

Under the Queen

Male Human x Lioness

Warning:
| Size Difference, Beastiality, Hard Sex |

By DappyTime

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THE HEAT IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD ISN'T a pleasant beach sun; it's a crushing mass that weighs down on your shoulders like carrying a sack of cement. The dry grass crunched under my boots with a sound like someone stepping on bags of potato chips, and everywhere I looked was the same thing: miles of yellow scrubland and the occasional stunted acacia tree trying to survive.

I was completely lost. And, true to form, completely alone.

We had been planning the trip for months. "A journey to reconnect with nature in its purest state," we'd said over beers. Of course, when push came to shove, the logistics of comfort won out. My wife claimed a sudden headache from flight fatigue and stayed in the lodge with the air conditioning blasted. My friends preferred to inaugurate the open bar at base camp rather than go out to swallow dust. Nobody wanted to come with me.

"If you want something done right, do it yourself," I told myself, swallowing the usual sting of anger. It was always the same with them. So I grabbed the keys to the off-roader, sped

off without waiting for them, and drove deep into the reserve. A couple of miles further on, I spotted a stretch that looked promising, parked on the side of the trail, and set off on foot.

Huge mistake. Right now I didn't have the slightest clue where on the map I'd left the car, nor in what direction.

The surrounding silence was almost unsettling. I approached some limestone rocks protruding through the thickets and scrambled up as best I could to gain some height. I needed a reference point fast: a metallic glint off the hood, a strange tree, anything. But the horizon was identical in three hundred and sixty degrees.

I sighed, defeated, and let myself drop butt-first onto the hot stone. The outburst hadn't even been worth it: I wanted to see the famous, majestic African wildlife, and all I'd managed was guaranteed heatstroke.

I was about to give up and start blindly walking back when movement at the edge of a thicket caught my breath.

Click.

It all happened in the blink of an eye. In the exact millisecond that the camera shutter clicked, the zebra simply ceased to exist.

A massive, brutal force dropped from a nearby bush like a lethal shadow. No cinematic roar, no warning, none of the drama of TV documentaries; just an enormous, hyper-efficient, terrifying lioness snapping the zebra's neck before the poor animal even realized what hit it.

In under three seconds, the beast was already dragging her prey into the mud of the creek. The sound of flesh and tissue giving way beneath her fangs, mixed with that metallic stench of warm blood and wet earth, slammed directly into my face. An icy chill ran down my spine despite choking on nearly forty

degrees Celsius in the shade.

“Time to pull back, champ,” I told myself.

I began crawling backward in absolute silence, dragging my rear across the limestone. The trouble with trying to tread like a cat while keeping your eyes glued to an alpha predator is that you completely forget where you’re putting your limbs. My heel hit empty air, I lost my balance like an idiot, and fell backward against the rock.

“Agh! Damn it!” escaped me in a stifled groan as the back of my neck and spine slammed into the hard stone.

I lay flat on my back, seeing stars while the sun blinded me. I tried to push up on my elbows to get up and run, but a sharp crunch on the grass froze me solid.

Footsteps. Heavy, slow, calculated.

It wasn’t a small animal. I heard deep breathing, a hot panting that carried a thick, raspy breath. Before I even had time to start praying, a gigantic shadow blocked out the sun over my face, and something warm dropped right between my eyebrows.

A thick, red drop trickled down the bridge of my nose. It smelled of pure iron. Blood.

I opened my eyes agonizedly slow. The lioness was standing directly over me, her front paws planted inches from my ribs as if I were a new rug. Her muzzle was painted a vivid, fresh red, and as her mouth parted slightly, she revealed fangs the size of my fingers, dripping saliva and strands of flesh. Her golden eyes stared down at me fixedly, cold, indecipherable.

My heart was beating so fast I thought it would break my ribs. I searched my mind for any useful piece of information from National Geographic, any survival advice, one damn idea... Nothing. Panic had flash-frozen my muscles. I was a statue of meat beneath the queen of the savanna.

Was this how it all ended? Eaten because I didn't want to stay at camp drinking beer? What a ridiculous way to die.

I squeezed my eyes shut, clenching my teeth and waiting for the final bite to the jugular to get the process over with. Instead, I felt a sharp, firm tug: her jaws clamped onto the thick fabric of my shirt at the shoulder.

And suddenly, the ground began to move.

The bitch was dragging me across the dirt like I was a sack of potatoes or a stray cub. I tried to arch my back to keep from scraping my skin raw against stones and thorns while she hauled me along effortlessly. I stole a quick glance around: not a soul, no engines, not a trace of civilization. Nobody was coming to rescue me.

After several minutes of a humiliating, suffocating ride, the scorching sun began to dim. She yanked me into the hollow of a rock formation, a cool cavern that smelled of damp stone and wild beast.

She dropped me onto the floor with zero grace. She flicked her tail against the earth in a methodical gesture, settling herself, and advanced toward me with that heavy, supple gait. I swallowed hard, trembling from head to toe.

Out of nowhere, she leaned over my face and dragged her tongue, rough like coarse-grit sandpaper, across my cheek, wiping away the trace of blood.

I froze. What the hell was wrong with her? I just hoped she hadn't dragged me in here simply to eat her lunch in the shade without being bothered by scavengers.

I calculated my odds. Looking at her from this close destroyed any illusion of escape.

Her body was a perfect machine of muscle and density. Her forepaws were broad and heavy, featuring dark pads the

size of my fists and retractable claws that scarred the rock with ease. Her shoulders rose prominently with each shift of weight, showing defined bulges beneath a short yet dense coat of fur. Her bone structure was so massive that it made my torso look like paper.

Her broad, deep chest beat with a heavy rhythm that resonated through the stone. Her jaws were mere inches from me. The mere thought of trying to defend myself against such a two-hundred-pound mass was an absurd fantasy.

I let out a ragged sigh... and saw her pivot on her paws, turning her back to me. I thought that if she walked toward the entrance or settled down to rest in a corner, I might have a slim chance of crawling toward the exit.

Instead, my vision went completely dark. A dense, hot, heavy coat of fur slammed squarely against my face.

I was pinned against the rock wall; the lioness had backed up on her hind legs, driving the mass of her hips directly into my face. I was trapped in the crevice of her buttocks as I heard her let out a faint, guttural growl mixed with a heavy pant.

She dragged the tip of her rough, furry tail along my jawline and neck, moving it in a firm stroke, marking me with her scent.

I gasped desperately, feeling my lungs burn under the pressure of her body. Sensing my lack of air, she shifted her hind legs and pulled back just a few inches, allowing me to draw a breath.

The relief lasted a second: she raised her hips slightly and decisively aligned her body back toward my face, pressing hard and positioning her vulva directly over my mouth, sealing my lips against her burning vulva.

I inhaled deeply out of instinct... but the only thing entering my mouth were the sweet, thick juices from inside her, a warm

fluid that saturated my lips before I could process the absurdity of my situation.

In that precise moment, I heard her emit a deep purr, a low engine that vibrated through the stone floor and crashed straight into my skull. Was she mocking me, or merely parading her absolute superiority over the helpless intruder that had fallen into her territory?

Desperation for oxygen forced my trembling hands onto the sides of her hips, gripping her haunches firmly in an attempt to push her off. Far from backing away, the lioness arched her spine in response to the grip, treating it as a leverage point or a challenge: her weight dropped back against my face with even greater fury, sealing off every gap.

I began searching for any tiny opening on the sides to catch a breath, but the pressure of her hindquarters was relentless. The only thing I could do was press my mouth even deeper into her folds.

Trapped in that extreme position, where air was scarce and panic threatened to snuff out my consciousness, a mechanical reflex took over inside me: I began to lick firmly, probing the area with my tongue.

The feline responded immediately to the stimulus. Her muscular mass tensed with a wild shudder, and she began to grind with a measured rhythm, moving her hips up and down in heavy circles over my face.

The cave reeked with overwhelming intensity: a raw aroma of parched earth, scorched grass, and the heavy musk of a predator, blended with the metallic trace of the zebra's fresh blood and the dampness of the cave. It was the primitive perfume of life and death colliding in the most intimate space.

My chest heaved out of control. My heart battered my ribs so violently that I feared I would die right then and there from

cardiac arrest.

Would that be better? To end like this before enduring any more of the madness of being subjected by a wild beast?

Then, in the middle of my mental fog, a small stream released by her heat ran straight down the back of my throat. The taste shocked my entire system.

To my horror and utter bewilderment, completely beyond my control, I felt a hot throb in my groin. My body, betrayed by the rush of adrenaline and physical contact, had gone completely hard.

The lioness continued to growl and pant with greater intensity. She raised one of her hind legs, bending her hock at a sharp angle. When I tried to grab hold of the limb, she used my own grip to push her full weight backward.

That paw crushed my arm against the ground, and the leverage of the movement slammed her pelvis downward with brutal force against my face.

I swallowed out of instinct, but the only thing that entered my mouth was the warm fluidity of her mucous membranes. My lips smashed against the elastic firmness of her internal folds, which yielded a mere millimeter beneath the crushing weight of her hips.

Every time I tried to take a breath, a brackish taste flooded my tongue, while the dense scent of the beast burned my nostrils. There was no room left to think; I was nothing more than a toy, prey at the mercy of her instinct.

The lioness kept moving her hips with relentless persistence. Her vulvar lips were soaked, releasing warm, thick fluids that flooded my mouth. She pressed hard against my face, rubbing herself ferociously; she used me for leverage in her heat to reach her own satisfaction.

A low roar erupted from her throat, reverberating through the bones of my skull. Her body language was unmistakable: the tension building in her hindquarters, the rigidity of her muscles, and the imminent spasm of her pelvis.

My tongue was trapped inside her, imprisoned by the sudden contraction of her tissues. She accelerated the pace with excessive force, hurting me through the friction against my lips and jaw. I choked and gasped for air, while my dick grew completely hard inside my pants.

The beast's climax arrived.

The lioness let out a guttural roar that echoed off the stone walls. A massive wave of hot fluids flooded me all at once, soaking my cheeks, cheekbones, and chin.

To relieve the pressure in my groin, where the tight fabric was already soaking with my own pre-seminal fluid, I lay sprawled out, breathing heavily, with my face covered in her trail and my body trembling.

Slowly, she pulled away from my face. Fresh air returned to my lungs, though the atmosphere remained heavy with musk. Dazed by the adrenaline and seeking to ease the ache in my crotch, I pulled down my pants and underwear, leaving my dick exposed in the dimness of the cave.

The lioness, who had moved back just a few inches to shake out her back, stopped her movements. She turned her head and stared fixedly at me.

I swallowed hard. I reached out my arms and pressed my palms against the sides of her muzzle, feeling the rough fur and the heat radiating from her skin, in an attempt to keep her at bay or beg for mercy.

She fixed her golden eyes on mine, evaluating the vibration of my fear.