

With the remains of his prey churning away in his gut, the mighty lion strutted back to his family. Each of his mates were already carrying his seed for future heirs. Although he was by himself, he felt his engorged testicles between his legs and reminded himself of the people that met their end with his confines. His paw neatly stroked the swollen plumpness, a deep gurgling resonating from within, as if some last minute remains were just brought back up. He couldn't help but let a moan escape his lips, a shiver riding from the depths of his balls to his spine. He desperately needed to release, but his mates could only handle so much cum of his. Almost on cue, he could hear more humans enter his territory, using their massive vehicles to cleave through the tall savannah grass. He smiled, getting used to the constant flow of ignorant humans who view his territory as a vacation spot. The lion lowered himself into the blades of golden grass and glared readily at the new meals who made themselves apparent.

The duo was another family, making their way into the plains with their jeep breaking down just a few meters away from the glaring predator. One sat up and marched over to the hood of the jeep, being met with a plume of smoke, causing him to fan it away with a few steps back. The man groaned and kicked one of the wheels in annoyance.

"I-is it ok?" the more meek voice spoke from behind the hood. As far as the lion could tell, there were only the two of them, both seemed related in age and in blood. The man ahead groaned noisily and threw his arms to his side.

"Of course it's not ok! Look at where your careless attitude brought us! Right in the middle of bum-fuck nowhere!" The man yelled, circling back to the car to yell at the second human, who seemed to recoil even without being touched. The lion used this distraction of theirs to his advantage as he silently crept forwards, peering just behind the louder human without so much as a sound. As the lion continued, the human only grew more aggressive to his companion. It seemed as good of a time as any to reveal himself.

From behind the loud human, the lion stood at his natural height on all four mighty paws of his, easily towering over the two humans and their jeep. The quieter human shifted his eyes to the much larger threat and almost fell over, his unending gaze still forced on the lion. The louder man turned over his shoulder and mimicked the reaction of his counterpart, bumping his head into the roof of the jeep and falling on top of his kin. The loud man tried to climb over the smaller human and in turn, throw the smaller human to the lion. With quick efficiency, the lion simply

closed his lips around the man's legs, lifting him and slowly tugging him away from the jeep. The loud human spewed some nonsense about how important he was and how he wouldn't taste very good to the lion. The lion paid him no mind and slowly closed more and more of his jaws around the man, his tongue acting as additional force to render the human's resistance useless. The human lost his entire lower waist to the lion, his feet wanting to thrash and kick about, but not able to overpower the experienced muscles. The human soon lost grip on the jeep, allowing the lion to reel his head back and open his maw to the sky, allowing his meal to slip under the layers of saliva encasing him with little to no effort on the lion's behalf.

The human yelled loudly, pleading for the smaller human to chime in at his assistance, but the human sat in the jeep, the door still perfectly open. The lion considered having to chase a human while swallowing another, and while it sounded like a chore, he was surely capable. Much to his surprise however, the smaller human simply stared in disbelief and reluctant awe. As the human between the lion's jaws shook his head, squashed between his own arms and the back of the lion's maw, he began pleading for his life, believing that this was a form of divine justice or something of the sort. The lion even heard something of a prank being yelled out. Though with all that said, the lion cared nothing about the rambles of a doomed meal. He closed his jaws and forced the human to go down to his readying stomach with a single swallow, a resounding 'gulp' audible to even the human not so far away. As the loud human's pleas rang through the lion's body, quickly muffled by acidic sloshing and less comprehensible words from the male, the lion leaned forwards once more to face his next potential meal. He didn't expect to eat another meal just yet. His belly had just barely finished eating another animal, so the large human would have to share the cramped space until he met his messy end. As his belly rolled over, the lion was reminded about just how heavy the man was, both in size and in clothes. He decided to undress his next meal when he came to. The human kept still, hands over his mouth as the lion tilted his head, expecting even the simplest resistance.

"That human was very loud." The lion started, deducing that the human was viewing his mighty body as it consumed his companion and perhaps even aroused by the display. The human audibly gasped at the lion's words brought back to reality by the show of communication. The human took a deep breath and a few swallows, keeping his fear down as he leaned towards the lion apprehensively.

“M-my dad... Is my dad going to be ok?” The human asked wearily, peering closer to the lion’s muzzle. Before the lion could snag his meal, he wanted to get the human out of the jeep, able to strip him from there. The lion backed up, letting the human out without appearing too intimidating. He was tempted to simply eat the human from there but this didn’t seem to be that hard. If the lion knew prey like him well, he could simply convince the human that he deserved such a fate. The human took the bait, walking out and looking at the squirming gut of the lion, instinctively holding his arms down as if trying not to rub at the fur. It wasn’t the first time a meal for the lion’s aimed to please him before they were eaten, but a human would usually have more self preservation. Nonetheless, the lion wanted an easy meal. Why not throw the pathetic human a bone? He laid down over his side, rolling over and exposing his gut to the sun, looking at the human expectantly.

“Rub. Now.” The lion tried to put a more welcoming tone to his voice, though the human was only perceptive to an ominous yet needy threat that the lion was more than capable of following up on. As obedient as any pet, the human instantly walked over to reach down and rub at the stomach. They could feel the bulges press back outwards before sinking back in, steadily growing weaker. The sounds of muffled moans and gurgles bubbled through the gut, some escaping the lion’s maw with exasperated breaths, clearly trying not to scare the human off with his boisterous belches. The lion’s size was staggering in itself, outside of his capacity to speak. Even on his back, the human didn’t need to lower themselves at all to reach the belly of the colossal feline. This size extended to something else that the human couldn’t take their eyes off of. As the lion watched the human, the human looked down at the massive drooping balls incomparably dwarfing their own while also being large even in the perspective of the already unnatural lion. How did one even get this large?

The human thought this as he absentmindedly petted the lion some more, though his grip was getting less and less focused. His hands soon followed behind his eyes, glazing over the bulbous sheath of the lion and soon feeling about the heated balls that the lion sported. Although not part of his plan, the lion said nothing to stop the human from exploring. And explore they did, the human’s small hands sank into the plush warmth of the lion balls and even reawakened some prey inside of there already, only leading to a much faster erection from the lion. The human worked well, rubbing into the balls and even attempting to lift one with both arms, though both the size as well as the potency of the testicle proved to be too

much for the human to lift. This didn't stop them, however. In their curiosity, they leaned in to smell the musk of the sun kissed lion. It was much too potent for him, smelling what felt like a smack in the face of every prey and predator held victim by the lion with just the aroma alone. The human needed more of this fascinatingly sickening smell.

The human nested their entire face into the balls, smooshing his face in between the mounds of sperm and fur until it was all he could sense. The lion let out another moan, the meal in his stomach finally reduced to more mass and leaving the human truly alone with the indomitable predator. The stench was so far from human, clearly never being subdued at all by any cleanliness. Though with being the most powerful, who would tell him that his musk overpowered the smell of grass or nature itself? The human nestled deeper, finding a face-sized nook just underneath the sheath and just above the balls for their head to sink into. Amongst the aroma, the human let out a moan of his own to match the lion, his voice dispersing into the boiling balloons of sperm the lion carried under their heft. The human used their arms to squish the balls further over their face, not knowing when to stop. Sadly for him, the lion was hungry once more. The human's lack of self preservation was exactly what he wanted, yet he wasn't prepared for a new pet to serve him in such a way. First Tan, now him? He definitely knew how to pick his meals. This would be a lucky catch if he ever knew one.

"Get up. Now." The lion commanded. Once again, in his mind he was being patient and welcoming. To the human, he was perceived as impatient and agitated, something the human was used to. The human sat on his knees before the lion and watched as the lion repositioned himself to be sitting just ahead of the human, his massive cock protruding to rub against his face with globs of precum now oozing onto his shoulder.

"That human I ate is no longer your father. You're my cub now and I shall treat you as such. Do you accept?" The lion posed, glaring down at the human with breaths that mimicked a growl.

"O-of course! I'll do whatever I have to, mister! What's your name? M-mine is-"

"I don't want to know. I will name you once I'm through with this poor body of yours. As my cub, I will give you a new name. You will leave whatever those humans called you before in the past. You belong to me. You have ever since you entered my territory. Now, behave." This effect on the human had no name, it was

simply a bizarre sense of belonging to a creature outside of himself. This unnatural form of a lion before him spoke and previously just ate his own family member, a family member which has since disappeared in his stomach. Although the human spoke from a deep subconscious, the notion of disagreeing was off the table to begin with. The human silently agreed, his hand slowly sliding up the length of the lion as it pulsed against his cheek. His voice was hollow and hardly felt like it came from himself, a distant urge to throw himself at the lion was speaking for him. Although eager, he was unknowing to just what he had signed up to. The mighty lion before him kept his smile under a mask of fangs and gruff expression, crossed only by a wet tongue lazily washing over his lips.

“Eyes closed. Don’t try to escape. I’ll give you proper training once you’re a real cub of mine.” The lion explained. The human complied readily, unsure of what magic the lion was capable of though he was willing to stand through anything he had to offer. The lion was quick to line his claws through the clothes, stripping the human effortlessly. Noting the attempts, the human joined the effort, even leaning into the heavy claws. Amazingly, the cock had slid across his face and the gushing cumslit pressed against his face. The human instantly thought his new task was to pleasure the cock head but a forceful paw shoved his entire face into his cock head. While the human panicked, a simple grunt from the lion reminded him of his warning. The words “*don’t try to escape*” echoed through his head. Admitting defeat and blind trust in the lion, the human relaxed his body. The unfamiliar bizarre feeling trapped his head and lowered past his shoulders, the human not moving to oppose him. The lion went silent now, only allowing a moan to escape as his human was now lifted and sliding down his length. Although compliant, the human was certainly an opportunist, licking along the cum lined walls as he made his way down. He never thought this was possible, much less from a lion, much less from a detour on a family vacation, much less having this all happen after his own father was just eaten. The lion on the other hand had gotten his exact wish. A willing, naked meal, and a new potential cub. All in one obedient meal, nicely wrapped in the flexing cock of the lion as his ankles were tugged past the head of the lion’s cock.

Soon, the human’s entire body was slurped into the folds of his cock, victim to the semen pouring through it as well as the tight muscles that contracted over the poor human’s naked form. The human wanted to speak. He wanted to call out to his captor and praise them some more, believing that the most he could do from inside wasn’t befitting of such a hulking beast. Though this would certainly have to do.

Soon enough, the cramped slide came to an end. A rather slimy end that resulted in the human being bathed completely in thick waves of Lion sperm. He was quick to realize that he was in the lion's testicles. Sitting in a boiling vat of lion sperm that swirled to life around him. Although the human already got several mouthfuls of sperm, his naked body seemed to soak in the sperm without fail. The heat was already getting to him as his cock stood at full mast ever since his father had been eaten. With his lion in mind, the warmth of his captor churning all over him. His masturbation caused more waves in the cum and the roof of his containment shoved down on him in the shape of an assertive paw.

“Hurry up your erection. Once you finish, I will make you my cub.” The lion growled. His paw shoved the human's face under the current of sperm, only exciting him more. His body was already in an inescapable flesh ball filled almost to the brim in thick cum and the lion still wasn't satisfied enough, forcing his head under as if dunking him in a bath. The human found his climax quickly, his own miniscule sperm mixing well with the overpowering lake of lion sperm kept up to his chin. As soon as he took a sigh of relief, his cock now throbbing the last few pulses before his containment shifted. The previously lax walls now tightened further onto the human. The relatively calm waves now rose over his cheeks as his body felt tingly. The lion stood up, the cum washing over his head in crashes of heavy waves. The lion began walking, the sway of the balls working further to weaken the human in this impossible cage. The human was helpless to get his strength back, most of his body feeling numb now and his head slowly lowering. What was happening to him?

“Welcome to my pride, boy.”

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