

# Moose

## Shelby Morgen

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Amy blew a strand of hair out of her eyes. Damn it all to hell. Another perfectly good weekend lost. Weren't there whole websites of nature photography out there, free for the taking? Why this mountain? This weekend? She was supposed to be home, damn it. Getting laid. Fat chance of that now.

Darren, her pilot boy friend, wasn't the type to understand why Amy had to take this assignment while he was in town. He wasn't the most understanding sort to begin with, but then, she didn't date him for his personality. Truth was he was hung like a porn star, and with a life like hers, she didn't need or want any real commitments.

Sex with Darren was incredible, and she wasn't getting any. She was trekking through the woods looking for a Moose. The thought made her laugh. Darren would never get over being dumped for a moose. Her favorite bawdy drinking song, one she'd learned back in her college days, came to mind.

Moose, moose, I likes a moose,  
I've never had anything quite like a moose.  
I've had lots of lovers, my life has been loose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.

She heard a noise off to the side and stopped, camera automatically on as she swept the edge of the clearing.

She wasn't the only one looking. Huge dark eyes stared back at the lens. Amy panned out, getting a good shot of the entire... Oh. My. God. Everything about this

creature was magnificent. The song writer had it all wrong. It wasn't a man's song at all. Unless he was gay, and she wasn't even going there. In fourteen years as a photographer she'd seen some unusual things, but never had she seen anything that compared to this Moose.

His cock had to be all of 14 inches long and hard as a -- well, hard. Was there a she-moose around he had the hots for or something? Surely a moose didn't go around with a hard-on like that all the time. He had to be looking for some special lady. Lady moose that is. Not her. Not Amy-the-not-getting-fucked-again-for-a-very-long-time.

OK, that was just sick. It was a moose for God's sakes. She was not staring at a moose's hard on. She forced herself to pan the camera away from that dark glistening head back to his other head. The one with the soulful liquid brown eyes that spoke to her, challenging...

Forget it. She was a photographer. Here on assignment. No matter how horny she was, she wasn't getting any closer.

"I can make you happy, Amy."

She nearly jumped out of her skin. But she didn't drop her camera. "Who said that?"

"He's no good for you, Amy. He doesn't love you. He's just a handy fuck. I could be so much more."

"Who are you, where are you, and who the hell are you to tell me how to run my sex life?"

The moose took two steps, out of the undergrowth into the long, waiving green grass of the clearing. "You know who I am. You sing to me. Your body calls to me. You know you want me. Almost as much as I want you. Come to me. Don't be afraid."

"No, no, no, no. Mooses don't talk. And if they did they wouldn't talk to human women. Go find yourself a nice girl moose to play with. I've got what I came for. I'm going home to my nice, sane life, where, if I'm very, very lucky, Mr. Happy will have a thing or two to say to me about being out on assignment all day. Goodbye now. Thanks for the pictures. Gotta go."

“Amy...”

Psychotic break. Delusional fit, caused, no doubt, by lack of sex. Yeah, that was it. Time to go see the nice doctors at the big hospital down town.

“Amy, don’t go. Please.”

Yeah. Well, the whole going thing was gonna be kinda hard, cause Mr. Moose now had her boxed in. And he was close enough for her to get an even better look at that huge Moose cock. This was wrong. So wrong, on so many levels.

“I need you. Touch me, Amy. Please.”

Was he crying? Amy reached out a tentative hand to wipe the single drop of moisture from the sleek brown coat. The soft, rich fur pushed against her palm, the way a cat would.

And then the fur changed. Became longer, thicker, receding to the back of the head of a man she’d known for years. The man who’d sent her on this assignment in the first place.

“Alan?” She blinked, looking at the tall, magnificently naked man standing before her. “What are you doing here? Why are you -- what happened to the -- oh dear God.”

“Amy.”

Good Lord, there’d been a body like that hiding behind his office casuals all these years? Broad shoulders, narrow waist, long and lean and hard... oh God was he ever hard. Amy dropped her hand from his cheek to his chest. The soft mat of fur there narrowed down to an arrow, pointing straight to that magnificent cock.

All thought of what’s his name fled her mind. Alan was right. Everything she’d always wanted was right in front of her. “Alan...”

Powerful arms swept her up, trapping his cock against her pussy as he covered her mouth with his, devouring her. Her pulse throbbed in her nipples, stabbing toward him, saluting in painful awareness. She ground her aching pussy against his cock, seeking relief for the intense need that threatened to consume her. “Fuck me!” she ordered. “Oh, God, please fuck me!”

Gentle hands stilled her, covering her own, keeping her from ripping off all her clothes. "Shhh. It's the pheromones. I don't want you to do something you'll regret."

"Pheromones, huh? Well if you could bottle that stuff you'd make a fortune. Now shut up and fuck me."

"But will you still respect me in the morning?"

The laughter in his voice was contagious. Amy raced with him to undo her blouse and jeans, thankful she hadn't bothered with more. It was a weekend assignment, after all, and it wasn't too likely the moose would object to her lack of a bra. Alan certainly didn't. She heard his sharp intake of breath as he raised her breast to his lips like a delicate treat he was about to feast on.

And feast he did, lapping and sucking her nipple till cream spilled out of her pussy and she raised a leg to wrap around his waist. So close, but he was too tall. She couldn't quite reach. The head of his cock fluttered against her belly, leaking drops of pre-cum onto her trembling skin. She rose up on her tiptoes, but it was no use. The man was just too big.

"Turn around." Strong hands turned her by her shoulders, not waiting for her to follow directions. "Down."

Even as she dropped to the ground on her hands and knees, he was spreading her legs apart, his fingers trailing through the thick curls of her pussy, opening her up for his deep, hard thrust. "Oh, yes!" she cried as he surged into her, stretching her almost to the point of pain. "Yes! Fuck me! Oh Alan, fuck me!"

Hard and fast he plunged in, riding her deep and hard, his hand beneath her teasing her clit with each stroke of that huge cock. Long, deep strokes, in and out, deep and hard, fast and hot, her body burning up with long overdue need.

Sure, knowing fingers pinched her clit, sending her into a screaming orgasm. She never screamed when she came -- never had before. She did this time, and again and again as he drove into her, stroking and pinching as he brought her to orgasm again and again.

Amy milked him hard with her cunt, determined to offer him the release he's gifted her with. She turned her head as far as it would go, trying to reach something, anything. Her teeth latched onto his forearm, biting down hard.

"Fuck!" he roared as he spilled himself into her.

Amy laughed, a low deep rumble as they tumbled to the ground together. "God, that was good."

"Oh yeah..."

"We should have done this before."

"I..."

"What?"

"I didn't think you'd take it so well. The whole moose thing. Tried to tell you. Came to your house one time..."

"That story about the moose in town two years ago? That was you?"

"Fish and Wildlife relocated me. Took me days to get back. Ended up hitch hiking most of the way. Just too dangerous being out on the road..."

"And I thought you were taking an extra long vacation. Avoiding me, and right when I broke up with Stevie."

"You really do have lousy taste in men."

"You'll just have to protect me from myself." Amy laughed.

"I think that could be arranged."