

# Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

## Chapter 97

Layla's pov

I'm lost in the feel of his cock entering inside my folds. The way he pumped into me, feeding my greedy pussy.

I'm soaking wet, dripping and I'm certain I was making a perfect mess on his cock.

He's grunting behind me, enjoying the way I wrapped around him and hugged around him. It feels perfect, the way we fit together, the way we align.

My mind is blurred with only thoughts about him and how good he feels inside me.

"Ohh," I sighed when he rolled his hips, pushing up into me until I gripped around his entire length. Locking him in side me.

My stomach is knotting, my pussy is tightening around him and I'm panting. The desperation to cling to every inch of his cock is mindblowing. It feels as if I wanted him to stay inside me for a very long time, perhaps even forever. And that scared me.

Tyler looks down to stare at his cock disappearing into Layla's tight little pussy. He groans when he pulls out, only to see her gripping around his hard length glistening with her warm juices.

She's taking him so well for this being the third time he's fucking her. She was still so tight but Tyler had a feeling that Layla would always feel this tight.

But what he didn't understand was how much he was getting even hungrier when it comes to her. He didn't understand how every time he took her, his quench for her only got worse until he was literally burning.

That first time entering her was supposed to quench his first. He was supposed to not crave her so much. Not itch for her. Not burn for her.

But it has only gotten worse to the point he was embarrassed to admit that he was getting obsessed with needing her by his side. Needing to taste her. Needing to connect with her.

Tyler knew this wasn't good. Surely it wasn't good. He was letting his guard down, something he hadn't done with anyone else. No girl had managed to make his guard crumble.

Grinding his teeth, he gripped Layla's hips, pressing his fingers in her skin, and pushed into the tight yet soft heat of her body that cradled him.

He heard her soft cries that had him holding her even tighter. He groaned under his breath, cursing as he pushed his cock into her.

Damn. Her pussy felt so good.

He was clearly drugged by the feel of it around him. And the taste too, let's not forget about the taste.

He felt the tugging of his balls, warning him of a release. He knew this one was going to be powerful. Because somehow, the third time being inside her felt even better than the first and the second, and that was saying something.

Her little cunt gripped around him and he watched with pure satisfaction and desire as she refused to let him pull out a bit.

What a greedy little pussy his Layla has. Such a perfect pussy.

Grinning, he curved his hand around her and pushed his fingers between her thighs, and then began to circle her nub. She jerks, her thighs visibly shaking.

"Tyler..." She cried out softly as she pushes back on his cock so he'd fill her again.

Dammit, if she continues like this he'd burst.

Locking his jaw and not grinning anymore he focused on not nutting before she did.

Dammit. He was Tyler Wood for Christ's sake! He didn't cum before any girl. He could hold his release longer than that!

He fucking hopes he can. That would be embarrassing again if he manages to cum before he felt the gripping of her pussy and felt the warmth of her release around him.

Tyler grunted, nearly whimpering when his balls tugs painfully. A red light, a warning light flashed in his mind as he felt Layla's pussy gripping around his cock hard.

He pushes his cock harder into her, loving the way her pussy juice sounded when he pounded into her tight little opening he was stretching out.

Why does he want to so badly cum inside her?

Tyler never fucked bare, he would never. But now he was fucking Layla without a condom and he even had the itching to mark her pussy with his cum.

This was something he had never done before. But he WANTED to do it with a desperation he didn't know he had.

He hated yet loved that she was doing this to him. But he feared what she was doing to him even more. He never felt this way never craved someone so badly before. Never did a lot of things he was doing with Layla before.

A lot of things were new to him. And that scared him so damn much.

Tyler groaned, absolutely going crazy because of one girl

An arrangement, such a simple arrangement and he has turned into someone he didn't even know.

Cursing under his breath, Tyler smacked her pretty little ass with his palm and regretted it instantly when the moan that slipped out of her delicious mouth had him nearing even closer to his completion.

Layla's pov

I felt him pulsing inside me, raging like the little beast he was. He was so deep. And every thrust had me moaning.

Tyler.

When did it even come to this?

When the hell did I even turn into such a sex craving person?

When did I start to crave Tyler?

I gripped the edge of the desk as his thrust almost turned brutal. I could feel how tight my pussy gripped around him. It didn't want to let go of him too.

My stomach burned with pleasure and my pussy walls ached with need as he kept pushing into me. I felt my nub pulse even more and then felt the tightening of my pussy, alerting me to getting closer to my release.

"Tyler." I moaned louder, not even caring that someone passing can hear me and recognize my voice. I was far too gone to care now.

"Ahh shi-t." Tyler cursed as he pulled out his fat pulsing cock out of my tight gripping pussy that was reluctant to let him go.

I nearly squealed when I felt his warm release squirting on my pussy. "Now that's a damn art piece." Tyler groaned and then smacked my ass. "You better not clean it off!"