

Chapter 17 - The Gold of Opar

Chapter 17 - The Gold of Opar begins with Tarzan halting momentarily, his senses alert as he sniffed the air. With the swift precision of a jungle predator, he changed his course and silently moved towards the location where the ape and Jane were. As he drew closer, he heard the growls of the great ape and the soft whimpers of Jane, signaling the danger she was in. Tarzan's instincts told him to move quickly, driven by the urgency to rescue her, knowing the ape was a formidable threat. The sounds of the jungle echoed in the background as he closed in, his every movement calculated, intent on reaching Jane before the ape could cause more harm.

When Tarzan entered the clearing, the sight before him filled him with a primal fury. The ape had already managed to free Jane from her bonds and, in a twisted sense of ownership, had positioned itself defensively between Jane and Tarzan. The beast seemed to claim her as its prize, its posture threatening. Tarzan's anger boiled over, and with a roar that blended both human and animalistic rage, he charged. The ape, perhaps realizing the strength of its adversary, attempted to flee but was caught by Tarzan before it could escape. The two collided violently, tumbling through the leaves and dirt, locked in a fierce battle where agility and strength became the deciding factors. The fight, though intense, was short-lived, as Tarzan's superior skill and strength ultimately prevailed. With a decisive punch, the ape was knocked out, leaving it motionless on the ground.

After the battle, Tarzan's focus shifted to Jane, his expression softening as he turned his attention to her. The terror of the confrontation faded from his face, replaced with a gentle concern for her well-being. Jane, still disoriented from her frightening experience, gazed into Tarzan's eyes, unsure of who this mysterious man was. Her heart raced as she saw the wild ferocity in his expression, still lingering from the fight. Tarzan, sensing her confusion, spoke in soft tones to reassure her. His touch was

gentle and caring as he checked her for injuries, contrasting with the brutal force he had just used to defeat the ape. Once satisfied that she was unharmed, his gaze shifted to their immediate situation, recognizing that they weren't out of danger yet.

Tarzan's experience with the jungle and its threats made him aware that they couldn't afford to linger. The sounds of their struggle were sure to have attracted attention, and danger could be closing in. Without hesitation, he lifted Jane effortlessly into his arms, moving with the speed and grace of a jungle cat. The night around them was alive with the sounds of the jungle, but Tarzan moved as if he were one with it, silent and swift. Jane, safe in his arms, marveled at the moonlight filtering through the trees. Despite the danger they faced, a sense of calm washed over her, a strange feeling of security in the wild man's grasp. She wondered how events had led her to be here, carried by this fierce protector who seemed so attuned to the jungle's rhythms.

As they moved further into the jungle, Jane's mind wandered to the future. Despite the immediate danger they had just escaped, she felt an unspoken promise of protection from Tarzan, as if he had vowed to keep her safe. Yet, she was not naive enough to think their journey would be without peril. The jungle was vast and filled with unknown dangers, and she knew their struggles were far from over. Still, as she nestled against Tarzan, held close in the embrace of the jungle night, the overwhelming sense of safety in his presence made the future feel distant. For now, she was content to be in his arms, knowing that whatever lay ahead, they would face it together. The uncertainty of the journey was momentarily forgotten, replaced by a fleeting sense of peace in the darkness of the jungle.