

Mufasa sat by a spring, patting his belly with a deep sigh. He hadn't eaten all day and the feeling of hunger was starting to get to him. He was surprised as ever when his beloved servant, Zazu, came up to him expectantly reporting the news, as was his job. The bird yapped on and on, raving about the endless worries of the pridelands as Mufasa absentmindedly nodded along, far too distracted to pay any mind to the incessant chirps. It was on cue that Mufasa's belly grumbled impatiently, silencing the wordy bird as he looked concerned at the belly of the usually plump lion.

"Ah, My apologies, Zazu. I haven't eaten yet today so my stomach has been a bit upset at the notion." The king of the pridelands tried to swipe a paw at the loud rumbling and reluctantly pay more mind to Zazu's concerns, but the bird had other ideas.

"Well what kind of servant would I be if I hadn't helped my king in any way possible? Open up, m'lord, your meal is on its way." Zazu happily flapped his way up to the massive maw of Mufasa, quickly hopping between the maw of his king as he nearly voiced his objection. As soon as Zazu was in place, Mufasa could hardly even feel the feeble body slide down his throat, much too small to satisfy him. He was still very hungry, the small bird hardly appeasing his belly's hunger.

"Wh-what? Zazu! Oh my goodness..." Mufasa cried out in shock, now looking down at his belly, hardly even different due to the massive size difference between the two. On cue, Simba and his friend Nala playfully lept forwards, seeing Mufasa fearfully pad out his belly in hopes of appeasing the bird from inside.

"Whoa! Is Zazu in there?" Nala asked excitedly, looking up at the burly lion and oblivious to the implications. Mufasa shuttered at feeling the fluttering of thin wings from inside of his gut as Nala rubbed her head against his belly out of curiosity.

"Let us go somewhere else, Nala. You too Simb-"

As the lion king leaned his head down to pick up Nala and take her from his writhing belly, with expert precision, she lept between his jaws, kicking and squirming until only her tail was left out of his lips. Mufasa was panicked, feeling this cub in his maw, but before he could process his dilemma, his instincts kicked in and slurped up the easy meal, feeling her as she plummeted down on top of Zazu and into his now outgrown belly. Mufasa grumbled to himself, patting his belly in astonishment at how two people managed to feed themselves to him. He felt the two animals as they climbed over one another.

Simba, the lion prince stepped forwards next. He sniffed at Mufasa's belly and glanced back up at him in odd astonishment. With a sigh, Mufasa nodded, lowering his head to his son with his jaws agape. Simba smiled excitedly before laying the first paw onto his father's tongue. Mufasa could hardly contain his hunger as he quickly chomped over Simba and lifted him into his maw, filling out his cheeks as he nudged Simba to the back of his throat with his masterful tongue. Simba seemed ecstatic, pawing at the cheeks and tongue of his father in an odd array of fascination. Mufasa couldn't even process his actions,

driven by simple hunger and subconscious gentleness to believe swallowing his son was a good idea. A simple yet powerful gulp was enough to send Simba cascading down his dad's gullet until he sank into the same stomach as his other meals. Mufasa took a few deep breaths, feeling his gut now outgrown and wondering how he still feels so hungry. A resonating bubbling began to form at the base of his throat, forcing itself upwards.

"BUURRP!" He could feel the restriction in his gut as the stench of lion and bird lay through his maw. He patted down his belly, hoping to calm the growling of his stomach. As the feline king stood, his sagging belly swooped from side to side, carrying three whole bodies that desired to be his meal. He didn't want to digest them, hoping that at some point they would come back to their senses and want to get out. As of now though, Mufasa would simply need to carry them about until they changed their minds. Hopefully they get comfortable... Maybe Sarabi could help convince them out of his gut...

"Sarabi?... Sarabi...? Simba, Nala, and Zazu found themselves inside my stomach. They're safe for now, but I'd rather have them on the outside as opposed to my insides." Mufasa walked, though it seemed more as a strut due to his abnormal weight distribution. Sarabi turned a corner, instantly glaring at the writhing middle of her mate with an odd mixture of confusion and arousal across her face. She patted her head against his neck in affection, even feeling the belch burning up his throat. He tried to hide the belch, feeling it begin in his belly and rise through his gut, but the attempt to suffocate the noise only seemed to make it boom louder.

"**BUUAAOORRRRP!**" He nearly lowered his muzzle with a paw in embarrassment though this seemed to awaken something in Sarabi. The lioness inched closer to Mufasa with a smirk across her face.

"Well it doesn't seem like they're unhappy in there..." Her words came slowly as she also nudged her nose into the pudginess and reawakened his prey inside. She smirked as she licked his muzzle, with him returning the gesture kindly.

"Well I guess we need to make sure they're ok in there? Ok open up, big boy." She offered, pulling Mufasa in for a nuzzle as she forced her tongue between his jaws again. The king could hardly refuse the offer, taking her head in slowly and sensually swallowing her, as she accommodated the hunger, letting herself be taken as she filled his maw and throat. He swallowed again, now taking an odd fascination with his meal. though once her haunches were over his tongue, he managed to come to his senses. He was tempted to let her out but her taste was too much for his hunger to restrain, taking her down with one last gulp and bulging his belly to double its size, now sagging to the ground with deep gurgling. The new company in his lower half forced a previously buried gas pocket to resurface through his belly, though the long travel seemed to warn him beforehand. Wearily, Mufasa braced

himself with a wide stance, his belly pressed to stone as he warned the entire savannah of his hunger.

**“BWUOOOOOAAAARRRRRRRPP”** He made the sound against all laws of biology that he previously thought he knew. To think that his own family, messenger, and friend of his son, his swaying belly took to carrying them all with great efficacy. The king could feel each and every movement from them. He knew he needed to get to Rafiki, perhaps he would know what to do and maybe even get these people out of their king before his gut treats them as the food that he currently perceives them as. He shakes his head, denying the thought of them being considered food and attempting to dismiss the hunger within him. With slow and methodical steps, he was able to gain momentum, throwing his belly forward and walking to catch up with it, feeling as though he would do better to simply roll with his belly. He decided against it, not wanting to make his belly any more uncomfortable for his current ‘additions’.

“Now what on earth is happening here. I didn’t think your morning weight would get so far with your decrepit age.” Mufasa could hear the snide comments of a person he was all too familiar with. He looked over his shoulder and found Scar looking at him from behind, gawking at his weighted haunches with bursting fat and fur from all sides underneath.

“Scar, brother! Perhaps you could help me with my predicament! Several lions and Zazu have found themselves in my stomach, though I can’t seem to get rid of them!” Scar took joy in seeing his now overweight brother, circling his body with a smirk across his face.

“Such a grand fall for a king. Ah well, it makes my rise all that much better...” Scar growled, signaling for three hyenas to approach from all sides, snickering and laughing around Mufasa as Scar smirked just ahead of him. In a moment of brilliant thinking, Mufasa lunged forward, practically crushing Scar under the weight of his accumulated girth of his belly. Scar yelled in shock though he was swiftly silenced by the fatty growth of his brother’s gut. In shock, the hyenas left back, each scared to mess with the king lion.

“If you follow Scar, then I will put you in his same position!” Mufasa yelled, looking over his shoulders to see the three trembling hyenas. As he thought of a way out of this, he was distracted by the sprawled writhing of his brother, already running low on oxygen as his body could do nothing against the already hefty lion, though now he had the heavier additions of other creatures in his belly.

“All three of you! Before me, now!” Mufasa yelled. Much to his surprise, the three hyenas complied, sitting just out of the reach of his maw and glancing nervously between one another. As Mufasa glanced at the three hyenas, a reminder came to him. These were the three hyenas that attacked his son! He growled, sending his acknowledgement and resulting in them lowering their heads in response. He decided that there was only one thing left to do.

“Who’s the smartest between you three?” Mufasa asked. Although they remained silent, each of them glanced at the female hyena enough times to suffice as an answer. With a deep snarling warning, Mufasa lunged forward once more, catching the other two hyenas in his maw. He secured them in place using both his fangs and his lips, though his tongue got enough of a taste of them to make the journey down easier. Mufasa gathered the muscles gathered through his throat and slurped the panicked hyenas until they scrunched together in his maw before one gulp sent them both down his gullet, pressing against one another and causing them to plummet against the Scar rug underneath Mufasa. With the heavy addition to his stomach, and the reactionary pushes from his brother beneath him, Mufasa could feel another burst of gastric release beginning to tear through his gullet and land on his maw. Meeting on Shenzi’s face was a blaring rush of digestive gas with a booming belch to follow.

**“BAAAAAAUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRPPPP!”**

He tasted an accumulation of every meal that’s entered his belly today and looked at Shenzi, covered in disheveled fur and her face stretched back in awe and an array of disgust.

“That will be you if you don’t go and get Rafiki. If you dare to leave without serving your king then I will be sure to crush you with ten times the weight of what Scar is under, understand?” He threatened the hyena with a half truth. He doubted that he could find her if she left or if he would try and search for her simply with the goal of laying his weight on her for a prolonged period of time. Though admittedly having Scar knead against his belly from below with the intent of uncovering himself was admittedly satisfying. He could feel his dear brother steadily losing consciousness under the girth of his family in his gut. Before he knew it, Shenzi ran off, in an attempt to find the fabled Rafiki she was told about. As soon as he was left to his own devices, he could feel the countless squirming of mammals in his gut. He definitely needs to have a serious conversation about ‘self preservation’ to Simba before he goes around shoving himself in other people’s maws with reckless abandon. Soon enough he grew impatient, the sun beginning to set on his uplifted body as his bellies squirms slowed to none. Had he not been waiting on someone, he would have easily fallen asleep. Though as soon as the thought crossed his mind, he felt every body in his belly squirm about, his gut beginning to gurgle loudly. Mufasa grew worried, feeling his family panic from deep inside. It had been a while since he’d eaten a person, was his belly beginning to take in the meals from inside? He panicked before remembering the unconscious and slim body of his brother still trapped beneath him. He thought deeply about just how he could maneuver to lift his body off his new belly addition before scarfing him down as well. BEing that his limbs couldn’t even touch the ground anymore, he had to think around the issue before Rafiki came too late.

Suddenly, a lightbulb seemed to shoot up from his head. He lowered his head under the fatty flaps of his belly and rocked back and forth, eventually able to nibble along the

nose of Scar's and he was able to make a complete rotation, taking Scar with him in his maw. Although Still unconscious and considered 'deadweight' he was relatively light. After his head was fully enveloped in his maw, it just took a simple slurp to fully swallow Scar in his gut. This seemed to appease his belly though now his legs were split off to his sides as his gut drooped down bigger than ever now, with even the smallest meal like Scar making a deepened gorge in his belly. Just in time to avoid an even more spiteful hunger, a fearful hyena and old monkey arrived. As soon as he saw the enormous gut of the king, he knew what to do. He leapt high and started poking at Mufasa's maw and belly.

"You, you! Come up here with me!" Rafiki called to Shenzi, almost sneaking away. Rafiki lifted the hyena high over his head and smiled as though he had some devious plan. He looked to the lion king with a cheery smile, ignoring the writhing hyena in his arms, screaming profanities to the old primate.

"What is my name, your highness?" He asked slowly. Shenzi froze as well, curious about Rafiki's practice.

"Your name? It's Ra-" As soon as Mufasa opened his mouth, Rafiki flung the hyena between the lion's jaws, slapping the back of his maw and causing the hyena to start kicking about, clearly panicking. He was desperate to try and spit back up the hyena but his dearest Rafiki saw an opportunity, using his foot for stomp Shenzi deeper into the cavernous maw, Shenzi's yips now being muffled by the thick saliva and walls of Mufasa's overpowering esophagus. With him only being able to feel this thick and lively meal in his throat, he decided that it'd be better to swallow her instead of fighting against Rafiki's effort and taking the meal as it comes instead. Much to her dismay, Mufasa clamped his mouth shut and pursed his lips around Rafiki's foot. With a bulge that quickly got dispersed between the pudgy crowd of king fuel already down there, Mufasa looked to the ape with a smirk being shared from both parties. Mufasa hadn't let go of his foot and Rafiki showed no objection to being fed to his king.

"I have served as well as I could. I hope you enjoy my taste." He said, stepping another foot into Mufasa's maw and allowing him to be swiftly slurped down his gullet and sinking into the gurgling mess of Mufasa's family down there. With the readjustments kicking about, another booming belch began to rip through his prey and tear through his lips.

**"BUUUUUUAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRR  
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAA  
ARRRRRPP!!!"** He could feel my belly churn over itself as it closed even

further together, keeping what used to be family, friends, and hyenas, now became what's

mainly pudge and sludge to roll around on itself. The gurgling Mufasa on top of it all, patting the rippling fat proudly, no longer feeling his hunger and losing the feeling of his prey moving around and now feeling what's simply satisfied after eating.

"Ahh a meal I can finally sleep off of..." Mufasa flaunted his flabs, squishing them inward. Being that he was still forced off the floor, he could only lay his head down on the swirling mess of remains. The lullaby of gurgling from Zazu, his son, Nala, his wife, his brother, 3 hyenas that tormented his son earlier that month, and lastly, Rafiki. All of this came together to add to Mufasa's kingly mass.

As Mufasa awoke, his belly had significantly thinned out though still a bit flabby. His body had gotten much larger than before, flushed with muscles built from the remains of his family members and other hyenas. Though one last burp managed to resurface, one that stank of the kingly father's morning breath. It was hardly an audible one though, simply gushing out one of the many skulls that managed to survive his digestive process. It was Scar's skull, though with a yawn, Mufasa added it to the pile of every other bone that erupted from him.