

“It seems like the jungle has some magic in my favor!” Shere Khan smiled, seeing the magic runes disperse and leaving behind the two animals leaving him the most strife in recent times. The black panther, Bagheera and the bear, Baloo. He looked down at the shrunken animals as they slowly regained their bearings, much too late for them to fight back against the tiger as he pounced. Under his two paws were each of his targets respectively. He pressed his weight onto his paws and smothered the two mammals under his pressure, pressing them into the ground as a smile crossed his face.

“Look what the jungle brought me today...” The tiger growled, his voice lower as he dug into his prey. He could hear the pathetic whimpers of the pokemon and the subtle hints of cracking noises. Alleviating some pressure from the slim feline, Shere Khan looked down at the shriveled Bagheera. The slimpanther wriggled in the claws of the tiger, quiet pleas silently escaping his muzzle.

“Hmm? Does the pet have something to say? You man cub can’t help you now, can he. Oh, if only we had some more time to play... But these spells never last long, you know... I could be having my fun and you'll escape to your little man cub again and attack me once more. You know we can’t have that, right?~” Shere Khan laughed, leaning down to lick over the small animal, his rough tongue dishevelled the small panther’s fur and drenching him the pool of saliva that awaited him from in Shere Khan’s maw. With just one lick, Baheera was soaked and begging for mercy.

“Let you go...? Ha! Why would I do that? Do you think me cruel, Bagheera? Well here’s a choice for you. Listen well, I will not repeat this. You can either get accustomed to my family jewels, or be dealt with like the rest of the fools who aim to oppose me. The ladder of course is leading to my stomach.” Shere Khan explained, as calm as ever and still dangling Bagheera ahead of his muzzle with the ruined panther starting to panic, struggling to pull his body from the tiger’s impenetrable claws. With a slight shrug of his shoulders, he tossed Bagheera between his jaws and snapped shut, leaning his head back as the small panther was soaked in tiger spittle. Despite Shere Khan’s willingness to eat him then and there, he also wanted to taste the tiger. This had been the first black panther in a while that he had been able to consume, may as well make the most of it. Much to his surprise, the bear under his claw seemed to kick up a storm after seeing the tiger eat his companion. Shere Khan smiled, his jaws parting slightly to allow streams of drool to seep past his fangs and splatter over the bear as Bagheera got the full scope of