

Lick it And Slip it in by Demiah13

Chapter 1

Tilavaa pov

She takes him in slow, deep, and made sure he could feel every feel of her wrapped around him tightly. She wished she could just have him in her forever, the feeling of him inside her forever. Tonight she wanted him to fuck her rough and hard until she might just feel him inside her walls forever

“Why is this happening to me!” I groan, swinging my head back and clenching my eyes in annoyance. I had written this paragraph over and over more than five times already. It was never perfect and the time to release it to my many readers was slowly approaching.

I could have sworn I heard the ticking of a clock in my head. A warning that the time was approaching much faster than I thought.

Crap.

“What is it?” Tiffany asked.

I sighed, exhausted and turned around on my swivel chair. “I am unable to write a sex scene tonight,” I grumble. “Scratch that, it’s been like this for weeks now. I’m sad to say that my sex scenes are nowboring.”

My eyes fell on my best friend snuggled under my covers. Her very dark colored hair contrasted against my pale blue walls and light bedding. We were having a sleepover tonight. I should be sleeping right now too, but my schedule has been a bit off lately.

My eyes burned from staring at the computer screen for hours. I was sure it had turned the shade of pink. It sure felt dry and irritated. I pushed my fingertips under my glasses and rubbed them. This only made it worst.

I winced trying to un-blur my vision. “Since when? You’re the Queen of writing erotica. You even made me horny once when I read a piece.” Tif states.

I cringed, “Not something I want to hear Tif. It was Alden who made you horny not me.”

“Same thing.” She yawns and throws the entire cover over her head. “You’re the writer so doesn’t that mean Alden’s you?”

It was kind of weird having to talk to her while she was covered from top to bottom but this was Tiffany anyway. She was always, weird. I too so that’s probably the main reason we’re so close.

“Technically no. Alden’s a fictional character I made up in my head. He has different values

Aloud snore came from under the covers. I rolled my eyes and whirled back around to my computer. I narrowed my eyes, assaulted by the glare of the bright screen.

When I had adjusted to it, I sighed and pushed myself closer to the screen

and peered at the words I had written, scanning over them until I got tired of reading the same sentence over and over.

“Okay Lajkiss, you got this. It’s just like every other time. “I cracked my fingers and placed them on the keyboard.

Go.

He groaned loudly. He could feel his cock getting squeezed inside her tight

Erase.

He groaned loudly. Almost beast like as she sunk down on his enormous

Erase.

He groaned loudly. Almost as if he was a beast that needed release from the cages of lust. As she took him into her, like a woman in heat he growled lowly. He could definitely feel her heated walls wrapping tightly around him.

I smiled. Good, one paragraph done. Many more to go.

Coaxing him to fuck her deeply. He thrust his cock into her, slamming it all the way up until her lips parted with a gasp

of surprise. The feeling of her would make him release sooner than he expected. He grunt, slamming into her again until she screamed in pleasure.

As she rode his cock and took him in deeper she couldn’t help but picture a baby growing in her belly. She’d grow round with his seed planted inside her womb. She wanted his hot milk to spurt out and

And what Layla? Crap and what?

I groaned and slammed my forehead on the keyboard. My glasses pushed into my face but thankfully doesn’t break.

“Did you slam your head on the desk again?” The question came from under my covers.

“Thought you were sleeping.” I grunted in sarcasm. “And no on the keyboard this time.”

“Think you’ll get a permanent mark of keys on your forehead?” She asked, hopeful.

“Sadly no.” I sighed and pushed myself off the keyboard.

“Bummer. You’d be known as the girl who has a print of a keyboard on her face. Do you know how awesome that would be to walk the halls with you? We’d be famous.”

“You mean we’d finally be seen? Yeah no thanks I’m good at being invisible.” I snorted fixing my glasses.” And I’d like to stay that way thank you very much.”

“But being invisible is boring.” Tiffany grunts.

I whirl around to face her, well sort of. I was facing the lump under my covers but it was Tiffany nonetheless. “Is this about Brett?”

Tiffany throws the cover off her and looks at me with sadness. “Of course it is about Brett! I’ve been trying to catch his attention since freshmen year. He doesn’t even know my name and I highly doubt he noticed I’ve been in his every class since.”

I sighed. “I told you before Tif, guys like Brett are in a different world than us.” I lift my eyes to the ceiling in thought. “Probably dimension too.” I shrugged. “He’s popular and we’re not. Guys like him go for girls like Pauline and Laura not girls like us. Besides he’s a total player and not worth all the hassle.”

Her expression saddens even more, her mood darkening into one that needed comforting. I sighed, regretting that I said those words to her. “Look I’m sorry okay? I’m just trying to look out for you. I don’t want to see you get hurt Tif. Guys like him are only after one thing.”

She nods, sighing in dejection. “I guess you’re right. Besides I can’t keep my hopes up forever since we’re already seniors. If it doesn’t happen now, then there’s no hope it’ll happen ever.”

“Exactly.” I nodded and turned back around to face my computer. “Now I need to finish this before eleven. Just one hot steamy sex scene, it shouldn’t be hard.”

Letting out an exaggerated sigh I gritted my teeth. “But it is. Maybe I should just give up writing those scenes altogether.” I whimpered.

“And leave your millions of fans online crying! Have you gone mad?!” Tiffany yelled. “Those fans read your books over and over because they can’t get over the amazing sex scenes. Removing those scenes and stopping them altogether would kill your fandom.” She pointed out.

She was right. My books were erotica for a reason. Stopping the sex scenes would bore out the readers.

“You’re right, but my inspiration to write sex scenes has gone down the drain.” I moaned, already picturing the virtual pitchforks being thrown at me through a screen.

Then a gasp resonated through my small room.” You know what? I think I know of a way that can cure your inspiration. Scratch that, I think what I’ve come up with, will make you have inspiration for years!”

I whirl around in my chair quickly, intrigued by her sudden idea. “Okay, I’m all ears.” I folded my arms across my chest and waited for her to speak.

She kneels on my bed and slaps her palms together. “Okay don’t get mad. But I think you should have Tyler Wood show you the ropes around sex. I think he can teach you a lot that can-“