

Mighty Lion 80

Chapter 80: Wandering

At the foot of the hill.

The river had already dried up.

On the thick mud, there were a few old crocodiles that were guarding their territory and unwilling to leave.

The sun was vicious.

They struggled with all their might and crawled into the mud.

However, it was still hot.

The water in the mud was also quickly evaporating.

The young and strong crocodiles had already migrated with the group.

Some little crocodiles hid in deep caves, not eating or drinking, not moving at all, waiting for the torturous dry season to pass.

Every season, there would always be some animals that could not make it through.

A group of monkeys walked down the hill under the hot sun and came to the dry river, wanting to drink water.

Looking at the empty riverbed full of mud, they stood by the river in a daze.

Some monkeys left.

Some monkeys continued to wait.

The pride of the cold father searched for a long time in the bushes but did not find any prey.

When they returned to the camp feeling hot and tired, they found an old crocodile hiding under the bushes where they were resting.

“Roar!”

The cold father immediately roared and pounced over.

The old crocodile opened its mouth and raised it up, showing two rows of sharp fangs and unwilling to retreat.

The female lions also roared and surrounded them.

The old crocodile hid under the bushes and was slow to react. It ignored everything and was soon covered in wounds from the furious female lions.

It was like a stubborn old man who had decided on this place and was unwilling to leave.

Or perhaps, it had nowhere to go.

A smell of blood suffused the pride camp.

The hungry pride of the cold father immediately became excited. They endured the heat and panted as they continued to attack.

The cold father roared as he attracted the old crocodile's sharp teeth.

The female lions attacked from behind. They first scratched and then pounced on it to bite.

Soon, the old crocodile stopped resisting.

It did not die immediately. Instead, it crawled on the ground, closed its mouth, and opened its eyes, waiting silently.

Xi'er pounced on it and bit the spine on its neck!

It finally died.

The cold father lay on the ground with his mouth open, panting.

The female lions were also hot and lay in the shade, unable to move.

Lars was already famished. Seeing the delicacy in front of him, how could he restrain himself? He immediately ran over and started biting.

He bit as he looked carefully at his father.

The cold father lay nearby with his mouth open and looked at him while panting. He did not have any reaction.

Lars immediately relaxed and wolfed down the food.

The female lions rested for a while before immediately walking in front of the old crocodile and starting to eat.

Chu Xiaoye brought Little Curly Tail and Mei Mei over.

Catherine lay in the bushes not far away and looked at them silently.

The entire crocodile was quickly eaten clean.

The cold father did not go forward to enjoy it. Instead, he stayed quietly in the grass to rest.

After the food was divided, he suddenly stood up.

The female lions licked the blood at the corner of their mouths as they looked at him nervously.

They keenly sensed the king's anger.

After Lars finished eating, he walked straight in front of Catherine. He cracked his mouth and revealed his cold fangs, asking her to scam elsewhere. He wanted to occupy this place.

Catherine stood up silently and turned to leave.

However, before Lars could lie down, the cold father's thunder-like roar sounded!

He had just turned around when he saw his father pounce over fiercely and bite him!

Lars was shocked and hurriedly ran to his mother, begging for mercy.

The lioness with a broken tail looked at him coldly, lowered her head silently, and walked to the side.

The cold father roared angrily and chased after him without letting go.

Lars could only lie on the ground, show his abdomen, and beg for mercy with his head raised.

The cold father did not show any mercy and bit his face!

“Roar!”

Lars roared in pain and suddenly jumped up. He bared his fangs and looked angrily and hatefully at his father.

What was going on?

Could it be because he was the first to eat?

However, he had already asked for his permission and was begging for mercy.

He was his son, so why was he so vicious?

After roaring angrily, he realized that he was no match for his father. It was useless no matter how angry he was. He could only beg for mercy.

He immediately begged for mercy again.

However, the cold father ignored him. His gaze was cold and his fangs were vicious. He pounced at him again and even bit his neck!

Lars was immediately terrified. He hurriedly jumped up, turned around, and ran!

He ran out of the camp under the hot sun, thinking that his father would calm down and forgive him.

However, the cold father still roared and chased after him!

His mother seemed to be unable to bear it and looked at him with a complicated gaze, but she still did not go forward to stop him.

Lars immediately panicked and could only continue to flee.

The cold father’s mane fluttered as he chased after him with a murderous aura. He did not have the slightest intention of letting him go.

The female lions also followed.

Chu Xiaoye brought Little Curly Tail and Mei Mei to follow behind his mother. He watched in a daze as the father and son fought.

He knew that soon, he and Little Curly Tail would also experience this unforgettable nightmare of banishment.

Obviously, the cold father's patience was finally exhausted.

The arrival of the dry season, lack of food, and the pregnancy of the lionesses worried this king.

He could not tolerate another lion with a shocking appetite but was useless in the pride!

He wanted to expel his son!

Lars was already two years old. It was time to go wandering.

As for whether he lived or died, he could only leave it to fate. Or, he could only rely on himself.

Lion prides had existed in this grassland for more than 100,000 years.

They had their own rules for being able to reproduce to this day.

When lions grow up, they have to leave and roam further to grow up. Then, they can open up their dominions, have their own pride, and become king.

Usually, after they left, they would never return and would run very far away.

This could prevent close relatives from reproducing and having chaotic genes, thereby giving birth to unhealthy descendants and affecting the continuation of the pride.

Perhaps they did not understand these principles, but the rules that had been passed down until now were subtly restricting them, making them naturally abide by them, thereby preventing the extinction of their race.

They were able to become kings of this vast grassland and survive until now not because of their intelligence, but because they followed the rules.

These were the paths that the seniors had walked, the trials and tribulations they had gone through, and the experiences they had left behind.

They had to follow it.

Unless, one day, nature changed and the rules were in chaos.

Lars's terrified and begging roar sounded on the grassland and then he disappeared on the grassland.

He was expelled from the territory.

He stood at the edge of the territory, covered in wounds and looking absent-mindedly at his father, who was baring his fangs and looking fierce. He looked at the female lions that were slowly rushing over, looked at his mother, and looked at the other cubs.

His heart was filled with sadness and despair.

What should he do in the future?

Without his father's protection, the hunting of the pride, the territory, and food, could he still survive?

"Roar!"

The cold father's roar sounded again. His gaze was cold and heartless. He bared his fangs and continued to pounce on him.

Lars did not dare to hesitate and fled in panic.

On this day, he finally left his home and lost everything. He became a wandering lion that had no one to rely on.

Where should he go?

The river dried up.

Across the river, the low roars of a few wandering lions could be heard.

That was the wandering lion alliance.