

“Hey sport, how you doing?” The large lion asked, hardly glancing over his shoulder as his adopted goat son came in from his job. To his surprise, rather than his usually cheerful response, he could hear sobbing coming from the goat as he attempted to rush into his room. Practically leaping from his sofa seat, the lion held his son in a hug, looking down to get a close look, seeing only a few scuffs along his cheek and a stream of tears running down his face.

“What’s wrong? Did you get mugged? Was this that coworker you were telling me about? I swear I’ll kill that guy. Let’s get you seated, alright?” The lion proposed, lifting his son into a tight embrace as he set him down on the cushions of the sofa, turning his back to fetch some first aid from the kitchen. From what he saw -, there weren't any pressing injuries that even spilt blood, but it was never a wrong response to take extra care of someone. From behind, he could feel a pair of arms wrap around his waist as a familiar goat head pressed into his lower back, light sobbing still being heard. Before the lion could insist to his son that he should sit back down, his son spoke.

“I wanna be a lion.” He cried. His father was confused to say the least, opting to be quiet in hopes that his son spoke more in an explanation. “I just wanna be... A big strong lion... Like you!... But I’m just this stupid little goat... I’m so much smaller than you were at this age too...” He cried. Quickly setting the supplies back on the counter and whipping around to kneel to his son, wrapping him in another hug, his chin over his head and avoiding the massive horns that decorated his head.

“You’re not stupid, Hircus. Where did you even hear that? You know that’s not true. Plus we’re different species, it’s a given we’ll grow at different rates.” Leo tried his best to give his son some verbal affirmation, but it seemed to fall short. His son only leaned further into the hug, not holding back any tears.

“I wish I were a lion.” He sighed, hardly letting off the hug while still letting his crestfallen attitude soften his voice. “Can’t you do something about that, dad? You can just digest me and I’ll be a lion like you, right?” Hircus asked, causing his father to pull from the hug suddenly, grabbing his son by the shoulders and glaring at him.

“I would never digest you! I know I may not be the *best* goat dad out there but I hope you didn’t pull that idea from me?” He asked, cautiously looking at his son, continuing to inspect his injuries as if they would worsen at random.

“I-I just... I saw it... Online... The point is, you can make me a part of you, right? W-we can do that! I want you to. Please, dad?” Hircus tried, wanting his father to abandon his previous standing on never digesting him for his sake. He needed this, after all. Leo seemed conflicted by this. The idea had crossed his mind more than once, though he had gotten so emotionally attached to Hircus as his son, he couldn;t bring himself to ever do such a thing. Yet here his son was, asking him for the very same thing. Could he do this?

“L-look, Hircus... I don’t think I can digest you, at the very least not anytime soon.” Leo started, immediately seeing the dejected look of his son before him. Without wasting a moment, he continued. “I’m sure you taste good though. Any pred would be lucky to have you! Don’t think I haven’t noticed you building up your muscle, little man!” Leo tried to shift, now tickling his son in a subpar attempt at shifting the conversation. Although Hircus was laughing, his mood quickly returned to his previous expression.

“Ha... I was only doing that to try and look more like you...” Hircus explained, less than enthused. The room fell silent, Leo still holding his son in place as Hircus awkwardly looked away, in part worried about mentioning such a fantasy to his own dad. With a sigh, Leo seemed to decide what would be done.

“Ok sport. I’ll compromise with you on this one, ok? I’ll eat you, just swallowing, and you can stay in my belly for a few minutes. How does that sound?” Leo offered. Not wasting a second, Hircus wipes his face and excitedly nods.

“Hours.” He demands, earning a disapproving scowl from his father, who let go only to cross his arms in a stern manner.

“One hour.” he offered in return. Mirroring his old man, Hircus crossed his arms as well, glaring down the lion.

“Half a day.” Hircus demanded, demonstrating that he would not budge from this. Sensing this, Leo caved first, admittedly just wanting his son to be happy again.

He already knew he could hold prey for a while, so hypothetically, a few days would be fine for him before he had to actually eat something.

“Fine, you have my stomach for half a day and I’ll let you out afterwards.” Leo affirmed, raising his paws to his face as he stroked his eyes. On the other end of this was his kid, who was practically leaping for joy, despite not digesting like he would have initially wanted but he would still be able to get the closest possible look into a lion’s stomach as ever! And in his father as well! Not wasting a moment, he lunged forwards and dipped his hand into his father’s muzzle, feeling the extremely rough material quickly coil around his wrist, feeling with certainty the difference between the two of them, even feeling the end of the array of fangs surrounding his arm. At any minute his father coils so much as twitch and his jaws would draw blood. Before Hircus could get too excited, his father peeled his hand from his maw, his expression wrapped in confusion.

“Hey hey not now! You just got home from work and I’m still digesting my lunch! Why don’t you take a shower first? Okay, sport?” Leo asked, not realizing just how excited this kid would be to get in his stomach. As if Hircus had completely forgotten about his other aspects of life, he looked down at his uniform in confusion before he visibly realized just how clothed he had been.

“Oh! Oh right! Shi- I mean, crap? I-I’ll be back down in like 20 minutes just wait here! I’ll be right back, dad!” Hircus yelled as he booked it up the stairs, very audibly tripping over himself in excitement before shutting himself in the bathroom, leaving his dad to slump over on the couch, completely forgetting to treat the wounds *or* to address what even caused them in the first place. He’ll have to have a serious talk with his son about his tunnel vision problem and taking better care of himself. Setting his head back on the cushions, he distantly heard the shower water run as he was left to his own thoughts.

“I have a weird ass son.”

About an hour later, the goat child came back, hardly dried and about as naked as the day he came into the world, running up to his dad and crashing onto the lion's lap.

"Ok, I'm ready!" Hircus cheered, saddling the lap readily while his hands held the mane of his father. He greedily stared up at the lion, who held his goat softly around his waist, not wanting to dive into this just yet.

"Just hold on a minute, sport. When you're in there it's going to be cramped. It may be a bit messy too and it will be hot. I'll keep you in there from now until whenever I wake up in the morning. Whenever you want to call quits early, just start kicking. Especially if I'm asleep ok? I think we should have a safwords, so le-"

"Dad?"

There was a moment of stillness in which the lion held his goat son, silent as Hircus reached up and held the furred chin of his father, leaning his head against his chest.

"I trust you dad. I really appreciate you for this. Do you think... You can just eat me? I trust you." Hircus asked, leaning into the fluff of the lion's chest. While his other hand lowered to rub along the gut of his father. The fur was soft and warm, already feeling full, despite having eaten a while ago. Leo leans down into his son, laying his tongue over his head. Hircus leaned into the rough tongue, familiar with the feeling. Being how long he'd been an adult, he hadn't gotten a tongue bath at all recently. It was a comforting feeling, though even as a kid it had made him wish to be a true lion's cub. Leo continued to lay his tongue over the young goat, his tongue lowering to the side of his neck. With a layer of saliva dampening his fur, Hircus' breath shuttered.