

Professor Raf's Pi Day

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In Professor Raf's opinion, holidays based around specific foods were the absolute worst. They always seemed to appear without warning, tempting the obese hyena with discounted—or worse yet, *free*—treats. His waistline inevitably suffered on those days, which was particularly frustrating for someone constantly struggling to keep his weight in check. Endless pancakes on Pancake Day had left him stuck in a booth, the overabundance of pastries on Donut Day had made him nearly too wide to fit through his classroom door, and he made an effort to never think about the disastrous aftermath of last Cookie Day. What he feared most, though was the dreaded Pi Day.

Being a university math teacher only seemed to amplify the danger of the day, students and coworkers alike always eager to gift him pies. An aversion to wasting food and an obnoxiously ravenous appetite meant the Professor tended to consume *everything* given to him, and the number of pies grew each year—along with his gut. Raf's rotund belly was thankfully contained by his extra-stretchy sweater vest at the moment, a necessity considering how often he unintentionally gluttoned, but after entering his office at the math department building he worried its limits would be tested that day.

Much to the Professor's dismay, his whole desk was covered in pie boxes, stacked two or three high in some places. The culprits for such a “thoughtful” gift were too numerous to count. He grumpily waddled over to the high-calorie trap, the wonderful aroma of the freshly-baked desserts teasing his nostrils and making his mouth water. Raf had *intended* to spend the morning reviewing upcoming lessons for his classes, but first he'd need to make room on his now-cluttered desk.

For a brief while Professor Raf managed to show considerable restraint, not opening a single pie box as he struggled to comfortably use his computer. Unfortunately his breakfast had been light, and the allure of the free food all around him was too great. With considerable reluctance he opened an apple pie nearby, using a complimentary fork to take a small bite. The taste was enough to temporarily wipe the frown off Raf's face. His mood marginally improved, the Professor continued to work—and eat.

Digging into the snack was essentially an unconscious effort as Raf dedicated the bulk of his attention to the lesson plans and his emails, unaware of just how swiftly he was devouring the apple pie. In minutes the glutton had reduced the dessert to crumbs and a few stray bits of filling, and he didn't feel the slightest bit full. Even when his fork started scraping against the bottom of the tin he didn't notice, instead clumsily opening up the second closest pie and working away at it as well.

Over and over the process repeated itself, Raf wiping out whole pies without the slightest inkling to how much he was actually consuming. The stretchy nature of his outfit meant there was no tightening sensation to shake him from his work, his belly slowly swelling against the desk a little more with every pie he gobbled up. Soon he was spending more time eating than reviewing. Apple, blueberry, cherry, chocolate...all dazzled Raf's taste buds before piling into his stomach, pounds in the making.

An hour later the alarm Raf had set on his phone jolted him back to reality, his stuffed belly shaking the whole desk in the process. Only then did he realize his middle felt somewhat heavier than usual, and he let out an exasperated sigh upon spotting the pile of empty pie tins that'd accumulated during his gorging. The disappointed hyena slowly rolled backwards in his chair to get a better look at his gut, lifting and prodding it to get a good feel for how much he'd eaten, not that he'd be happy with any result. He truly didn't understand how he could glut to such a ridiculous degree without being the slightest bit aware.

Grumbling under his breath, Professor Raf lugged himself out of his chair and gathered his things to head to the first class of the day. The unexpected pie feast made Raf's belly sway and jiggle even more than usual, just another annoyance for the easily-aggravated hyena to deal with. While his sweater vest still covered his bloated middle he doubted his gluttony would go unnoticed by the

students, who he was convinced had made a game out of tracking his frequent shifts in weight over the course of the semester; not that many of them weren't guilty of packing on the pounds, too.

The entire short trip from his office to the building with the classes in it was filled with grumbling, Professor Raf clearing a path through the crowded walkways with his round belly. Often he was forced to shimmy past others who were just as heavy as he was, the awkward dance leading to wobbling middles and the occasional belly bump. As far as Raf could tell the student body had ballooned in weight in recent years, thin Freshmen becoming plump Sophomores becoming overweight Juniors. He was certain the ridiculously cheap dining hall food was to blame, though the abundance of fast food joints surrounding Columbia State University couldn't be ignored. All those things had doomed his waistline while he was attending the college, and he experienced the faintest bit of joy in not being alone in that regards.

When Raf finally waddled into the classroom there was already an unusual number of students there early. For a second he deluded himself into believing they were merely being punctual because of the scheduled test, though a quick glance at his desk provided the truth. Just like back at his office, the desk in the classroom sported a wide selection of pies; the gift-givers had obviously wanted to ensure they remained anonymous to avoid the direct wrath of the Professor. Raf pretended to be unfazed by the desserts—poorly—nudging them aside as he prepared for class.

“Alright, you should all be used to the tests by now so I won't waste our time with the details,” Raf announced, knowing the gazes of more than a few students were upon his rounder middle. “You've got the whole period to work on it, and once you've finished you're free to bring your tests down to me and head out. Good luck.”

With that the sounds of pencil on paper filled the room as the class dived in. Professor Raf carefully lowered himself into his chair and tried to catch up on work, but the looming specter of the pies was impossible to ignore. Again his paw inched towards a pie box and cracked it open, the wonderfully rich chocolate pie inside just begging to be eaten. And eat Raf did.

Despite all his promises to remain alert and not fall victim to his appetite once more, the Professor's eating habits were far too entrenched to be shaken off so easily. Piece-by-piece the chocolate pie was gobbled up. Raf would let out subtle delighted moans every few bites as he unwittingly enjoyed the free dessert, and as soon as he finished the first he moved on to the second, then the third. The students who'd brought in the pies were some of the first to notice their professor's gluttony, which ended up being an unexpected distraction for the class as a whole.

There were plenty of snickers and grins amongst the students, but none dared tell the Professor he was stuffing himself lest they ruin the fun. Even the teacher's assistant kept quiet, though that was mainly because the striped hyena was not-so-secretly fond of Raf's girth; besides, he'd been responsible for almost half the pies on the desk himself. Those on the upper reaches of the auditorium-style classroom had a clear view of their professor's ballooning belly, which was growing wider and wider as the clock ticked on.

Half-way through the allotted time the first student finished, and their peers waited with baited breath to see if Professor Raf would finally become aware of his situation once they turned their test in. The student carefully dropped the test on an open spot of the desk, smiling once the gluttonous hyena simply nodded in approval in between bites and sent him on his way. One-by-one the tests were steadily turned in, and few could resist stealing a glance at Raf's bloated gut as they passed. Most were amazed at how easily the hyena could gorge without noticing, how he seemed perfectly capable of eating without thought in the same way people usually breathed.

With the Professor confirmed to be thoroughly distracted, some took the opportunity to sneak additional pies onto the desk as they left, ensuring Raf would be grazing throughout the rest of the period. Raf was practically in a daze, the hyena completely losing track of time as he ate and skimmed papers and ate...and ate. His middle was swelling across his lap, taut yet still flabby, a ball crammed with an absolutely unreasonable number of desserts. Faint creaks emanated from his chair as it

struggled to handle the increasing bulk of its occupant, but the seat was reinforced just enough to hold together, and Raf couldn't hear its complaints over the normal ambiance of class.

The last test was turned in a few minutes short of the top of the hour, though even that didn't break Professor Raf free of his feeding frenzy. Only when the bell echoed in from the hallway did Raf recover with a jolt and a wobble, the fresh taste of blueberry on his tongue serving as his first hint that something had gone wrong. With great reluctance the hyena glanced over at the side of his desk, grimacing once he spotted a towering pile of empty boxes where the pies had previously been. At first he refused to move or look down, as if he could somehow be perfectly fine if he ignored the obvious, but sitting in the chair for the rest of the day simply wasn't an option.

Raf looked down and immediately growled. He hadn't been slim upon entering the room by any means, but now his belly was like a large beach ball, the sides of which were pressing into the arms of his chair. The grumpy hyena wished he could blame his extreme over-consumption on prank pies or hypnotism or even magic, but the truth of the matter was that his appetite was his worst enemy. In frustration he punched his own stuffed gut, which unintentionally provoked a thunderous *uorrrrrrrrrrp* that rattled his desk and turned his whole face red. His TA was blushing nearly as hard, though the other hyena tried his best to hide the reaction from his professor.

In a huff Professor Raf decided to just clean up and hurry back to his office to hide, but of course he quickly discovered he was wedged in his chair. He squirmed and wiggled for a solid minute attempting to free himself, only managing to make the overburdened chair squeak and creak at the treatment.

With a pained sigh Raf turned to his TA. "A little help?" he mumbled, almost unwilling to say the words.

The TA responded at once, jumping up and heading over, his eyes glued to Professor Raf's sizable middle. He grabbed Raf by the paws and pulled, astonished by how truly heavy his professor was. Over and over the TA tugged, Raf's belly wobbling free inch-by-inch until finally the massive hyena was dislodged completely. Raf nearly toppled over atop his TA in the process, catching himself at the last second as his whole gut jiggled wildly.

Thankful there'd only been one witness to the embarrassing results of his gluttony, Raf offered a hasty thanks before packing up and fleeing—or at least attempting to. His bloated sides scraped against the door frame of the classroom, the Professor fearing for a split second he'd get stuck once again. Fortunately he was able to shimmy through on his own without too much trouble, avoiding judgmental glances and waddling into the crowded hall.

Every step made Professor Raf's massive gut sway dramatically. There was no way of disguising the fact he'd eaten a preposterous amount of *something*, and being the largest in the crowd by far wasn't doing him any favors...and neither were the frequent burps. The jiggling of his belly ensured a steady stream of air was being forced out, muffled *braaaps* and *urrrrrrrrrps* helping to draw even more attention to the embarrassed hyena. Pi Day had only just begun and he was already guaranteed to gain a good deal of weight from the pies he'd gobbled up so far. Remembering the stockpile still left in his office made Raf shudder in dismay; he was in for a very fattening day...