

Simba and his father happily jogged over to an open field. Mufasa offered to help train Simba in hunting. Simba was more than excited, practically leaping at Mufasa's heels. Mufasa kept his posture, walking along until he found a barren enough landscape to issue his 'training'.

"Alright son, are you ready?" Mufasa asked, sitting down and watching Simba scamper just ahead of him and sit down as well.

"Of course! What are we hunting today? Gazelle? Zebra?... Zazu...?" Simba asked, looking around curiously as if Mufasa had set up his prey beforehand.

"No, no no... I'm hunting today, and you will be my meal." Mufasa explained it haphazardly, clearly caught off guard. Before Simba could ask, Mufasa answered.

"There are many bigger predators out and about. Let alone that but many may try to strip your throne away from you. Before you learn to eat, you have to learn to be eaten. My father trained me this same way, so I know it's effective." Mufasa seemed to find great joy in this training. This 'training' was foreign and taboo to the young prince, but his trust in his father carried it through. "Don't worry, you won't be in any danger. I will let you escape at your own pace, so there's no need to panic. Just trust in me, young one." Mufasa seemed at least aware of how panicked this would make any normal lion. Simba then realized that this lesson could prove helpful down the line. With a nod to signify his readiness, Mufasa smiled. The large father knew this was a hard ask, but he prepared for this for a long while, ready to ensure this to be an excellent lesson from the cub. Awaiting his son, Mufasa leaned down with an open maw. His large tongue flopped from the front of his jaws and his steamy breath poofed out past his thick lips.

The sight was almost as inviting to his son as he would have wanted. Wearily, Simba leaned his head in, believing himself to be eaten. Though as his head rested between the two powerful jaws of his father and basking in his breath, he realized he needed to climb further in. He started with his front paws, setting them both on his father's tongue and felt it twitch in delight. As he stepped closer in, Mufasa lifted his head and Simba with it. Simba then crawled into the mouth of his father, his hind legs filing in slowly and getting his body soaked in hot saliva. While in his maw, he could see the gaping tunnel of his father's throat, visualizing himself sinking down into it. Mufasa slowly closed his lips together, his jaws still slightly parted. He leaned his head back, causing Simba to jolt in place, his nose banging into the back of Mufasa's throat as his paws slipped inside. As Mufasa kept his muzzle up high, he felt as Simba slowly slipped into place. Simba wearily tried to

pull his paws out, but the strength of his father's gullet proved too much and he only pulled himself in tighter. Realizing that he needs this training, he leaned into it and allowed Mufasa to swallow him.

It took just one gulp, resulting in Simba becoming nothing but a bulge in his father's throat before plummeting to his less than pleasant stomach. His belly already had a few remains of food inside, though it was reduced to unrecognizable mush in combination with the various liquids in his stomach. The puddle of food gunk proved to be his only real obstacle as of now. He tried to feel around the cramped space but only dug himself deeper into the invasive mess in his belly. He tried to spin himself around to retrace his steps, simply climbing back up through the throat, but his environment shook and went lopsided. He fell over, the belly fluids coating him as well as the remains of whatever digested in there last.

"Well in a real belly, the predator won't just stand still unless you're already digesting. My goal is to make this as realistic as possible, so don't get too excited." Mufasa laughed, petting his belly and rubbing along Simba from the outside. He wasn't going to digest Simba at all but still worked to make the training worth it. Simba gave some form of affirmation from inside and Mufasa went on to walk around, testing his son's capability to keep his bearings in his stomach. While Mufasa at first was just walking in circles, he then started some more dynamic moves to really test how his gut treats prey. He stretched, thinning his stomach as he did so, ran along the plains and felt his son bounce about from inside. Mufasa then started the long walk back home.

From inside, Simba was being tossed around and coated in countless fluids and mush from all sides. He had lost his bearings a while ago and was now simply a victim to his father's movements. Simba tried helpless to find his way around but each attempt was met with identical cramped stomach walls squeezing all around and gushing grime and food envelop his form as if he were already a part of his father's stomach. The stretching felt as though his containment was being squeezed from two sides, sandwiching him in a billowing flesh. Simba pawed at the walls to avail, feeling them all quake around him as he was compacted in on and forced back to square one, even though he hadn't moved at all. This will prove to be harder than he thought. Even with Mufasa walking back home, his engorged belly swayed with each step and no indication of stopping. Simba was instead left to ruminate in the juices of his father's belly, losing energy to continue fighting the stomach walls. Mufasa could feel his son calming down, deciding to change pace once more, now

sprinting down to pride rock as to avoid his stomach becoming a form of lullaby to him. Simba was about to drift off in the cozy gut, before suddenly being reminded of his training. How could he even find rest in his father's stomach? He was meant to be training with him and

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