Besides each state in the USA, every European country had its own stereotypes regarding the sex performed there. Russian women were incredibly attractive and/or ugly, the Italians invented romance, the French perfected lovemaking, The British loved mistresses well the Germans enjoyed bondage and the Greeks a dosage of homoeroticism, especially in their ancient artwork. The point being that not all countries or states contain citizens who often shared a collective kink or fetish.

SMACK!

“Yeow!”

“Come on, that was hardly a love tap,” I shook my head in utter disbelief, then clicked my amused tongue. My grip hardened around the handle. “Another twelve then, kiddo…”

Of all the twinks to encounter in South Carolina, I never expected to hook up with an African wild dog in desperate need of a severe spanking. One that he desperately deserved and (more importantly) wanted to receive. See, Trenton Williams was a married canine whose wife wasn’t too happy to learn that he carried multiple affairs behind her back for years. Roughly 5 to 10% of Palmetto Port’s male population had the pleasure of passing Trenton around like a communal cigarette. After catching her husband in the act of getting railed by their son’s football coach (while tied with ropes to their bed’s headboard no less!) Mrs. Tara Williams did the most sensible option. She originally wanted a divorce. When it became clear though after crunching the numbers that they would not financially recover from the process as well as potentially separate their young cubs from the happy, comfortable suburban lifestyle they had built together over the years.

After a long night of tearful arguing and more than a few other secrets being learned, Mr. and Mrs. Williams made a compromise. A divorce couldn’t happen, not until their youngest daughter graduated high school at least, but they wouldn’t let their differences create a miserable home either. Thus, they would both be allowed to have a ‘cheat night’ once every two months. Tara would go out of the house to be fucked by as many men as she could find, and so would Trenton. If either managed to film their sexual encounters, then they would share it with each other in a private group chat and watch them together the following night. The two African wild dogs would then return to normalcy afterwards, never mentioning or bringing up their ‘cheat night’ partners to the other again. Almost a year since it all started, things had been going well for the most part.

Hearing the story from Trenton explained many things; his desire for me to let him film us, him demanding that I needed to ‘punish him’, and his difference to us having a safe word. I would’ve left him in that empty house to find another dominant partner then and there if he didn’t agree on one, albeit reluctantly. We settled on it being ‘broccoli’, an oldie but a goodie. Only then did I agree to bind his wrists to the headboard’s posts, then surround the bed wearing only my swimming speedo as I held a complementary spanking paddle with holes in it. Per the wild dog’s kinky instructions, I would spank him an additional twelve times for every yelp or loud moan he produced. So far, Trenton’s ass glowed red beneath his mocha fur, and we’d needed to add twelve more spankings five times. Unless he wanted me to add another set to the roster, the whining lad needed to endure seven more consecutive love taps to his baboon-colored globes.

SMACK!

His radiating bubble butt rippled from the impact of his specialized paddle. For the safety of his tail, it’d been tied to a collar walked around his neck so I wouldn’t accidentally strike it, twitching madly as Trenton fought the urge to make a sound.

SMACK!

I made a careful note not to bust him in the balls either. Both hung low between his already spread legs, swaying with the movement of his punished hips each time I delivered a sharp strike. Much like his tail, Trenton’s poor cock twitched from restraint and utter neglect, leaking gallons of hot precum onto the bedsheets. I bet he desperately wanted to unload, whether I said so or not.

“You’re not going to disappoint Daddy, are you, puppy?”

He shook his harshly blushing muzzle.

SMACK!

The wild dog hung his muzzle back, but only made a minuscule whine. A barely audible whimper composed of pleasure and pain, beautifully mixed together. Since starting out, I was certain that his ass had shed a few dozen small flakes of hair, thank to each paddle strike.

SMACK!

I brought the edge of the paddle up to trace his shoulder blades and the spine of his lower back, chuckling in dominant amusement at the way the bound and tied and submissive canine shivered from its harsh touch.

SMACK!

Again.

SMACK!!

Finally, again.

SMACK!!!

“There we go, pup!”

All at once, Trenton erupted into loud whimpering and joyful sobbing mixed with absolute moans of pleasure. He panted like a mammal lost in the Saharan desert, only to express jubilation at finding the treasured oasis. His tense shoulders relaxed again and he slumped forward against the bed frame in complete exhaustion, only being held up limply by the rope tied around his sore wrists.

I didn’t give him a chance to drift back into subspace. At least, not yet. I set the paddle aside and approached closer to the bed, rubbing my right paw over the hot mounds I’d been spanking for over an hour or two. The mirror touch of my fingers caused Trenton to writhe against his bindings.

“Are you…?” Gasping, he let out another pleading whimper that turned into flinching moans. “Please…yes, please do it!”

I shifted behind him onto my knees. My erect doghood aimed for the mocha-colored curves of his abused, stinging ass cheeks. The same ones emitting such heat that I wondered if I’d been a little too hard on the younger dog. I didn’t ponder too much on it though, instead marveling at how much of a trooper the lad had been throughout my paddling. He deserved a treat.

“P-Please, fuck me! Fuck me now!”

“Fuck me now…?”

“D-Daddy! Fuck me, Daddy! Just fucking do it!”

My kneading, comforting palms coaxed a whimper or two from the wild dog. As I ran my fingers through the fur of his right rump and grasped it, then used my free paw to latch on his left hip, I positioned myself right between his lubricated cheeks, then pushed forward in one go. Once again, Trenton pulled through the pain, bending backwards against my larger chest as he elicited a deep, slutty moan.

Safe to say, I couldn’t wait to share the footage with his wife. She was really going to enjoy the site of a European stranger paddling her husband and fucking a massive load inside him. He wouldn’t be able to walk for a couple days either, But Trenton would argue our night together made up for missing a few days of work. Whatever helped make their marriage tolerable.

Hopefully though, I could go convince Mr. and Mrs. Williams to send me a copy by the end of the evening.