**Around the World in 80 Spanks**

by harry lime

*Becky is drawn in by an ad in the newspaper that promises a variety of spanking experiences in different stops across the continent. There is even a reduced rate for either schoolteachers or nurses. She had been teaching ever since she left the University and had dispensed some memorable corrections to naughty students who had already passed their eighteenth birthday. But she really wanted to be disciplined rather than to be the spanker of others. This seemed like the perfect opportunity to taste the different flavors of ethnic spanking procedures around the world. She was ready, and her sweet soft bum was in a frenzy of anticipation.*

**Chapter 1**

Becky Broadbeam was one of those females that absolutely could not take no for an answer. Once she got an idea into her pretty little head, it was impossible to change her mind, come Hell or high water.

She first got the germ of her new project from the ludicrous tour of fetish-minded perverts that were more turned on by their own exhibitionism than by the pure essence of good old-fashioned spanking. Becky had attended their event at the modestly appointed meeting hall in Bath that featured an assortment of ordinary looking females and a few strange looking men with either moustaches or goatees that most certainly didn’t improve their lack of physical appeal to any degree whatsoever.

The still-youngish schoolteacher was sitting in the first row because she had an intense desire to see the “whites of their eyes” so to speak when they got their noisy corrections. She still was not much interested in the males receiving of corrections because she only had an interest in that when she was the dispenser of harsh punishments. It was far more interesting to watch the nervous housewives with their reading glasses getting all fogged up and their pretty pink tongues falling out of their mouths when the action got hot and heavy. Some of the younger, student-type females were obvious decoys wearing their daughter’s clothing or something borrowed from a much younger person. The fact that they did everything on a raised platform in front of a darkened audience convinced her that it was mainly for the purpose of “exhibitionism” and not the pure ideals of “spanking” obsessions. Still, it was exciting to a certain degree and she felt a twinge down deep inside that prompted her to raise her hand when they asked for “volunteers” from the audience.

Her entrance on the stage was unusual only to the extent that she was the only female volunteer with exceptionally high heels of the six-inch variety. The girl in front of her made a shambles of getting her knickers down and she looked more like some prudish librarian than an oversexed stay at home mom with a need to show her bare ass to the world.

The woman was nicely shaped in the posterior area and the older woman delivering her spanking seemed more than enthusiastic in the delivery. The outline of her washer-woman hands were clearly indented on the woman’s white bottom just like the lines of her too-tight knickers.

Becky wanted to get her indignities over with but she stood on the edge of the spotlights playing senselessly with her center of gravity and hoping that she would not shame herself by losing her determination to take whatever they dished out to her in front of the audience of mostly horny males playing with their peckers in the muted lights. The older woman was resting momentarily with her hand right on the crack of the housewife’s bottom. She thought she saw one of the fingers stray down inside the crack in an expedition not covered in the show’s brochure.

The bespectacled woman stretched across her bare legs looked up at her with a questioning look and Becky was not certain if she was indignant or inviting because the lights were right in her eyes.

Suddenly, it was her turn and she had forgotten to pull her knickers down before she started to fall to her knees for mounting the woman’s legs. A pair of strong arms pulled her back up and the unseen man yanked her knickers down to her ankles without a single word to the delight of the audience that clapped at the sight of her perfect heart-shaped buttocks. She was stretched out across a seated man with a blindfold on his eyes. She had no idea who he was but she was certain he was not one of the exhibitionists she had seen on the stage earlier.

Her cheeks were getting goosebumps from the cool air in the theater and she knew that only the spanking would warm them up enough to drive away the damp.

The man underneath her was wearing gloves but he removed them before he started and she knew he meant business because he ran his fingers all over her bare skin and soft flesh before he began. By the time he smacked her sharply with his first blow, she was wet with anticipation and Becky hoped her shameful desires did not reveal her perverted need to be punished for being a bad girl.

Becky was just catching her breath after a flurry of hard spanks on both cheeks. She was certain her backside was a dark shade of red now after the unknown man had his way with her bottom all the way down to the back of her slender thighs. She spread her legs slightly knowing it would expose her womanhood to those in the audience. At that point she was so much in need of some hard spanks on the insides of her legs that she didn’t care what they could see because she knew they were too far away to see the shame of her dripping wet landing strip primed for incoming landings of any size or shape imaginable.

The spanker knew exactly what she wanted and he gave it to her in spades.

Soon, the insides of her legs were just as red as her bottom and she knew his fingers had strayed more than once right up into her femininity testing the wetness of her response. She was already fully ashamed at what he found and hoped he wouldn’t think she was an outright slut just looking for a good time. That stopped her for a moment because in the final analysis that is exactly what she was. She was a bona fide slut looking to get her backside hot enough to make it all a matter of when and not if when the long anticipated salami started to spread her willing lips with determined strokes. It didn’t matter how old the guy was or how handsome he was. All that mattered was that it was at least six inches long and of a sufficient girth to make her have a nice orgasm right up in front of an entire audience of complete strangers.

She had a stab of guilty conscience and whispered to the spanking master,

“I changed my mind, sir; please stop now and I will get off the stage.”

She was totally disconcerted to hear his laughter and was incensed when he shoved his big, but, fortunately, well- manicured thumb straight up her bum hole and told her,

“Keep your pie-hole down, Dolly, and we will be finished in two shakes of a lamb’s tail. In fact, you might be the lamb, dear.”

Then, she heard the announcer cause the audience to clap when he warned them,

“Watch closely, boys and girls, Little Miss Muffat is about to get her ashes hauled and from my angle it looks like it will be her “back yard” can that gets packed nice and tight by the Maestro, the one and only, El Commandante!”

She ventured a look back over her shoulder and saw the immense tool her tormentor was holding with both hands and her thought was he might need a crane, it looked that heavy and thick. Becky was sweating now, more from fear rather than the heat from the spotlights. Fortunately, he started to navigate her female entryway and she breathed a sigh of relief for his kindness in sparing her tiny opening.

The reaction from the audience was extremely soothing to her shattered nerves because they obviously felt her appealing heart-shaped naked offering was well matched to the spanker’s huge tool. She had never quite felt that stretched before and she stood resolutely taking it all in because she was grateful for his compassion in giving respite to her quivering pucker. Her cheeks were still smarting from the spirited spanking and she winced each time his bulk slammed into her shifting hindquarters. The audience seemed to love it and she was encouraged to continue the performance even though she felt like she was on the verge of falling down flat on her face on the hard wooden slats of the stage floor.

Somehow, she got through it without further embarrassing herself and managed to hobble off the stage holding her vaginal lips together to keep the spanker’s spunk contained. She replaced her flimsy knickers and her sturdier control panty top before smoothing her normal housewife dress back into place hiding her slender model shaped legs and her heart-shaped triangles of desire.

She left the theater with the wisp of a fast-forming thought about a tour of the Continental countries that would incorporate the excitement of an audience participation spanking exhibition with some local customs of “from behind” love-making that were unique to that particular area. She started lining up in her mind the possible endorsers of the tour to help with the financing like personal lubrication brands and condom manufacturers that would love to have their wares displayed prominently on the stage throughout the performance. It seemed like the opportunities were endless with the Scandinavian countries love for risk-taking entertainment and the German and Dutch risqué stage show formats. She fully expected Paris to be the show-stopper on the schedule with their decadent need to display the cutting-edge of promiscuous sexual interactions and Fetish-inspired performances.

Of course, spanking would be the core of their show and the other nuances would be the icing on the cake because the actors and actresses would be unpaid “normal” people having their fifteen minutes of fame with their panties at their ankles and their facial expressions shown in slow motion by a mountain of recording devices in color and black & white.

She might even hired a few professionals to round out the presentation making sure that the audience was not disappointed by too many plump cheeks turning red too quickly due to lack of attention with heavy hand or leather belt. Becky full intended to insert her own performance into each stop on the circuit and hoped that at the end of the tour she would have a nice portfolio of candid shots showing her rear-facing contortions. She had always felt that was the greatest asset of her feminine charms and the thought that it would be on full display in a feature presentation was extremely self-satisfying.

Becky’s husband Max was waiting patiently at home for her late arrival.

He showed her his belt in his hand and she knew it was time to pay for her tardy return.

She slowly climbed the stairs with Max behind her. He constantly reminded her of her naughty attitude about being late for everything and slapped her happy cheeks all the way up the stairs and over to the bed with the cover already pulled down.

Becky paused and bent over like she knew he liked it and felt his strong hands push up her dress in the back all the way to her waistline and expose her undies. She looked in the side mirror and saw just how wanton she looked in that position and she waited for Max to insert his fingers under her panty line and yank down her panties to bare her cheeks for his attentions. She was glad that she had time to make repairs in the ladies room before returning home on the off chance that her husband was ready for a little fun and games. Her caution had paid off big time and now she would get what she deserved for her nasty behavior on the stage with a stranger with a huge cock and the hard lesson she needed to forestall her need for unwanted masturbation in the privacy of her own bathroom. She hoped that Max never found out about her spanking fetish with strangers that had developed into bouts of exhibitionism and slutty behavior.

He started to dish out her standard fare of fifty with the strap and she counted carefully but her mind was on the idea of the world-wide spanking tour and the possibilities of discovering new techniques.

**Chapter 2**

Spanking enthusiast Becky Broadbeam had already been introduced to the spanking tour program right in her own country by practitioners with home-grown skills. She had taken it all on the lighted stage and lamented the fact that the overall atmosphere was more exhibitionistic rather than spanking fetish related.

She was ready to depart on the first leg of the fully paid up-front tour with the ferry ride over to France and was bent over the kitchen table taking her traveling spanking to remind her to behave whilst away from her husband’s cock.

Becky was ashamed of the fact she had already cheated on her husband one time with the huge black policeman holding the shackles and the short stick he used with such effective results in her deliciously formed hindquarters. She liked his rough attitude and his total disregard for her personal dignity by spanking her bottom with his hard calloused hands and slapping both her sensitive tits and her embarrassed face with both palms from different directions. Becky knew it was because she was addicted to uniformed men and the thought of an actual policeman setting her in shackles and stretching her out across back of a sofa was so exciting that she came before they even had a chance to begin. Her juices were running down her bare skin on the insides of her legs like she was a tiny girl unable to control her own bladder. It wasn’t her water, but actual female juices spilling out of her overly imaginative pussy that made her seem like a novice at the spanking game.

She looked over her shoulder at the huge black dong and wondered how the poor man was able to carry that thing around between his meaty legs like a piece of luggage that was too big to be pushed out of the way in almost every situation. Of course, with the opportunity presented, the big man humped her from behind and she was grateful he choose her pussy rather than her tiny sphincter because the latter was so tight and small that his entry would give her problems for the remainder of the week.

His forceful spurting deep inside her pussy was a lesson she would not forget for a long time. She knew it was imperative that she present her ass up high for his spirited spanking and vowed to shout out each repetition with a clear and sharp voice just like he liked it keeping him from punishing her in other places that she was not accustomed to receiving punishment of the sort that common criminals receive as a matter of course in their interaction with law enforcement officials. She watched him sniffing her knickers and actually wrapping them around his head like some trophy taken from a defeated enemy that would now bear the ordeal of submissive cooperation and a bare ass that was high in the air and ready to take whatever was dished out by the long arm of the law.

The kitchen table was slick with her juices and she knew her husband would have to clean it completely after he finished with her in the bent over position.

The sound of the hard spanking was punctuated by her recital of her little thank you speech and the clear count of the repetition. He was already up to twenty-two and she was only getting twenty-five because it was only an overnight trip. A long trip of several days demanded at least fifty whacks across her buttocks and she dreaded when they switched to either the flat wooden board or the thin narrow cane that sometimes raised a welt that lasted for days.

Her husband finished off the spanking portion of his early morning entertainment and she knew he was going to go for her private rear door entry because he slapped a huge gob of Vaseline on her anus and pushed it up inside with his middle and index fingers in a way that made her shout out with sudden anxiety.

He didn’t go up there too often because was a lot more interested in a submissive session of oral sex but sometimes he did it as a training exercise to reinforce his authority to guide her actions with other men. He liked to make her repeat promises over and over again as he pumped her tiny opening with his oversized cock. She could say those little phrases from memory no matter where she was or what she was doing. It was a form of indoctrination but she accepted it because there were some secrets she never told her husband like the time she had taken it all the way up the ass from the huge black cop.

Becky was grateful that her husband was thoughtful enough to push all the lubricant into her anus because without it she would have been limping the entire time she was on the spanking tour to Paris. A quick little enema after the anal session and she was good to go like everything was back to normal and the only sign of her ordeal was that her sphincter was still quivering at the slightest touch of human skin or something hard came near her bottom.

The city was absolutely beautiful in her eyes and she disregarded the changes that she refused to acknowledge like the sudden foreign element roaming the streets and the shops and the women that refused to pay any attention to the western styles of fashion because of some centuries old tradition that put them in a subservient status not equal to superior males.

Becky figured that by ignoring it, she would not have to contend with it and life would remain rosy and sweet for her just like in the old days of wine and roses. The tour bus was loaded on the ferry with a total of twenty passengers and the driver and the guide. The driver was French and spoke no English and the tour guide was English and spoke no French. It was an odd arrangement but it seemed to work because neither of them needed the other to do their job.

She sat up in the front row talking to the driver practicing her French to make it easier for her on the weekend trip. As a reward for his participation, she offered him private views of her bikini thong each time she crossed her legs and gave him a peek all the way up. She did her best to coordinate her visual gifts with the flow of traffic because the last thing she wanted was a head-on collision with her in the front seat. She had to confess his heated glances made her hot as a two dollar pistol and she knew her thong was already dripping wet with her need to get laid.

The twenty passengers consisted of sixteen males and four females. Two of the females were real close and Becky was sure that they were the type that focused on female to female loving and had no interest in cock at all.

That left her and a tall, statuesque blond with the most delectable ass she had seen since her university days. At that time, it was sitting on the rear end of a beautiful cadaver being used in the Anatomy class for students to learn about the way the body operated. It was disgusting to watch the male students fondle the dead woman’s bottom like it was a roast hanging in a butcher shop for Sunday dinner. She even touched it herself and was sad at the coldness of death and hoped the beautiful corpse would soon find solace and peace six feet under the sod. This piece of ass was decidedly alive and she didn’t seem to mind the fact that several of the sixteen males had no hesitation to reach out and fondle her ass and her tits with the same sort of lack of concern as the male university students. They had tried it with me and I had come close to breaking a couple of fingers before they got the message and kept their hands to themselves.

The blonde’s name was Candy and she was just as sweet.

The driver asked me in a slang French way to give him some pussy and I agreed to meet him after the evening’s tour at the hotel but in his room and not mine because we had to share and I was in with the blonde called Candy.

The tour location was actually a private school auditorium and there were no less than a hundred or so attendees. Thankfully, there were a lot of females, so our tour group didn’t throw the balance out of whack.

The French girls were obviously there to give the males in our package deal to gain some experience in spanking French female ass. I have to admit those girls had great undies and they didn’t mind pulling everything down to display their naked backsides in front of one and all. The sounds of heavy duty spanking filled the small auditorium and those girls made the most wonderful squealing noises each time their pretty bottoms got smacked by a heavy hand or a folded belt right on the curve of their cheeks. I saw that a lot of the guys were giving some of them a little exercise in anal stretching with their nasty fingers and I knew that before the end of the session several of the girls would have to take it up the bum by some of the more risk-taking tour members.

The two lesbian spank tourists were having fun spanking a pair of older women that had still attractive bottoms with firmly packed cheeks both healthy and plump. The blonde called Candy was straddled over the circular table with her backside to the audience and a couple of male volunteers from the audience spanked her hard until she was nice and red all over and priming her for some anal loving at the drop of a hat. I knew my turn was coming but I paused long enough to see her getting it from both ends at the same time by a pair of rough characters that looked more like actual criminals than the ones outside the door. They seemed fairly aggressive and didn’t need any instructions on how to ass fuck a British female that fancied French rough treatment from behind.

I was put on the opposite end of the table and could look into Candy’s concerned eyes as she took what was dished out with her characteristic stiff upper lip.

When I looked over my shoulder, I saw a couple of French paying customers and also no less than three of the male passengers from the bus that obviously fancied my heart-shaped bum and were willing to risk screwing my ass in public without a mask or any attempt to disguise their identity. They probably had done it before on other trips and I didn’t mind if they want to spend their cream in my bottom rather than one of the French female volunteers with pretty plump cheeks.

The three that had done me on the stage were talking non-stop in the back of the bus describing in great detail how it felt to be in my pompous “posh” bottom and make me take it without objection in a way that caused me the greatest humiliation possible. I didn’t mind them doing it, I did mind them talking about it like I was some hustler from the street corner.

The hotel was fairly quiet when we returned and we all went back to our rooms to wash up and get some sleep. As soon as it quieted down some more and my room-mate Candy was snoring, I tip-toed down the hallway to the driver’s room and kept my promise of giving him what he wanted with me face down and ass up on the top of his bed. I know we made a lot of noise that was heard in the adjoining room, but I figured they would think the driver got lucky and had nailed some French crumpet and put her through her paces.

I have to admit he did work me over pretty good and I didn’t regret my decision to give him a go because he was nice to me the entire time.

I snuck back to my room and found Candy still snoring as loud as a buzz-saw when I slid under the covers. This was one night I would not discuss in great detail with my hubby because I knew with great certainty, he would definitely not approve.

**Chapter 3**

In the elevator back at our hotel I could not help but notice the posh looking upper class blonde woman was softly crying without making any sounds and did her best not to be found out by turning her head to the back of the elevator until we all departed to our rooms.

I paused after we passed her room and turned back and asked her in a gentle voice, “Is there anything I can do to help?”

The woman who used the obviously false name of “Candy” fumbled with her key in the lock and I took it out of her hand and opened the door. Since she didn’t object, I followed her inside her room and saw that the room was identical to my own. We had gotten lucky in Frankfurt with the room assignments with each of us getting a room to ourselves. Sure they were a bit smaller and there was no sofa to sit on watching the small television but the privacy was a big bonus.

I remembered how the woman had looked directly into my face as she was being degraded with anal play right in front of my eyes. She was proud enough not to make a fuss but I could tell she was not used to such humiliating treatment and she was ashamed of her behavior right down to her basic core. It was a little bit like my own personal feelings except I reveled in the treatment because I knew I needed it to sustain my urge to be debased by strangers and have other strangers watch my degradation with obvious relish.

The squishing sounds of her anal forcing at that time was a memory in my ears that I found most exciting to my own ravishment in like terms on the other side of the circular table.

She told me in clearly enunciated speech getting undressed right in the middle of the small room that her backside was still hurting her and she didn’t know if she would be able to perform in this evening’s entertainment at the rented cinema in a sleazy part of the downtown area. I saw that her flanks and the backs of her legs were quite reddened up with the furious pace of the recently received spanking and I wondered why she had not put anything on it as yet.

“Don’t move from that spot!”

I removed my post spanking repair kit from my huge shopping bag and opened up my special cream that had taken care of all my problems ever since I started down the spanking trail to absolute depravity. I got down on my knees behind the high class MILF and started to spread it all over the reddened area with liberal dabs of the stuff that worked like magic in curing the sting and taking out the red in just a few hours in place.

I have to admit I allowed my fingers to tarry a wee bit longer than necessary in her perfectly gaped crack between her ass cheeks. I found her brown eye and when she winced I knew I had to put some of the stuff inside her tightly clenched sphincter.

“I am going to have to put some of this inside your brown eye Candy so don’t jump when you feel my finger going inside to do its business in solving your problem.”

The posh older woman with the body of a French model bent over for me and helped me by spreading her cheeks widely for my busy fingers to do their work. She was super tight back there and I wondered how she could possibly take one of those oversized cocks inside to do its dirty business.

Somehow the totally naked Candy was cradled in my arms on the bed and she was still crying softly with a look on her face that confirmed her shame at being so naughty at the last spanking session. She explained to me that she had no idea the men would go further than a good hard spanking and she was not prepared for the anal games they subjected her to right in front of the entire audience with her totally bottomless in the process.

It seemed almost like a bridge too far or she was a lot more naïve than I had at first suspected. Candy was soft and cuddly in my arms and I started to kiss her pretty face with serious intent and I could see it make her extremely nervous. In fact, she seemed far more emotional or intense from my innocent but sensuous use of my tongue on her face and neck and ears than she had looked taking a hard dick up her rear door or being spanked long and hard whilst being restrained. It reminded me of my university days when I wanted to linger with the kissing and the simple groping of all those private places that I tended to keep secret until the last possible moment.

We twisted and turned and eventually Candy was on top of me and I was unable to stop her from kissing me the French way with her tongue all the way down my throat. I patted her ass gently knowing she had a long way to being healed enough for spirited excursions into the world of carnal knowledge. Her partner at the last spanking session must have been some kind of macho prick determined to cause more pain than pleasure.

The next morning we both woke up at the exact same time and I could tell she was embarrassed at being in bed with another female. It was easy to see that she had not been experienced with female to female love making and she did not quite know what to say or how to act without appearing uncomfortable. I did the best thing under the circumstances and grabbed her hand and led her into the shower for a long and relaxing soak under the warm water and the wonderful flexible nozzles that did magic in odd places.

After that, I dried her hair and she dried mine and we were reduced to giggles and intimate kissing like two schoolgirls enjoying being room-mates for the very first time.

This evening, we would be up on stage getting our asses spanked in front of a cheering audience. I warned her to be assertive about her partner’s actions and to look out for not damaging her beautiful skin or leaving any marks on her face or her neck with rough treatment. This was supposed to be a spanking fetish session and not an orgy that involved actual coitus either vaginal or anal because it was both illegal and not very supportive of the sense of just good fun without humiliating females beyond the boundaries of normal spanking fetish fun and games.

I wish I could follow that excellent advice but I knew my weakness in the submission game would not allow me to stay on the straight path of spanking fun only.

Still, the evening was a lot more subdued and the audience behaved themselves making us feel a lot better with lots of applause and cheers for a fine performance.

When we arrived back at the hotel, we were joined by Oscar a funny young man who loved to spank the girls but avoided any contact with another man in a sort of homophobic way that made him an outcast with most of the other males in the show without a doubt.

We invited him up to our room for a late night snack that consisted of cheese and crackers and a fine bottle of Chianti that was begging to be opened and tasted by all three of us in thee midnight hours.

I am ashamed to admit that Candy and I wore only our bras and the skimpy thongs that we sported before being stripped naked for the spanking presentation because that actually prevented any damage to the skin from rubbing fabric or lace or buttons in the wrong place at the wrong time. My partner had been an aggressive spanker and he took pleasure in poking my feminine folds with his greedy fingers and even shoved his thumb up my brown eye now and then to hold me steady for his storm of spanks all over my pretty cheeks in a shocking display of male dominance.

Oscar wore his speedo shorts and his coiled up member left nothing to the imagination and I regret to tell you that I was focused on the thing wondering exactly how long it was when it was fully unfurled and hard as a rock. He was basically a spank only player and none of us had actually seen his dick and I have to admit that I was head over heels curious to get a good close-up look at his man-stick when aroused.

I saw Oscar ogling Candy’s beautiful bum when she wasn’t looking and I must admit that I was somewhat put out because I had all but waved mine in his face more than once and he hadn’t taken the bait much to my surprise because I considered it most tempting to the average male. I watched impatiently as Oscar stretched out with his head resting in Candy’s inviting lap with his ear rubbing her clitoris every time he moved his head this way or that. It was obvious that sweet little Candy was fast approaching her ultimate orgasm and I could tell from looking into her lust-laden eyes that she was primed for humping even with me as a spectator.

Poor Oscar had to take off his Speedo because his cock was in need of more space to unfold like an umbrella of hard dick ready to do battle with both of us at the same time.

Candy reached out impulsively and took hold of his cock right down near the base and there was plenty of dick left over for me to wrap my hand around the upper part and still have more inches left over for pulsating movement.

We both started to tug on his cock in unison and soon lots of pre-cum spurted out onto our hands and we played with the stuff as he pushed Candy onto her back and entered her from on top missionary style like a Greek God coming down from the clouds to spread his magic to the common female humans to exercise his rampant cock almost to the point of ejaculation but stopping just before end leaving us both frustrated like a pair of old maids at a losing bingo game in the basement of a church.

From the smile on Oscar’s face, I knew the evening was still young and there was a lot more action promised to make this a memorable night indeed.