

# I BECAME A MIGHTY LION

## Chapter 6: Motherly Love

The lion had returned.

The crisis was resolved.

The female lion, Xi'er, crawled on the ground tiredly, panting heavily. Scarlet blood blurred her vision.

The wounds all over her body started to hurt intensely.

She shivered all over and raised her head, looking deeply at her daughter on the branch with her blood-stained eye.

She seemed to be saying goodbye.

She knew that her life had reached its end.

Hyenas often ate rotten meat, and terrifying bacteria and viruses gathered in their teeth and saliva.

If it was just one or two wounds, they might slowly heal.

But.

Now, her entire body was covered in wounds, some so deep that her bones could be seen.

She had just used up all her strength and spirit. Her body was close to breaking down and there was no possibility of recovery.

To heal such wounds, one needed food, disinfection, and a good constitution.

But she did not have any of these.

She could only wait for death slowly.

She raised her head and looked at her underage daughter. Her pitiful eyes were filled with sadness and worry.

Mei Mei, who was on a branch, seemed to have sensed her emotions. She trembled as she climbed down the tree and obediently curled up beside her.

Just like that, they snuggled up to each other and enjoyed the wonderful time of possibly Xi'er's last day on Earth.

Usually, when a female lion knew that it was about to die, it would quietly leave the pride of lions and its children. It would then find a secluded place and wait for death alone with dignity.

Obviously, Xi'er already had such plans.

The male lion chased away the hyenas and quickly returned. He glanced coldly at her, who was riddled with wounds, then raised his head to look at the young cubs on the tree. He was surprised.

However, he did not express any fatherly or husbandly love. He only paused for a few seconds before turning around and lying back on the mound, waiting for food.

When the four female lions returned with their prey, they immediately smelled the strong scent of blood.

They hurriedly put down their prey and ran over.

When they saw that their children were safe and sound, they finally stopped feeling nervous and walked over. They rubbed their heads against Xi'er and brought their children to the food.

The lion was already sprawled in front of the food and chowing down.

The female lions and young cubs could only drool as they stood at the side, waiting for him to finish eating.

No one looked at the wounded and dying Xi'er.

Mei Mei lay next to her mother and cried out a few times. She was young, weak and obviously very sad.

Chu Xiaoye lay on a branch of the tree and watched the scene before him. He sighed in his heart, but he knew that this was the law of survival for lions.

Pity and gratitude did not exist.

The most important thing was to survive.

Sometimes, in order to live, they could even eat their own children.

His mother, Aisha, was lying on the ground, calling out to him.

Little Curly Tail was lying beside his mother, enjoying his milk.

Chu Xiaoye glanced at Xi'er and her daughter before turning around and carefully retreating from the tree.

He ran to his mother's side and drank the sweet milk.

He had just expended a lot of energy and was extremely tired and hungry.

He could already eat meat.

If his father still had leftovers, he would not mind taking a few bites.

The lion ate very slowly and was very picky.

First, he would eat the prey's glutinous internal organs, then he would eat the most tender and plump meat on the prey.

On the other hand, the lionesses who risked their lives to hunt and still needed to nurture their children could only drool as they waited patiently at the side.

Finally.

The lion finished eating and left.

The four female lions immediately rushed forward.

Only by snatching the most meat could they feed their children.

The four female lions wolfed down the food!

The seven little cubs followed their mothers and jogged over. They ate a few pieces of meat to get used to the smell of blood on their food.

No one cared about Xi'er, who had just saved their children and was lying on the ground covered in blood and wounds, and her daughter.

The mother-daughter pair leaned against each other and stared blankly.

There was no resentment or anger, only helplessness and sorrow.

Chu Xiaoye pushed Little Curly Tail away with all his might and even pointed his butt at him. He threatened him with his farts and finally managed to grab a large piece of thigh meat.

Little Curly Tail felt wronged and could only squeeze to his mother's side to eat some meat.

While they were wolfing down the meat, Chu Xiaoye dragged the piece of thigh meat back to the tree and placed it in front of Xi'er.

Then, he ran towards the prey again and continued to snatch the meat.

Xi'er was stunned. She stared at his small and weak figure for a while before she could not resist the smell of food and immediately started eating.

When Mei Mei saw that her mother had meat to eat, she obediently laid under her and started to drink milk.

Chu Xiaoye slapped Little Curly Tail and snatched another piece of meat before running back.

Little Curly Tail howled in anger, but there was nothing he could do.

Chu Xiaoye gave Xi'er five pieces of meat, each smaller than the last.

Because there was not much meat to begin with, after the lion ate the best parts and the four female lions wolfed it down, there was really nothing left.

He was also very hungry.

Seeing that the prey was only left with its skin and bones, he could only go over and lick the remaining flesh and blood on the bones to familiarize himself with the smell of blood.

Then, he eagerly went to his mother's side and drank her milk.

Aisha laid on the ground. Although she was not full, she still breastfed him and Little Curly Tail gently.

“Roar!”

Little Curly Tail was angry at the sight of him. Seeing that he was enjoying his food, he could not help but extend his little paw and sneak an attack on his head.

Chu Xiaoye did not have the time to care about him. As he ate, he stuck out his butt at him and curled his tail, making a posture of farting!

Little Curly Tail jumped in fright. He turned around and ran away without finishing his milk.

“Brat, in front of me, you will always be my little brother!”

Chu Xiaoye snorted inwardly.

After eating.

He entered the bushes and walked in front of Xi'er. Without any explanation, he went straight to her side and stuck out his tongue to lick her wounds.

Xi'er was stunned. She turned her head and looked at him blankly.

She had planned to leave the pride when the sky turned dark and find a quiet place to wait for her death.

The wounds on her body had already attracted flies and were starting to get inflamed.

She knew that she did not have long to live.

Hence, she was bidding farewell to her daughter silently and did not want anyone to disturb her.

But this kid...

What was he doing?

Sigh, forget it. She was about to die anyway.

She looked at her daughter sadly, not knowing how to say goodbye to her. She did not dare to imagine if her daughter could survive after she left.

Mei Mei stared blankly as Chu Xiaoye meticulously licked the wounds on her mother's body. She wanted to stop him but did not dare to.

Little Curly Tail came close with a shocked expression.

What was wrong with his brother? Was he still hungry and deciding to eat Aunt Xi'er?

Brother is indeed scary!

Upon seeing this scene, Little Curly Tail trembled and his respect for his brother increased!

The female lions rested.

The lion went around.

Under the tree.

Chu Xiaoye licked the wounds on Xi'er's body very seriously. Almost every wound was smeared with his saliva.

He was not sure if it would work.

However, this was the only way.

He could not bear to watch this mother he respected die alone miserably.

Although he was a lion now.

His soul was still a human soul.

He respected and loved all mothers in the world.

Be it humans or animals.

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