

## **Malcolm's Fares #2: The Wolf In The Bedroom**

*All Characters appearing in this work are © Sexyfur.com, and are used with permission. This work is reprinted with written permission from Sexyfur.com.*

Malcolm leaned back in his taxicab gently nursing a cigarette. It was well into the evening and the air was cool and comfortable, a rarity in Port Royale during the summer. The mongoose had pulled his cab into a quiet and unassuming alley off the beaten path so that he might enjoy himself. He had already picked up several "fares" this evening, and earned enough money to pay for beer and food for at least a month to come. A ship carrying hundreds of sorority sisters had pulled in last night for an all-week party, and he'd given three of the girls the night of their life all by himself. There was a vixen, a bear and a bird, and by midnight they were all staggering drunk and whispering to one another about how the boys back home were nothing like Malcolm. The vixen had even given him a substantial tip, on top of his already significant fee.

Malcolm reached down into the small cooler he had built under the passenger seat and pulled out a beer. It was cool and refreshing, and though he still had a bit of a buzz from the drinks he'd had back at the club (not to mention the fucking afterwards) he found the alcohol smooth and relaxing. As he laid back across the front seat, opening the driver side door to put his feet out, he wondered if he could make his car a convertible. He'd have to talk to Javier the next time he brought it in for repairs.

Suddenly, there was a sharp rap on one of Malcolm's windows. Malcolm got up quickly, almost hitting his head on the roof of his cab. There was a wolf at the right rear window of his car, rapping sharply. She had authority and command in her appearance and actions, and she was clearly someone who was used to being obeyed. She was also wearing a skin-tight leather getup that pushed her ample breasts and cleavage against the glass. Malcolm grinned. So he was going for four, then? Well, putting a rag top on Vanessa, his cab, would be rather expensive.

"I need to get back to my hotel, and fast," said the wolf as she let herself in, not even waiting for Malcolm to open the door. She gripped the top of the front seat as she slammed the door, her claws digging a little into the leather. Malcolm raised an eyebrow. Generally, hot, sexy femmes did not enter his vehicle in full-on bitch mode.

"Whoa, calm down girl," said Malcolm, shifting into gear and turning on the meter. "It's only 1 AM, the bars haven't even closed yet. The roads are going to be clogged with drunken pedestrians. We're not getting anywhere fast." The wolf growled and sat back on the seat and stared at one of the windows like she meant to kick it out. Malcolm was worried she might. "What's got you so worked up?"

"One of my stature shouldn't have to stoop to venting her problems to cab drivers." Her voice was rough and haughty; the sort reserved for those who'd clawed their way to the top and had no interest in ever coming back down. "But seeing as I haven't got fucking else to do..." She reached into her purse and pulled out a hundred dollar bill. "This is for the fare, and to listen, got it? Eyes on the road."

"You've got it," said Malcolm, pulling into traffic. Though the wolf was clearly quite pissed off, he'd dealt with unruly customers before, and he knew well the rewards that came with calming them down and turning a bad night into a good one. He was just glad that he had restocked the cooler he kept under the front seat after dealing with the previous trio of customers. This poor girl would be needing a beer at just the right moment.

"Okay so, I fly down here to get away from corporate, right?" The wolf girl gesticulated wildly as she spoke, accentuating her words with sharp hand movements. Her sharp, darkly painted nails made Malcolm wince, especially when her hands got close to the upholstery. "And my personal assistant is all 'Journye, you NEED to hit up this bar!' and so I go and it's nothing but a fucking meat market! The drinks are shit, the music is that bleepy-bloopy shit, and it's fuckin' full of drunk frat boys I don't even wanna fuckin' TALK to, much less let jam their flaccid little dicks up my cunt." The cursing and venting seemed to do her a lot of good, and though she was still visibly frustrated. It was time for Malcolm to work his magic.

"So, techno isn't your thing, then?" said Malcolm. He had his MP3 player hooked up to the car's stereo through a series of adapters. He thumbed through it quickly, turning to instinct to guide his selection. "How about this?"

Instantly the cab was filled with thrashing guitars and guttural voices, the sudden onslaught of metal as out of place in the Jamaican cab as it was loud. But Malcolm had chosen well, Journye threw up devil horns and began tossing her head like she meant to break it off. "Yes, now THIS is fuckin' music!" said Journye. "Fuck, I was thinking you were gonna put on more of that reggae bullshit. I like getting' high too, but I don't make a damn religion out of it!"

Malcolm was a bit miffed at how Journye dismissed reggae so easily, but his clever music selection was clearly working it's magic, and as Journye banged her head he reached under the front seat, his fingers able to tell one beer from another just by touch. Settling on an ice-cold American beer, he made use of the bottle opener on his key chain and handed it back to Journye, who immediately took a long chug of the foaming liquid. "Fuckin' thanks man, you're cool," she said. "And here I was thinking you were just another limp-dicked lazy bastard like every other cabbie I've hired on this island. What's your name again?"

"I didn't tell you before, but it's Malcolm," said the mongoose.

"Here's my card, then," said Journye, handing him a small slip of cardboard. He looked at it, mildly surprised. The embossed

lettering and gold trim seemed to stand in such sharp contrast to the drunk, thrashing wolf in the back seat. But the status of "CEO" stated by the card let Malcolm know what was up. These executives always had to maintain a certain air of authority and proper behavior, and such unnatural restraint tended not to last long when influenced by music and booze. Sex also helped.

"Wow so you're one of the real movers and shakers aren't you?" said Malcolm. "I don't pick up a lot of executives, they generally have their own hired cars."

"So do I, but I found the fucking prick tipping a flask while he was waiting for me," said Journye. "Fucking fired his ass right then and there. I didn't claw my way to the top by being soft and forgiving. I'm a hard, aggressive woman, and when I want you to do something, you fucking do it." Malcolm grinned. Journye must have had a few drinks at the club, and the beer was pushing her back into a comforting buzz.

"Fucking do it eh? How about you pop this into the little DVD player I have in the back seat?" said Malcolm, pulling down his sun visor and sliding out a homemade DVD, which he handed to Journye. "Malcolm's Workout" was scribbled onto its surface.

"What the fuck is this?" she said, turning it in her hands. Her words were rough, but her tone was excited and eager.

"Something I think you'll enjoy," said Malcolm, putting both hands on the wheel and turning to focus on the road as he heard the disc click into the DVD player. If he'd played his cards right, then he was just about to hook the biggest customer in months.

\*\*\*

Malcolm grinned and looked at his friend Mike, who was carefully aiming a small handheld camera. Mike had always wanted to be a filmmaker, and was even taking classes to do so, and Malcolm was glad to have the ferret available for this little project. Though they were just making a simple little home porno, Mike had thought to bring over some simple lighting rigs and ancillary microphones, and though his camera was small, it was a powerful top-of-the-line model he'd purchased for doing guerilla documentaries. And here Malcolm had intended to simply jam a webcam on a tripod and hope for the best!

"OK, we're good to go," said Mike, carefully adjusting the focus to get the most of Malcolm's chest and abs. Malcolm was dressed only in a tight pair of boxer briefs, the sky blue fabric making obvious outlines of his enormous package. Sitting on his home gym, he brought his thick, muscled arms to bear on the pull bar, his arms squeezing and contorting under the strain.

As this was mostly for show, Malcolm made sure that the weight he was pulling was well below his limit, but it was nonetheless impressive. His slow, smooth movements allowed his pecs and biceps to bend and flex gently, showing off their power and appearance. He could tell from the way Mike kept constantly adjusting the zoom and

angle of the camera that the ferret was capturing lots of good material, all of which would be edited together later.

Once Mike was satisfied that he had enough footage to please the ladies, he signaled for Laurie to come in. Laurie was something of the stereotypical ditzy vixen, with long black hair gracing her black, carefully brushed fur. She was wearing a spandex workout one-piece, the fabric pulled tight around her bust and crotch. Her erect nipples and puffy sex were impossible to miss as she walked over to Malcolm, giggling and shaking her hips.

"Heya Malcolm, getting a nice workout?" Laurie bent far forward and rubbed Malcolm's chest gently, her fingers softly caressing the mongoose's muscles.

"You bet, Laurie...Do you want to take a turn?" asked Malcolm. Laurie grinned and helped Malcolm to his feet, then sat down on the exercise machine. Malcolm moved back and adjusted the weights to something more suitable for Laurie's small, lithe body. She moved the bar a little, but really she was more focused on looking good for the camera, staring into it and smiling as she wiggled her boobs a little.

Malcolm dropped to his knees in front of her, grinning and gently pulling aside her one-piece with his fingers. Mike zoomed in as Malcolm gently caressed Laurie's folds, making the vixen moan and shudder with delight. She spread her legs as wide as she could, pulling down the spandex that covered her breasts until they popped free, revealing two pert nipples, each pierced by a silver barbell. She groaned and twisted them a bit as Malcolm began to work her with his fingertips, shuddering and curling her tail as he shifted to using his mouth.

Mike took a few steps forward and gently brought the camera to bear on Malcolm's lip and tongue action, signaling to the mongoose to let him know that he needed to be a little back and standoff-ish so that the camera could see the action. Malcolm wasn't used to being showy, preferring instead to focus on the pleasure of his partner, but he did his best to make things work for the camera. He could hear the lens whirring as Mike zoomed in and out, and he moved his face aside a little, helping the ferret to get a good look at Laurie's glistening wet pussy. Focused though Mike was, he had a visible boner lurking in his pants, making Malcolm grin. Malcolm was definitely getting the job done right if even the cameraman was getting aroused by the action.

Leaving Laurie to glisten and dribble onto the seat of his weight machine, Malcolm stood to his feet, slowly peeling down his shorts and letting his half-hard cock flop out into view. Laurie cooed as it came into view, licking her lips and wagging her tail in excitement at Malcolm's immense size and width. She could hardly contain herself, and as he guided her hands to his length, she practically flung herself upon it, sucking and slurping eagerly. Malcolm groaned and put his hands behind his head as he gently pushed his length into Laurie's eager maw, making sure the camera got a good

look at the rest of him as he worked his length around inside Laurie's muzzle. The black-furred vixen was really getting into it now, bringing her hands up to work and massage Malcolm's length gently as she fed him into her muzzle.

As Malcolm slowly became fully hard, he brought his hands down, gently resting them on the back of Laurie's head. He gently began to push his way into her muzzle, fucking her face with increasing speed as she grew used to his length. Soon he was pounding away at her, grunting as he worked his length into her throat with each forward thrust. Laurie whimpered, leaning forward and bracing her hands on his hips, choking and gagging on his immense length but loving every second of it.

Once he was certain that he was slick and that Laurie was ready, he lined up her head and throat into a straight line and gently pushed forward, giving her time to adjust and relax her gag reflex as he plowed deep into her throat. She choked a little at first, but her insistent pulling and shoving made it clear that she meant to take it to the hilt. There was some shoving involved, of course, but Laurie's persistence paid off and soon Malcolm's balls were resting on her chin. He chuckled, running his fingers through her hair and scratching the vixen behind the ears.

"I always knew you had talent, but I never knew you had so much," said Malcolm, letting out a relieved sigh as she slowly slid down off his length and began slurping at his cockhead.

"I've got lots of talent," said Laurie. "But right now, what I want is a good, hard fuck." Malcolm chuckled, and picked up Laurie, carrying her to one of his exercise mats and putting her shoulders down on it, his powerful arms still holding her by her legs. Mike raced over to get in a good shot as Malcolm lined up his shaft and began to sink in.

"Well if that's what you want, then I've got a pile driver that's just your size," said Malcolm. His immense length, slicked by Laurie's spittle and pussy juices, had no trouble sliding deep into her sex in one long, continuous shove. He groaned as his weight drove him into Laurie, making her squeal and reach out onto the mat for a better grip. Malcolm wrapped his arms around the vixen's legs and spread his legs for balance as he began to shove his way into her, driving his length down as far as it would go before gently pulling it back.

Malcolm took things slow and easy for now, doing his best to avoid putting too much strain on Laurie's neck and shoulders, always shoving with firm downward-and-forward jabs to keep his length working her sex without repositioning her body. Mike had found a good angle and was gently working his way in, quickly planting his camera on a tripod and then bringing things in good and close. The way Malcolm was fucking her spread-legged, with lots of room between them, really helped to maximize the shot as well as show off the sexy, toned bodies that were involved. Laurie's pussy was stretched to the limits of comfort, and Malcolm brought a full ten inches of

length in and out with each plunge. It was all that Mike could do to retain focus, and as Malcolm saw the ferret straining to keep from touching himself, the mongoose knew that he'd need to let the poor guy have sloppy seconds when this was all over. Laurie would certainly be up for it, she always was, and she had a bit of a crush on Mike as well.

Once he was certain that he'd warmed things up enough, Malcolm began to bring it down hard, making Laurie's breasts bounce wildly with each powerful thrust. She shuddered under the force of his fucking, but the way she moaned and grabbed at his ankles he knew that she just wanted more. He brought it down as quickly as he felt was safe, his movements becoming shorter and more aggressive as he strained to work her clit with the top of his shaft. She was plunging towards orgasm now, but he wasn't just ready to let her loose.

Gently pulling out, though she pushed back, her body protesting, as she was quite close, he let his length pop free and waggle in the air. It was glistening with her juices, but he still retrieved a bottle of lube from his nightstand and began slicking up his length. Laurie grinned and moved to all fours, curling her tail back and presenting her hole. Malcolm dropped to his knees and pressed against her gently with his fingers, letting the lube slick her up as she relaxed and adjusted herself. Once he was confident that she was relaxed and ready he pressed his massive cock tip to her tailhole, carefully applying more and more pressure as he slid forward into her.

Laurie groaned as Malcolm's immense length spread her and worked it's way into her, curling her toes and biting her lower lip as she strained to take him in. She was loving every moment of it, however. Malcolm gently bent over her, nipping lightly at her ears and neck as his big hands came down to massage her clit and finger her pussy. She was melting under his influence, and Mike dashed behind them to get a good shot of the penetration.

Mike had just managed to get a good shot going when Laurie went off like a broken water pipe, gurgling and then splattering her juices all over the mat, Malcolm's fingers, the carpet, and even Mike's pants. Malcolm chuckled, gently working his length around inside Laurie's hot and panting body. He'd been wanting to release for quite some time, and now that Laurie had let herself go, he knew he was free to do so as well. He picked up the pace, thrusting harder and harder as he let himself go. He gasped as he felt himself dashing towards orgasm groaning and panting as his balls tensed up.

Right before he came, he pulled out of Laurie and quickly flipped her over, grabbing the base of his cock and grunting. His cum came out in thick white blasts, splattering in long white streaks across Laurie's stomach, tits and face. Mike barely had time to get into position to catch it on film, but Laurie was loving the surprise. She cooed and licked at her lips, then gently rubbed the splatter into her fur.

"Well I uhh...I think that's a wrap," said Mike, coughing and straining to adjust his pants. Malcolm grinned and leaned down to Laurie's ear, whispering into it while gently caressing her breast, squeezing it softly and pinching the nipple. They exchanged whispers while Mike began packing up his gear, quickly stuffing the cameras and microphones into their cases and breaking down the lights.

When he was most of the way done, Malcolm walked off towards the bathroom, while Laurie got up off the mat, sauntering towards Mike with a mischievous grin on her face. "It was so good of you to help Malcolm out by filming this little vignette," she said. "I better thank you for all your kindness." Her hand slid to his groin, gripping his dick like a handle. Mike almost fainted with happiness, and Malcolm chuckled as he watched them closely in the mirror.

\*\*\*

Journye stretched out in the back seat of Malcolm's cab, her face still focused on the now blank screen of the DVD player as she took a long, smooth drag on her cigarette. "Well it's certainly not what I'd want to show to a loving couple, or someone you'd want to woo for a first date," she said. "But it intrigues me...And lets me know you measure up, at least."

"I always aim to please, and I had a feeling you'd appreciate my directness," said Malcolm. "So, shall we continue to wait in the parking lot? The meter is running, now's the time to either pay and leave, or invite me up to your penthouse."

"The thing is, though, I'm a very specific kind of girl," said Journye. She leaned forward, putting her hands on Malcolm's shoulders and giving his chest a firm, slow rub. Malcolm was unused to his customers being so forward, but he had no trouble keeping his cool. After all, she'd just seen him fucking one of his best friends on video, surely she didn't mind at all the creeping boner sticking up through his untied drawstring shorts. "I want a boy I can control, one I can bend to my whims, one I can fuck, not get fucked by. Is that clear?"

"So, you want a little bitch-boy then?" asked Malcolm. "Someone you can break like a twig then peg to your heart's content?"

"Not exactly a bitch, not exactly break, and definitely not peg," said Journye. "But if you're willing to submit to my whims, there's something in it for you. Something big." Journye reached down into her purse and pulled out a thick stack of bills, waving them in front of Malcolm. His eyes were almost as wide as dinner plates.

"That's...That's a lot of money," said Malcolm. "This isn't like, a drug deal or anything, right? I don't play that way, I just sell sex."

"And that's all I want," said Journye. "But you won't get this until we're done, cabbie. And I expect you to earn every last penny of this by morning. Is that clear?" Journye slid the stack of bills back into her purse, and Malcolm nodded. Whatever this kinky wolfette

could throw at him, he could take. He was Malcolm after all, wasn't he?

\*\*\*

Malcolm normally felt quite comfortable in the nude, but something about the black furry handcuffs, along with how out-of-place he felt in the plush penthouse, made him feel much more exposed than normal. Journye had made him undress, then cuffed him, then ordered him to stand there all within the first minute and a half of their arrival. He'd been there for an hour now, and the entire time she had been in her massive walk-in closet, the door shut firmly behind her as she changed. His feet were getting rather tired now, not to mention he'd been awake for well over twelve hours. With dawn just five short hours away, he wondered why exactly she was waiting so long.

Malcolm got his answer when Journye opened the door again. It was as though she had been poured into the skin-tight leather dominatrix outfit which caressed the curves of her arms, thighs and stomach. Her sex and chest were exposed, and she was wearing a black officer's cap on her head. She held a riding crop in one hand and a leash and collar in the other. Her heels added several inches to her height, and as she walked over towards Malcolm, he wondered how she managed to stay upright, especially on the plush carpeting.

As she came over to Malcolm, she pushed lightly on his shoulder, guiding him to drop to his knees. He made as to move to her pussy and begin licking it, but she sternly blocked him with her riding crop. "I didn't tell you to get started yet, toy," she said. "You'll do what I tell you to, when I fucking tell you to, got it?" She made sure he got her point by lightly smacking him across the face with her crop. It stung a little and he wanted to complain, but he was being very well paid and she was exceedingly attractive, so he held his tongue. It wouldn't be the first time he'd pleased a kinky broad for a fat paycheck, and he always found something to enjoy besides the cash.

Journye buckled the collar around Malcolm's neck and then made the leash taut, bringing him in close to her sex. "Now you may pleasure me," she said. "And do it well, I've seen what you're capable of. I want what you gave to that dirty vixen in your little video." Malcolm nodded, not sure how to address her (or even if it was okay to do so). Silence and action would do for now. He brought his muzzle close to her sex, letting his hot breath waft over her puffed sex. She shivered, and he chuckled quietly to himself. Though there was no way she was going to let up this façade of control, she was going to enjoy herself thoroughly, and gorge herself on his skill.

He gently worked his tongue along her outer folds, taking his time in pleasing her. Normally he would gently caress her with his fingers, but it was hard to do so with his hands cuffed, and he had a



feeling she would have released them if she wanted a little fingering with her licking anyway. He stayed away from her clit at first, touching it only by "accident" from time to time. Journye seemed tempted to "punish" him for such negligence at first, but Malcolm knew well how to read her actions and just as he reached the limit he jammed her clit into his mouth, sucking and nibbling on it aggressively. She groaned in ecstasy and writhed where she stood, her body struggling to stand under the onslaught of pleasure.

Her knees growing weak, Journye was forced to sit down on the bed. She refused to permit Malcolm a rest, though, and as he worked her more and more intensely her needs began to take over. She pulled tightly on the leash, biting her lower lip as she did her best to restrain herself, driving her demands to him with her body as she struggled to retain control of the situation. She locked her legs around Malcolm, her ankles crossing between his shoulder blades, her heels digging lightly into his back. It was somewhat claustrophobic between her legs now, her demand and desire driving him to keep on the pressure.

Knowing that she was getting impatient for a climax, Malcolm brought the full length of his mouth to bear, wrapping his lips around hers as he nudged her with his teeth and caressed her with his tongue. He sucked on her clit, then brought his tongue to it, working it gently in his maw before bringing his lips to it and nipping it lightly. Journye was rolling on the bed, and he knew that she was just barely maintaining control under the influence of his assault.

Journye cried out in ecstasy as her sex exploded all over Malcolm's face. Her pent up libido unleashed itself in a series of orgasmic fits, sending the wolf girl's back arching as her mouth let out a deep, primal howl. It was almost frightening to see so much emotion and sexuality come to a head all at once, but Malcolm maintained his composure. Journye wasn't the only one interested in power, control and image around here.

Journye dragged Malcolm up on the bed, kissing his messy muzzle and licking her juices off his face. Malcolm returned the kiss in kind, licking and working his way into her as he felt and tasted her mouth. Her breath was thick with alcohol and cigarettes, but her teeth were clean and sharp, like those of any good predator. Journye released Malcolm's handcuffs so that his arms would be free to caress her, but she kept his leash short and taut. She wasn't about to let him go, and now that she'd blown off much of her steam, she was going to let her stern side take charge.

"Well that was good enough for a start," said Journye. "But I'm offering you a lot of zeroes, and so I'm not about to let things rest where they are."

"I'd be rather surprised if you did," said Malcolm. He grinned, but Journye glowered, threatening him with her riding crop.

"I'll let that one slide because I'm too horny to give you the spanking you deserve, you bad boy," said Journye. "But I'm not about to go soft, and neither will you." Pulling out some nylon rope from

beneath the bed, she quickly pinned Malcolm beneath her and began tying him up, his wrists and ankles firmly bound to the posts of the bed as she crawled over him. The work done, she grinned at him, a sharp hunger in his teeth. He tried to smile back, but his nervousness was too obvious to be wholly suppressed. He wasn't used to being bound up, and the lack of control was disorienting.

Journye went to work on his massive length with her tongue, licking and lapping it gently as she coaxed it to full attention. She caressed it with her riding crop as well, the cold, dry leather contrasting sharply with her warm, wet tongue. Her hands, wrapped tight in leather gloves, also worked his length, and soon he was towering high up over the bed, his erection throbbing with need and enthusiasm.

Journye grinned and moved to her nightstand, pulling out a small cock ring and wrapping it tight around Malcolm's cock. He winced as it uncomfortably locked around his length, making it throb with unusual hardness. "As I said, you're not going soft tonight," said Journye. She giggled at her little joke, then took him firmly in her hand, cooing as she caressed the enormous member. "You give horse boys a bad name, you know that?" Malcolm grinned, but he was more than a little uncomfortable right now, as well as mildly concerned regarding what might happen next.

Journye wasn't about to do anything too bizarre, though. Crawling over Malcolm on all fours and reining in his leash as she did, she grabbed his shaft and gently worked it back and forth across her sloppy sex. The hot, swollen meat made her moan, and soon she was gently working it in between her folds, taking her time and enjoying every inch. "Mmm, nothing like a full pussy," she said. "I fucking love fucking big boys..." She groaned and arched her back, gasping as his length hit a sweet spot. She lingered there for a minute, grinding until she was ready to continue.

Once Malcolm was entirely inside her, Journye leaned back, letting out most of the leash and cooing. She pinched her nipples with her free hand and began to ride Malcolm's enormous length, working it back and forth inside her puss. Something about Malcolm's helplessness and inability to take charge really turned her on, but the mongoose knew better than to simply lay there like a dildo. He gently pushed with his hips, letting her body weight do most of the work while he aimed himself for the best position.

Journye slowly picked up the pace as she got more and more into it, her body's demands moving her to fuck and fuck harder and harder. Her tits bounced hard, and soon she was forced to place her free hand on the head of the bed to maintain her balance. Malcolm did his best to time his thrusts to hers, but it wasn't easy. Her movements were sharp and erratic, and it was all he could do to maintain, much less keep pace. The cock ring wasn't helping either, unable to blow off pressure like he would normally, he was instead at Journye's mercy. He wanted to release, and the pleasure lancing through his body was maddening in power and intensity.

Journye suddenly let go of the leash and grabbed onto Malcolm with both hands, her gloved fingers digging into his shoulders as she rode out her orgasm. She twitched and moaned, howling softly as she milked herself out, the last of her pleasure dissipating with a contented sigh. Just as Malcolm was about to ask to be released, however, she got to her knees, reaching into her bed stand and pulling out some lube. "Don't tell anyone I'm enough of a slut to do this," said Journye.

"I always respect the confidentiality of my clients," said Malcolm in his most professional voice. His tone made Journye chuckle and she lightly batted at him with her riding crop. He was glad she was in such a good mood, an evening that seemed like it would be a painful night of sadomasochism had turned out to be nothing more than a little light bondage and a bad case of blue balls. And even that seemed like it would soon be disappearing.

Journye began to slowly slick up Malcolm's cock, which was already dripping wet with her own juices. She applied the lubricant liberally, then applied more to her own tailhole for good measure. She grinned as she teased herself with his engorged cock, his massive member straining against the cock ring and demanding release.

It didn't help that Journye's ass was tight and sensitive, and that the squeeze of her body around his shaft was enough to make him shoot off like a cannon just with the initial push. He groaned and strained against his ropes and the cock ring as she began to ride up and down on his length, panting and groaning. She leaned back as she rode him, putting her hands on her ankles and letting her sloppy puss spread wide as she went up and down.

Without warning, she suddenly reached down between her legs and grabbed at the clap on the cock ring, ripping it off with one firm yank. The sudden release of pressure, combined with all the pleasure that had been laid on him, sent Malcolm into a frenzy. His cock exploded with blast after blast, shooting and shooting into Journye like a fire hose. She groaned, squeezing down on his length and milking it as his shots splattered out of her. Though he'd just pleased three girls right after nightfall, he was one to recharge quickly; Journye's restrictions had built up an amazing amount of pressure.

The jerking, splattering pleasure sent off Journye, her sex shooting juice out over Malcolm's abs and chest. Her eyes rolled back a bit as she was racked with orgasm, and as Malcolm panted heavily she collapsed on the bed, laying perpendicular to him as she struggled to catch her breath. It was quite some time before either of them spoke, giving the sun an opportunity to peek up over the horizon.

"Well gigolo, it appears that I've exhausted my time with you," said Journye. "Not to mention myself...Fuck, I'm glad it's a Saturday, those pricks at work are helpless without me."

"So, are you going to untie me now?" asked Malcolm, grinning and wriggling a little.

"Well, I suppose," said Journye, idly undoing the knots as she crawled over him and kissed his cheek. "You do look rather cute all tied up like that. And your dick is still half hard."

"So it is," said Malcolm. "But considering where it's been, I think it belongs in a shower for now."

"It is rather dirty," said Journye. "But so am I." Journye began to peel off her tight leathers, then grabbed Malcolm and began dragging him towards the shower. "I'm sure that you could offer me one last helping, seeing as I'm paying so goddamn much." Malcolm grinned and gripped Journye's butt firmly in his hands.

"It would be my pleasure," he said.