

This story is the product of a collaboration between thetruexenos and Moomba. I cannot give enough thanks to Moomba for contributing his considerable artistic skills to this project. We hope you like this story and related illustrations. Feel free to comment and provide feedback. I can be contacted at thetruexenos@yahoo.com

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Tarzan woke up; as usual, he was cold and shivering. The floor of the jungle always got cold in the pre-dawn hours. Since he had left his adoptive chimps and struck out on his own, he had slept by himself. He missed the warmth of other mates around him. Tarzan would have liked to go back to sleep, but also not only was it too cold to fall asleep again, his penis was stiff, and he had to pee pretty badly. He tried for a few minutes to close his eyes, and furl up tighter to conserve body heat. Finally, with annoyance he gave up, and roused himself, still shivering.

The first order of business of the day was to relieve himself. Finding a spot, a good distance away from his sleeping burrow, he let out a stream of urine, feeling the relief of his emptying bladder. Still sleepy, Tarzan closed his eyes. It was then that he caught a new scent in the air. He opened his eyes again, and sniffed the air. He was not imagining it. Trying to get warm and deciding to look closer into this new scent, he decided to go to the lookout branch high up on the large tree he slept under.



Tarzan leapt from branch to branch moving higher up the millenary tree. Tarzan's svelte frame allowed him to move effortlessly moving higher until he reached the lookout branch. He stood up on the branch overlooking the jungle canopy. This was his dominion, the lush and impenetrable jungle, full of wonders and horrors, riches and wretches. A new day was starting, the jungle now teeming with the usual cacophony of mating calls and territorial claims. Just then, the sun broke over the horizon, illuminating the jungle, still shrouded in the morning mist, and brining much welcome warmth to Tarzan.

Tarzan lifted his head and sniffed the air again. There it was again, that strange vaguely familiar scent, and yet, despite is familiarity Tarzan could not match it against any of the countless animals in the jungle.

Tarzan decided that he had to investigate this scent further. He was annoyed that he could not recognize the scent, especially because it was so familiar. Taking a bearing of the light morning breeze,

Tarzan crouched on the branch and leapt out with supreme confidence. Tarzan sailed through the air, and grabbed a nearby hanging vine. He rappelled down to the jungle floor and began running in a sprint, moving against the light morning breeze.

Tarzan reveled in his youthful strength and agility. The fallen trunks and thick undergrowth in the lower levels of the jungle were hardly an obstacle for him. He ran all out in the clear spots, leapt from trunk to trunk when he found a fallen tree, or squatted under the thick underbrush of the jungle. Tarzan's light frame left hardly left a footprint on the soft and boggy soil of the forest. Every few minutes he would stop, and sniff the air, to make sure he still had the scent.

He was definitely getting closer, the scent now more pronounced. The creature, what ever it was, seemed to be near the cold stream. The cold stream was one of Tarzan's favorite spots. The river cascaded down from the white capped mountain that overlooked the jungle. Tarzan knew the stream and its banks well. The waters of the stream were always pure and wonderfully refreshing, the perfect spot during a hot day. Unfortunately, the lush vegetation and steep banks also made it a prime hunting ground for many predators. Tarzan always had to keep his senses on alert while visiting the spot, lets he end up the prey of a large carnivore. Being on his own, he could not count on a mate to alert him of any impending danger.

Tarzan came up to a jumble of rocks, and stopped settling his heart, and proving the jungle with his keen eyes, and sensitive hearing. The scent was strong now Tarzan was close. He lay still for a few minutes, patiently waiting for his query to betray his presence. Tarzan was assaulted by doubt, could the scent be nothing, Perhaps a flowering plant that he had never smelled before? His doubts were dispelled when just to his right he heard a bush rustle once, and then again. Something was moving down there. He had to get closer to see what it was. With a few agile leaps, Tarzan climbed the tree next to him to the first set of branches. He gazed in the direction of the rustle, trying to see his query. His eye caught a momentary glimpse of something moving, but before he could discern exactly what it was, it had disappeared behind the undergrowth of the forest.

Tarzan leapt from one tree to another, drawing ever close to a nearby set of roaring waterfalls. What ever this thing was it seemed to know how to hide well. The downdraft of the waterfall diluted and mixed too many scents to make his out. The roar of the falling water hid any noise it made. The dense foliage of the undergrowth provided ample cover to hide. Tarzan grew frustrated. He was not used to finding it so difficult to locate a critter.

Tarzan was not limited to the exceptional abilities of his senses. However clever this creature was, Tarzan also had cunning. After proving the scene for a long while, he decided to see if he could force his query to betray his location. Tarzan drew a deep breath, inflating his lungs to their maximum capacity and emitted a deep and powerful growl, which sounded just like an angry leopard, and every bit as scary. The ruse worked, one of the brushes bellow him moved. Tarzan emitted an even fiercer sounding growl, focusing it on the spot of the movement. The brush shook again, betraying the franticness of the creature moving under it.



Tarzan took one more leap to the adjacent tree, positioning himself right above the creature. He could see something down there, but he could not make out the creature. It was not very big, and Tarzan thought he could see black hair on the creature. Looking around him, Tarzan had an idea. He picked a large fruit that hanged from the branch he was standing on, and drawing another deep breath, he emitted the fiercest growl yet, just as he dropped the fruit to the ground, landing right next to what ever the thing under him was.

The ruse worked. Spooked by the growls, and finally moved to action by the crashing sound of the fruit, the creature took flight. It moved surprisingly quickly under him, darting out of its refuge under the brush. Following its motion with his eyes, Tarzan ran down the branch and leapt. His mastery was such, that just as the creature emerged from under the brush Tarzan fell upon it.

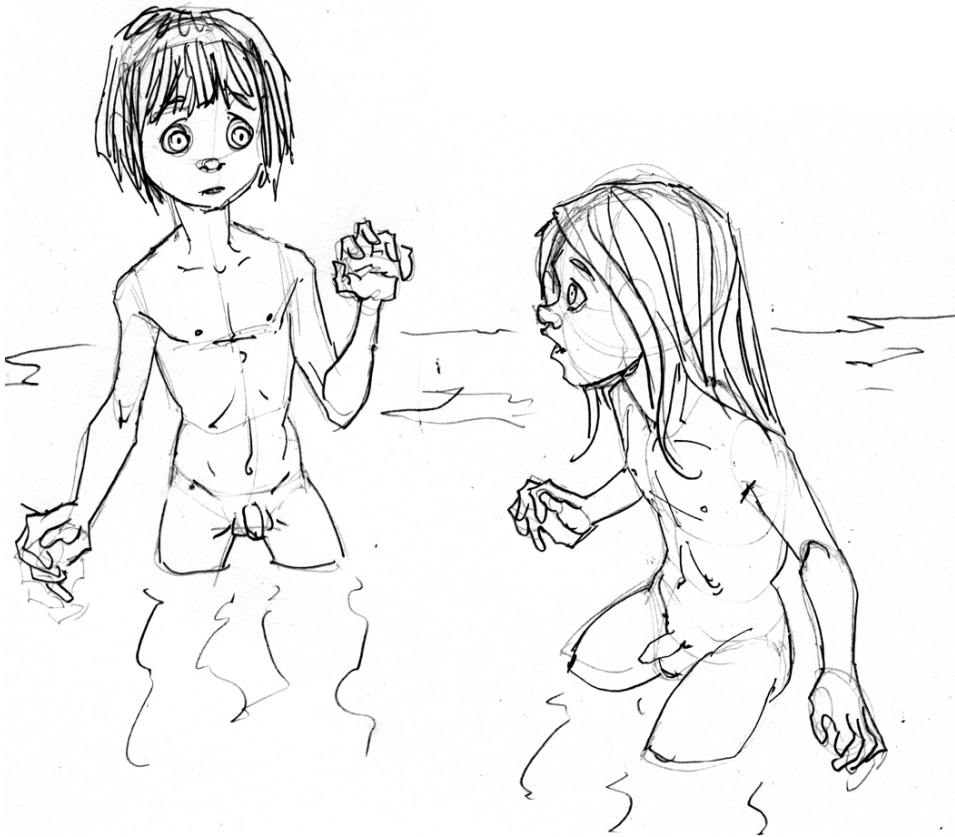
Nothing could have really prepared Tarzan for what he encountered. The creature that leapt at full gallop from under the canopy was a mostly hairless creature that looked very much like himself.

Already committed to dropping on top of the creature, Tarzan wrapped his arms and legs around him, and they both fell down to the ground. Their combined momentum took them over the edge of the flat, and they both rolled down the steep embankment, their limbs and bodies tightly intertwined. Luckily, for both of them, their tumble down the steep slope ended with a long drop to the deep end of a pool in the turbulent river bellow.

The strong and tumultuous current took both of them, and began pushing them towards the next waterfall. The creature kicked him away, but Tarzan refused to let go of his quarry. Tarzan knew that they stood a better chance of surviving the unavoidable plunge down the waterfall if they stay together.

In a frenzy of splashes, and struggles, they were pushed over the edge of the waterfall. Luck was twice on their favor, as the water under the waterfall was deep and free of rocks. The chaotic and powerful flow of the water under the waterfall twirled the boys around as if they were twigs caught in the flow. The eddying blasts of current separated the boys. Each now struggled separately to regain the surface and find footing on the shallower end of the pool.

The current pushed them both inexorably towards the next waterfall. Tarzan knew he was in trouble. The waterfall ahead promised to be higher and much nastier than the one before, and he severely doubted that luck would favor him a third time. Tarzan swam with all his might against the current. He stroked and kicked as



hard as he could, trying to reach the shore. He would surely have failed, and would have been dragged down the waterfall to his doom, had it not been by the sudden and unexpected aid of the very creature he had just tackled a minute earlier.

The creature, reached from the bank of the river, and grabbed Tarzan by his arm, pulling him to safety behind a large rock with an eddy pool behind it. They were now both safe from the current and the treat of the waterfall.

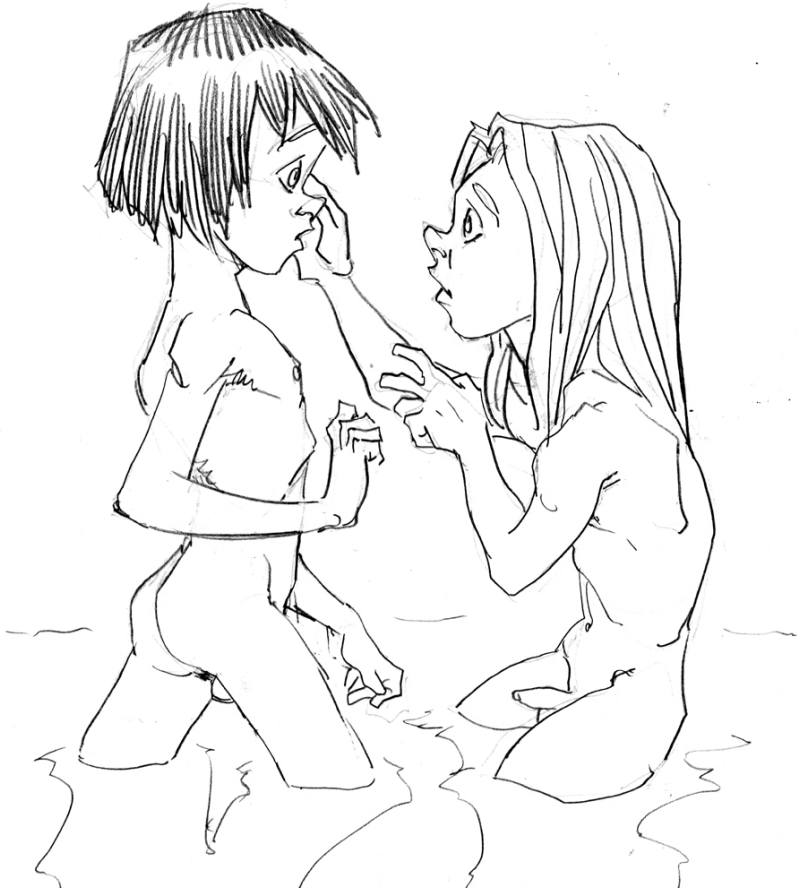
Breathing hard from the extreme effort, Tarzan rested prostrated on his knees and arms on the river bottom, partially submerged. It had been a narrow escape. When he finally recovered enough of his strength, he stood up, still a bit

wobbly, and looked at the other creature, finally getting a chance to inspect it in detail.

It was looking at Tarzan, with a mix of fright and apprehension. His eyes flashed doubt, as if he was as of yet unsure of the wisdom of having helped his attacker escape from the jaws of the river. His hand raised in a half defensive, half-greeting position. His posture betrayed a desire to dash away, and yet he remained there.

Tarzan was utterly surprised. This creature resembled him more than any other he had encountered in the jungle. Tarzan had often gazed at his own reflection in the waters of a calm pool and noticed how different he looked from the rest of the apes in his group. He had been out casted from the group in no small part because of these differences. He had vainly looked for his own kind for months hoping to end his solitude. Now standing in front of him he had found one of his own kind.

All notions of further attack immediately vanished from his mind; Tarzan came closer to the creature. Tarzan looked at the boy's face. It looked like him, not identical, but ... he had a nose like his, and a mouth like his. They were the same kind.



Approaching closer to the perplexed boy, Tarzan extended his arm, trembling slightly, and touched the boy's face and hair. The boy had obviously abandoned any notion of running away. His initial fear now replaced by the same curiosity that held Tarzan in its clutches. Both boys stood in the calm pool, with water up to their knees, naked, looking right into each other's eyes.

Both boys stood there, for what seemed like an eternity, looking at each other in utter astonishment. The spell broke when a shiver traveled up the boy's body. The boy shrugged his shoulders, and crossed his arms, obviously cold. The chill of the early morning air combined with the unscheduled dip in the cold mountain stream was taking its toll. Tarzan too, noticed that he was suddenly very cold. Fortunately, he knew just the spot to go and warm up.

Motioning to the boy to follow him, Tarzan waded through the sandy bottom of the pool, and began climbing the steep and slippery embankment. He had to grab onto roots and trunks, to keep from sliding back down to the river. Looking back, he noticed that the other boy was not quite as adept at climbing as he was. The boy kept slipping on the muddy bank, and falling back in the pool with a splash. Tarzan stopped, grasped a particularly solid handhold, and leaned back, outstretching his arm, offering the other boy a hand in aid.

The boy flashed a slight smile at the offer, grabbed Tarzan's hand, and pulled himself up. The boy, finally able to place a foot on a solid root, climbed up, and was able to follow Tarzan. It took the boys a good while of laborious effort to get there, but finally they came to the top of a large rock face. There the steadily rising sun had already heated up the rocks, and offered both boys a warm and protected spot to shake the chill out of their bodies, and rest.

Both boys laid down on the rocks, outstretched, gladly absorbing the heat of the rocks below them, and the warmth of the sun from above, quickly dissipating the chill that had gripped them. Tarzan looked over at his newfound companion, lying on the rocks near him. He carefully noted their similarities and differences. He could not help notice that the boy had a penis and genitals just like his. The boy's hair on his head was dark as ebony as opposed to his blond hair color. Their skin, although smooth and hairless were of a very different tone, Tarzans much lighter than the other boy. Tarzan also noticed that the other boy was also examining him. It made sense, both boys still coming to terms with the presence of the other.

Tarzan, weighted down by the fatigue of a restless night, and cuddled by the wonderful warmth of the sun became sleepy. Tarzan fought the tug of sleep at first, but even without realizing it, he soon fell into a deep slumber.

Tarzan woke up lazily feeling rested and delightfully warm. He straitened out, and stretched with a big and satisfying yawn, keeping his eyes closed still. When he finally shook the last vestiges of sleep and opened his eyes, he looked around, and found himself alone at the top of the rock. He jumped to his feet, feeling both surprised and disappointed not to find the other boy next to him. Where was the other boy? Had he left?

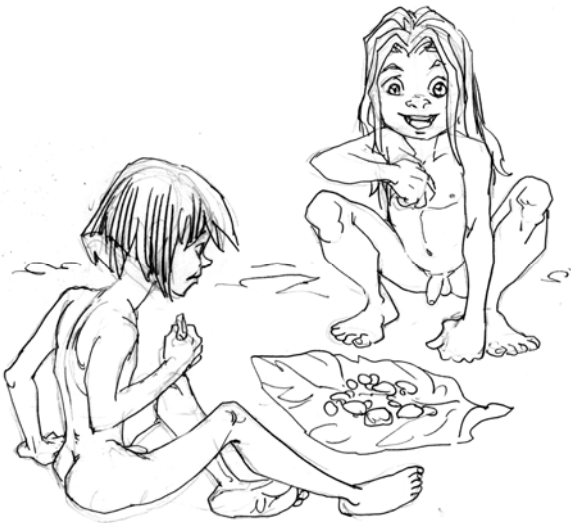


Tarzan felt a pang of sadness. Had the other boy rejected him and snuck away during his slumber? Confused, Tarzan stood alone, not knowing what to do; tears began to well up in his eyes. He remembered all too well when his adoptive group of apes had left him behind, leaving him to fend for himself, all alone.

It was then that he heard the sound of a rock pounding on something hard right around the corner. Tarzan quickly moved towards the sound. There around a boulder was the other boy with a small collection of figs and a pile of nuts at his feet. The boy was cracking the nuts open with the help of a rock. Tarzan felt an immense sense of relief. When the boy saw Tarzan looking at him from behind the rock, his face brightened with a smile, and he gestured him to approach and sit down next to him.

Sitting on the spot that the boy offered him, Tarzan saw the boy split the pile of figs and nuts in two, making it obvious that Tarzan was free to partake in the bounty that the boy had collected. Tarzan's incipient sadness was replaced with overwhelming joy, and immense happiness.

The boys ate quietly, facing each other, still looking at each other with a hint of disbelief. Tarzan enjoyed the sweet figs, and the tasty nuts, savoring them with pleasure. This was the first meal he had shared in many moons. Tarzan wondered if he should groom the boy after the meal, as it was customary among the apes he had grown up with. Before Tarzan could make up his mind, the boys finished eating.



Now that they were done, the other boy looked at Tarzan with a questioning expression. It was then that the boy tapping his chest with a half clenched fist, made a noise, "M..o..w..g..l..y". The boy then used the same half fist, and tapped Tarzan on his chest. It was obvious that the boy, Mowgli, wanted to know his name. Tarzan dug deep in his memories, and with considerable effort uttered a word that had long been lodged deep in his brain, "T..a..r..z..a..n"

Mowgli then tapped his chest again, repeating his name, "Mowgli", and then tapped Tarzan's chest, "Tarzan". Tarzan repeated the gesture, tapping his own chest and uttering his name, "Tarzan", and then tapping that of

his new mate, and uttering his name, "Mowgli" Both boys giggled as they learned each other's names. Tarzan began to feel that this was going to be a wonderful day.

Tarzan could not remember having had this much fun in a long time. He finally had a playmate, as agile and cunning as he. Mowgli was the stealthiest creature he had ever dealt with, and it forced Tarzan to strain his nose to sniff the air repeatedly for the slightest hint of Mowgli's scent. What Mowgli did not have in speed and agility, he made up with sheer ingenuity. It made the game of hide-and-go-seek a lot of fun.

It was only by sheer luck and after considerable time, that Tarzan's keen eyes noticed a small bit of Mowgli's feet sticking from under a branch. Approaching ever so quietly Tarzan noticed in amazement how Mowgli had grasped the hanging lichen at the bottom of the large branch and was suspended from its underside. Tarzan could not help but to smile at his playmate's inventiveness. He would have never thought of hiding that way.

Tarzan's mischievous mind thought of a way to get the better of Mowgli calculating how he would surprise him with glee. He could not wait to see the face of surprise when he caught him. With a powerful leap, he grabbed a hanging vine and swung, using his momentum to carry him towards Mowgli. Tarzan emitted a powerful howl just as he came up to Mowgli, and tackled him right off the branch. Both boys fell in a jumble of limbs to the soft jungle floor below.

With a loud thump sound, the boys landed on the soft ground, Tarzan right on top of the flabbergasted Mowgli who looked up to Tarzan with an expression of utter surprise.

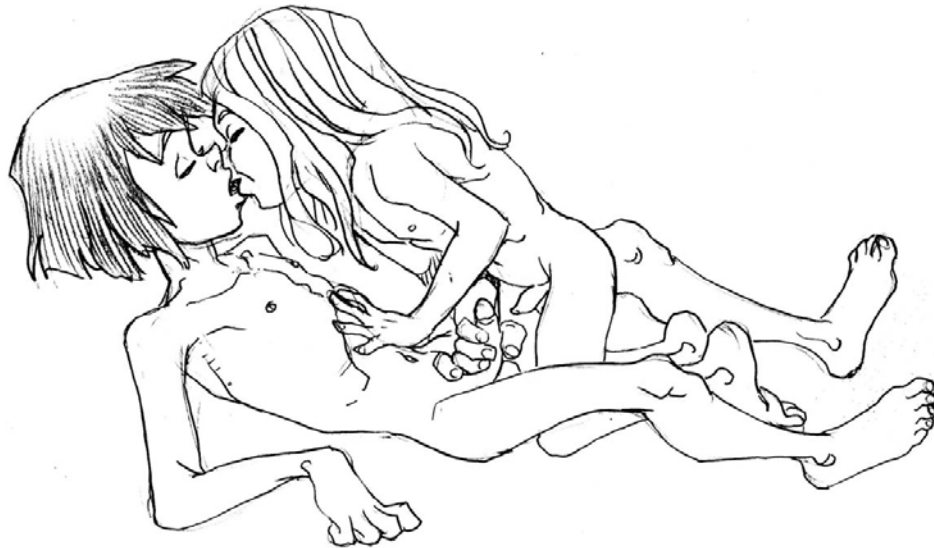
There was little doubt of who had won this round of hide-and-go-seek. Tarzan crouching right over the top of Mowgli pinned his arms against the ground. Tarzan's wide smile denoted how much he was enjoying the game.

Tarzan was indeed having a wonderful afternoon. He felt strong and powerful, and now he was victorious. It



was just then, as he reveled in his triumph that looking into his playmate's eyes, he was assaulted by a feeling that he had never experienced before.

Their bodies close together, touching each other, Tarzan felt a warmth emanate from within him that he could not explain. Peering into the deep dark eyes of his mate, he surrendered to his instinct, leaned forward, and approaching Mowgli's face, he placed his lips against his. It felt right, it felt powerful, and his heart beat



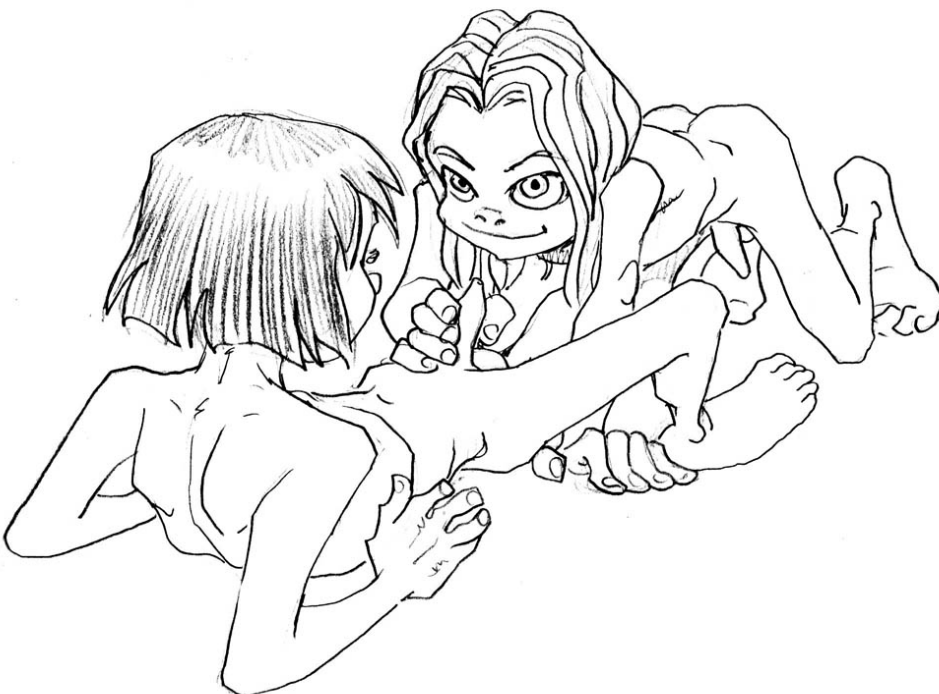
– furiously in unbridled excitement. To his delight Mowgli responded by embracing his kiss.

Tarzan, released Mowgli's arms, and placed his left hand on his chest. He was surprised and delighted to feel Mowgli's heart beating just as hard as his. Instinctually, Tarzan reached between Mowgli's legs with his other hand, and grasped his penis, eliciting a light pleasurable whimper from Mowgli. Tarzan could feel Mowgli's penis stiffen in his hands.

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Tarzan wrapped his fingers tenderly around Mowgli's penis, and gently pulled the skin down, revealing his

dick head. Tarzan had seen his adoptive monkeys do similar things to each other. Had he actually found a mate? He had often wondered if he would ever have one of his own, since he was so different from all the other members of his ape group.



Giving Mowgli a half-mischievous half-fun smirk, he planted his arms between Mowgli's legs, and parted them slightly. Mowgli looked at him with a corresponding mix of excitement and fun. Tarzan was determined to show his mate a

good time. He felt so sure of himself, so ready, so... lustful.

Mowgli accepted Tarzan's grasp, submerged in an ocean of pleasure. He had not been touched like this before. Somehow, he loved the fact that his newfound playmate had taken charge of the situation. He submissively accepted his advances, sensing his body quiver in an ever-escalating feeling of excitement and desire.

Mowgli nearly lost his mind when Tarzan took his penis in his mouth, and began to tug on it with his mouth. Mowgli arched his back slightly with each wave of suction. Mowgli was in paradise. Each of the Boys looked intently at the other, making sure that their respective actions pleased the other.

For a few minutes, Tarzan gently sucked on Mowgli's penis, enjoying the undeniable pleasure that it brought to his playmate.

Surrounded by a lush jungle the boy's explored their new found sexuality, each feeling lust, excitement and pleasure to a level that neither had ever suspected possible.

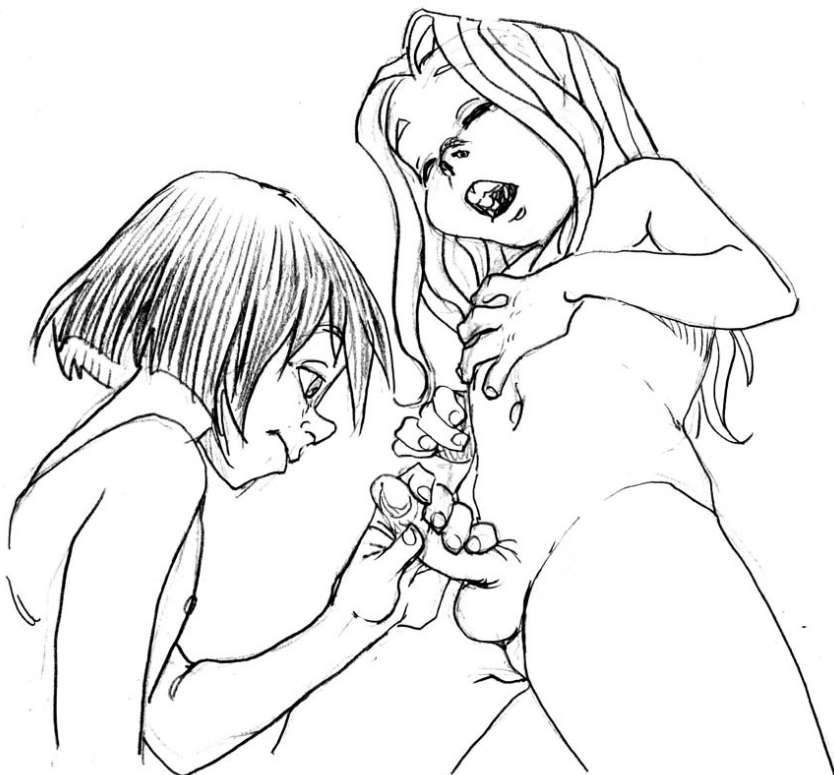
Tarzan also liked to be in control of the situation. Somehow, it aroused him even more to be the one dictating their actions.

He decided to press his dominance on his partner. He stood up with a swift yet smooth move, looked down at Mowgli, still with his back on the ground. Tarzan's penis jutting out, erect and throbbing, he looked intently at Mowgli.



Mowgli quickly understood what Tarzan expected of him. Getting up on his knees, he grasped his partner's dick, and proceeded to unsheathe it. Tarzan gasped in pleasure as Mowgli gently stroked his member.

The boy staggered slightly, as Mowgli performed his duty. When Mowgli took Tarzan's member in his mouth, and began to suck on it, Tarzan felt his knees almost buckle under the debilitating waves of pleasure.





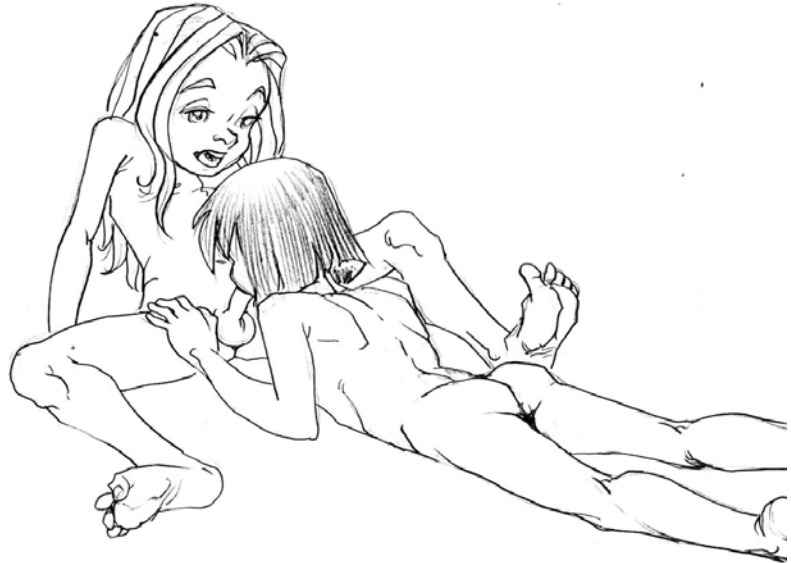
Mowgli sucked Tarzan eagerly; pleased to see his new mate clearly enjoying what he was doing to him. Tarzan dropped to his knees, unable to stand up with so much pleasure emanating from his being. Mowgli gently got Tarzan to sit in a reclined position with his legs wide open as he kept sucking his member.

Mowgli delighted in his ability to bring such pleasure to Tarzan, sucked him eagerly. Tarzan gasped and moaned gently as Mowgli sank his mouth around his hard penis.

The boys could not have imagined at the beginning of the day that it would unfold this way.

Mowgli kept sucking Tarzan, who looked on, unable to cope with the pleasure that the mouth of this other boy brought to him.

Tarzan decided to take charge again, and swinging his body around, he lay next to Mowgli, and began to suck him again, each boy now bringing pleasure to the other

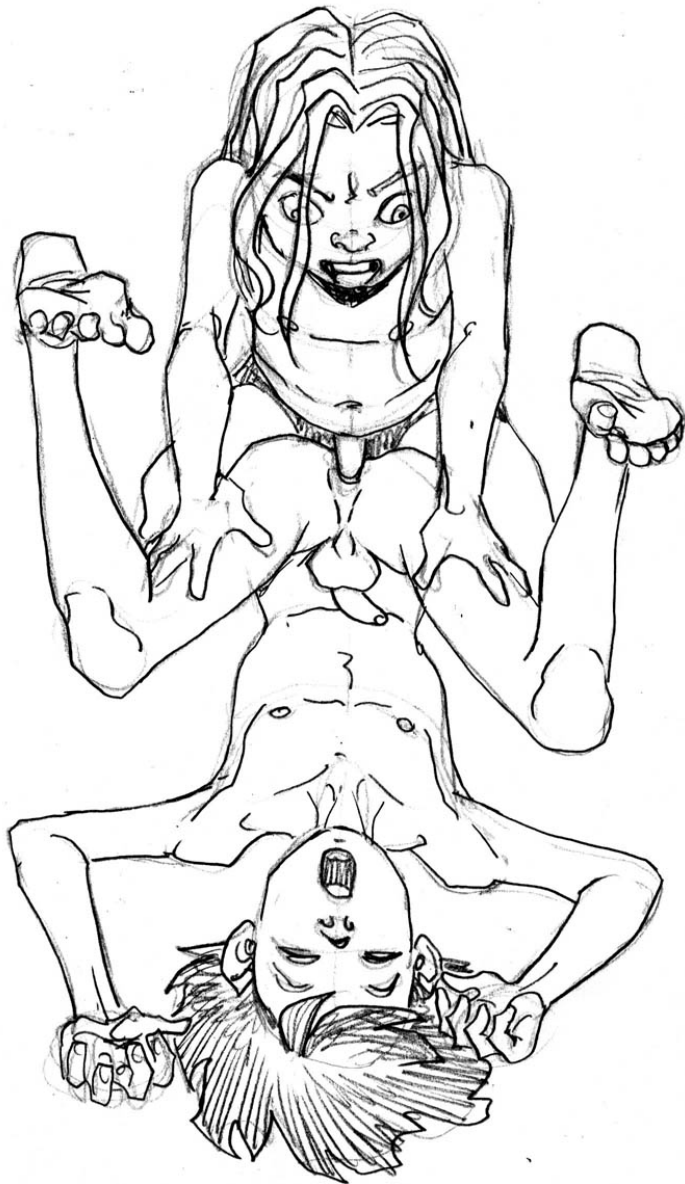


in a ying and yang of lustful sucking pleasure. Their bodies wonderfully intertwined in a sexual vortex of unimaginable magnitude.

Their youthful and slim muscular bodies mingled together, feeling the sexual heat of the other. Their hands caressed the other in a sequence of lustful moans intermixed by sucking sounds.

Tarzan realized that he was free of the heavy burden of loneliness that he had carried with him since he had departed his adoptive apes. It was a burden that he had never realized he carried until it was lifted by the presence of Mowgli. He finally had a mate; he did not have to be alone anymore.





Tarzan decided to consummate their relationship. He uncoupled from his position, and gently pressed Mowgli down, leaving his back on the ground again. Then he lifted Mowgli's legs up in the air, leaving Mowgli's ass exposed.

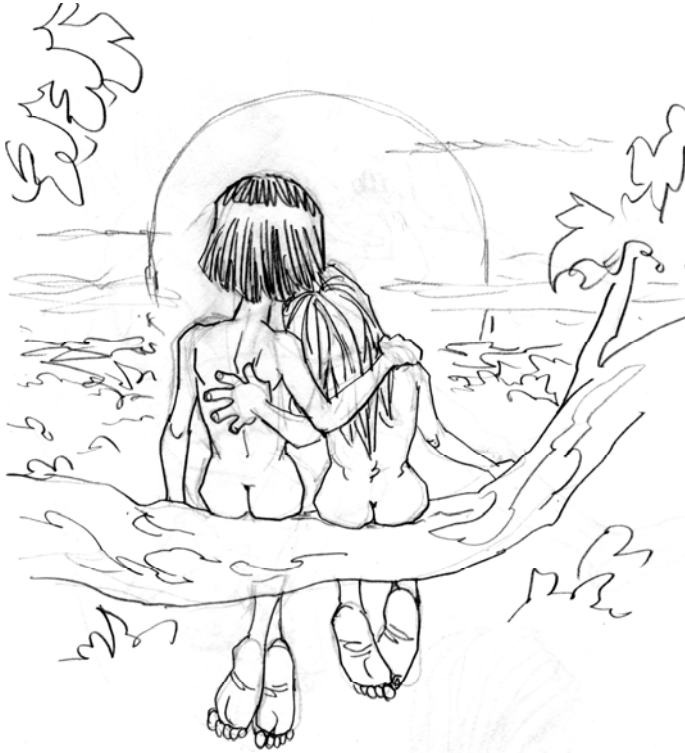
Tarzan had seen members of his adoptive ape cartload do this. They considered it a turning point, a rite of passage. In a state of slight disbelief, Tarzan realized that it was time for him to claim his first mate. He was about to become an adult.

Tarzan placed the tip of his throbbing penis up against Mowgli's asshole. Tarzan felt an overpowering sense of lust and desire. He pressed in, feeling the smooth flesh of his partner. He pressed a bit harder, and suddenly the anal lips parted, allowing his throbbing dick to enter Mowgli.

Mowgli moaned loudly as he felt Tarzan enter him. Then as Tarzan began to thrust his hips in and out, he felt sensations that he never thought possible. A sense of warmth and growing pleasure emanated from his loins, and spread to the rest of his being. Tarzan accelerated his thrusts, as both boys began to move in unison, feeding of the echoes of pleasure of the other in an ever-escalating crescendo of pleasure. In just a few minutes, Tarzan felt his first full orgasm. Quivering involuntarily, he emitted three high-pitched loud moans of pleasure as his hips thrust involuntarily to drive his spewing penis deep into his mate. Mowgli, in perfect synchronicity came at the same time, emitting a series of wads of sperm, which flowed copiously out of the tip of his penis, making a pool of goey semen on his belly.

The apogee of pleasure reached a zenith and began to subside. Both boys now thoroughly exhausted, fell together next to each other, basking in a half dazed feeling of euphoria and happiness. Their galloping hearts slowly settled into a normal rhythm. All the while, a feeling of uncanny happiness pervaded their beings. Tarzan reached over Mowgli's body, and embraced him.

As the day neared its end, Tarzan urged Mowgli to climb up the tree. Although Mowgli was not nearly as agile as Tarzan, he was a capable climber. Tarzan just made it look effortless by comparison. Soon enough, Tarzan and Mowgli made it to the top branch of the towering tree, where Tarzan could look over his dominion.



Sitting next to each other on the branch, both boys looked on as the sun began to set. The boys sat quietly next to each other each with an arm around each other's shoulder, basking on the last sunrays of the day, and on each other's company. Both boys felt happy and content to an extent they could not express.

Finally, after the sun had set, and night began to encroach on the jungle, Tarzan guided Mowgli down the tree to the jungle floor, where his burrow was. The dry spot under a large fallen tree was not very big, but it was safe from night predators, free of biting insects, and provided a cover from the frequent rain showers of the jungle.

Tarzan crawled into the burrow first, and motioned to Mowgli to follow him. Both boys lay on the soft sandy ground next to each other. Tarzan embraced Mowgli, cupping him to keep him warm. Soon both boys fell asleep with a gentle smile on their faces. That night neither boy felt cold.

