

Malcolm's Fares #3: Math Class

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Malcolm leaned back in his cab, pressing his body up against the driver's side window and stretching out his feet through the open passenger side door. It was the hottest part of the day, and he was in no mood to work, especially since he had no need to. He'd just finished a long job with a woman who, while lacking looks, had plenty to admire in the personality department. She was also a wealthy heiress, and already Malcolm was dreaming of what sort of upgrades he'd have installed in his cab with the fat roll of bills she'd left him. The DVD player in the back seat could certainly be bigger, and since neither the transmission nor the engine were the original models, there was no shame in upgrading them for a bit more fuel efficiency. Gas prices were going up, as was traffic, and he spent more and more time idling in jams and at stop lights. He could stand to redo the interior as well; the soft leather seats were beginning to wear thin and crack in some places due to use. The under-seat minibar he'd constructed could also use a better cooling system, twice he'd had to resort to using ice to keep beers cold for his customers.

As he sat in the cab area of Sangster airport, smoking a cigarette, he began eyeing the disembarking passengers for a potential pickup. Sangster was where he got many of his finest pickups, considering that the resort city of Montegro Bay was occupied almost completely by tourists and persons who wanted nothing more than to get away from the hustle and bustle of life. It was worlds away from the busy (and crowded) regions of Kingston, and even though he was an independent cabbie Malcolm had no trouble finding a good place to park. After all, there was plenty for everyone, and fighting in front of the tourists was bad for business. Besides, every cabbie worth his salt knew that Malcolm wasn't trying to pick up big families or busy businessmen, so there was no need to worry about fare sniping. Not unless you were trying to pick up a femme with a big wallet, anyway.

Most of the tourists coming out towards the cabs held little interest to Malcolm. Spring break wouldn't be coming for a few weeks, and so most of the visitors were either business types looking to cash in on the coming crowds or sunbathers hoping to avoid them. Were he in the need of a few fares to tide himself over until the break, he might pick up one or two, but as it was he was considering just jumping in the back seat and watching a movie. His friend Jason of his had lent him a bootleg DVD with nothing more than "AWESOME KUNG FU MOVIE" written across the top, and he was curious to see what was actually on it. Last time Jason had lent him a movie it had turned

out to be a poorly shot back alley knockoff, but before that it was an epic fight movie lasting almost three hours. Malcolm loved seeing a good fight flick, and if he had little else to do, a grainy Chinese flick from the seventies would certainly fill up an afternoon.

Just as he was about to hop into the back seat, a glint caught Malcolm's attention. There was a petite, college-aged mouse girl with big glasses thumbing through a tourist's guide, struggling to drag her heavy luggage with one hand. She looked American, and decidedly out of place, seeing as she was wearing slacks and a long-sleeved shirt even though it was quite hot outside. Still, there was a lot of cuteness to her, and Malcolm had a feeling that she was someone who'd come her to enjoy herself. The ideal target, even if she didn't have a lot to spend. She looked fun, and the way she was struggling with the luggage, Malcolm knew he had a chance to win her over.

Stubbing out his cigarette, Malcolm quickly swished around a bit of mouthwash and spat it out on the sidewalk. He checked his hair in the rearview mirror and made a big smile, his perfectly white teeth gleaming in the bright midday sun. Certain that he looked good, he locked up his cab and walked over to the struggling mouse. "Hello miss," he said, putting on his friendliest and most American accent. The mouse seemed surprised to hear a familiar tone of voice from Malcolm, probably because he was so undeniably native. Between the long dreadlocks, the shirt, and the patriotic nature of his jewelry, he looked more like something out of an advertisement than a cab driver. Still, the girl seemed pleased that someone so friendly was coming over to her, and so she smiled back.

"Hey, you know where I can get a cab?" said the mouse girl. "I was going to rent a car, but on the plane ride over I realized my driver's license expired months ago. I just never need to drive while I'm at Oxford, and I don't think I could drive on the left side of the road anyway." Malcolm grinned and pointed at his cab.

"Well you can rent mine if you like," said Malcolm. "And your American license wouldn't be much good even if it wasn't expired, we drive on the left side of the road too. When there is two sides to the road, anyway!" The mousegirl giggled a bit as she realized the extent of her error, and extended her hand. Malcolm kissed it, making her blush.

"My name's Elizabeth, but you can call me Liz," she said. "Can you help me with my bags? The heaviest thing I'm used to lifting is a piece of chalk." Malcolm nodded and easily lifted the heavy bag onto his shoulder, the weight making his muscles bulge and twist. Liz couldn't help but stare, and Malcolm pretended not to notice. Clearly she wasn't used to being next to very handsome men, and she was a bit intimidated. She definitely had that air of cuteness about her, though, and Malcolm could tell that whatever she might lack in knowledge of driving laws was made up for elsewhere. She looked and felt intelligent, and her errors in judgement seemed to be more the result of naivete and distractedness than stupidity. Besides, she

just said she'd come from Oxford, and that wasn't exactly a party school full of mental lightweights.

Malcolm set her bag into the trunk and then let Liz into the back of his cab. She was dwarfed by the massive seats, and as soon as she buckled up she pulled out a cell phone and began fiddling with it, her fingers almost a blur as they quickly typed away at the buttons. Malcolm sat himself down and gently pulled out, keeping his car moving smoothly and slowly as he merged into traffic. "So, where are we headed, miss?"

"I have a reservation at the King George hotel," said Liz. "But I'm not in any hurry, I'd like to get dinner first, if you know of a good place. I know I should probably drop off my bags, but the food on the flight over was awful and I'm extremely hungry." Malcolm nodded and rooted around under his seat a bit before pulling out a perfectly fresh banana, without so much as the slightest bruise. He stashed a few of these in his car every morning, and while he usually ended up eating them himself, the extra-sweet fruits growing in his auntie's garden were always popular with his customers.

"This is no dinner, but it'll tide you over until we can get to Mario's," said Malcolm. "You'll love it, he livens up the pasta dishes with local fruits and spices. I take a lot of tourists there, and he and I go way back." Liz eagerly dug into the banana, but rather than stuffing it into her face like most girls, she neatly broke off bite-sized pieces and chewed them. Considering she didn't go straight for the fruit-fellatio joke that seemed most obvious, Liz wasn't nearly as slutty as most the girls Malcolm picked up. He wasn't sure if that was good or bad for his prospects just yet, but either way, he was glad to see her enjoying herself. As Liz finished the banana, her fingers went back to clicking away on her phone, rapidly entering digits and characters. While it certainly wasn't unusual for his customers to send text messages or make calls while riding with him, they usually didn't have to press so many buttons, and it was making him curious. "Mind if I ask what you're typing away on there?"

"Oh, just something I was working with on the plane, when they let me," said Liz. "Somewhere over the mid-Atlantic I got this idea about how Fermat may have thought he proved his last theorem, even though the real answer didn't appear until a few years ago. I started sketching things out on a napkin, and I need to feed the numbers into my phone's calculator to have it do what I think he did. See, in order to prove Fermat's last theory, you need some new aspects of number theory that didn't come into play until the advent of modern computing..."

Liz continued to go on and on about her theory, but Malcolm had absolutely no idea what she was talking about, except that it contained a lot of numbers. He'd picked up plenty of college girls before, but they tended to be either drunk, stupid or both, since the sort of girl who picked out his cab specifically was the partying type. More than one customer had told him that she picked him because

of his abs, the smell of peppermint Schnapps coming from his back seat, or the fact that they could see his enormous schlong flapping around inside the left leg of his shorts. Clearly, Liz was several orders of magnitude above him in intelligence, and while he'd normally be intimidated by genius Liz was rather intriguing. She was very polite and well spoken, and if he'd paid more attention in math class, Malcolm was certain he might actually understand what she was going on about.

"Wow, sounds complicated," said Malcolm. "But I guess that's what I should suspect from an Oxford gal. I went to South Florida myself, to get an MBA, so I guess I'm more than a bit below you, huh?" Liz seemed sympathetic to Malcolm's lack of understanding, and she patted him lightly on the shoulder. He smiled to let her know he really didn't mind being outclassed intellectually, especially when he got his confidence elsewhere. As she sat back in her seat, Malcolm noticed how small and perky her breasts were. Back in school he and his friends used to call them "handfuls," and he could certainly see himself groping and fondling them eagerly. Best to put those thoughts out of mind for now, though, he couldn't exactly walk into Mario's with a massive boner bouncing in front of him.

"Don't put U of South Florida down," said Liz. "One of my professors went there for his undergrad. I guess that's where you got your accent from, huh? I'm from the Midwest originally, but Oxford really is the place to go if you've got a head for numbers. There's always a lot of math to get done, and as it is I've got a big proof that's pretty near to conclusion. Not the Fermat thing, my proof is related to prime numbers, and how they might be predicted rather than calculated."

"If you're so close to the proof, why are you here?" said Malcolm. "If you can't tell, I love my island, but we're not exactly known for our mathematical skills. There's a reason everything's rounded to whole numbers on all of the signs."

"Funny story, actually," said Liz. She put her cell phone away, her interest growing on Malcolm. Clearly she hadn't anticipated he'd be so talkative, and she was very happy to get attention from a handsome someone. He did his best to show off his body as best he could from where he sat, letting Liz's sexuality persuade her as it might. A girl like her probably never even had boys like him give her the time of day, much less take an interest in what she had to say. "See, there was this contest to make a more elegant proof of a particular theorem, and the winner got five thousand pounds and a free week long trip to Jamaica. My answer turned out to be wrong, and as it turns out, so did the winner's. But I was the honorable mention, and when I pointed out the flaw in the proof that everyone thought was correct, they insisted I go. I really do need the vacation anyway, I can't remember the last time I saw a bright blue sky. England is so dreary in the winter months!"

Malcolm's ears perked up when he heard about the five thousand pounds. While he was certainly set for money right now, it never hurt

to have extra, and if she didn't anticipate having the money then odds are she was more willing to part with it. He certainly couldn't hope to get all of it, but even a few hundred pounds was more than he normally picked up on a good customer. And the recession had made girls a lot stingier, with most of them going straight to the sex and skipping all of the expensive drinks and snacks he offered up. Sometimes he made more on the champagne than he did on the actual fucking, and he knew he'd miss that income eventually.

"Well don't worry, there's plenty of big blue skies for everyone here on the island," said Malcolm. He pulled into the back alley that served as the parking lot for Mario's, then got out and opened Elizabeth's door. He then moved forward and turned off the meter, causing Liz to go for her pocketbook. He stopped her, grinning. "It seems it is near dinner time for me, and I've had nothing but sandwiches in the cab," he said. "Let me have dinner with you. Then you won't have to go looking for a cab, and you won't have to haul your bags around."

Liz blushed a bit, but smiled at the offer. "Oh, all right, but I insist on paying," she said. "Consider it part of your tip. I'll make up the rest once we get to the King George." Malcolm was polite but he wasn't stupid, and if Liz wanted to pay for his food, he wasn't about to say no. Besides, Mario's champagne was much better than his own was, and he knew his friend would certainly give the mongoose the sort of kickbacks he deserved once the night was over.

By the time they finished eating, the sun had set, but even inside the air conditioned restaurant things were still hot and muggy. Malcolm had helped himself to Mario's signature ravioli, while Liz had feasted on a fruit-and-pasta salad that she had apparently been quite fond of, considering there was none of it left to be had. She'd also helped herself to Mario's excellent selection of wines, and even though she'd only had a little she was quite definitely tipsy, and if she had any more she'd fall right over into completely drunk. Still she did look rather cute rocking back and forth in her chair, and the more buzzed she got, the more obvious it was that she had a crush on Malcolm, and that she wasn't the sexless nerd-girl that her unflattering outfit implied.

"Well I guess you should be glad that you've got a designated driver," said Malcolm, idly tracing his fingers across Liz's palm. Her hand was dwarfed by his, and she blushed with delight at all the attention he was giving her. He imagined he could probably get away with kissing her if he wished, but he didn't wanna blow his chance right now. She knew she was drunk, and if he hit on her now, he'd come off as one of those douchebags who considers passing out a sign of consent. There was a lot more to be had than a big meal here, if he could just tease it out of her. "Don't worry, I'll get you to your hotel. A lot of drunks rely on me to get them home. And it's not like

I couldn't carry you, you're skinny and light as a feather!" Liz giggled a bit as Malcolm walked over and picked her up, helping her to her feet. She stared deeply into her eyes, and let her hand drift to his chest, pressing gently.

"I just wanted you to know that I think you're really, really handsome," said Liz. "And nice too."

"Well thanks," said Malcolm, helping Liz to the car. He was pleased to see that she could mostly walk on her own and that the food had helped her from getting completely intoxicated. She sat down in the back seat, now bouncy and giggly, acting more like a college freshman from a small-town university than a graduate student from Oxford. Her shirt had become unbuttoned at some point, and Malcolm could just barely see her cleavage in the dim light, and the lacy bra that covered it.

Malcolm gently pulled out into traffic, going slowly and smoothly to drag out the trip and make sure he held Liz's interest. She was staring at him intently now, the romantic dinner and alcohol having brought out her lusty side. He had her now, if she wasn't afraid to pay, and he was half-heartedly considering giving it to her even if she was. "So tell me, have you ever hired a gigolo?"

"Oh, you mean like a male hooker?" Malcolm winced a bit at Liz's words. The term was correct, of course, but he hated to be associated with the girls (and boys) who sold themselves on the street corner for less than the cost of a fine steak. It made him seem cheap, which he certainly wasn't. "Not really, I mean...I'm not that kind of girl."

Malcolm had heard those words before, and smiled as he gently paced out his response. "Oh there's nothing wrong with getting what you deserve. It's just that when someone offers something that's really exceptional, they shouldn't give it away for free. It breeds disrespect, and more importantly, ruins how special it is. Besides, wouldn't you think it would be worth a few pounds to keep me and my cab running?" Liz seemed to sit back and consider things for a bit, but the way she was staring at him, Malcolm knew he had her.

"How much?" she asked.

"A thousand pounds, and you can get all you like for your entire vacation." Malcolm was reaching big, expecting her to talk him down so a single night, but she readily opened her purse and pulled out a number of the big bills. Malcolm tried to hide his surprise as he carefully slipped them into a concealed safe hidden beneath the front seat. Even the rich woman he'd dropped off just this morning hadn't been so generous or so ready to take up a long-term arrangement. Still, it would be nice to be ready for the entire week before spring break, and he'd certainly get to know this cute little mouse. All he had to do was make sure tonight went well and everything would be smooth sailing.

"Don't act so surprised," said Liz, grinning. "I expect to get every penny of that back over the next six nights. But for now, take me to the hotel, I wanna make sure that we get things started right tonight."

Malcolm gently kissed Liz as he laid her out on the bed, pinching and rubbing at her nipples as he worked her over. It was all gentle touching and caressing for now, as Malcolm slowly mulled out a strategy. He'd need to keep her happy all night if he was going to have an easy time tomorrow, and the more she worked herself, the more he realized that he'd need to be careful if things were to end in a timely manner. Liz was not the practiced and experienced lover he was, and Malcolm knew that if he pushed too hard and went too fast, Liz would tire early and leave him looking like a chump.

Liz continued to work herself up, but Malcolm gently calmed her down, working off her pants and panties as he sucked lightly on her nipples. He was still completely clothed, working to take things slow and push against Liz's instance. She was certainly eager, and had not received this sort of attention for quite some time. He let her have little bits of control; guiding her hand down to his shaft and letting her grope him through the fabric.

Liz fondled his length a bit, then, seemingly confused, gave it a firm grope. Malcolm grinned; sitting up to his knees, and pulled down lightly on his pants. Reaching in, he fished out his enormous member, which was just beginning to harden. Liz gave Malcolm a double take as she examined the monster, blinking and crawling forward to touch it. "Shit, I didn't know they came in this size," said Liz. "I hope you're gentle..."

"My job wouldn't pay if I wasn't," said Malcolm, grinning. She let Liz fondle his length a bit, giving her hands time to adjust to it. It was certainly his pride and joy, the maximum size and thickness that could still wring out true orgasmic pleasure. Even then, he didn't put it in to the hilt with most girls, making good use of the length to keep the pressure down on the clit, when he wasn't eating a girl out. Liz sniffed it a bit, then licked at it lightly, her small rodent tongue making gentle slick marks across the tip.

Slowly, Liz's explorations made Malcolm harden, his shaft growing firmer and fatter in her grasp. She blushed a bit, squinting her eyes behind her glasses as she licked more and more across the huge cock in front of her. She worked it with one hand, then the other, bobbing lightly and twisting her head this way and that. She certainly lacked the sort of training and skill that some of Malcolm's girlfriends had, but she was at no kind of loss when it came to enthusiasm. She worked and licked on his shaft like crazy, making Malcolm wonder when, exactly, she'd last gotten to play with one. He ran his hands through her long amber hair as she worked him, growling happily and scratching her behind the ears.

"Not bad, but how about I take a turn?" Malcolm was fully hard and already preing, and he knew that he might cash in too soon if he didn't slow things down again. He certainly didn't have anything

approaching a hair trigger, but even his control and poise could break down without concentration. He slid back a bit and helped Liz to flip onto her back, laying down flat on the soft, silky sheets. As Malcolm lay down on his belly, he was amazed at how comfortable the faux-silk felt against him. He'd have to look into getting some for his own bed, especially if he was going to be inviting party girls over to play.

Liz opened up to Malcolm eagerly, squealing and writhing with pleasure as he pushed his tongue against her. He was careful to move slowly, stopping often to gauge how she was doing. She was delicate, as he expected, and if he was going to drag things out all night he'd need to keep her guessing and pull back constantly in order to allow her to cool down. He moved up and began kissing her neck, fondling her entire body, working and rubbing her all over. She was clearly not used to such treatment and coddling, and her body opened up to him, trembling and submissive. Her sex was making her submissive, and she was putty in Malcolm's hands. He kissed her, crawling over her as he caressed her, taking every advantage he could of the situation. He was going to make this a night she'd never forget, and show her how incredible sex could really be. It was a challenge, one he would respond to by giving it his all, making her pleasure his only goal.

Malcolm continued to work on Liz slowly, building up towards her climax with constant caresses. It was getting hot now, even though he'd left the air conditioning on, and her breath came heavily through his muzzle as he kissed her. He ran his hands up and down her sides, groping her tits and gently working the nipples with his thumbs. Her small, perky breasts fit neatly into his hands, and as his tongue slid back and forth across hers, she arched her back to meet his touch. She took every little bit he gave her, and Malcolm had to move carefully to avoid going too far. Still, he loved the challenge, and was glad to have a chance to put all his practice to work on such a cute, lovely little femme.

His enormous shaft slipped between her legs, bouncing and throbbing with desire. He wanted to push, to start bringing things to a head, but he struggled to keep himself in control. He couldn't believe how aroused he was, and it was pressing against his calm, smooth exterior. He worked to tense up a bit, breaking the kiss and smiling down at the blushing Liz. He needed to get his head together and collect his thoughts before plunging in, lest he end up making a mess all over the place. It was only just now approaching midnight; he had a lot of hours to go before they could both rest.

Once he felt satisfied with his control of the situation, he gently tapped against Liz's sex, making her whimper. She was going to be a tight one, and even with all the licking, it would not be easy to get in. He probed her gently with his thick fingers, pressing in one and then the other as he gently goaded her into relaxing. She was certainly overflowing with juice, which was good, but he still had some trepidation about the actual penetration. Still, there was no

sense dragging it out, and so after several more minutes of fingering he firmly grabbed his shaft and began to press gently.

For fear of hurting her, Malcolm took things agonizingly slow, sinking it in inch by inch. Liz gasped, writhing and panting beneath Malcolm as she felt him fill her. It was a strain, but she certainly didn't try to make him stop. Indeed, she pushed herself against him, encouraging him to keep going even as he did everything he could to slow things down. Her eagerness was encouraging and infectious, and soon Malcolm found himself pressing more firmly, letting the most of his cock work her this way and that.

Driven on by his partner's enthusiasm, Malcolm worked himself eagerly inside Liz, his thrusts even and firm as he worked her over. He built things up slowly; gripping the frame of the bed and letting the petite Liz move and bounce as she wished. Her small breasts jiggled happily as he pressed against her, and she grabbed at the sheets, pulling and yanking on them as she writhed. She wrapped her legs around him, encouraging him to keep it coming as he worked her over more and more. Malcolm began to pant, amazed at how much this girl was taking from him. He didn't dare shove it in until he felt resistance, yet he could see a good deal of his enormous shaft vanish into her folds with each forward thrust.

As he was slowly growing tired, Malcolm gave in to pressure and reached down to work her clit, panting as he set her writhing and squeaking on the sheets. He moved to his knees, the most of his massive shaft still inside her as he rubbed furiously. He wanted to make sure that Liz met a conclusion before he got too tired to pleasure her right, and as the night wore on his strength grew ever closer to failing. Still, he had a lot of fight left in him, and he knew that he could handle anything that Liz happened to want.

Suddenly, Liz sat up, pressing down on the sheets with her hands and gasping. Malcolm stopped at once, fearful that he might have done something wrong, or that she'd grown too tired. But as she grinned he knew that he had, in fact, done everything right, and that she just wanted more. He bent down over her and she wrapped her arms around him, pulling herself up and working her sex along his shaft. "Roll over, I wanna be on top for a bit," she said. Malcolm nodded and moved quickly, the whole bed bouncing and squeaking under their combined weight as he did so. She was incredibly light compared to him, but Malcolm had no qualms about letting her take charge, grinning and groping her tits as his long tail swished between his legs. She looked adorable riding him, her hands bracing on his massive chest as she strained to work herself up and down his shaft.

They were both exhausted at this point, preventing Liz from going at the speed she seemed to wish, but Malcolm was all too happy to reach up and help Liz to move. He adjusted himself back a bit, leaning on the pillows and getting a firm grip under her arms as he moved her up and down, helping her legs to flex as she groaned and pushed. While she was certainly light and petite, Malcolm's strength was not infinite, and over time his tired muscles strained to

continue lifting her. Still, the exercise and sex sent waves of pleasure dashing through his body, and he put every ounce of his strength into each lift and drop. He kept her moving slowly, gently, and she helped out as best she could.

Malcolm could feel that the end was approaching, at least for Liz, so he moved her carefully, sliding her back to the sheets and working her sex madly with his hands. She gasped and writhed, then let out a sharp, squealing moan as her sex exploded around him. Her deprivation made her orgasm all the more intense, practically sending her bouncing off the bed as she writhed with pleasure. Malcolm groaned, feeling himself likewise caught up in the moment.

Thinking quickly, he pulled back and began rubbing, working his slick shaft in his hands. It was dripping wet with Liz's juice, to the point where he almost had difficulty holding on to it. Still he kept at it, and was rewarded with an orgasm that almost bowled him off the bed and onto the floor. His shaft exploded with cum, sending out long, glistening ropes across Liz's chest and face. She giggled and rubbed at the stuff as it came out across her, splattering and splashing all over. She rubbed it into her breasts and swallowed a bit of what landed in her mouth, though by the way she looked at Malcolm it was clear she wasn't very much used to the taste. Exhausted and already going soft, Malcolm laid down next to her, putting his arm around her shoulders.

It was quite some time before either of them spoke, Malcolm only breaking the silence after a full hour's time. "Well, how's that for the first night?" he asked. Liz cuddled with him gently, looking deep into his eyes and smiling.

"It was good, but I think I'm going to want some more, you know, so that I get the full value out of what I purchased." Malcolm grinned and rubbed at her softly, helping her to climb up onto him and cuddle gently. They kissed lightly, Liz whipping her tail back and forth enthusiastically as she cuddled with him. She seemed as if she might go to sleep right then and there, but Malcolm needed to make sure they were both clean before they slept, lest they both wake up sticky and stinking.

"C'mon, we need to wash up before we sleep," he said, moving to his feet. He was exhausted, but it wasn't the first time he'd stirred his feet to move when he'd rather not, and he managed to not only carry himself but also carry Liz as he moved towards the fine marble bathroom. Liz was just barely awake, but she kept clinging to him, smiling and whipping her tail lightly.

As he turned on the water and found himself in the shower, he began to lather up Liz's body, which was still radiant with afterglow. He smiled as he saw how undeniably happy she was, taking in a deep amount of contentment. He'd always loved when he could put a smile on his customer's face, and the happiness he'd given Liz was worth even more than the money, though of course he would never admit as much. Still, as he felt her tender, petite body pressed up against his own, he knew that he'd truly both given and received

satisfaction. There was no better feeling in the world, and he couldn't wait to take her to even higher heights during the upcoming week. It would be a real challenge to outdo himself six more times this week, but if it was possible, he knew he could do it. After all, he was Malcolm, the guy every girl wanted and every boyfriend was jealous of! He just needed to figure out if there was an itch Liz was begging for him to scratch, then give her all she could ever want, and more...