

A Quick Slimming Down

By: IndigoRho

Professor Kale Ellison sighed as yet another appetizing meal outpaced him, the overweight deer panting and taking a moment to rest. Ellison was a rather active pred, and overindulging on the student body of his university had taken quite a toll. He was close to three hundred and fifty pounds, with a round gut that jiggled with every step and threatened to burst the occasional button. Normally he didn't mind the excess weight—gains were difficult to avoid considering his hobby—but lately he'd missed out on a number of potentially wonderful prey, mainly because he couldn't keep up with them. Shedding the offending pounds would take time, not to mention deny him the joy of a good live meal. Of course, there was a much faster way to slim down, albeit fairly drastic: get eaten.

Being consumed by someone else wasn't a permanent end, fortunately, and everyone who did find themselves digesting in a stranger or friend's stomach eventually re-formed a few hours later, perfectly fine. Sure, Ellison would have to deal with the embarrassment of being eaten, and the loss of time, but he was guaranteed to come back thinner than he currently was. Then he could go back to gorging on his mouth-watering students.

Not wanting to over-think his plan, the professor decided to simply force himself down the throat of the first secluded person he could find, hoping to prevent possible intervention or rescue. Most on campus were as voracious as he was—Columbia State University was infamous as a pred school after all—and he doubted his choice would resist much after the initial confusion wore off. He veered off the crowded main avenue and waddled down the paths shaded by buildings, which were practically deserted at this time of day. Within minutes he spotted the ideal candidate: an obese zebra sitting on a bench, distracted by his phone.

Ellison grinned at his luck, then swiftly prepped himself for eating. He shed his suit jacket and undershirt in a nearby bush along with his shoes for possible future retrieval, and carefully snapped off his own antlers so they wouldn't get in the way. The zebra was just far enough away to miss the odd scene, and remained unawares even as Ellison strolled right up to him. Without warning the professor kicked the zebra in the shins, causing him to yelp out in pain, then shoved his hooves right into his lucky victim's open mouth.

The zebra's eyes bulged as a pair of hooves and then arms were roughly forced into his maw, gagging as they tickled the back of his throat and provoked a strong swallow. Marcus wasn't even a student at the University, he was just taking a convenient shortcut through campus on the way to giving a piano lesson, and despite his bulk he wasn't very fond of eating people either. The blubbery zebra was used to being hunted by preds, but never in his life had someone abruptly tried to feed themselves to him. Unfortunately for him, the sudden and chaotic nature of the event prevented him from quickly spitting out his would-be-prey, and soon the deer was well up to his elbows in zebra.

The professor smirked as he realized the zebra was very much not eager for a free meal, but knew the process was far too gone to be stopped. His target would have no choice but to continue swallowing as instincts took over. Marcus squirmed and thrashed as the deer's head pushed into his maw and two hooves entered his stomach, wincing at the bland taste of his surprise meal. Every gulp caused his large gut to swell a little more, Ellison barely making a bulge under the thick layers of soft flab. As his own sizable middle began to stretch the zebra's jaws he heard a pained groan from Marcus. Obviously his chosen pred wasn't very used to vore, or at least wasn't prone to eating prey as fat as he was.

Marcus' futile struggles actually made the situation funner for Professor Ellison, the deer having never thought much of terrorizing students in such a manner. He could think of a few problem pupils off the top of his head who barely put much effort in class but prized their slim figures, and he quickly decided he'd have to use them as a weight-loss tool sometime in the future. Or just force-feed them other troublemakers. By now he could feel Marcus' hooves grabbing a hold of his legs in a last ditch

effort to pull the deer free, but Ellison was having none of it. He thrashed about as much as he could and wiggled in deeper when possible. As expected Marcus wasn't able to overpower the combination of Ellison's persistence and his own strong swallows, though the zebra didn't give up until the professor's hooves were practically sliding over his tongue.

A final gulp was followed by a loud belch as Marcus' massive belly wobbled from his obnoxious meal. He moaned in dismay as he felt the deer shifting around, obviously trying to provoke more belches and hasten his digestion, for *some* reason. Marcus considered fighting back a little more, before relenting and choosing to end the exhausting ordeal. A few spiteful punches to his gut caused him to let out a thunderous, sloppy belch, his stomach wrapping tightly around his meal. His belly shook and fidgeted for a couple minutes after until the deer finally passed out.

Confused and frustrated, Marcus managed to lift himself off the bench with quite a bit of effort, embarrassed by his completely exposed gut and torn shirt. With a much harder walk now ahead of him he waddled off in the direction of his piano lesson, wondering if he'd ever figure out the crazed deer's motivations. At least the weight he'd gain would be nice, though...