

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 136

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Layla's pov

His words had me hot. So hot that I had begun to sweat a bit.

His fingers dig into my waist, their heat digging into the material to find my skin.

208 Voucher

I moan and began to roll my hips, the exact same way I rolled them when he was deep inside me.

The remembrance of that time had me panting as I leaned back against him, my hand snaking up his chest to his neck to hold the back of his neck.

Tyler's panting in my ears too, his breathing rough as he moved his own hips to match my rhythm.

I am certain 'friends' don't touch each other the way we do now. Nor do they rub their bottom against the others front.

But here I was rubbing my ass on his front where I could feel the size of him through his jeans.

Tyler gripped my waist tighter and then pulled me closer to him. "You're getting me hard on the dance floor Layla. You're a bad friend." He snorted beside my ear and sure enough, I could feel his hardening cock on my bottom.

I smirked.

I loved knowing I can do this to him.

"Friends don't get hard by just a dance Tyler. Maybe you

don't see me as a friend after all." I joked and turned around in his arms and hooked my arms around his neck.

His eyes are so dark with lust as he stared deep into my eyes. I swallowed when I locked into his gaze like usual.

"You're right. I don't see you as a friend," His head dips, and his nose nearly brush against mine. "I see you as so much. more Layla. And I've made that known to you." He whispered while searching my eyes.

I want to just go on my tip toes to finally put an end to both our misery and kiss him like my life depended on it.

But I resist and tame my desperation.

I want more. I deserve a little more to know that I can trust

him.

So I close my eyes and peel away from him. "I think I'm going to get some air. It's so stuffy and hot in here." I whispered as I looked at his disappointed face.

He nods and then runs his fingers through his hair. "I'll meet you out in a few ,I need to use the bathroom first."

I nodded and he looked at me in concern. "Don't stray too far. Stay close by where Tiffany and Brett can be able to spot you." He warned.

I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms. "I understand dad."

He smirked and I lifted my hand. "If you're about to make a sexual dad joke, please don't. I really do need that air."

I may sound rude at the moment but I can't help it. I'm

frustrated with my body, my mind, and my heart.

All three were messing me up and tugging me in different places. I needed to clear my head.

Tyler looks a bit disappointed and frowned but nodded either way.

"Just stay close." He whispered and then I turned around to leave soon after I nodded.

When I opened the sliding door leading to the backyard and the massive pool, I noticed that there were a few guys from the football team there and a few girls beside them giggling.

I walked ahead until I'm in the darkest corner and breathed out a sigh.

Parties really were not my thing but those few minutes with Tyler in there weren't so bad. In fact, it was exciting.

I'm staring at the lit-up pool, relaxing as I watch it like it was the most satisfying thing I've ever seen.

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