

While on his own to scavenge for food, he found himself near some human exposed areas. It seemed that a suspicious smell wafted its way over to him. Following his nose, he traced it to behind a rock, cowering behind a stone with their face in their hands. He smirked to himself, finding his entertainment for the evening. The shrunken human fell back, realizing they've been caught by the king of pride rock himself. They were dressed in a white coat, a pair of goggles over their heads. Mufasa, although limited in his knowledge of human occupations, he could understand that a human isn't usually this size. They were clearly afraid, so Mufasa didn't have the heart to simply scarf them up and hope that no other human chased after them. He decided it best to simply try communicating. Maybe he could earn the favor of other humans if this one lives?

"Hello little one. Are you well?" Mufasa asked the question as he lifted his paw to the other side of the human, making sure they couldn't leave easily, with most of his muzzle taking over the human's light, surrounding the small prey with his own might in place. The human looked up in confusion, then followed by excitement.

"I... I can understand you! That's so crazy! You're a talking lion!" They instantly opened up, revealing that they trust Mufasa much more than they should. Feeling one step closer to claiming a new toy, Mufasa smiled softly, attempting not to reveal his fangs.

"I am in fact a talking lion... That is true." Mufasa could hardly fathom the thought of him being special for talking when to him, all lions were talking lions. The human reached up to the lion and tilted their head.

"Aw.. is something wrong?" The human seemed confused and concerned based on Mufasa's reaction. Although nothing was wrong, he took it as an opportunity to get the human exactly where he wanted them. A smirk nearly crossed his face before returning to the apparent facade of his discomfort.

"Yeah... Sadly I simply have this... *ache* that I can't be rid of." He sighed, looking off to the distance as the human fell for the trap.

"Oh I'm so sorry! I-is there anything I can help with? I didn't mean to be this size, but I can try and scratch an itch if I can?" The human tried to reach up and stroke the arm fur of the large lion, seeing his smirk even from down there. Mufasa nodded for a second before using the massive paw of his to knock the human over. Once the human's back was on the ground, Mufasa stepped on them with his back legs.

“Worry not, I will not simply crush you. I simply plan on showing you a *very* close up on this specific *itch* of mine. Please, take a deep breath.” Mufasa guided slowly, stepping off the human once he felt them calm down under his foot. Mufasa then lowered his lower waist with his balls and sheath now pressing into the imprint of the human on the ground. He didn’t yet put his whole weight on the human, insisting rather on keeping them in place with his position. The human pressed into the balls and sheath with curious hands, trying to keep Mufasa off of their body to no avail. With every shove in one direction, the swirling flesh folded over their hand and pressed into them anyway. Mufasa kept them for a while, before lifting from his low squat and looking underneath him at the human. It seemed like the human had almost run out of breath, the stench of lion dad balls all over their body.

“Did you find the tick? My sheath has been bugging me for so long...” Mufasa asked. Although he truthfully didn’t have a tick in the first place, he decided that he needed to have a problem for the human to fix. Judging by the human’s expression, it seemed effective. The human was confused, looking back at the balls that were previously crushing them, then back at Mufasa curiously. They didn’t seem to hate the feeling of balls near double their size layering over them.

“O-oh! I uhm..”

“It’s alright, you can get a closer look.~”

Before the human could object, Mufasa fully sat over the human, his balls engulfing the human deeply. He could hardly hear their muffles and feel their wriggles. Now that his weight was fully over them, their movements were greatly weakened. Mufasa then began to sway his hips side to side, bouncing lightly on top of the human as Mufasa sighed to himself. He didn’t usually get the chance to toy with his prey for long without them catching onto his intentions. Lucky for him, this human was incredibly dense and gullible. After Mufasa almost forgot about the human underneath him, he decided to lift up his balls once more, looking down and finding them almost completely unconscious. They sputtered, long strands of fur leaving their mouth as drops of sweat dripped from their entire body. Mufasa couldn’t tell whose sweat it was.

“Well did you finally find it? I’ve been very patient with you, so I hope you have results.” Mufasa warned. To his surprise, the human wobbled up to their feet and pointed to his sheath. Their face was bright red, either due to the heat trapped or some shyness in their heart.

“Y-you said... Wow... You said it was in your sheath... Right? I couldn’t see your sheath from where I was, so can you sit down for me? Like... Not on me?” They asked slowly, clearly aware of the hole in Mufasa’s story without working to see through the lies. Mufasa nodded, sitting just behind the human and covering them in his shadow as they stood just underneath his belly and just behind his sheath.

“Go ahead and inspect as close as you can. I truly do appreciate your efforts.” Mufasa urged, dismissively guiding the human towards his sheath. He finally decided where the human would go. It would be unsatisfying to eat the human normally, and his cock couldn’t take a lot of the bigger prey he was used to. As the small human turned around to face the bulbous sheath, damp with sweat and resting heavily over his two balls, Mufasa took his opportunity. The human could only react so well to a giant paw shoving them forcefully against the fat flesh, soon feeling the opening take them in with the careful assistance of Mufasa’s paws. The human’s upper half went in swiftly, but their legs reacted differently. Being that the human seemed to finally catch onto his ploy, Mufasa now rolled over to his back, allowing gravity to force the human to succumb to his sheath. Much to the human’s dismay, the idea worked and they soon found themselves in a thick container, slowly allowing them to find their way to Mufasa’s balls.

As Mufasa leaned down to feel the human as they swam about, he decided that he’d better find some real food, not just a toy. As fun as they felt panicking in his balls, he knew they wouldn’t last forever. Let alone their limited time in there, but he would be given a lot of additional semen to work with, much more than he was used to. He rolled back onto his feet and started his trot to find some prey, the human between his legs finding a much more erratic series of movements. They could hardly swim in the overflowing amount of cum, let alone when the whole containment was in constant motion. This was only made worse by the sticky, yet acidic nature of his semen, aiming to assimilate the human as soon as possible. The human refused to be digested as a consequence of spontaneous shrinking, maybe they could find a way out? As soon as they’re able to orient themselves in the ginormous boiling water balloon they found themselves in, surely the exit will be all the sweeter! This train of thought only led to Mufasa carrying a constant smile on his face after feeling the human frantically feel around every inch of his balls.

It took the entire day for them to finally calm down, but Mufasa knew they were still alive in there, simply giving up. He was tempted to try and talk to the human in their last moments, but every other lion was long asleep by now and it

would be inconsiderate of him. So with full balls, the lion king went to sleep, the human shortly behind him.

As morning came, it seemed like Mufasa had as well. his balls were a dozen times bigger than normal with his legs bound on top of them. Along with his balls now being around the size of an above average human, his cock had thickened a mighty amount overnight as well. As his cock laid out over the floor, leaking all over both himself as well as a few other lions unfortunate to be laying near him. Judging by this production, it seemed like the human had a much more restless night, having to grow back to their normal size and still gurgle in sperm all the same. Based on the fact that Mufasa slept through the whole thing, it must've been a slow process. As fun as his little toy was yesterday, this proved to be much more of an inconvenience than anything. With a deep sigh and sputtering breath, Mufasa laid a paw over the head of his cock, deciding that he needed to minimize this as much as possible before he hunted for the day.

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