

After Class Snack

By: IndigoRho

“Class dismissed,” Professor Hall said.

The portly, middle-aged tiger watched his students scramble to pack their bags and leave class. Chairs creaked as they got up, and the silence was broken by a wave of chatter. He watched Lance—a rather doughy arctic wolf—wobble as he stood, his bulging gut nearly knocking his table over in the process. The squirms of the prey he’d waddled into class with had ceased early on, and Hall could hear the gurgles from the front.

He preferred his students to not come to class stuffed, but telling a college student not to eat someone was an act of futility. At least Lance had had the courtesy of quieting them down before the lecture began.

His stomach rumbled gently. The gap between breakfast and his final class of the day was long, and he often ended it on the verge of starving. Bounty Burger would be late lunch again, despite the fact he was supposed to be on a diet. A few burgers were far less fattening than the students at Columbia State University, though.

As the class swiftly dispersed, Professor Hall noticed one student hadn’t even started packing yet. They were Aster. The fat tiger sat towards the back of class, wearing a letterman jacket that barely fit and a backward baseball cap with greek letters on it that Hall begrudgingly allowed. He’d been in a fraternity himself decades ago, during his time at CSU.

“Did you have a question for me, Aster?” Professor Hall asked.

A snore was his response.

Professor Hall sighed. Aster had fallen asleep in his class a couple of times before. Usually he caught it early enough to wake the tiger right away—often by bumping into his desk with his gut or letting out a loud belch if he were feeling particularly annoyed—but he hadn’t noticed that day.

The professor waddled down the aisle towards the snoozing tiger, preparing to wake him with a loud clap or perhaps a growl. When he reached Aster, though, he couldn’t help but notice just how fat the tiger was. Aster had ballooned in size over the semester, coming in every week fatter than before. His belly spilled slightly over the desk and his sides pressed hard against the chair. His rump barely fit, and his cheeks and chin jiggled whenever he snored.

Hall could only imagine how much the tiger was stuffing himself at frat parties every weekend. Eating until he couldn’t move and then glutting on dining hall food the next morning no doubt.

Nothing he hadn’t done himself in the past, though he didn’t think he’d blimped up nearly as swiftly as Aster had. The tiger was a natural glutton.

Professor Hall’s stomach rumbled, louder this time.

Tigers happened to be his favorite prey, and the longer he stared at the sleeping student, the easier it was to imagine them crammed into his stomach. Aster would be far more filling than any old burger. Far more fattening, too, unfortunately. How much would he gain from eating him? Sixty pounds? Seventy? It could be hard to tell, and some students proved more calorie-dense than others. All he knew for certain was Aster was a guaranteed calorie bomb of a cat.

Hall's gaze hadn't left Aster's doughy middle. He tried to avoid eating English majors; he couldn't teach them if they were stewing in his belly, after all. But Aster wasn't an English major anymore. He'd dropped the second major to focus his studies and not over-extend himself, a move Professor Hall had accepted. It also coincidentally put them back on the menu.

The professor's stomach rumbled so loud he thought it'd wake Aster. The tiger slept through it.

Hall frowned, realizing his appetite was going to win the argument over lunch. Oh well, at least his cheat day would be a filling one.

With care, the older tiger lifted his pupil out of his seat. He grunted at the sheer weight of Aster. He slowly opened his maw wide and swallowed Aster's head, baseball cap and all. With gentle gulps, he stretched his jaws around their head and wide shoulders. Their soft chest came next, then the long curve of their round belly.

Throughout it all, Aster remained passed out, blissfully unaware he was becoming lunch as he slept.

The frat boy's jacket rode up as he was being swallowed, exposing his soft, pillowy middle. Professor Hall snuck in a squeeze and grinned. Calories be damned, nothing beat a blubbery snack.

Professor Hall's belly steadily ballooned outward as Aster emptied into it. His expandex sweater vest stretched to accommodate his growing gut, the buttons showing only a token amount of strain. His middle pushed against the table and chair Aster had been sitting in, making room for itself.

After pushing Aster's round belly and rump into his maw, Professor Hall lifted the rest of the hefty student up. Gravity pushed the rest of Aster down his professor's gullet in quick bursts. He slid away in a minute, sneakers and all.

Professor Hall held his gargantuan gut up with his paws and groaned. He could barely stand, the fat student weighing his belly down past his knees. A single shove would've been enough to topple him.

"Uworrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrp!!" Hall failed to stifle the belch at all, and it rattled both the room and his belly. He felt Aster stirring within. The tiger had finally woken. Confused prods quickly escalated to squirms as they realized they were in a stomach.

"Sorry Mr. Villanueva, but I couldn't quite—*bworrrp*—resist my hunger today. Surely you know how it is." The muffled response from Aster didn't sound like understanding.

Professor Hall slowly waddled back towards his desk at the front of class, his belly swaying from side to side in protest. Hall's groans shifted to moans as he felt the struggles of his lunch. Few things made him happier than eating others, even if the end results tended to frustrate him. He'd worry about the calories and pounds later. For now, he was eager to enjoy his feline feast.

The professor lowered himself into his chair, which creaked loudly but held together. His gut spilled out over his lap, so big he could barely see over the peak. He began to purr, the deep rumbling jiggling his tiger-filled middle. He'd have been embarrassed if anyone had seen him in such voracious bliss. Fortunately, the only ones there were him and lunch.

"Teaching has its ups and downs, but I certainly can't complain about the food," Professor Hall smirked, rubbing his belly. He let loose another belch, and Aster's baseball cap flew out of his mouth and onto the floor.