

Moose Stuff

The leather had to be custom, they just didn't make chaps and harnesses that big! The moose smiled confidently with his boots up on the desk and his huge arms behind his head. One of his antlers had a gold ring pierced through it much like the pair adorning his thick brown nipples that rose out of the hairy field he called a chest. Big brown eyes stared intently into the cat's until the cat couldn't help but bow his head in supplication. A low rumble that turned out to be a chuckle rose from his chest and the big male sat up, arms across his knees as he grinned.

"What a cute new pet," came a low baritone like thunder and he stood up, a solid foot taller than the feline. Every inch, and there were many of those, was huge. The moose's cock hung down from his bare crotch like a wind sock draped over a pair of fat walnuts. It stirred as he eyed the chubby tabby over, filling out slowly and growing longer and thicker. The cat's eyes grew wider and he shivered, his paws fidgeting behind his back.

The great wall of moose stood before the trembling cat and stroked the feline's chin with thumb and forefinger. A dark thumbnail traced over the cat's lips before gently pressing between them. He smiled widely as the tabby opened his mouth to accept it and lightly suckled on the digit. He stroked the chin a moment longer before pulling his thumb free and turning around.

His back was as broad and firm as the rest of him, the chaps framing his brown furry ass in black. A stubby, scruffy tail perched atop the cheeks, the curves chiseled out of inviting chocolate. One arm rose up over his shoulder to point a thumb down toward his buttocks.

"Kneel and lick," the moose commanded. The cat dropped to his knees and wasted no time burying his face between the fleshy mounds. Paws gripped and kneaded over them as the pink ribbon of the cat's tongue buried itself into the warm forbidden valley within. The leather moose rumbled pleasantly "Trained, a little bit," he noted, tree trunk legs spread apart as he was rimmed eagerly.

The two stood like that a long moment, the master giving pleasant rumbles and groans as the slave worked his tongue diligently into the moose's nethers. One shovel-like hand descended to cup the tabby's head and grind him deeper between the brown furry cheeks. The cat didn't resist, only purred louder.

Then the moose stepped away, leather shining in the room light, before he turned with dick in hand and stared the cat down.

"Kiss," he offered up his fat dickhead, plump and drooling as he stroked it slowly along the long shaft. The cat's lips met it with equal fervor as his tongue before but only a kiss, overeager slaves did more than they were told and got punished, the tabby knew. The moose slid a boot forward and the cat went down to meet it, bowing his head as he kissed the hard leather.

"Good boy," Master crooned then ordered "Watch." The eyes looked up as he stroked himself, every inch of his meaty pillar throbbing as it stiffened up fully and both of the moose's giants hands couldn't hide it as they pulled and stroked end over end.

He raised the dark brown rod toward the ceiling, every vein on the shaft standing out what wasn't covered in his grip and the tip gave up a growing bead of pre-cum.

"This cock is your Master. You will serve and worship it every moment you can, your mouth will wake it every morning just as your ass will sheath it every night and it will use you as

it pleases at any time, for any reason," the moose explained, his brown eyes locked to the cat's blue. He leaned forward and dabbed the fat mushroom to the cat's forehead, leaving a big wet spot, and then dragged the bunt head down over the cat's cheek to tickle over his whiskers and rub over his lips. The hard cock rose up once and then lightly smacked down on the cat's nose. "Understand?" he asked in a guttural growl.

The cat nodded, half nuzzling the hot fleshy rod before kissing the tip again.

"Yes Sir," he mewled.

The moose tapped his dick over the cat's face several more times, letting him feel the heat and firmness of it before placing it to his lips once more. The slave's tongue slid out, he knew it would be more than a kiss this time, and was rewarded with half of the moose's cock stretching his jaws apart. Master was firm but gentle with the stroke and fed in slowly without relenting to let it glide over the cat's tongue.

"You are no more than a receptacle for my seed," the moose said as he sawed his thick cock back and forth over the cat's tongue. "Cum is a blessing by your superior and you will never waste a drop." The cat gave a slight nod to show he understood, sucking over the rod as it trickled more slick pre down his throat. The cock came out and wiped itself on his cheeks.

"Master's orgasm is your duty, your purpose, and your own pleasure. Good slaves are rewarded, sometimes." A black boot lifted and stroked the cat's balls with the toe, making the chubby tabby shiver and moan. The boot pressed a little higher until the cat's balls straddled either side. "And bad slaves are punished," he finished. The cat trembled a little harder but continued to suck the long, thick member.

The moose set his boot down again and just savored the feeling of the warm mouth bobbing over him. One big hand went to his chest to pinch and roll one of his nipples between his fingers. His other hand rubbed over the tabby's head, over the ears, and down the back of his head again as his hips began to rock and gently thrust in and out of the willing hole. He could feel the tabby's face blushing red with the heat it was giving off. He withdrew himself with a lewd slurp and tapped the cat's chin with it.

"Pussy like his treat?" he mocked in that low baritone, leaving more wet spots in the cat's fur as he dabbed pre and saliva over his whiskers. The tabby's ears splayed back and he mewled another 'yes sir' before that dick was between his lips again and easing deeper, probing his limits. The thick hips pressed forward and fed the pole gently but firmly, sinking in inch after inch without stopping before it pulled back to the tip, then plunged forward a little further. The cat's eyes went wide but soon enough his nose was pressed into the dark bush of pubes at the base of the wide manhood and the fat nuts settled to either side of his chin. One of the broad hands descended again and cupped the back of his head and held him there. Every moment he could feel the entire pole throbbing in time with the moose's heartbeat and each pulse signaled another moment he didn't have air.

His eyes glanced up to see the big leather man smiling devilishly down at him. The cat started to squirm, first with a little shake of his head, and then his paws lightly slapped his palms over the big thighs. One more moment passed by and the moose didn't move, the cat's lungs starting to burn, before he pulled back entirely, even taking a full step back, to show the cat the full, wet length glistening in the light. Thick fingers pinched the head and pulled it aside, the moose's muzzle perking up in a smirk as the cat's eyes studied the length in full view.

That big hand wrapped around the wet cock again and began to vigorously pump it, smoothly gliding over the slick flesh faster and faster until the loud 'schlick-schlick' noise drowned out everything else in the room. The fat little cat stood on his knees and stared, the shiny tip aimed at him like a gun barrel. He licked his lips and started to reach a paw between his legs before the moose's eyebrow raised ever so slightly and he slipped both paws behind his back, sitting up a little straighter with his stiff cock jutting outward.

The moose began to grunt and huff with great bellowing breaths. His thick leathery legs spread wider and he squatted down, bringing his crotch more in line with the cat's head, with one hand setting to his knee for support. His hand flew up and down his slick pole with his eyes locked down toward it as he continued to grunt and even growl. His chest heave and tightened up and the big male hunched forward with a loud growl that sent a shudder up his spine. His hips thrust forward and he bucked at the cat before the long dark cock flared in his hand, the head swelling up dark and angry, before it began to spit long white ropes of spunk at the cat's face and chest.

The cat, for his part, stood still, his face red as an apple and feeling hotter than the sun, as the sticky goo flew at him and splattered off his cheeks, chin, and chest, to drip down into his fur in long strands. He didn't flinch though and even opened his mouth, taking a few shots onto his tongue as the moose continued to groan. The big male leaned forward, one hand clapping down on the cat's shoulder, and shoved his cock against the slave's face to smear the tip across his cheeks. The big tip went between the cat's lips again and he could feel the last of the orgasm dribble out onto his tongue. The moose stood over him huffing deeply and held himself there with his eyes closed and a wide smile on his face.

He stood up slowly, stretching his arms out wide and arching his back until it popped, and then smiled as he walked back toward the desk. He turned round and set his ass against the edge, setting his hands to it, with his dick hanging down while it softened up.

"Not bad, kid," he said in that low rumble of his. The cat gave a little nod, his paws crossed behind his back now, and stood still with the cum still dripping off his face and quickly cooling. "Like how you get right into character."

Another nod. His eyes kept to the moose's, now half-hard, dick, while his own still stood straight out. The moose crossed his thick arms across his broad chest and looked down at him, a wide smile on his muzzle. He crossed his legs, one foot over the other, and gave the top boot a little wiggle.

"Kiss," he rumbled. Without hesitation, the cat went forward on all fours and crawled over to the desk until his cum slicked muzzle pressed down and kissed the dark leather again. Then he yelped as a hand came down across his broad bare ass and stung one cheek with a hard swat. The other cheek got a swat and he jumped, but otherwise held still, muzzle an inch from the moose's boot.

"Heh. You are good." The same hand squeezed and rubbed over one cheek, then the other. One finger slid down the crack and the cat let out a low moan before he arched his tail higher. "What a horny little pussy," came the next rumble and a digit rubbed round and round the tight, warm pucker within. The cat mewled and his ears went back. The other hand gripped a cheek and peeled it aside as he continued to rub with his finger. Then it pulled back and tapped down on the hole, lightly smacking it and making the cat mewl and moan and squirm. The hand came up again but this time just to wet the finger, the moose making a show of

popping it out of his lips before he pressed it back between the warm cheeks. The cat let out a soft gasp as the finger opened him up. It sank in to the knuckle and worked in and out slowly, making the tabby gasp louder, his claws coming out to lightly scrape the carpet.

"Oh aren't you cute. Alright, play time is done," the moose said and pulled his finger free before delivering a swat that landed across both cheeks. The cat yelped again but this time he stood up, a little smile on his face. He started to wipe some of the dripping spunk from his chin with a paw, cleaning it off his finger with his tongue. The moose just chuckled and pulled a small hand towel out of one of the desk drawers, pressing it into the cat's paw as he took the other in hand and gave it a light shake.

"Frank," he said.

"David," the cat replied and started to mop the spunk out of his fur as best as he could. "So, did I get the part?"

Frank's head went back and his laugh rumbled out hard and loud. "Yeah dude you got the part. You're perfect for it. Might have to take you on the side some more, actually," he said with a smirk, catching the cat's chin with a couple fingers and stroking across his lips with a thumb. "Might be nice to pound that backside. Though I'll get a crack at that next week."

The cat's blush came back strong but he gave a nod, opening his mouth to suck the moose's thumb tip a little. Frank chuckled again.

"Uh, so you mind, uh?" David stuttered a little and glanced down. His dick still stood out stiff and throbbing. The moose hmm'ed down at it and reached down to wrap his thick fingers around it, completely hiding it as he gave it a firm squeeze. The tabby gasped.

"Naw. I want to get a nice, thick load out of you for the film. You should start now. In fact, why don't you take one of the props we're going to use?" he let go of David's cock and turned again, pulling from another drawer. "This ought to be your size."

The tabby's eyes grew wide again as the cage was pressed into his free paw. It was a clear silicon thing, a vaguely dick shaped part attached to a ring behind it. He turned it over a few times to look it over.

"You pull this strap out here," Frank showed him with his fingers "To take the ring off. Slip your through it, then slide the cage proper on, and put the strap back in. Oh, and here." He took the small, open padlock, and slipped it through the small plug at the top that kept the ring, strap, and cage proper all together.

"Where's the key?" came immediately from the cat. The moose's wry smile came back.

"Aren't we a presumptuous little slave," he teased, which made the cat blush all the harder. But he pulled a key from the same drawer.

"Kevin has the copy. He'll give it to you. This is mine," Frank's voice rumbled in enough of a hint that the tabby just nodded quietly. Then his ears perked up again.

"Wait. I have to trust Kevin with my..." he trailed off, lifting the cage up. Frank just laughed again.

"Don't trust your roommate? It is only for a week. I can kick in a bonus for going through with it. I mean, besides unlocking it myself," that coy smile came back and Frank's hand wrapped around the cat's cock again for a firm squeeze. It sent a shock up the cat's spine and David couldn't help but moan again. He bit his lip.

"Yes Sir," was all he said. Frank laughed again and let go, then lightly tapped it with a couple fingers, which just made the cat tremble and moan louder.

“Good. I’ll make it worth your while then. You can wait til you soften up to get it on. Though, I dunno,” he gave it another squeeze, grinning wickedly. “Might just fit as it is.”

David’s body gave a shiver and he glanced down at the moose’s hand completely hiding his manhood, then at the silicon cage in his paw. His brow furrowed.

“It’s not that small,” was all he could mutter. Frank just smiled and let go.

“You can put it on in the changing room with the rest of your clothes. It’s pretty comfortable. Make sure Kevin sends me a picture when you get the key.” That dark chuckle rumbled the cat’s ears and he just nodded, his face beet red below the fur.

“Sure. I’ll uh, see you next week,” David said as he set the cum rag on the desk and shook Frank’s hand again. He turned to go, feeling the moose’s eyes on his plump butt as he walked out, and looked down at the cage in his paw.

“A week, huh,” he thought quietly to himself.

(The end for now).