

Jungle Tails Part 3
By Nickylion

“Love, are you there? Wake up, wake up!” The words floated up from the blackness of Vincent’s thoughts, pulling the lion’s consciousness with them. He opened his eyes, sitting up with a start, looking right up into the eyes of his lover Darrius. He smiled and hugged him, taking the cat’s muzzle in a deep kiss, murmuring, “I almost lost you...I’ll never lose you again!” between desperate gasps for breath. After a moment or two, the passion between the two exhausted itself, and Vincent found himself looking about the room they now resided in, their arms still wrapped around each other.

The room was cavernous, filled with pillows of various shapes and sizes and adorned by many various drapes and streamers as if to camouflage the walls, transforming their rough stone exterior to something more palatable to the eye. At the far end of the cave was a large metal door, its frame given the appearance of snaking vines, intertwining and weaving about in a complex mesh that seemed to move as if alive. Glancing about the chamber for any sign of another fur, the two began exploring their new surroundings, searching for some way out or something to use as a weapon against their unseen captor.

Finding nothing, Vincent approached the door, Darrius concentrating to himself behind the lion as magical energies began to flow about him, endowing him with a supernatural strength. The lion gave a cry and brought his fist hurtling towards the door, certain his mate’s magic would ensure the door’s destruction and their freedom. Much to his surprise, however, his blows landed like those of a newborn cub, the lion’s own body stopping them from landing hard enough to harm either the door or the lion. Frustrated Vincent took ahold of the door, intertwining his fingers in the ornate carvings, and pulled hard. Nothing happened. The lion looked down at his arms, watching the glow of the magicks as they swarmed about him, “What happened love? Why couldn’t I break through?”

The jaguar closed his eyes a moment, concentrating, then opened them, “I don’t know. I said the words right. You should be able to pound your way out of here with one finger!” He uttered a second incantation and outstretched one arm, sending a small fireball flying towards a stray pillow. The fireball struck home, sending bits of down and fluff all about the chamber. Turning, he began the motions of the spell anew, but as he opened his muzzle to say the words, his eyes widened in surprise, “I—I can’t remember!” he said, flabbergasted, “I just said the spell two seconds ago, and now, trying to his this...thing,” he kicked at the door uselessly, “I can’t remember a darn word of how it goes.” He turned, his face a mask of frustration, “What are we gonna do?”

Before the lion could think of a response, a low hissing filled the chamber, “Nothing, my pets, nothing at all,” hissed the snake as he pushed the door open, “The collars you now wear prevent you from harming any of my property,” it smiled, “which now includes the two of you.” The two furs stared, a bit dumbfounded by the snake’s

statement. Vincent growled and started towards the snake when it looked towards him and simply hissed, "Sit, boy."

The collar began to glow, and the world spun before the lion's eyes, his knees grew weak, and he sank down, clutching the ground as if to hold on for dear life. Darrius ran towards the lion, holding him close as he turned an accusatory glare at the snake, "Stop it!" he cried, and the snake nodded. The collar around the lion's neck ceased, leaving Vincent shaking slightly, held tightly in the other feline's grasp.

"Do you sssee now, petsss?" the snake hissed, "I own you now." He grinned, sending a shiver of fear down their spines, "Now, come with me. I would sshow you your new home." He motioned for the two to follow, and opened the door again, ushering them out, letting the door swing closed behind them with a metallic clang.

Ssekkar smiled as his two pets followed him cautiously, tasting the air from time to time with his tongue as he savored their fear just a bit. These two were still unsure of their place, still questioning him and testing his power. "They will know soon enough," he thought to himself as he slithered down the corridor, "They just need the time to adjust to their new lives."

Just ahead the corridor widened, expanding into another large chamber, similar to the harem the three had just left. This room had a different, almost homey feel to it. A large circular bed occupied the direct center, with a series of small metal pipes leading into it from the far wall. Above the bed, the cave ceiling bore a number of holes. Some of them shone faintly as sunlight poured through them. About the bed lay a thick curtain, controlled by a series of small pulleys near the wall.

As Ssekkar entered, he turned towards the two cats, gesturing behind him, "Asss you can sssee, I prefer to ssleep in a nice hot place," he held up his hands as the cats looked at the bed, "I will sshhow you how to work the heating apparatusss later, but for now, I sssimply wisshhed you to ssee." He gave the two a moment more to take in the full grandeur that was the room, then gently ushered them out, back into the corridor and further into the cave.

A few minutes later Ssekar led them into another, smaller cavern. This one was filled with various herbs and spices, all hanging from cords on the ceiling. Below, a large marble slab seemed to rise up from the cavern floor, and another, even smaller room was visible through a heavy metal door with a frost covered small window at about eye level. The snake turned to the two, "I trusst at least one of you knowsss how to cook, yesss?" Darrius nodded slightly, still a bit dumbstruck by such a sudden turn of fortune.

"Good," the snake hissed, "I prefer to hunt live prey, sssoo I trusst this facility will serve your own needsss?"

Darrius looked about, confused now that his captor would offer him such a luxurious looking kitchen, "Y-yeah I suppose it would."

Vincent snorted as he peered into the smaller frozen room, "Why do this?" he growled, "We're your property now, aren't we? Why treat us with any respect?" He shook his head in confusion and disgust, turning only at the insistence of his mate, who embraced him warmly, looking over the lion's shoulder at the snake accusingly.

Ssekar sighed, looking downward, "I need not explain myself to you, youngling," he spat coldly, "I only wisshh to ensssure that you remain healthy ssoo that you might better sserve me." He looked up, staring right into the lion's eyes and wavered slightly. Vincent backed away, unable to bring himself to break eye contact. "Besidesss," the snake whispered gently, "I find both of your formssss...intriguing," A scaled hand reached forth, "and I would like to explore them. Fully." Ssekar allowed himself to grin a bit, before beckoning onwards to explore the rest of his cave.

A short while later the trio emerged into a third cave, this one filled with several sets of candles, each burning a low yellow light. A slow winding path led further upward, ending in a wall of bookshelves that appeared to be hand-hewn out of the rough granite face. "This," Ssekar hissed, beaming with pride, "Isss my sstudy." He gestured to the wall of books that lined the shelves, "My books of wizardry, and the hisstory of my people." He turned slightly, looking to see if either slave was interested, "A history that you are welcome to read of."

Vincent crossed his arms, trying to look unimpressed by the small fortune in books that he was staring at, while Darrius was openly staring at the books of the magical arts that lined Ssekar's shelves. The snake smile, pulling the cat forward a bit with his tail, "Ssee something you like, preciousss pet?" he hissed sibilantly, looking Darrius right in the eye.

"Y-yes sir," the cat replied meekly, "I do."

Ssekar nodded, "In time perhaps, I will allow you to study, but for now, you musst earn my trusst first." He placed a scaled arm around the cat and turned towards the lion, "And what of you, noble pet? Does this place not interesst you?"

The lion turned away, "My freedom interests me, snake," he spat, "You hold us here against our will." He turned back, shaking his fist angrily at the snake as the fury built into his voice, "Just like my father! Forcing me to do things!" He charged the snake, tears building in his eyes, "I hate you! I hate you!" he sobbed, uselessly pounding his captor's well built chest as his mate looked on in utter horror, certain that the snake would end his life this very moment.

Ssekar drew back, his eyes widened in surprise as he instead wrapped another scaled arm around the lion, releasing the cat just a bit and tilting the lion's head up gently to look him directly in the eyes, "I am not your father," he said, his voice heavy with an unvoiced sadness, "And perhapsss," he hissed as the lion's eyes widened just a bit, the tears clearing, "I can teach you a way to find peace with that." With a surprisingly swift yet-caring move the snake brushed the lion's cheek, whispering something into his ear

that was inaudible to Darrius. Vincent struggled, staggering a bit as if under some mental assault, then went limp, “That’s it, pet,” hissed the snake as he picked up the lion, cradling him in his arms, “Sleep for me...sleep for Ssekar.”

The lion’s eyes twitched slightly as his body and mind drifted apart, and all Vincent was aware of was a gentle, warm feeling as the snake whispered to him, gently urging the lion to talk to him. Vincent nodded, “It feels so good to just lie here,” he thought,

“Yess, that’s it, kitten, rest,” a voice drifted through Vincent’s mind, “Listen to Ssekar...let my voice guide you...pulling you down...down...deeper...that’s it pet..rest and find peace.”

Vincent sighed softly, shifting and getting even more comfortable as the snake formed his bed from his coils about him, “I should fight,” he thought, “But it feels so good to rest.”

“Good pet,” hissed the snake’s voice, echoing now more powerfully through the mind of his captive lion, “Now, tell Ssekar why you said what you did? What troubles your mind?” The lion hesitated a moment before another presence made itself known to it, a soft feline voice that belonged to his love.

“Please love, tell me, him...us,” Darrius cried softly as he pressed his soft fur against the lion’s body.

The lion sighed, content as he began to talk about his past. About the shop in his village...about his father, the wealthy business-lion...about his banishment. His mind unburdened itself, offering up the lion’s insecurities as his body lay limp, cradled in Ssekar’s coils, held close by his love. “So scared,” he whispered, “Don’t want to lose him to you.” He finished, instinctively hugging his mate, his response directed towards his captor.

Ssekar blinked. He had not expected such a bond between these two slaves. “Awaken, Vincent,” he hissed, “And remember.” His pet breathed in deeply and a moment or two passed before he opened his eyes.

“W-what happened,” he stammered, attempting to rise before the world spun, forcing him back down, “W-was I sleeping or something?”

“Hypnosis, or something similar,” mused an awe-struck Darrius, “At least, that’s what I think it was.” He turned to Ssekar, “Was that right, sir?”

“Yesss, pet,” Ssrekar hissed as a scaled hand patted the cat’s head, “My kind often uses it to make our petsss more docile.” He smiled predatorily, “Don’t you agree, Vincent?”

The lion nodded slightly, “Yes, sir,” he said meekly, his once fiery temper now a bit more subdued. He looked over at his mate, “I feel funny,” he said with a slight giggle in his voice as he nuzzled his mate, “but it’s a good funny, I think.”

Darrius looked at his mate, appaled, “Why don’t I feel any different?” he asked, his voice wavering slightly as he realized his mate’s gaze had taken on a slightly glazed look.

The snake smiled, sending a small shiver down the cat’s spine, “What makes you think you’re not, pet? “ Ssrekar chuckled, “Magi are not as sussesceptible to the process, which isss why I used the dart on you in the woods.” He paused, regarding Darrius’ fearful look, “Fear not, pet. Vincent will recover in a while. The processs is only temporary.” Even as he spoke, the lion’s eyes had begun to regain some of their luster, “Most of my people would have used the time implant commands and make any changes they wished.” He paused again, as the lion shook his head, hugging his mate gently, “But to do sso would have destroyed his mind. I desire petsss and companionsss, not mindless dronesss, and Vincent required that...release...in order to accept hiss place here.”

The lion nodded, still a bit shaken, “T-thank you for that.” He said as he held his love close, “I feel better, freer than I have in a long time.” He looked at his mate for a moment, an unseen conversation passing between their eyes, then turned and bowed his head to the snake, “I- We are yours, sir.”

Ssrekar smiled broadly, “Excssellent, pets. Now come with me, We have much more to talk about. And I would like a chance to tesst the limits of your pleasure thrsshholdss,” he added with a sibilant hiss.

The two cats eagerly followed Ssrekar as he wound his way back through the various passageways that comprised his home, returning to the room that they had awoken in only this morning. As they entered, Ssrekar paused at the door, allowing them to pad into the room ahead of him. Watching the two feline rumps sway was more than enough for Ssrekar, “Sslaves, sit,” he hissed, causing their collars to glow, and grinning as they slipped down onto their knees, the world spinning in their eyes.

Taking advantage of their immobility, Ssrekar slithered up behind each, brushing their knees and waist with some of his massive coils, eliciting a gasp of shock and fear from each, “Good slavesss,” he hissed into their ears, “Such pretty slavesss...I shall take great pleasure from each of you...” he slipped a forked tongue along the lion’s inner ear, sending a shudder of pleasaent sensations down his spine, “But tonight, only one of you will be allowed to pleasure me.”

He slid over to Darrius, still held in place by the collar's magic. Bending over, he passed a scaled hand over the cat's face, "Sleep, little one," he hissed as Darrius' eyes widened in surprise before slipping shut, a vacant smile coming over his face as he slid limply into the snake's arms. Carrying him with great ease over to the mound of pillows, Ssrekar gently laid the cat down, pulling a nearby blanket from its resting place and covering the cat's sleeping form with it.

Turning back to the lion, Ssrekar chuckled as he watched Vincent struggle against the collar's magic, trying again and again to stand, but managing only to stumble back onto his knees. With a wave of his hand Ssrekar lifted the spell of the collar and lunged at the lion, pinning him against another pile of pillows in an instant. Vincent squirmed, but before he could even test his strength against the snake, Ssrekar fixed his gaze against the lion, "You liked this," he said as his eyes took on that same tell-tale glow, "didn't you, slave..." he said, his voice gaining a droning quality as he held the lion fast, wavering his head in front of Vincent's muzzle.

Vincent gasped, still amazed at how quickly Ssrekar moved, and again found himself eye to eye with the serpent. As Ssrekar's eyes began to glow, Vincent considered fighting it for a moment, his eyes passing over to the cat who lay asleep on another set of pillows before turning back and staring into Ssrekar's eyes without further hesitation, "Yes sir," he said as the wave of dizziness and pleasure overtook him, "I did like this," his eyes began to dilate slightly, and his struggling ceased.

Ssrekar gently lifted off of the lion, "You are my slave tonight, Vincent...focus on me..obeying and serving me...only my voice only my thoughts," he hissed rapidly and quietly, "Do you understand, slave?"

Vincent nodded, his eyes fluttering slightly, "Yes master...serve only you...your slave."

"Now stand up slave, and undress yourself...slaves should not make their master feel overdressed, should they," the snake said without a hint of question, watching as the lion stood, wavering slightly in the large chamber and began to strip for him, slowly removing each piece of clothing that the snake had chosen for him, letting it fall limply on the ground. With every piece that hit the ground the snake quietly hissed with glee.

The lion finished and knelt at the base of the bed pillows, naked save for his collar and still muttering, "serve only you...your slave..." a soft monotone, repeating over and over. The candles and reflected the light of the chamber, combining to highlight the glazed and vacant look in the lion's eyes. In the lion's mind, nothing else existed save for the snake, his master.

The snake approached the lion, who's gaze drifted down, "Now now, none of that ssslave," hissed Ssrekar. He cupped a scaled hand underneath the lion's chin and lifted it up, drawing the lion into a slow kiss. Vincent's lips parted and allowed the forked tongue into his mouth, feeling it root around, tasting the air from the young lion's lungs. The

kiss lasted several long minutes before Ssrekar released the lion's muzzle, allowing him a chance to breath again.

"Sshow me that muzzle of yourssss," Ssrekar hissed tugging on his own clothes, an ornate tube of cloth that was strung about his waist, down, shrugging it off via the muscles in his powerful tail. What lay underneath was a small slit, perhaps a couple of inches in length. Ssrekar gestured to it, "please me, slave," he smiled as he said the words and watched Vincent move towards him, leaning in and inhaling the scent of the snake's genitals.

Vincent breathed in the scent of the snake, letting it fill his nostrils as the snake's voice filled his mind. It was a soft smell, not musky, nor unpleasant. The lion opened his eyes, glassy and vacant, and slowly drew his tongue across the top of the slit. His rough lion-tongue played delicately across the smooth scales and elicited a soft gasp from Ssrekar. Vincent glanced up, noticing the snake's enjoyment of his actions, and began repeating it, slowly increasing the speed of his lapping until something bumped him in the nose.

The tip of the snake's member was poking out from beneath the slit and rising quickly. Vincent saw it and took the tip into his mouth, letting his rough tongue run rings around the tip. He was rewarded with another gasp from the snake, and several more inches of cock thrust up into his face.

Ssrekar was pleased, immensely so, with his slave. At the rate the lion was going, he would have the snake hard in mere moments. Ssrekar drew his hands over the lion's body and let them slowly caress the lion's face, then mane, then downwards. As the scaled hands touched the lion's nipples, a shockwave of shivering burst through the lion's body. Ssrekar smiled inwardly, "He likes that," he thought to himself, "excellent."

His hands continued exploring, making their way down the lion's stomach and into the lion's crotch where they discovered the lion's own organs, hard and ready for their master's enjoyment of them. Ssrekar brought one of his hands up to the lion's face, lifting Vincent's chin up to meet his gaze again.

"Thank you sslave," hissed the snake, "now come snuggle up against me." Ssrekar gestured to the pillows and the two moved over to them. The lion wriggled up against the snake, feeling his master's large scaled hands comfortingly caressing his groin and chest. So blissfully content was Vincent, that he didn't even notice the snake's tail dip itself into a nearby open bottle of lubricant until the tail slithered down his spine and between the lion's delicate furry asscheeks.

The lion stiffed as if shot with an arrow, eyes opened wide with a mixture of pleasure and surprise. The tail made another pass, slithering through and depositing more of the lubricating liquid onto the lion's eager hole. On the third pass the tail stopped, hovering above the lion's anus and poking at it curiously. Ssrekar looked down at his

lion, watching for Vincent's reactions of surprise to gradually subside before probing more into his rear.

Very soon the lion's ass was well lubricated and penetrated by Ssrekar's tail. The snake smiled and leaned his head down to the lion, listening to the whimpers and moans his continued ministrations had begun causing Vincent to utter, "Good sslave. Now feel our bond begin to form," the snake hissed quietly as his member pushed against the lion's anus, "the bond between slave and master. Forming and cementing as I penetrate you body." The snake began pushing in, "Penetrating your mind, your very soul," sliding in further and further, "to the very core of your being, sslave." The snake's words were hitting Vincent like punches, rocking and rolling him as he continued to be impaled by Ssrekar's massive member.

The snake hilted him and hissed in pleasure, "Mine," Ssrekar hissed triumphantly.

"Yours," Vincent gasped, shaking from the pleasure of the deep penetration. His gasp became a soft whine of pleasure as the snake began to pump in and out of him. Ssrekar pulled out, sometimes mostly, sometimes barely any distance at all, and came back just as slowly as he left. The process was tormentuous to the lion, who felt his orgasm building all the while, waiting for his master to call him to cum. Wanting his master to own him, body, mind, and soul.

Ssrekar could stand it no longer. The lion was simply too tight and the snake's arousal was too great. With a quick and final slam he hissed loudly, "Cum ssllaaaAVE!" Filling the lion's bowels with the snake's seed, the snake watched the lion erupt in turn, roaring as best he could with two large scaley arms wrapped around him. The two bodies lay there, frozen together by the afterglow of the moment before Ssrekar finally moved, lifting his slave up and off of him to lay him down next to his cat. Pulling them both close to his own body, Ssrekar curled up around them, his reptilian eyes watching as the lion's drifted shut next to his cat before drifting shut in turn, a master finally content with his slaves.