

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 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 trunk, 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 trunk. 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 close to 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 leaped forwards once more to face his next potential meal. 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 dear 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