

Unfinished Business

By: IndigoRho

Joe Forest reluctantly opened his car door, shivering slightly as the cold breeze of the outside rushed in and stole away the warmth he'd grown accustomed to over the last couple hours. The fox was returning home from a rather bland weekend seminar the college he taught at had forced him to attend. No stops had been planned during the journey back, but unfortunately his protesting stomach had decided otherwise, prompting him to pull into the lonely, isolated gas station. He looked down at his doughy middle in disapproval. Despite regular use of a treadmill and modest attempts to watch his diet, Joe's gut persisted, a constant bane on his wardrobe. There was muscle on the red-orange fox's body as well, giving him a rather intimidating presence that didn't always match his actual demeanor.

The worsening chill prevented Joe from lingering too long, and the fox got out of his car and slammed the door behind him, hurrying over to the gas station's entrance. There wasn't even an expected jingle to announce his arrival as the doors slid open, the temperature inside cozy at least. Joe glanced around the somewhat barren mart, not surprised to see no one else aside from himself and an unenthusiastic cheetah manning the counter. Something about the cheetah caused Joe's gaze to linger on him, though, and he swore he looked familiar. At first he assumed he was just imagining things after being cooped up in a car for so long, but the longer he looked at the clerk the stronger his suspicions were.

Suddenly, as the cheetah let out an exaggerated yawn and meandered from the counter to a nearby display, Joe realized who he was. *Angelo Heston*. A year ago Angelo had been a student in his Statistics class, an underachiever who barely paid attention and had narrowly avoided failing the class. Angelo's grade on the final exam had been his best by far—and the only thing that'd saved his grade. At the time Joe had been somewhat suspicious, but he'd been too distracted by end of the semester duties and dealing with a different student dropping his class at the last minute to give Angelo much thought. When Joe finally got around to examining the tests more thoroughly he discovered Angelo had obviously cheated off a more competent classmate nearby.

By then Angelo had apparently quit college and moved away, though, escaping potential retribution from the furious teacher. Until now. Joe silently praised his stomach for the opportunity it'd unwittingly provided him, and knew exactly how to properly reward it. Angelo still hadn't noticed Joe's presence, the fox stealthily prowling in between the aisles as he crept up on him, licking his lips in anticipation. A wide, sinister grin formed on the vengeful teacher's face as he neared his prey, until eventually he was only a couple feet away.

"Hello Mr. Heston."

Angelo jumped and spun around at the sound of his name, his eyes widening once he recognized his old teacher. "M-Mr. Forest?"

"Ah, you remember me! It's so good to see you again, we never had a chance to properly say goodbye before you left." Joe's voice was a mix of stern and friendly, the perfect combination to unnerve Angelo.

"College just wasn't for me, ya know, wanted to move away from home and try something new," Angelo said, gradually calming down from the initial fright.

Joe nodded. "That's a shame to hear, especially after how well you did on that last test." He saw his former student's eye twitch for a second. "Though I guess it's easy to improve when you cheat."

"S-so what if I did? I'm not in college anymore, this doesn't matter." Angelo was getting flustered and defensive, looking for a way to slide past the teacher and put some distance between them.

Without warning Joe lurched forwards, shoving Angelo against the wall and pinning him in place with his gut. The cheetah yelped and squirmed, trying to push away his much stronger attacker but failing to move him an inch. Soon his wrists were grabbed as well.

"It matters to *me*, Mr. Heston. The only thing I hate more than lazy students who fail are cheaters, and you managed to be both," Joe sneered. "That's why I make sure to deal with failures ahead of time...like your buddy Dean."

Angelo froze. Dean—one of his best friends—had disappeared almost a year ago, his car found abandoned by the side of a river he was fond of swimming in. Everyone assumed he'd been swept away, lost in a tragic accident, but...but was Mr. Forest implying he was to blame?

"Dean had even worse grades than you, there was no chance he'd have passed the final. I lured him to the classroom over the weekend with an offer of extra credit, and then it was just a matter of cramming him down my throat." Joe sighed blissfully, reminiscing for a moment about the past meal.

"Stop fucking with me!" Of course Angelo knew eating others was possible, he'd seen the rare news report about incidents, even overheard someone drunkenly claim to have pulled it off at a party once. Mr. Forest *had* gotten a little fatter as the semester went on, too.

"Can't say Dean was much of a fighter. All he did was kick over a few chairs before being safely tucked away in my gut," Joe continued. "After that I simply drove his car to the river and used his phone to shoot off a few incriminating texts, letting everyone else's imagination do the rest. No one suspected he ended up as pudge on a fox gut."

Angelo stared down in horror at the belly holding him in place, realizing it was the final resting place of his friend. "P-please Mr. Forest, I won't tell anyone, I-let me go!"

The impatient rumble of Joe's stomach was not the answer he wanted to hear. "Mr. Heston you've been on borrowed time for far too long. At least now you'll be put to good use."

Angelo shouted in terror as Joe opened his mouth wide and lunged, plunging the cheetah into darkness. He flew into a panic instantly, but could barely even fidget under the fox's strong grip, whimpering as he felt the first swallow pull in the rest of his head. Joe hadn't had an opportunity to indulge on a live meal in weeks, and he was eager to savor as much of Angelo as possible. As Joe's jaws slid around Angelo's shoulders he began tearing off the cheetah's uniform, not wanting to sour the experience with the foul taste of fabric. His prey's struggles were simply pitiful, not enough to even slow down the fox let alone fend him off.

Steady gulps caused the cheetah to vanish into Joe inch-by-inch, Angelo soon becoming a growing bulge in the teacher's pudgy gut. Once his head slipped into the stomach his cries resumed, though they were considerably muffled by layers of fat. Not that there was anyone around to hear them. With the gas station being in the middle of nowhere there was little chance of someone stumbling across Joe's midnight snack, leaving him free to gorge in public for once, a rare treat. As he swallowed Angelo's flat middle and butt, Joe found himself wishing his meal had been just a tad bit chubbier. Then again, slim prey did the least damage to his waistline, and prevented unwanted suspicion.

Every swallow made Joe's white gut peek out from beneath his shirt a little more, his swelling middle bouncing wildly as Angelo slipped into oblivion. Joe grasped and rubbed the sides of his belly while he scarfed down the cheetah's flailing legs, moaning in delight as he felt the mass expanding and shifting. Gravity sped up Angelo's descent greatly, though Joe's animalistic desire to have the student completely sealed away within him helped of course. Angelo had no hope of escaping—he never had, really—but he struggled to the bitter end, exhausting himself by the time his footpaws were resting within Joe's maw. The teacher savored them the longest, running his tongue across their surface as he grinned.

All good things had to come to an end, though. A single swallow sent the footpaws sliding down his gullet, Joe's gut jiggling as Angelo emptied into it completely, just another meal. Joe grinned as he felt his former student weakly kicking and punching the walls of his stomach, as if he'd actually be able to cause some damage, or force him to throw up. No one had ever managed such a feat, and Angelo sure as hell wasn't going to be the first. The struggles inevitably forced some of the precious stale air out, and Joe unleashed a loud, messy *bwooorrrrrp* that tightened his stomach.

Joe happily patted his stuffed belly. "Oof, that really hit the spot. You're gonna make the rest of

the ride home a lot more bearable.”

His gut wobbled in response, Angelo's pleas for mercy too quiet for Joe to really hear. Joe quickly gathered up the clothing he'd torn off Angelo and shoved them into a bag he grabbed from behind the counter. Fortunately nothing had gotten knocked over or destroyed during his meal, so he didn't have to bother with clean-up. Joe's last task was to force his way into the small break room of the station, where the woefully out-of-date security cam footage was easily destroyed. Content that he'd thoroughly covered his tracks, the fox waddled out the front doors, the squirms in his belly slowing with every step and muffled belch.

Angelo was completely still as Joe opened the door to his car and carefully angled himself into the front seat, eternally grateful for how roomy it was. With the seat all the way back he could still reach the wheel, though the belt was tighter than he'd have liked. Soft *glrrrgles* were already starting to echo from within his stomach as it went to work on Angelo, ready to churn him away. The sounds would provide some nice ambiance during the drive. With a satisfied grin Joe started the car and drove away from the now empty gas station, his weekend ended on an enjoyable note.