

Father's Day Brunch

By: IndigoRho

Cal Days Sr. yawned as he slowly walked into his kitchen, the black-and-white lion's doughy gut wobbling with every step. He'd stayed up far later than intended the night before, and the usual early-riser couldn't believe he'd nearly slept in till noon. On most Sundays he'd have already had a nice breakfast and been in one of his flannels or vests, ready to be productive or at least relax in comfort. Instead he was still in a tank top that could barely handle his round belly, and his stomach was rumbling in frustration. Father's Day wasn't exactly off to the best start.

The hungry lion checked the fridge and pantry, and while there was certainly plenty of food in the house Cal just wasn't in the mood to put the effort into preparing it. He needed something easy and filling, something he didn't have to waste time cooking and that wouldn't create a mess of dishes he'd need to clean up. He simply wanted the day to be a lazy one for once.

“Hey Dad, Happy Father's Day.”

Cal close the fridge as his son Julian joined him in the kitchen with the casual greeting. Julian was the youngest of three siblings, a soon-to-be Junior in college who still stayed at home during the Summer break. The younger lion had been rather content to spend his whole break lazing around and eating the occasional friend, prompting his weight to balloon after barely a month. He was closing in on two hundred and eighty pounds, not as heavy as his father but on track to surpass him. Though he kept claiming he was going to slim down some before he went back to college, Cal suspected he'd put it off until his new base weight shifted and he was stuck being hefty even if he was eaten and re-formed himself.

“Why thank you son,” Cal smiled back.

Julian seemed to be looking for a quick snack, and as he went from one cupboard to the next his plump gut jiggled and bounced. Cal's stomach growled loudly as his gaze locked onto the other lion's middle. His son looked far more appetizing than a mere bowl of cereal or sandwich, not to mention significantly more filling. He couldn't help but note that eating Julian would likely hold him over till dinner, too.

Grin widening, Cal casually walked over to his oblivious son. “So, planning on treating your old man to a Father's Day brunch, right?” he asked with a chuckle.

Julian turned from the cupboards and snorted. “Ha, my wallet's kinda empty, and unless you want burnt toast there's not much else I can offer.”

“Now don't sell yourself short, son.” Cal continued closing the gap until there was no room for Julian to slide away. “I've got it on good authority you make a fantastic stuffed lion.”

Before Julian could figure out the meaning of his father's words Cal gently pinned him against the cupboards with his gut. The element of surprise and his greater weight gave Cal more than enough time secure his meal in place before opening his mouth wide and lunging. Julian tried to protest as the maw descended on him, but he was quickly silenced and thrown into darkness.

A series of well-practiced movements enabled Cal to swallow Julian's head and shoulders within only a couple gulps. Julian was squirming wildly but also blindly, his struggles more amusing than threatening as far as Cal was concerned. Cal steadily swallowed, his lips stretching over Julian's moobs before reaching the curve of his gut, the true prize of the meal.

The older lion's own belly began to balloon outward as Julian lurched into his stomach. It bulged and wobbled as it swelled out from under Cal's tank top. Cal adored the subtle sensation of his hide stretching to accept a live meal, knowing he'd soon be stuffed and content. That desire fueled him as he lifted his son off the ground and continued to gulp him down.

Cal took a few careful steps backwards to give himself more room to work, and to ensure Julian didn't accidentally kick a cupboard door off its hinges as he fought against the inevitable. In a house full of predators vore had always been the standard method of punishment for breaking rules, so Julian

was unfortunately used to being a snack for his father. Of course on that day his only crime was looking delicious, and he wasn't about to let his father think he'd be a complacent casual meal in the future.

Once Julian's arms slipped into the wet stomach he was finally able to push away at the fleshy walls rather than be pressed right into them, and then the complaints began.

“What the Hell Dad, stop eating me!” Julian growled, his voice echoing around within the dark chamber. His mane was getting matted and his clothes soaked by saliva, and he was already craving a shower.

Cal chuckled with his mouth full as he heard the muffled shouts of his frustrated son inside him. He took a moment to slap his gut with one paw as a response, delighted to feel him push back in annoyance soon after. The hunger pains were starting to fade as he slurped up Julian's legs, his middle swelling and bouncing with every greedy gulp. When only Julian's footpaws remained Cal practically crammed them into his mouth, letting out a content sigh after closing his jaws and making the final swallow.

Cal grasped his distended gut with both paws and lifted it a little, letting it go just to feel how heavy it bounced.

“Damn, that's the best Father's Day brunch I've had in years!” Cal laughed, shaking his belly in the process and tossing Julian around. “Maybe I should make this a yearly tradition.”

“Dad, c'mon, I had plans today, let me out!” Julian fumed, still trying to get into something resembling a comfortable position in the hotbox that was his father's stomach.

Cal smiled. “I'm sure you can afford to miss a day of napping and playing video games. And don't you want to bond a little with good old dad?”

“Ugh, not if it means being lion pudge!” Julian doubted he was leaving that stomach any other way, but pride demanded he not just cave in right away.

“Just think of this as an easy, cheap gift. You didn't even need a card!” Cal continued teasing. Julian had always been somewhat cocky, especially since going to college and joining a fraternity. A little humility would do him good.

While Cal was fairly adept at lugging around sizeable meals he was still intent on relaxing. The stuffed lion waddled out of the kitchen and into the living room, belly swaying heavily from side to side and complaining persistently. Once there he slowly lowered himself into his leather recliner, which groaned beneath his weight. Fortunately the chair had been built with a glutton like him in mind, and held up despite the protests.

Cal kneaded his rowdy gut with one paw while the other grabbed the remote and turned on the TV, settling on a baseball game just starting. Resting in his favorite chair after a good meal and watching the game—he couldn't think of a better way to spend Father's Day. Unless...

Cal fished out his phone and dialed a number, letting out a solid belch to temporarily muffle Julian's whining.

“How's it going Junior?” He smiled as he imagined his oldest son on the end of the line cringing at the nickname. “Good to hear—and thank you! Now your brother just finished treating me to an absolutely *wonderful* brunch, but I was wondering if you wanted to join us for dinner later on...”