

The Boss Behind The Game Chapter 520

Serengetti, the Great Plains.

The scorching sun was burning the earth. Under the blue sky, a huge horned horse team was moving north.

Every year, from July to September, it was the transition between the rainy and dry seasons of the East African grasslands.

The rainy season in Serengetti had ended, and the rain area moved North. The rainfall decreased, and the dry season came. As a result, the Serengetti Plains gradually became a wasteland, and herbivores, including wildebeests, were facing a growing crisis of survival.

At the same time, the massemala Nature Reserve in northern Kenya was in the middle of a continuous rainy season, making it the "Garden of Eden" of the entire East African grassland with plenty of water and grass.

During this period, the wildebeest followed the pace of the rain, traveling day and night to avoid the harassment of many natural enemies. They traveled more than 40 kilometers a day and migrated North to Masai mala in Kenya, which was about 3000 kilometers away.

The process of migration was extremely dangerous, as they would step into the territory of many fierce beasts.

This stage was also the time for all the wild beasts on the grassland to hunt.

Lions, leopards, hyenas, crocodiles, and so on, these ferocious predators were ready to have a big meal during this time.

At this moment, in a corner of the grassland, close to a hundred wildebeest were charging towards the migrating troops.

Behind them, the pride of lions followed closely, their bloodthirsty eyes looking for the wildebeest that was alone, ready to pounce at any time to give a fatal blow.

Hunting was an instinct for these top predators of the Prairie, and their hunting skills were repeatedly trained as they grew. Because the price of making a mistake was going hungry, they were very familiar with how to catch their prey.

While driving the herd of wildebeest away from the main force, the lioness 'eyes were also constantly scanning the interior of the herd and the small Cubs.

Compared to the adult wildebeest, the young ones were undoubtedly the best targets.

Moreover, it would not be easy to be accidentally injured while hunting Cubs.

At this moment, the hunt began. A lioness suddenly let out a roar, and the other lionesses around the herd of wildebeest pounced on them at the same time.

As herbivores, the herd of wildebeest had the ability to fight against the pride of lions, but they did not have the courage to do so. In the face of the pride of lions, they panicked and their running formation collapsed.

This was exactly what the Lionesses wanted to see. Immediately, a few wildebeest were pounced on by the Lionesses.

Out of habit, the lion's first target after pouncing on its prey was the wildebeest's throat, which was also a fatal spot.

At this moment, this scene was being filmed by a camera not far away.

As one of the major migration landscapes on the great Prairie, many photographers would come here every year during this period to collect materials.

The thrilling journey of the wildebeest migration could really create a lot of ratings for them.

However, this job was equally dangerous.

Because there were too many ferocious predators on the Prairie, even if there was a lot of protection, one could lose their life if they were not careful.

Similarly, high risks brought high returns.

As a result, there would be many photographers who would come here every year to shoot documentaries or to collect materials.

The scene of the Lions hunting the wildebeest was the selling point they wanted to see. A few cameramen who were prostrating not far away immediately focused on filming the scene of the Lions displaying their superb hunting skills.

The pace of this hunt was very fast. A large number of wildebeest escaped, but four wildebeest were also killed on the spot. The scene was shocking, and it also made the photographers who had captured the scene feel very excited.

This was because these scenes could bring them fame and money.

After they finished hunting, the Lionesses did not eat. Instead, they began to return with their prey in their mouths.

As a social animal, Lions were different from many other animal groups.

Although it was a lioness that went out to hunt, it didn't have the right to eat first. The male lion that guarded the territory was the leader of the lion pride, and only it had the right to eat first.

Only when the male lion was full would it be time for the Lionesses to eat. The rules of eating were very strict.

At this moment, although the Lionesses had hunted four wildebeest and the male lion would not be able to finish them, the Lionesses still chose to bring the food back.

This was because under normal circumstances, male Lions would pick and choose the most delicious part to eat. Unless there was a shortage of food, the male lion would definitely satisfy its own taste first. Therefore, the male lion had the priority to eat the four wildebeest.

He had a harem of 3000 beauties and even sent them out to work to support themselves. In this aspect, the lion was fully displayed.

He was like a fighter among scumbags!

Of course, the male lion also had a heavy responsibility, and it was not very easy. This was because the male lion's mission was to defend the territory, protect the race, and protect the future generations. Every battle was dangerous.

However, without the arrival of "old Wang next door", under absolute safety, the life of the lion was extremely comfortable.

At this moment, the Lionesses were dragging the dead wildebeest back.

Unfortunately, the Lionesses were heading in the direction where the photographers were.

At this moment, the photographers, who had been very happy before, broke out in cold sweat.

They knew what would happen if they were discovered.

They immediately put down their cameras and knelt on the ground, hoping that the terrible thing would not happen.

As they got closer, the Lionesses' heavy breathing could be clearly heard.

At this moment, the photographers were also extremely nervous, and their hearts were pounding.

At this time, a lioness walking in front of the team suddenly cast a sharp gaze at a pile of weeds not far away.

Although the smell of blood was strong in its mouth, it still smelled a different scent.

The lioness immediately put down the prey in her mouth and approached the pile of grass.

As top predators, they were not afraid of any opponent on this Prairie, so they were not worried about the existence of danger at all.

The sound of breathing gradually approached. At this moment, the images of themselves being cruelly bitten appeared in the minds of the few cameramen who were lying on the ground. Before it happened, they were already scared silly by their own brains.

As it neared the grass, the lioness sniffed twice, as if trying to determine the source of the smell.

After confirming the location, the lioness slowly lowered her head.

At this moment, several loud roars suddenly came from not far away.

“Ya,

The lioness immediately took a step back vigilantly and turned to look in the direction of the sound. She saw a group of indigenous people holding wooden Spears, wearing a feather crown on their heads, and hanging animal teeth on their necks. They were running towards her.

As they ran towards them, the group of Aboriginals kept shouting to deter them.

This scene frightened many lionesses present, and they began to retreat vigilantly.

At this time, the twenty or so local Aboriginals increased their speed, their actions more exaggerated, and their cries more resounding.

The Lionesses were obviously frightened. They put down their prey and started to roar at the Aboriginals, making threatening roars.

However, this group of natives was clearly very experienced. Not only were they not scared off, they also roared and confronted the Lionesses.

Snatching food from the lion’s mouth was a dangerous move that the local Aboriginals often did.

Hundreds of years ago, this was done for survival. It was much easier to snatch the necessary meat from the Lions than to hunt on their own.

Although it was dangerous, it often brought them rich rewards.

However, in the modern era, even the indigenous people of the African savannah had more or less come into contact with modern technology. Their source of food was no longer the same.

Snatching food from the lion's mouth was more like a tribal culture, a symbol of bravery.

During the season of Great Migration, it was also the time for the indigenous tribes to prove their courage. They would form their own small teams and play the scene of their ancestors playing chess with the fierce beasts hundreds of years ago.

It was a way to prove one's courage, and it was also a culture of worshiping the ancestors.

This was similar to how many African cannibal tribes still ate humans, but they had already given up on eating real humans. Instead, they ate plants that were made into human shapes to continue an ancient legacy.

At this moment, more than 20 tribal men with Spears in their hands continued to provoke the Lionesses.

He was betting that the Lionesses would not dare to resist, and he did not really want to fight with them.

Because if they really fought, they would die without a doubt!

After a series of roars and intimidation, the Aboriginals got closer and lined up in a row, slowing down their pace.

The Lionesses were still retreating, obviously unwilling to abandon their food and leave.

The Aboriginals advanced with firm steps, suppressing the Lionesses in terms of aura.

Even though the Lionesses bared their teeth, dug the ground, and made several threatening movements, their steps were still firm.

At this moment, a native man suddenly rushed out of the group and pounced towards the Lionesses.

This action immediately scared the Lionesses. They quickly left their prey and ran a few meters away.

“Aooooo!”

Realizing that he had scared off the pride of lions, the man immediately roared in excitement.

Seeing this, his companions also approached.

At this moment, the Lionesses' food fell into the hands of these Aboriginals.

However, the confrontation was not over yet. The Lionesses roared unwillingly and began to circle around the indigenous people.

The Aboriginals began to pick up stones from the ground and throw them at the Lionesses, trying to scare them away.

This confrontation was undoubtedly long.

The Lionesses were unfamiliar with humans, and this creature was not on their hunting list. The vigilance of felines made them not dare to act rashly.

The Aboriginals also took advantage of this to deal with the Lionesses and even intimidate them.

In this kind of confrontation, the most important thing was momentum. Otherwise, if the Lionesses realized that you were weak, they would pounce on you without hesitation.

The Aboriginals were clearly very experienced in confronting a Lion.

This was because this was a skill passed down from generation to generation. It was how to maximize one's aura and intimidate the ferocious Lion.

The confrontation continued, and the night gradually darkened.

Multicolored light filled the sky, and at this moment, the great Prairie had the most primitive ecological beauty.

The wind was not as piercing as it was in winter, nor was it as dry as it was in autumn. It was also not as hot as it was in the morning. Countless grass swayed in the breeze, and it was peaceful and peaceful.

However, in a certain corner of the great Prairie, the confrontation had not ended.

The unwilling lionesses stepped forward again and again, but they were still scared away.

As the night darkened, the skin of the Aboriginals was like an invisibility cloak, gradually blending into the night.

Only the White teeth that were revealed occasionally proved that there were people here.

At this moment, they lit up their torches.

To the Lionesses, the flickering flames seemed to be constantly sending out signals of danger.

At this time, the natives began to move. They took the initiative to drive away the Lionesses with torches.

At this moment, a lioness that was overly frightened suddenly launched an attack on a native.

Seeing this scene, all the natives felt their hearts in their throats.

As long as the lioness successfully bit its companion, it meant that the Lionesses knew their true strength, and the consequences would be terrifying.

At this moment, the native man who had taken the initiative to intimidate the lion took a step forward. He let out a beast-like roar and punched the lioness 'head from the side.

The punch was so powerful that the lioness, who had just opened her mouth, tilted her head and fell to the ground. She immediately jumped up and took a few steps back.

Seeing this, all the natives let out a sigh of relief, because they knew that the crisis was temporarily over.

The Lionesses were obviously frightened by this scene. When they were driven away again, they were like frightened cats and kept retreating.

After a while, the Lionesses finally gave up on their prey and turned to leave.

With the arrival of victory, all the natives raised their wooden Spears and began to cheer.

However, just as they were about to drag the wildebeest back to the tribe, several men holding cameras suddenly emerged from the haystack beside them.

At this moment, the Aboriginals, who had been calm and collected when facing the pride of lions, almost had a heart attack.

“Thank you very much for your help!” The cameramen were all in tears.

This feeling of escaping from death was something that he had experienced in real life. It was far more unforgettable than what he had seen on TV or in movies.

Just a moment ago, when they thought they would be discovered by the lioness, they felt like they were about to suffocate.

After escaping from death, there was an indescribable excitement in his heart.

“Why are you guys hiding here?” At this moment, the man who had just knocked out the lioness with a punch asked curiously.

“We’re from xxx tv station. We’re here to shoot a documentary. We almost died just now. Thank you very much!” The leading photographer expressed his gratitude again.

The few cameramen were not surprised that they could communicate with the natives.

This was because it had been more than 2300 years. Even many indigenous tribes were using modern technology, which was very normal.

“You’re welcome, my friend from afar!” The man replied with a smile.

“Oh right, I think I saw you knock down the lion with one punch. How did you do it?” The leading photographer asked curiously.

“He’s the number one warrior of our tribe. He’s Zara, the ancestral leopard warrior!” Before the man could explain, his companion beside him spoke first.

“Leopard ancestor?”

Through the afterglow of the torch, they saw a leopard tattoo painted on the chest of the man who was called the first warrior with some unknown paint.

This leopard did not look crude at all. Instead, it looked very lifelike as its body trembled. It was as if there was really a ferocious leopard lying on the man’s chest, adding a touch of wild and valiant aura to the native man.

“Did you train your strength by yourself?” the photographer asked again after staring at the tattoo on the native man’s chest for a moment.

“No, it’s given to me by the leopard!” The man replied proudly.

The photographer was stunned for a few seconds. He thought about it and nodded, afraid that he would be beaten to death if he questioned her.