

Feeding the Class Pet

By hunter

It was one week from the end of the school year, and classes were winding down for the summer holidays.

Just four more days and I'm outta here Cassie thought to herself as the bell rang, signalling the end of the school day. She was a senior at Peterborough High, and she was looking forward to finishing her last week at the school and heading off to college.

She shoved her notebook into her backpack and stood up from her desk, swinging her bag over her shoulder and walking to the door along with the other students. However, just as she was about to leave the class, she heard the teacher call her name.

"Yes, miss?" Cassie asked as she turned and walked back to the teacher's desk.

"Cassie, Mr Keene wants to see you in the biology lab."

Cassie frowned. "Um, did he say why?"

"Nope, just said he wants you to go see him after class."

"Oh, okay..."

Cassie left the class and started walking down the winding hallways, now bustling with students who were on their way home. She picked her way through the throngs and soon arrived at the lab as instructed. She knocked on the door and entered.

The thrum faded into silence as she shut the door behind her.

"You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Ah, Cassie. Yes." The teacher was sitting at his desk, apparently grading papers, but looked up when Cassie arrived. He gestured towards the '*class pet*' sitting in the corner of the room, which Cassie had been deliberately ignoring until this point.

"I need you to feed Fred," Mr Keele said nonchalantly.

Lots of schools keep live frogs as class pets, and students take turns feeding them. Peterborough High was unusual though, in that the frog it chose was a rare species of Giant Bullfrog. The frog in question was easily the size of a person and was capable of swallowing large prey.

Usually, Fred ate pigs, of which he was fed one per month. It was a class activity, where the teacher brought in a pig and the class gathered around excitedly to watch Fred eat. On occasion though, the frog was fed one of the students. This normally happened if they weren't able to procure a pig in time for the scheduled feeding, or on other special occasions.

Cassie felt her blood run cold. "H-huh?"

"Clothes off please, you know the drill."

"B-b-but... I only have 1 week left!"

"Actually it'll be more like 4 days."

"Can't you just feed him a pig like usual?"

In the time Cassie had been at the school, she had seen the frog eat 3 students - all attractive girls in their final year - and she had been able to see them squirm and thrash in the frog's belly for several days afterwards. Judging by the muffled screams emanating from the frog's belly the whole time, it was not a pleasant way to die.

"Sorry Cassie, someone knocked over the display skeleton last week and one of the femurs and ulnas snapped. I need a new human skeleton to replace it, a pig's won't do."

Cassie's eyes widened. "Y-you want to put me on *display*?" her voice quaked.

"No, I want to put your *bones* on display - for educational purposes. *YOU* will be long gone by then" Mr Keele stated flatly. He clapped his hands. "Now then, clothes off. It'll all be over in a few days."

Cassie slowly started disrobing, starting with her top, and then her skirt. She finally slipped off her bra and panties and placed them in a pile on one of the desks. She then nervously walked over to the corner where the frog was watching her intently.

She stood there, about 6 feet away from the giant amphibian, but found herself unable to move any closer. She turned back to the teacher. "W-what if I-"

Suddenly, the frog's tongue shot out at lightning speed, sliding between her legs and up her back.

Cassie screamed as she was lifted into the air, and flung towards the frog. She plunged butt first into its wide-open maw. Her legs were pushed upwards, and her thighs were pressed into her chest. The frog's snout pressed into her breasts, pushing them upwards, and its throat undulated around Cassie's nude body.

Cassie winced as her body was crushed by the frog's powerful throat and jaws. "It's s- so tight..." she whimpered.

"You're being eaten, Cassie. That's not usually a *pleasant* experience." The teacher said, without lifting his head from his papers.

Despite the teacher's words, Cassie felt a growing tingle emanating from her loins and spreading up her back. Although the frog had stuffed her into its mouth, it wasn't making any attempt to swallow her, even though it could do so easily. Its tongue explored her back and shoulders, and its gullet pulsed around her. It was almost like it was trying to enjoy her as much as possible.

Cassie's body started to instinctively relax. She was cocooned in the frog's slimy, warm embrace, and if it wasn't for her imminent death she would have thought it felt nice.

Despite her best efforts to remain focused, Cassie's whimpers turned into moans as the frog's jaw continued to squeeze and release her body in a rhythmic motion, massaging her like a piece of juicy meat.

Cassie didn't know if the frog was doing this instinctively to tenderise its meal before consumption, or if it was consciously enjoying the experience, but every movement caused another shiver up her body, and she relaxed and sank deeper into the frog's dripping maw.

Her legs had gone completely limp, and as she slowly descended further, her lower legs were pushed up past her head, and her toes pointed skywards.

Cassie looked at the broken skeleton that was hung on a metal rod in the corner. The skeleton had belonged to a former student, who had been eaten before Cassie joined the school. Her own bones would soon be hanging there in its place, and the previous girl would be discarded, like an old textbook. She wouldn't be given a burial... No one would care... Her parents had probably moved on years ago and didn't even realise or care that her skeleton was going to be replaced. Would Cassie's parents care? They might think it's a shame, but they'll move on quickly. These things happen from time to time... Cassie wasn't the first girl to be eaten by some giant animal, and she wouldn't be the last. She was going to die inside its belly screaming in agony like countless others before her and the rest of the world would go on spinning.

Her head slipped between the frog's jaws and then everything went dark as she plunged into the frog's belly.

The inside of the creature was even tighter than the jaws. The stomach walls pressed in on her body on all sides, squeezing her into a fetal position. She managed to get her butt and legs beneath her, and the acids pooled about halfway up her body. She knew that the last few days of her short life were going to be hell, but it was done now. What was about to happen was inevitable.

The next day, rumors were flying as students took to their seats.

“I heard she was so scared she wet herself!”

“Nah, I heard she BEGGED the frog to eat her and crawled down its throat!”

“Haha, stupid slut”

In the corner of the room, Cassie was still very much alive, as evidenced by the frog’s squirming gut, but she couldn’t hear the conversations going on outside. Occasionally she would hear muffled voices, as students walked over to get a closer look, but couldn’t make out what they were saying - although it was obvious the students were laughing.

At this moment, she was screaming in pain. The skin on her legs was mostly melted away, and chunks of her succulent flesh were falling away. Her feet were pretty much completely gone, and she could see part of her femur where her inner thigh had been eaten away by acids. Every second was unimaginable agony.

The pain didn’t subside, but after a day or so Cassie’s voice gave out, and she could only lay there squirming and shaking as more and more of her tender flesh fell away into the bubbling acids beneath her.

She spent the next days drifting in and out of consciousness, never knowing when she would finally be gone for good. Every time she woke up she felt a surge of relief that she was still alive, followed by immediate horror upon seeing the state of her once gorgeous young body and knowing that her existence would soon be ending. Things continued like this for the rest of the week while classes carried on around her like normal, and on the last day of term, as students left for their summer holidays, Cassie finally died.

The frog’s stomach worked quickly to break down the last bits of Cassie’s body, and when lessons resumed in September, students saw a brand new skeleton hanging in the corner of the room.

The End