

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 59

Tyler was finding it hard to think clearly when Layla's taste kept dancing on his tongue. And he found himself not at all wanting to complain about his lack of concentration.

He simply didn't care at the moment. It was Layla's pleasure he cared about. And if he found himself getting drugged by her pussy then so be it.

He gripped her thighs, liking the way they felt as she tightens them around his neck but not too tight to suffocate him.

Tyler moaned as more of her juices burned on his tongue and danced with his tastebuds. This was pure bliss. What he imagined it to be.

And just imagine, if he was getting drugged by just the taste of her pussy, just imagine....how his cock would feel deep inside her.

Tyler groaned as his cock twitched. The damn thing didn't like being caged, clearly. But he was running out of time.

He perhaps only had four minutes left until his sister wakes up. He had to be quick with this, unfortunately.

Hmmmm.

But her taste was so divine. He didn't want to be quick

about this, no he wanted to savor this moment and just keep eating her until his mouth was tired. And even then he believed that he still wouldn't stop.

Because Tyler simply couldn't stop. He just couldn't.

And he fear he wouldn't, even when she is trembling and cumming on his tongue.

His body had completely changed since making that arrangement with Layla. So he didn't trust his body to stop craving the taste of her.

He couldn't trust his own body when it comes to Layla, imagine that!

Tyler wanted to laugh at himself for even putting himself in this situation. He clearly had not known what he had truly signed up for.

And he still didn't know, not the extent of it. Something told him, this was just the tip of the iceberg, that there was more for him to see, feel, and taste.

And perhaps more

He groaned in pure shock and pleasure when he felt little Layla become impatient and started to pull his head closer to her juicy pussy while stunning him by grinding on his

mouth.

Hmmmm.

Such sweet nectar.

And such a good girl.

Her fingertips dig into his scalp as she brutally grasp his strands until he thought any harsher and he'd go bald. Still, he didn't protest, in fact, he quite enjoyed it so much that he sucked her harder, burying his tongue into her wet soft hole.

Every drop that danced on his tongue was so sweet and tasted like cherries. She even smelled like it and if he was being honest, he was intoxicated by the smell of her.

Entirely.

He gripped her thighs as she pushes her pussy on his mouth, rubbing her wetness on his chin and under his nose.

He wanted to chuckle.

Layla was a completely different person and not the quiet girl in the back of the class.

Thinking about it, he always did notice Layla but surely he

had not known how much of a sexy vixen she'd be when she was alone with him.

And just imagine she didn't have to do much to have his cock so brutally hard.

And just imagine that he hadn't even fucked her yet and she had him acting this way.

"Layla." He groaned, suckling her nub and blowing lightly. He felt her shiver and arch her back off the door which led him to take a step back.

"Don't stop," She breathed out, tugging his hair and moaning. Her thighs caged around his neck as she forces him to keep eating her.

Tyler quite liked a girl who would take pleasure for herself, though he was a bit shocked by how hasty her actions were as if she couldn't get enough.

This only meant one thing, she was close.

He groaned, a bit disappointed that this would be over soon and a bit anxious to finally get the creaminess of her release on his tongue.

He remember how disappointed he was last night that he hadn't been the one to make her cum. Well, he did in a way

just that it was not by his fingers. He had wanted to taste her so badly that his entire body had itched.

He hadn't understood what was going on with him then but now he knew that his body had shown him how much he craved....her.

After he had taken that cold shower, he tried to go back to bed. He really did. But his tongue troubled him the entire night. And his cock had been in an uproar even after that long freezing bath.

He had tossed and turned. He had prayed for sleep and prayed to God, if there truly had one, to let him sleep. He even found himself begging the images of Layla's lips and her eyes to stop tormenting him and let him doze off in peace.

He didn't even know when slumber had taken him. Didn't even know when his cock had gone back to normal. He said normal because last night, his cock had been an entire

different thing with refusing to go back limp.

Tyler had never had to fight insomnia before and never had the need to fight troubling arousal. Until Layla came into his life.

A little part of him wished he hadn't walked up to her that day on the bleachers. Perhaps if he hadn't, his body and

mind would have still been his.

Now he feared it was a bit too late to even think about getting control back of his body.

And if he was being honest, he kind of liked the feeling she set inside him. It was different and confusing altogether, but it was....pleasurable and quite thrilling.

Feeling the relentless twitching of her thighs, Tyler gripped her harder and shoved his tongue the entire way into her sweet sweet hole, and swirled.

She cried, whimpering as she failed to keep her voice lowered.

Tyler found himself not even caring if someone heard them.

He swirled his tongue faster into her cunt and felt the faint little clench of her hole around the tip of his tongue. He

grunts.

This was indeed pure heaven.

And then he felt her.... and heard her. She was like a beautiful siren as her tiny voice whimpered and moaned while her pussy trembled out that creamy goodness he craved for.

The taste burst on his tongue and Tyler moaned.

so damn sweet.

He kept his tongue there, relishing in the taste of her and the feeling of being in his own heaven. He kept his tongue in her pussy, unable to move a way from her pussy.

He didn't want to move away, not even when he heard the small voice of his sister calling out to him behind the door.