

Jungle Tails part two, into the Jungle  
By Nickylion

This story depicts sexual acts of a homosexual nature. If this ain't your cup of tea, then read no further.

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"Where is that damn boy!" Shouted Vincent's father as he paced about his home, "He should have been in last night, but I expect he's been carousing about, probably whoring it up with some girl. I swear that boy will never prove himself to me at this rate." His tail swished angrily as he imagined his son, pride of his litter, in bed with some common prostitute. Just as he was about to storm out to Vincent's shop, the door to the lion household swung open, and a rather ruffled looking Vincent staggered in. "Where have you been, boy?" His father roared, "You were supposed to come home last night, but instead, here you are, unkept and smelling like a brothel! You had best explain yourself," he slammed his fist down on the table, "Right! Now!"

"Well father, I, uh...met someone," Vincent stammered, answering his father in a slow and cautious manner, "...a mage...and I asked him to help me. I had questions about what mages want to buy," the words came more easily now as he found himself, for the first time, standing up to his father. "I took him to dinner, and things, well, things went from there." His father's eyes widened as he slowly realized what his son had just told him. "A...tail raiser...my son...my son!" His voice quaked as he spoke the words. "That's not possible! I didn't raise any son of mine to become some common faggot."

"Wait just a damn minute dad," Vincent shouted, oblivious to the fact that his mother was now watching their conversation, quaking, in the shadow of the kitchen, "I didn't ask for this to happen! I was just doing what you taught me! I saw an opportunity to better the family business and I took it. And you're gonna blame me for that! Incredible!" He pushed his way past his father. "I'll be in my room. Packing. It's obvious you don't want me here. I'm leaving." As he passed his mother, he turned hesitantly, and hugged her. "Goodbye mom, and thanks," the words barely escaped his lips, but as he peered into her eyes, he could tell that she still loved him, even if she would not say so.

He rushed about his room, throwing things about searching for his most prized possessions; his favorite hunting rifle, clothes, and sword were thrown, helter skelter into a nap sack, and he turned to leave, tears forming in his eyes as he realized how much he was leaving behind. Just outside the door to his room, his mother waited for him, tears in her eyes. "Here, my sweetie, take these," she pressed a bag of coins into his paw as she hugged him for what would be the last time, "There's a village on the other side of a jungle not far from here. Take your lover there, open a shop. They're much more open minded, and you're father can't reach you there." She moved aside and looked downward, "Now go. Quickly." Vincent only nodded and left.

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"So love, how much farther is the village?" The two cats had ridden more or less non-stop since daybreak, pausing only to give their horses a chance to catch their breath,

and to eat some of the rations Vincent had bought at the market. "It's on the other side of this valley. To get there we can either head through the jungle in the middle, or stick to the rim of the valley," Vincent replied, "The rim will add several days to the trip, so I suggest we take the short route through the jungle." Darrius visibly stiffened in his saddle, "I don't think that's wise, Vincent. I had to gather some roots at the edge of it a few years ago, and I could swear I was being watched by something. It was really creepy." Vincent nodded, "Let's skirt the jungle, I bet we can shave some time off there." Darrius nodded, but maintained the same look he had acquired just moments before.

The rest of the day past quite without incident and by dusk the pair found themselves a scant distance away from the jungle. In the fading light of the sun, the jungle, with its sudden up-springing from the surrounding savannah, took on an eerie light. Sounds of various insects and small animals could be heard, but Vincent could not make out the sounds of anything larger than a monkey. Unable to keep his mind off the idea that something or someone might be watching them, he settled down about the makeshift fire pit and began preparations for a campfire. Pulling his tinderbox out of his bag, a memory of the time his father and he had spent on camp trips like this came unbidden from the depths of his mind. He shook his head, trying to shake the image of his father, the man who had not a long while ago disowned him, showing the young lion how to light a fire. His eyes watering, he felt a hand on his shoulder. "You're thinking of your dad right now, aren't you, Vincent?" Darrius looked lovingly into his mate's eyes, and bent down to hug him, "It'll be okay love...it'll be okay." Darrius rubbed the lion's back trying to assuage the sobbed in his arms. After a bit, when the lion's tears had subsided a bit, he let go, and gently took the tinder box away from Vincent. "Here now, why don't you let me take care of that," He raised his hand above the fire, "*Fomenos Inferne!*"

A bolt of flame burst from his hand onto the pile of tinder, setting it ablaze. Darrius looked back at Vincent, who's eyes had turned wide as saucers, "What? You didn't think that just cause I'm a mage, I can't do anything manly like you warrior types?" He smiled at him and pointed over a nearby hill, "Now go grab some water from that stream over there, and I'll start cutting up the veggies I found for the soup." Vincent only nodded dumbly, and marched off carrying one of the pots in his hands. With full stomachs the two felines set about setting up camp. Vincent pitched the tent he'd brought with them while Darrius walked about the perimeter of their campground, stopping at various points to reach into his robe and withdraw a smooth, faintly glowing stone, and place it where he'd stopped. When he realized Vincent was looking at him quizzically, he turned towards the lion, "These'll give us ample warning if there is indeed something out there. I always find it best to be prepared." He winked at Vincent and turned back to what he was doing. A few minutes later the scent of piping hot beef stew floated across the air as the two furs sat down to dinner side by side, tails intertwined as they gazed longingly into each other's eyes before settling down for the night.

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**\*\*Come To Me, Pretty...Come Toooo Meee\*\*** The words seemed to rise on the wind, causing Darrius' ears to perk up. He had just about drifted off to sleep when he heard those words. Rising slowly so as not to disturb his mate, he grabbed a dagger from

his pack and crept out of the tent. Whispering words of magic to himself, he walked forward cautiously towards the wards, intent on checking them. He was a mere stone's throw away from the forest's edge when he heard a shrill high pitch whistle. Reaching up to his throat, he pulled a dart out and gazed with a bit of awe before stumbling forward past his warded line and fell, the world around him spinning wildly. He looked up in time to see a pair of reptilian hands reaching forth to grab him. \*\*Sleep, pretty....Sleeeepp\*\* His eyes closed and darkness claimed him.

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As dawn's light flickered through the tent flap, Vincent awoke. Slowly, not realizing where he was, he turned to look for Darrius, and a look of horror crossed his face. He rushed out of the tent, stumbling out, grabbing his sword, he bent low to the ground, sniffing and gazing out at the forest, his feline eyes searching for anything out of the ordinary along the tree line. "Darrius!" He yelled, attempting to somehow summon his mate with the power of his voice, looking about frantically for any signs of movement, anything that would tell him where his beloved mate had gone. Dashing back to camp, he made a hurried check of his belongings, then, making sure he had at least a day's supplies and his horses would not wander, he took off into the forest, cautiously making his way inside, sword at the ready.

The thick underbrush seemed to be trying to give his sword arm more of a workout than his father's trainers ever had, but the lion gradually, carefully, made his way into the interior of the jungle. He hacked and slashed, looking at each turn for a sign that his mate had been there, and after a while, aware at all times of something just outside his field of vision watching him. He continued onward, calling Darrius' name at times and sometimes turning, trying to catch whatever watched him unaware. Finding nothing, he was just about to turn around when he came upon a small clearing. Stepping cautiously out of the jungle, he peered about at its contents, his eyes widening as they set upon his mate.

There, lying on a large stone slab, eyes closed and clothing gone, lay his mate. Vincent rushed out, intent on rescuing the poor helpless young cat, only to notice upon closer inspection, that there was nothing keeping him here. Darrius was, from what Vincent could tell, breathing completely normally, his hands lying at his sides, sleeping peacefully. He felt about his mate's body, searching for any signs of trauma or collar, and found nothing. Suspecting a trap, he backed away from his mate slowly, his sword out, waiting for an attack from any side. He closed his eyes, letting his keen feline ears tune in to the smallest sound, turning in its general direction as he heard it.

"He will be fine pretty...you, however, have tressspassed..." the sound seemed to drift on the breeze, coming from no place in particular. Vincent spun about again, his eyes going wide open as he looked for his opponent, "Where are you! Show yourself!" He yelled as he let one paw drift down to check the sleeping cat's pulse, finding it surprisingly strong and steady.

"You wisssshhh me to ssshow myself? Fine, pretty...here I am.." The sound came from behind him this time, accompanied by a rush of wind and the rustling of grass. Vincent turned, swinging his sword as if to strike the creature's head from its body, only to have it swing wildly in the air, a few feet short of the creature before him. His eyes tried to track what he saw, but in a blur of movement, a large muscular tail swung out, striking his hand knocking the sword out of it and pushing the lion down onto the ground.

He looked, crawling backwards in an effort to find his sword, and found himself staring down a large snake creature. The creature regarded him with a curious air, "What isss he to you?" it mused, fixing its gaze on the lion.

"He-he's my lover!" The lion cried out, still crawling backwards, but less quickly than before. Something about the snake's eyes seemed to pull at him, as if he was in danger of becoming lost in those dark pools of inky blackness. "Please, let him go...he's all I have." Tears welled up in his eyes as he choked out the words.

"Ssshhh...pretty...no harm will come to him...he isss mine now...as are you," the creature spoke slowly, deliberately, its eyes taking on a strange hue, pulling at the lion's mind like a vortex, "Now isss time to resst...sleep." It hissed, swaying slightly as it watched the lion fall before its power.

Vincent struggled to understand what was happening. All he could tell was that the creature's eyes were so...entrancing. He blinked, listening to the snake, his eyes steadily drooping as it approached him. "I should...fight it.." he thought, the very effort of it becoming hard now, "Must..." he tried to say, but the creature cut him off, holding him gently as it bored into his soul with those eyes, "Sleep," it finished for the lion. Vincent's addled mind took the suggestion at its face value, his eyes sinking closed as he felt the snake's eyes never leave him, following him into sleep. He felt the snake talking to him in hushed tones, holding him as gently as one would a babe, before lifting him up, cradling him in one of its giant arms as it shouldered another weight in its other arm. Vincent sighed, the last of his consciousness slipping away as the snake's last word echoed through his mind...sleep.