

Malcolm's Heated Fares #2: A Jackal's Desire

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Malcolm stuck his cigarette out the open window of his cab and lightly tapped out the ashes. It was his third cigarette in a row, but really, he was more burning them than smoking them. His mind was more than a little distracted, and as he sat waiting in his cab Vanessa, his free hand idly stroking the soft leather seat, it was impossible for the big mongoose to keep himself from appearing nervous.

Malcolm had only just recently "discovered" his bisexuality during a chance encounter with Addison, a cross-dressing, girly-boy Panda whom he'd mistaken for a hot piece of Asian pussy. Though he had freaked out at first, Addison had won him over, and by morning Malcolm was convinced that there was a part of himself he'd been denying. He wasn't entirely comfortable with it, but there wasn't much point in keeping it bottled up anymore. He liked fucking guys, or at least, he liked it as much as he did fucking girls. And not just boys who looked like girls, such as Addison. He'd had certain feelings when he looked at particularly muscular or handsome guys, and he couldn't deny them anymore if he hoped to be honest with himself.

Still, he had only made this discovery the night before last, and it was still troubling him. He wasn't gay, he knew that, but now he also knew he wasn't straight either. So what was he? And besides, how was he supposed to act now? He had never been gay before, and he didn't even have any gay friends. Heck, without Addison's help, he wouldn't have even known what gay sex entailed, though he was pleased to find that it was, for the most part, pretty familiar. An ass was an ass, after all, and he had always taken pride in the fact that every girl who asked him for anal ended up going away with a funny walk and a huge smile. Addison was no different, even though the panda had a cock and balls as opposed to what Malcolm was used to.

Malcolm was mildly hopeful, though. Addison had mentioned that there were other crew members on the M. V. Ambrosia hoping to "unload" a little while the ship was berthed and it's passengers were enjoying the finer gay and gay-friendly bars and hotels of Port Antonio, Jamaica. One in particular, a jackal bartender named Keoni, had seemed particularly interested. Malcolm felt a little embarrassed when Keoni called up on the phone, but even at a distance Keoni sounded friendly and accepting. Just the sort of personality he'd want when experimenting and exploring with something new.

Malcolm was just about to light another cigarette when he saw a jackal walking towards his cab and waving. The jackal had soft, dark gray fur and surprisingly long hair, the tip of which brushed against

the base of his tail. It was kept mostly together by a large black ribbon, which was tied tight behind the jackal's ears. There was a small pair of glasses perched on the tip of his muzzle, the glass reflecting in the sunlight. He was wearing a simple button-up shirt decked out in African traditional colors, along with sensible shorts and shoes. He was also wearing small black sunglasses and an ankh pendant, and carrying a large suitcase coated in transit stickers from all over the world. From his look and the way he was waving, Malcolm was certain that this was Keoni, and he leaned back and opened the rear door of his cab, extinguishing his cigarette as he closed his window and started the car.

"You looking to go for a ride?" said Malcolm, smiling to hide his nervousness.

"Oh you know I am," said Keoni, grinning. "Question is, where are we going?" Keoni slid his suitcase across the back seat and then got in himself, closing and locking the door securely. The jackal's hands moved smoothly and gracefully, and his forearms were decorated with intricate khaki-colored tribal tattoos. Malcolm caught himself taking a glance at Keoni's pecs, and he blushed a bit to himself when he realized he didn't need to hide such attraction anymore.

"I was thinking we'd go back to my place. It's clean and I have a nice big bed and enough alcohol for the two of us," said Malcolm. He put his cab into gear and headed out into the crowded traffic, his hands quickly closing the windows and moving to turn on the air conditioner. As he reached for it, though, Keoni lightly touched his shoulder.

"Don't, I kind of like it hot," said Keoni, grinning. "And I think you will too." He leaned back and began to slowly unbutton his shirt, revealing the large tattoo which graced his pecs. It was tribal and khaki, to match those on his forearms, and consisted of a large oval-like shape that reminded Malcolm of a bull's horns. Malcolm wondered if it was some sort of traditional indicator of sexual prowess or if it just looked cool.

"Aren't we a little exposed? Besides, I'm driving," said Malcolm. Though he was used to the heat, he could feel himself beginning to sweat a little. What if his friends saw him like this? Would he be able to convince them that he was just picking up fares during the off hours?

Malcolm's worry and anxiety faded quickly as he felt Keoni's hands begin to slowly rub and massage at his shoulders. The jackal certainly had masterful fingers. Even these light caresses were astoundingly calming and gentle. The mongoose felt himself shiver and found he had to strain to keep his focus on the road, as Keoni's caresses were making his spine tingle. "Oh don't worry, we won't be doing any of *that* until we're behind closed doors," said Keoni. "I know you've got a reputation to protect. But I also know that boys like you, who work out every day, like it when their new playmates are likewise toned and sculpted."

"Well, I do find you attractive, I guess," said Malcolm. There was something in Keoni's touch, or his tone of voice, or his friendly face, that let Malcolm feel as though he could say anything. "I've always been attracted to that sort of muscular body type, even when it comes to the girls. But it's not like I can really pick my clients, so I don't get to enjoy it very often."

"Well you picked me," said Keoni. The jackal's hands slid forward smoothly and calmly, gently depositing a roll of bills into Malcolm's front pocket. "And now I'm your client. So no complaints, ok?" Malcolm began to pant, feeling his body heat up with excitement. He was normally very much in control of himself sexually, but something about this all new experience made him feel like he was a teenager all over again. Filled with eager desires, but wholly unsure as to how he could indulge in them.

"Didn't Addison tell you I wasn't charging for this?" said Malcolm. Keoni slowly slid back onto the seat, stretching out a bit and positioning himself in Malcolm's rear view mirror. Malcolm felt himself filling with desire the more and more he looked at his passenger. "I mean, the whole point of this is so that you can put me through my paces, as it were. You know...Show me...How it works...And stuff."

"From what Addison said about last night, I get the feeling you know more than enough about how it works," said Keoni, giggling. His laugh was high and girlish, somewhat of a departure from his more masculine speaking voice. "And the payment is for the special requests I'm going to put in. Nothing kinky or extreme, of course. Just something I've always wanted to try, and, well, seeing as you're a hooker I figure you're not in a position to say no."

"I prefer the term 'companion,' if you would," said Malcolm. He wasn't really offended, though, and he found it nigh to impossible to be angry in Keoni's presence.

"Well then you're my companion," said Keoni. "A companion who costs hundreds of dollars and is going to fuck me up the ass until I get every penny's worth." Keoni started giggling again, and then stretched out in the back seat, slowly removing his shirt and revealing that his upper arms and shoulders were as decorated with tattoos as the rest of him. The tribal inks seemed to mix and swirl like cream being poured into rich coffee. Malcolm couldn't really explain why, but he found himself curious as to what Keoni tasted like. "So, how much longer until we get to your place?"

"It looks like it will be awhile," said Malcolm. "There's an accident or something up ahead. We may be here for an hour or more until it's cleared." Keoni nodded, and began fiddling with the small DVD player that Malcolm had installed into the back seat. It had it's own screen and was set to automatically play a short movie called "Jamaica: A Modern Paradise," but Malcolm usually kept it turned off unless he knew he was going to be picking up tourists.

"Got anything to put into this?" said Keoni. "Anything I'd be interested in, I mean." Malcolm nodded and reached into the sun

visors built into the ceiling, pulling out a home-made DVD with "Malcolm's Workout" scribbled on it in sharpie. Keoni swapped the tourism DVD with the one Malcolm provided, and pressed play. The DVD was something Malcolm had stitched together himself, and Malcolm wasn't exactly an experienced film maker. Still, he'd gotten a friend of his to hold the camera, and a girl from the local sex shop to star in it, and it wasn't long before Malcolm heard her familiar moans and whimpers coming from the back seat. Keoni stretched out a bit, laying down on the wide back seat. "Well, it's not exactly what I was hoping for, but I like the male lead."

"Well it's kind of more aimed towards my typical clientele, showing them that unlike their boyfriend I love eating pussy and that I don't get off unless they get off," said Malcolm. "But there's some stuff later on of me posing and working out that you might like, fast forward a bit, there's some footage from a male modeling gig on there too." Keoni nodded a little and began fiddling with the machine, stopping when he found something interesting.

"Wow, Addison told me you were pretty well endowed but...Damn," said Keoni. "I can only think of one guy more massively endowed than you, and he's at least half a head taller than you. And his dick doesn't have that kind of...shape..." Keoni started to stare, his lower jaw dropping a little. Malcolm smirked a little as he caught Keoni licking drool off his lips.

"Thanks, I'm pretty proud of it," said Malcolm. His words were something of an understatement. Much of Malcolm's pride and confidence came from the fact that he knew he was phenomenally well endowed, and he smirked a little as he saw how eager and tempted Keoni was by the thought of Malcolm's massive member. It was also a little ego-inflating to hear someone talk about his dick in such a fashion. All his female clients ever did was giggle and point, as if his cock was were some sort of trained animal doing tricks.

"You should be," said Keoni. The jackal's hand began to slide down, gently caressing the tent that was growing in his pants.

"Uhm, we're in public," said Malcolm. His nervousness was returning, now that he realized how exposed he was, what with traffic at a standstill and with tourists and locals walking by on both sides of the road. "And the locals, well, I don't think they'd be entirely understanding..."

"Oh quit being such a worry-wart," said Keoni, untying the string on his pants and sliding them down. Malcolm was a little surprised to see that Keoni, while nowhere near as well endowed as Malcolm, certainly had something to be proud of. He didn't know why, but he'd always had the impression that gay boys were more effeminate and minimally hung. He was glad to see that not all of them were like Addison, he felt a little more comfortable with a guy closer to his own body type. "I am nothing if not covert and quiet. Your back windows are pretty well tinted and I'm laying down nice and flat. Just focus on driving, I'll have myself a good time on my own."

Malcolm nodded, and tried to focus on his driving. It wasn't easy, though. As Keoni worked his own shaft gently with one hand and pinched his nipples with the other, Malcolm wished he could join in. Keoni was quiet, but even his soft, whispered moans were more than tempting. Malcolm began to fantasize about those gentle hands caressing his own chest and his own shaft, and it took the honking from the car behind him to break him free of his daydreaming.

"It'll be only another fifteen minutes now that traffic's moving again," said Malcolm. Keoni nodded quickly, focusing more instead on staring at the video of Malcolm striking pose after pose, the jackal's hands moving to a frenzy.

"I'll need to finish up fast, then," said Keoni. He reached down into the floorboards and opened his trunk, pulling out a bottle of lube and a dildo. Malcolm watched for a moment, then reached under his own front seat, pulling out a massive black rubber shaft, still shrink-wrapped in crude packaging. Keoni stared at it, raising an eyebrow.

"Well that's not the sort of thing I'd expect a bi-curious guy like yourself to have," said Keoni. "It's huge! You'd have to be loose as hell to take that monster."

"It's not for me, it's of me," said Malcolm. "Remember that girl from the sex shop who starred in the DVD? She wanted to start her own line of dildos cast from local guys. This is uhm...This is me." Keoni smirked, and then eagerly ripped away the simple packaging. He cooed as he held the shaft, and gave it a long slow lick, his eyes staring deeply into Malcolm's via the rear-view mirror. Malcolm wasn't used to getting that "I'm going to fuck you so good" look from his clients. But he liked it.

"Well I'm always up for trial versions of things," said Keoni, giggling and flipping over to his stomach. Malcolm noticed that the jackal had a tribal tattoo on his lower leg as well, and his right buttcheek. Clearly, Keoni liked to ink up. Something about that made Malcolm excited.

Keoni thoroughly lubed up the tremendous rubber shaft, pressing it gently to his rear. He moaned a little, then gasped as it slowly sank down. He worked himself gently, taking it slow and easy so that he could adjust. The further down he went, though, the more aggressive he became, and by the time three quarters of the length was up his ass he was drooling and fucking himself aggressively. He didn't stop until nearly the entire length was up his ass, and Malcolm was impressed at how far the jackal could go. Most girls couldn't even take him half way, and he had to be careful not to abuse his length. That wouldn't be an issue with Keoni.

Malcolm had to strain to keep his eyes on the road as he heard Keoni panting and whimpering from the back. The jackal was fucking himself so hard that Malcolm could feel the car move on it's suspension. Keoni gasped as he drove himself harder and harder, then let out a soft, delicate howl as his shaft erupted onto the back seat.

As Keoni lay in the back, panting and cooing, the dildo still sticking out of his ass. Malcolm reached down to grab a roll of shop towels he kept under the passenger side seat when he realized he had a massive boner. He blushed a bit, handing back the towels, and pulling into the parking lot of his apartment building. It was an underground lot intended to both maximize the use of the developer's available space and prevent the renter's cars from being stolen, with the side benefit that no casual passers by could see what was going on in there.

Keoni giggled a bit and then gasped as he pulled the massive black length out of his ass, then began to clean it and the back seat with the shop towels. "Well, we're here," said Malcolm. He made no motion to open the door, seeing as Keoni was completely naked at the moment. Keoni moved up behind Malcolm and gave the big mongoose a kiss and a hug at shoulder level.

"Indeed we are," said Keoni. His hand moved down gently, caressing Malcolm's chest and abs, then firmly gripping the erection straining in his pants. "And we can't have you jogging up the stairs with this, you might put someone's eye out.

"Well I've got a cooler in here with ice, I could calm it down real quick," said Malcolm. Part of him wanted to be nervous, but his desire and urge was preventing him from being anything but aroused.

"I'd rather we not be wasteful," said Keoni, grinning. He crawled into the front seat with Malcolm, kneeling in the passenger seat and smiling up at the big guy. His hand slid down to Malcolm's pants, gently undoing them and working them down. Malcolm panted, gripping the seat and letting Keoni take control for a little while. He wanted to sit back and enjoy this, to have Keoni do all the hard work.

Keoni smiled and moved in closer. Malcolm's old Checker cab was built to be exceptionally roomy, and Keoni had no trouble at all moving between Malcolm's crotch and the steering wheel. Malcolm sucked air between his gritted teeth as he felt Keoni gently and smoothly caress the giant black cock in front of him, the jackal's tongue and lips working lightly and smoothly.

"Ohhh fuck," said Malcolm, gripping the seat firmly with one hand and squeezing on the steering wheel with the other.

"If you insist," said Keoni, giggling again. From his current angle it wasn't possible to work all of Malcolm's erection into his muzzle, but he didn't need to. His soft, gentle hands worked Malcolm's shaft and balls expertly, his muzzle concentrating mostly on the head and length immediately below it. Malcolm had received a lot of blowjobs over the years, but he had trouble remembering one that felt this good. Keoni was a master of the craft, to be sure.

Malcolm felt himself preying and, desperate for release, began to pant and gently push against Keoni's mouth. The jackal heard the message loud and clear and began to bob quickly up and down Malcolm's length, sucking and slurping and sucking with all his might. Malcolm couldn't believe how quickly he was shooting towards orgasm. He felt

his body twitch and tense and small moans escape from his lips as Keoni brought the full force of his talent to Malcolm's crotch. When he finally reached the crest of the wave, he groaned, his mind blanking out for a moment with the sheer pleasure of it all.

As he came down, he found himself panting and gently caressing Keoni behind the ears, the canine moaning and panting as he worked to swallow and clean around Malcolm's shaft. There wasn't a drop spilled anywhere to be seen, and Keoni grinned as he licked and looked up at Malcolm, his little glasses glinting in the dim lights of the parking garage.

"Good to go upstairs now?" asked Keoni, grinning and tucking Malcolm back into his pants.

"After you," said Malcolm, reaching back and opening the rear door as Keoni grabbed at his shirt, pants and suitcase.

"Mmm, I guess I should have known you'd intend to check out my ass all the way up the stairs," said Keoni, giggling.

Malcolm and Keoni moved up the stairs in something of a mad dash, eager to get back at it as soon as possible. As Malcolm closed and locked the door behind him, he felt Keoni's eager lips pressing against his own. It was a little awkward at first, kissing another guy, but as he slipped his hands down to gently caress and grope Keoni's ass, Malcolm knew it felt all right.

They stood there for several minutes, their tongues dueling as their hands traced up and down one another. Keoni was clearly enthralled at the taught strength of Malcolm's muscles, whereas the mongoose was pleased to find Keoni's ass round and supple. Not as much as a girl's, but still, it felt good in his hands, inviting yet firm. When they finally broke the kiss, Keoni moved over to Malcolm's small kitchen and began rooting through the fridge and the liquor cabinet.

"If you're looking for the good stuff, you'll need the key," said Malcolm, setting his keys down on the table. Keoni nodded, but he seemed much more interested in the various fruit juices and sodas Malcolm had lying around.

"Forgive me for giving in to my bartender instincts," said Keoni. "I've been mixing drinks since before it was legal for me to try them, and I just feel a lot more comfortable in bed after I've had a few." Malcolm nodded, knowing that many of his female clients were much the same. As Keoni bent over to pull a half-empty carton of orange juice out of the back of the fridge, Malcolm felt himself tempted to pull down Keoni's pants and start pounding that taut, bent ass, but he contented himself with just pinching it. The pinch made Keoni giggle, and he smiled at Malcolm over the lid of the fridge.

"If you want a drink too I can whip you up something sweet," said Keoni as he tossed a banana, a dozen frozen raspberries and some Schnapps into Malcolm's blender.

"A beer is fine, thanks," said Malcolm, reaching down into the bottom of the fridge and helping himself to a Red Stripe.

"Well, at least have a sip of what I'm having," said Keoni. "I call it my 'Subtle Persuasion.' Trust me, you'll like it." Malcolm took a long draft of his beer.

"I dunno, I'm generally not much for sweet things," said Malcolm. "Present company excluded, of course." Keoni giggled, and then poured an assortment of hard liquors into the fruit, ice and juice he'd placed in the blender. A few minutes of "High Blend" later, and he had a strange, dark-pink concoction that smelled more like fruit than actual fruit. The resulting concoction looked more like a smoothie than an alcoholic beverage, and as Keoni poured it into glasses, Malcolm was reminded of a Pina Colada, though the smell was much different.

"Careful now, that there has four shots of vodka in it," said Keoni, grinning. Malcolm set down his beer and took first one small sip, then a much larger one.

"Funny, I don't taste anything other than the fruit and sugar," said Malcolm, taking several more big drafts from the glass.

"Yes, but you'll start feeling it in a minute," said Keoni. "I've seen guys bigger than you floored by a few of these. That's why it's subtle persuasion, it doesn't taste like much, but it'll get you drunk enough to fuck in at least one serving. And too drunk to fuck somewhere in the middle of the third." Malcolm nodded and continued downing his drink, feeling more of the brain freeze than the alcohol for now. There was certainly a buzz rising, though.

When Malcolm finished his drink and set down his glass, he looked down to see Keoni kneeling in front of him. Without so much as a word, he pulled Malcolm's pants down, fished out his massive black length, and began working on it. Malcolm was glad that it took a lot of booze to keep him from getting hard, especially the way Keoni moaned and slurped happily along his length. The jackal was clearly enjoying himself, and Malcolm reached down to gently caress Keoni behind the ears.

"So I was uh wondering," said Malcolm hesitantly. "And maybe it's the booze talking, but I was thinking I could...You know...Do what you're doing...To you..." Malcolm was a little embarrassed to admit his curiosity, but something about Keoni made him feel very comfortable in spite of himself.

Keoni giggled, and then pranced over to the bed, somehow not spilling a drop of his half-finished drink as he went. Malcolm picked up his beer and downed what little was left before walking over. He could feel it now, the buzz growing strong and making his head feel light. It certainly eliminated any fear and doubt in his mind about what he was going to do, and as Keoni kicked off his shorts and exposed his eager, dripping shaft, Malcolm just did what came naturally.

"Careful now, don't get ahead of yourself and take it nice and easy," said Keoni. The jackal's fingers came down and gently caressed Malcolm behind the ears, the subtle caresses driving Malcolm onward and making him feel much more comfortable. He worked to keep it easy

and simple, trying to do to Keoni what he knew he liked himself. The jackal moaned and gripped gently at Malcolm's hair, letting the mongoose know he was getting it right.

Malcolm stopped short of trying to jam it into his throat or even trying to work Keoni to an orgasm, but as he pulled back Keoni's tail was wagging into a blur. "I think I'm ready to get what I paid for," said Keoni, grinning and discarding his shirt as he swallowed the last gulp of his drink. He went to his suitcase and opened it fully, revealing mounds of soft white cotton fabric and strange gold jewelry.

"What's that?" asked Malcolm, moving over and looking curiously at the suitcase.

"Costumes," said Keoni. "I have a thing for African history and there's an Egyptian fertility ritual I've always wanted to try out, but there's a lot of dressing up and makeup involved. Just take off your clothes and let me dress you, you can be the Male version of the God of the Nile and I'll be the Female one."

Malcolm was a bit skeptical at the costume and the play, but he was quite willing to go along with it, pay or no. He desperately wanted to be with Keoni, and if that meant putting on some gaudy gold jewelry or bulky cotton costumes, so be it. He stood there and patiently let Keoni dress him up, grinning and occasionally working his length a little to keep it hard and at the ready.

When Keoni was done, Malcolm looked at himself in the mirror. He felt kind of silly, with black eye shadow rimming his eyes and various costume jewelry insects dangling from his neck, but he'd done much stranger stuff in the course of his job. Customers didn't usually pay for the sort of sex they could get at home, and the fact that he wasn't being asked to do anything strange or painful was something of a relief. When he was done looking at himself he turned around, amazed at what he saw.

Keoni's transformation had been much more drastic. With the application of proper makeup, black lipstick, a wig and false eyelashes, Keoni's face looked decidedly effeminate. The rest of him was all male, though, jewelry be damned. His flowing cloth garments had visible bulges where an ample chest and wide hips had been meant to go, but the rest of it was skin tight, showing off his muscular arms and firm abs. Though it was a little bit of a mis-match, Keoni nonetheless looked handsome, or beautiful, as the case might be, and as he moved into his role he took a noble, upstanding stance. Part of Malcolm wanted to laugh, but the rest had a lot of respect for the fact that Keoni was able to pull off the look convincingly, minus the tits and ass.

"I will now kneel before you and chant an incantation," said Keoni, who set up and lit too small incense burners. The burning material wasn't incense, though. Malcolm had never smelled anything like it, but it was very pleasant, and mildly intoxicating. He stood where Keoni directed, and patiently waited as Keoni chanted in a language Malcolm couldn't even begin to decipher. Malcolm didn't

mind, though, focused as Keoni was on caressing Malcolm's shaft and anointing it with some sort of sweet-smelling oil. The stuff was sticky and had a pungent odor, and it made Malcolm's cock twitch and feel warm. He was almost afraid to ask what was in it.

After several more minutes of chanting and anointing, Keoni turned around and moved to all fours, his delicate costume fading away and exposing his ass. "Now, mount me, and plant your seed in me, oh God of the Fertile Harvest!" Had Keoni not been so serious in his words and chants, Malcolm would have burst out laughing. As it was, he managed to maintain his composure, and he gently lined himself up with the jackal's ass as Keoni continued to chant. Malcolm moaned as he felt himself begin to sink in Keoni's slick and inviting ass. Keoni had clearly been around the block a few times, Malcolm had no trouble at all sliding it in, and he moaned as he felt his length enveloped by the jackal's loose tailhole.

Keoni's chanting never missed a beat even as Malcolm began to work back and forth, gently maneuvering himself to get the maximum amount of length in and out of Keoni. Malcolm could see that the jackal was having trouble maintaining full composure and, not wanting to upset such a valued client, he kept his movements slow and easy, not building the pace but not daring to bring things to a halt either.

Keoni's chanting became more and more fervent as Malcolm continued working the jackal, and in a momentary break of character, Keoni reached back and grabbed Malcolm, guiding the mongoose to the jackal's dripping shaft and directing him to rub furiously. Malcolm grunted, the strain of his efforts, combined with the booze and strange oils, sending his head into a pleasurable spin. Without meaning to, he picked up his pace, and as he did so, Keoni began to chant louder and louder, his body bending and moving under Malcolm's influence.

Malcolm's climax was blinding in its power, and Malcolm found himself panting and laying on top of Keoni for several minutes once it was over. As he pulled back his hand from underneath Keoni, he realized that it was coated in sticky goo, letting him know that he wasn't the only one who'd gone over the edge. He bent down and kissed Keoni on the cheek, smiling as he saw that the jackal laid down on the floor panting and moaning.

It was several minutes before they got up, and even then they took things slowly. Malcolm was up first, and he began to wipe and clean up around the place using a towel. Keoni began to pack up his costumes, but much to Malcolm's surprise, he began to take out another set of toys, mostly leather cuffs. "Eager for a second helping?" asked Malcolm, chuckling.

"Hey, I paid for full service, didn't I?" said Keoni, grinning as he buckled cuffs onto his wrists and ankles. He pulled out what looked like several sticks and then assembled them into a spreader bar, grinning and holding it out to Malcolm. "Help me get into this. That first round has got me so riled up, I want something a bit

rougher." Keoni grinned as he buckled a large leather collar firm around his neck, then held up his wrists so that Malcolm could lock his wrists to his neck using carabiners dangling from the wrist restraints.

"I didn't have you pegged for being the kinky sort," said Malcolm. He grinned and pushed Keoni face-first onto the bed, the jackal giggling as he bounced on the soft mattress. "But if it's what the customer wants..." Malcolm locked Keoni's ankles to the spreader bar, and then gave the jackal's ass a firm spank. "You know, you look kind of cute like this." Keoni smirked, and looked over his shoulder at Malcolm as best he could.

"Oh shut up and fuck me!" he said, smiling and pushing his rump back at Malcolm's crotch. Malcolm rubbed himself a bit, then teased Keoni's tailhole, making the jackal wriggle and moan. "C'mon, don't keep me in suspense! I need more!"

"I think you like being in suspense," said Malcolm, grinning and giving Keoni's ass another firm smack. The jackal yelped at first, but then smiled and wagged his tail all the harder. Malcolm was tempted to tease Keoni for a bit longer, but it was too much to resist that ass. He panted, then jammed himself in deep, moaning with pleasure as he felt himself inside Keoni again.

Malcolm had taken things slow and easy so that Keoni could get into the fantasy last time, but he wasn't going to go so soft this time around. Malcolm bent himself hard over Keoni and threw his weight down over and over, making the jackal moan and bounce on the bed. He was surprised that Keoni, small though he was, had a surprisingly loud and booming voice once he was riled up. Had it not been mid-day and the apartments mostly empty, Malcolm would have considered breaking out a ball gag.

Malcolm grunted as he let himself get more and more into the motion. Keoni was letting his tongue loll out now, his drool hitting the sheets, his glasses flying off and landing on the floor in the confusion. Malcolm reached down to grip Keoni firmly and rub him with one hand, while his other one reached up and grabbed the jackal's long hair and pulled hard enough to force Keoni to his elbows. The jackal was moaning and whimpering and panting in pleasure, and Malcolm took great pride in how quickly he was getting the hang of this.

Malcolm groaned and drove himself into the hilt, his balls smacking against Keoni's as he felt his shaft explode inside the jackal. He rubbed and worked Keoni's shaft in his hand as he felt his own pleasure rising, and it wasn't too long before he heard Keoni howling and moaning in pleasure as his seed stained the sheets. Feeling empty and sated with three loads in as many hours, Malcolm collapsed on top of Keoni, exhausted.

The two of them lay there panting for several minutes, occasionally kissing one another on the cheek, but neither moving to get free. Finally, Keoni began to tug at his restraints, and Malcolm deftly unshackled the jackal. A lot of his clients were into bondage,

after all, and he mongoose knew well how to get into and out of such restraints. Once Keoni's arms were freed, Malcolm stood up and pulled out, his shaft making a wet popping noise as it was free. He grabbed a nearby towel and began wiping himself clean, then tossed another one to Keoni.

"So uh...Had enough?" said Malcolm. Keoni undid his ankle restraints and began to disassemble the spreader bar, smiling at Malcolm from down on the floor.

"Mmm, for now. I don't wanna wear myself out too much, the bar will be open until three AM this evening," said Keoni. The jackal stood up and gave Malcolm a peck on the cheek. "Why, do I still have credit on my account, so to speak?" Malcolm blushed a bit. He was afraid to ask, but something deep inside said he had to.

"I was wondering if...maybe...I could have a turn on the bottom, so to speak. You know. To find out what it's like." Malcolm coughed a bit and moved to clean up, as if trying to hide what he'd just said. But Keoni grabbed him and spun him around, planting a kiss firmly on the mongoose's lips. With surprising strength, Keoni laid Malcolm down on the bed, pinning him for a bit. That done, he slid off and slowly worked his way down Malcolm's chest, kissing all the way down until he was between Malcolm's thighs.

Malcolm moaned as he felt Keoni gently licking and lapping at his tailhole. He had performed analingus before, but he'd never been on the receiving end. It was strange but intensely pleasurable, and Malcolm writhed and gripped the sheets as he felt himself loosened and probed. After a few moments of his, he felt Keoni's hands gently applying lube and pressing gently against his tailhole. "Relax," said Keoni. "Loosen up, or I'll never get in there. I may not be as big as you, but I'm big enough." Malcolm panted and tried to relax, but nervous as he was, relaxation was easier said than done.

Keoni positioned himself and then began to work his way in slowly, taking his time and letting Malcolm adjust to the new experience. It was a little painful for Malcolm at first, but as he managed to relax and get more and more into it, he found himself loving the sensation. By the time Keoni bent over him in order to get a better angle and more traction, Malcolm was moaning and grabbing at the sheets.

Malcolm had been pegged before by a kinky dominatrix client, and he knew what to expect. Or he thought he did. Sex with Keoni was very much different, but all in good ways. Malcolm moaned and panted as Keoni gently worked him from inside, the jackal cooing and gently kissing Malcolm on the face as they moved back and forth. It was slow, sensual and lovely. Malcolm did what he could to drink in every moment of it, wrapping his arms around Keoni and pulling the jackal towards him.

When the climax finally came, it was slow and steady, just like the sex. They were both tired, though, and Malcolm was mildly disappointed when he found himself just barely having an orgasm at all. Still, it had been a good afternoon, and he was going to have a

hard time doing anything more than sitting on his couch and watching TV for the rest of the day. That or lying down, Keoni wasn't kidding when he said his shaft was "big enough," to a near virgin like Malcolm it was almost painful. But quite worth it.

Keoni pulled out slowly and cleaned himself, then began to pack up and clothe himself. "Do you want me to drive you back?" said Malcolm, sitting up a bit and trying to remember if he still had any clean towels he hadn't used yet.

"I think I'll get a real cab, I've got to get back within an hour to start my shift and the temptation would be too much," said Keoni. He quickly put his shirt and pants back on, then began wandering around the room staring at the floor. "You haven't seen where my glasses went, have you?" Malcolm reached down over the far side of the bed and fumbled a little bit, retrieving them and holding them up. As Keoni went for them, Malcolm pulled them back a bit and yanked Keoni into a kiss. A short one, but as passionate as he could manage, tired as he was.

"Addison said that you'll be coming through here again in two weeks," said Malcolm. He reached into a nearby dresser and pulled out one of his business cards, a simple affair with nothing more than his name and a cell phone number. "I do hope you'll call again when that happens." Keoni grinned and wagged his tail.

"Oh you bet I will," said the jackal. "And I'll bring along some friends, too."