

Jungle Tails, Part One
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This story contains sexual acts of a homosexual nature. If this sort of thing isn't your cup of tea, then read no further. Otherwise...

The jungle crashed around him as Vincent ran through it. Behind him the forest seemed to spring to life, as if his movements themselves had angered it. Ignoring the sounds, he redoubled his efforts, running faster and faster, desperate to escape it's wooded depths. As a low his added itself to the sounds of the forest, he turned to look back, and the world whirled around as an out of place root snagged his foot, tripping him. Dazed, he looked up to see a snake, bigger than any he'd ever seen before towering over him, it's eyes burning into him. "Mine," it spoke, and lunged at him, its mouth opening up wide, engulfing his entire field of vision.

"NOOO!" Vincent screamed as he sat bolt upright. It took him a solid minute to realize that the jungle was naught but a dream. He sat for a moment, gasping and reeling from the experience, then reached for the pitcher of water, pouring himself a glass, as he thought to himself, 'only a dream...it was just a dream.' Composing himself, the young lion gazed out the window, gauging the time. "Midday," he muttered to himself as he hurried to dress himself, and rushed down the stairs of his family's home.

Helping himself to breakfast, he became so engrossed in contemplation of his dream that he nearly leapt clear out of his chair when he felt someone ruffling his mane. "Goodness, sweetie! A little jumpy are we? What's the matter, bad dreams?" His mother kissed him lightly on the cheek as she passed through the kitchen. "Just remember, sweetie, Its—" "Only a dream. Yeah mom, I know," he finished as he finished his breakfast. He finished dressing and headed out to the market to meet up with his father, a wealthy business lion magnate who managed several stores. He had given Vincent one of the less thriving shops, one dealing with magical ingredients, minor mystical charms, and even the occasional spell scroll, charging the young lion with improving its business as a way to prove himself worthy of being his father's heir. "Not that it matters much, anyways," He mused to himself as he buckled his sword & dagger to his belt, "I'm the only child he's got with any business sense whatsoever." Feeling sure of himself, he set off for the market, his shop, and his 'destiny.'

Vincent sighed as he flipped the sign on the shop from open to close; business that day had been utterly miserable. Since lunch, he'd had only one customer come in, muttering something about components for a fireball spell, who'd looked for a solid hour for those components despite Vincent's continual assurances that he had them stored behind the counter, and left suddenly without saying a word. Try as he might, Vincent never could understand the buying habits of those who were mystically inclined. Everything they did seemed so utterly bizarre and so alien to everything he'd been taught, it, well, utterly mystified him. He turned around to finish dusting and leave for the night when a knocking on the door sent him spinning around. Opening the door a smidge, he

was amazed by what he saw: sitting in the doorway was a jet black male panther, his clothes slightly doused by the light rain that had come through not a half hour ago, shivering slightly from the cold. "I know you're closed, but can I come in? I need a couple of things I'm told you have in stock, and I have a magical competency exam tomorrow that I need them to study for." His eyes locked with Vincent's, and seemed to glow and plead with him in the evening light. "Please," He added, "It's desperately important."

Vincent relented and unlatched the lock, "Okay, but make it fast, okay? My father expects me home very soon." The kitty grinned and nodded, shuffling in and going right for the spell ingredient section of the store. As he moved about, Vincent could not help but stare at the cat, who for some reason he felt utterly fascinated with. The way he moved, the awkward yet graceful manner which his tail flicked from side to side seemed to highlight his thin, lithe frame. He decided to take a chance at something. "So, what spell are these things for?" He asked pointing at a couple of the roots the cat had laid down on the counter. "Oh, those just taste good. Occasionally they're good for the cantrip, but other than that, I just eat em. Okay," he said, handing Vincent two bags of powdered bone and dried dragon scale, "How much for these?" Vincent grinned and handed them to him, "free if you accompany me to dinner. You're the first wizard I've met who doesn't seem to be completely round the bend. I need some advice on how to spice up my shop, and I figure you're probably the one to give it to me. Unless you'd like to pay for the ingredients, of course. Dinner would be my treat, by the way." The cat looked like he might be blushing, but Vincent could not tell with all the black fur obscuring his naked skin. "Sure I suppose. I haven't eaten a good meal, and I guess I have done all the studying I really need to." He said, "Can we go someplace where they serve a good steak? I've been on this scholarly diet so long, I've almost forgotten what it's like to have meat." Vincent chuckled at this, "Sure, kitty, I think we can do that."

"So, would you like to start with an appetizer, sir?" Their waiter, a lean and athletic looking cheetah smiled at them as he waited for them to respond. Darrius returned the smile with one of his own, "I think I'll have a small steak and an ale to go with it," He looked over at Vincent, "Assuming you don't mind, of course. I'm kinda out of money until I finish my mage exams."

"No problem here." Vincent cocked his head sideways and smiled a little, "As far as I'm concerned, this is a genuine business expense. My dad's paying for everything tonight." He turned to the waiter, "I'll have what he's having." The waiter jotted down their order and swished off to the kitchen, oblivious to the fact that both of the males at the table followed his tight ass and lean body all the way through the door to the kitchen. Simultaneously the two turned back to the table, and upon seeing that they had both done so, chuckled nervously. An awkwardly long silence passed, which Darrius finally broke after taking a long swig of his ale, "So, what we just saw each other do back a few moments ago, is that the first time you've ever done that?"

Vincent's face flushed and he turned away, not knowing what to say, "Well, I, uh...guess, I've always...kinda liked looking at guys." Darrius face lit up at the mention of this, "Me too! I thought I was the only one like that." He paused, "I thought I was the only freak in this town."

Vincent gripped his mug of ale a bit tighter, struggling to keep his voice from rising above the din of the bar around them, "Who told you that?! You're no freak! If

people can't deal with your preferences then screw them. Literally!" He chuckled, keeping his voice low, "Look, I do like guys, but I'm just not really open about it. My father wouldn't approve." As if to punctuate his statement, his ears unconsciously laid flat, a sign of the fear and respect of his father. Darrius noticed this, and reached a paw out, taking the lion's hand into his own, stroking it as he looked into the lion's eyes for the first time. Vincent looked up, his eyes meeting Darrius,' if only for a moment before the two broke their hands holding, doing their best to go unnoticed in the tavern.

The rest of their dinner went better than Vincent expected, and soon the two furs were ready to part company. Sighing at the prospect, Vincent still could not realize why the cat's presence made him feel ways only a female should. "You know, I just realized we've had all this conversation, and I haven't told you my name yet." He extended his paw, "the name's Vincent, what's yours?" The kitty took his paw gingerly, "Darrius," He replied. The handshake brought the two cats close, and without warning, the jaguar pulled him close and into a deep kiss. At first Vincent pulled back in surprise, then felt himself give in, opening his mouth so their tongues could mingle, sharing the taste of each other for such a long time that when the kiss finally ended, the lion felt lightheaded. Darrius put his hand to his mouth as if he just realized what he'd done, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean for that to happen. I should be going now...I've got to study and get the potions ready for tomorrow and—" He never got a chance to finish his sentence as Vincent pulled him into the same kind of deep kiss that Darrius had not a moment before pulled him into. When he finally released the jaguar, it took them a moment before they could actually speak. Darrius managed to catch his breath first, "I think maybe we should go home. This town is a dangerous place for ones such as us after nightfall." Vincent nodded, and the two made their way towards Darrius' house.

As they entered Darrius' domicile, the two quickly lost themselves and their clothes in the a frenzy of kissing and groping. The cats tumbled around, finally letting their instincts take over as each began to sport a sign of their attraction to each other. Finally, gasping for breath, Vincent broke from the embrace, standing up after a few moments before he realized Darrius had disappeared. Looking around wildly, his eyes grew big as he felt he was being stalked, "Okay kitty, I know you're still here, where are youuuu—ouph!" Darrius pounced him onto the bed, holding him down, his instinct completely in control. Vincent looked up into the cat's eyes, seeing the love held in them, and the cat's tail prehensilely opened the drawer and handed Darrius a bottle of lube which he preceeded to dribble onto his cock. Nodding to his lover, Darrius pushed slowly into Vincent's anus, careful to go slow, and kissing Vincent all the while. After a moment or two, Vincent began to grow accustomed to the feeling of fullness within him, and he gasped as Darrius pulled out a bit, then pushed himself back further into him as if to emphasize the spines at the base of his cock. Vincent moaned as the kitty slowly began to slowly pump in and out of him, each pump shooting arcs up pleasure up his spine, causing his own cock to quiver with anticipation. It took several more hours before the two had exhausted each other's carnal appetites, and soon thereafter they drifted off to sleep, contented in each other's arms.

To Be Continued...