

Fattening the Faculty Part III

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Hashtag pulled open the fridge, grumbling as he confirmed the sorry state of the contents within. The geoffroy's cat knew groceries hadn't been bought in over a week, but he'd still held out the slightest hint of hope something remained for breakfast. Oh well. Only after slamming the door shut did he realize his roommate Shane was hovering nearby, an odd, distressed look on his face. He knew the plump weasel had been through a lot the last few days, losing three friends to a single, voracious professor. Sure, getting eaten wasn't necessarily a rare thing—especially at a college with as high an active pred population as Columbia State University—but so many at once was rather jarring. Hashtag felt somewhat sorry for his longtime friend's loss, mainly because *he* had played a prominent role in their consumption.

The cat had put together a complicated scheme to fatten up two of his favorite professors—Hall and Ellison—and Shane's three friends on the literary journal had proven to be ideal meals. He'd taken a great amount of joy watching them eaten one at a time by Professor Ellison, adoring the bulges they made and inevitably the deer pudge they became. Shane would likely endure a bad bout of depression for a while, but in the end he'd move on, and then Hashtag wouldn't feel so bad.

As Hashtag tried to leave the kitchen Shane abruptly moved to block his path, the weasel shaking noticeably and struggling to maintain eye contact with his roommate. Concern was already creeping into Hashtag's mind. “Uh, what's up dude?”

“I...I-I know what happened!” Shane blurted, as if simply saying the words had been the hardest ordeal he'd ever endured.

Right away Hashtag knew what the weasel was implying, and his tail flicked about nervously as he tried to keep his cool. “Huh? What are you talking about?”

“Stop playing dumb!” Shane's shouting seemed to catch him off-guard the most. “*Someone* had to tell Professor Ellison the editors would be at the English department building that night, there's no way he could've just guessed. Other than me you were the only one who knew, the only one!”

Crap. Hashtag hadn't realized just how secretive the editors had been about their routine, and overlooked how obvious his betrayal might be to Shane. His carelessness had just turned his old friend into a dangerous liability. “He, uh, he figured out I was a double major and threatened to eat me if I didn't tell him the journal's meeting schedule, I swear I didn't have a choice!” The cat hoped the spur of the moment lie was enough to win him sympathy or at least buy him time.

“Bullshit! If that was true you'd be on his waistline right now!” Shane countered, his anxiousness shifting into pure fury. “I can't believe you did this, they were my friends! Weber...Daniel...th-they're gone because of you!”

The situation was only getting worse, but Hashtag wouldn't have another chance to diffuse it. In a fit of rage Shane charged at him, knocking him against the counter and microwave and opening his mouth; he was attempting to eat him. Hashtag's eyes widened and he leaned back as far as he could, barely able to hold Shane back as the weasel continued trying to swallow his head. Shane was heavier but not necessarily stronger, and Hashtag managed to very slowly gain the upper hand, his options for retaliation painfully few. Seeing no other choice, the cat kned his friend in the groin to stun him, before lunging himself.

Hashtag grimaced as his jaws stretched over Shane's head, having not eaten anyone in quite a while. His professors had made vore look easy on their recent eating sprees, but he was struggling just to reach the weasel's shoulders, constantly losing his grip on Shane and nearly spitting him out on numerous occasions. Fueled by pure adrenaline the cat crammed his roommate's shoulders into his mouth after a significant battle. The inexperienced pair of combatants stumbled into the hallway as Hashtag fought for every gulp, careening into walls and bumping stuff off tables in the process. Eventually they ended up falling onto the couch, allowing Hashtag to wrap his arms around his prey

and unbalance Shane for good.

The weasel squirmed frantically as he felt the top curve of his small belly enter Hashtag's mouth, hopelessly disoriented and disorganized. He'd exhausted himself on the rough journey over, his voice hoarse from shouting into the pit of his roommate's stomach. Hashtag groaned as his flat middle swelled, peeking out from under his shirt as it grew into a lumpy potbelly. Though he didn't *want* to eat his friend he didn't see any other option. Shane wasn't just going to give up after one failed attack, he'd either try again right after, call for help, or worse...reveal his deception to Ellison or Hall. Every path ended with the cat being digested, so the weasel needed to be dealt with.

The meal dragged on, minutes passing as Hashtag worked to cram his much fatter roommate into a stomach not accustomed to anything bigger than a combo meal. He silently cursed himself for not regularly snagging a slim prey every few months just to keep in practice, embarrassed by the difficulties he faced. Still, the cat should have been proud of countering an ambush, and his unplanned feast obviously hadn't occurred under ideal circumstances. Eating became somewhat easier once only Shane's legs remained, Hashtag steadily swallowing the weasel down until he was nothing more than a very large bulge in the cat's belly.

Hashtag leaned back against the couch, panting and cradling his distended gut as he finally gained a reprieve. His paws gently moved across the surface of his middle, twitching whenever Shane shifted. A smile gradually crept upon Hashtag's face as he recovered; the last loose end had been handled. He grew bolder, kneading his belly and actively provoking squirms from Shane, taking on the air of a smug predator.

"Shane, Shane, Shane...you really should've just stayed quiet, ya know?" Hashtag said, watching his middle sway in response. "Now I'm gonna have to go through the hassle of working off the weight you leave behind, such a shame."

Deep within the cat's gut Shane was yelling something, but Hashtag chose to ignore it.

"Though in all honesty I *do* wish you'd been a bit lighter. No way I'll be able to make it to my classes today, not without becoming someone else's stuffed treat," Hashtag sighed. "Ugh, and I was supposed to TA for Professor Hall today to, he's not gonna like me calling out for such a goofy reason. Oh well,"

With a teasing paw on his belly Hashtag pulled out his phone and began texting Hall, already over the soon-to-be unfortunate demise of the weasel he'd called friend for years...

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Even a week later, Hashtag hadn't completely adjusted to his sudden gains. The once-slim cat now sported a small chubby gut that faintly jiggled when he was in a hurry, like now. Professor Hall had requested the student's presence at his office, apparently to discuss finding replacement editors for the literary journal. Hashtag wasn't sure how much help he could actually be, but refusing the offer wouldn't have been smart, and he didn't mind the opportunity to ogle the tiger's blubbery belly for an hour or so. He was still adjusting his tight t-shirt when he entered Hall's office, fairly oblivious to his surroundings.

"Sorry about being late, had trouble finding a shirt that—" He froze when he finally looked up, thinking his mind was playing tricks on him at first; Professor Ellison was sitting at Professor Hall's desk.

The deer was smiling in a wicked way, just like he usually did before eating problem students. "Don't worry Mr. Taggart, you were right on time."

Hashtag cringed at the use of his real name, hearing it as a chastisement from the deer's mouth. "P-p-p-professor, what are you doing here?"

"I invited him here to join our little chat." The door behind him suddenly slammed shut, causing Hashtag to jump and turn around, the source of the second voice making his heart sink: Professor Hall.

"I...I...I...Shit." Hashtag couldn't think of anything else to say.

Ellison seemed on the verge of bursting into laughter, but his voice was still stern. "Have a seat Mr. Taggart." The cat silently complied as Professor Hall waddled up behind to loom over him. "Double major? I can't believe you somehow neglected to inform either of us about that exciting little fact."

"Quite the accomplishment," Professor Hall added. "And you even managed to become TAs for both of us. What a coincidence."

Hashtag desperately searched for words that'd please the pair of prowling predators, but he doubted anything would make a difference. "I j-just admired both of you so much."

Now Ellison laughed. "Yeah, you admired a very specific portion of us," he said, leaning backwards and slapping his gut. "I wonder who you gave the best belly rubs to?"

"I showed some restraint, Kale," Hall snorted while at the same time pressing his own doughy middle right up against the back of Hashtag's head. "Though I bet our overachiever here is curious about how we figured out he played us against one another."

"Honestly I was just gonna keep going until he broke down, but whatever," Ellison shrugged. "It's cause you ate your roommate idiot."

Hashtag managed to cower even more than he already was, his gaze instinctively drifting to the flab that'd been Shane.

"Both of you missed classes of mine that day, and I've been eating and teaching people long enough to guess how much weight one of my students will add to the waistline of another." Professor Hall leaned his belly into Hashtag more, until the cat felt as if he were on the verge of being engulfed by tiger flab. "Of course then I had to figure out *why* you'd suddenly eat one of my editors when I'd just lost three. You didn't seem like the kind of student to recklessly get on my bad side, so there had to be a good reason for taking the risk. Something that required digesting poor Shane."

The student's guilt was impossible to disguise, and Hashtag was left wondering which professor he was about to end up as a meal for. They weren't the kind to forgive and forget, not after what he'd done.

Ellison finally decided to step in. "That's when he correctly suspected you'd been the one to give me the heads up on the editor meeting, though he just assumed I'd bribed you or something." The deer laughed. "As if I just wouldn't backstab and eat you afterward! Anyways, we obviously figured out your little deception while growling at each other, and decided you needed to be punished in some way."

Hashtag shook. This was it, one of them would pin him down while the other ate him alive, the cat forever added to a waistline he adored. Eager jaws never came down around his head, though.

"While we'd *love* to eat you Mr. Taggart, we can't exactly split you, and neither of us wants to let the other get a final triumphant meal out of this whole debacle," Hall said, much to Hashtag's surprise and relief. "Fortunately we found a suitable solution."

Without warning Professor Hall pulled Hashtag out of his chair, Ellison standing as well. The terrified cat was easily coerced into switching places with the deer, though the seemingly pointless move left Hashtag confused. What kind of punishment required him to be in a slightly more comfortable seat? A hint was provided once he felt a firm paw on his shoulder before Hall began binding him in place with gauze. Hashtag squirmed at first, but a quick tightening of the tiger's grip made him complacent, the cat simply whining in unease as he was effectively tied to the Professor's chair. By the time Hall was through Hashtag didn't have even the slightest bit of wiggle room.

"Now Taggart, our chairs are some of the sturdiest money can buy thanks to our wonderful diets, but they could benefit from some extra cushioning to handle our larger rears," Professor Ellison said, staring right at his scheming TA. "That's where you come in."

Hashtag realized far too late what the deer meant, his eyes bulging as Professor Hall came around, prepared to take his rightful place in the very chair the cat was strapped to. "W-w-wait!"

He was ignored, of course, and without delay Hall sat right on him. The chair creaked and Hashtag yelped as the blubbery professor settled in, putting the full brunt of his considerable weight into the helpless student. Hashtag could barely breathe, his face smooshed against the tiger's back while his lap was buried beneath Hall's butt. The more he fidgeted the harder Hall leaned into him, and the student was convinced he was going to be flattened eventually. Ellison was thoroughly enjoying the show, chuckling as he watched the cat practically disappear behind his much fatter professor.

Professor Hall let out a slow, delighted laugh of his own as he got comfy. "Hmm, the extra padding you got eating Shane definitely stands out. Still might be nice to soften you up some more, and I doubt you'll mind since you've obviously got a taste for your plump peers now."

Beneath the tiger Hashtag let out a muffled whimper, concerned as to why his professor would feel the need to fatten him up further.

"Stop holding back Trevor, tell our lucky TA what his fate is!" Ellison sneered.

"I *was* going to let him squirm more, but fine," Hall grumbled. "Well Mr. Taggart, we wanted to make sure you got to enjoy every pound of flab you helped add to our frames, so until we've lost it all you'll be serving as a seat cushion. And I do mean *all* of it."

Hashtag's heart skipped a beat, and he mumbled a barely audible plea for mercy that was swiftly quelled.

"Eighty plus pounds is a lot to work off!" Ellison added. "You could very well be stuck for months, all day spent under our butts. We'll each take week long shifts doling out punishment, and I might even take you with me to class some days if I feel like *really* making a point"

The thought of being publicly used as a seat cushion—and in front of his classmates no less—was overwhelming. Being eaten almost seemed merciful in comparison.

"Don't worry Mr. Taggart, I'll try my best to lose the weight in a reasonable amount of time," Professor Hall insisted with questionable seriousness. "Though Kale tends to put off hitting the gym, so who knows how long it'll take him to burn all that pudge away."

The tiger could *feel* his student's dismay. Hashtag was filled with nothing but sorrow and regret, cursing the greed that'd landed him in such a horrible predicament. He'd risked everything for the chance to get closer to the two professors, and now he was going to spend more time with them than he'd ever imagined—or wanted. Struggling was impossible, the act only seeming to embolden Hall, who responded each time with more pressure. Enduring months of such treatment was inconceivable, but the cat would need to accept his fate; he was now just a feline seat cushion...