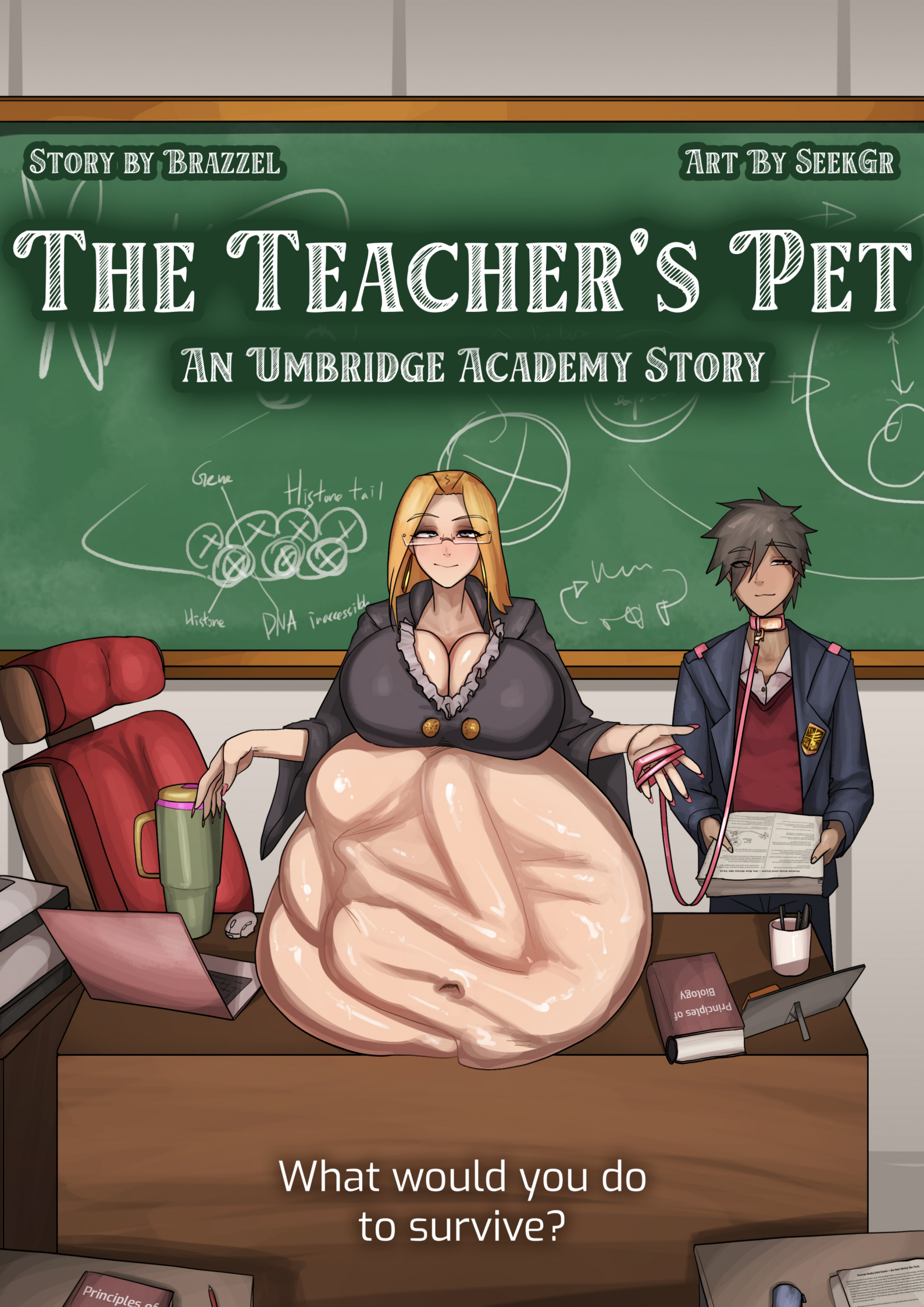
Story by Brazzel
Art By SeekGr
The Teacher's Pet
An Umbridge Academy Story
Gene
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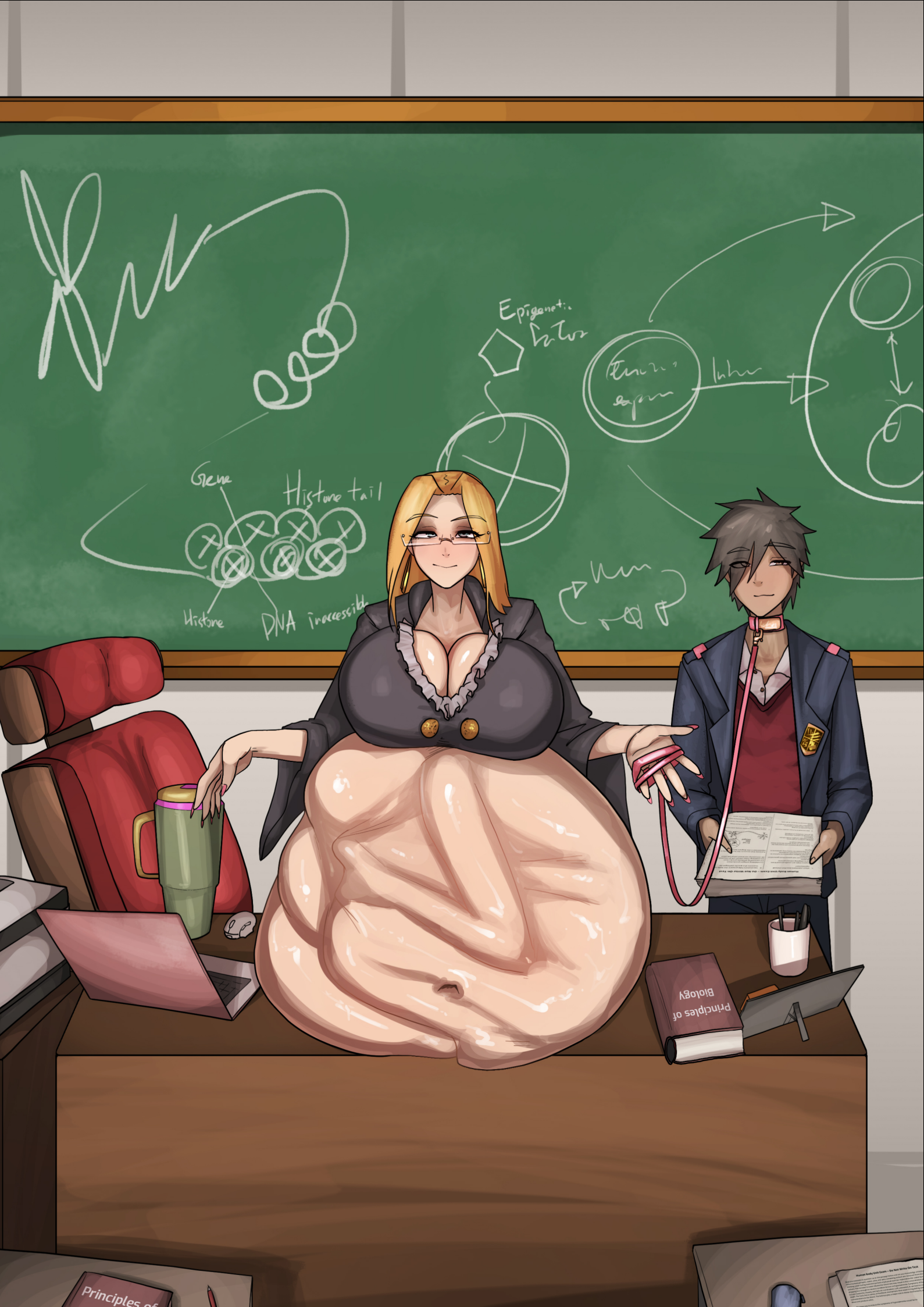
DNA inaccessible
Principles of Biology
What would you do to survive?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The Teacher's Pet

An Umbridge Academy
Novella

by
Brazzel

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This book takes place in a fictional post-secondary school. All characters are 18+.

Heist

Class that day started with an execution.

“Cheating,” Miss Clear said, her voice rising above the shrieking groan of her overfull stomach. “Will *not* be tolerated.”

The students looked around the room. Nobody spoke, nor did they risk staring too long at the unfortunate outline of their classmate pressed against their teacher’s belly. Whoever was inside of her was definitely a boy. A well-endowed boy. The only person missing from the class was nerdy Richard Jenkins, but surely he couldn’t—

“Richard here thought that he could sneak a peek at next week’s test questions,” Miss Clear said, drumming her fingers on his forehead. “I caught him rifling through my desk, intent on gaining an unfair academic advantage.”

“I just wanted to see my grade on the last test,” Richard yelled. “I didn’t know that the new tests were—*mmmmmph.*”

Students shifted uncomfortably as Miss Clear rubbed her knuckles against the outline of Richard’s cock. The boy attempted to writhe and kick, but her stomach was tight and allowed for barely a squirm. She continued to stroke him as she spoke.

“Richard has disrespected myself, this institution, and your own academic integrity through his flagrant attempt at espionage. You have all worked hard to earn your seats at this elite academy and he has spat on the face of that hard work, of that effort, and now resides in my guts like the foul little parasite that he is. We have a choice now, don’t we, class? Umbridge Academy allows its teachers full discretion when selecting a punishment for cheating. Does he deserve to live?”

Her stomach tightened and Richard howled. Miss Clear’s beringed fingers moved faster and faster across his cock, working him into a frenzy as she buried him in meat and writhing flesh. The boys in the class blushed and bit their lips. The girls in the class stared in awe.

“Or does he deserve to melt?”

Richard came with a tremendous groan. His cock pulsed against the side of Miss Clear’s navel as she dug her fingers into the fat on either side of him, kneading his balls.

Nobody spoke. Miss Clear’s glinting eyes looked over the rows of silent students as they bowed their heads. Only one boy was brave enough to meet her gaze. His name was Tidius Thack, the teacher’s pet.

“Opinions, Tidius?” Miss Clear purred.

Tidius shrugged.

“I think he should digest,” he said. “But that’s just my opinion.”

“Ah. Does anyone else want to voice *their* opinions? This affects all of you, you know. Had he gotten away with this data breach, he would have soared above you all in the rankings, bumping a different,

deserving student into the bottom 10. And you know what happens to the bottom 10, right?"

The students shuddered and bowed their heads further. Miss Clear's cruel smile widened as she placed her stomach on her desk.

"This weasel," she said, emphasizing each word with a shake of her gut. "This cretin, this *lech* would have seen one of you digested without a second thought. He would have slept like a baby. It's true that this is his first offense and that he'd usually earn an out-of-school suspension."

Another shudder. 'Out-of-school suspension' was code for 'spending a night in their teacher's stomach'. Most students didn't come back from their 'suspensions'.

"But I think that, given our proximity to the end of the term, the severity of the breach warrants a more permanent solution. Does anyone disagree?"

Silence.

Richard began to plead.

"Guys, please," he begged, his voice faint. "You know I wasn't cheating. I wasn't! Please, someone, anyone, say something!"

Miss Clear placed her elbows on Richard's head and leaned forward. Her blouse was unbuttoned, her taut belly spilling out over her gray skirt. Abundant cleavage jiggled atop the upper curve of her stomach.

"Anyone?" she called. "Crespin?"

A boy with a shaggy mop of red hair jumped. He'd spent a week in 'detention' only a month before and he knew better than most about Miss Clear's proclivities. He put an unconscious hand on the burn he'd sustained in her stomach and shook his head. Miss Clear's gaze turned to the girl sitting next to him.

"How about you, Wilma?"

The girl turned so green that she blended in with the chalkboard. Once, for talking back, Miss Clear had dipped her head—and only her head—into her gut. Her pigtails had dissolved in the vat of bubbling

acid, leaving Wilma to breathe in their acrid scent as she cried against the slowly gyrating walls.

"Tidius?"

Tidius scratched at the collar around his neck. As the 'teacher's pet,' he was literally chained to the teacher's desk, the name 'Clear' emblazoned on his choker.

"It seems like you've already made up your mind to digest him," he said. "Who am I to question your judgement?"

"Who indeed?" Miss Clear laughed. "If there are no further objections…?"

The silence cut like the blade of a guillotine. Every student trembled in their seats—all except for Tidius, sitting on the floor, watching Miss Clear's hand slip surreptitiously into her skirt behind the privacy of her desk. He knew that as soon as the classroom emptied, he'd be asked to 'help'. He bit his cheek.

"Alright!" Miss Clear said with a clap of her hands. "Then let's get on with it."

A shriek rang through the skin of her stomach. Richard was thrashing, tossing from side to side in the confines of Miss Clear's abdomen. The horrid sloshing sound soon gave way to weak, sludgy whimpers, and then finally sniffles. Miss Clear smirked as she wrapped her hands around his torso.

"Are you done with your tantrum? Ready to confess?"

"I'm sorry," Richard gasped. He was out of breath. The few students in the classroom who had survived a detention pitied him immensely. Moving even an inch in that dark, claustrophobic chamber was like rolling a boulder up a hill. "I'm so sorry for cheating. Please, Miss Clear, have mercy."

"Mercy?" Miss Clear laughed. Her laugh was a high-pitched giggle, incongruent with her stature. "Mercy is for students who *try*, Richard. You lost my mercy the moment you chose to peek at those tests." Her stomach tightened around him. The outline of his terrified face appeared between her breasts, his hands sinking deep into the

surrounding skin. “It’s a shame. You were a good student. Now: Crack or Slosh?”

A gasp went up throughout the students. A few even chanced a stupefied glance at Miss Clear to see if she was serious.

There were a few methods of digestion that teachers employed at Umbridge Academy. The first, and widely considered the most brutal, was ‘Crack’. It involved tightening the abdomen, squeezing and squeezing until whoever was inside was pulverized. The action was usually accompanied by a loud ‘crack,’ giving it the moniker. The other popular method for fast digestion was ‘Slosh’. It involved releasing a heavy deluge of acids into the stomach. Often, the victim drowned before they dissolved, but the pain was said to be immense.

Of the two methods, Crack was considered the most merciful. There was only a moment’s pain before termination. Slosh was ‘gentler’ by comparison, or at least less violent sounding, but it involved minutes of torture before dissolution. Crack and Slosh were only used in cases of extreme punishment. Usually, if a teacher digested a student, it was slowly, over the course of days or weeks.

It was especially cruel to give the victim a choice.

Richard choked in response. Miss Clear was stroking his head, rubbing him through the warm skin. Her stomach was still propped upon her desk, front and center, so that everyone could watch its gruesome transformation. After ten seconds with no answer, Miss Clear clicked her tongue.

“Slosh it is.”

“Wait, no—!”

Miss Clear closed her eyes and leaned her head back. Her hips thrust forward into the edge of her desk as the last buttons on her blouse—those holding back her massive breasts—burst outward, exposing her braless tits. A great gurgle echoed through the room. Her stomach shook. Rumbled. It vibrated the wood of the desk as the sound grew wetter, each *clench* of the abdomen squeezing more and more acid into the chamber. Richard began to scream. The students

trembled at their desks, watching, witnessing the outline of their classmate's body smooth in a series of damp heaves.

The stomach rippled. It grew. It spread over the corners of the desk, filling like a balloon as Richard's screams reached a crescendo and then, with an almost sexual grunt, Miss Clear clenched.

CRACK!

"Oops," Miss Clear said as her stomach returned to its usual size. The protrusion in the middle was now a smooth bump. "I guess it was Crack after all."

Tidius saw her hand glide between her legs and come away wet. She smiled down at him. A familiar warmth filled his chest. Fear. Excitement. The chain around his neck tightened as Miss Clear twirled it casually around a finger. He wasn't pulled under her desk (yet), but the tug was enough to let him know that soon he'd be listening to the sludgy sounds of Miss Clear's digestive tract as her glistening belly slapped against the back of his head.

A meaty belch filled the room with the scent of rot. The students didn't dare cover their noses.

"Wonderful," Miss Clear said, rebuttoning her shirt. "Now, if you will all take out your packets and turn to page five: 'The Function of Ribosomes.'"

A shuffle of papers hitting the desk could barely be heard over the horrid crunching occurring within Miss Clear's gut. She pretended not to notice, rifling through her own desk for her packet, but her finger continued to twirl around Tidius's chain. She wanted to yank him under her desk, he knew, and only the facade of sexual innocence kept her from doing so. Despite every student in the class having seen her tits (and many having spent 'detention' in her stomach), Miss Clear liked to proclaim herself virtuous—and maybe she was, compared to the other teachers at Umbridge academy.

"Alright," she said, dragging her knuckles over her exposed gut. "Let's begin."

***

Want to read more about Umbridge Academy? The Teacher's Pet is available now!

Umbridge Academy is known for its strict faculty, wealthy alumni… and a graduation rate that's measured in survivors.

At a school where failing students are digested, Tidius has survived by becoming a teacher's "pet" and making himself too useful to eat. But when his side hustle selling exams leads to his capture, a late-night detention turns into a very hands-on punishment… and a misunderstanding that sets his enforcer loose on the classmates he just made a deal with.

If you enrolled at Umbridge, could you keep your head down, stay indispensable… and avoid ending up as pudge on a teacher's belly?

The bell's rung. Class is in session.

The Teacher's Pet contains 66 pages and 16 illustrations.