

“You ready?” The lion asked, looking at his fox boyfriend from over his lap with a smile over his face. The fox excitedly smiles, wanting this ‘vacation’ of his for as long as he could remember. Finding a capable lion boyfriend was a miracle to him, especially with his eagerness to keep the fox so safe and sound. The lion lifts his partner above his maw and opens wide, slowly taking him in with slow swallows, ensuring to coat the small fox in gentle spittle as he sank in. The lion patted his throat bulge as the fox fell deeper, feeling his meal find his way lower down the esophagus. It was soon enough that the only remaining aspects of the fox from the outside world was a pushy tail tucked out from pursed lips and toes bundled in the lion's cheeks. It took one final gulp and the fox was sent to his living quarters for as long as the lion wills.

The fox curled up quickly, finding his pocket in the lion gut. He had been here before but this time it was a new venture, so stay for as long as he could manage while the lion struts him about, acting as if no one were there to begin with. The gurgling started quickly, though the noises amounted to nothing in regard for the digestion process. He could hardly contain the smile on his face, finding great joy in his position, excited to see just how long he would last.

From the outside, the weight was definitely something the lion had to get used to. He hurled himself upwards, getting his phone out to see his to-do list for the day. He smirked as well, feeling his little boyfriend all tight and protected from the inside, the belly already accommodating around the slim form. He let out a moderate burp, almost tempted to cover it out of impulse. Though with a quick scan around the room, he was able to remember that the only other person who would care about him burping was inside him, arguably getting the worst of what a belch would have to offer.

“Yeah I’ll take a seat for one, please.” The lion smirked, taking the ticket from the vendor and walking to his seat. His distended gut earned a few obscure stares, though he didn’t let this stop him. His comfort left a bit to be desired, his shirt no longer fitting his large gut, though he still committed to wearing it. Both for the crime of indecent exposure as well as the shirt being his favorite gift from his

boyfriend. The boyfriend is currently swirling in his gut. He was safe, and as the lion walked about. The fox had been in there for a day already. The fox and lion had this plan for a while. The fox especially was thrilled to be stuffed inside his lover, finding joy in being hidden under the layers of lion fat with no one knowing where or who he was. Alongside this anonymity, he would be able to cheat his way into events by only paying for one seat, although a very big seat was necessary. The lion stroked his engorged belly, every now and then feeling his stomach turn over his lover and earning a soft kick.

The movie came to a close, leaving the bulking lion to march out once more, only the start of the expansive day he had planned. His fox seemed alright, certainly cramped, though nothing unprepared for. From inside, the fox was tossed over by the countless amounts of stimuli. The heartbeat of his lion boomed throughout his chamber, the gushing of countless fluids splashing around him, the rancid smell he'd only recently gotten use to, dark black sack he was trapped within, the entire trip kept him in constant flux of too horny to sit still and sound asleep within seconds. The lack of time had worked wonders for his mental state, hardly hearing his lion say anything to indicate his current placement, rather than just lounging within him without a care in the world.

From the outside, the Lion rubbed his belly, not finding any problem with his fox's constant swirling. The one complaint that he carried was that he had a newfound constant drowsiness due to his belly wanting to churn his meal over a nice nap, but he knew better than to digest his boyfriend, no matter how incessant the compulsion gets. The lion continued about his day, now walking across the farmers market in his town that was passing by, doing some idle shopping as his mate stewed in his gut. Glares followed him everywhere he went, but a common idea found by the witnesses that commenting on the gut would seal their fate inside of it. It wasn't the case, but it held itself as the common consensus. It didn't help anyone's sake when the lion would every now and then shake his belly awake and ask his fatty belly about certain purchases. A gurgling was the only result that came from his questions, though the gesture continued to unease some of the other patrons under their breath. From the inside, the fox could just barely hear the questions, answering a little higher than usual. Being inside a person's belly makes it hard to know just how loud you need to be in order to be heard.

Eventually, the fox had been resting for nearly 2 whole days now, being much more jostled on the second day. He had been admittedly super cramped and the lion was much too hungry to keep him in for much longer. He had been eating before this venture started, and having his fox inside had postponed the feeling well enough. It felt too soon for the day to come to an end. As soon as the lion acknowledged their needs for this escapade to come to a close, his belly preemptively missed the fox's presence although he had yet to even leave. The lion made his way home, still stroking his fox and keeping the feeling of such a filled belly in his head.

The fox could feel his venture coming to a close, pressing into the belly walls in acknowledgement that he'd soon have to leave them. He was tempted to ask his boyfriend to digest him, but he knew he wouldn't be able to. Neither would his lion. They would simply have to keep these little excursions once in a few as to not cause too much damage to either of them, as sad as it was. The fox remarked his final goodbyes to his surroundings as his area compacted slightly. Their belly compacted and groaned as the walls came closer together, forcing the fox to drudge deeper through his lion's bowels as he was forced out slowly.

The lion was braced on his knees, leaning forward in the bathtub as he felt his fox trudge through his intestines, fully intact and slowly slipping out and into the cold air of their bathroom. The fox was first exposed with his nose and muzzle, though soon followed by the rest of his head and soon after, his shoulders. Eventually, the last of his tail slipped out from the anus and he took deep breaths in the tub. His limbs were sprawled all throughout the container and his lion wimpy turned around to give him a deep kiss, now tasting the belly fluids in his own maw as he managed to squeeze more saliva into the fox's mouth, who happily kissed him back, though lazily. The lion spent no time smothering the small fox in love, holding himself just over the fox with longing in his eyes that spelt his lust. As ready as he was to have fun with his fox here and now, he also knew how sluggish he may feel after being in such a cramped area for so long. He himself felt hungry beyond comparison, tempted to eat his fox once again but knowing better.

"Let's take a bath... How does that sound, Vulpe?" The lion spoke up, finishing his kiss by laying over his fox lazily. The fox faked his resilience against the gesture, not bothering to stop his laughter as he replied.

"Of course! I feel icky thanks to you, Leo!"