

Malcolm's Fares: Dirty Vixen

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Things had been going even better for Malcolm than usual. The spring break season was just coming to a close, and he had the good fortune of playing round robin with an entire sorority of girls, each of whom opened their purses and took their turn. By the time it was all over, his head was spinning so much he had decided to take a week off, enjoying his gains on the beaches with his friends. Of course, he was everybody's friend when he could supply the alcohol, smokes and the occasional joint, necessitating the selection of more remote and uninteresting parts of the island. Just yesterday he had woken up to find he was sleeping in his cab, it was parked on a beach he never remembered seeing before, and his two best guy friends were passed out next to a radio whose batteries were long dead. Whatever had gone on, they all agreed it had been the most fun they'd ever had with their pants on.

The extra money had allowed Malcolm to give his cab its yearly refit. The original engine had long since been replaced with one which was more powerful and more fuel efficient, but even still, his Brazilian mechanic friend Paolo had managed to squeeze a bit more performance out of it, something he was pleased to discover on some of Jamaica's few remote highways. He had helped Malcolm to repaint the vehicle too, painting a giant Jamaican flag on the hood to go with the rest of the cab's traditional yellow and checker patterns. Paolo had tried to talk him into installing hydraulics as well, but seeing as so many of his passengers and customers were old enough to despise such things, Malcolm was holding off on that for now. Still, it might be nice to have some simple hydraulics for when he needed to make a girl's titties bounce.

Malcolm had parked his car at the airport, but with the tourists suddenly drying up, there were too many cabbies and not enough passengers. Fights would break out between cabbies over the best spots, something Malcolm hated. He was a lover, not a fighter, and though he had enough experience to pound in a few faces if he needed to, he much preferred to lay back and wait for things to calm down. A lot of the cabbies were unlicensed and untrained, guys who'd managed to get their hands on a car and some stickers in an attempt to make a quick buck. Malcolm had enough money to wait things out and pick his targets, or to simply take none at all. He leaned on his cab, parked a good distance from the rest of the cabs, and smoked a cigarette. He had the music from his car stereo, beautiful weather, and a cooler underneath the front seat full of rum and beer. What did he have to worry about or fight over?

Malcolm worked out every day in order to sculpt his figure into the sort of highly toned, modestly muscular form he used to show off to the girls. His open shirt was a testament to this, showing his powerful pecs and six-pack abs beautifully. He loved to work out, loved the rush he felt when it was over. Bodybuilders were right when they said that a good workout was like cumming, the all-consuming pleasurable dizziness that Malcolm felt after a good workout was almost exactly like the one he felt after his experience with a particularly keen customer. Like that mouse girl he'd been with a few weeks ago. Or that vixen from Las Vegas.

Having little else to do, and trying to distract himself from such pleasant memories lest he get a boner where everyone could see, Malcolm moved down to the curb and started doing push-ups. Bringing his impressive chest all the way to the ground each time, he began with one-handed pushups, then shifted to two as his arms got tired. Push-ups didn't burn much time, but they certainly kept his arms in shape, and he could move on to sit-ups and maybe even a little jogging later on. Odds were strong that he wouldn't be picking up any fares today anyway, especially when he didn't feel like fighting the aggressive traffic down by the arrival gates.

Just as he was about to do his fiftieth two-handed pushup, he heard a loud but distinctive bang. Being a lover of cars and car repairs, he guessed from the sound of bouncing metal parts that a car had just blown its oil pump and cracked a block, although he'd need to inspect the damage to make sure. As blown oil pumps were usually caused by someone not taking proper care of their car or adding oil frequently, Malcolm stood up expecting to see the typical sort of comical scene that came about when one of these unlicensed gypsy cabs finally gave out. Most of these got their cars off a scrap heap or even from the black market, meaning that they were probably stolen and any useful or fully functional component was long since gone. The work they put into trying to fix their car while keeping their fare from escaping into another cab was funnier than any sitcom, especially when the cops showed up to force the cabbie to remove his wreck from the asphalt.

But much to Malcolm's surprise, he saw not an angry cabbie and an unfortunate fare, but a vixen driving a rental car. Like most rental vehicles it looked new and nice but was actually horribly abused and worn down, no doubt the cause of the pump failure. Rather than simply leaving her car to die on the road, she proved that she wasn't from around here by calmly shifting the car into neutral and coasting onto the emergency shoulder, where her car stubbornly remained. Within seconds she was on her cell phone to the rental company, but Malcolm knew it wasn't going to end well.

The vixen was wearing a modest T-shirt and jeans, just casual and just tight enough to show off her assets as well as showing that she was very much on vacation. She was certainly attractive, well past college age but definitely not yet in her 30s, although she was approaching them rapidly. She was in that awkward hang-time when a

girl's looks were threatening to fade instead of actually doing so, a time when females tried to get in their last few flings before finally settling down to a family or career. This, combined with her ample bust and long, curly red hair made her a perfect customer for Malcolm, and he approached her with his broadest grin, the sound of cash registers already jingling in the back of his mind.

"I think the oil pump blew," said Malcolm. "Can I take a look under the hood?"

"Go ahead," said the vixen. "The fucking rental company's got me on hold...Shit, I can WALK back to their office, how hard is it for them to just get me another car?" Malcolm nodded, not wanting to tell her that he'd seen this happen before, and she was quite definitely fucked for the entire duration of the trip. Some unscrupulous mechanic had taken the car to a chop shop and replaced the original engine with one from some slag heap, a common problem with the popular, mass-purchased cars which rental companies used. The car couldn't be more than two years old while the engine was at least ten, and time had not been kind to the poor thing. It was much too hot for him to go fiddling around, but the smell of burned oil and the horrible condition of the engine let him know that whatever was wrong was not something he could fix, even with the extensive toolkit he kept in the trunk of his cab.

"Listen, this car is fucked," said Malcolm, resting his hand on the vixen's shoulder. She looked almost like she was going to cry. "Call your credit card company and cancel the payment, let them handle it. You can rent a different car from a different company tomorrow. In the mean time, I can get you to your hotel, and you can just deal with this problem later. You probably don't need a car anyway, you can get most anywhere on the island using cabs or just walking." As he spoke, he noticed the glint of a gold ring on the vixen's finger. Though his expression remained friendly, his heart sank. Usually when a girl was married, and especially when she was young enough to have been married recently, she had absolutely no interest whatsoever in guys like Malcolm. Still, getting a worried girl to her hotel would at least be a nice thing to do, and doing nice things usually also meant getting pretty substantial tips.

"Yeah, I guess," said the vixen. "You can call me Mary, by the way. Could you help me with the bags out of the trunk?" Malcolm grinned as Mary offered him the rental car's keys lifting up her two massive suitcases as if they were nothing. Mary gasped, clearly impressed to see the big mongoose in action. They were always surprised to see how powerful he was, something Malcolm was all too happy to use to his advantage. As he neatly carried both of her cases using only his right hand, she followed behind him, her eyes filled with wonder and excitement.

Once they had settled into Malcolm's cab, set a destination and merged into traffic, Malcolm did his best to strike up a conversation, hoping to encourage the vixen into focusing more on her vacation than her initial misfortune. "So Mary, where are you from?"

"Oh, well I'm originally from Boston, but I've been living in Chicago for so long now that it doesn't feel like it." She adjusted herself in her seat as she spoke. "I graduated with a degree in industrial design, but I never bothered using it, considering by the time I stepped up to the podium I was already pregnant with my second kid." The mention of kids killed any dreams Malcolm might have of turning this vixen into anything more than cab fare. It was irritating, especially when a rumbling in his pants told him he was going to need to get laid in the next 24 hours or he'd go nuts, but if what he needed was vixen pussy there was a certain bartender vix who owed him a favor. She wasn't anywhere near as attractive as Mary, but she could do a few things with her tongue that most girls wouldn't even think physically possible. "I got myself fixed after that, two is enough, and taking care of them is more work than a full-time job anyway."

"So what brings you to Jamaica without your husband and kids?" asked Malcolm, nonchalantly expecting her to mention a convention, a health spa, or even that she had merely booked a different flight.

"Oh well to tell the truth, I came to get completely drunk off my ass, get the best sex I possibly can, and hopefully get stoned out of my fucking mind." Malcolm tried to keep his cool, but all pretense of not being surprised was dashed when he narrowly avoided hitting a cyclist, the car swerving wildly for a few seconds before he got it under control. "I'm not kidding, if that's what you were wondering."

"It isn't," said Malcolm. "I just uhh...Didn't expect it. I mean, you don't exactly look the type."

"I know, right?" said Mary, giggling a little and leaning far forward, putting her elbows on the top of the front seat. She played with Malcolm's dreadlocks a bit, smiling. "See the thing is that I was a big party girl back in my college days, and rather than making me give it up, my hubby Brad decided to embrace it. Once a year, he lets me go off and scratch that itch, and once a year I let him do much the same. I've got to say, it's the best thing we could ever think to do for our marriage. Rather than worrying about sex or lusting over sexy co-workers, we just do what we need to do, and put all the rest of our energy into taking care of the kids and the bills and so on."

"It does make a lot of sense when you put it that way," said Malcolm. He was still a bit surprised, but now much more pleased. The way she was fondling his hair and caressing his ears let him know that she was looking to buy, he just needed to let her know that the product was for sale. Considering all of the trouble he had to go to in order to make a girl feel comfortable and to get her buying, the fact that one plopped into his lap caught him by surprise. At least it was a lot more pleasant surprise than the ones he was used to, such as waking up to the sound of his cab being towed or a call from his mother to ask him why, exactly, he hadn't shown up for the funeral of his aunt. "So should I tell you about the best clubs in

town, or would you be interested in hiring me for much more than just the ride to the hotel?"

"I had a feeling you were a gigolo," said Mary, grinning and reaching down to caress his chest. She certainly had soft, eager hands, the tips of her fingers and edges of her claws already touching and pinching and prodding oh so perfectly. Malcolm didn't want to come out and say it, but if she rejected his little sales pitch, he'd give her one on the house. She clearly knew what she was doing, to say the least. "So how much for a night? Four hundred? Five? I know you think you're hot shit so you probably try to charge a lot." Mary reached into her purse and thumbed around, pulling out a substantial wad of \$20 bills. Malcolm raised an eyebrow. He was going to say two fifty, and be willing to talk down from that. "Take this, and call a friend. I want you both. I have to be back in the air by Monday, and any hour I spend without a dick in both ends is an hour I've wasted. I've been wanting this for over a year, you know."

Malcolm nodded and picked up his cell phone, speed-dialing while he drove. He couldn't believe the amount of enthusiasm this girl had. Last time he'd had a customer coming on to him strong she was a recent transvestite who wanted to make sure that things "worked" down there as they were intended. He was a bit out of sorts, having the shoe on the other foot so to speak, but the appeal of vixen pussy and much more money than he normally charged was knocking him off-kilter, especially after his previous line of successes.

After a few rings, the phone crackled to life, a very tired voice coming from the other side. "Hello?"

"Sticky, I've got a bit of a situation here," said Malcolm.

"Look you know I don't got no money for bail," said Sticky. "I live free, man, I take what I need to survive and that's it."

"It's not THAT kind of a situation. Look, just meet me at the Paradise Hotel in about thirty minutes, OK? I'll explain when you arrive."

Malcolm paced back and forth by the door, clad only in his jewelry, his massive cock flapping back and forth across his thighs. He'd called Sticky's cell phone twice already, and the rat had yet to show. He was typically unreliable like this, one of the reasons why he'd asked the rat to arrive in thirty minutes well over an hour ago, knowing the guy would get lost, forget something, or even just change his mind about showing up without telling anyone. Were it not for his massive cock and powerful skill at growing weed, Sticky would be completely useless, and if he showed up expressing the wrong one of his talents, Malcolm was going to deck him good. Mary had mentioned a desire to get high, but that would come later, well after Malcolm had scratched his itch and had gone home. Sex was his drug of choice, after all.

Finally Malcolm heard a knock on the door, and a quick check through the peep hole let Malcolm know that Sticky had finally arrived. The rat was the son of hippies who'd wandered down to the island back in the early 70s, and he looked very much like his parents in that he was unwashed and uncut, with a massive tangle of dreadlocks trailing behind his head. He wore a tie-dyed shirt and worn jeans, coated in holes and stains. He had replaced his more typical smell with one of air freshener and deodorant, although the switch from natural stink to a chemical one was not entirely pleasant. Still, he was smiling, if exhausted, and clearly excited to be here.

"So where are we going to meet this hot MILF?" said Sticky, grinning at Malcolm with his slightly yellowed teeth. "And why are you naked?"

"Because she's here, right now, like I told you," said Malcolm. He wanted to smack some sense into Sticky, but not only would it be highly inappropriate, it probably wouldn't work either. He turned to Mary, who was smiling, naked, excited and positively bouncing up and down on the bed. He might not be entirely in control here, but he could tell he was going to have the time of his life, and that was really what mattered, right?

Malcolm went over to his pants and pulled out a roll of condoms. Experience had taught him that both he and Sticky happened to share a size, so he tore one off and tossed it at his rodent companion. Mary, with surprising agility, snatched it out of mid-air and tossed it back to Malcolm, giggling. "I told you I was fixed," she said. "So just go ahead and leave it in! I love the feeling anyway."

Malcolm shrugged his shoulders and hopped on Mary, kissing her deeply and grabbing her wrists, pinning her to the bed as he moved over her. She kissed back eagerly, wrapping her legs around him and squeezing. Her massive chest heaved, her erect nipples jutting into Malcolm's chest. Her body was warm, and she pressed herself against him, even going so far as to begin to work her sex across his thigh. Behind them, Sticky was ditching his awkward clothes, his haste making him clumsy. He pulled his pants down to his ankles and then tripped trying to step out of them, coming down on the hotel floor with a thud so hard it made Malcolm wince.

Considering how the rat and the vixen were acting, Malcolm knew he'd have to take control here if things were going to be anywhere near sane and normal. He moved off Mary, shifting to his knees and hoisting his cock. Mary had been eyeing it for quite some time, and as he waved it in front of her she grabbed it, cooing and panting with excitement. She licked eagerly along its length, her soft tongue working the pink flesh delicately. She moaned loudly as she shifted to all fours, slowly moving more and more of Malcolm's cock into her mouth. She twisted her head this way and that as she worked, her hot breath and warm mouth making Malcolm shiver. He was content to let her do as she wished for now, but he kept a firm grip on her head to make sure she knew who was the boss.

Sticky, however, was all too eager to slip in between Mary's legs now that he had finally dispensed with his clothes. He had a long tongue with a bolt through the middle, and long experience using it on the female form. He licked and lapped eagerly, digging in his taste buds and probing her deeply. He rolled his tongue into a tube and slid it in and out a bit, the fuzz of his chin caressing her clit. Finally he rolled on his back and began sending great jets of hot air across her mound as he flipped his tongue up and down, working the slit with decided eagerness. He even went so far as to move in his fingers, spreading and working her sex so as to give him more room to probe.

The rat's actions made Mary squirm in Malcolm's grasp, forcing him to increase the strength of his grip. As she continued to writhe, however, he decided to go with it instead of against it, and began working his length back and forth inside Mary's mouth. She moaned with delight, reaching up with one hand to grab his length and hold it delicately in her hand. Spittle was dribbling down her chin as she worked, but the more Malcolm pushed, the more she seemed to want the encouragement. Soon half his length was down her throat, and he could feel her gagging and swallowing on the very tip. The way her tail wagged into a blur let him know she was having every bit of fun she had hoped to receive.

On the back end, Sticky had shifted his position, kneeling behind Mary as he caressed and groped her ass. He held his length in his hand, already hard and eager, and began working it in slowly. Mary's long experience made her loose, and so even Sticky's enormous length had no difficulty sliding into her. His eyes rolled back and his tongue lolled out a little as he enjoyed her depths, his shaft hardening fully as her juices dribbled down it. He gripped her ass and began moving into her slowly, pushing and sliding his length back and forth deep within her folds. He started off slowly at first, working only the first five or six inches, but soon he was pushing down the entire length with ever increasing speed.

Malcolm could tell that from the way Mary was moaning and letting herself be bounced about that Sticky was giving his all and letting himself be a bit too much into it, but the big mongoose wasn't in much of a position to slow the guy down. He'd been deprived recently, after all, and if things were going to end well it might do the guy some good to get a little tired. Malcolm instead focused on helping Mary to pleasure him back, helping her to twist her head this way and that as she worked his cock hard, pulling back here and there to give her a chance to breathe. Her massive chest heaved and swung beneath her as the boys worked, and Malcolm bent over a bit to give her nipples a pinch. She whimpered, her voice reverberating through Malcolm's enormous shaft.

Sticky's enthusiasm was getting the best of him as he fucked Mary from the rear. As he continued pounding on him, he didn't bother holding back to make it last, and instead bent far forward, thrusting his hips as powerfully as he could. While he lacked the toned and

carefully manicured body that Malcolm maintained, he was in good enough shape to move at a fever pitch, although the action left him hacking and coughing for breath. He leaned back a bit, whimpering and closing his eyes, then shuddering as he came hard; his shaft pulsing and throbbing inside Mary as it shot out blast after blast. He collapsed on top of her, gasping and grinning widely as he whipped his long, hairless tail this way and that.

"You know, blowing your load so early seems downright inappropriate," said Malcolm, grinning at Sticky as he rolled off Mary and began struggling to catch his breath.

"Fuck...You..." muttered the rat. There was some more coughing, but he just smiled at Malcolm. "You know I've got another load in there... I'm not even soft yet!" Mary giggled through Malcolm's shaft, then slid back a bit and freed herself so she could speak.

"I know you wanna be the boss-man here," said Mary. "But I'm the customer, and I wanna be in charge!" She nipped lightly at Malcolm's shaft and he let go of her, sighing in exasperation even as he smiled and whipped his tail back and forth. Mary grinned and rolled over onto Sticky, reaching between her legs and grabbing his shaft in her hands. She squeezed it and milked it for a bit, then dug her heels into the mattress, lifting her waist high up as she curled back her tail.

"Hey, what are you...Ahnn!" said Sticky, panting as Mary grabbed his shaft and pressed it firmly against her pucker. He was still dripping with her juices and his own mess, but the going was slow, and Mary had to pace herself to keep from getting hurt. Still, it was not long before most of his length was inside her, and she slowly began working herself on Sticky's enormous shaft, groaning with the effort.

Malcolm grinned as her chest began to heave, the heavy up-and-down motion making her tits jiggle with each deep and precious breath. He bent forward and kissed her nipples, then began to nibble and lick at them carefully. He used his teeth sparingly, wanting to work her as best he could using only his lips and tongue for now. His hand drifted down to her sex, gently fondling and pinching her dripping sex and swollen clit. She was just getting started, and unlike his friend, Malcolm wanted to drag it out for as long as possible.

Mary's lust was insatiable, however, and she bucked her hips against his hand even as she worked Sticky's enormous shaft inside her. Malcolm leaned in to kiss her, and though she drew him to her, he could tell that what she wanted was more, more and more. If he was ever going to calm her down, his only choice was to get her cumming, and the easiest way to do that was right between his legs.

Malcolm moved slowly between her legs, grabbing her by the hips as he pulled himself over her. Mary could hardly contain her excitement. She reached out and grabbed him, pulling him down onto her and squeezing her tightly, kissing him on the lips and cheeks. Malcolm didn't let her break his concentration and instead just

pressed himself into her slowly, sinking down delicately into her folds.

Mary's sex was wet and sloppy, and Sticky's earlier actions had left her quite messy. Though she was loose, the sensation of Sticky pressing up from below helped to make her feel tight, though Malcolm still found it easy to move within her. He groaned and closed his eyes as he worked away on her, pressing himself as deep as he dared. She was certainly much looser than the sort of girls Malcolm normally worked with, and he took the opportunity to work almost the entire length of his shaft, his balls narrowly missing Sticky's with each forward thrust.

Malcolm grabbed Mary's hands and pulled them up a bit, shifting from laying over her to towering between her legs. He ground away at her softly while Sticky stuck his hands up, grabbing at her tits and squeezing. The vixen giggled and bit her lower lip a bit, smiling delicately as she waited for Malcolm to make his next move. He put his hands on her knees and slowly began accelerating his pace, moving inside her more and more. Soon almost his entire length was sliding back and forth inside her. Sticky pressed up from underneath, trying to match Malcolm slide for slide, but he didn't have the same level of energy left. Still, his efforts were considerable, and he worked himself on Mary as intensely as he could, countering every other thrust of Malcolm's with one of his own.

The three of them were working up to a fever pitch now, and as Mary's arousal pushed her to the top of the mountain, Malcolm let himself relax. He would have all night and most of the evening for sloppy seconds, it felt like, and he hadn't gotten a chance to blow his load since putting those sorority girls on the plane back to Iowa. Giving in just seemed like the natural thing to do.

Mary hit her orgasm right at the apex of one of Malcolm's thrusts, her juices splattering across his length as she writhed between him and the rat. She was a squirter, to say the least, and Malcolm could feel everything from the base of his cock downward get sprayed by her sex. He rolled his eyes a little bit at the mess, but determined to press himself in deep, working his shaft more and more as he pressed towards his own orgasm.

Once he knew it was near, he pulled out his length and shuffled forward a bit, working his length hard with his hands. He rubbed and tugged on it delicately, pointing the tip towards Mary's wide-open mouth. She stuck out her tongue and closed her eyes, panting and swallowing as he shot out burst after burst across her tits, chin and mouth. A few wild shots ended up in her hair, but she only giggled, rubbing it into her fur and smiling. "It's good for the hair, I hear."

"So do I," said Malcolm. He got off her slowly and helped her to extract him from Sticky's shaft. He was waning but enthusiastic, and ground into Mary's back a bit as the three of them fought to capture their breath. "So, can I count you as a satisfied customer?"

"Maybe when you drop me back off at the airport on Monday," said Mary, grinning. "In the meantime, we've got lots and lots of second helpings to work through. Catch your breath soon, because I've got a whole year's worth of things I wanna try out on you boys." Malcolm rolled his eyes a bit but grinned. To think he was getting PAID to do this!