Baloo-king for some fun

This is moment where I remember what had happened to me and how I'm still annoyed with that shape shifter, Free. Well, I was eaten by something that was apparently hired by that jerk. And yeah, still hate him. That pretty much summarized what happened to me. Now, the first thing that comes to mind when I look at back at start of my brand new adventure, is pain.

I felt a sense of being uneven. There was reason: I was lying on a branch. Not even kidding. My body laid along the tree extension. My first mistake being that I yawned and stretched. Which led to me losing my balance. Now, you would think that it's just a simple straight fall.

NOT!

I fell and hit three branches in my way down. Twice on front, and once on my back. I landed in mud, least I hope it was. That thought crossed me as I fell that I was in a jungle. I could tell from the way of the tree I was falling off of. It was more jungle based, and unlike forests. The area I landed in was fill to the brim with them. The air was humid and heavy. I guess I should be grateful for all the trees, blocks out the sun beaming down directly. By the position of the sun, I would say it's maybe around two in the afternoon. Then again, I don't know the time zone in this world so better not to assume. I looked at my hands and saw they were my human hands. I'll roll with it, I thought to myself at the time. Of course what I expected came a little sooner than I had expected. I heard a deep throat growling coming from behind me. My heart was racing and I was sweating, from heat or fear I couldn't honestly remember. I slowly turned my head to peek over my shoulder and saw a pure black figure with bright yellow eyes. Of course, I just had to get eaten five seconds after my respawn, and by a god dang black panther! The cat looked like he could snap me in two. And those eyes were set on me. I wasn’t in a good position this close. My feet only moved slightly backwards, and it pounced right at me. My forgotten fighting instincts moved my body like I've done this before. My body rolled under the jungle cat like it was all planned. The cat overshot and I ran for the nearest tree and started climbing. The feline got in position again, but just glared up at me from the ground. I threw my left arm in the air, and clenched my fist. An arc of black flames materialized in my Palm for a split second. When the bright flames dimmed, in it's place was the familiar black crystal bow I've come accustomed to. The predator shuddered If only for a second. Maybe it's own instinct was warning the creature that I'm a threat now. I aimed the bow so that the cat was in my line of fire, quite literally too. I placed my fingers on the middle of the bow, and slowly pulled them towards the string. At that moment, a calming black ember manifested in my fingers, and formed an arrow. Ready to shoot. The feline took a step back and I noticed immediately. It wasn't looking at me anymore. It's sights were aimed behind me. As if the situation wasn't demanding enough, I jumped from the branch I set myself on and leaped to another tree. Mid air, I looked at my previous position, and saw snake lunge. At the exact spot where I was standing. It was big enough and thick so that when it bit into me and paralyzed my entire body, when it would trap me in the long brown and yellow coils of it's body, I knew that my body wouldn't even be seem among it. My notched arrow was used when I fired, and it scared off the panther. But of course, my luck isn't good enough for me that it would just let me escape. The branch I grabbed onto broke mid-swing. I was flung into an unseen river bank, and hit it too hard. My body went limp in water, and it was carried in the currents.

I was honestly expecting to get a vision like what usually hassles me when I pass out. But in truth, there was nothing. My mind was blank and everything was black. It was weird though, my mind was blank, but I co could feel and hear everything just fine. Like the fact that my body was being carried over something big. And there's fur, like maybe six inch that covered everything. Based on the motion of the creature carrying me, it was on four legs, short ones at that. I had enough strength to manage opening one of my eyes halfway. What I gathered was that I was being carried by a male, dull blue fur animal that was humming to himself. A bear? My eyes closed again.

Ugh, my head.

I slowly opened my eyes, and was suddenly blinded. To be more precise, when my eyes were not even half opened there was a large black snout sniffing me. Then I was blinded. By the lick to my face. I rose to a sitting position and groaned as I tried to wipe my eyes clean. I realized when I was trying to clear the drool off my face that I ended up changing into my rabbit form. Did the fall throw me off and force me to change physically?

“Good, you finally came to,” said a voice behind me. I cleaned my eyes enough to see that when I looked behind me, in a sitting position like me, was a blue furred bear. He looked at me in relief with his yellow eyes, and I don't mean he had yellow pupils. His entire eyeballs were yellow, and his pupils were black. His snout area was a blue gray tone, which was also the color of his underbelly. “I found ya knocked out in the river. So I pulled you out and brought you somewhere a little safer. You were in some serious killer area, I'm surprised you didn't get killed. Or eaten.” Said the bear. Aside from fur color, he looked like an ordinary bear. Were the creatures here capable of human speech? Or is it that in this form, I can speak animal? I scratched my head in frustration.

“Yeah, thanks for that. So was there a reason for the lick?” I asked my rescuer. He smiled.

“That? Was to wake you up. Least you have a fruit smell to you now,”

“Yay. I love smelling like a fruit basket.” I moaned, cleaning off any possible leftover saliva in my fur. I rose to my feet, and dusted myself off. “Well, I appreciate the save nonetheless. But I better be going.”

“Hey—woah there kiddo!” said the bear, who actually rose to his two feet and cut off my means of escape. “You don't exactly look like a local, and I've never seen you around here,”

“Your point?” I said to him, looking him in the eyes, which was hard cause he was a few feet taller than me.

“My point, is that you are gonna need some help. Unless you wanna land yourself in the river again.” He brings up a good point. If I faced those two again, having a bear on my side would help.

“Fine. You win. But if I'm going to be traveling with you, I would like to know your name. I'm Al.” I put my hand out in an attempt to say thanks.

“Name is Baloo. Nice to meet ya kiddo,” he grasped my hand on his own and shook my arm, along with my body. “So, where are ya heading?” Honestly, good question.

“Good question. Like you said, I'm not from around these parts. So I have no idea where anything is.”

“So. Want to just wander around and see happens?”

“Sounds like everyday for me. Let's do it,” I said, shrugging my shoulders. So far, I haven't had the need to lie or anything. He got down on all four and lifted me off the ground. I was surprised when he flipped me onto his back, and it felt like I was riding a shorter horse with thicker fur. Probably an extra three hundred pounds of fat too. When he looked back at me, he smiled, and we began to walk.

It's official. I hate nature. The bugs kept attacking me. The humidity was starting to get to me. And we were attacked at least two more times since we started. The first was a bunch of angry monkeys, though I found out later that they were actually after Baloo. Reason was, it was his fault their king was gone. He explained that a good friend was taken by them and he went to rescue him, though it got a little out of hand. The second was actually an accident. We nearly were stampede to death by a horde of elephants. Baloo said they were the ones that protect the jungle from harm, and those who do harm. So in a way, they're peace keepers, maybe cops. If they were cops, I’d say they need to lay off the doughnuts. But honestly, that was more a coincidence, less of an attack. Before we knew it, night hit us before we realized it. We found us a nice little spot inside a cave, enough room to fit about twenty bears. Plus, with our combined snoring/breathing echoing through the cave, we'd scare off any attacks. I wanted to keep an eye out though and offered to watch out for any fishy things. Baloo thought I meant literal fish and his stomach started to growl. But he figured we'd be find and pulled me next to him. He curled up into a ball, and I laid next to him, my head resting on his plump gut. Maybe cause of my whole situation, but for some odd reason, I enjoy the sound the inner body makes. Specifically, the stomach. Yep, I'm weird, sue me. We both passed out, the sounds of the jungle night not even affecting us.

Wow, just wow. That's all I had to say when I woke up the next day. That was the thing though, I’ve never survived a whole day in a world! Plus, who knew bears made amazing sleeping buddies? Baloo's fur was so soft and thick that it kept me warm all night. Also, the fact that his body was working all night, so it made noises till I woke up. What made the area convenient was the nearby river. Oddly enough, the old bear told me he's not so into meat as you would think. Fooled me with the belly of his, oh and not to mention those razor sharp teeth. He came back after he went out to look for food in three minutes. The returned with a palm tree leaf, piled with am assortment of fruit and veggies. He landed on the ground, and opened his mouth. Mine dropped. He shoved everything but the leaf into his mouth. The odd thing was that he piled up the food to be seven feet tall. And he didn't bite down nor eat anything separately. The sight of the fruit being replaced with me did cross my mind. Weirdly enough, I wasn’t bothered by it. In fact, I smiled as he licked his lips and rubbed his tummy. If not for my predicament, I'd like to have had stayed here. Then again, there have been others who I would have liked to stayed with. But, that's not my luck. I got up and let him know I was ready to go. His reply was a big belch in my face. Gross, but expected. I wiped the drool off my face and he we both started to laugh. Laugh? Huh. That's when it occurred to me that I haven't really laughed in a long time. Maybe even before my curse, not even in my old life did I really laugh. As I stood there thinking to myself, I got attacked. By baloo's tongue. He managed to lick my entire face in one go, while my fur was soggy and sticking out weirdly.

“Sorry kid. Saw some jam on ya, and I couldn’t help myself,” Baloo said, swallowing down the bits of fruit on my face, along with my fur. Didn't take long for him to get on all four and beckoned me to hop on. I fixed my fur, and hopped on his back. We smiled, and kept on exploring.

So I'm not sure anymore. Do I hate the jungle, or does it simply hate me? The attack number rose from two, to five. We were ambushed my more Panthers, which Baloo failed in trying to reason with them. Another attempt happened while we were getting food and water. I was ambushed by this freaky snake. He got a good eye full before I was helpless. Luckily, the big bear noticed, and scared the critter off. Another was more of a accidental greeting. Vultures tried to eat me, but Baloo recognized them and told them to back off. They talked for awhile before flying away. I think I was attacked by monkeys and a gator. I handled both easily enough on my own. Although, by day’s end we were beat. Exhaustion took over and crashed into a pile of leaves. The old bear was snoring like a baby in an awkward position, where his butt was sticking up in the air. As he snored away, I thought back to earlier that day.

After fighting off the fifth attacker, the gator, I had a visitor. A lone silver wolf with black patches on his eyes, with white eyes. I looked around and saw that it was just us. I was cautious nonetheless, and grabbed a nearby branch.

“You can drop the stick, boy,” said the male wolf in a deep tone.

“No offense if I choose not to listen to something that can tear me to shreds,” I said to him, raising the branch up to look like a baseball bat.

“Fair point. But I'm here as a messenger, nothing more.” The wolf approached me slowly.

“Alright, so what's the message? Just know, I'm still ready to hit you to kingdom come.” The wolf simply laughed at me. And sat down in front of me.

“Hello, my delectable treat. Hope you have been having fun, running around, wolf-wolf,” The wolf spoke in his normal voice, but it might as well have been his. Free. “I’ve asked this nice fellow to tell you something most interesting. See, haven't you wondered why you and your bear friend have been getting attacked so much?” My eyes went wide in terror. The realization becoming apparent. “I'm sure hearing that comment made your spine shiver. So, I have a proposition for you. Leave this world, and I'll have the animals back off. Don't, and you leave this world uncomfortably. But unlike you, your friend won't be alive to see another day.” My blood went cold, imagining if a panther finally got us, leaving Baloo lying in a pool of his blood. Meanwhile, walking away from the scene with a moving, bloated belly. “Don't take too long. Hope to see you soon, my precious appetizer. Farewell.” And like a delivery boy, the wolf got off the ground, and dashed into the darkness of the jungle. Even though it was a message and not the real deal, it felt like he was standing right in front me. Afterwards, I walked back to the bear, and we headed off. I told him about my gator attack, but not about my lone wolf chat.

I sat next to the outcold bear, snoring away like nothing. I smiled, and kissed his nose.

“I will always remember the time I shared with you, Baloo. Thank you,” I whispered to myself, softly enough to where he can't hear me. I got my elbows and knees and looked into the mouth of the sleeping bear, which kept opening and closing as he snored. I looked inside the dark tunnel, which was protected by his teeth and just waiting to gobble me up with the red carpet that was his tongue. My chances of getting in like that was impossible. Then, I remembered what he told me the other day about his dreams lately. I moved slowly to his ear, and whispered. “Hey Baloo. Mind eating me up?” I tried to sound as convincing as a dream could be. He let it slip that since he saved me, he's dreamt of eating me up. I joked around asking how I tasted. The old softie blushed and went back to eating his fruit. Baloo was still sleeping, but he replied in a tired manner.

“Hop in kid. I promise to be nice,” he then stopped snoring, and just like I guessed, his tongue laid on the dirt with his mouth wide opened as he moaned.

“Thank you, Baloo. Let me know how I taste.” I couldn't help saying it to him. I was genuinely curious how he thought I tasted. I put my head on the lying tongue, looking down his throat. I had enough time to close my eyes before he pulled my entire head into his mouth. The rest was quick. He slurped me down like a spaghetti string, my body being slowly pulled down deeper into his body. I smiled while being sucked in. This was for the sake of someone I thought of as a friend. The rhythm that his body was making was evidence. The noises of his body as they welcomed me inside. When my body slid inside his belly all at once, I was expecting it to be dark and smelly. I was actually wrong. The dork never checked his fruit for bugs. There was two firefly inside him, lighting up the damp fleshy room. And it did technically smell. But it smelled of fruit. It was actually very calming inside there. As the body gurgle and groan, I heard the faint voice of my friend.

“You were so tasty. Like fish and honey. Thank you for letting me eat you,” baloo said, still talking in his sleep. I closed my eyes and smiled, resting my head against the nearest stomach wall. Satisfied as I waited for my end.

Baloo woke up the next day, fully rested and recharged. He stretched and smiled. But when he looked around, Al was no where in sight. Did he finally decide to go off on own adventure without him? Though sad at first, he smiled and went to get some food. But just as he was about to chomp down on a Apple, he realized he wasn’t actually hungry. He did a belly drum, patting the unchanged gut.

“Hm. Never thought a dream would fill me up so much,” Baloo said to himself, humming. He recalled the familiar dream of eating his fuzz bud after being asked to do so by him. But unlike the other times, this time there was a flavor to it. He looked down at his stomach and patted it. “Well, in a way, guess you and me are still on our adventure together, aren't we kid?” The big blue bear resumed humming, dancing as he entered the jungle with his stubby tail wagging along with his shaking butt.