

The smell of recent rain hung heavily in the air between the trees, as always. Were it not for the warm drops that showered down through the thick branches of the canopy far overhead, Mowgli might have thought that the rain came out of the air itself; in a jungle like this, no matter the time of day, how long it had been since it really did last rain, or anything else, every inhalation felt like it was about half moisture, sweet from the essence of the leaves and brush and wood.

Not that that was a bad thing. He'd grown up here, had spent his entire life here. The tallest trees hardly looked less so as time passed, yet he could remember when he could not see above the smallest bush, then the large boulder out in the clearing by the river, and then over the shoulder of the large black panther who had served as his shadow and his guardian throughout all those years, his best friend and his closest companion. As a fully-grown adult now - or at least, what Mowgli *thought* that was; he hadn't ever seen another human to compare himself to, and just figured by how his body had mostly ceased growing - Bagheera there seemed... well, *still* a rather large example of a streamlined hunter-cat, all lithe muscle and animalistic intent, but at least things between them were a little more balanced now.

Mowgli blinked and jumped a little bit as a stray raindrop from somewhere in the trees far above dripped down and burst right on the tip of his nose, head tilted back and resting across the body of the black panther beneath him. This was how they spent most of their free time these days, in between the hunting and the searching, the gathering and the socializing with the other creatures of the forest: curled up together in a warm puddle of speckled, spattered sun drifting down from the canopy above.

His long hair tickled along his shoulders, then, with the few little jerks of his head in an effort to shake that raindrop off; he had one of his arms draped over near the panther's neck, and the other hand buried in the warm, thick fur of his lower underbelly, and wanted to move neither of them. The former because, frankly, it was comfortable; and the latter because-

Bagheera's chest rumbled beneath the human's back, and Mowgli half-rose to look at him. Verdant fern-green eyes flicked up to him beneath heavy lids, and the panther's thick whiskers gave a little twitch.

"You stopped rubbing."

That was something else that had grown and solidified between them, right along with their trust and their friendship, until all of these had become practically the same thing: the closeness between them, the physical comfort. More than just comfort: relaxation and enjoyment, too. Plenty of those two. Several long years had given Mowgli precious insight as to just where and what to do with his fingers, so different from Bagheera's own paws and his tongue - and just the same, the panther knew how to get to some places along Mowgli's body that he himself couldn't, and in a way that felt *much* better, too. Many ways, actually.

So he stretched his body out - they'd been lying here like this for a while - and gave voice to a low, languid yawn, jaw held open the way he'd seen the panther do so many times before, and settled his hands back into place amid that thick black fur. Such heat, soft and pulsing with the cat's heartbeat, and with the smooth lines of muscles beneath, taut even in relaxation... except for along Bagheera's lower belly, of course. Right along there, up from between his hind legs to about the middle of his underside was soft, squishy flesh beneath thick skin. Skin that he'd never let someone he didn't trust ever come close to.

And Mowgli had rested his head against that skin, so many times before. He rolled his head to the side and let his eyes wander down between those hind legs, one resting casually across the other... and with the cat's plump, heavy sack hanging across the lower leg. Yet another part of his body that Bagheera didn't really let anyone else touch, much less nose, nuzzle, lick, suckle, breathe deeply of... all of which Mowgli had done more times than he could count.

"Hey Bagheera." The human flicked his tongue out over his lips, gently working his fingers back and forth through the shorter, softer fur along the panther's lower belly, just in the way he liked. "D'you remember the last time I woke you up from a nap?"

After a moment, another rumble echoed from the cat's chest. Mowgli glanced over towards his muzzle again, and saw that he'd rested it back down against the moss-coated log, and let his eyes drift sleepily shut again. "...Mm," he replied, that rumble resolving into assent. "I do. And what a way you did it in."

Mowgli grinned, and turned his attention back to what had claimed both it just a few moments ago, as well as back during the time of which they spoke. The human had gone out to the river to watch the tadpoles in their little pebble coves, and came back to find Bagheera, unsurprisingly, sunning himself and sleeping. He was good at multitasking like that. The two hadn't spent much time together that day, and as it usually went when Mowgli couldn't bury his face in the neck of his favorite cat, he was feeling a little... *affectionate* once he found him.

It had started out simply and innocently enough, with the human sprawling out alongside him and scratching both of his hands against the panther's revealed belly. Bagheera's eyes had half-opened right then, and he nuzzled down against him in dazed recognition, but then just as quickly rolled back into the realm of sleep. It must have been a combination of the scritch and the human's scent: not long passed before Mowgli had been able to feel a stiff, pulsing, wet heat against his upper leg, twitching and grinding with every little buck of the panther's lower body.

Naturally, that gave Mowgli a similar complication, and with that familiar musky scent tickling at his nose and teasing his mind... well, he figured that it was only the polite thing to do. So he'd braced his hands against Bagheera's firm chest, started to push himself down along his body, nosed up beneath one of those muscular legs with his head...

"You know, I've never seen you kick your leg like that before."

This time the rumble the cat gave came from his throat, and carried more of a playfully dismissing tone to it. For most of the other animals of the jungle, Mowgli had only a faint idea of what it was they felt and were saying when they made their noises, but Bagheera he'd figured out, inside and out. Again, in more ways than one.

The panther adjusted his position a little bit, briefly pressing that warm fur more firmly against Mowgli's palm. "Was better than the last time you woke *both* of us up from our naps."

Again Mowgli ceased his rubbing. Part of him was glad that Bagheera was still half-asleep; just remembering that time had given the human a pleasurable stir between his own legs, and it was all he could do not to repeat that time. So he settled himself with moving his hand a little bit

closer to that plump sack and sheath, under the guise of giving the cat more scritchies. "Hey, that wasn't *my* fault, okay, I-"

"Of course it was. I don't know what it was you were dreaming about, but you enjoyed it enough to bring it out of the dream and across my back." Bagheera smacked his lips. "You're lucky I'd gotten used to your taste already, or I would've had you clean your own mess."

Mowgli remembered very clearly what had led him towards that accidental climax. It had been a very specific set of rather detailed scenarios regarding... well, regarding what it was that he still had his eyes fixed on, and that the side of one of his fingers brushed against every now and then in his gentle rubbing. A little point of glistening pink flesh peeked out of the end of that sheath, similar shimmering black, either from the fur's natural sheen, or from the thin coating of sweat and smooth musk that had gathered there throughout the day. The human licked his lips again and swallowed, his other hand resting limp across his thigh, with his fingertips just barely brushing in his own pubic hair.

"Don't act like you didn't enjoy it," Mowgli said after a moment. This time when he looked at Bagheera, the panther had those sharp eyes fixed right on him. The effect of that gaze had long since faded, from something that shocked fear into him when he was just a mancub, into something that brought him comfort and familiarity. "You made me return the favor right after, remember?"

"Favor?" that deep voice echoed, before Bagheera scoffed. "You did that favor for yourself. It was just that tasting you again got me interested, and you took things into your own hands." The cat squirmed again, though this time rolled fully onto his back with his hind legs spread apart... and that plump sack, firm like his sheath, jiggling slightly with the movement.

It was as if the cat were inviting him, as if he expected him to repeat what he'd done that day. Mowgli leaned in a little closer, lips curling up in a smile at the small *oof* noise the extra what on Bagheera's belly pushed out of him. The human had nowhere near the sense of smell that most of the other animals out here in the jungle did, but even with that...

This time when he licked his lips, it was entirely unintentional. His own cock twitched a little bit above his thigh, hanging out half-hard in the air with his slick foreskin just barely past the end of the head. "Bagheera..."

"Mmm."

"When was the last time you groomed? I can smell you, you know."

The lack of a rumble in response to *that* let him know that he'd struck true. Mowgli looked over at the panther, and only widened his smile at the way the cat avoided his gaze.

"Well..." The panther squirmed a little again, sending up a light waft of that scent to curl up into Mowgli's nose. The human leaned in maybe half a foot over those plump balls and the thick sheath above, that point of flesh having only come out further with their conversation, and breathed deep of it while Bagheera spoke. Or - while he tried to, at least. "I've been - I mean, I know that you sometimes like to..."

The words came out of their own accord, light and airy. "Like to what?" Just that scent, sharp without being overbearing, acrid without being unpleasant... the human shifted his position, lay down a little closer to the ground, touched his nose into that soft, warm fur that thinned out as it approached the spot right between the cat's hind legs. He drew long, deep breaths in through his nose and let them out through his mouth, fully aware that those exhalations tickled over the panther's cock.

"Like to - *smell*. And I let you. I knew that we would have some... some time together, so I thought..."

Whatever came next, Mowgli couldn't hear. He pursed his lips right against that pointed tip, the shaft bearing short, soft barbs that gripped along the surface of his lips and his tongue, yet did not hurt when pulled and instead folded easily. Similar to the coarse sandpaper surface of the panther's tongue, but... less so. Again and again he kissed that tip, bringing that scent into his mouth as a thin coating of slick stickiness, liquid musk and arousal; once he could taste the cat on every swallow and on each inhalation, the human pressed his nose further down between those legs.

Out of the corner of his eye he watched Bagheera spread his legs even further and settle more comfortably into that compromising position, underbelly as well as what he carried between his legs revealed to the sky. Mowgli let his mouth, lips still sticky with the slickness of the interior of Bagheera's sheath, hang open as he nuzzled and sniffed and breathed that scent, ground as thoroughly into the soft, short fur coating his sack as ever.

*This* was another special way that the human knew his companion: by scent, by rich, intoxicating musk, thick enough after a day without a grooming so that he could almost feel it on the skin of his nose and cheek and lips. By now Mowgli's cock twitched fully hard between his legs, as it always did once he'd gotten a good taste of that aroma, just as thick and just as humid as the rest of the jungle air, and maybe even a little more so. Certainly warmer, certainly heavier. And he could feel it more surely, too, both in his throat as he tasted it, on his lips as he pressed them against the warm skin of that scent's source, between his legs as he lowered his other hand to squeeze and stroke himself.

"...Yeah," the panther went on, voice heavy and dripping with languid enjoyment. This time the low rumbling that echoed beneath his words belonged to a satisfied purr. "This is exactly what you did... you were - nuzzling, and licking, and doing the grooming for me, even though I hadn't asked you that time..."

Really, Bagheera didn't *have* to ask him. Mowgli couldn't recall the specific time in his life when he started feeling those intense, hungry desires, but whenever a wave of that urgent need washed over him, his first instinct was to track down the panther, roll him onto his back, and slide his head up between his hind legs. Now the human cupped one of those balls in his other hand while he rubbed his face against it, eyes half-closed so he could still see the smooth, heavy curve of it and the supple, soft-furred skin covering it, and so he could hold it firm against his nose and lips. Again and again he kissed the panther's sack, sucking in the delicious scent through his nose, holding it in his chest, letting it back out.

"That time, though, you *stayed* right there. Well - you moved up a little bit, you..."

...closed his lips around that pointed shaft again and worked his lips and his tongue until a grunt, a buck, and then the also-familiar sour-salty taste of the cat's seed spurted out into the back of his throat. Mowgli remembered. This time, though... the human swallowed and licked some of that dry moisture off of his lips, saltier than the scent itself, a little richer. He'd have to take a dip in the river after this - he always did after he ended up in this position - or else the other animals would know what these two had done, *again*. And if he already had the panther's scent strong on his face and his breath... the human pressed his nose between those balls and kissed once, then again, and again, each one a little bit lower, a little bit lighter, until it each one followed the line of the shorter, stiffer fur, along the spot between the back of Bagheera's sack and the base of his tail.

Again the panther adjusted his position, bracing his hips against the earth and lifting his abdomen a little bit, while Mowgli slid himself down further. That thick, humid heat started to strengthen beneath the human's kisses again as he still continued down, slowly down... until it was soft, ridged skin that puckered against his own lips, the cat's tailhole giving a small twitch at the gentle contact.

Here it was that any kind of attempted conversation between the partners dropped off, and left each to focus on what he wanted. Mowgli's eyes drifted closed, the weight of that sack pressing against his brow and the heat of the panther's tailhole against his lips, always responding to his kisses, each one pressing a little deeper, a little more hungrily than the last. Now it was a slightly different slickness that rolled down his throat, hungry saliva mixed with want mixed with musk, and he wanted more of it.

Between his kisses, in the slight parting of his lips, the human slid his tongue out and against the ridges of that skin, starting out near where the pucker met the rest of Bagheera's fur, and then slowly centering in towards the tighter clenching center. That was something else between them: Bagheera's saliva wasn't quite so wet, quite so slick as Mowgli's, coating that skin and giving it a glistening shimmer in the light every time he moved back to swallow again.

Naturally, this wouldn't be the first time he'd done this before, either. That was how he knew where to flick his tongue, where to press, where to prod. He started it out slow and gentle, only teasing at the clenched center, lightly pressing out on the rim of Bagheera's tailhole in between his kisses, underneath his slower, rhythmic swirls. This was also something that Mowgli felt he needed to do more often, partially because they both loved it, and because sometimes he couldn't go for too long before his jaw started ache. That was still a while off for now, though, so - he slid one hand up under the panther's hind leg and lifted it up over his head to slide in closer, the base of the cat's long tail flicking and twitching under his chin with the end right against his chest and belly.

Sometimes the human liked to move back and just - *watch* that puckered flesh, how it twitched and clenched, how it seemed to stir after his licking, as if that particular part of Bagheera wanted him to dive right back into the wet kiss. Of course Mowgli wanted to, too; after he caught his breath and licked his own drool off his lips, he leaned again and this time wriggled the tip of his tongue right into the center of that tailhole, pressing in through the slickness he'd left there before, against the muscles that clenched instinctively back against the entry... and into the hotter, wetter flesh inside, smooth and silky.

Once he'd pressed his tongue in, Bagheera managed to relax a little bit - which just allowed Mowgli to sink deeper, until he had his mouth all the way open and tongue as far forward as he

could stretch it, buried in that hot pulsing flesh and muscle. Buried that inch and a half past the ring of the cat's tailhole, Mowgli continued in the same pattern and rhythm that he had along its surface, rolling his tongue back and forth, pushing and squeezing in on that from inside, every now and then moving back to tug against the clenched ring of muscle now partially spread against his lips.

Bagheera's deep purring had continued and grown throughout all of this, now vibrating down throughout the panther's body so that Mowgli could feel it in his other arm draped up over his companion's lower belly and side. For every flick and tug from his tongue, the panther's body responded with another tight clench of that ring around him, growing steadily less so the longer he kept himself buried - but he needed to catch his breath again, and as such slid back out, swallowed again, licked his lips to break the strand of thick saliva that linked his tongue to Bagheera's tailhole.

This time after he drew back out of the kiss, that tailhole remained slightly opened in waiting, just like another pair of lips still parted in anticipation of the kiss's continuation. Deep, hungry, wet kiss; just like before Mowgli dove back in, first lifting his nose up beneath the panther's heavy sack and then sliding back down again, and curled his tongue into that spread tailhole and gave yet another little tug.

However, instead of digging his tongue deep again, instead of firmly locking his lips against that pucker, this time the human worked his jaw and churned that tongue in and out, inside and over the ridged skin of the rim, breath panting out in hot, shuddering sighs between his licks and his kisses and his swallows.

All of the scents had become mixed and overlapped: that of Bagheera's cock and sheath, of his balls, of his tailhole, stirring together with Mowgli's own breath and the heavier, cloying scent of his saliva. He lowered his hand down to his own cock again, wet stickiness of dripping pre having gathered at the end of his head and under his foreskin, to be spread back and forth with his stroking. Part of him wanted to put off bathing as long as he could, just so that he could enjoy the almost palpable weight of that musk on his face and breath and in his stomach.

Almost half-consciously, the human worked his hips in rhythm with his stroking, panting still as he dug his tongue against that tailhole. His deep kisses had given way to something a little more fervid and urgent, with him now dragging the flat of his tongue up over Bagheera's pucker again and again, the pressure from his desire and hunger leading to the tip of his tongue sliding in with each lick, and his saliva soaking into and matting the fur down towards the underside of the panther's tail.

That was what usually happened when Mowgli got his mouth on him. All kinds of licking and kissing and drooling, and Bagheera would grind and hump and gasp and inevitably buck his hips and spray out his load - and then the human would go to get washed up, and come back to find the panther doing the same to himself. Bagheera never asked Mowgli to actually, seriously groom him, since the human always just made things messier than were before. This was a prime example of that.

Given the way the panther thrust his hips to grind his tailhole against Mowgli's mouth, and how his purring could be heard on his panting breath, he must have been at least as close as the human himself, worked up a good way towards his peak just by the scent and the taste. His hand worked fast and hard over his length, foreskin sliding easily over his pre-slickened head,

entire body shivering with the indulgent pleasure; he remained where he was, tongue dragging hot and hard up over Bagheera's tailhole and nose lifting firmly between his balls, to enjoy every part of the panther's body he could.

After another moment of that, Bagheera kicked one of his hind legs again - and as if that were his cue Mowgli lifted himself up, still stroking himself, and closed his mouth around the tip of the panther's length, feeling those soft barbs brush over and slide back along the inside of his lips. Slick, salty, vaguely bittersweet... Bagheera's low panting picked up, sharpened, heightened into something close to a growl, his purring came so loud and jagged. Not three more thrusts of his hips into the human's mouth, clamped tight with lips against the end of his sheath just like they'd been to his tailhole a few moments earlier, and - another, sharper taste burst out across Mowgli's tongue, one that he eagerly swallowed.

And then swallowed again, and again, and again, short hot sprays of watery seed, painting the roof of his mouth and back of his throat. Quickly it was *that* taste that dominated his senses, warming his belly and floating up to fill his head... and the human drew back to get another gasp of breath, as well as to receive the last spurt of that load against his chin and parted lips, before he too jerked, and bucked, and emptied his own balls out across the ground in front of him, splattering a few leaves fallen from the canopy far above.

The two had first lay down in this spot because they felt sleepy, and now that feeling hit both of them even heavier than then. Mowgli rolled over onto his back and squinted his eyes against the sunlight coming through the leaves, letting the last few drips of his cum leak out against his bare lower belly; Bagheera, meanwhile, remained sprawled out on his back while he tried to catch his breath. Still that purring continued, now slower and lower than before, satisfied.

Mowgli reached up and wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. That just ended up spreading that slick stickiness around. "You - kicked your leg again..."

Bagheera gave a wide yawn and half-rolled onto his side. "And once more," he rumbled, voice carrying the same note of appreciate sarcasm that it almost always did, "I end up in a bigger mess than before."

"Uh huh. Tell that to the back of my throat."

Sleepy green eyes slid down over Mowgli's body, taking in his face, his chest, his slowly-softening cock. Bagheera squirmed again, still not quite in a position comfortable enough. "You're not going to go wash off in the river, are you?"

The human straightened up, caught slightly off-guard by the question. "I... was thinking about it. Why?"

"Mm. I wanted to enjoy my scent on your muzzle for a while longer." Bagheera lifted one of his forepaws. "Come back here. We are not done with our nap."

This cat was no fool; he knew what he was doing. He knew what would happen to Mowgli as a result of wearing his musk on his nose and lips and face, as it had happened more than once before. Not that that was a bad thing, of course; today was one of those days with nothing to do other than lounge around and enjoy each other's presence.

Mowgli would've had it no other way.