

# Friendship Between A Man, And A Wolf

By DeathNinja919

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*This is for a man who died recently. A stingray's barb in his, heart... We'll miss you... STEVE IRWIN!!*

*Steve Irwin*

*1962-2006*

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# 1 - Being Found; Being Friends

I swished my wolf tail back and forth, looking at all the Elephants that wandered on the plains. My name is Dameon. I'm a wolf. I left my home one day and traveled to Africa. It had appeared my boyfriend, Batista, had followed me as well. He's a wolf too! Now I help protect the plains I collapsed at. I noticed my friends running over. Jamie and Jeff, they had took care of me while I collapsed, their lions. Jeff was known to be the strongest lion there. Jamie was his girlfriend, Jeff calls her 'soon to be queen'. "Hey!" Jamie shouted as she playfully tackled me. We rolled around in the tall grass, playing. Jeff sat next to Batista and watched.

We finally stopped laughing and wanted to know what Jeff was going to say. "We're going to go heard the Elephants today. You guys wanna come?" asked Jeff and Jamie moved his neon mane out of his eyes. "Alright," I said. "I'm getting tired of just watching them anyways."

We ran out farther into the plains, and started moving the Elephants towards the watering hole. I noticed, not too far away, a truck had pulled up on the plains. A bunch of men with black things that had lenses on them came up towards a man who walked up to me. "Ah, ain't she a beaut?" asked the Austrailin man. He kneeled down to me. "Your a fair age, aren't you?" he asked. He reached out his hand to pet me. I enjoyed being pet, even if I didn't know who this guy was. "Ah, it appears this beaut has some friends! G'day!" he said as he looked at Jamie, Jeff and Batista. Batista walked up to me and stood infront of me, growling. "No, Batista... I think this guy is okay..." I whispered. "Aha! Bark bark to you too!" he laughed. He turned towards the black thingys.

"Now, you never wanna get too close to a wolf. Especially if there is a female and a protective male. Now, onto these here lions. Crikey! This male seems to be the king of his kind. With his queen!" he laughed. "Alright Steve," the guy holding the black thing said. "We're packing up." 'Steve' kneeled down close to me. "I'll be back tomorrow, promise!" he whispered. He got into the truck and left.