

Malcolm's Fares #1: Brazilian Heat

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Malcolm cruised around the streets of downtown Kingston in his vintage Checker Marathon Taxi Cab, the monstrous vehicle making slow progress through the crowded streets. Being only twenty six years old, Malcolm was a full year younger than the vehicle, but "Vanessa" as he called it was his pride and joy. He spent more time in it than he did in his apartment, and he had decked out the vehicle with the utmost in modern care and comfort. The original hard-but-durable seats had been replaced by soft, plush leather ones suitable for laying down on, and Malcolm had painted the exterior in the green, black and yellow colors of his homeland. The interior, too, was mostly green, yellow and black, as were the assortment of trinkets stashed or glued around the inside of the vehicle. Indeed, the interior of Malcolm's cab looked a great deal like a gift shop, with souvenirs and patriotic paraphernalia scattered all over. There was also a small portable DVD player installed in the back seat, and of course a considerable custom sound system of Malcolm's own design.

Malcolm himself was a mix of kitsch and comfort just like his vehicle. Malcolm was a mongoose, born and raised on the island yet fortunate enough to have been educated in the US. He dressed in a patriotic Jamaican Flag shirt (which was almost always unbuttoned) and bright blue draw string trunks, along with sandals. His firm and toned body was far from that of the normal taxi driver and much closer to one who might be modeling jeans or underwear. He had firm, well developed six pack abs which shone even though his amber fur, and his arms and legs showed musculature that had been earned through a rigorous morning and evening workout routine. To say that Malcolm was handsome was a bit of an understatement, but his carefully sculpted and maintained body was not kept out of vanity but instead the unique nature of his job. While Malcolm was ostensibly an independent cab driver and he did pick up a few fares every day, his true occupation was that of a gigolo, and every day he worked to trim and maintain his perfect form so as to turn the head of even the most discriminating customers.

Malcolm's true occupation was also his passion, and over many years he had turned the seduction and pleasuring of his customers into a fine art. Though he had been the lust of many a girl and enemy of many a boyfriend in his teen years, his brief stint in America earning his MBA had let him know that his look, feel and warming smile gave him a subtle power over females. He had learned how to make girls feel comfortable, feel beautiful, and feel pleasure. He was well equipped for the job, his massive shaft being near a foot long when erect, and his hands were as supple and gentle as they were

powerful and strong. Though he knew better than to say he could seduce and pleasure any woman, he knew that he could probably have given Casanova a run for the money, if they had happened to meet.

Malcolm's cab was decked out for his occupation, albeit covertly. While most turned a blind eye to his life as a gigolo, he knew better than to invite suspicion. He was, after all, breaking a number of minor laws, and he could very easily get himself on the wrong side of the police if he wasn't discreet. He had installed a small cooler on rails under the front seat, allowing him easy access to chilled beer, champagne and a few of the harder liquors. Though his DVD player was always set to play a short video of Jamaica's history and major attractions put out by the tourism board, he had a number of DVDs of his own making, featuring himself and a few of his admirers, stashed away in the glove compartment. In addition to local and patriotic Jamaican tunes, his sound system also had a few MP3s of his own creation, which extolled his sexual prowess as best he could without bragging or making the listener feel put on. Malcolm had always had a talent for poetry, and during college he had taught himself to rap in a smooth, silky R&B manner that he was very proud of. Doing so had also shed him of most of the Jamaican Patois he had grown up speaking, but he found that the more subtle and sweet accent he had now seemed to go over better with the tourists anyway. They seemed a lot more comfortable when he sounded more like the boyfriend they had back home than some exotic stud animal.

Malcolm wasn't having any luck today, though. The spring break season had come and gone, and the period between the end of spring break and the beginning of the proper tourist season was always a low point for him. Malcolm had even reduced himself to picking up old Midwestern couples and drunken locals in order to have enough money for gas and rent, something that he hated. Twice he'd already had to scrub out the back of Vanessa, once due to a spilled beer and once due to vomit. It was during this time of year that Malcolm tended to re-think his decision to work as a gigolo, and he'd already been applying to various modeling organizations around the island. When he was reduced to picking up bickering old ladies who thought he was going to try and steal their purse, the idea of getting paid a nice, steady wage just to stand still and look handsome became very appealing.

All of his thoughts of quitting his choice of occupation passed when he saw the seal standing on the sidewalk wearing nothing but a bikini and a sad look on her face. She had one of those tight, toned, knockout bodies that only the truly beautiful and fortunate end up with, and everything from her huge double-D tits to her wide hips to her tight waist to her bouncy ass was as perfect as Malcolm had ever seen. Whoever she was, she made even Malcolm's jaw drop, and he almost crashed into the motorcycle in front of him as his eyes left the road. The reason for her disappear was obvious: pinned to her bright green, Brazilian-flag bikini was a big red "2nd Place" button. Whatever callous saps had brought her to the International Bikini

Competition must have brushed her off after she failed to take the only place that mattered, but Malcolm didn't care. All he saw was a "fare" that he desperately wanted to take. This seal girl needed to have the time of her life, and Malcolm was going to give it to her.

Malcolm pulled up alongside her and reached back to open her door, smiling as broadly as he could. "Hop in," he said in his most delicate accent. "I'll take you anywhere you want to go!" The seal girl nodded and slowly got into the back of his car, sitting down with a heavy sigh. Malcolm kept the air conditioning on in Vanessa for the comfort of his fares, but in her scanty clothing the seal girl's nipples quickly grew hard as she curled up and shivered. Malcolm had to admit he really liked seeing her nipples pressed tightly against the soft, smooth fabric of her bikini, but he turned off the air conditioning and rolled the windows down a bit to let in the warm tropical air.

"King's Hotel," said the seal. She looked dejectedly and distractedly at the DVD player in front of her, staring at it the way one does when one is trying to block out the outside world. Malcolm frowned a bit, but then smiled big into the mirror, trying to catch her eye with his big, shining smile.

"So tell me, beautiful, what's your name?" said Malcolm. He saw her blush a little when he called her beautiful, and that made him smile all the more. It was his key to her heart, what he needed to win her over.

"My name is Lontra," said the seal girl. She had a thick but not impenetrable Brazilian accent that wafted through the air in a sing-song fashion. It was a delight to Malcolm's ears.

"A pretty name for a pretty face," said Malcolm. Lontra smiled some more, but looked distractedly out the partially open window. Malcolm needed to get her to open up a bit more. "So what's your story? What brings you to the island?"

"I'm a professional bikini model," said Lontra. "Mostly I work for Double-B Bikinis, modeling their latest creations. But what I really want to do is beauty pageants, you know? So when I can, I sign up for them." Lontra let out a deep sigh, her body seeming to sink into the seat. "But I just never win, you know?"

"Those things are so unfair," said Malcolm. "I mean really, if a girl as pretty as you isn't the winner, then what sort of crazy criteria are they going by? I mean...Well, you know what I mean, right? You're beautiful." Malcolm smiled, but Lontra didn't seem to notice. Clearly, Malcolm hadn't gotten it right. But he wasn't discouraged. "So, do you have any plans for the evening?"

"I don't know, outside of sleeping, maybe hitting a few bars," said Lontra.

"Alone? A pretty girl like you?" said Malcolm. "At least let me take you some place, tag along."

"Well, all right," said Lontra. "I'll need to change first. Are we at the hotel yet?"

"Actually yes," said Malcolm. "Want me to keep the motor running?" This made Lontra chuckle a little.

"A girl needs time to get ready!" said Lontra. "But please, do wait up." Lontra smiled as she got out of the car, and Malcolm smiled back. He was warming her up a bit, and he knew that was all he needed to have her.

Lontra grinned as she leaned on the side of Vanessa. She was visibly drunk, and was dependent on the car to keep herself upright. Malcolm grinned and grabbed her by the shoulder, gently caressing her spaghetti string top between two of his fingers. "I think you've had enough for now," said Malcolm.

"Yesh, sound about right," said Lontra. "Don' worry tho, I sober up pretty quick...I used to party a lot in college, y'see."

"You went to college?" asked Malcolm. He moved up behind Lontra now, nuzzling her gently as he looked out to the sea over the top of her head. They were high up on top of the mountain, on one of the many scenic pull-offs frequented by teenagers and various drunken revelers. Malcolm and Lontra certainly weren't alone, but Lontra was acting like it.

"Yeah, I was going to be a doctor," said Lontra, leaning back into Malcolm's muscled chest. "But I didn't have the money to continue on to my doctorate. So I quit after getting my degree and went on to this. I figured maybe I could, you know, earn and win enough money to get at it again, but that was a long time ago."

Malcolm gently caressed Lontra's shoulders, letting his hot breath seep into her hair as he let out a soft, low sigh. Lontra shivered, though whether from the cold or Malcolm's touch he wasn't sure. "Well, don't give up hope," said Malcolm. "A smart, pretty girl always has room to dream." Lontra sighed, then turned around in Malcolm's arms.

"Do you really think I'm pretty?" said Lontra. She stared deep into Malcolm's eyes, and he stared back into Lontra's deep, needing pools. Knowing better than to talk, he pulled her mouth to his, bringing her in for a deep, longing kiss. Lontra pushed herself onto Malcolm, and the big mongoose reached down and gripped Lontra firmly, holding and pushing her tightly. They embraced like this for several minutes, and when Lontra finally broke the kiss she gasped as though she had just come up from the bottom of the ocean. "Well, I guess that answers my question," said Lontra, giggling. Malcolm licked his lips.

"I've been told I have a very talented tongue," said Malcolm. This made Lontra giggle even more, but it was clear she had more on her mind than just giggles and cuddles. Lontra hopped up onto the hood of Malcolm's car and spread her legs, grinning. She wasn't wearing any panties under her miniskirt, and in the light of the full moon Malcolm could see that she was glistening.

"Well then let's see if you can meet your reputation," said Lontra. Malcolm grinned and knelt down in the sand and gravel his car was parked on. He took his time slipping between Lontra's legs, making sure to enjoy the smell and the scent he found down there. He probed gently with his tongue at first, licking and slurping at her slit gently before bringing up his fingers to probe softly.

Lontra had to lean back on the hood and grip it firmly to keep from falling off, and it took all her self control to keep from crying out. Not that things were silent, indeed one of the nearby cars was both quite noisy and very much in motion. But as Lontra's face grew red and her hands came up to caress her breasts, she did her best to retain her composure. Still, she couldn't help smiling and gasping down at the talented Malcolm, who paused his tongue only to look up at Lontra and lick his lips, smiling all the while.

Once Lontra began to get genuinely wet, Malcolm went to town, digging himself in deep and slurping with thick gusto, his nose pressed firmly against her wet slit. He spread her labia gently with his fingers, taking his time to press his tongue in deep. When he did, though, he really got Lontra rolling, her whole pussy oozing with juice. He lapped at it eagerly, working the liquid deep into his mouth. It had taken him years to get used to the flavor, but now he craved it, and he found Lontra to taste particularly satisfying.

He wasn't going to be content to just eat her pussy, though. Standing up, he unzipped his pants, grinning as he fished out his particularly large erection. Lontra blushed and put her hands over her mouth as she saw what he was packing. At nearly a foot long and of considerable thickness, Malcolm had the sort of shaft most guys only dream about having. She reached down and gently caressed it with her hand, cooing as she felt it's size and weight.

"Jeez, I don't think I've ever seen one this big up close before!" said Lontra, her thumb gently squeezing and caressing the tip. Precum oozed from the tip onto her fingers and she brought them to her mouth, grinning as she licked off the salty liquid.

"You're about to feel it," said Malcolm. "But don't worry, I'll take it nice and gentle, so you can enjoy every inch of it."

"I wanna warm it up first," said Lontra, slowly lowering herself down off the hood of Malcolm's car. "I wanna taste it...It's been awhile, you know? A girl gets a craving."

"I certainly do know, and I certainly won't object," said Malcolm, grinning as he braced himself against the driver's side door of his car, gripping the handle for support. Lontra dropped to her knees and got to work with a passionate fury, her tongue and hands seeming to move everywhere at once. Malcolm moaned, his years of experience permitting him to retain his composure even under Lontra's considerable talent. "Damn, you're good..."

"There's more to enjoying life than looking pretty and getting good grades," said Lontra, both her hands working to squeeze and milk Malcolm's pre onto her tongue. "Besides, a girl's gotta do *something* to keep herself occupied between shoots." She smiles and gave

Malcolm's considerable length one last long, slow lick from base to tip, then began to slowly press her mouth down onto him. It was slow, gentle work with lots of gentle bobbing and persistent pressing, and both Malcolm and Lontra were loving every moment of it. Malcolm's hands gripped the car firmly as he felt his balls tighten and his shaft dribble. Lontra wasn't able to take him all the way to the hilt, though whether it was because Lontra couldn't throat that deep or just because of the angle Malcolm wasn't sure. He made a mental note to find out later this evening, though.

After Lontra was satisfied that she'd gotten her satisfaction of flavor, she opened the back door of Malcolm's cab Vanessa and laid down on the considerably large and soft back seat. This was closer to Malcolm's MO, he had modified the back seat so as to be perfect for his line of work, and he had no trouble getting over her and between her legs. Malcolm felt Lontra wrap her arms and legs around him, her body insistently pulling and dragging him onto her. He wasted no time, gently probing his shaft against her slit and then sinking it in steadily and deeply. Lontra couldn't help moaning now, and she arched her back as the car echoed with her cries, her body wriggling and writhing underneath Malcolm.

Once Malcolm got it in good and deep, he began thrusting, first with slow, even movements and then with bigger and bigger ones as his pace began to accelerate. Lontra was an experienced girl who had no trouble taking his considerable length, and Malcolm could feel her heels digging into the small of his back, driving him on. His pace became more and more hectic as he got into it, and he groaned with effort as he felt his car's suspension springing and bouncing beneath him. It was as if Vanessa was helping him out, pressing back with each powerful downward thrust of his powerful hips.

Lontra's orgasm was neither small nor silent, and had any cops been hoping to nail someone for public indecency they would have the easiest bust of their lives. Even lost in the moment as he was, Malcolm couldn't believe the noise Lontra put out as her fingers and toes curled into his fine leather seat. It wasn't exactly an unpleasant noise, and being experienced as he was Malcolm was only slightly embarrassed at the thought of all those around him listening in. Really, they were probably jealous, that Malcolm could make a girl get so loud.

Malcolm pulled out and worked his shaft a bit, scooting forward and crawling into his cab so that he could put the tip to Lontra's lips. She suckled him intently, and as he blew his load she swallowed with deep gusto, keeping her lips wrapped tightly around the tip as she sucked it down. She didn't spill a drop, and as she licked and smacked her lips as Malcolm slowly pulled back.

"Well, what do you think?" said Malcolm, grinning as his big tail swished behind him.

"I think we need to go back to my place for some more," said Lontra.

Malcolm grunted as he drove his shaft home to the hilt, his length spewing deep into Lontra's wanting snatch. It was near sunrise and he was pretty much cumming dust at this point, but there was no way in hell he was ready to stop. Yes, he was exhausted. Yes, he'd had a bit too much to drink, and he could already feel his hangover approaching. But it wasn't like he had anything else to do today, and Lontra's seemingly infinite endurance and lust just drove him onward. It wasn't that she wasn't tired, but there was a deep, unsated need within her, and it was one that Malcolm was all too eager to feed. As he pulled out, Lontra spun around and rolled onto her back, her head hanging off the bed and slurping at his shaft. Without any prompting, he moved back a bit and slowly slid himself into her muzzle and throat.

Malcolm had already learned that, yes, Lontra could accommodate his immense length in her maw, letting him go so deep that his balls rested on her nose. He grinned and reached forward to caress Lontra's voluptuous breasts as he ground on her gently, waiting for her signal before slowly sliding back and then out. She gasped and grinned, licking and slurping at his tip a bit.

"So anything else?" said Malcolm, panting as he sat down on one of the plush hotel chairs.

"Well we haven't gotten around to anal this evening," said Lontra, reaching over and giving Malcolm's half-hard shaft a firm squeeze. "I think you've got one last load left, so why don't we give it a try?"

Malcolm tended not to admit it to his customers, since so few would even consider anal with his immense shaft, but he was a bit of an anal fiend. He loved the power and the feel and the tightness of a hot girl's ass, and he loved playing with their tits and clit as he pounded them from behind. It didn't take a lot of encouragement to get him going, even though he was completely exhausted, and after availing himself of a small portable bottle of lube from his discarded pants, he was gently pressing and pounding his way into Lontra's ass.

With as tired as they were and as immense as Malcolm's shaft was, things could only go slow and steady. They started out with Lontra on all fours while Malcolm drove it home, but once his enormous shaft had popped in and loosened her up with a few thrusts Malcolm was ready to shift things up. He sat on the edge of the bed as Lontra lowered herself gently onto his length, taking her time and enjoying every inch. Malcolm was amazed that she was able to take him to the hilt, and he grinned as he nibbled lightly on her shoulder.

"You did porn for awhile, didn't you?" said Malcolm, grinning as he gripped her tits firmly in his hands.

"College is expensive, and porn pays well," said Lontra. "And you're one to talk. Don't think I don't know what your job is, or how you've been able to keep me satisfied all night. How much do I owe

you, anyway? I know damn well this isn't free love." Malcolm was a little taken aback by Lontra's words, but it's not exactly like he was covert about his position as a gigolo. Anyone with enough sense to get a good look at his cab could tell he wasn't just giving out cheap taxi rides. At least Lontra seemed quite accepting of his occupation, and his service!

"I normally charge a thousand for a good evening," said Malcolm, his hands sliding down between Lontra's thighs.

"Then help yourself to the two thousand in cash in my purse on your way out, because you're worth twice that," said Lontra. "But first, let's see if you can't get one last orgasm out of me before I take some much needed rest." Malcolm nodded and began grinding her tailhole gently, his fingers rubbing her sex softly as he focused on her lips and clit. She was decidedly messy, and he found her lips thick with half-dried spooge and juice. He'd need to wash them thoroughly before heading out, but as it was, he was loving the feel of Lontra as he gently nuzzled her neck and worked her sex in his hands.

Lontra was tired, and she wasn't about to cum easily. But Malcolm could see the sun rising through the glass wall that led out to Lontra's balcony, and he knew he didn't have much time before he'd have to go home and crash himself. He moved one hand up to Lontra's nipples, twisting and working her this way and that. She was squirming and moaning loud enough to test the soundproof-ness of the hotel walls, but Malcolm had already learned this just meant she was close, not there. He had to dig it in hard to push her over the crest of that mountain and send her gleefully tumbling down the far side.

Malcolm started pounding as best he could from where he was. They were short, deep thrusts, ones which reverberated through Lontra's exhausted yet aroused form. His fingers caressed, then pinched, then twisted her nipples, making her cry out and squirm in his lap. He worked her slit gently at first, then more and more roughly as his thrusts became ragged yet determined.

It wasn't the best sex Malcolm had ever given to a customer, but he couldn't remember a time one had been so appreciative, nor when he had felt so satisfied. When Lontra filled his probing fingers with juice, he knew that he had given Lontra everything she wanted and more. He barely noticed his own orgasm sneaking up on him, and as he left a blasted mess deep inside Lontra's ass, he practically collapsed on the bed groaning. His head was spinning with pleasure and exhaustion, and any effort he made to keep his eyes open was laughably futile.

When Malcolm finally came to, he could see on the bedside clock that it was well past noon. He groaned, realizing that Lontra's sleeping form was still curled up beside him. They were both sticky with dried mess, and Lontra definitely wore the saggy eyes and disheveled hair of a long night. The look on her face was one of pure satisfaction, however, and he couldn't help but smile as he kissed her cheek and stumbled towards the shower.

Malcolm had wanted to say goodbye, but Lontra was out cold, and he *did* need to retrieve Vanessa and get about his day, late though it was. Still, he felt regret as he put on his clothes and retrieved the money from her purse. He had enough sense to leave his card though, a simple slip of paper with his name and cell phone number. There would be other bikini competitions this summer. And if there was one customer he wanted to come back for second helpings, it was Lontra!