The fennec fox squirmed under me. He moaned like a rising orchestra as my Doberdane cock lay nestled and snug inside his tight foxy tailhole, and I lapsed at the back of his sweaty neck. Then, I gave a few gentle thrusts while nibbling on one of his comically large fennec ears and growled into one of them. Before long I hilted my whole shaft like a velvet glove inside the little guy. Johnny was his name, I finally remembered.

“Ohfuckmygodmygodfuckinghell…” he drawled out deliriously, his English accent overtaken by submissive ecstasy as he squeezed my dogcock. At one point, he cried my name, “Se-Sebastian!”

“That’s a good lad!” I snarled with unbridled, mutual lust. “Who’s a good pup?”

“I am!”

“Who’s a good English pup, Johnny?” I growled between deep poundings and sweaty grunts. “Yeah, take it! Take my cock, you little British bottom! Take it!”

“I want your knot so bad, please!”

Paws clasping possessively onto his lithe hips, I darkly chuckled, “Oh, you’ll be getting it!”

My looming body continued hovering above his smaller frame. My hybrid knot kissed his sphincter as my shaft flirted aggressively with his prostate, and my balls danced against his taint and scrotum with eager bouncing thrusts. We were on the highest floor of a luxury London townhouse. A nearby tinted window overlooked an idyllic street, with residents unaware a Greco-German national was fucking the daylights out of a resident fennec fox handcuffed and ankle-spread on a bed.

My phone vibrated on the ornately decorated dresser from across the room, directly behind us. However, I dared not to get up to retrieve it. Not when my knot desired to be engulfed by Johnny’s tail hole, bulging his stomach into the mattress beneath us, and my lover for the evening clenched harder.

As per his list of kinks, I am roughly spanked but with sides of his ass cheeks, then kept his tail raised with one paw while using the other to fill my fingers in his drooling maw, soaking my digits in his saliva and teasing his tongue and teeth. My thumb caressed his fangs, then clamped around his throat when I started to pound harder and harder. Johnny trembled in my arms.

My fennec fox sang a song of pleasure, pain, and homosexual glee at being filled by a larger male’s seed. I groaned in exhausted delight, feeling my balls pump hot cum inside his clenched bowels, then I collapsed atop his restrained body as we fought to catch our breaths together.

The phone continued to vibrate across the room. At first, I didn’t answer it, instead using the time to gather my strength and stretch my back before pulling my limp yet swaying dogcock out of that spent hole before walking over to the dresser. I could swear that I felt pre drip on the shag carpeting.

“I’ll be right back, handsome,” I told Johnny in English before answering my smartphone. “Hello,” I answered in German. A dozen seconds later, I muttered a few curse words in the same language. “When do you need me to come back? How bad is it?”

To make a long story short, one of my fellow hedge fund managers had been hacked, and personal and financial bank information regarding his security as well as mine was likely compromised. My work computer was back home, however. Which meant I needed to return to Greece and change my passwords.

For the moment, I froze my main account via an app on my phone, then sent texts to my twinks living on Diamandis Isle not to worry if they couldn’t access my credit card. Cypress would certainly be bummed about any shopping sprees ruined, and I was disappointed at needing to cancel my vacation prematurely, but it needed to be done.

My ears perked again at the moaning sighs coming from the bound fennec fox. He didn’t say a word after we’d both cum, or when I left to answer my phone.

“Hey, Johnny?” I asked after hanging up the phone. “You still good there, lad?”

He barely spoke a word, only moaning like a blissful addict getting his fix. However, I got confirmation in the form of a wagging, raised, cum-soaked tail that the fennec happened to be fine, just deeply blissed and floating in sub-space.

“Here, let me help you,” I offered, walking over to begin unstrapping add untying the fennec. he let out a little whine that sounded relieved and longing. “There, there. Let Doberdane Daddy take care of you…Does anything hurt, J?”

“No,” he spoke hoarsely after a moment. “No I’m…good. Great. Spec-Spectacular…really.”

After setting aside the metallic spreader bar and rubbing Johnny’s ankles for circulation, I helped the smaller canine to his knees. Then, I effortlessly carried him over to the bathroom. I offered him a fresh cup of water, which he gulped down in one go, then guided him into the shower nearby.

By the time we finished cleaning each other up, drying our fur and taking ibuprofen for sore muscles we’d forgotten to stretch, Johnny nestled affectionately beside me on the bed, lulling to sleep and still lingering in and out of time. I stared down at my phone with one paw and hugged him closely to my broad chest with my other arm.

In the end, I decided to take the next flight out in the afternoon. My vacation for the rest of the week was ruined obviously, but I dared not to just toss by sub-spaced fennec fox out on the street after getting him dressed. He wasn’t in the right mindset to go home yet. He needed aftercare. It went well beyond being courteous and kind as someone should be to their lover, whether or not someone was a hook up or a romantic partner. After care was about guiding someone back from subspace post-coitus and helping them return to having a balanced mindset. A healthy sex life involved communication, but also patience, and appreciation towards what someone has done to help you achieve orgasm.

So, I lay in bed with my fennec fox, and held him as we drifted off to sleep.