

Malcolm's Fares: Heavy Hyena

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 against his cab and gently tugged on his cigarette. The big mongoose was desperately trying to both get over his hangover and the sort of work he'd just done. Being a male escort, he was used to handling older females. Generally things went well. Older femmes tended to know what they were doing and what they wanted. All too often, they were simply lonely and sick of the strict sexual morality pushed on those in their thirties. Their husband was a fat lout, or they wanted to relive their party days, or whatever. Most of them were nice, too, tipping him heavily and treating him more like a lover than a piece of meat.

But he'd made a mistake last week when he picked up four sluts who were all looking for a good time. He could tell they were trouble, but he had hoped it would be the kind of trouble that ended with him putting a new set of rims on his cab. Instead, he had spent the weekend babysitting four drunk, bitchy New York sluts who cared more about fashion than having fun in bed. Even in his line of work, he'd hardly seen females who were more shallow and vapid. They treated him more like a dildo with legs, or a fashion accessory that drove them around. And they didn't even have the dignity to tip when it was all over. At least one of them had, in a bit of petty fury, flung her handbag at him as he hefted her luggage to the airport gate. Malcolm's grandma had been wanting a designer handbag for years now, and the New York bitch was NOT getting back the \$300 she had in there. The credit cards, at least, would be shredded, as would her checkbook. Malcolm might have more than a few marks on his license for drunk driving, and his line of work wasn't exactly legal, but he was not a thief. Besides, racking up charges on a credit card or with forged checks would attract undue attention, and make his shitty week even worse.

Right now, Malcolm was looking for a distraction as much as he was a fare. He had considered just packing it up and going back to his apartment to sleep, but when he'd been by there this morning, the landlord was still remodeling the downstairs area. There would be no sleep amidst the sound of hammers and nails, as well as the occasional smash followed by cursing. Malcolm's landlord was a pretty incompetent builder, yet for some stupid reason he'd chosen to attempt to fix the place up on his own instead of hiring someone like he usually did. Normally Malcolm wouldn't care, he was in his own apartment so rarely, but he did miss being able to go home and sleep during the day, especially when he was up all night. He was also increasingly worried that he might come home to find his floor had collapsed because the idiot landlord had sawed up a support pillar.

He kept anything of value either in his cab or in his Grandmother's storage closet, but it would be a pain having to find a new apartment and repurchase all that furniture.

Malcolm finished his cigarette and tossed the butt onto the curb, crawling into his cab and turning on the radio. He flipped through the presets until he heard some classic reggae. There was a small pirate radio station located somewhere near the airport which played nothing but the classics, filling the airwaves with the most melodious and unusual reggae from the seventies and eighties. In sharp contrast to the rap-laden, trash-talking stuff that clogged the legitimate stations, the music was soft and relaxing, like the powerful drugs it promoted. The music was about free love, bright sunshine, and the sort of contentment that only comes when you know everything will turn out OK. It was just what Malcolm needed, and as he leaned across his wide front seat, he debated just taking a nap where he was. He had shown up late this morning, thanks in no small part to those bitches, and all of the good cab stops were already taken. No one would bother him out where he was, not even the parking police. Slowly, he rolled down his windows and began to close his eyes, drinking in the soft breeze.

Just as he was about to drift off into sleep, something caught his eye. Far in front of him, right at the terminal, was what looked like the hottest hyena he'd ever seen. Instantly he blinked himself to wakefulness, squinting and putting his hand to his forehead as he tried to get a better look. She had long, beautiful hair that was carefully braided into well-manicured dreadlocks. They spilled onto modest, feminine shoulders, which were complemented by simply enormous breasts. Malcolm had rarely seen a girl who was so heavily endowed, and he could just imagine how much her bra must be straining underneath her tight T-shirt. She had a few extra pounds, but it was all in the right places, as her wasp waist gave way to an enormous ass and two long, shapely thighs. Even from a distance, Malcolm could feel her body causing a slight stirring in his pants. Figuring that there must be SOMETHING wrong with her, he started his car and edged forward to see if he could get a look at her face. It had to be ugly, right? No one was THAT attractive, or at least, they didn't end up being ignored when they looked that hot. As he scooted in closer, he found that her face was, if anything, her finest feature. It was warm and approachable, although she was clearly not in a cheery mood. The femme was struggling with her luggage, which was considerable, and for some reason no one was dashing over to help her. She certainly didn't look like the no-tipping tightwad, and considering how hot she was, Malcolm couldn't believe that there weren't cabs smashing into each other trying to pick her up. The terminal was certainly busy, and there were a number of arguments here and there, as well as cops driving off the unlicensed. But still, Malcolm expected someone to try and butt him out of the way as he neatly lined his cab up in front of the hyena and grinned. "Need a ride?" he said, neatly pressing some of the buttons on his dashboard. The rear

passenger door opened pneumatically, as did the trunk. He had spent a lot of money having those retro-fitted onto his ancient 1972 Checker Cab, and it always impressed his customers that he didn't have to lean over in order to open the door. The hyena girl grinned and Malcolm neatly slid over to the passenger side door, opened it, and began moving her luggage to the trunk. She cooed as his massive, powerful muscles moved bag after bag into the trunk, lifting them as though they had no weight at all.

"Wow, you're POWERFUL!" said the Hyena as she moved herself into the back seat, grinning and fingering the soft leather seats. Malcolm took great pride in how comfortable and fashionable his cab was, and he loved to see his customers light up when they sat down on a back seat that had the same sort of leather found in fine couches. She bounced on it a bit, making her massive tits jiggle as Malcolm tried not to stare. The last bag carefully stowed in the cavernous trunk, Malcolm climbed back into the car and closed both doors at the push of a button, smiling to his passenger and starting the meter.

"So, where to?" asked Malcolm, turning down the soft reggae sound as he pulled into traffic. He rolled up the windows as well, turning on the air conditioning to a modest setting. Sometimes, when he wanted to play around, he turned it all the way up, making a girl's nipples stick out against their tight shirts. But this hyena, whoever she was, deserved to be gently caressed instead of rudely played with. Malcolm needed a good fuck more than he needed a customer, and there was no way he was going to charge this girl anything more than cab fare. If that. "And I don't believe I caught your name."

"Yolanda," she said. "And I need to ultimately end up at the King Hotel, although you can take your time in getting there. The airline bumped my flight twelve hours FORWARD and I just barely found out about it in time. I'm not really expected until tomorrow, and to be honest, I don't wanna go where I'm expected anyway." The hyena had a pronounced Chicago accent, although Malcolm detected enough of a Jamaican twinge to let him know that her parents had come from the island. Picking up so many customers from so many countries had given Malcolm a knack for identifying nationality based on brief moments of conversation, and in many cases he could even narrow down the city where his customer had come from.

"Well I can be a tour guide as well," said Malcolm. He pulled down his sun visor to reveal a number of DVDs, and began thumbing through them. There was a small DVD player and screen built into the back seat of his cab, ostensibly for the purpose of showing promotional videos and informational films for tourists. Mostly, however, Malcolm used it to show his own special brand of home-made porn. While amateurish and rough, it showed off Malcolm's washboard abs and, more importantly, his monstrous twelve-inch cock. For now, though, he pulled out a DVD which advertised some of the more respectable, tourist-friendly bars and clubs, ones which had just enough Jamaican flavor to be fun, but no danger of watered-down

bathtub hooch or unexpected visits from the cops. Yolanda waved off the DVD as he grabbed it, though, and leaned on the seat which divided them. Though Malcolm kept his eyes on the road, in the reflection of his rear-view mirror, he could see her massive tits straining against taut fabric. Either she wasn't used to the cold, or she'd been leaning into the air vents he'd had installed at chest-level in the seat, because her nipples were rock hard.

"I'm not interested in a tour," said Yolanda. "Once a year, the whole family gets together for Great Grandma's birthday. And I hate it. It's nothing but obscure aunts asking 'When are you going to get married?' and 'When are you going to move back to de eye-land?' It makes me sick." Yolanda exaggerated her pronunciation of "island" in a rough but derogatory attempt at the Jamaican accent. A Jamaican through and through, Malcolm was mildly put off by this, but he knew that this girl wouldn't be using such rough language if she didn't have something to be so bitchy about. Deep down he could tell that she liked it here, that her body loved the warm sun and the soft rush of the sea. She just didn't care for a family that wouldn't let her be her own woman.

"So I take it you'd like to get shitfaced, then?" said Malcolm, grinning. Spring break had ended months ago, but he still knew where the good booze was in this town. He would never, ever admit it, but he loved juicy, fruity girly drinks even more than he did the fine beers and wines. A jackal bartender had gotten him hooked on them quite some time ago, and he had never looked back, even though he was more than a little secretive in how he indulged his passion. He didn't want anyone thinking he was gay just because he spent time alone sipping tropical drinks with a handsome yet effeminate bartender.

"Maybe, but I'm not the bar type," said Yolanda. "The last thing I want is to be fighting for overpriced drinks while being surrounded by drunks. I wanna go someplace out of the way. Remote. Where I can drink in peace and complain to a sympathetic ear." Yolanda sighed and sat back on her seat, rubbing her forehead lightly. Malcolm tried not to check her out in the rear-view mirror, but it wasn't easy. He hadn't seen hips like that in years, and he'd never managed to get so close to them. All his life, Malcolm had been a lucky boy, but he had never known his luck to go this incredibly far. He didn't want to come across as creepy, but Yolanda had the sort of body that was pretty hard not to look at. He just hoped that she was willing to relax long enough to let his natural charm and handsome body win her over.

"I know of a place, but it's pretty out of the way," said Malcolm. "It might take awhile to get there, and we'll have to use some back roads." Malcolm did his best to speak frankly and make it clear that he wasn't some sort of crazy rapist taking her out to a remote forest or something, but it seemed almost unnecessary. Whatever job she had, Yolanda spent a lot of time dealing with others, and he could tell that she had already sized him up and found

him to not be dangerous. If anything, he could see subtle bits of intrigue on her face, and he knew that she had been checking out his powerful upper body while he moved her luggage. He just hoped that she had checked out his more-than-ample package as well. Most girls were willing to have a romp with him after seeing that, if only for the experience of taking a cock that huge. Even if they couldn't, his enormous shaft was fun for them to play with, and he had enough talent with his fingers and tongue to get any girl gushing and gasping.

"Fine, let's go there," said Yolanda. Malcolm nodded and turned off the main road, proceeding through a number of remote streets as he looked for a very specific exit. It wasn't even a true exit, per se, but rather a path cut roughly through the woods long ago. He never did learn why the road was there. At first he had feared it had been cut by drug runners intending to use it to carry drugs to the beach, but he and his friends had kept close watch on it for quite some time and never seen anyone travel down it, day or night. If it had been cut by drug runners, or was merely a utility road, it had been abandoned long ago. Once plants began sprouting in the midst of the road, Malcolm and his friends had decided it was safe, and begun clearing it and using it regularly for when they wanted a beach party all to themselves.

The road terminated at a small, narrow beach, flanked by low rocky cliffs on either side. The beach was shallow, making swimming difficult, and the rocks eliminated any chance of surf. The area was also, unfortunately, a repository for the sort of garbage that washed up on the shore, and although Malcolm and his friends cleaned it up regularly, there were occasional nasty surprises such as dead fish sitting at the high-tide mark. Fortunately, as Malcolm pulled his cab off to the side, he saw nothing worse than a few pieces of driftwood. He rolled down his window just to make sure, but the only smell that approached his nose was the comforting twinge of salty sea air. Thus satisfied, he pressed the button to unlock and open Yolanda's door for her, neatly stepping out to stand by it as she exited.

"Where are we?" asked the hyena. She was a bit confused, but clearly liked the tiny beach retreat. The forest grew right up to the sand on this part of the island, and though the sun was high in the sky, the shade from the trees helped to make the air cool and lazy. "I don't seen any bars or cafes around here."

"That's because there aren't any," said Malcolm. He opened the passenger side door and reached under the front seat. Long ago, he and his friends had this idea to retrofit a small fridge in there, just big enough to hold bottles of beer. It had ended up being very complicated, thanks in no small part to the fact that they had to custom-design and build the fridge themselves, as well as figure out some way to vent out all of the hot air. Malcolm still wasn't entirely sure how they'd done it, but he did know that it drained his battery pretty quickly if left unattended. There was just enough room for six beers. He pulled two and hoped that it would be enough. The

nearest convenience store was five miles away, and their selection was paltry at best. "Me and my friends found this old service road awhile back and cleared it out. It's our little secret place." Malcolm pulled a bottle cap opener out of his pocket and opened one of the beers, handing Yolanda one of them. The hyena sighed and sipped at it lightly, and then took a long, slow drag as she leaned against the side of Malcolm's cab.

"Sorry if I scratch the paint," she said, sighing and hoisting herself up so that she could sit on it more firmly. Malcolm couldn't help staring at her enormous ass as it was pressed against the carefully painted metal of his cab. Her weight made her booty smoosh just so, and her tight pants could barely contain what she had on offer as her weight pressed down. He wanted to make a comment about how he didn't mind, or how his cab would never mind a booty that was that fine, but he couldn't come up with any way to say it that wasn't creepy or perverted.

"It's okay, you're not wearing anything metal and I only use the good paint," said Malcolm, sipping his beer. Slowly he caressed the shiny yellow steel of his cab, letting his hand move closer and closer to Yolanda. When he didn't stop her, he took her hand, then kissed her on the cheek. "Besides, how could I take offense from someone as beautiful as you?"

Yolanda giggled a bit, taking the complement well, but not foolishly. "Well aren't you the charmer!" she said, grinning and taking another long sip of her beer. "Don't think that just because I'm pissed off and you're giving me free beer that you're going to get laid. I'm not that kind of girl."

"I know you're not," said Malcolm, grinning and sitting next to her on the hood. The suspension wobbled under their combined weight, but it had no difficulty supporting them. "But I do know you're the sort of girl who needs to relax. So I'm going to help you do that." He finished his beer in a few long drags, then went to the trunk and opened it. Deep in the back, behind Yolanda's luggage, he kept a small personal bag with his own items in it. There was a spare shirt and a change of pants, of course, but also a large beach towel and a bottle of massage oil. He gently laid out the towel on the soft sand, revealing that it had a large Jamaican flag printed on it. He popped open the bottle of massage oil and grinned as he knelt on the sand. "I'm very good, one of the girls I used to date did this professionally, for tourists."

Yolanda grinned, sipping her beer. "You know, I've never been approached by a rentboy before, but I always presumed they'd ask for the cash up front. And you should also know that I'm not going to pay." She grinned and produced one of Malcolm's business cards. Malcolm stood stock still, his smile becoming pained. How had she gotten hold of one of those? He hadn't given her one, and he had no intention at all of making Yolanda pay. He just had to fuck that hyena, and he wanted to put a smile on her face. How could he explain that without coming across negatively?

The way Yolanda smiled, though, let him know that he didn't need to say anything. "My brother does magic for a living, he taught me all about slight of hand, especially pickpocketing," said Yolanda. She grinned and pulled out Malcolm's wallet, opening it and thumbing through the bills. He had a pretty substantial amount of money in there, since the only thing he could run through the card masher or accept as a check was the cab fare. Yolanda grinned and tossed it to him. "If you tried anything funny, you were going to find yourself without a wallet. And as for sex, I knew I had to have you when I noticed that your condoms are XXL in nature. Though I'm guessing we won't really need them, since I'm on the pill."

Malcolm could have begun discussing the nature of STDs and safe sex, both very important in his line of work, but as Yolanda walked over and removed her shirt and bra, even his experienced tongue had little to say. Her breasts seemed almost to get even bigger as her massive tits bounced free, bobbing and swaying as Yolanda knelt down on the carpet. Malcolm could hardly contain himself as he reached forward and groped her a bit. She whimpered, her body soft and supple in his hands. His fingers gently pinched and caressed her nipples, rolling them softly this way and that. He leaned forward, intending to lick at them, but instead catching his muzzle on hers as she slid it forward. They kissed lightly, their lips pressing, their long tongues touching only ever so slightly. Yolanda wrapped her arms around Malcolm, bringing him in close.

Yolanda broke the kiss after several minutes, grinning and wagging her short tail. "And now how about that massage?" she said, smiling and laying down flat on the towel. From where she was, her haunches lay flat, showing off her fantastic rear end quite beautifully. Malcolm grinned, his erection straining against his draw-string pants as he climbed over her. Slowly, he applied the massage oil, grinning as he rubbed it into her fur. Though he was more than a little distracted, he did his job well, slowly working his palms into Yolanda's back. The hyena growled and moaned as he began at her shoulders and worked his way down.

"You're tight," he said, grunting a bit. "Don't worry. I'll work out all the kinks." Yolanda sniggered as Malcolm's words edged up against the double entendre, smiling and cooing as he worked her muscles gently. It was slow going, moving her body to relax, but the warming oil and Malcolm's powerful hands certainly did the trick. Soon her muscles were putty in his hands, giving and yielding to his touch. Yolanda let out soft, relaxed moans now, her body smooth and supple. Now her natural plushness was free to work on Malcolm, her soft fur and flesh yielding to his touch ever so delicately. She moaned, whimpering as he pressed against her, every touch sending waves of pleasure up and down her spine. Malcolm was pleased to see that he had such an effect on her, and continued pressing and massaging and rubbing down her waist and thighs.

Tentatively, he worked her thighs, groping her ample ass a bit. Yolanda giggled at this, and reached back to undo and pull down her

pants. Malcolm helped her to remove them, and her thong as well, fondling her ass and spanking it lightly. Malcolm couldn't remember the last time he'd seen an ass he had wanted to touch so badly. Though his primary focus was still on finishing the massage across Yolanda's legs and the bottoms of her feet, he couldn't help but pinch at her rear from time to time, even giving it a firm smack and watching the cheeks jiggle. Yolanda smiled at Malcolm over her shoulder. "I would think that a professional like you would be tired of things like that," she said.

"You forget, most of the women who have to pay for sex do so for a good reason," said Malcolm. "Though I imagine you have to fend the boys off with a stick." Yolanda sighed, and reached over to grab her purse, which was sitting on the edge of the towel. She pulled out a pack of cigarettes and began fiddling with a lighter. Quick as a flash, Malcolm pulled his own out of his pocket and held it to the tip of Yolanda's cigarette. She jolted slightly, clearly surprised at the flame that had sprung up in front of her like that. She took a long, slow drag on her cigarette, and then let out the smoke in a sigh.

"I wish," she said. "You know how guys are today. And girls. They want the skinny bitches that you see on TV. I know I'm pretty, but sometimes I think I'm the only one." Malcolm grinned. He had seen this happen before, and knew well how to seize the opportunity. He climbed over Yolanda, kissing her ears and nipping at her neck, working her sides and shoulders. He knew that he could blow it if he said the wrong thing, so instead he said nothing, merely working Yolanda in his hands and feeling her warm, soft body pressed up against his. He could feel his shaft throbbing in his pants, rubbing and straining and wanting to get out, but he kept it in there for now. He rubbed it gently against Yolanda's back and between her ass cheeks, making sure she knew exactly how turned on he was by her. She sighed at first, then cooed softly, reaching back to cuddle him.

Yolanda rolled over underneath Malcolm slowly, murring and flicking her tail as she licked at his face. Her hands moved smoothly up and down his sides, rubbing and caressing before groping his enormous shaft. She reached into his pants, moaning with satisfaction as she got one, then both hands working on it. She loved the immense size, as well as the satisfying weight that it had in her hands. Her hands moved on it quickly, rubbing and squeezing as it lay between them. Yolanda's tongue stuck out in satisfaction as she milked some of the pre out onto her fingers, her rubs stopping only when she pulled her hands up to lick them clean. "Well, if we're going to do it, you might as well get started."

Malcolm grinned and stood up, slowly and seductively removing his shirt, undershirt and pants. Clad only in his jewelry, he loomed over Yolanda as she lay on the beach towel, his enormous shaft stood out proudly in front of him. She whistled, impressed with the enormous length, which seemed to only reinforce Malcolm's cockiness. He knelt down over her, a knee on either side as he put his enormous

shaft between her tits. She mooshed them together, licking and slurping at the head of his shaft delicately. Malcolm moaned, his shaft drooling precum as she worked him more and more. She gasped and panted and whimpered with delight as Malcolm gently worked his shaft back and forth across her cleavage, giving her ample time to lick, suck and slurp with each forward stroke. Like all hyenas, she had a powerfully long tongue, and the sensation from her mouth was enough to make Malcolm dizzy with delight. He panted a bit, struggling to keep himself together as Yolanda twirled her tongue around and around his enormous shaft. She had clearly done this many, many times before. Malcolm loved it when his partner was almost as experienced as he was.

Not wanting her to have all the fun, he shifted and adjusted himself into a 69 position. Thankfully she was not one of "those" kind of hyena girls and there were no surprises downstairs excepting that she had a small tuft of well-trimmed black fur right above her slit. Small and well kept, it added a little personality to her sex, which was puffed and ready. Eagerly, Malcolm dug into it with his hands, nose and tongue, working her delicately this way and that. Raising up on his haunches so that Yolanda could play with his entire length without choking on it, his shoulders were forced downward significantly. Malcolm took good advantage of this, using his weight to press down on Yolanda's sex and work it all the harder. He could feel her squealing and whimpering beneath him as they worked, which only drove him to work all the harder. Soon her sex was dribbling with juice, and he gave it several long, satisfying slurps.

Feeling her ready, he turned around and slowly slid his enormous length into her folds, making her gasp and whimper with delight. Warm and satisfying, she had the feel and pull of a girl who knew what she was all about. Her typical hyena libido was soon in full swing, and she grabbed hard at his shoulders and back pulling Malcolm down and driving him forward. She growled playfully as she pushed against him, digging her heels into the small of his back as he met each of her thrusts. She was filled with energy, her massive tits jiggling and bouncing with each powerful jolt of her hips. Malcolm panted, straining to keep up as she worked herself against him, threatening to drive him over the edge much too quickly.

Not wanting to go to fast, and definitely wanting to get another good look at her chest, he flipped Yolanda on top of him, growling playfully as his shoulders dug into the sand beneath the beach towel. She cooed, grabbing and rubbing her massive breasts as he did his best to push up into her. Her weight and powerful thighs came down hard on his length time and time again, driving her body up and down as she worked herself on Malcolm. The big mongoose reached up to grab and grope at her tits as she bounced and swayed in front of him, squeezing and pinching the nipples as she moved up and down. Grinning, Yolanda shifted from bouncing to grinding, putting her hands behind her head and showing Malcolm her teeth as she stuck out

her chest. He worked her tits delicately at first, then roughly as his actions began to send shivers and shudders up her spine.

Wanting to get the most out of her position, Yolanda shifted a bit, bending forward and then moving to all fours. She ground slowly now, working Malcolm's enormous shaft inside of her. Malcolm could tell that she was really working herself, and reached back to grab her ass, gently groping and grinding as he helped her to work his enormous length inside of her. Carefully, he worked himself inside of her, making certain that his length rubbed and caressed her clit as he went in and out. Above him, Yolanda whimpered, her tongue rolling out and dripping onto his face as he worked her sex hard. She was dribbling juice now, but Malcolm knew that it would be a more than a bit longer before she finally went off.

Yolanda slowly picked up the pace, her massive body moving back and forth faster and faster. She pushed herself firmly, making the most of Malcolm's enormous length and substantial girth. Malcolm shifted his hands forward, grabbing her massive tits and bringing them to his face. He licked and slurped at them, nipping the tips with his lips and teeth. Yolanda gasped, whimpering as he worked on her breasts, and then began to push herself more and more firmly. Malcolm shifted his hands back to her rear, grunting and grabbing on her as he pushed hard. Yolanda was driving herself towards a massive, messy orgasm now, and Malcolm was going to do everything he could to make sure she got it. He shoved with every ounce of force his powerful abs and thighs could manage, sending Yolanda's body bouncing and twisting this way and that. He could feel her sex begin to tighten as her whole body braced for impact, the power of her orgasm threatening to send her spinning.

Malcolm was glad that he'd picked such a remote, out of the way place as Yolanda hit her orgasm hard. She yowled and growled, her body shaking and shuddering on top of Malcolm. Her juice came in waves down her thighs, thoroughly drenching Malcolm's cock and balls. She panted on top of him, gasping and struggling to catch her breath. Malcolm's length still throbbed inside her, but slowly, he extracted himself from under Yolanda and focused on kissing and massaging her as she began to radiate afterglow.

"You didn't go," said Yolanda, gasping a bit as the wind finally came back to her.

"I can deal with it later," said Malcolm, grinning and kissing her on the cheek. Yolanda gave his nose a big lick and pulled her on top of him, his enormous length rubbing between her ass cheeks. She reached over to her purse and pulled out a small bottle of lube, tossing it to Malcolm with a grin.

"You'll deal with it now!" said Yolanda, reaching back and spreading her ass cheeks. "I've always wanted to take a boy your size in there. I guess I'm a bit of a size queen...Just like you like it!" Malcolm had firmly resolved earlier to not give into the temptation of sodomy, but when it was staring him in the face like this, there was little else he could do. As he slicked up his shaft with

lubricant, his grin stretched from ear to ear, and his long tail whipped sharply behind him. He spread the stuff liberally, then worked it between his fingers, pressing them lightly into Yolanda's rear. "Don't be shy, now, momma always taught me to keep the place clean, in case I had visitors..."

Part of Malcolm wanted to make a snide remark about wishing to meet Yolanda's mom, but he knew better. Groaning softly, he worked his slick length in gently, letting it sink down at a firm, steady rate. Yolanda whimpered, adjusting steadily to the penetration as he dug down deeper and deeper into her tailhole. Though he was excited, Malcolm did his best to take his time, sinking down and pressing as gently as he possibly could, working his length softly into Yolanda's rear.

Malcolm kept pushing, softly as he could, until he felt his balls press against her sex. He was amazed at the sort of depth he could achieve, and before he got going properly, he ground himself a little just to ensure that he was going. He knew it wasn't going to be long, Yolanda had already worked himself up so much, so he had to make the most that he could out of the time he had. He reached forward to grope and fondle at Yolanda's tits as she worked herself up onto all fours, her massive haunches pushing and shoving against Malcolm, the hyena doing everything in her power to drive Malcolm to a conclusion.

Deciding that there was no chance of holding out, Malcolm gave in to his passion and began to pound Yolanda as hard as he could, almost rutting with the force he put into her. The hyena yowled, panting and gripping at the towel as Malcolm's thrusts threatened to send them spilling into the sand. His orgasm was close, and as he reached around to work Yolanda's clit, he knew that it was going to be the best one he'd had in months. Not since that vixen from Vegas had he felt such a power erupting from his loins.

When Malcolm came to, he was laying on the large beach towel, Yolanda kissing and nuzzling him softly. He tried to think what had just happened, but for some reason he couldn't quite remember the exact moment he'd cum. It was pretty evident it had happen though, considering that Yolanda's entire backside. He rubbed up and down her shoulder, grinning as he looked out at the sea. The sun was setting far to the west, turning the sky and sea into a mixture of red, orange, pink and blue. Malcolm sighed with contentment, hugging Yolanda gently as she offered him a cigarette. "Is there any chance that you'll need someone to drive you back to the airport after your family reunion?" he asked, grinning. Yolanda kissed him on the cheek. It was going to be a pretty good couple of days, it seemed.