

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 33

Tyler gnnned in satisfaction. Finally we are getting somewhere, he thought as he pinched her nipple lightly.

He saw the cracks get wider and the desire, the need overflow into the beautiful brown of her eyes.

“As much as we’re making progress. I really do need the word hot slipping out of your mouth. Breathlessly perhaps?” He teased, moving his fingers away from her nipple and breast entirely.

He’d give her this as punishment for lying earlier.

Her gaze shift slightly in impatience and Tyler knew she wasn’t pleased that he hadn’t touched her longer there or at least traced her with his tongue like he wanted to.

“If you want me to help with the craving, you shouldn’t lie next time. I have little patience for liars. And you might just regret it.” Tyler voiced out.

Tyler was bullshitting himself because he knew the only reason he had not dipped his head and taken her nipple in his mouth was because she hadn’t said the word hot and he still wanted to play the game to see how far she’d let him go.

Truthfully this was giving him more pleasure than he had with some other girls, or perhaps with all the other girls? Tyler wasn’t quite sure because sometimes he forgot the experience he had with many. Sometimes, they were just not... memorable.

Layla rolls her eyes at his words.

Seconds later she gasped lightly when his fingers pinched the nipple again. “Do you really want to leave here unsatisfied?”

Tyler was bluffing. It’s not like he couldn’t leave her unsatisfied if he sees fit, but he knew he wouldn’t be able to Because somehow, making sure Layla was satisfied in every lesson of this arrangement was oddly Tyler’s top priority.

Well apart from making her trust him with her body.

With an annoyed glare, Layla shook her head, barely.

Tyler pushed down the snort of laughter he wanted to let out. Her glare was not so much a glare if he can’t take it seriously. In all honesty, she somehow resembled a kitten.

“Good.” He whispered with a lift of his upper lip.

Tyler took her silence as a way to continue his little game and skimmed his fingers to her chest where he felt her heart.

With a wicked gleam and determination in his eyes, Tyler started to feather his fingertips down her chest, down to just above her belly button.

He looked at her, swiping his tongue over his bottom lip to wet it. Her eyes are dazed, gleaming with unrestrained desire.

Tyler felt his cock stir.

“How about here?” He whispered as he purposely dipped his thumb slightly into her belly button and then pull it out only to teasingly circle it around her navel.

He saw the twitch in her face, the need to tell him to perhaps continue. Well at least that’s what Tyler hoped for but she only shook her head and stumbled out. “Cold.”

One single word set a stronger determination in Tyler. He was hell bent on bending her to his will and determined to have her admit she wanted him.

He hums, licking his bottom lip again because he admittedly was a bit thirsty to taste her again.

But he can wait

Surely he can wait, right?

Tyler had some flickering doubts when he noticed her pull her lip between her teeth and bit down on the plumpness.

He couldn’t believe it, but he was jealous of her own teeth!

Removing his gaze off her lips quickly, Tyler decided he needed to quicken this up a little bit. Because surely his cock might just fall off if it stays painfully hard for a little more longer.

So with a look of determination and an embarrassing leap of his heart which he just blamed on his excitement, Tyler continues his torturous trail.

Her skin felt like fire under his touch, and he swore he felt his fingertips tingle as they brushed against her soft creamy skin. But he could be wrong.

He heard her breath hitch when he teased his fingertips just under her navel, his eyes on the rise and fall of her chest. Watching in keen fascination as her breathing accelerated.

He counted every rise and fall as she took her breaths. “How about here? What do you feel here Layla?” He whispered, his fingers lightly tracing over her stomach before dancing slowly to her hip.

He knew he was playing a dangerous game. One that will not only leave Layla affected. He should’ve stopped on her breasts when she said warm.

He should’ve been satisfied and taken what he had gotten.

But Tyler felt rather selfish today for some odd reason, he really wanted to taste between her thighs. Just to see if she taste like cherries there too of course. It wasn’t like he was desperate.

But even though he tried to tell himself that he wasn’t desperate to taste her, Tyler’s tongue began to slick more with saliva and the damn thing starts tingling. As if it couldn’t wait to drown itself in her heat and taste her.

He tries to calm down his desperation, embarrassed by it honestly.

But then he felt her shudder under his touch as his fingers tangle into the lace of her panties.

His eyes lift to hers to see the emotions playing in her eyes.

She wanted him. Tyler knew the look of desire. He stared down at it when he pounded into many girls before.

But with it swimming in Layla’s eyes and then the biting of her lip, Tyler’s hands trembled as if he was still an inexperienced boy.

Maddening that his body didn’t seem to want to listen to the logical side of his brain, Tyler clenched his jaw and curled his fingers beneath the lace until his knuckles brushed the soft skin of her hip bone.

He could no longer wait. It would be best to hurry up and give his body what it wanted before he lost himself further.

He refuse to be that desperate for a girl. A girl he barely knew.

He felt Layla jerk and watch her eyes widen a little as he drags his fingers across her skin, pulling at the fabric of lace as he go until stopping just above the hump of her pussy mound.

And then with wicked desire in his eyes, Tyler pushed his fingers down, turning it in a way that his fingers brush her nub and then sink into slick heat.

“How about here Layla? What do feel here? Is it hot now?” He whispered hoarsely barely able to contain his desire as he finally touched her moist heat.

He watch her catch her breath and then see the quick lift and descend of her chest before she shook her head and breathlessly admit. “No, it’s blazing.”