

Drive-Through

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With a click, the lecture hall presentation moved on to the next slide. Professor August stood to the left of the projector screen, the plump gray snake's attention darting from it to the college students as he discussed the conquests of Alexander the Great. The faint clacking of keyboards echoed throughout the room as students noted down his words on laptops. There was also the occasional gurgle as a bulging belly or two broke down lunch.

Professor August didn't discourage his students from coming in full like some of his peers did. As long as their gut wasn't a distraction, they were free to stuff themselves before waddling in. He knew better than most how popular predation was at Columbia State University. The opportunity to snag a lively meal could come at any moment, and he'd have hated to deny a student that chance.

Privately, he also liked to encourage his students to fatten themselves as much as possible. He often fantasized about eating each and every one of them, though consuming an entire class was close to impossible. Still, he managed to convert his fair share into snake fat every semester. He hoped to add a few more to his waistline before the day was through.

Class had started with an exam. Nothing tremendously difficult, just a test to prove the students had kept up with the reading and bothered taking notes. But he'd strongly implied that he'd eat everyone who failed, without exception. Oh, he'd danced around the subject and avoided any exact threats, per usual, but only the densest pupil would overlook the hunger in his eyes and how he'd licked his lips while wishing them all luck.

In a corner of the room, his TA dutifully graded the exams. They'd alert him of each failure as they were graded, allowing the professor to pick them off at his leisure. His chosen meals would no doubt attempt to avoid doom, but he'd catch them in the end, even if he had to stalk them to their apartments or frat houses and gobble them up there. Few ever escaped his coils once he set his sights on them.

Professor August couldn't help but eye up the students he believed were most likely to become his late lunch. There was Sheen, a silver wolf who August suspected was busy playing games on his laptop, not taking

notes. He did the absolute minimum to get through class and slipped up often. Imagining the wolf's doughy belly and rump sliding down his throat made August's mouth water.

Xander sat a few rows back. The fat sea otter compulsively adjusted his shirt, which would only cover his belly for a minute before inevitably sliding up to expose it to the class. His scores had been faltering lately, coinciding with his considerable gains. It was as if he was willingly fattening himself up as a sacrifice to his professor. August anticipated the hefty treat with gusto.

The only other who immediately came to mind was JD, a plump tiger who'd come to class stoned on more than one occasion. He appeared sober at a glance, but that didn't mean he'd studied properly. Professor August found the idea of consuming the living edible to be delightful, despite the fact he'd have to stick around campus while he worked it out of his system.

Individually, they'd all make wonderful meals, and they were high on his list of students that semester he wanted to eat. A wide grin spread across his face as he contemplated the small chance he'd get to indulge on all three that day. He'd be far too bloated after such a feast to leave the lecture hall, but it wouldn't be the first time he'd passed out in the room to digest a massive meal, and it wouldn't be the last.

With his head filled with voracious thoughts, Professor August continued the lecture with a grin. But as time passed, he didn't hear a single peep from his TA. The antelope seemed to be diligently going through the tests, though. Had the students actually heeded his warnings and studied for once? His dream of gorging faded. Someone was bound to screw up, though. Maybe they'd missed a class or lost their notes or assumed he was bluffing about eating those who failed. Bad luck or cockiness always caught up with someone.

Five minutes remained of class when the TA finally stood up and walked over to Professor August. The antelope had an uncharacteristically blank expression, and August feared the worst before they'd even opened their mouth. "Um, everyone passed, Professor," he whispered.

"Everyone?" Professor August asked, baffled.

"Everyone."

For a split second, August's face nearly contorted in fury, but he

swiftly regained his composure and put on a fake smile. "Good news, everyone. It appears you've all passed today's exam." A wave of relief came over the lecture hall. "You'll learn the exact results next class but for now... class is dismissed."

Laptops snapped shut and bags were packed. The nervous students worried about being preyed upon darted away first. Most acted casual while obviously keeping an eye out for potential preds around them. A polar bear who'd started class with his bulging belly still kicking now struggled to get out of his chair. Professor August's buffet faded away.

His stomach rumbling in protest, the professor hurried to his desk with the stack of exams his TA had handed him. He checked them all twice, but found no fault in the TA's grading. No one had failed. A few had come close. If Xander had missed a single additional question, he'd have been stewing in August's belly that very second. Instead, the otter was already out the door and waddling around campus, waiting to be someone else's meal.

"Of all the days for them to put effort into class!" Professor August hissed. He genuinely loved teaching people, but he loved eating people more. To spend the entire day eagerly anticipating a filling meal, only to have it snatched away from him frustrated the snake to no end. He looked around for his TA, desperate for any prey, but the antelope had wisely fled with the rest of the class.

"Fine," the professor grumbled, scratching his demanding belly. "Burgers it is."

The walk to his car didn't provide Professor August with any meals of opportunity to make up for the disappointing class. Everyone was too observant or too secure. He had faith in his ability to hunt, but wasn't delusional enough to believe he could tackle a whole group solo. To add insult to injury, he spotted the polar bear from his class scarfing down some kind of bird. A few ravenous gulps plunged the unlucky bird into the stew pot their stomach had become. They waddled off stuffed and elated, as August should've been.

Professor August drove the short distance from campus to the nearest Bounty Burger. He impulsively ordered an obscene number of burgers, intent on burying his annoyance in greasy fast food. But a pile of burgers wouldn't come close to matching a plump college student. They certainly

wouldn't wiggle or whine like one.

He drove around to the window and looked over, making no effort to hide his foul mood. A doughy black and white dutch rabbit was working the window. His uniform clung tightly to his chest and middle, and his collar dug into his pudgy neck. Seeing the butterball bunny made Professor August's stomach growl and reminded him of all he'd been denied that day. As he accepted bag after bag of burgers, though, he wondered if he might still have one last chance at a good meal that day.

"Have a good day," the rabbit said.

Professor August's smile returned to him as he put the last bag on the passenger seat. "Oh, I think I'm missing something."

The rabbit glanced around his station in confusion. "What?"

"Dessert."

Professor August's tail darted through the window and grabbed the rabbit by the collar. He pulled before the rabbit could realize what was happening, launching them right into his wide-open maw. Frenzied gulps sucked the rabbit into his throat.

The rabbit flailed, their head and shoulders inside August while their legs kicked about inside Bounty Burger. Their round belly hung in the gap between, jiggling frantically. Their struggles barely slowed Professor August at all. The snake's jaws stretched with ease to take more and more of them in, passing over soft pecs and the deliciously doughy middle that'd earned his attention to begin with.

Professor August's belly steadily ballooned out from under his suit jacket and filled the driver's side of the car. It pushed against the steering wheel and laid into the horn. He reached down and found the handle to push his seat as far back as it'd go. It lurched back and his gut spilled onto his lap and below the wheel.

The whole car rocked from side to side as the professor swallowed his unwilling meal. It'd been ages since he'd eaten anyone through the window of a car. It was risky, laborious, and left him little time to savor his meal. His cravings for prey made the inconveniences all worthwhile, though.

Persistence and hunger prevailed, and soon the rabbit had been reduced to a pair of wiggling feet. Professor August shoved them into his mouth with the tip of his tail and swallowed. His round gut jerked forward,

honking the horn again. His seatbelt strap dug into it, creaking as it wrapped around far more than usual, but held together. He'd wisely chosen all the pred-friendly features the car could offer when buying it.

"That really—*urrrrp*—hit the spot," Professor August moaned. His belly bounced around in his lap, bumping into the door, the wheel, and the stick. The rabbit fought as hard as any prey he'd eaten before, but their struggles merely entertained him, not pained him.

The sound of honking snapped him out of his daze. Taking the time to glut on the rabbit had started a back-up behind him. A dragon had taken over the rabbit's spot in the window, occasionally sneaking a glance at his bulging middle. Professor August reached for the wheel and carefully drove his car away from the window and into a parking spot. He could've managed the ride home, but he wanted to enjoy his prey while they were still kicking.

Muffled shouts echoed from the pit of Professor August's stomach. He didn't pay any attention to them. Instead, he ran his claws over the shifting surface of his gut, watching as the rabbit's squirms created brief bulges. "Nothing beats fast food," the snake snickered. A stiff kick from within made him groan. "Yeah, keep it up. The fighting always feels so good." He leaned back in his seat and smiled. One meal and he'd filled up half the car. The excess only enhanced his pleasure. His eyes slowly closed, and fell into a deep, relaxing sleep, even as the rabbit continued fighting in vain.

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The car groaned and tipped as Professor August slid out. His belly had smoothed out and shrunk some, becoming a round ball. He sloshed whenever he moved, his stomach working tirelessly to convert the rabbit he'd eaten earlier into pudge. An acid-stained wallet sat on the passenger side floor, along with a skull. Leaning over to grab them would've been a chore. He'd clean up his mess later.

Free of the car, August stretched and rubbed his gurgling gut. He adored the heft of a digesting meal. "You're going to make me nice and fat, snack," he said. "And then class will make me even fatter once someone slips up again."

He grabbed the burger bags with his tail and slammed the car door

shut. He took his time waddling up to his front door, enjoying every jiggle and slosh of his massive gut. Despite everything, though, he couldn't help but think back to the polar bear from his class. Perhaps he'd order delivery as a second course. After all, he had to keep up with his ravenous students. He wouldn't be able to add them to his ballooning waistline otherwise.