And I never even got his name Part 3

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And he doesn't stop at three

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I had a few moments to process the following things: His knee, wedging itself between my legs, his hands, one travelling up my ribcage towards my breasts, barely contained by my ripped top, the other on my hip, almost gripping hard enough to bruise me (luckily I'm not that fragile) and finally his mouth, hot and demanding on mine. After those few moments of clarity were up, things just sort of glided into one another, thank you tequila.

His hands were everywhere, ruining my top by ripping it completely, popping my bra open so my breasts came spilling out, yanking my jeans from my legs and his mouth was following behind, leaving a very hot trail of kisses, licks and bites.

My nipples were hard as pebbles from being sucked and bit on, when he continued going down over the flat span of my stomach towards my red lace panties, just stopping at the edge.

He softly bit my hipbones and I bucked my hips and moaned in frustration; I wanted to feel his mouth on my heated pussy lips.

He let out a throaty chuckle and said, 'Oh no, not so fast, missy. You made quite a case of making it up to me with that blowjob, but you still have to be punished for acting like you didn't care back in the club.'

And before I knew it he had flipped me over, pulled my hips up so I was now leaning on my torso and was softly stroking my firm ass, now lifted up into the air on full display.

That's the moment that I realized I was more than a little tipsy, normally a guy wouldn't get away with just tossing me around, talking about punishing me, but now? I just felt my pussy contract in response, as if I couldn't wait for what he was about to do to me.

He traced the outline of my panties with his fingertips and chuckled again as I arched my back and whimpered.

He gripped the top edge, put his thumbs together and slowly ripped my soaking wet panties away from my body, leaving my ass and pussy bare to his eyes and hands. Something in the back of my mind dimly protested against this, they had cost a fortune, but at that point I only cared about the fact that he wasn't touching me yet and that made me wiggle my ass a little, which got rewarded with a tiny slap on my right cheek.

A low moan escaped my lips and I felt the bed move. 'Stay,' he ordered curtly as his bodyweight left the mattress. 'Stretch your hands out above your head.' With a sigh I complied, I really didn't care anymore, I just wanted him to fuck me, hard and rough, like the way we started out. This was taking way too long. Which I told him, in a non-nonsense kind of way. He didn't reply, he just got something out of his closet and started tying my hands to the headboard.

Once they were secure he walked around to where my head was turned and just stood there for a second or two, watching me, laying there with my hands stretched in front of me, my head in an almost uncomfortable angle on the bed, boobs partly squished against the mattress, arched back and ass high in the air, the remainder of my panties still sitting somewhere around my thighs.

'Hurry up, pleeeaase, I want to feel you inside of me.'

He walked up to the bed and slapped me on my ass, hard. I let out a suprised yelp, followed by a low moan. 'Spread your knees.'

I was so caught up the sensations of pain and pleasure coursing through my body that I didn't immediately react to his request.

SLAP

'I said; Spread. Your. Knees.'

I quickly complied, my legs shaking from anticipation and breathing raggedly from being so turned on. He went to stand behind me again and started stroking and kneading my ass. His thumbs teasingly stroked between my cheeks over my little star who winked at him before letting them slide down towards my dripping pussy, where he, thankfully, put one inside of me. 'Oh pleeaase, more, I beg you,' I moaned pathetically.

SLAP

My pussy tightened around his thumb in a very pleasant way as the initial sting made place for a

spreading warmth across my backside, adding fuel to my burning pussy.

'Shut up, I'm enjoying myself with your pussy and ass, I don't need you interrupting this with demands.'

I pushed my ass against his hand in response and whimpered, 'Please!'

That earned me another slap. And another one. And another one. Meanwhile his thumb was still pumping my pussy while his index- and middle finger started rubbing my clit rapidly.

Combined with the rhythmic spanking I quickly started to become undone, my body trying to undulate against his hands and at the same time trying to get away, sparks making their way from every corner in my body towards my pussy, only to explode in a flash a few seconds later, leaving me swearing, moaning and breathless. He spanked me one final time before pulling his thumb out of my pussy, making me twitch and moan even harder. 'That's one,' he murmured softly.

I just lay there gasping and twitching in the aftershock, savouring the floaty quality my body had attained from my orgasm, when I felt one hand on my hip and the other one guiding a hot, throbbing object towards my entrance. I had barely figured it out before he slammed his cock into my pussy, pulling me down to earth in one hard stroke, and continued to fuck me in a steady, ruthless rhythm which had me trying to get away, I was squirming in the devastating grip he had on my hips.

He kept on hitting this spot deep inside of me and before long I started stretching my hands out above my head, pushing my ass and pussy back against him by arching my back, all the while begging him to take me harder and faster, not wanting him to ever stop. He made this low, primal sound in the back of his throat and spanked me, never losing his stride. I let out a high pitched yelp and then groaned, loving the way his hand struck my flesh without hesitation. It just felt so fucking good.

As he spanked my ass again another orgasm slammed into me, momentarily making me black out, in which he pulled out, flipped me over and put my legs over his shoulders. As my eyelids fluttered and my eyesight came back into focus he rubbed the head of his cock up and down between my pussy lips and around my clit with a devilish grin on his face, which made me squirm and sigh, which sounded desperately close to a plea. 'That's two,' he smirked, and as he held my legs pressed against his chest with one arm, his other hand put that gorgeous head of his cock inside my pussy once again.

The backs of my thighs were pressed against his chest, my legs dangling over his shoulders at the knees as he kicked his head back and let out a long, low, soft groan as he slowly filled me up, starting

a slow, deep pace which left me breathless and moaning. I wanted him to go faster, but he just kept on fucking me, slow and deep, while one of his hands started kneading my breasts and twisting my nipples, making me squirm and beg.

He responded with one, hard thrust, while tugging my nipple just a little to hard, creating this amazing shot of sensations between my nipple and my sopping cunt, making me moan and beg for more. So he did it again, with my other nipple, and again, alternating between twisting and pulling my nipples too hard and sudden, deep, hard thrusts and the slow strokes his cock made inside my overly sensitive and constantly contracting pussy.

He then leaned over me, practically folding me in half while picking up his pace, his cock hitting that spot deep inside me over and over, faster and harder until my body went rigid and I felt him throb and fire huge spurts of semen deep inside of my drowning pussy. I lost control once again, and this time, from far away I heard a faint chuckle. 'And that's number three.' Then the light definitely went out.

To be continued...