Ellison stretched his jaws over the horse's muzzle, then the

rest of his head, having relied on swallowing power exclusively. No longer having to worry about witnesses, Hashtag came out of hiding to assist. Ellison slowly backed away from the wall, giving Hashtag enough space to slide in and grab the horse's legs, lifting him upwards in tune to the Professor's gulps. Actually *feeding* Ellison a live meal gave the cat a rush like few others, Hashtag reveling in the act of dooming his peer in such a personal manner. Their combined efforts made the third meal the easiest despite the fact he was also the fattest. His wobbly belly was shoved into the deer's maw, every inch of blubber crammed in drenched in saliva. Both Ellison *and* Hashtag teased the unlucky prey during his descent, ensuring he knew he'd become nothing more than a giant chunk of delicious meat.

Ellison groaned and panted as he consumed more and more of the filling horse, his stomach starting to regret its impulsive desire for a third course; the Professor sure wasn't gonna leave the building with only two of his rival's pupils stewing in his gut, though. Fueled by pure petty vengeance he forced himself to gorge on the rest of the horse, laughing and coughing in triumph as soon as the pair of wiggling hooves were sliding down his gullet. His knees were buckling from the crippling weight of his meals, and he'd have fallen over if he hadn't been able to lean into the wall with his stuffed gut.

Meanwhile, Hashtag was in absolute awe. Again he found his way underneath his gargantuan professor, rubbing and groping the rumbling belly. The cat eagerly pushed up Ellison's suit to expose his prize, burying his face deep in between the bulges and moaning, his paws braced against it. With a devious grin the Professor began slowly lowering himself to the ground. By the time the student had realized what was happening he was effectively pinned to the floor, most of his body covered up by the gut he so greatly adored.

"You make a great cushion, Taggart," Professor Ellison said. "Hope you're comfy, cause you're gonna be under there the rest of the weekend while I'm busy transferring these students to the Department of Deer Belly."

Hashtag was far too flustered to speak, his face contorted into a wide smile as he felt his three doomed classmates squirming atop him, their shouts getting harder and harder to make out above ominous *glrrrrrrrrrrks* and bubbling. "I...I could spend the whole semester under here..." he muttered blissfully.

Ellison let out a hearty bellow he knew would make the cat squirm in joy. "Tempting, but a flat TA isn't very useful to me. Though neither is a digested one, so try to avoid getting gobbled up by me in my sleep." His tone wasn't joking. "You'd be surprised by how many of my college relationships ended that way"

The buried student barely registered what the Professor was saying, lost in his fantasy come true...

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Hashtag gently lowered his head against the dome of blubber, and sighed contently as he practically sunk right in. A few days had passed since he'd helped Professor Ellison eat three of the literary journal's editors, and the deer had gotten softer beyond belief. There was no doubt in his mind that sacrificing his peers had been a worthwhile decision, the pounds they'd added amplifying his crush on the Professor even more. Still, the cat couldn't help but want *more*. Had he realized their potential sooner he would've gone out of his way to fill his pantry with junk food whenever they came over or offered to order them pizza—and the delivery guys along with it. He could've increased their calorie count significantly that way!

Wallowing in regret wouldn't do him any good, though. "So, has Professor Hall responded to your messages yet?"

The deer's snort caused Hashtag's belly pillow to jiggle. "He caught wind the editors were

missing before I even had a chance to send the first progress picture, at least that's why I assume he spammed my inbox with middle-finger emojis. I bet he's pouting while he waddles on that dumb treadmill of his, trying to figure out how to replace those openings before their deadlines hit!"

Hashtag knew for a fact there'd been a lot more cursing than pouting, not that he could reveal such knowledge to Ellison. "Well while he's struggling with that you're busy being the most comfortable bed in the city." The cat lazily reached backwards to squeeze the gut he was resting on.

"Well I'll still be shedding that English Major weight in time, too, remember?" The Professor did rather enjoy the excess bulk he always ended up with after a good hunting session, but the only way he could indulge in the fattening activity regularly was by keeping relatively in shape. Fortunately he had full access to the campus gym, even if it was filled with temptation in the form of student preds trying to lose the Freshman one-fifty.

"Hopefully not too swiftly!" Hashtag joked. "The nervous looks the class gave you when you came back a hundred pounds fatter was priceless."

"They're even better when one of their peers is squirming in my gut after failing an open-note quiz," Ellison replied, thinking back on fond memories. "If I'm too fat to eat anyone then the failures get fed to you, and it'd only take a couple of those to suddenly put you on the radar of every glutton on campus."

The Professor's words weren't a threat or tease, merely reality. "Fair enough."

Hashtag begrudgingly got up so he could knead Ellison's belly and get a good feel of his pudge. He was thankful for how much more welcoming the deer was for such attention compared to Professor Hall, which had made the whole experience one to cherish forever. His sneaky plans had seemingly succeeded without any issue, the perfect crime. The cat had fattened two of his professors in a week, and had been blessed with the pleasure of nuzzling their writhing middles and feeling the pure, flabby results of his labor. No one else could claim such a feat—at least no one who wasn't a few thick layers of fat now themselves. There weren't any surviving witnesses to expose him, either, so as long as he kept his own mouth shut he'd be golden. He truly was the most cunning cat on campus.