

Malcolm's Heated Fares #1: Panda Pounding

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Malcolm sighed as he angled Veronica, his prized Checker cab through Port Antonio. Malcolm had heard that a new cruise ship, the M. V. Ambrosia, had come in to port and dropped off hundreds of passengers. Through the tangle of bars, restaurants, hotels and tourist traps he could clearly see the large pastel-colored cruise ship harboring in deep water, but where its passengers were was a bit of a mystery. Most of his usual stops were yielding no fares worth taking, and the gigolo was more than a little melancholy.

Malcolm adjusted his open shirt a bit, the bright green, yellow and black colors somewhat dimmed in the cool light of the evening. It was a hot night, and he was wearing only string-tied shorts and sandals in addition to his shirt. As he had no fare, he wasn't using the air conditioning, and by now his fur glistened in the moonlight with a slight application of sweat. He liked the way this made him look, though, and he knew that his cologne would cover up any unpleasant odor.

Malcolm was a powerfully built mongoose and a Jamaica native, and he had honed his body to fit the part. Each day woke up at noon and worked out for a full hour, sometimes even an hour and a half, gently sculpting his body while watching the news. The rest of his day, and as much of the evening as possible, was taken up in taking "fares." Usually he only got one or two, but after he started showing a pretty girl a good time, that was all that he needed. While he had to coax them into paying from time to time, over the years he had developed quite the talent for making the girls happy to part with their cash.

There were no girls today, though. There were females of course, but they were clearly either beach bums who couldn't even afford the taxi ride (not to mention what came after) or old biddies suspicious that the "foreign" Malcolm might try to steal their hard-candy-and-gum-wrapper-filled purse. For the most part, all Malcolm could see was guys. Lots and lots of guys. Tall guys, short guys, fat guys, and even handsome, sculpted guys like himself. What was up with this M. V. Ambrosia? What kind of dorky theme-cruise were its passengers traveling on?

Malcolm was about to give up and head back to his apartment in the outskirts of Kingston when he saw a bear bombshell. Underneath the street light, leaving a bar early and sober, was the hottest little panda that Malcolm had ever seen. The panda had pink blotches instead of the more typical black ones, and though there were no tits to be seen Malcolm didn't care. The panda's straight pink hair was curled up into little buns using green bamboo hairpins, and the

panda's body was practically poured into a tight pink Chinese dress which just barely traced the top of the panda's thighs. The perfect little outfit was completed by pink heels and a little green-jade bracelet on the panda's left wrist. Malcolm couldn't see the panda from the front, but he didn't care. He had to have that ass, even if it's owner couldn't pay up.

Malcolm pulled up his cab to the panda and gave the pink-and-white creature his most entrancing smile. "You need a cab?" asked Malcolm. "Low fares, and I drive anywhere on the island." The panda had a slightly glum look on it's face, but nodded and sat down in the back of the cab, bouncing lightly on the soft plush seats. "So, what's your name and where are you going?"

"My name is Addison, and I don't know," said the panda. The panda had an American accent which was soft, high and sweet. "I just don't wanna go back to the ship yet, and since I'm staff I don't have a hotel room. Just drive, I wanna get out of here for awhile." Malcolm nodded, and gently took off down the road, aiming for the less populated regions of the island. He'd seen that look in his back seat many times before, and he knew that meant it was time to hit the scenic route.

"A ship eh? So you work on that M. V. Ambrosia?" said Malcolm, grinning and keeping a close eye on his passenger. Addison was staring out the window at the various furs they passed, though he didn't seem to be focusing on anything. "I'll bet that's an adventure. You certainly don't look much like a sailor, what do you do there?"

"I serve drinks," said Addison. "Well, mostly anyway. I also do some of the food orders, but mostly it's just a buffet. I kind of like getting people what they want, but you know how it is. I mean, you're a taxi driver, that's part of the service industry." Malcolm's efficient driving had already gotten them outside the main hustle and bustle of the island and they were now slowly creeping along some of the nicer back roads. Addison had an excellent view of the ocean and the shimmering night sky, and it seemed to calm him. Malcolm grinned. Everyone felt better when they saw those soft stars twinkling at them out over an infinite sea of soft blue and purple with ghostly wisps of white clouds.

"It sounds like you like your job," said Malcolm. He turned the radio on gently and hit the "Play CD" button, letting the sound rise a little bit as he spoke. Normally it would be Jamaican music composed by himself and his friends, but right now he was hoping that some soft, smooth jazz with seductive and sexual voices might cheer this panda up a bit and get things ready for when they reached Malcolm's favorite vista. "So why are you so upset?"

"Well there was this guy, see? He was a passenger?" Addison seemed to melt and disappear into the massive back seat as he spoke. "He was all nice and sweet to me, kept tipping me real nice, and I thought he had a bit of a thing for me. So we go to a bar together, and within five minutes he's dropped me like yesterday's meatloaf. He

just chased after some ringtail shaking it up on one of the tables. Some cheap slut. It really broke my heart." Malcolm nodded, gently edging his car off the road and onto a small dirt path just barely big enough for his machine. Bordered by trees, it ended in a truly scenic vista overlooking most of northern Jamaica, and while it was a bitch to back out of it was one of Malcolm's favorite private places. No one would hear them or see them, and he could stay out as long as it took to get the job done.

"How could anyone pass you up?" said Malcolm, grinning as he smiled over the seat of his cab. He turned the music up a little more, letting the soft music gently dance around the interior of the cab. "You're the most beautiful piece of ass I've seen on the island. I mean that." Addison blushed, the panda's blushes turning his face as pink as his ears.

"That's so sweet of you to say," said Addison, his soft, tender fingers reaching out and gently caressing Malcolm's arm. Addison's touch made Malcolm shiver, despite the heat of the cab. "You know, I'm so busy aboard ship, there's no time for any action...Would you mind indulging this cute little panda?"

"I was hoping you'd say that," said Malcolm. "But you must know that I'm not free, it's five hundred for a few hours or a thousand for the full night."

"I'm sure it's worth it," said Addison, the panda pulling out a purse and then handing Malcolm a thick, folded wad of bills. "And I'm sure this is enough to convince you to fuck me until morning." Malcolm grinned and took the bills, sliding them into the glove compartment and locking it. Addison grinned, bouncing up and down on the seat. "This is so exciting, I've never hired anyone to fuck me before. I just never really felt the need, I guess."

"Considering how you look, I can understand that," said Malcolm, his big form fumbling as he climbed over the seat into the back. His Checker cab had a truly massive interior, though, and even Malcolm's big shoulders had plenty of room to move. As Malcolm crawled over Addison, pressing his lips to those of the panda, he could see that he dwarfed Addison by a foot or more. He kind of liked that, though. A smaller partner meant he could do more, especially in the confined space of the back seat.

Addison kissed deeply, the panda's arms wrapping around Malcolm and pulling the big mongoose in close. Malcolm's hands rubbed up and down Addison's sides gently, then slid down to the panda's ass, groping and squeezing firmly. This made Addison moan and giggle into Malcolm's mouth, breaking the kiss. Malcolm grinned, blushing as he smiled up at the big Malcolm.

"How about I warm you up a bit?" said Addison, grinning and sliding his slender hand down into Malcolm's draw-string pants. Malcolm grinned and leaned back, keeping his eyes locked on Addison's face as the panda got a firm grip on Malcolm's half hard cock. As Addison's hand wrapped around Malcolm's girthy length, the panda's

expression changed. Malcolm grinned, finding the change of expression priceless. "You...You're huge!"

Malcolm helped to work his pants down around his thighs as he sat down opposite from Addison, grinning as he gripped his shaft and flopped it around a bit. Though his fist was large and his dick still mostly flaccid, his hand barely covered the bottom half of it. The shaft looked even bigger in Addison's tiny hand, and the panda seemed speechless as he looked at the enormous black length in the dim light of the cab.

"If you don't have anything to say, don't say anything at all," said Malcolm, grinning and gently placing his hand on the back of Addison's head, pushing the panda downwards to his cock. Addison didn't take too long to get the message, so to speak, and soon the panda's tongue was swirling and twisting around the big head of Malcolm's cock.

Malcolm moaned and gripped the top of the back seat firmly as Addison went to work. This little panda certainly knew how to get the job done! Addison firmly gripped Malcolm in both hands, whimpering and moaning all the way up and down Malcolm's big shaft. The panda's tongue went to work wetting and slicking Malcolm's shaft, and the big mongoose adjusted himself, kneeling on the seat and giving Addison plenty of room.

Licking the big shaft a few more times to make sure it was wet enough, Addison slid forward gently, keeping his lips wrapped firmly around Malcolm's length. Malcolm's shoulders were pressed against the ceiling of the cab, and he found he needed one hand to steady himself in his awkward position. But his free hand came down to help push and encourage Addison onto his shaft as the little panda sucked and slurped on the big cock. Addison had clearly throatied someone at least as big as Malcolm many times before, since the little panda had no trouble at all taking Malcolm almost all the way down to the hilt. Malcolm gently scratched Addison behind the ears as the panda's nose went deep into Malcolm's pubic fur. The way he twisted and licked, Malcolm knew that Addison loved the smell down there, and the big mongoose made sure that Addison got a good, deep whiff.

Malcolm knew that someone as dedicated as Addison could probably get him blowing with just lip and tongue action, and so as Addison slid off he pushed on the panda, getting the cute little bear to lay down on the back seat. "Hold on, I don't wanna go off yet," said Malcolm. "How about I warm you up a bit while I calm down, hmm?" Addison giggled and gripped the door, trying to keep his head from bumping into it as the two bodies moved in the confines of the car. Malcolm's hands gently slid down Addison's hips, thighs and ass and then hooked around the panda's thong, slowly pulling it down as Malcolm moved Addison into position.

When Addison's erect and dripping cock popped out, Malcolm reacted as though he'd just been confronted by a scorpion. In his surprise he banged his head on the roof of the cab so hard it made Addison wince and his head spin. He opened the door and stumbled

backwards, his legs inhibited by the shorts which were still around his knees and thighs. Gripping his head in one hand and the cab in the other, he stumbled out into the darkness and began trying to fish the cigarettes and lighter out of his front pocket.

"Are you okay?" said Addison from inside the cab. Malcolm was incensed, his painful headache making his words harsh and angry.

"Why the fuck didn't you tell me?" said Malcolm. His head was still pounding, and he could already feel a big welt coming up. He jammed a cigarette in his mouth and lit it clumsily, pulling the smoke into his mouth with ragged puffs.

"I thought you knew!" said Addison. "You picked me up at a gay bar, and the Ambrosia is a gay cruise ship!" Addison had crawled to the open door, and practically had tears in his eyes. Though Malcolm was more than a little angry and confused, he couldn't help but feel sorry for the panda. It wasn't Addison's fault that Malcolm had been so focused on Addison's ass to notice the slight bulge in the front. Addison sniffed, staring at the floor of the cab. "Look, just take me back to the ship, give me my money back, and we'll pretend this never happened."

Malcolm sighed. Addison just looked so sad and pathetic, sitting there and almost crying into the soft silk of his dress. Clearly, this was not the first time this had happened, and there were some bad memories sliding through Addison's head. Malcolm tentatively reached out to Addison, and when the panda didn't recoil or try to slide away, he softly rubbed Addison's shoulder.

"Sorry to get upset, it's just that I don't swing that way," said Malcolm. "It's just you know how things tend to be on this island...Things aren't always friendly to those of that persuasion, and..." Addison sniffed, and Malcolm could see a few tiny tear stains on the bottom of the panda's dress.

"It's okay, just drive me back to the ship," said Addison. "You can keep the money. I won't tell anybody. Just take me home." Malcolm rubbed Addison's shoulder a bit more, but it didn't seem to console the panda at all. He sighed and extinguished his cigarette in the door's ashtray, then suddenly yanked Addison out of the cab. He pulled Addison into a deep kiss, and though the panda clearly didn't care much for the taste of smoke on Malcolm's breath, he was quickly being won over by the mongoose's actions. When Malcolm gripped Addison's ass, the panda rubbed his hands up and down Malcolm's back, pulling the two of them in close and tight. They remained this way, caressing and kissing gently, for several minutes before Malcolm finally stopped to speak.

"Don't tell anyone, but I've always wanted to experiment a little," said Malcolm. "I'm sure you understand why. But that doesn't matter right now. What matters is that, cash or no cash, I wanted your ass the moment I saw it on the street. And I don't care what anyone thinks, you're my customer, and I'm going to give you the night of your life, because you paid me in full and you deserve it."

Malcolm hastily shoved the started (but pleased) Addison back into the cab and shut the door. He fumbled his pants down to his ankles and then tossed them into the front seat, peeling up Addison's dress and removing his thong. Malcolm couldn't believe he was doing this, but Addison was so desperate, so wanting. How could Malcolm say no to those soft moans and that cute ass, even if Addison was a guy? He probed Addison gently, working the panda with his fingers as he snatched a bottle of lube out of a hidden compartment in the front seat.

"Hold on," said Addison, reaching into his purse. He tossed Malcolm a bright pink XXL condom. "Wear this." Malcolm smirked, taking it derisively.

"What, you think I'm going to knock you up?" said Malcolm.

"Well, it's more that I don't know where you've been, and I like to play safe," said Addison. "Plus, well...It turns me on. So just do it, okay?"

"Well if it turns you on," said Malcolm. "Then I kind of have to, don't I? After all, I want a happy customer come sunrise!" Malcolm expertly opened the condom with his teeth and rolled it out over his enormous shaft in one quick, smooth motion. He'd become quite the expert at wrapping himself over the years, and he almost wish Addison had been turned to see so that the panda might be impressed by Malcolm's skill. Still, Addison seemed to be very pleased, the way his erect dick was dripping down onto the seat. It was dwarfed by Malcolm's massive member, but it was no less hard and eager.

Malcolm had always wondered what his first foray into homosexuality would be like. From what he had been told, he expected it to be humiliating, awful and embarrassing. Such couldn't be further from the truth. If anything, he could barely remember the last time he'd been so hard, so turned on, so driven to fuck. His body just drove him forward, and he had to hold back to keep from pushing Addison up against the door. His body wanted this ass, and his instincts were driving him to fuck, fuck, and fuck some more.

Beneath him Addison was squirming and moaning, driving Malcolm forward with noise and encouragement. "Yes! Harder!" said Addison, the panda slamming his ass backward in time with each of Malcolm's thrusts. "Fuck me harder! I want more!" Malcolm grunted and wrapped his big hands firmly around Addison's waist, holding the panda still as he brought his cock in over and over and over.

Malcolm couldn't believe how good this was feeling, or how good Addison's tight tailhole felt around his cock, even through the tough rubber of the condom. He grunted and started driving it home as his balls tensed up, knowing his orgasm was coming soon and hard. Even though he'd had a couple fares just yesterday, his shaft was throbbing like he was about to let one out after several weeks of blue balling.

Malcolm groaned and pushed his length in to the hilt, his shaft exploding like a geyser inside the condom. It was as if some great

pressure inside him was being released, and as he came again and again inside Addison's tight ass, his whole body relaxed. He felt relieved, as though some great fear or worry had finally been dismissed, freeing up a whole new part of himself. He was bisexual, he could fuck guys and really enjoy himself doing it. It was okay. As Malcolm slowly pulled out and sank down into the seat, he grinned, letting the big smile split his face from ear to ear. Addison giggled, grinning and looking at Malcolm over his shoulder.

"Are you high, or did you just get over something?" said Addison. Malcolm gave Addison's ass a playful spank and then began removing the condom, tossing it out the window into the bushes once it was free of his shaft. He grabbed some tissues out of the back window of his car and started cleaning himself up. Though he had finished cumming, his shaft was still hard as a rock. He gripped himself firmly, grinning and showing off his erection to Addison. "You're still hard! Impressive," said Addison.

"Yes, I'm well aware of that," said Malcolm, grinning and smacking Addison's ass with his big shaft. "What of it?"

"Well I did pay for a full night, didn't I?" said Addison, grinning as he turned around and whipped out another big pink condom. "I want a second helping. And a third. And a fourth. And however many it takes to get me to tomorrow morning." Malcolm grinned, taking the condom and casually bringing it down to his cock, spreading it on with a few quick downward motions of his hands.

"Anything for my valued customers," said Malcolm, grinning. He flipped Addison onto his back and got over him. "I just hope I don't wear out the suspension before I wear out your ass!" He jammed his length back deep into Addison's ass, intent on bringing it on until the sunrise, just as he had promised.

When the morning finally came, Malcolm was so exhausted that he could barely put the cab in gear and back it out onto the street. It was the good sort of tired, though. He'd need to get a lot of sleep today, and his workout schedule meant he wouldn't be getting back to work until about the time the dinner crowd went out, but it was worth it. He'd had more fun than he'd had in years, and he learned a bit more about himself. Sure, it might be something he'd keep to himself for the time being, but it was liberating. It also let him know that he could effectively double his potential customer base. Why, everyone on the M. V. Ambrosia wouldn't be able to turn down a ride from him, and if Addison could a fat wad of bills just by working there, surely there was money to spare for Malcolm too.

"So, want me to drive you back to the port?" asked Malcolm. Addison nodded, the panda yawning and trying not to sit down on his very sore ass. He adjusted his dress a bit, trying to pull it down over his crotch. His thong had rolled under the seat at some point, and there was no hope of finding it now. The floor was coated with condom wrappers, sticky tissues, and other discarded folderol from the nights fucking. There were a couple empty beer bottles in there too, and it would likely take Malcolm several hours to get his cab

clean and ready for fares again this evening. "So...Now that I've branched out a bit...Do you think there's anyone else onboard the Ambrosia that I could sell my services to?"

"I think it would be easier to say who you couldn't sell your services to," said Addison. "My ass is going to be sore for days... Damn, I haven't met anyone who could wield a cock as big as yours so well. But yeah, I'll pass your name around a bit. I know there's a number of crew members who could stand to get out for a bit, and of course they're all overworked and under fucked, what with it being the tourist season and all."

"Good," said Malcolm, leaning over to hand Addison a few business cards, each one with nothing more than his name and cell phone number. "I appreciate the help."

"Hey, anything to thank you for the best taxi ride I've ever had," said Addison. Malcolm grinned, merging with the traffic and heading back to Port Antonio. He had heard that the M. V. Ambrosia was going to be in port for a week at least. It promised to be a very interesting week.