

Mowgli smacked his lips together while he lay along the branch, one leg kicking slowly in the open air beneath him and his arms resting up behind his head. The tradeoff in eating fruit instead of hunting for his meal was, where it took considerably less energy, if the fruit wasn't totally, *perfectly* ripe, it could leave an odd taste in the mouth. Kind of sticky and sour. He knew that he might get used to it eventually, but... the man-cub, now approaching his twentieth year unless he'd lost count along the way, reached up and picked at a little piece of rind caught between his teeth. But it was always good to keep some variety in the way he did things, of course.

A warm night breeze blew gently through the leaves above his head, and swayed the branch on which he lay. Across a small break in the tree cover Bagheera lay in a similar position draped over a thicker bough, the panther's dark-furred body almost imperceptibly melding in and out of the shadows of the evening. Only from long years of being his companion had Mowgli learned, to a degree, how to track the panther and find him where another creature might have trouble. He *did* know his scent pretty darn well by now; the man-cub rubbed the side of a finger underneath his nose. The panther shifted in his spot, half-lifting his head and seeming to look at something near the base of Mowgli's tree; a few seconds later, though, and he rested his head back down and fell right back asleep.

Not really much to do these days, after the seasons changed from blistering summer heat to a more humid and rainy in-between, where Mowgli was just as likely to receive an impromptu shower from walking beneath a tree's canopy. That had actually happened earlier in the day, when his passage had startled a monkey up in the trees enough that she leapt away, and dropped all of the rainwater gathered along wide, thick leaves over his head... these past few years he'd started wearing a thin cloth sash slung over his shoulder along with the simple loincloth, but when something like *that* happened, it was easier and more comfortable to just abandon the clothes entirely. None of the other animals really thought anything of it, of course.

Except Kaa, but then, he never really knew what went through Kaa's head. Sour yellow eyes, though sometimes they *did* seem to change color a bit, had attached themselves to him through a bush, and Mowgli had made a point to stop walking and glare back, as he usually did... and, also as usual, the snake squinted, sharpened his glare, then weakened and slithered off. Normally Mowgli would call it a bad sign that he didn't see the serpent again for the rest of the day, but... here he was now, teetering on the brink of sleep, and nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

The man-cub pulled himself up and took a moment to find a comfortable spot among the smooth bark of the tree, then crossed his arms in front of his chest again – and briefly let his jaw pop beneath a wide yawn. Hopefully he wouldn't *still* be able to taste the lingering remnants of that not-quite-ripe fruit in his mouth by the time he woke up later.

His leg continued its idle kicking on its own as he drifted off, then fell still... and then some number of hours later, with the moon high in the sky and stars twinkling all around it, Mowgli roused himself from sleep, blinked his eyes, yawned again... and found that his leg felt quite a bit heavier than when he'd first fallen asleep. The man-cub tried to adjust, tried to lift up to see, and instead found himself bound against the branch.

Bound by smooth, soft scales, long body circling up and around his legs and braced against his chest, yellow eyes glowing pale in the night. As if on cue, the snake's thin forked tongue flicked out and back in, the sudden movement causing Mowgli to twitch his head back.

“What do you want, Kaa?”

“Me?” There was that tongue again. The python lifted his head up a bit, tightening his coils around Mowgli’s lower body. “Why - why, I’m here to talk about what *you* want, man-cub.”

He squirmed, but to not avail: Mowgli could feel the flicking of his tailtip right near his feet, and then each coil wrapped up first around his hanging leg, then the branch and his other leg together, and then his waist, and his belly... “Not interested.”

“Come now. I’m just trying to have a civil conversation. Oh, my, but you’ve gotten *big* since we last found ourselves in this position...”

The whole thing *did* feel oddly familiar, with the snake wrapped up around him like this, and Bagheera slouching against the far tree seemingly in a world of his own. That was long ago, though, and for some reason Mowgli couldn’t... *quite*... remember what had happened that night. Or, at least, large portions of it were missing. He swallowed, and turned his gaze back on the snake across his chest; those eyes glowed like large stars all their own.

“You’ve gotten to be big, too,” he spat back, and forcefully turned his way. Slithering, slippery coils along his leg let him know that the snake was moving – and sure enough, a few seconds later that tapered tailtip tickled at his chin, and turned his head back again. “A big pain. Let me go.”

“Well, ah, we don’t want to do *that*. You need to quiet down, man-cub; you wouldn’t want to wake dear old Baggy... *would you?*”

Suddenly, a hot shiver echoed down Mowgli’s back and stiffened his body inside the snake’s grip. Those last two words, though he’d seen them come from Kaa, had been spoken indisputably in Bagheera’s voice, low and smooth and dripping with honey. Again he let his gaze drift to the snake’s... and felt himself held there for a moment, as if a magnet tugged at his nose. Those eyes still held a soft glow, though nothing more.

Coils tightened again, pressing in against his belly and his hips and his legs, and... a different part of him stiffened underneath the pressure, out of his control. He’d been woken up from sleep, *and* he now had something squeezing around him – what could he do? Kaa’s tongue flitted out again, just barely brushing along the man-cub’s chin, before he pulled his head back.

“And – oh – what do we have here...” Shifting, settling, loosening again of his body, releasing around Mowgli’s waist and showing the slowly-growing, twitching outline beneath the thin fabric of his loincloth. While he’d slept his sash had drifted down off his shoulder and now hung loose around his body, the weight of it pulling the cloth down by his hip. “Looks to me like you enjoy your current predicament. *Isn’t that right, my boy?*”

Hard to think straight like this, and especially so every time the serpent lapsed back into Bagheera’s voice. Hearing those words and feeling the squeezing around his body and faint tickling in the back of his head... this wasn’t the snake’s usual trick. As far as Mowgli could tell, at least, Kaa wasn’t actually *doing* anything to him, other than keeping him in place. “W-well, I...”

During his wriggling, the serpent's tail had made its way back down his body so it could touch and tease at his growing stiffness through that cloth, caressing the side like a cool, gentle finger, pressing it against his body, teasing at curling beneath the waist. *"Come on. Look into my eyes and tell me that this isn't what you want. No need to be shy – you've had a heart-to-heart with your good friend Bagheera before, haven't you?"*

Again there was that feeling of being held in place when he met Kaa's gaze, those smooth words fuzzing his mind and awareness. Mowgli knew – he *knew* – that Bagheera still slept along the other branch, but still, even if only for a moment, he could almost think that this creature wrapped around his body and working him up was-

"Or, I think, maybe you like being bound up like this. Helpless. At the mercy of your... sponsor, shall we say. Isn't that right? *Come on. You can tell me.*"

Truth of the matter was, Kaa spoke the truth. At least, that's certainly what Mowgli currently felt. The coils loosened from his arms just a little bit, not quite enough so he could adjust his position and shift his loincloth around his waist; as a result it fell down a little bit further, showing the curve of his hip and the start of pubic hair. Pale yellow eyes flicked down and caught the attempted movement. "I... yes. Yes, that's... that's right..."

"It is, isn't it? You *love* the feeling of being told what to do, of having your actions managed and guided. You love the obedience and the thoughtlessness; say, man-cub, would you like for me to remove this pesky loincloth?"

Before he could think about that, he felt himself nodding. Then that tail slid beneath his loincloth and lifted up, far enough so that the knot undid itself... and a second later the thing fell loose beneath him, allowing the warm night air to trickle along his revealed length. Still in place there, Kaa drew the tip of his tail along the underside, this time with none of the cloth in between; that sensation made the human squirm and throb.

"How does that make you feel?"

"Good," Mowgli breathed, and licked his lips.

"Do you like the feeling of being undressed for me? *You love putting yourself on display for dear Bagheera, don't you?*" Beneath that rumbling voice, the snake curled his tail around Mowgli's twitching length, a lighter grasp than he had around his body, and slowly started to stroke. Soft, gentle movements, the kind that made his body reactively jerk and thrust upward in attempts to get more.

His breath started to come a little bit faster, and he had this odd little tingling in his fingers despite his lack of further clothing to remove. "Yes. I – I really do..."

Those coils tightened around the base of his cock, holding him out at an angle, and then pulled up – and gradually released as Kaa made his way towards his tip, squeezing out a thick drop of sticky pre. "In fact, he's been *such* a good friend over the years for you... *your constant companion, the one you confide in... don't you think you owe a favor?*"

A favor. That made sense. Kaa's grip on the human continued to loosen, until he hung limp over Mowgli's body with the last few inches of his tail nestled behind the base of his cock. "You're right, I should... should..."

"You've got a lovely mouth, Mowgli. Why don't you..." Kaa nodded over towards the panther, lying there on his back with his legs spread and his... and his pert sheath and sack hanging down there, stirring slightly with his breathing. "...go over and show him your thanks? *I'd really love it if you did that for me. Come on, now...*" One last squeeze around the base of his length before the snake completely relaxed around him, his cool, smooth weight hanging down around the man-cub's belly and legs. "*Don't be shy. Go ahead.*"

The feeling of the snake's body slipping away from around him as he wriggled himself free made Mowgli shiver all over, and throb again. Carefully he made his way towards the end of the branch, then swung down and over to Bagheera's side, then pulled himself up... and leaned in close over the panther's body, trying to get a peek at his eyes.

Cloudy gems looked back at him from beneath heavy lids. The cat let a low rumble echo through his body when he caught sight of the man-cub looking down at him, and then shifted his weight... so that he just put himself even more fully on display, hind legs spreading apart and lower body lifting up. Mowgli felt the now-familiar sensation of a snake wrapping his way up along his leg again, and looked back to see those same misty yellow eyes in the night, now glowing a faint blue at the edges.

"*Go on.*" Whether that voice came from the sleepy Bagheera or Kaa himself, he couldn't tell. Not that it mattered, though: his body was already on its way down again, nose pressing into the short fur, hands wanting to touch and feel and caress and squeeze but unable to due to the writhing coils starting to pin them back to his sides. He licked his lips again and swallowed.

"*Not your first time, mm? Is that right? Not your last, either, certainly. Go on.*"

When he parted his lips, he realized that he could indeed still taste a little bit of the fruit from before... but soon enough, he replaced that taste with another one, entirely different. Hot and heavy just like the balls that still shifted in his palm, kind of... dry and spicy: he had to purse his lips against the end of Bagheera's shaft and tease his tongue under the supple skin there, but it didn't take much for the panther's body to respond. Warm, slick flesh, softly barbed, pressing back against his tongue and between his lips, accompanied by a few short thrusts from those hips against the tree. Mowgli eagerly drank down the first spurt of salty pre, rubbing his chin at the base of that sheath to continue to coax him out.

"*Good, isn't it? You've wanted this for a while. Now you've got the chance, and nobody's stopping you... this is what you want; you don't need me to tell you that, do you, Mowgli?*"

He was right. He was so, so right. The man-cub's own cock still throbbed between his legs, kept firmly at attention and enticed by what he was doing. Every now and then he glanced up over the panther's body and met those hazy eyes again, foggy with sleep or with the same sort of self-indulgent trance that he himself had fallen into. Each drag of his tongue, each squeeze of his lips around that tip, each adjustment of the python's body around his to allow him to shift, brought another low, satisfied rumble out of Bagheera's throat, and sometimes with an extra shift or squirm or thrust. *He* wanted more, too.

“See?” That one was undeniably Kaa. A little shiver zapped through Mowgli’s back as the snake worked his way up, nestled into the small along his spine; a moment later, he felt that thin little tongue flick out near the base of his ear. “Why are you holding back? Show him your appreciation. *Put that mouth to use, man-cub.* You will both appreciate it.”

“Yeah,” Mowgli panted, upper lip caught behind the tip of Bagheera’s length. He moved his head down, slowly and awkwardly with his current restrictions, and tried to push his sheath just a little bit further back... he *loved* the scent and taste, faint yet definitely present, the kind he’d be able to taste just slightly for quite a while longer. He swallowed again and dragged his tongue up from the end of Bagheera’s sheath to the tip of his cock, earning another little throb. “I will.” And he closed his lips again and dove back down, arms straining against his sides.

Everything was just going so *right* for him tonight. Kaa had started to unwrap from around his lower body a bit, teasing at his hard cock with the tip of his tail and curling around it and stroking, all the way murmuring and whispering into his ear; with every suggestion given, something ticked inside of Mowgli’s chest and between his loins, and he realized that he’d just been thinking the exact same thing. *Use your tongue more. How far can you get into his sheath? Bury your muzzle in that fur. Right there. Swirl around each barb; suck on those nice, heavy balls. See how that makes him squirm and purr? I think you’re getting him close.*

That was something Mowgli could feel, too, in the little jerks of Bagheera’s hips, and the way he tensed and relaxed his legs, and most notably in the flicking and swaying of his tail, hanging down in the air beneath the branch. One good thing about having Kaa wrapped around him like this was that it held him in place, and he could put more focus into pleasuring the cat and showing him his thanks and appreciation. It wasn’t too hard to figure out what made him tick and squirm and gasp with both of them in this state; his jaw had started to ache a little bit from all of the movement and tensing and relaxing, but it wasn’t so bad. Not when Bagheera’s *presence* filled his mind and awareness like this, musk draped over every inhalation and the salty-sour taste of his pre clinging to the back of his throat.

“*Just a little bit more... you do want to... service your client as best as you can, don’t you?*” urged that same rumbling voice in his ear, this time accompanied by a cool, slick pressure rubbing up along the man-cub’s lower back. Twitching, throbbing, dripping; the snake held himself in place with his coils and started to line himself up, his own cock touching and teasing and dripping its slickness down along Mowgli’s inner thighs. The man-cub pushed himself back and raised his rear as much as he could, anticipating the serpent’s desires. “Oh. See? You *do* know what you want. Why don’t you finish Bagheera off first, though, man-cub? You’ll be doing this quite a lot more, soon; I’ve heard tell of a growing village of your kind, near the edge of the jungle...”

Naturally, that part didn’t take much longer. Mowgli had gotten himself into a rhythm of bobbing down along the panther’s cock, squeezing his lips around the base of his shaft and rolling his sheath back just slightly further, and then coming back up, each time with his tongue cupped along the underside and teasing over the soft-flesh barbs. Those seemed to twitch and tighten alongside the panther’s muscles in his thighs and his abdomen, thick claws of his footpaws bracing against the branch and tree beneath him, breath coming in hot and sharp, and-

Good thing Mowgli moved back towards the tip of his cock right at the last moment, since Bagheera had a *lot* to give him. First spurt came out fast and hard against the roof of his mouth, then the second sprayed over his tongue towards the back of his throat; and then the third, and a fourth slightly

weaker... thin, watery cum, but still he drank down every drop of it. It almost felt as though he'd turned his head up to the sky and opened his mouth for one of those 'surprise showers': his cheeks puffed out a little bit with the force and the volume, and still he drank until he'd milked the panther dry. Even then after he moved up and off of Bagheera's length, one last spray emptied out across his lips and chin, and a thin strand of sticky whitish cum hung between his mouth and the cat's twitching pink length, his chest rising and falling with tired breaths.

Without missing a beat, Kaa was in his ear again, and angling himself closer towards the man-cub's backside. "See?" the python hissed, squeezing around his leg a little tighter, "That felt good, didn't it? *Thank you, Mowgli. Thank you.* You're not done quite yet, though; now it's my turn..."

With that first pressure, that first push inside of him, the man-cub jerked forward and buried his face against the side of Bagheera's sack and sheath to distract himself from the faint discomfort. Kaa went slowly, thankfully: he worked himself steadily deeper inside him, pressing forward and pulling back in a slow, soft rhythm, ensuring that he stretched Mowgli out just enough so he could bury himself deeper, faster, a little harder, the movements from his strong body causing him to lurch forward and press his nose even more firmly against that still-twitching sheath, the panther's cock leaking out a last few drops of his load into the black fur of his belly. With each thrust, the python tightened around Mowgli's leg and then relaxed right after, again and again.

"Oh, just *look* at you..." the snake went on, curling himself around to the man-cub's other ear. Every time that tongue tickled out along his jaw, it made him jump and – clench around the cock squeezing its way into him, and sliding back out. "You're so *proud* of yourself, aren't you? I can – feel you squeezing and pushing back against me..." As if to emphasize that point, Mowgli felt himself do just that. He gripped at the branch beneath him for support and pressed his backside against the snake's body, hilding the python inside of him for a moment and squeezing around that smooth length, before pulling forward again.

What with the flood of pleasure that had washed into his mouth and belly at the peak of Bagheera's orgasm, Mowgli could still only taste the panther and nothing else. He flicked his eyes up across that still-heaving chest: Bagheera had relaxed fully back now, trying to catch his breath and still squirming beneath the lingering echoes, every now and then throbbing or grinding against the man-cub's face still planted between his hind legs. Mowgli continued to press his rump back with each thrust from the snake atop him, and his body clenched and squeezed and slid along that slick length, responding to and mirroring the steadily-growing rhythm.

A gentle, breathy moan puffed out along his ear. "You're gonna – use this well, little man-cub. I've already... *made contact*, let's say, with that village. They're expecting you." Kaa squeezed back along Mowgli's shoulder, pulling the man-cub more firmly against him as he continued to thrust and rub and tense. There was just *something* about the sensation of smooth scales, coursing down his back and along his waist, rubbing along his inner thighs, curling around his leg... "And you'll give them everything you've given me and Bagheera here, won't you, Mowgli?"

"Yes-" The words came out muffled by the thick fur against his face. Mowgli pressed his nose up against that sheath again, still plump, and pursed his lips against Bagheera's hanging sack. He'd be willing to wager that the panther would want to go for another round, soon enough. "I will. I – can't wait to..."

Thrust, throb, twitch, pull out. Wet and slick and sticky, creeping down his inner thighs; his own cock bounced and throbbed beneath him in the rhythm that he and the python set together, with Mowgli pressing himself back and Kaa squeezing his coils to bury himself deeper. "Think about it, man-cub. You never would have had the confidence to do any of this had I not come along, would you?"

"N-no..." That much felt true. Mowgli licked his lips, again catching the side of Bagheera's sack.

"What do you say?"

"Thank you-"

"For what?"

"Thank you for... for seeing, and..."

"Giving you that confidence?" A few more thrusts, faster and harder; then a sharp intake of breath from the snake atop him, and a tightening of the muscles in his body to lift his head up over the man-cub's back... and after a few seconds Kaa started to lower himself down again, fully hilted inside of him and with his length rhythmically pulsing as he emptied into him. That was the oddest sensation: cold blood meant cold seed, and Mowgli could *definitely* feel that spurting out inside of him and against the interior of his belly. He managed to reach down through the tight wraps around his body and pressed on his stomach with one of his hands, imagining that he could feel that load fill him out.

Then, panting quietly, the python went on. "This is... all you, dear man-cub. I've done nothing but bring it out." Kaa pulled himself free of Mowgli with a slow, slick movement, but instead of releasing the man-cub, he dragged the human along with him as he curled back towards the opposite tree. With his support suddenly gone, Mowgli teetered and tipped off the edge of the branch... and then swung in the open air below, held tight by the python's strong coils; he shock of that almost-fall still thrumming through his body, he looked up and saw Bagheera just barely stirring, sitting up with the faintest of smiles on his muzzle. "I just saw what you really wanted, and let you indulge that. Sleep now, man-cub; the village expects you tomorrow. They will be... lining up to get a piece of you." Last flick of the tongue, barely visible in the dark above his head. "You will need your rest."

*Sleep now.* That sounded like a great idea. Mowgli squirmed within his bonds, trying to find a comfortable position. A little bit of soreness throbbed in his rump, but like everything else tonight, that wasn't so bad. He'd be getting plenty of practice tomorrow; there was this whole world about himself that he'd always wanted to explore but just never had the chance or confidence to, and now that Kaa had opened him up, in more than one way...

Full day tomorrow. He murmured one last word of thanks while the snake settled into place wrapped around that branch, and closed his eyes.