

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 66

The dust surrounds them as Tyler came to an abrupt halt on the tracks. There was another race lining up but he didn't care that he literally was in their way .

He heard the girl shift in the seat before he heard her voice.

“Do you want my number

“Get out.” Tyler's jaw popped. He was annoyed, frustrated, and angry. He just didn't care anymore that he sounded rude.

The girl is silent for a few seconds and Tyler contemplated if to tell her to get out again. He clearly had no more patients for whiny girls. But she snaps. “You're an ass you know that?!”

Tyler spared her a glance, rolling his eyes in annoyance. “For not wanting to fuck you? Get out of my car.” He said bluntly.

From the corner of his eyes, he noticed Brett walking over to him. The girl huffs, removing the seat belt and opening his car door. When she got out, his ears nearly rang by the harsh slam she gave to the door.

He gritted his teeth as he watch her put her middle finger up for him, snarl under her breath, and stormed away into the crowd.

Seconds later, tapping on the glass window had him rolling it down and sparing Brett his attention. Brett leaned down, his arm on the opened window .

“Let me guess....you didn't take her number mate?” He asked with a grin knowing that girls usually trouble Tyler with taking their numbers.

“She's not my type,” Tyler grumbles.

Did Tyler even have a type? No, not really. As long as they had pussy, he was good to go. But apparently not today.

Brett raised his eyebrows in shock, looking at Tyler like he had said the dumbest thing ever. “Not your type? Sure she wasn't drop dead gorgeous, but the girl had perfect round tits and a nice ass.”

“You're a tits and ass guy.” Brett pointed out.

Tyler shrugged. “Not anymore apparently.” He mumbled under his breath so lowly that Brett failed to pick it up.

“What?” Brett asked in confusion and leaned more towards Tyler to get a better hearing.

Tyler shook his head and grumbled. “I'm just going to go home. I won today and already qualified for the next round. I see no point in staying here any longer.”

Brett looked at him silently, trying to read his face but Tyler tore his eyes away and looked front where he saw the impatient racers.

They were ready to start and Tyler couldn't find any bone in his body to care at the moment.

“Mate, you sure you're okay?” Brett asked in worry .“Is it the Layla Campbell girl? Did she turn you down or something? || know you have never been turned down mate, but it happens and you'll get over it. There's fresh pussy

“It's not because of her.” Tyler gritted out, lying to his best friend as he turned to glare at him.

“What makes you think that anything has to do with her? She's no one to me.” He sneered, which he hadn't meant to.

Brett flinches a little and removes his arm from the door. He rakes a hand through his hair and murmurs. “Sorry man, I just assumed you wanted in her pants because you asked for her number last night.”

Tyler's jaw feels like steel.” Well you thought wrong, I don't want her.” He snaps.

What a fucking lie. He wanted her so badly that the girl Serry couldn't even hold his interest long enough to even have him picture Layla's face on her.

Brett nods, seeming to want to calm down his anger. “Then I'll see you later? I'm going to stay back for a while to catch some babes.” He nudges his head to the group of girls he had been

surrounded by prior.

They waved at Brett and Tyler, giggling and talking amongst themselves. A few days ago, Tyler would've joined him. But today... Tyler didn't feel like being in another girl's presence. It was an odd feeling, and not his usual and he feared he'd have to put up with it a tad bit longer.

Tyler nods and they said their goodbyes before he starts the car and drives away from the tracks and away from the crowd that once pleased and roused excitement in him.

Now his body had gained another rousing excitement and it was the girl who was currently watching his sister.

He clamped his teeth together, grinding them as if he was grinding bones until his jaw hurt. That girl Layla....she was different in many ways.

And she roused different feelings he had never felt before in his body. Feelings he had no clue what they were.

He remembers the first time they were mere inches away from each other. The day he accidentally broke her laptop. The day he read a few sentences from her writing. He had lied that day. Her words were really good and arousing.

And strangely, he didn't know why he had lied. He just wanted to talk to her more which was even adder of him. And he honestly

had not regretted it then, because it made her create an arrangement with him.

But now..... he couldn't help but regret it. Because now, Layla was tormenting him. His body and mind. His feelings.....

He felt like he wasn't really himself anymore and what was so strange and bizarre was that she managed to accomplish this in only a few days. He didn't understand how it happened, it just happened. But in just a few days, Layla Campbell had clearly managed to bewitch him.

And he was going to do anything and everything in his power to break it. He wanted his older self back and he was getting him tonight. Because Tyler had an inkling why he couldn't stop craving her so desperately. It was because he hadn't actually fucked her yet.

That had to be it, surely.

He was so stupid to not have seen it before or thought of it. How could he not have realized that the reason why his cock was so unrest and in an uproar since meeting her was because he had yet to be inside her pussy?

Yes, he had kissed her, suckled on her pretty little rosy nipples and sucked on her delicious yummy sweet pussy ..

He groaned, licking his lips while just thinking about how

delicious she tasted earlier. He moaned, she was so damn sweet.

He stepped on the accelerator, now knowing how he would rid himself of that dumb craving he had for her that was now blooming into an obsession. He was going to fuck her today and he will make sure of it.